

THE
INDIAN LADIES'
MAGAZINE

VOL. VIII

July, 1908 to June, 1909

MADRAS
METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE, MOUNT ROAD
1909

INDEX

TO THE

INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

VOL. VIII

July, 1908 to June, 1909

	PAGE		PAGE
A		F	
Acknowledgments 33, 66, 93, 175, 224, 273,		Indian Enterprises in England ...	257
Ananda Balikasrama, a visit to, The 6, 321, 367		The "Indian Ladies' Magazine" ...	304
An address to the daughters of my beloved		Miss Poonen ...	352
India ...	345	G	
Ancient Christmas Games ...	242	Failure ...	35
Answer to Puzzle Competition ...	57, 88	Falsehood for Life, A, by Fanny Cooverjee ...	49
Art of Watts, The, by an Indian Lady ...	236	Few Puzzles and their Answers, A ...	121
All's Well that Ends Well, by an Indian		Fairies ...	225
Lady ...	40	Female Education ...	263
Awakening of the Soul, The, by Kshama ...	287	Female Education in Malabar ...	289
B		H	
Bengali Woman, The ...	75	Ganesh Chathurti ...	71
Books and Reading, by Mrs. A. Zechariah ...	192	Girlhood ...	99
Bebula ...	244	Glimpses of a Tour in Japan, by Lady	
C		Benson ...	327
Crossing the Bar, by H. K. ...	2	I	
Comrades, by an Indian Lady ...	4	In the Light of God ...	75
Creation of Mankind, The—a tale of great		Infant Jesus Orphanage ...	104
Nicobar ...	55	Indians in England ...	127
C. M. S. Sarah Tucker's College,		Interview with a Parsee Pioneer... ..	131
Palamcottah, The ...	85	Incident in the Life of a Youth, An ...	161
Correspondence ...	91, 255, 352	Ideals, by Nalini ...	180
Christmas ...	177, 178	Introduction to the Song of Hiawatha,	
City of Herculaneum, The ...	223	by an Indian Lady ...	181
Chenganoor ...	237	Ideals of Education ...	261
D		Is the Hindu Widowhood Marriage Move-	
Depressed Classes Mission, Bombay, The... ..	87	ment a Failure? ...	279
Duty of Indian Women in the Present		Indian Women's Exchange, An, by a	
Crisis, The, by a Hindu Lady ...	276	Bengali Lady ...	291
Dhruva ...	277	Isobel's Child. By Padmini ...	324
E		K	
Eventide, At ...	67	Krishnabai Kalavkar, L. M. and S. Miss,	
English and Indian Women, by an		by an Indian Lady ...	50
English Lady ...	101		
English and Indian Women, by a daughter			
of the land ...	144		
Evils of Child Marriage, The, by Mrs.			
Hatchell ...	234		
Editorial Notes—			
The late Mrs. Butchi Babu Naidu ...	120		
The Cannanore Ladies' Association ...	257		

Ladies' Social Conference at Madras, The
—four Papers read by the Ladies
Lines with a May Basket, by S. R. Singh...
Lakshmi Bai Series...
Lecture Given by Saraswathi Bai, A...

Malati, by an Indian Lady...
Mother Mine, by Sarasvati Singh...
Music Pictures, by S. K. ...
Music ...
Moonlight in a Churchyard, by S. G. ...
Maidenhood, By an Indian Lady ...
Maharani's College, Mysore, The ...
My Mother's Ring ...

Notes of a Journey to Europe ...
New Prize Competition ...
News and Notes ...
Narsapur Ladies' At-Home, The ...
New Year, The ...
Nagpur Exhibition, The ...
Needs of a Woman, The ...

Our Prize Competition...
Our Needlework Column ...
Our Cookery Column ...
Our Puzzle Competition ...
Our Children's Page...
Old Mothers ...
Oasis in many Lives, An ...

Pearl, The ...
Presentation to His Majesty King Edward VII,
A, by an old Parsee Lady ...
Page from the Ramayana, A, by Paru-
kutti Ammal ...
Progress done by the Stanley Girls' High
School, Hyderabad, Deccan ...
Puzzles for Christmas time ...
Puzzles, A few ...
Prize Competition, Our ...

Queen Victoria and the American Child ...
Queen Guinevere, by an Indian Lady ...
Queen Esther, by Padmini ...

Right relation between a British and
Indian people, A, The, by M. Chatterjee. 15
Rama and the Thieves... 56
Rabies and Anti-Rabic Treatment in India 112

Rights of Women, The ...
Royal Christmases ...
Rural Wedding in Travancore, A, by an
Indian Lady ...
Rose, The Unconquered Essex Lass ...
Requiem, A ...

Social Psychology, by Miss Sidgwick 2, 36, 100
Superstitious Malabar ...
Some Lessons from Marie Corelli ...
Sundravalli, by an Indian Lady ...
Story for Children, A ...
Story, A ...
Short account of the tour of their High-
nesses the Nawab Sabib, and the Begum
Sahiba of Janjira with Suite who have
just returned from Europe, A...
Selections ...
Social Intercourse ...
Song: "Rama to Sita" ...
Story of Harischandra, The, by Amba-
lakshmi ...
Society for Hindu Ladies, by an Indian
Lady ...
Story of Bolder, The, by an Indian Lady...

Tennyson's Enoch Arden ...

Woman's Suffrage Movement, a rapid
Survey of ...
What has been done for and by Indian
Ladies ...
What the World is Doing and What We
may Do ...
Woman's share in India's Awakening ...
What a Girl's Education ought to be ...
Women and their Education in India ...
Women and Politics ...
Woman's Call, A ...
Wayside Romance, A, by an Indian Lady...
White Pavilions, The ...

Illustrations
July.—Ruth, three illustrations from the
Hindu Widows' Home, Poona.
August.—Mrs. Banerji of Cochin. A Presentation
to His Majesty King Edward VII.
September.—Miss Padmanabha Pillai. A Picture
of a Festival Procession.
October.—The late Mrs. Butchi Babu Naidu.
November.—A Group photo.
December.—The Soul's Awakening, Proserpine,
Mrs. Roy, Mrs. Zechariah.
January.—The Cannanore Ladies' Association.
March.—Nil.
May.—Miss Poonen.



RUTH
From a well known picture



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. VIII

JULY, 1908

No. 1

A PAIR OF HANDS

This woman plies the healing art,
And see, her hands! What things of beauty!
Hands that have caught the better part, -
Stamped with the gracious seal of duty.

Such little hands to do such deeds;
How slight, how delicately moulded!
Now wrestling with the direst needs,
Now modestly and calmly folded.

Pure hands and tender, strong as steel,
And light as love, and quick as fire;
Dear hands, that all a heart reveal,
A woman's exquisite desire.

Such hands are eloquent of God,
And speak of resurrection graces,
Of beauty breaking from the clod,
And spirit hands in heavenly places.

Crossing the Bar.



THE loosening of the silver cord, the passing away of the spirit from all mortal confines, the launching of one's little craft on the boundless expanse of eternity, the end of all earthly things, whether it be for beggar or for lord—is pictured in this little poem in all its simplicity and yet in a sublime manner. The setting is appropriate. Tenny-

son has chosen the sea-shore. Before him stretches the boundless deep and behind him lies the little fishing village in its primitive beauty. Near the shore are perhaps moored the fishing crafts with oars idle and sails at rest. What can be better compared to eternity than the boundless expanse of the deep blue ocean, with the unfathomable mystery of the moving waters, the sense of that inexplicable power that seems to radiate from the heaving billows and yet with the presence of the Creator felt through the silence? It is the close of day. The golden light is fading away with the shadows, the soft radiance of the evening star is growing steadier in the gathering darkness, and the evening has brought with it peace and rest. The heat of the day is over; the labour and the struggle are ended; the hush of night has fallen on the village and all is silence, save for the sigh of the swaying branches and the fret of the moaning bar—and all alone is the watcher by the sea; even as man is alone in all the great issues of life and alone to face the unfathomable mystery of the Hereafter. This poem brings up the close of the last chapter of our lives with the *Finis* to be written in golden letters across the last leaf. Page upon page has been folded over, pages on which ambition, hope, love, despair, sorrow and joy have each written their records in distinct letters. And now comes the home call, the entry into rest, the leaving behind of all that engaged our attention and abilities and time for so many years of palpitating eager life;—now as we stand on the threshold of the 'to be,' the eager stressed life fades into the background, into the dull greys and browns of the distance and our dim eyes are strained to pierce the veil of the future.

The poet begins with hesitation. The call has come, but there is first the physical shrinking from death.

"And may there be no moaning of the car
When I put out to sea;
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home."

That his end may be peaceful is the wish of his heart and yet why should it not be so? Is it not but the return of the soul to its beloved home? But still the physical sense is weak and he can only hope for the easiest release from this shrinking sensibility. The journey has begun. Night is coming on apace. The familiar landmarks are fading into the distance, and yet there is still the craving of the heart before it breaks away finally from all earthly ties.

"And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark."

The heart lingers a moment to think of the dear ones left behind in the aching silence, which will envelop them and against which they dare not cry; but this feeling is transient. It is only the last glance of the soul pausing in its upward flight, a glance that is an adieu and yet a prayer. And then the struggle is over. The shrinking of the senses has gone; the last ties are broken. The last cry is triumphant with faith.

"For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have cross'd the bar."

It is the simple faith of a strong man. The waves may be high, the gale may be strong and the current swift, yet he is full of trust, for there is the triumphant hope in his heart that his Pilot will meet him and guide him to the haven of peace. It is over. The Bar is crossed. But to those left behind 'lightly does the whisper fall.'

"'Tis hard for thee to fathom this;
I triumph in conclusive bliss,
And that serene result of all."

H. K.

Social Psychology.

III.

IN this paper we will try and see how the character of a people determines and is determined by (for both conditions are involved) such economic influences as Consumption, Production and Exchange.

First, let us say again what we mean by Social Psychology. It is the spirit that is at-

tached to any body, not necessarily only the nation, but to small groups, as well as large. There is an Army Spirit, a Family Spirit, every club school and class has its own special tone and atmosphere. It is evoked wherever people are gathered together with some common object in view, and the reason why a "family spirit" is often inharmonious is because the group is formed by necessity, not by choice, and its members have various objects, instead of a common object.

Let us now continue from that point in the progress of people, where we left off in our last paper. Private property had just become recognised and this new fact had been a tremendous moral and social impetus. As life became more complex the primitive mode of consumption would no longer work. It was not possible now for each man to provide his own food at the moment he wanted it. The future had to be reckoned with, and for the first time, the advantage of postponing a present good for a future better occurred to Man. We will quote a somewhat exaggerated instance of what we mean. A great difficulty arose in very primitive times, about the disposal of prisoners, and the victorious people adopted the simple plan of eating them. One advantage of this was that they thereby became endued with the brave qualities of their prisoners. The next step in advance was to keep them and make them work. This plan was adopted more from the vague notion that something better might follow, than from any feeling of mercy. Although slavery was the outcome of this, it was, nevertheless, a great step towards civilisation. It has taught the immense advantage of co-operation in work, and has been the foundation of several republics.

The next step was that of the Feudal relation. The Feudal system was that, out of which arose the whole long train of honours and distinction conferred by civilisation. Just before its inauguration the military spirit reigned supreme, but the relation between serf and lord gradually introduced a new element—a new standard of excellence. It was a link between the military and industrial spirit, lowering the former and raising the latter from a subordinate position; therefore, the industrial system grew in importance and magnitude, and the cause of the change may be looked for in the social impetus given to the Commoners by the Feudal relations of serf and lord. Thus, the peaceful and artistic occupations became prominent. Men ceased to consider fighting and the art of war as the only aim in life.

That important feature in the world's civilisation—the Guild, sprang into being; the mother of our factory system. Later on these Guilds assumed political influence because of their wealth, but we will not enter into that line of thought

now. A third great factor in the development of nations, is exchange. The need for this has always been felt. It began with the single barter of one piece of goods for another; the standard of value being set entirely by the wishes of the purchaser—"I don't want this kind, but I do want your knife. Will you exchange?"

Later on, size sometimes influenced the worth. Two knives must be given for one kid, etc.; but this was often arbitrary. The invention of money as a common token was of course a great step in the development of the process of exchange, out of which has grown our elaborate system of credit.

As life becomes more complex there is an immense increase in consumption. Wants are multiplied a thousand fold. There are sections of society that exist wholly upon the wants of other nations.

The simple life, in which every man laboured for his own needs and was independent of his fellows, has passed away. Luxury and Waste have arisen. The smallest piece of work now entails the co-operation of several people. Many ethical changes have appeared through this growing complexity. Men have become aware of their helplessness and mutual dependence, if they would live. They see the sheer necessity for give and take. The ever increasing advantages of self-control, honesty, and unselfishness.

"Do unto others, as you would they should do unto you", is sound economically, as well as spiritually. A curious dual movement is taking place in the revolution of society. For, while the social organism tends to become more and more united through the dependence of the parts upon each other, yet these parts are also developing on their own account. Individualism becomes more and more accentuated; we see it in the "strictly cash" relations of employer and employé, in the deep distinctions between trades, professions and arts in the various professions themselves, in the hard-and-fast lines cutting everywhere through the strata of society. And parallel with this tendency, collectivism and co-operation also increase. The whole contracts and the parts expand. What will be the result? We see the proceeds of contraction in such signs as the weakening,—the spiritualisation we might call it,—of small family ties, the adoption by children of the world's code, rather than their parent's; it has its good side in a more world-wide sympathy, a general comprehension of thought, the beginning of a universal brotherhood. Its bad side is seen in a fear of originality, a tendency to diffuse our power and rely too much on ready-made thought.

M. SIDGWICK.

Comrades.



A picture of the olden times rises before me, as I write the above title. The story of Jonathan and David in Jewish History is invested with rare interest. It is one of those narratives, whose charm is in their simplicity. It is a theme which can never grow old or out of date. Such friendships as of the above are known in the literatures of many peoples. The beauty of their friendship, its sacred privileges and its possibilities of influence stand out clearly and, therefore, serve as a model for all true friendship.

It is a simple story. Jonathan was the son of Saul, King of Israel, and David was the one who was chosen to be King after Saul. The latter was only a shepherd and he served Saul in an emergency; and, when he was brought before the royal presence, it is said that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David and Jonathan loved him as his own soul. From this moment the two young men became true friends. Saul was an irate, disappointed man. Often he tried to kill David or get him into the hands of his enemies. Often Jonathan saved the latter and helped him to escape the wrath of father. It is said that Jonathan himself was once nearly killed by his angry father because he spoke up for David. It was a grand friendship between the two. One seemed to complete the other. To me it always seemed as if Jonathan's love for David was of a more tender and protecting nature, that his temper was sweeter and that his disposition more gentle. David, with all his strength and his fire of ambition, yet seemed to cling to the tender strength that Jonathan's love gave him. Jonathan seemed to have been the elder of the two and had all an elder brother's love and protection for David. Beside this, his love for David was simple-hearted. No other seemed to have entered his life and as his father grew more and more unrestrained in his passion, Jonathan drew closer to David. It is sweet to read of such a friendship between these two men. They were comrades and companions in the true sense of the word, one in interests, sharing the like occupations, and thinking the same thoughts, helping and encouraging each other in the diffi-

cult life that they both led. Jonathan knew perfectly well that the inheritance would not be his and that David had supplanted him, but no element of jealousy entered his thoughts. Saul was jealous for his son and strove to remove the usurper, but Jonathan shielded him, often incurring the displeasure of the king. David's lament over Jonathan's fall in the battle is pathetic. "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."

This is the last word which we read of about a strong and true friendship, but it is a mighty word, "passing the love of women," where soul was knit with soul in fervent, deep love.

There can be no greater delight than in comradeship. If a soul has found another, when it can find that it has found a refuge and a delight, that soul is indeed blessed. To feel that another thinks with you, has the same kind of aspirations and interests at heart, looks on your efforts with kindly sympathy and ever strives to bless your life with the radiance of his love and devotion,—to feel like this is indeed to find peace on earth. It is a thing which will bring light and music into one's life amid gloom and consonance. There can be nothing holier or more lovely than the "gift of the faith and honour of a friend." Poets have sung of friendship and comradeship. Philosophers have spoken of it as a grand thing. But such friendship is found only by the few, and though poor in the world's sight they can indeed count themselves rich.

Often and often I have wondered if Indian marriages do not fail in this. Can there be comradeship between the man and the woman, can they be real true companions? It seems to me impossible that they should be such, under the present circumstances. They must be given privileges and opportunities to educate themselves in every way. By education I mean refinement and culture, refinement in thoughts and ideals, purity in conduct and character, the aspiring of the ideal in their aims and ambition. It is true that many men fall short of this result of true education, but they have come face to face with the grand truths of life and humanity, which will have had its effect on them and filled them with some thoughts at least. But for the women—their characters are left to develop as well as they may; the possibilities of thought are closed; and life is limited and restricted on all sides. It is true that love will teach a woman to adapt herself, but the understanding of things is wanting and they cannot be blamed. I feel sorry for the man as well. There is no one to whom he can impart his soul's desire, the aspiration of his nature. His deeper moments are not understood. He wants his comrade. She is there, but

is helpless to mount the starry heights, with him. To him come moments when he stands face to face with his true self and it is then he wishes for some one to be with him. Perhaps he is a lover of books. A grand passage, a sublime thought, a beautiful description appeal to him and he would appreciate it all the more by enjoying the same with some one dear to him, but, alas! for the limitations of custom and superstition. His soul must go crushed. Again, perhaps, he is a lover of nature and delights in nature's passing moods, in grand sights and scenes. She speaks to him out of her own soul and again there is no sharer of his joys and he feels alone. Thus for the man. Is it not so with the woman too, but in a different degree? She finds that she falls short and that there is something intangible which she cannot reach, that perfect communion of two united souls. She cannot express this to herself so definitely, because she cannot see it, but his heart is restless with a vague longing and she cannot help herself. Thus the two live their life, each wanting to meet the other in a higher sphere, but unable to do so, because life has put them in a certain groove. It is only a few that have the courage to wrench themselves from this groove and create a wider horizon for themselves. It is not only that there is no comradeship in intellectual life, but in the deeper life of the soul also there is none. Indian women are devout in their fervent faith, simple and sincere, believing with a grand trust in the ceremonies and ritual taught them, but do they get any sympathy from their husbands even in this? Perhaps they get toleration, but they are not one in thought in this and then each goes his or her own way. People speak about the want of education for Indian women lightly, but how deep a question it is. It touches life in so many vital ways. One half of the people are pressing onward, while the other are lagging behind. There is no equality and no balance and hence no real progress of the nation as a whole. Such things should be remedied before the whole can be set right.

It is necessary that such conditions should be understood by the people most concerned. It is only then that remedies will be found because they are driven to it by necessity. There is nothing more beautiful on earth than true comradeship, where each feels that he has found his twin soul,

Soul that carry on a blest exchange
Of joys they meet with in their heavenly range,
And, with a fearless confidence, make known
The sorrows sympathy esteems its own—
Daily derive increasing light and force
From such communion in their pleasant course,
Feel less the journey's roughness, and its length,
Meet their opposers with united strength,
And one in heart, in interest and design,
Gird up each other to the race divine.

AN INDIAN LADY.

A Rapid Survey of the Woman's Suffrage Movement.



A STORY is related of a Finnish lady-lawyer, the owner of considerable property in her own name, that she was such an ardent advocate of the principle "no taxation without representation," that she absolutely refused to pay any assessments on her holdings

to a government which permitted her no voice in the administration of its affairs. Every penny of taxes she paid indirectly—the tax collector had to auction her household goods to satisfy the demands of the revenue department.

The fair Finnish lawyer no longer is obliged to employ such strenuous methods of protesting against the folly of depriving half of the nation of the privilege of participating in the administration of national affairs. The women of Finland, after a relentless struggle of many years' duration, have at last won the fight. No longer can it be said that they allow themselves to be governed by laws which they do not help to make. For the first time in European history, on March 15, 1907, woman was recognised in Finland, politically the "equal" of man and full suffrage was granted to her.

The suffrage is granted to Finnish women on precisely the same terms as to men. These are simply that the voters shall be 24 years of age. It is not necessary for them to own property. There are, of course, the usual restrictions against criminals, etc. At present, in the Landtag, the Finnish National Parliament, consisting of 200 members—there are 19 female legislators representing six different parties and almost as many stations in life as there are women. Among them is a minister's wife, several dress-makers, a peasant's wife, teachers, factory operators and a few "professional suffragettes". The salary is Rs. 810 per annum. The members are elected for three years. The Parliament assembles every February and sits for three months.

It is interesting to observe that the peasant woman is responsible for the success of the suffrage movement in Finland, as much as the lady

of aristocratic or bourgeois birth. Education in Finland by no means is confined to middle class women or those in whose veins blue blood courses. The suffrage victory never would have been won, but for the fact that the mistresses of farge houses and the working-women bore the brunt of the battle.

The final triumph of "equality" propaganda in Finland accentuates the point: That the evolution of a nation is impossible so long as the women are allowed to lag behind—forced to remain in the back ground. When the Finnish men were engaged in fighting to preserve their national entity, the Finnish women proved their worth and patriotism by co-operating with the men and assisting them in every manner. The women urged their husbands and brothers to unflinchingly die for the cause of the country's freedom. They raised funds for patriotic purposes. They carried on mouth to mouth agitation and, undaunted by threats of reactionary Russian officials, they distributed leaflets.

The psychological effect of acknowledging that woman is no longer a "child" in itself, will go a long way to help to evolve Finland. Judging from their present programme, it is safe to predict that much good will come to Finland because of the granting of full citizenship rights to its women. The women-legislators of Finland have already introduced measures in the national Parliament which will tend to purify society; afford increased protection to children; raise the marriageable age of girls; provide trade and domestic education for boys and girls; and give such a status to females that the nation's future growth will be assured.

The achievement of Finnish women has given a fresh impetus to the suffrage movement both in Europe and America. Even the relentless Englishman has commenced to gradually yield his "preserves," one by one, and permit woman to come into her own. London has granted the municipal vote to women; and slowly but surely, the suffragettes declare, the time is arriving when woman in England will be politically the peer of man.

Norway has given parliamentary franchise to its women under an income qualification and the Russian women are agitating for admittance into the Duma. In the United States woman is allowed to vote in several states; and suffragists are busy all over America preaching their propaganda.

The suffrage movement, however, is not confined to the Occident. The "new" woman in Japan is carrying on the campaign with much vigour and enthusiasm. Ever since the establishment of a freer form of government in Persia, the educated Persian woman has constantly been

agitating to be allowed to participate in the administrative affairs of the country. If newspaper reports are to be believed, even Hindostan is not entirely free from "woman's rights" advocates.

SAINT NIHAL SING.

A Visit to the Anadha Balikasram.



I HAD been travelling in Western India for several weeks and at last came in sight of Bombay, which not inaptly calls itself the *Urbs prima in Indis*. I 'did' the local 'lions' in the shortest possible time and then one night boarded a train for Poona, for it was in the direction of the capital of the Peshwas that the real shrine of my pilgrimage lay. As I was whirled along over the rugged but magnificent Bhore ghauts, ever and anon the ruined battlements of a gigantic fort, the silent witness of untold vicissitudes, stood out clear in the full moonlight, like a grim sentinel at his watch, and I felt as if the whole panorama of Mahratta history were kaleidoscopically passing before my mind's eye. I found myself at early dawn in Poona, heartily welcomed by a Mahratta gentleman to whom I had secured an introduction. I had come for a special purpose and with but a brief rest started with my new friend. A drive of three miles brought us in sight of a number of neat buildings beautifully set amidst broad fields of green sugarcane with a large crescent of hill stretching majestically in the background. The whole scene had about it a sense of peace and restfulness which was very refreshing. This was the famous *Anadha Balikasram* or Hindu Widows' Home of Poona. We were kindly welcomed at the gate by one of the lady secretaries, and, as she took us round the clean and well-equipped school-rooms, library and reading room, prayer hall, residential quarters for teachers and pupils, kitchen and dining rooms and outhouses, explaining in excellent English all the good work that had been done in the home and all that she and her fellow-workers still hoped to do in the near future, I could not help exclaiming to myself, "Blessed indeed is Maharashtra, for she has produced such high-souled women as these to work out her regeneration."

It was Rammohan Roy who helped to rescue the Hindu widow from a horrible death on the funeral pyre. Pandit Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar sought to save her from a living death by reinstituting the custom of widow marriage. But although Bengal was thus the first to take to heart the miserable plight of the Hindu widow and to strike many a valiant blow to free her from her fetters, yet the main battles of her cause may be said to have been fought in the western Presidency and nowhere perhaps with greater vigour than in Poona.

We owe this unique institution to the indefatigable zeal, noble perseverance and devotion of Prof. D. K. Karve of the Fergusson College. The origin and growth of this home undoubtedly forms a most interesting and instructive chapter in the social history of the country. It cannot be claimed for it, however, that it is either the first or the only Widows' Home in India. Babu Sasipada Banerji of Baranagar in Bengal was the first to start such a philanthropic institution in 1887, but after nearly sixteen years of useful work it languished and died for want of capable hands to carry it on. Rao Bahadur Pandit Viresalingam Pantulu instituted similar homes in Madras and Rajahmundry, but, owing to the multifarious channels into which the practically unaided genius of this single personality had to be directed for the reformation of his province, his homes have not so far made any mark as educational institutions. Nor was Mr. Karve the first to be in the field even in his own province. That gifted lady, Pandita Ramabai, had started her famous "Sharada Sadan" in 1889 at Bombay with the same object. It was ushered into existence with the greatest *eclat* and promised to yield splendid results. It was backed up by some of the foremost leaders of Hindu society. But the learned lady soon succumbed to the proselytising impulses of her adopted creed, and made her home practically unavailable for the Hindu community. Within four years of its starting, therefore, the *sadan* was condemned even by the most go-ahead reformers. It was publicly denounced in 1893, and for a time the hopes of redeeming the lot of the unfortunate high-caste Hindu widow seemed to be completely blighted. There was a talk in Poona of starting a Widows' Home under Hindu management, and even orthodox circles seemed to favour the idea. But the whole thing fizzled out soon and the cause of the poor widow seemed as forlorn as ever. It was at last reserved for a humble man of Mr. Karve's type to redeem the honour of his countrymen and show them the true path of patriotism. Mr. Karve had some years before given proof of his unselfish zeal for the cause of education by joining the staff of the Fergusson

College as a life member of the Deccan Education Society on a mere monthly pittance. But no one had yet suspected that beneath his simple and unostentatious exterior he concealed a fire of noble enthusiasm and indomitable courage and perseverance and organising capacity of a high order. He first directed his attention to the widow-marriage question and worked hard for the success of the Widow Marriage Association which had been formed in Poona. He showed the courage of his convictions by marrying himself a widowed lady who had received education in the Sharada Sadan. He early saw that ignorance lay at the root of the manifold miseries of our womankind and his first attempt was to add an educational side, as it were, to the work of the Widow Marriage Association. But finding that he could secure little pecuniary help for the scheme at the end of one year, he began to question himself as to the wisdom of associating the educational institution which he contemplated for the benefit of the whole community with an association whose objects were viewed with disfavour by a great body of orthodox Hindus. He felt that the only hope of doing the largest good in his power to the community under existing conditions lay in working on the least lines of resistance. Although he had for himself boldly chosen the more thorny path of reform, he saw that the cause of widow marriage, or of any reform for the matter of that, would necessarily make but very slow progress until the women themselves had been roused to a sense of their own dignity and power. Fortunately the work of education which promised to yield the most lasting results while it conferred the highest boon on its recipients, was also one to which the Hindu society could take the least objection. From the point of view of its immediate benefits it was a work of charity; in its remote uses it laid the surest foundations for the uplifting of a nation. Thus the education of the widow and through her the whole mass of our womankind was calculated to call forth all our instincts of philanthropy and patriotism. Unlike many of our learned leaders, however, who use the cry of "National lines" and "lines of least resistance" in social reform only to discredit useful efforts of any kind, Prof. Karve immediately set about starting a new "Home" for widows, quite unconnected with the Remarriage Association, avowing as a principle that, while he was in entire sympathy with the objects of that body, perfect neutrality would be observed and no sort of countenance given to the remarriage propaganda within the precincts of the home. But there were difficulties in the way. Apart from inherent and powerful prejudices of the people against new institutions of this kind

public antipathy had been specially roused by the events which had occurred in the *Sharada Sadan*, and the fact that Mr. Karve was intimately connected with the social reform party and had himself taken a widow in marriage only heightened the difficulties of the situation. Nothing daunted, however, Mr. Karve boldly announced in May 1896, in the columns of the Poona organ of social reform, the "*Sudharak*" that before calling upon the general public for support he had determined to try his best and see what his personal efforts could achieve. Himself born of poor though genteel parents and having consecrated his life to the cause of education by joining the Fergusson College on a mere pittance, he could but ill-spare a thousand rupees for his undertaking. But this amount he was resolved to give, and even if no help came to him from outside he undertook to feed, clothe, lodge and educate at least one widow at his own expense. There was a latent strength in this kind of self-sacrifice of which, perhaps, Mr. Karve himself was unconscious. There was a kind of moral grandeur in a poor and humbly placed individual coming bodily forward in this manner that was destined and bound to prove contagious. It evoked almost immediately a characteristic response from an unexpected quarter. A letter appeared in the columns of the "*Sudharak*" over the signature of "a widow." The writer admired the spirit in which Mr. Karve had undertaken the cause of her sisters and went on to say: "If Mr. Karve is prepared to upraise one widow, I am sure that five or ten humble persons like myself can co-operate and work as cooks, take in washing, clean utensils, grind corn, aye, even beg from door to door but earn enough to support at least one more of our hapless sisters." It was an humble appeal, or rather offer—but it was significant. It pointed to the spirit that was abroad in spite of the ingrained prejudice of centuries. For the time was soon to come when Mr. Karve's remarkable venture had assumed concrete form, when his right hand *men*, if we may so put it, were to be *women*, widows who had themselves gone through all the iniquitous things that a high-class Hindu widow has to pass through and who were prepared to devote all their lives to the sacred cause which Mr. Karve had espoused; to go to the most distant parts of this vast continent to send forth a trumpet appeal on behalf of the hapless widow, to open the eyes of the men of India to all they owed to their *women*—to those in particular whom cruel hide-bound custom had doomed to a life of the most cruel degradation and misery.

This letter must have considerably nerved Mr. Karve. At any rate the work was at once taken in hand. But while Mr. Karve was resolved not to spare himself in its service, he would do nothing

without taking the public into his confidence and securing its sympathy at every step. On the 14th June 1896, a meeting of sympathisers and friends was convened in the house of the late Mr. Rao Bahadur Vishnu Moresawas Bhide to consider ways and means, and a Widows' Home Association was duly formed. No regular home could, of course, be at once provided. But applications for help had been received from several of the widows left stranded by the proselytising policy of the *Sharada Sadan*, and these were maintained at the Government Female Boarding High School. Some girls who had already joined the High School under the auspices of the *Sharada Sadan* were now transferred to the care of the new Association by their guardians. The collection of funds became pressing necessity now. The work which Mr. Karve had to do in the Fergusson College was exacting enough. But he sought no rest. Every spare moment that he could get from his daily toil was spent in trying to enlist public sympathy for his new project, and even his vacations were spent in travelling about the presidency with the same object. Thus at the end of about three weary years the professor succeeded in getting together a fund of Rs. 9,800 after meeting the expenses of the girls maintained at the Female High school. He thought now the time had come when his ideal should have a local habitation as well as a name. In October 1898, the Hindu Widows' Home Association was formally registered under Act XXI of 1860, and arrangements were taken in hand to establish an independent Boarding School of its own. Here came in the question of a site for the Home. That it should be "far" from the madding crowd was evident, and then, too, one that could be cheaply acquired. As this was not immediately possible, a modest house was engaged in the heart of the city and the *Ashram* started under the personal supervision and almost maternal care of Mrs. Karve on the 1st January 1899. The ten or dozen widowed girls that were being supported at the Government Female High school were still kept there. In the absence of a regular establishment and teaching staff it was of course impossible to provide for their education elsewhere. So, only fresh comers were taken into the new temporary Home. New pupils, however, were slow in coming at first. The prejudices of the orthodox were hard to die and Mr. Karve's peculiar position in the social reform camp rendered the performance of his self-imposed duties an uphill work. Thus it was with great difficulty that he could secure four pupils by the end of the first year. But his transparent disinterestedness, high character and sincerity of purpose soon disarmed suspicion, and pupils came in in gradually increasing

numbers, till at last within eight years of the starting of the new Home the number of girls receiving education there rose to seventy-five.

A few months after the establishment of the *Ashram* on an independent footing the plague broke out in Poona and made the removal of the pupils outside the city absolutely necessary. At this juncture Mr. Rao Bahadur Ganesh Govind Gokhale came to its help and offered his garden near the village of Hingne Budruk about three miles distant from Poona, for the location of the Home during the plague season. The association found that, "neither exposed to the crowded bustle and busy hum of the city, nor too close to the rustic and illiterate population of the country," this site enjoyed "all the advantages of sequestered solitude in open air with the heavens above and nature around." They therefore felt that here at this out of the way corner the *Ashrama* would carry on its humble work in the innocent silence of the place, untainted by the foul breath of the world and subject to no extraneous influences. On learning this, Mr. Gokhale very generously made a free gift of the land extending over nearly seven acres for the Home. But the solitude of the place was also a menace to the safety and comfort of the girls and Mr. Karve also had to go and live with them with his family. From there he would walk every morning a distance of over three miles to do his work in the Fergusson College and return over the same distance in the evening to teach the girls under his care. But such troubles and the worse hardships which he cheerfully endured with his wards during the monsoons in the miserable leaky sheds which they had to occupy before the present substantial buildings were constructed are among the cherished memories of the Home's early struggles.

A welcome accession to the Home came in at the end of 1902 in the person of Mrs. Parvatibai Athavale. Mr. Karve had long felt that until able and willing workers came forward from the ranks of the widows themselves to take up the onerous and delicate duties of the Home it could have no real permanence. Mrs. Karve had therefore persuaded her widowed sister, Parvatibai to leave her boy in her care and join the Female Training College at Poona. Here, after the usual course, she obtained a first class certificate at the final examination, and with an enthusiastic devotion to the interests of the Widows' Home undertook its management as Lady Superintendent. At the end of the next year the management received another valuable accession by the arrival of Mrs. Banubai Deshpande, who also, like Mrs. Athavale, gladly devoted herself to the service of the Home, after undergoing a successful course of instruc-

tion in the Female Training College. The Home seemed to be at the zenith of its good fortune now, for within another twelve months two more ladies highly educated and well-fitted to carry on the work of the Home offered their life-long services to it at great personal sacrifice. The first of these, Mrs. Bashibai Devdhar, had been widowed when quite a child and received her early education in the *Sharada Sadan*. After passing the matriculation examination in Poona, she obtained a scholarship in the Maharani's College, Mysore, and passed the F. A. Examination of the Madras University from that College. This success opened to her great prospects of honour and emolument in the Mysore service, but setting aside all worldly considerations she offered herself freely for the service of the *Ashrama*. The other lady, Mrs. Verubai Namjoshi, was a cousin of Prof. Agarkar, the famous principal of the Fergusson College. Through his influence her father placed her in the Female High School at Poona. His intention was that she should be remarried. But Mrs. Namjoshi had formed other ideals than that of matrimony. She had observed with admiration and envy the self-sacrificing philanthropic labours of European nuns and felt that if these had the charity to come from far-off lands to these distant shores in order to spend their lives in the service of women with whom they had no common tie of race or religion, her own duty lay clear before her that, instead of seeking wordly pleasures, she should devote her life to the service of her forlorn sisters. So, she joined the workers of the Widows' Home as soon as she passed the Matriculation Examination.

These four ladies considerably relieved Mr. Karve of his duties in connection with the Home. Only once he had to take ten months' leave on loss of pay in the Fergusson College that he may devote his whole time to the pressing work of the Home. They even undertook to tour through the distant provinces of India, and popularise the work of the *Ashrama* and collect funds for its improvement and support. Mrs. Kasibai Devdhar thus visited the whole of Upper India including Delhi, Allahabad and Meerut, and as far north as Hardwar. She also visited Southern India down to Tinnevely in 1904, addressing meetings in about twenty places to enlighten public opinion. Of late, however, the internal management of the Home having demanded all her attention, she has given up her tours. Mrs. Parvatibai Athavale on the other hand has made touring her sole concern now and has visited many a town and village in the Maharashtra, the Central Provinces, Central India, and the Karnatic. Her courage, perseverance and disinterested zeal cannot be too highly admired.

Ignorant of English or any other language but Marathi, in many of the places she visited she found it hard to make herself understood, but, never daunted, she always managed to secure a good interpreter to make her mission known to her audiences. The latest annual report of the Home relates how, in one place, failing in all her efforts to induce any prominent gentleman to convene a meeting, she pluckily bethought herself of that most obliging, patient and truly serviceable department of public service, the postal department, and requested the Postmaster to send out invitations and notices through his peons. The good gentleman, although he did not belong to the Hindu community, complied with her request and the result was a successful meeting which fetched a decent amount of subscriptions to the Home. Wherever Mrs. Athavale goes she makes a point of addressing at least two meetings, one for gentlemen and another exclusively for ladies and she is surprised at the sympathy she invariably receives from the people of all parts of the country, when her objects are once properly explained to them.

Thus, during the twelve years of its existence, the Home has received in all about Rs. 120,000. Of this amount nearly Rs. 35,000 has been invested in constructing the necessary buildings for the Ashrama, and about Rs. 5,000 more set apart as a Building Fund for future needs. About Rs. 9,000 form an Endowment Fund from the interest of which scholarships and prizes are provided for the girls. There is also a Permanent Fund of nearly Rs. 25,000. The interest from this amount goes to feed the current expenses of the Home. This is however very little compared with the total expenditure incurred every year. Consequently the Home has to depend almost entirely for its current expenditure upon current subscriptions. This makes its position rather precarious, and until it secures a Permanent Fund large enough to meet all demands wholly from its annual proceeds the Home cannot be said to have gained a firm and secure foundation.

These funds are managed by a committee of the Widows' Home Association, of which Dr. R. G. Bhandarkar is Chairman, and Sir Bhalchandra Krishna Bhatvadekar and two other gentlemen are vice-Chairmen, while the internal supervision of the Home has been undertaken by a ladies' committee, headed by Mrs. Ramabai Ranade and Mr. Satyabhamabai Tilak. The accounts of the Home are kept with scrupulous care and regularly audited and published for general information in the weekly, monthly, and annual reports which the Home issues through the 'Indian Social Reformer,' the 'Dnyan Prakash,' and the Marathi monthly, 'Masik Manoranjan.' The public is never left at a loss to know what is being done

with the money it has contributed. This has begotten confidence in the management, and contributions, large and small, have been given with cheerful alacrity. The managers on their part, gladly accept any the least help that may be offered. A piece of cloth, for instance, which may be turned into a bodice, or some garment, or a sack of flour, or a measure of salt or sugar or food grains, money however small in amount—anything, in fact, which would go to provide the Home with food or raiment or school material or books is thankfully welcomed and duly acknowledged. Thus, besides those gentlemen who, like Mr. Sitaram Narayan Pandit, have steadily befriended the home from its inception, many well-wishers have been enabled to show their practical sympathy by contributing their mite without overtaxing their resources. Some gentlemen have instituted a custom of making gifts or giving a dinner to the Home on great ceremonial occasions, such as marriages, *Upanayanas* and *Shraddhas*. Students also have contributed their mite, both individually and collectively, to the funds of the Home. The Deccani Hindu students of the Grant Medical College, Bombay, gave a public performance of *Othello* in Marathi in connection with one of their annual gatherings and gave the proceeds which amounted to Rs. 500 to the Home as an expression of their affectionate regard for it. This example has been followed by other students elsewhere to the great benefit of the Ashrama, both in money and popularity. Some gentlemen have made large donations in order to commemorate the name of some dear relation. Mr. Patwardhan of Nagpur, thus gave Rs. 2,000 to found a scholarship for the pupils of the Home, in memory of his wife. Mr. Deval of Haripur, similarly made a gift of Rs. 3,000 for the construction of a *Gita Mandir* to be used by the inmates of the Home exclusively for religious purposes. Some have transferred their life policies or shares in industrial companies to the Home. Some have remembered it in their wills. There was one remarkable gift made by an elderly widowed lady which deserves special mention. She had at first deposited Rs. 1,000 with the Widows' Home Association, stipulating that the interest thereon should be paid to her during her lifetime, and that the amount should be added to the Permanent Fund of the Home after her decease. But, later, she willed away her whole property in favour of the Home and herself came to live in it at her own expense.

"She has many relations who would have gladly welcomed her into their midst," reported Mr. Karve in 1904. "But she prefers a kind of ultramundane life—a life devoted to her spiritual well-being—and desires to learn something and be useful to society, if possible."

Widespread sympathy is what Mr. Karve is anxious to secure for the Home. "Let the hearts of our people be touched first," he says, "and there need be no fear about the future." With the object, therefore, of appealing to the hearts of his countrymen by practical proof of the claims of the Home on their sympathy, the secretaries have from time to time, repeated their cordial and earnest invitation to all ladies and gentlemen to come and pay a visit to the Home and even stay there for a day or two, as that is "the only effective cure to prejudice and many a misapprehension dies its own death when the daily course at the Home is actually seen." Nearly a thousand visitors from all provinces annually avail themselves of this invitation and return impressed with the greatness of the work the Home has undertaken and partly accomplished during its short existence. The report for 1904 gives an interesting account of the visit of His Highness the Gaikwad of Baroda. "His Highness spent a couple of hours at the Ashrama in testing the progress of the girls and making personal inquiries of the widows as to the condition of their class in society, and as to what they themselves had experienced. He then spoke a few words of advice, impressing principally upon their minds that the misery of their lot was not intentional, but was the result of long-established custom. He perfectly appreciated their struggle to free themselves from the disabilities, but exhorted them to do it in a manner thoroughly respectful though bold and fearless."

It is needless to repeat that a nation which complacently allows its entire womanhood to remain steeped in ignorance, and further condemns a vast proportion of the gentle sex, on the score of widowhood prematurely brought about and enforced on it, to a life of aimless, soulless drudgery, to a dull dreary existence unrelieved by hope and exposed to narrow bickerings, intrigues, quarrels, misery, and despair, is bound to fail in its attempts to compete with the more enlightened nations of the world. The *Anadha Malikasram* offers an asylum to this unfortunate class of women. It seeks to impart education in arts and learning so as to enable them to earn an honourable living and to cultivate their minds. It thus hopes to brighten their existence, create for them an intelligent interest in life, and turn them into an invaluable agency for the enlightenment and happiness of the whole sex. It was with this object that the Home was established on the basis of a Boarding School with full provision for the mental and moral discipline of the pupils. The educational course pursued in it may be briefly summarised. Three languages, Marathi, Sanscrit and English are taught at the option of the girls and special attention paid to Arithmetic. The

curriculum for the lower classes does not follow that prescribed by Government for boys' schools, but instruction is given according to the individual needs of each girl. The Home prepares the pupils for part of the Government Female Training College course, and for the High school course up to the fifth class. The management hopes to provide complete courses shortly in both departments, so that the girls may go up for the two examinations direct from the Home. At present they have to do their last two years' course either in the Government Female High School and Training College, or in the New English School of the Deccan Education Society. Some instruction is given in sewing and the pupils are expected to prepare their own *cholis*. They are also required to take their turns in helping in the household duties of the Home for about two hours in the day. The heavier part of the domestic work is of course done by paid servants. But those who are ignorant of the art of cooking are given special opportunities of learning it. It is under contemplation to provide lessons in weaving for the girls. Two ladies were actually sent to Maheshwar in 1905 to learn weaving on hand-loom. The Home imposes no special course of religious observances upon the pupils, each being at liberty to follow the ceremonials her parents or guardians may prescribe. But, before commencing the day's work, about fifteen minutes are spent in reading verses from the *Bhagavad Gita* followed by explanation of their meaning and occasionally by a short discourse based on the text. Again, before retiring for rest at night, they have to recite some devotional or moral songs, of the favourite saints of Maharashtra. The more advanced students may read some philosophical work or lives of the saints.

The chief service the Home has done so far, is to train up over thirty ladies for the teachers' profession. Some have taken courses in nursing and midwifery after leaving the Home and have thus qualified themselves to supply one of the most crying needs of Indian womanhood. One lady, supported for five years by the Widows' Home Association in her High School course, and two girls educated almost entirely at the Ashram have passed the Matriculation examination. The two last, Miss Gangubai Gode and Mrs. Mathubai Uchagaonker, are now undergoing their arts course in the Fergusson College. The history of the education of Miss Gangubai Gode is very interesting and marks an important advance in the usefulness of the Widows' Home Association. Her family belongs to a small village in the Ratnagiri taluq, which does not boast even of a boys' school. At the time when the Widows' Home had only four pupils on its rolls, the secretary received an

application from Gangubai's father offering to send his widowed daughter aged fourteen to the Home, provided her two younger sisters aged twelve and ten, respectively, were also taken along with her and educated at the Home. The father was afraid to send the widowed girl alone lest he should offend society and court serious troubles in connection with the marriage of the other girls. The secretary went in person to see the girls and agreed to take charge of all the three on condition that the father would allow the two younger girls to remain in the *Ashram* unmarried till they were twenty years old. To this arrangement, the father consented, and Mr. Karve has faithfully done his part by bringing them up with more than paternal care. Miss Gangubai Gode, who has just passed the Matriculation examination, is the youngest of the three. The other unmarried girl has owing to ill-health, succeeded only in passing the fifth standard, but, it is hoped, that in two years more she, too, will pass the Matriculation. The widowed sister has gone up for the final examination of the Female Training College this year.

The uncommon success which has attended Mr. Karve's labours for the education of Hindu widows has encouraged and, in a way, compelled him to widen the scope of his efforts. The education of widows was good enough so far as it went, but it could not by itself solve the problem of female education in India. To give the full benefit of education to our girls it is necessary to commence at an early age and continue to the end of the course without interruption. At present they attend the ordinary girls' schools, established by Government in a happy-go-lucky fashion, for a few years before their marriage, and at the age of 11 or 12, often much earlier, their so-called education comes to a dead stop. On the other hand, the girls that seek the protection of the Widows' Home come to it to begin at the beginning after the invaluable years of their early life had been wasted amid the distractions attendant upon marriage and misfortune. Mr. Karve, therefore, had long wished to start a separate Boarding School for the proper education of unmarried girls till they attained the age of twenty. The very idea would be unimaginable in less progressive provinces than the Maharashtra and to anyone less endowed with optimistic courage than Mr. Karve it would have seemed impossible to carry it out. But Mr. Karve boldly made a beginning eight years ago, when he undertook to educate the two maiden sisters of the Gode family and persuaded their father not to think of their marriage till they were twenty years old. Encouraged by their successful educational career he started a Boarding-School formally a

year ago under the name of *Mahila Vidyalyaya* in the city of Poona and has already seven little girls in his care on the same conditions of *Brahmacharya*. The fact that orthodox Brahman parents who, in consequence of their very poverty, are obliged to fear the frowns of society and respect the prejudices of their class in every minute detail, have been found willing to have their girls taken care of and educated on such conditions, is proof positive that the times have become very propitious and that this infant institution also will, under Mr. Karve's wise management, thrive as splendidly as his *Anadha Balikasram*. What is wanted for both the institutions is wider sympathy and co-operation from all parts of the country. A momentous experiment is being conducted here in the best interests of the great Hindu community of India, and pupils not only from the Maharashtra but from the Central Provinces and the Karnatic and the Native States of Mysore and Baroda have so far availed themselves of its benefits. It may not be possible for each province to provide itself with an institution as efficiently conducted as the *Anadha Balikasram* or the *Mahila Vidyalyaya* of Poona, because the great want of the country in every field of public activity is the want of able, disinterested and enthusiastic workers, and nowhere else is the dearth felt more keenly than in the work of social re-construction. But here, in the capital city of a bygone Brahman empire, there already flourishes an institution which India greatly needs, and it has found not only able men but self-sacrificing and devoted lady workers to answer for its future. A little more sympathy and timely help will place it on a secure footing and enable it to spread its blessings to all parts of the Indian Empire by producing from among its members a band of what may be styled the "Hindu Sisters of Charity", devoted to the service and enlightenment of their sex. There is no question, therefore, but that every patriotic Indian who has a heart to feel for the ignorance and miseries of Indian womanhood will deem it his duty and privilege to lend a helping hand and make this a model institution for the whole country.

BY A VISITOR.



Things Seen and Heard.

BY INDIAN LADIES.

I.—MUSIC PICTURES.



It was a concert. One of the world's great singers had come, and the eager audience waited breathlessly for the music to begin. The night outside was beautiful, calm and still, except for the murmuring roar of the sea. The stars made little islets of radiance in the deep blue ocean 'hung on high.' One by one the carriages rolled in and deposited their occupants at the foot of the grand staircase of the brilliantly lit hall. And now it was time. Breathless silence as if all were afraid to let even a single note escape them! Then the singer began and we sat enraptured, enthralled and mystified. She led our enslaved emotions at her own sweet will. First, it was a brilliant rendering of rare grand music by one of the great composers. The art and the technique was overpowering. We sat in wonder. Gradually the strains came down to soft caressing murmurs and we could feel the heart of the composer; then suddenly the music ceased, and this time it was a prayer. We could imagine ourselves in some dim cloistered cathedral and listening to the passionate outpouring of the heavy heart of the sad-faced woman as she knelt at the shrine of the Virgin. To me a similar picture rose out of memory. The Indian woman standing waist-deep in the cold water of some sacred river pouring out her soul's petitions for her loved ones. The sameness of human nature is grand. It is this which links the whole earth and binds the same to the throne of the Creator... There passed pictures before us conjured up by the music. Pictures of children came up on the haunting strains of the violin; day-dreams which had enthralled you once came back for a few short moments to entrance you again. Suddenly the familiar sweet strains of 'Home sweet home' fell gently and there was an unconscious settling down of the audience as if they lent themselves to hear it better. Perfect silence greeted the song and a long sigh rose up before the clapping began. How many exiled hearts must have seen the happy hours of their childhood and their youth rise up before them and the happy scenes connected with it pass in succession one by one as the music swelled and died away. Then came more music, wild, unrestrained, passion-laden, which made us feel we were among a people who

were lawless and unrestrained just giving away to the passion of the moment. Then again, came bright strains, where could be heard the laughter of happy lovers, the song of the joyous and the gayhearted. Pictures were conjured up by the music, sometimes we felt as if we were in the midst of grim mountains listening to the roar of the waterfall, and the sighing of the storm wind as it came up through the chasms.

Sometimes the background changed, and one thought of moonlight and beauty, silence and solitude, the happiness of loving and being loved;—thus, the music was rendered greatly and it carried its own sweet messages to each heart, Messages of love and joy to some, to others the sweet balm of peace, the quieting of the troubled spirit, while in others, it raised a wild longing and restlessness for things that have not been, and may not be. Thus, it touched the inner fibres of everyone's being, chords which had been broken or lost or ignored and woke them to new life and new beauty. And, one, all by one refreshed and soothed passed out into the quiet beautiful night, dreaming, perhaps, sadly but not bitterly, of the lost and the forgotten, or regretfully of the may have been, or hopefully of the to be.

S. K.

II.—MOONLIGHT IN A CHURCHYARD.

It was a beautiful Indian moonlight. The sea was unusually calm. The silver moonbeams quivered on the rippling waves; the scattered foam brightened on the pebble. Farther out, the sea shimmered beautifully in the moonlight, dappled here and there with the shadows of large rocks showing all the more lovely by contrast. As the silver waves broke on the bare craggy black rocks, the foam tossed up a thousand diamonds to the moon. The sea was a wilderness of gliding, ever-changing motion, lovely light, and soft murmuring sound. There is something very beautiful in this evervarying flowing motion of the sea,—something that cannot be grasped and compressed into words or even thought, something that is like the overflowing radiance of expression bathing the face of a pure soul or the lovely grace visible in every movement of a beautiful woman, or again like the deep intense, yet mysterious, influence making nature sentient, and alive with expression.

Near by lay a churchyard bathed in the soft silvery light; crosses and slabs stood up from the tombs and seemed pouring the tales of the dead into the moon through vast space. The crumbling ruins gave a strong touch of desolateness and sadness to the already sad scene: here remained only a pillared portico to mark the grave; there, was a remnant evidently of some

domed monument—a beautiful archway overgrown with some clinging creepers. Frescoed walls and roofless pillars stood partially covered with moss and other vegetation. The churchyard looked dreary; was this a scene of the forgotten dead? There, on that cross is a lily wreath lovingly entwining an emblem, and glistening softly in its white purity in the moonlight. One relieving touch; so the world is not so base, but there can be love and faithfulness in it. Why did the lilies look so lustrous? Were they glistening with the tears of undying love? Why did that single cross erase the effect of—Nay, more, beautify that dreary scene? It was with those tender white flowers of faithfulness.

The mountains and the trees were dark and the shadows thrown by them on the yard, gave it a sombre look; the brushwood had a ghostly look in the moonlight. There was a brooding stillness in the air relieved only by the gentle music of the waves. Strangely beautiful did the hills and the sky, the indefinite shapes of the trees against the edge of the horizon, the mysterious expanse of the sea seem in the night silence; even the rugged brown trunks and the great gnarled knotty roots, looked tender in the transfiguring light; the crumbling ruins and the desolate tombs that would be ghastly in the glaring light of day were only beautiful in that mellow radiance; the spirit of the moonlight imbued the scene with a subdued and sad air.

It was so hushed and still (save for the waves) that nature seemed to hold her breath and still her throbbing heart for fear of disturbing the repose of those lying on her bosom. The waves lapped softly on the sands, as though nature meant the murmur of the waves to serve as a lullaby for the quiet sleepers under the ferny turf. The moon-beams lighting on the waters seemed to re-issue as tender silver undertones in the lullaby and so gave both light and music. Shall I tell you the burden of what the scene conveyed to my mind?—

- 'There is a calm for those who weep
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.
- The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.'

S. G.



A Right Relation between the British and the Indian People.



ONE cannot help thinking that this is a period of transition for our country, when India must either march forward or backward. These critical times, therefore, call forth the efforts of all truly patriotic souls towards promoting the causes which will lead it decidedly on the forward march. Such causes are many, both

political and social.

Whilst the ablest of our men, both British and Indian are dealing with the political side of the question, we women, both British and Indian, must take up the other and thus hasten the day when India will become the source of joy, peace, and happiness to all its inhabitants alike. That glorious result can be brought about by the existence of right social relations between the rulers and the ruled. But here it may be asked if it is really possible that such relations can exist between people whose language, social customs, and manners are entirely different. It is a question hard to answer. The negative reply is as embarrassing as the affirmative. The one involves utter despair of attempts, and the other utter ignorance of facts.

There being no middle course, we have to accept one of the two. Now, since the negative attitude is decidedly harmful and the positive beneficial, we reject the one and accept the other in the hope and belief that that relation is really possible at least to a very appreciable extent and that if definite attempts are made on both sides towards its improvement, the result in time cannot but be very satisfactory. Now, what may be some of the practical ways of our efforts? Before discussing ways and methods, let us consider what are some of the motives for the need of establishing a right relation between the two races. For, when the reason and the utility are known, ways and methods will remain a question of the "will only, for where there is a will there's a way too."

I.—MOTIVES.

(1) The first motive for the need of establishing a right relation between the two races may be best understood, if we, according to the modern theory, look upon the British Indian empire as an organism, made up of various organs in which

there is a necessary inter-dependence. Each one of those organs representing the different components of the Empire are as necessary as any other for the completion of the whole. And the life, growth, and health of each one of them is essential, to the life, growth, and health of every other, and of the whole. In the light of this theory, British and Indian factors both are essential to the perfection of the British Indian Government. And since the Government has proved beneficial, both to the British and to the Indian people, it is but right that they both should co-operate for its maintenance in its best possible state of life. Just as a magnificent palace is the product of a variety of energies combined together, in the same way a perfect British Indian Government will be the result of harmonious co-operation and relation between its various members.

(2) The second motive may be considered by referring to the fact that every one who wishes to live comfortably and in a way conducive to long life must adjust himself, externally and internally to the surroundings in which nature or accident may have placed him. If he does not do that, he cannot enjoy peace and happiness of mind, and consequently, cannot reach the normal stage of life. As with individuals, so with aggregates of people. If they do not adopt themselves to their environment, they cannot be said to be living healthy lives. The greater the harmony between the British people and their Indian environment or between the Indian people and their British environment, the better and more comfortable the life of both. The existence of this social harmony has been recognised everywhere as so important that in order to check any thing which may lead to its breach, clergymen resort to laws of religion, laymen to those of Government, and philosophers to different system of ethics. Everything, therefore, that tends to the destruction of this harmony is to be condemned and all that may lead towards its advancement and ultimate perfection is to be commended.

(3) The third motive may be considered from a somewhat political point of view. British ladies and British gentlemen are aware of the fact that it is they who are to represent England to India. That it is they who are to bring to us concrete messages from His Majesty's throne, that it is they who are to tell us what England actually means to do by us and, finally, it is they who are to convince us of the truth of the beautiful words of one of their own writers who said, "It is by persuading people of all nations that under the aegis of the Union Jack there is an equal treatment for all that Great Britain has succeeded in building a mighty Empire." Likewise it is they who will very kindly take news of our needs, hopes, and aspirations to our

sovereign when they go back to England. Now unless friendly relations exist between the two, how can mutual impressions be most favourable and consequently how can political results be most satisfactory for either?

(4) The fourth motive for making relations between the two races as good as possible may be seen from the humanitarian point of view. And this motive, I think, is the strongest because it goes right to the heart and no one with soul and feelings can ignore the claims of Humanity; and also because it can appeal to all, in spite of difference in language and manners. Human nature is the same here and everywhere else.

What heart will not throb at the very voice and sight of one whose whole expression is one of genuine sympathy! If animals void of speech and void of understanding can instinctively know their friend and can readily respond with fond looks to human tenderness, and again if stars can commune with stars, is it possible that the human soul gifted with reason, conscience and the noblest of emotions will fail to discriminate between the real and the unreal? Can it fail to pulsate to throbs created by expressions of love and tender feeling? Impossible. Is it then possible that the British men and women possessing all the arts and facts of social virtues, and Indian men and women possessing a wealth of warm generous impulses will fail to attract one another?

English ladies and gentlemen can take no pleasure in wilfully wounding our feelings by their haughty indifference, simply because they happen to be our political superiors. Likewise Indian ladies and Indian gentlemen can take no pleasure in making the life of their British neighbours miserable simply because they happen to be living in our country amongst certain disadvantages of a foreign land.

We shrink at the very thought of this. In fact, all that is humane, all that is sublime, and all that is divine in us actuates us to add to the happiness of one another, otherwise human nature is a perversion of what it ought to be with all its divine attributes.

Having described some of the motives for the need of establishing a right relation between the two races, we may see what are some of the practical ways for it. Of one hundred and one different ways I take the liberty of mentioning only three.

II.—WAYS.

(1) The first is by introducing the most sympathetic system of exchanging private calls. In this way people come to learn more of the ways and manners and, in fact, of the inner lives of one another. English and Indian ladies and children

may become more intimately acquainted with one another, and when two mothers (Indian or non-Indian), meet together the talk is sure to be lively and friendly, for this Indian mother who sings to little Lilamani, "Thou art my flower of delight and my heart is thy cradle of flowers" cannot fail to please the English mother who says about her infant that his loveliness can draw even angels from heaven on earth.

(2) The second way is by creating a general impression both in England and India that there ought to be friendly relations between the British and the Indian people. Circumstances are such that here the initiation has to be taken by the ruling class. The best and the most influential of the British ladies and gentlemen, should in very plain and emphatic language, through their papers and by their actions, impress upon the minds of all that they consider it a moral necessity to form friendly relations with Indians and that since Indians are both mentally and morally an advanced people, it would be narrow-mindedness on the part of any one to think that the British sense of dignity and official prestige would be impaired by treating an Indian visitor or friend just as an English visitor or friend would be treated.

(3) The third, and I think the most effective way is by organising children's parties in which English and Indian children may come and freely play together.

Language will form no barrier for them because in the first place, English children in almost all cases know as good Hindustani as the Indian children, and, in the second place, because these little ones will not be haunted by the fear that perhaps, they are making grammatical mistakes and thus are being mis-represented, mis-judged and mis-understood.

If these parties are carried on, on a large scale in India, in the very near future a general atmosphere of friendliness may be created, for the sweet impressions of innocent childhood can never be lost.

III.—ENCOURAGEMENTS.

We may now consider what favourable circumstances already exist which may encourage and help one in one's efforts in bringing about a right relation between the two races. The first favourable condition may be found in the existence of clubs where Europeans and Indians may freely meet together and also in the organisation of purda parties for a free social intercourse between English and Indian ladies, such as our own in Allahabad under the distinguished presidency of our much beloved and highly esteemed Lady Stanley. If only, Indians here were good enough to allow their ladies to respond more largely to these calls, I'm sure very good results may be obtained.

(2) A second encouragement may be afforded by the fact that the Indians very highly appreciate the most cordial treatment accorded to them in the best of homes in England. There they are treated with the greatest respect and are introduced in the best of English societies. This encourages one to believe that similar relations are possible in India also.

(3) A third encouragement may be afforded by the fact that British thinkers and scholars of the literature of the East have all admitted that ancient India has been the land of the highest culture; and what civilisation suppressed by ages of external pressure can certainly be revived. England, who has realised that this land is bright with intellectual luminaries in realms of art, poetry, literature and philosophy and England, who is herself rich in all that is great, grand, and uplifting cannot fail to move with kindred spirit towards India, her own kith and kin by origin.

(4) A fourth and, I think, the greatest encouragement, especially to the English people, is that almost all the gentlemen and even some ladies from the upper and the middle classes of the Indian people are well familiar with the English language. If only the friendship and good will of these are secured, I'm sure the whole country will resound with praises of British attitude towards Indians, for the voice that could make the bitterest mean could also rise in the sweetest tone. The rest of the people could be reached through these educated English-speaking people, and they themselves would naturally come to understand that their exclusion from free, social intercourse is due to language only.

IV.—HINDRANCES.

But there are certain hindrances which English people may have to meet with even while dealing with the educated ones of India.

(1) One of them is due to the 'chhut' or touch prejudice on account of which inter-dining is impossible. But this really ought to prove no obstacle, for the Indian who is himself responsible for the situation will never blame his English friend for not taking him to his dining room so long as he feels he is a welcome guest in the drawing-room.

(2) Another may be due to difference in religion but this again ought to prove no hindrance so long as drawing-room meetings, social gatherings, lawn parties and private friendly calls are not made the fittest occasions for theological controversies.

I admit, matters would have been much easier, if these differences did not exist, but at the same time, with tact and sympathy they ought to prove no 'insurmountable barriers.'

These obstacles by no means justify negligence in making earnest efforts even.

(3) Unfortunately of late much has happened to alienate British sympathy from Indians. But this again ought to prove no discouragement when loyal Indians are daily making protests through newspapers and public speeches against unconstitutional methods of agitation. No doubt many must have read the loyal Bengalee appeal to their countrymen signed by the different maharajas and the leading noblemen of Bengal, protesting against hostile demonstrations.

V.—GENERAL STATEMENTS.

We are very grateful to our rulers for the benefits that have accrued to our country under the benign British rule. But no matter how many privileges India may enjoy in the present, in the near future, and in the distant future, the fact remains just the same that, unless there exist better social relations between the rulers and the ruled, there will always remain some disorder in the complex machinery of the human minds or some wound on some tender spot of the human heart.

You will pardon me if I here give expression to a fancy of mine by comparing England and India to a wedded pair. Let England lead India with the richest of blessings, clothe her with the finest of raiments, adorn her with the costliest of jewels, but let England at the same time shrink from her friendship and company, and India broken-hearted and insulted, may soon have cause to cry 'England, my lord and sovereign, Thy bounties and thy gracious allowances to me I set at naught; if I am not worthy of thy esteem and friendship, I would rather stand aloof and suffer than be simply patronised and tolerated by thee.' But let England at the same time recognise India's worth and merits and upon those grounds accord to her a cordial social treatment and India generous and true will soon be heard saying 'my gracious sovereign, thou has satisfied me in all respects and I adore thee with all the strength and depth of my deep oriental nature.'

It is an open truth that India is not Britain's political equal, yet, in consideration of the facts that Indians are not an upstart people and that India is rich in the most stirring of historical associations and the grandest of royal traditions, it is but right that the justice-loving British people are recognising the need of sympathetic relations between themselves and Indians.

What is really to be done is to give an articulate expression and a distinct shape to this feeling with the co-operation of the educated men and women of India.

What makes us believe that the relation will ultimately be brought about is the fact that Indian reformers are all over preaching education for women, a relaxation of the purdah

system and abolition of some of the injurious customs of the country.

But what makes us sure of that result is our knowledge that the British being essentially a liberty-loving people, cannot but admire in us a desire for the same, and no English lady or English gentleman true to her or his truest nature will ever give people cause to think that England is only the more prominent head of millions of other suppressed heads in India. No, their pride will ever be that their king as well as our own is the gracious ruler of a people proud of a glorious past, an aspiring present, and a promising future.

Crush and be crushed can never be the noblest longings of human souls with divine attributes.

In conclusion, I beg to say that all the races ought to meet on the common platform of humanity and what they consider as their clashing interests ought to be deemed as distinct functions performed for the gaining of one common object i.e., adding to the sum total happiness of the human race. They ought to be recognised as diverse roots converging towards one and the same centre. Different communities living side by side in the same country and under the same government ought to co-operate for the progress and benefit of the human race.

From all that has been said it could be seen that from every point of view, sociological, political, ethical and humanitarian, it is but right that the best possible kind of relation should exist between the British and the Indian people.

Definite attempts on both sides towards friendliness cannot but have the desirable effect of removing the harmful side of the present unrest in India.

MANMOHINI CHATTERJEE.

Our Children's Page.

I.—QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE AMERICAN CHILD.



AN American had brought his little daughter to England. The girl was a pretty, winsome child of ten years old, who was

vastly delighted with her experiences in the Old Country.

While staying in London, Mr. Lowell, the well-known American Minister, had played guide to her father and herself on several occasions, the most important of which was a visit to Windsor Castle.

Now Nellie, like many another American girl cherished a romantic attachment for Queen Victoria, that great and good monarch whose memory is dear to every English-speaking race. Above everything else she longed to see the Queen, and it was, therefore, a great disappointment to hear that, though Her Majesty was in residence, she was confined to the Castle with some trifling ailment, and that there was, therefore, no chance of fulfilling her ambition.

The Castle itself more than fulfilled expectations, and in the great state apartments there were a hundred objects to arouse interest and curiosity. What appealed most of all to the child's tender heart was a picture of King Charles I. saying farewell to his children, Elizabeth and Henry, on the eve of his execution.

Little Nellie Lee, the American child, stood transfixed before the picture representing this sad parting, so carried away by the thought of that other daughter's grief, that the tears rolled down her cheeks, and she forgot all about her father and Mr. Lowell, who had walked on ahead, engrossed in their own conversation. When at last she turned away from the canvas, she was startled to find herself alone, and, in a little panic of fear, ran aimlessly to right and left, until suddenly she saw a door immediately before her, and, running hurriedly forward, she threw it wide apart.

Instead of finding herself in another picture gallery, she saw before her a beautiful sitting-room, in which an elderly lady sat knitting by the fire, while a young lady read aloud. They both turned to look with surprise at the child, who, in her turn, blushed in confusion.

"Oh, please forgive me!" she cried. "I have lost father and Mr. Lowell. I was looking at a picture, and they went on in front, and I thought they came through this door."

"Come here, dear," said the elder lady kindly. She took Nellie by the hand, and smiled into her pretty, flushed face. "What is your name," she asked, "and what are you doing here?"

"I'm Nellie Lee, a little American girl," answered the child, "and Mr. Lowell brought us here to see Windsor Castle. I wanted most of all to see the Queen, and I am so disappointed that she is ill, because I have to go away to-morrow."

The lady smiled even more kindly than before.

"But if you are an American girl why do you want to see the Queen so much?" she asked gently. "She is not your Queen."

"Oh, yes, she is!" cried Nellie quickly, "We have no Queen of our own, and we love her because she is so kind and good. It will be dreadful to go home and say that I have never seen her all the time I have been in England."

"And is it because you are disappointed that you have been crying, poor child?" asked the lady, looking at the tear-stained eyes.

But at this Nellie shook her head vigorously.

"Oh, no, no! It was that picture that made me cry—the picture of the poor King and his little children who were so sad! Oh, how could the people be so cruel as to cut off his head!"

She began to sob again, whereupon the lady took her on her knee, and patted her tenderly on the shoulder.

"Don't cry, dear;" she said. "The poor King's troubles are over now, and he is at rest. We call him 'King Charles the Martyr,' for he had so many troubles to bear. I feel sad just as you do, whenever I look at that picture."

She talked gently and soothingly until Nellie had forgotten her agitation, and once more remembered her father, and expressed a wish to rejoin him. Then she turned towards the young lady, who had remained a silent but interested spectator of the scene.

"Show her the way to her friends, and tell her before you leave," she said mysteriously. She kissed the child at parting, and said, with a smile, "When you are back in America you will think sometimes of your visit to Windsor Castle, won't you, dear?"

"I shall never forget it!" said Nellie.

She took the young lady's outstretched hand, and was led out on to a terrace, and directed where to go to rejoin her party.

"Good-bye, little Nellie," said her guide gaily. "Shall I tell you a secret before you go? If you want to see the Queen, stand outside the gateway of the Castle at three o'clock this afternoon."

She ran away laughing and waving her hand, and Nellie rejoined her father and Mr. Lowell in great excitement.

Both gentlemen, however, declared that it was ridiculous to expect to see the Queen, and that the unknown informant could have had no authority for her words, and it was only when the child waxed tearful with disappointment that her indulgent father consented to gratify her by waiting in the Castle until the prescribed hour.

At three o'clock then Nellie and her father were at their post outside the great gateway, the one impatient to be off to partake of his long-delayed lunch, the other a-quiver with happy anticipation.

The clock struck, and, even as the last chime sounded, the Royal Standard was hoisted, and the sentries stood at the salute, as a small pony-

carriage appeared, in which were seated the very two ladies whose acquaintance Nellie had made a few hours before.

"It's my lady, my lady! It's the Queen, the Queen!" cried the child wildly. She ran along beside the carriage, bowing and kissing her hand alternately, while the Queen and Princess waved their hands in return, smiling affectionately at the sight of the child's delight.

One can imagine the joy which Nellie Lee felt at so delightful a fulfilment of her ambition, and her cup of happiness was filled to overflowing when, a few days later, she received, through Mr. Lowell, a pretty present, inscribed, in the Queen's handwriting, "From Queen Victoria to her little American friend."

It is certain that the good Queen's prophecy that the child would remember her visit to Windsor was abundantly fulfilled, and if Nellie is alive now, and has children of her own, this story of their mother's youth must be among those which they love most to hear.

One may go a step further, and believe that often as she sat knitting in that room, the great Queen Victoria would recall the unexpected visit of the little American girl, and smile tenderly at the remembrance of her sympathy and her love.

II.—THE ORIGIN OF THE PEARL.

FAR away in the warm South Sea, myriads of tiny creatures are swimming throughout the livelong day. Though no larger than a grain of sand, they are full of activity, each whirling through the water by means of a fringe of innumerable cilia. Let us follow the story of one of these little beings and see how the passing life that dwelt there brought forth a gem that enriched for long years a monarch's crown.

We will suppose some weeks to have passed, and the baby oyster, for such was that little active creature, to have lost its fringe of cilia and to have settled down, its youthful frolics over, to the practical business of life. Looking at it closely we should see that it had secreted a hard horny covering divided into two valves, which protect its soft body, and that it is firmly moored to a ridge of rock by means of many hairy fibres. Many of its lively companions are now at rest around it, and altogether they form a populous oyster-bed.

Six or seven years pass; the oyster has grown much larger, and has now become an object of value to the pearl-fisher. A diver tears it from its rocky home and carries it up from the water. And now within its rugged shell lies a treasure, a pearl of great price. But how came it there?

Within the oyster's shell a tiny parasite had found its way, and as it got among the folds of the oyster's delicate "mantle" it caused considerable irritation. The oyster gives no audible

cry of pain, but we may imagine it to have tried to turn out the unwelcome intruder, opening and closing its valves and twisting within its narrow limits. But all in vain, the cruel little parasite was not to be got rid of, and only sank lower into its soft bed. Then a strange thing happened. Slowly a soft white secretion from the oyster's body surrounded the tiny parasite. Gradually it became larger and more glistening, and then at last there is nothing to wound the sensitive "mantle," and one day the diver finds a smooth and gleaming pearl.

III.—HOOP GAMES.

BY A YOUNG FATHER.

It occurred to me that my two children soon tired of trundling their hoops. I found that they were not bodily tired, because they were ready enough—after a moment's rest—to let me carry the hoops while they ran races or played at touch on the common. I concluded, therefore, that running with a hoop was rather a monotonous pastime for them. Between us we devised some games with hoops, and now they give us plenty of amusement.

We began with a slow race with hoops. It seemed to me to be the best game to begin with because when the "kiddies" said they were tired of hoops they were generally hot with running and wanted to cool quickly. The slow race gave them a rest and enabled them to get cool without catching a chill. Besides, I could join in the slow race and, to them, that was its chief attraction. We timed ourselves over a certain distance, and the competitor who allowed the hoop to wander off a certain track (a foot-path across the common) or to go down altogether was disqualified. Sometimes all three of us were disqualified, and then we had to begin all over again.

Our next game was a competition in driving the hoop in and out of certain obstacles—stones and pieces of wood—and then, having turned the hoop round in a very small space, we had to return the same way. I generally found that by this time the youngsters were ready for another run, so I got them to trundle their hoops round and round in a circle. I marked the limit of the diameter of the circle with stones and then gradually diminished it, until the more difficult the feat became. When we could do this fairly well we tried to make one hoop run through the other while both were going. With us, the one that can do this the greatest number of times in a given distance is the winner of the competition.

We borrowed another idea for a game with hoops from Everhart, the man who does wonderful things with hoops on the stage. Everyone

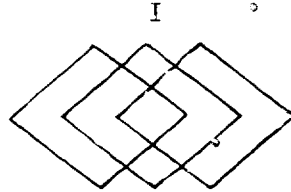
knows the knack of throwing a hoop away in such a manner that it comes back again to the thrower. Everhart keeps a lot of hoops going at once in this way, but we content ourselves with two, and the competitor who keeps both hoops up the longest wins. The track is rather narrow and the hoops have to run on it. This means that they must be thrown straight in front of one. When we want to increase the difficulty of the competition we increase the distance to which the hoops are to be thrown before they return. Children of all ages who are going to play this game should take care to see that the hoops are perfectly smooth—inside and out—before they begin, otherwise they may have to spend an hour in extracting tiny splinters from their hands.

Another game—one in which I do not take a part—consists in running through the hoop while it is going. A child who is going to play at this for the first time should have rather a large hoop and should trundle it very slowly. The hoop must first be driven in the ordinary way with the right hand. Then the competitor must run or jump through the hoop from left to right, put the hoop-stick in the left hand, and so keep the hoop moving. The smaller the hoop the more difficult the feat.

Our last game is very difficult indeed. We try to keep both hoops going at once by using both sticks and, of course, both hands. Hitting the right hand hoop with the left stick or the left hand hoop with the right hand stick disqualifies, and the winner is the one who can keep both hoops going most evenly together. You must have a wide space for this game.

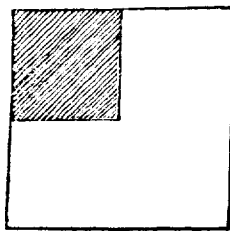
It will be seen that one can get a good deal of amusement out of a couple of four penny hoops.

IV.—A few Puzzles

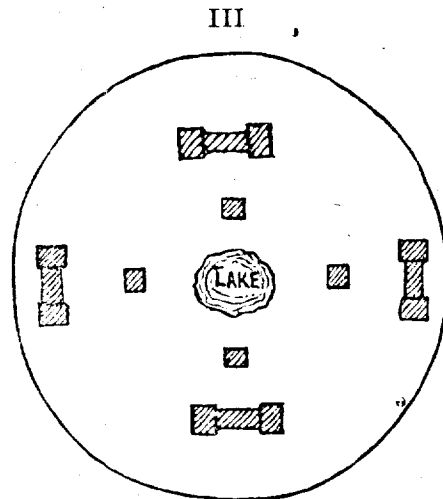


—To be drawn with one Stroke of the pencil.

THE ABOVE FIGURE CAN BE COMPLETED BY STARTING AT ANY POINT.



A man had a square piece of land. He reserved to himself one-fourth part of it, as indicated in the diagram by the smaller shaded square. The remainder he divided among his four sons, so that each received a piece of land of equal size and exactly similar in shape. How was the land divided?



—Build a wall to shut off the cottages from the lake.

There was a small lake around which four poor men built their cottages. Four rich men afterwards built their mansions, as shown in the illustration, and they wished to have the lake to themselves, so they instructed a builder to put up the shortest possible wall that would exclude

the cottagers, but give themselves free access to the lake. How was the wall to be built?

(The correct answers to the last two little puzzles will appear in our next number.)

Our Prize Competitions.

There were many answers to our "correct verses" competition, and most of them were correct and neatly written. Consequently, it is difficult to award the prize. I have, therefore, decided to transfer the prize to the following new competition, which will have a prize of Rs. 10.

New Prize Competition.

PUZZLE VERSES.

In the following verses take away each author's name and replace it by the title of one of his books. The result will be a set of nonsense verses in the same metre as that in which Wordsworth's "We are Seven" is written.

To (CHARLOTTE BRONTE).

Farewell! my (W. W. Jacobs)
We met (C. Kingsley)
And now I've lost (C. M. Yonge)
I'm sailing (C. Kingsley)
Over the sea shores (N. Gale)
While with (C. Dickens)
I read strange (E. A. Poe)
I wish they'd never end!

We pass near (Sir W. Scott), and then
With (Sir W. Scott) for our mate,
We travel all (Mrs. Henry Wood)
At most terrific rate,
(Jules Verne).
We near (H. Cockton)
Our craft is bound for (D. Sladen)
At last it runs aground!

"(S. Smiles) and (S. Smiles) are all we need,"
Exclaims (Sir W. Scott)
"(H. Sienkiewicz)?" questions (F. H. Burnett)
We answer, "On (J. F. Cooper)."
(J. F. Cooper) are with us now
And (L. Carroll)
So through (R. N. Carey)
We (T. Carlyle) bravely go.

We meet with (A. Dumas)
And shoot at them with (Mrs. Molesworth)
The noise when (W. M. Thackeray) fires
Is like the screech of parrots.
We run into (Mrs. Molesworth)
The (G. A. Henty)
And tumble (L. Carroll)
(S. R. Crockett) to save.

Our (Rev. W. H. Fitchett) vast
Would startle (R. D. Blackmore)
(W. Irving) bold are they!
I'll tell them to you soon.
For shortly, (Edna Lyall)
With (F. Anstey) to carry
My (C. Bronte), I'll come home to you,
At (W. H. Ainsworth) we'll marry.

A prize of Rs. 10 will be awarded to the most successful competitor. The papers to be sent, in not later than July 31st.

Our Needle Work Column.

APPLIQUE EMBROIDERY.

A VERY effective style of work, especially suitable for large pieces which will be seen at a distance when finished, or for curtains or hangings, is applique. There is no single word in English which expresses it, probably because it did not originate with us. The nearest is "applied work," and it is really the art of laying one material on to another to form a pattern. This pattern may be designed to require more than one colour in the treatment, but these colours will be distinct in themselves, without shade.

The rule in applique is to put the richer material you are using on to the inferior one. For instance, silk, satin, or velvet may be applied on to serge or linen, or on to materials of their own quality; linen may be applied on to linen, but never apply serge or linen on to silk or satin. The material you are applying must first be backed, to make it thoroughly strong, and to prevent it ravelling or turning up at the edges when it is cut out.

First make an embroidery paste in the following way:—Mix well together three tablespoonfuls of flour, and half-a-teaspoonful of powdered resin, in a one pound jar nearly full of cold water. Place the jar in a saucepanful of water and stir continually until the paste boils. Let it boil slowly for two or three hours, with an occasional stir, and allow it to grow cold before using. This paste will keep for several days. Then either frame, or stretch tightly on a board with drawing pins, a piece of nainsook or fine linen, and with your hand, from which you will have removed any ring or rings you may be wearing, paste this all over very smoothly and evenly with the paste you have ready, taking especial care to remove any lumps that may be in the paste, from the baking, or these will show through your material. Wash your hands quickly, and place the material you are applying, wrong side down on to the pasted backing. Press this down very firmly and smoothly and leave it to dry thoroughly, if possible, for twelve hours.

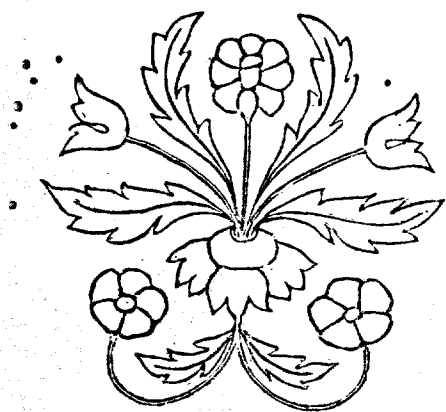
When it is quite dry, trace your design on to it, and with a sharp pair of scissors cut all round the traced line, leaving a narrow margin, about one eighth of an inch.

Frame your foundation material ready for use, and pounce on to it your design. It is best not to trace this, as sometimes one material pulls slightly differently from the other, and the pieces do not fit exactly. The pounce mark will be quite sufficient to show the position of each separate piece, and can be easily shaken off, leaving no mark whatever.

Pin the applique pieces firmly into position, and when all are properly placed, stitch them to the ground with small stitches taken from the ground into applique piece. If the design is very large, it is better to paste the large pieces into position before sewing them, as otherwise the large pieces are apt to bubble.

The edges must then be covered, and for doing this you have a variety of ways from which to choose. Sometimes the edges are worked over in satin-stitch, in the same colour or colours as the applique; often three or four whole strands of silk are taken together and sewn down at small intervals with a single thread—this is called "couching." Another way is to cover the edge with one or two cords, or, if it is to be worked in the hand, buttonhole-stitch is most suitable; but in working applique in the hand the greatest care must be taken to keep it quite flat.

The accompanying design is for a chair-seat, and looks very well with a dark green linen or serge ground, and a pale green silk of the same tone for the applique. The whole might be edged with a fine gold-coloured silk cord, and the veins of leaves and centres of flowers also defined with the same cord. To sew the cord



on properly, a small hole should be made with a stiletto, at the point where the cord is to start and then pass the cord through the hole with a chenille needle large enough to take it easily. Sewing silk of the same colour should be used

for sewing it down, well waxed to make it strong. The stitches must be placed close together, and taken into, not over, the cord, to keep it quite firmly in position.

In choosing a design for applique, keep to something quite simple, and avoid anything very elaborate. Details can always be added if necessary, and variety obtained by working the veins of leaves, or markings of the flowers, in silk or embroidery stitches on the broad flat parts of the design.

Our Cookery Column.

COLD POTATOES.

PERHAPS I had better begin first with the simplest method of cooking the tuber introduced by Sir Walter Raleigh about three hundred and fifty years ago, to be the delight and despair of English housewives ever since. It is not an easy thing to boil a potato properly. The best way of accomplishing the culinary feat is not to boil it at all. Instead of immersing your well-scraped, well-washed, tubby little bulbs in water, spend sixpence halfpenny in a tin steamer.

Fit this on an ordinary saucepan half-filled with boiling water and pack it lightly with the prepared potatoes. They will require no further attention than to keep water beneath them boiling away, and a column of steam, consequently, ascending into the upper vessel. Directly the brown skins "smile," the potatoes are thoroughly cooked—not only parboiled, with hard hearts within—but done all through, and as mealy as—well! as a properly cooked potato can be! Empty away the water at once, lift the cover off your steamer. Replace it with a dry cloth well tucked in, and in a few moments you can serve up the driest, whitest balls of flour possible. Very seldom will you have to deal with cold potatoes if you cook them in this fashion, and allow a tiny bit of butter to be eaten along with them.

Perhaps, however, you have a prejudice against steaming vegetables. If so, you may be forced to "rayhate," as it is called in Ireland, and serve up potatoes left from dinner or supper. If so, did you ever try?

Hashed Potatoes?—For this dish must cut up into dice two cupfuls of c

aked potato. Prepare one tablespoonful of butter blended with one teaspoonful of flour and moistened with half a cupful of cream or sweet milk. Season this mixture with pepper and salt, and stir together in a small saucepan until it boils and is smooth. Now add the potato lice, cover with a lid, and let all simmer together at the side of your range for ten or fifteen minutes. Serve in a hot vegetable dish. This preparation will be a pallid one. If you prefer something more brunette-looking, prepare a sauce as above, and mix the dice in it as before. Instead of simmering, however, put the mixture into well-buttered cups, and cook in the oven slowly, until nicely browned.

A third method is what I call

Cream Potatoes.—For cream potatoes you need two cupfuls of thinly sliced, cold boiled vegetable. These must be simmered till thoroughly heated in a sauce made of one tablespoonful of flour and one teaspoonful of milk or cream as above. To be served piping hot.

Scalloped Potato is rather more elaborate, though not more expensive. For this, butter a shallow baking-dish, fill it three parts full of thinly sliced, cold potatoes. Season to taste with pepper and salt. Pour over some soup stock, thin gravy, cream or sweet milk. Sprinkle bread crumbs, moistened slightly with butter, over the top of the potato, and bake in a moderate oven until thoroughly hot and brown on the surface. Proportion of liquid to use in moistening scalloped potato is about three-fourths of a cupful of fluid to two cupfuls of sliced vegetable.

Browned Sliced Potatoes are very easily prepared. Slice cold boiled ones tolerably thick. About half an inch will do; dust them with flour, and lay on a well-greased griddle over a quick fire. When brown on the under side, pour a few drops of melted butter on each slice, turn over and brown the other cheek. Serve hot.

Lyonnais Potato.—Wherefore this grand name I do not know, but Lyonnais by any other name would taste equally good. Cut cold boiled potatoes into slices with one white onion; put one tablespoonful of butter into a little fry-pan and heat. Add onion first and stir till a soft, bright brown. Then throw in potatoes and let fry. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, and, as a garnish, a little minced parsley. Serve very hot.

Potato Cakes are a very favourite dish, and though lighter when made of specially-prepared, freshly-boiled tubers, can be evolved satisfactorily from waste ones. For these, mix one egg and one tablespoonful of cream or milk with two cupfuls of cold mashed potatoes. Roll the dough which results into balls, and flatten into cakes about half an inch thick. Dust with flour and

brown on a griddle or fry-pan with just sufficient clarified fat or beef dripping to keep them from sticking. Serve on a folded napkin, ornamenting each cake with a sprig of lightly fried parsley.

Potato Croquettes are the last way I can advise for using up cold potatoes. For them, you mash up the remnants left on hand from lunch or dinner. (Never let them get stale.) Season with salt, pepper, and a little butter. Add a teaspoonful of minced parsley and the unbeaten white of an egg to each cupful of mash. Stir well together. Have a frying basket ready plunged in a saucepan of boiling fat. Drop your mixture by spoonfuls into this, and remove only when nicely browned all over. Drain very well and serve piled up on an ornamental dish-paper. This latter is not only for show; it will absorb any last particles of grease which may be attached to the croquettes, and remember these balls should be perfectly dry to the palate and piping hot.

I must close by giving one recipe for cooking fresh potatoes in rather a novel way. It is an uncommon and very appetising dish, and we will call it

Potato Souffle.—Take, peel, wash, dry, and cut into rounds about the thickness of a finger, half a dozen moderate-sized potatoes. Have two saucepans half full of hot fat on a quick fire. When you are sure the dripping is really boiling (you can tell this when bubbling ceases and a blue smoke rises from the fat), put the prepared rounds into one pan. When they begin to brown transfer them very quickly into the second pot of boiling fat. You will be surprised to see them swell up, like doughnuts, immediately. After a moment or so, remove, drain well, sprinkle with fine salt, and serve at once. To produce these bloated potatoes one must not use previously cooked ones. But ordinary fried potato is done in just such boiling dripping. If you are careful that the medium—whatever it may be—is really at boiling point, your "ray-hats" will never be sodden or moist, as alas! are so many of those thus dignified.

By the by, I had nearly forgotten Green Potato or Parsley Colcannon, as it is called in Ireland.

Green Potato in the Emerald Isle is invariably prepared with freshly-boiled vegetable. But it can be equally well made of cold ones. Mash the potato you have left on hand in a heated saucepan with a walnut of butter and a drop of sweet milk or cream until it is smooth. Flavour with a little pepper and salt, and then add to it a cupful of newly-gathered, finely-chopped parsley. Mix all thoroughly, and press into a shape. Put this into the oven till hot all through, turn out and brown slightly in front of the fire. This is a pretty as well as an uncommon dish.

What has been done for and by Indian Ladies.

FEMALE EDUCATION IN U. P.—For some years past the Government of the United Provinces has been showing a very laudable zeal and activity for promoting female education. We have noticed its praiseworthy efforts from time to time in these columns. Its latest move is towards the encouragement of education in the zenana and the training of female teachers. It offers a scholarship of Rs. 3 per mensem, tenable for two years, to a female who has passed the examination of the lower primary standard and who undertakes to study privately with a view to passing the vernacular upper primary examination. Also a scholarship of Rs. 4 per mensem, tenable for two years, is offered to a female who has passed the vernacular upper primary examination and who continues her studies privately with a view to passing the vernacular final examination. The following rewards will also be given: (1) Rs. 50 for passing the vernacular upper primary examination; (2) Rs. 100 for passing the vernacular final examination; (3) Rs. 150 for passing the standard of the High School scholarship examination; (4) Rs. 250 for passing the Matriculation or the school-leaving certificate examination. These scholarships and rewards will be allowed, provided that the recipient signifies in writing her willingness to serve as a teacher or as a governess and that the Department of Public Instruction is satisfied that there is real prospect of her being able to engage in teaching either in a school or as a governess; provided also that the continuance of the scholarship shall depend upon the favourable report of the Inspectress regarding the recipient's progress in her studies. For this purpose scholarship-holders may, if necessary, be required by the Inspectress to present themselves at a convenient place in the district. In such cases third class railway fare shall be allowed to the scholarship-holder and also for a guardian accompanying her; for road journeys of more than five miles a mileage allowance at the rate of one anna per mile will be given. When the scholarship-holder has to travel in order to appear at a standard examination, travelling allowance at the above rates shall also be allowed. Arrangements will be made for the strict observance of the *parda* during examinations.

A WIDOW MARRIAGE IN THE SOUTH.—A correspondent writes to the *Madras Mail*:—Social Reformers will be pleased to hear that in Cuddalore a widow marriage was celebrated on Wednesday, the 6th instant, under the auspices

of the local Branch of the Catholic Indian Association. The bridegroom, Mr. T. N. Annaswamy Naidu, son of the late Mr. T. Narayanaswamy Naidu, Assistant Surgeon, a lecturer in the Madras Medical College. The bride is Sow Lourdu Mariammal, the widow of the late Mr. Carunaynayagam Pillay, and the daughter of Mr. Gnanapragasam Pillay, of the Collector's Office. One thing remarkable in this marriage is that it is not only a widow re-marriage, but also an inter-marriage between Naidu and Pillay castes. It is hoped that this example will be followed by other local branches of the Catholic Indian Association.

FEMALE EDUCATION IN MALABAR.—The progress made by Malabar women in education during recent years cannot, under any circumstances, be characterised as unsatisfactory. There was a time when even the educated father was reluctant to send his daughters to schools, and the ignorant mothers took objection to their daughters being initiated in the three R's. But that time is past. A new light has dawned on us. The present is an age of equality and independence. It was for such an age that our Kerala was eagerly waiting, and before the advent of that age she could not raise her head up above her sister countries. It is true that even before the present age the males were enlightened and cultured. Even during the early times there were in Kerala good numbers of accomplished and patriotic citizens. But in the absence of educated women in those times Kerala was considered to be backward. Women were then considered as mere domestic animals. They were shut up in the kitchen. They did not know even such platitudes as "Honesty is the best policy" and "the Earth is round." They were only acquainted with the fire and the fuel or the broom and the bed. And the consequence was lamentable. Educated and refined Malayalees were compelled to become husbands of ignorant and superstitious ladies.

Grabāsthasrama lost then all its happiness and charm. This lamentable state of affairs opened the eyes of the Malayalees and they set to work to bring about a change in the situation. Schools for girls were started at every nook and corner in Malabar, especially in Travancore and Cochin. Even in spite of the efforts of the progressive sons of Kerala, there is still in the country a spirit antagonistic towards female education. There are persons who are unwilling to educate their daughters, lest they should become undesirable members of society being imbued with strange notions of liberty and equality. This opposition is retarding the rapid progress of education. In no community is this spirit of opposition more rampant than in the

Brahmin community. Brahmin girls are denied the blessings of education and opportunities to come into contact with the living civilization that has made India a new world. But the other classes have, to some extent, realised the value of female education and they are making rapid headway. Travancore should be congratulated on her having a First Grade College for Girls. An institution for Hindu girls is flourishing at Chalaparam, Calicut, and it is sure to produce beneficial results in the long run. I earnestly hope that the girls' school proposed for Ottapalam will shortly be opened there. I may with immense pleasure say here that Mrs. Saukaran Nair has promised a monthly donation of Rs. 50 towards the upkeep of the institution. In short, the signs are hopeful, and with the co-operation of the educated men and women of Malabar, female education in Malabar is sure to advance by leaps and bounds.

VARMA RAJA
of Ohirakkal.

A WIDOW RE-MARRIAGE AT DEHRA DUN.

A widow re-marriage among Kulin Sanadhya Brahmins was celebrated at Dehra Dun, on Friday, the 8th instant, under the auspices of Soti Shankarlal, President of the Widow Re-marriage Association of U. P. This is the first of its kind among Sanadhya Brahmins. The bride is a daughter of Pundit Dalchand, a very respectable man of Dutaganj. She became a widow within eight months of her marriage. The bridegroom, Pundit Shriram Sharma, is an educated young man of an equally respectable family of Barielly, and is manager of the Deenbandhu Press.

The elite of the town and other sympathisers were present at the ceremony. A procession passed throughout the city. Many thanks to Pundit Keshva Ram Swami who spared no troubles in making the arrangements. We also thank Babu Joti Swarupji, Hony. Magistrate of Dehra Dun, who delivered a stirring speech on the occasion.—*The Bengalee*.

THE MYSORE WIDOWS' HOME.

The Mysore Widows' Home celebrated its first anniversary on March 1, 1908. After the reading of the report in Canarese, and Sanskrit and English recitations by the pupils, under the direction of the Acting Lady Superintendent, Sreemati Rukminiamma, B.A., Mrs. Denham, wife of Professor Denham, of the Maharaja's College, expressed her pleasure in being able to show sympathy in a movement for the amelior-

ation of the lot of the Hindu widow, especially the child widow. She said that Mr. Narasimha Iyengar, the founder of the Home, was trying to solve a difficult problem. Education would be a solace to thousands who were the victims of custom, and it would open for them the doors of honourable and useful professions as teachers, nurses and doctors.

Mr. Narasimha Iyengar has long been a worker in the cause of the education of Indian women, and in 1907 he determined to do something practical to help Indian widows. A home was started in which high caste girl-widows receive shelter, food and education. Some of the pupils have to begin by learning the alphabet, and the training is continued until they have reached the standard for admission into the Maharani's College. The curriculum is that of the Government Girls' Schools, and religious instruction is given. There were three resident boarders during the first year, but others receive scholarships and attended the school daily. Three teachers are able at present to carry on the educational work. The scholarships were given from the Devaraj Bahadur Charity Fund, but other expenses were defrayed by Mr. Iyengar, to whom Mrs. Denham, who presided at the anniversary meeting, expressed heartfelt thanks.

News and Notes.

Mrs. Adeline Frances Fitz of Cheldia, Mass., has been chosen president of the Daughters of the Revolution.

Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth will give the principal address at the Annual May Festival and banquet of the New England and Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Associations, to be held in Faneuil Hall on the evening of May 8.

Mrs. Caroline M. Severance, in the *Los Angeles Herald*, makes an eloquent plea against the proposal that the city should appropriate \$25,000 to feast the fleet, while so many men in California are unemployed and almost starving.

Duchess Carl Edward of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha is an accomplished typewriter and stenographer. She learned her trade in a German business college, and boasts that she could earn 100 marks per month if thrown on her own resources.

Mrs. Matilda Massette of Worcester, 93 years of age, has been blind for the last 19 years. The other day she unexpectedly regained her sight. She expressed a great wish to see once more her old home at Leicester, Mass., and sympathetic

neighbours have made up a purse to enable her to go and live there.

Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead has lately spoken on peace and arbitration at several places in Pittsburgh, Pa., including the Pennsylvania College for Women and the Margaret Denison Carnegie Technical School. Last Sunday she addressed 1,500 boys at Girard College, Philadelphia, and on Wednesday spoke at Smith College.

Miss Jessie Ackermann has reached London after her sixth tour around the world. She is reported as saying: "Since I was last in Australia women have got the franchise there. In the mining districts I found that the miners' wives took the keenest interest in political questions, and were ready to talk politics intelligently, even at the washtub. And they are splendidly organized, too; and they will not vote without a reason. They are exacting as to the qualifications of candidates."

Mrs. Eldridge Claiborne, a widow who conducts a real estate business at 1520 Sixth St., Philadelphia, cast a vote at the recent annual election of Directors of the Trades League. It was the first time that a woman had ever done so, and the event caused quite a stir among the Directors. Mrs. Claiborne has carried on her husband's business for the last four years. She is described as an unusually attractive woman. After she had placed her ballot in the tellers' hands, she said: "For some time I have been trying to figure out why women engaged in various lines of business do not take an active interest in the organizations made up of men in the same line. Women have just as much at stake, and are as vitally interested in the advancement of their business."

Miss Mary Proctor, daughter of the late Richard A. Proctor, the astronomer, expects to start this summer on a trip around the world in the interests of science. Miss Proctor is widely known in this country through her lectures on "Other Worlds Than Ours" and other astronomical subjects. She will address the British Astronomical Association at Manchester on Oct. 7, and will lecture later in all the large cities in the United Kingdom. After that she will visit the observatory in Paris, going thence to Egypt for an extended term of study of ancient astronomical knowledge and theories. From Egypt Miss Proctor will go to Calcutta and Bombay, en route for Australia, where she will observe the total eclipse of the sun on April 28, 1911. She will return by way of South America, where an eclipse is to be visible on Oct. 10, 1912. After the eclipse Miss Proctor will go to San Francisco, to visit the Lick Observatory; then

to Williams Bay, Wis., to visit the Yerkes Observatory, returning to New York City in the Spring of 1913.

Mme. Michaels, a woman architect, is putting up several important buildings in Marseilles, France.

Mme. Bertha Hainish, of Budapest, after passing the necessary examinations, has been granted a druggist's license, said to be the first ever issued to a woman in Europe.

Mme. Curie, who, with her husband, discovered radium, and is now a professor at the Sorbonne in Paris, has just been elected a corresponding member of the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences.

Marie Spiridonova, the young Russian revolutionist who was so abominably tortured in prison, and whose case excited so much sympathy throughout the civilized world, has made her escape from Siberia.

Miss Martha Finley, author of the once famous "Elsie Dinsmore" stories, is still writing, at nearly 80 years of age. She lives at Elkton, Md., and her first book of this series was printed more than 40 years ago, when she was a school teacher.

Jane Addams has a larger constituency than any college president. Nine thousand men, women and children go to Hull House to attend clubs and classes of all sorts—to cook, to sew, to make hats, to learn to dance, to paint, to model clay, to drink a social cup of tea, to witness and take part in dramatics, and to study literature, philosophy and political economy.

Mrs. Mary Sibbets of Kansas will meet the battleship Kansas on its arrival at San Francisco, and will present every member of the crew, from Captain Vreeland down, with a comfort bag prepared by the women of Kansas. Each bag will contain a pin ball, needles, thread, darning cotton, etc. Eight hundred of these little bags are being made under the direction of the W. C. T. U.

Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker has hit on a novel idea. She suggests to the city dailies the feasibility of running a criminal page, just as they do a literary page, a sporting page, etc. In that way those who do not care to be regaled with the details of crime can skip them. There is a good deal to be said for such a plan, but it savors rather too much of the "segregation of vice," and is open to the same

Senorita Carolina Huidobro generously offers to give, for expenses only, to any Suffrage Club within 30 miles of Boston, her lecture on "The Peace Movement in Latin America," or that on "The Women of Chili and Argentina in the Peace Movement." Both these talks are of great interest. The Senorita's address is 128, Huntington Ave., Boston. No one should fail to read her article in next week's N.Y. Independent, on "The Christ of the Andes."

Miss Fannie Klos, who has recently died in Denver, Col., was one of the most earnest women labor leaders in the country. She was vice-president of the Denver Trades and Labor Assembly, and the first woman to be elected to that position. She was also vice-president of the Colorado State Federation of Labor. From early girlhood she had been a working girl, and until taken sick was employed as a garment worker. Although but thirty years old at her death, she had become widely known and well beloved for her efforts to better the conditions of her fellow-workers. Her funeral, which was in charge of the labor organizations, was attended by thousands of unionists, including delegations from the leading cities of the State. The acting pall-bearers were men prominent in organized labor; the honorary pall-bearers were women, all members of the Garment-Workers Union, which Miss Klos founded. A band of a hundred union musicians led the thousands forming the funeral procession, while other thousands lined the streets along the march.

Sarah Grand, the author of "The Heavenly Twins," is lecturing in London on "The Art of Happiness."

Lady Essex, a former American beauty, has started a laundry in London to recoup the family fortunes.

Mlle. Marguerite Maillard, whose portraits in pastel have attracted notice in recent saloons of French artists, has been appointed Officier d'Academie.

Mrs. Cosgrave has been appointed on the Governing Board of the Richmond Asylum, the largest lunatic asylum in Ireland. The appointment has given much satisfaction to Irish women, who have long felt the need of a woman on the Governing Board.

Mrs. F. N. Sbiak of Wheatland, ex-president of the Wyoming State Federation of Women's Clubs, has been appointed by Governor Brooks of that State as a delegate to International Woman Suffrage Congress which meets at Amsterdam next June.

Jane Addams contributes to Charities and the Commons a thoughtful and instructive article on The "Chicago Settlements and Social Unrest." It is the discussion, by an expert, of the state of mind which leads to anarchistic acts, the causes of such acts, the attitude of settlement workers toward them, and the best methods of prevention. Everyone ought to read it. Send 25 cents in stamps to the editor of Charities and the Commons, New York City, for the issue of May 2.

Mrs. Catherine Waugh McCulloch of Evanston, Justice of the Peace, and Mrs. Ella S. Stewart, President of the Illinois E. S. A., will speak at the International Suffrage Congress at Amsterdam, Mrs. Stewart on suffrage work among the young folk, and Mrs. McCulloch on the Christian aspect of the question. The party from Chicago will include Miss S. Grace Nicholas, Miss Anna Nicholas, Mrs. Harriet Vandevurt and Mrs. Helen Affeld. Mrs. McCulloch and Mrs. Stewart will sail, May 30.

Mrs. Guy C. Emerson, wife of the newly-appointed superintendent of Boston streets, had some interesting experiences during a year's residence in Wyoming. Mr. Emerson was Engineer in charge of the Shoshone irrigation construction in the Big Horn basin, and was general superintendent of the camp and all its enterprises. Mrs. Emerson was the only woman in that wild region for six months. She became a good mountain climber and driver, and an expert with the revolver. All the men of the camp, rough customers as they were, respected and admired Mrs. Emerson, and she was often sought for advice and comfort in times of sickness and distress.

Nancy Frye, aged 73, read a paper before the Teachers' Association of Southeastern Iowa at Davenport recently, and her reading of it is pronounced by the Journal of Education "the most notable incident that has ever occurred in an Iowa educational association." Nancy Frye has been teaching country schools for 57 years, and has had only so much education as was to be gained in a very rural school in Ohio before 1850. She has never written for print, and had never been on a programme before. She was sandwiched in between Dr. Starbuck of the State University and Dr. Gunsaulus, and the wit and wisdom of her paper, as well as its presentation, entitled her to the unprecedented ovation which she received. Both President Crane and Dr. Gunsaulus spoke in exuberant praise of her work and of her address, which was the event of the meeting. At the close, amid great enthusiasm, a rising vote of thanks was

tendered her. Her theme was: "Teach Truth," and it was an inspired message.

WOMEN PHYSICIANS.—The coveted first place in the competitive examination for interests in the Cook County (Ill.) Hospital has been won by Miss Meigs of the Rush Medical College, the only woman who took the examination. Miss Meigs will graduate as a full-fledged physician and surgeon in June. She had an average of 87.91 in the examinations. Her nearest competitor, Raymond Bechtel of the Northwestern University Medical College, had 81.77.

Miss Meigs comes from Keokuk, Iowa, and is one of six daughters of Major Montgomery Meigs, Engineering Corps, U. S. A., and a granddaughter of General Montgomery Meigs, who served during the Civil War.

She entered Bryn Mawr in the class of 1903, and graduated with honor. She was always fond of athletics, and took part in the collegiate games, as well as in the dramatics. After finishing at Bryn Mawr she entered the regular course at Rush, and was elected a member of the Quadranglers. She devoted the last two years of study to clinics, and frequently worked in the Presbyterian Hospital. Miss Meigs means to make a specialty of children's diseases.

Chicago papers are saying that she is the first woman in the United States to come out at the head in such an examination. Dr. Anna Blount of Chicago did so several years ago, and it has repeatedly happened in other cities. The late Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi was especially indignant over the case of a brilliant young woman who stood at the head in the competitive examinations for interne at two different hospitals in New York, but was refused the place by both, because she was a woman.

Women doctors are said to be growing in popularity in France. Mlle. Gaussel, M. D., has just been appointed director of a clinic of Montpellier University, an honor never before conferred upon a woman. Mlle. Sarah Broda is ship's physician on the packet boat of the Mixte Steamship Company, plying between Marseilles, Africa and Sicily. Mme. Louise Briand and Mme. Jeanne Menard, both doctors of medicine, act as ship's physicians on two large Mediterranean steamers.

The Minister lately advised prison directors to employ women physicians if possible, since the women doctors now officiating in the prisons are giving eminent satisfaction.

WOMEN NURSES FOR FRENCH MILITARY HOSPITALS.—The hospital connected with the military medical school at Val-de-Grace, near Paris, is to be equipped with women nurses—a great

innovation for France. If it is found to work satisfactorily, as has long been the case in England, the other military hospitals will be supplied with women nurses. The nurses at Val-de-Grace are to be appointed by a competitive examination. The Press Medicale says it would be better to have the authorities select from other institutions nurses best adapted for the purpose, instead of trusting to the results of such an examination. The editorial further queries whether the military authorities aim to supply for their hospitals a picked force of high-grade trained nurses, or whether they will be willing to accept nurses of the grade of maids of all work, devoted but ignorant. Such an important innovation, it says, should be managed with wisdom. The accommodations for the nursing force in the French hospitals are generally so uninviting—as most of the buildings were built long ago—that the service has not hitherto attracted the same grade of women as in America and England; but these conditions are being gradually remedied. Germany is also introducing women nurses into some of the army and navy hospitals.

WOMEN IN FRENCH LIBRARIES.—The Minister of the Fine Arts in France has just signed a decree authorizing the appointment of women as attendants in the public museums and libraries. The women, like the male candidates, must pass an examination, which varies with each post, and in some cases academic degrees and a knowledge of foreign or ancient languages are required. The news has come like a bolt from the blue to all the museum officials in Paris, not one of whom, from the chief curators down to the ushers, knew that the Minister had signed such a decree.

SWISS COUNCIL OF WOMEN.—The Swiss National Council of Women, of which Mme. Chaponniere is president, are well advanced with their preparations for the special meeting of the International Council of Women to be held at Geneva, Sept. 1 to 4. On Sept. 5 and 6, the Swiss National Council will hold their own annual meeting, in order to give their International colleagues a chance to be present. The International Council will devote its time mainly to business meetings, but one large meeting will be held under the presidency of the Countess of Aberdeen, where papers on Public Health will be contributed by members of different National Councils, and at another public meeting the question of Educational Information and Employment Bureaus will be discussed.

RUSSIAN WOMEN'S CONGRESS.—For the first time, Russian women are to meet in congress.

The date is June 14; the place, St. Petersburg. The programme covers a wide field of women's activities, and includes the movement for woman suffrage in Russia and in other countries.

The first woman probate judge in Kansas has just been appointed by Governor Hoch, to settle the probate judge fight in Mitchell County, which has been going on with considerable warmth. The new judge is Mrs. Levi Cooper, widow of the late probate Judge. While Mr. Cooper was Judge, his wife acted as his deputy, and did most of the work of the office. There were two applicants for the Judgeship upon Cooper's death, P. G. Chubbie and Cyrus Gaston. Each agreed that, if appointed, he would appoint Mrs. Cooper as his deputy. "I got to thinking the matter over," said Governor Hoch, "and decided that, if Mrs. Cooper was so valuable in the office, there was no reason why she should not be appointed herself."

The Clay Centre (Kan.) Dispatch says:—

"Mrs. Cooper is the only woman in Kansas who has ever held this position, but is not the only woman to hold a legal position. Miss Oala Heinline is now serving her third term as county attorney of Seward County. There have been several women county attorneys in Western Kansas. Kate Johnson has just completed a term as county treasurer of Norton County. There are half-a-dozen women serving as registers of deeds, and about thirty women as county superintendents of instruction. There are no women at present serving as clerks of the district court, but there are several women deputies, and several women have been clerks. There have been women as county clerks, but as far as known never any woman county commissioners. Several cities have elected women as mayors and other city officers, and there have been numerous women as candidates for State superintendent, but not for other offices."

A friend in Ohio writes:

"A friend of mine, having married a Norwegian, has been spending the last year in Norway. Her husband has two sisters, one a graduated physician, the other a lawyer. Recently, the first married a physician, and it is to be presumed they are now practicing together. The lawyer has been engaged for some time, and the friends' family here have been expecting to hear of the second wedding in Norway. Recently, she wrote that it was now uncertain when the marriage would come off. The lawyer graduated in law at the same university as her fiancé and carried off all the highest honors, and she has received so many since then, in her practice, that her intended has announced that he will not marry until he has equalled his future wife's record.

Oh, shades of Blackstone, who wrote that in law woman was not a person, but only some man's property! Is it any wonder, with such women in Norway, that they have been given the right to vote?"

WOMEN STUDENTS AT OBERLIN.—In the annual report of Oberlin College for 1907 (Lucy Stone's alma mater, 1847) the dean says:

"The relative number of men and women in the College of Arts and Sciences for the past six years shows continuous gain in both the absolute and relative number of women. The increasing number of women in Oberlin raises a serious question in regard to their accommodation. This year we seem to have reached the limit of available accommodations. The college assumes a great responsibility in receiving the present number, and it certainly would be unwise to increase our responsibility in this direction under the present conditions. If the college is to control the conditions which surround our young women, it will be necessary to do one of two things to limit the number of women to the present accommodations, or to build more residence halls for women. The latter is a more desirable alternative, but the former can be more quickly applied in case of necessity.

Surely an appeal to the Oberlin alumnae would result in gifts sufficient to justify the building of additional residence halls for women. As the first college in the world to admit women Oberlin owes it to its historic record not to limit the number of women that may seek to avail themselves of its advantages hereafter. The relative number of men and women students enrolled in the year 1906-7 was: men 662, women 1,186, 36 per cent. men and 64 per cent. women.

Miss Elizabeth Ellsworth Cook, the Cornell University girl to whose presence on the Cornell debating team Columbia strenuously objected last winter, won the victory over five young men for the Stewart L. Woodford oratorical prize of \$100 in gold, April 25. The prize is one of the most sought after of the college year. Miss Cook defeated such speakers as Le Roy R. Goodrich, president of the senior class, and Messrs. Kent, Winder and Smith, of intercollegiate debating fame. Miss Cook appeared without ornaments and arrayed in black. Her oration was a plea for equal opportunities for men and women in the business and professional world, and for mutual aid in developing the wide range of common interests between the sexes. The decision of the Judges—Cuthbert W. Pound of Lockport, Frederick Collins of Elmira, and Professor Robert C. Brooks of Swarthmore—was unanimous.

JAPANESE PRINCESSES REVOLT.—The movement in behalf of more freedom and self-government for women is cropping out in all sorts of places, and often among the last women where we should expect to find it. Court circles everywhere are conventional, and Japanese girls have been trained for centuries to meekness and unquestioning obedience. Yet, an extraordinary revolt is reported among Japanese college girls, in the college especially devoted to the daughters of the nobility. It must be confessed that the girls had great provocation.

• There has been a feeling among some of the Japanese authorities that foreign ways are creeping in too much and are leading to extravagance and recklessness, and there has been a wish in some quarters to enforce a Spartan simplicity. A correspondent of the *N. Y. Evening Post*, says:—

"For some time signs have not been wanting that student life is rather getting out of hand, and though co-education has never found favor in Japanese schools, the opportunities for a commingling of pupils of both sexes have been growing with an alarming frequency. Some have laid the blame on the mission schools and foreigners generally; but, as a rule, the gravest criticism in the public press has not been directed towards students of mission schools.

"The strangest phase of the new movement is that it did not begin with boys' schools, but in the higher female institutions of the metropolis. Its initiative is said to be derived from imperial sources. The first indication of the new attitude was the Emperor's selection of Gen. Baron Nogi as principal of the Tokyo Gakushuin, a College for the education of the daughters of the Japanese nobles. It is said that His Majesty had a special desire that the future princesses and peeresses of the empire should be brought up after the famous warrior's ideal of habits and character. The appointment caused some surprise; but, for obvious reasons, all criticism was hushed.

PEERESSES TO WEAR COTTON.—"The warrior pedagogue had no sooner assumed his new position as director of the Peeresses' College than he began to lay on the new discipline with a heavy hand. His first move was a regulation that no pupil should appear in class dressed in anything but the simplest of cotton material. The young peeresses and princesses had to give up the elaborate styles and silks to which they had been accustomed all their lives, and present themselves before the new director in the garb of commonalty. They were, moreover, forbidden to drive to school in carriages, and required always to walk; and on the street they

were never to speak or even bow to a male acquaintance.

SWEET POTATOES FOR CANDY.—"It is alleged that on social occasions they were allowed only roasted sweet potatoes as refreshments, and denied the customary cakes and sweetmeats. In various ways the girls were humiliated and repressed, until to some of them obedience seemed to have ceased to be a virtue, and a rebellious element began to be manifest. However, all objections were forcibly suppressed, and the regulations rigorously enforced.

GIRLS FIND A CHAMPION.—"The young ladies finally found a worthy champion in Miss Shimoda, the head mistress of the College, who was a teacher in the school of some twenty years' standing, and was greatly beloved by all her present and former pupils. This lady revolted from the ordinary acquiescent mood of the Japanese woman, and expressed a serious divergence of opinion from the new principal. She questioned the right of a mere man, however famous as a soldier or statesman, to decide the style of dress and social habits of the daughters of the highest aristocracy of the realm. She said openly that it did not appear seemly to her that the daughters of the nobility should clothe themselves after the manner of the proletariat. Thereupon, Miss Shimoda was sternly rebuked and deprived of her position, and a male teacher was appointed to her place.

THE CHAMPION PUNISHED.—"To the pupils this was a greater hardship than the severe regulations of the new director; for the Peeresses' College without Miss Shimoda as head-mistress would not be to them at all the same place. A few of us who have had a considerable experience in teaching the sons and daughters of Japanese aristocracy know how difficult it is to satisfy the peculiar ideas that prevail among them in regard to teachers. With them the teacher must first be able to prove a sympathetic friend before any authority as a teacher or disciplinarian can be successfully exercised. But the new director was inexorable.

AN UNPRECEDENTED SCENE.—"For the day of Miss Shimoda's final departure, the girls demanded a special ceremony of leave-taking, which the director conceded. This occasion furnished a scene unprecedented in Japan. More than 3,000 girls assembled on the school grounds to bid their old teacher and friend farewell. Her appearance was a signal for a peculiar enthusiasm and excitement. They crowded about Miss Shimoda, clinging to her and shedding copious tears. Finally, the whole company burst into a wail of lamentation that threw the whole environment into consternation. The volume of grief was no pretence, but a wild passion of heartfelt sobs and genuine tears.

GENERAL NOGI HELPLESS.—"Gen. Nogi had difficulty in getting sufficient control of the army of women to get them into the hall where the farewell ceremony was to be held. Once there, the whole scene was re-enacted with increased passion and uncontrollable fervor. When Miss Shimoda arose to say her last word of parting, she was quite overcome, and the entire assemblage gave way to simultaneous weeping, like broken-hearted children. Some fainted and had to be borne from the hall. Miss Shimoda succumbed like the rest. Gen. Nogi and his few male supporters stood amazed, and in petrified silence, apparently helpless in the face of such an outflow of grief, for all of which he had to hold himself responsible. He had led on the dauntless heroes that had so successfully charged Port Arthur, and they obeyed his every word; but the way of women was beyond him, and he had to confess his efforts futile to manage them. The occasion broke up like a funeral after some great battle.

AN EVIL OMEN.—"It is feared by some people in Japan that this unexampled scene is to be taken as an indication of how the authorities view the new movement of the Japanese women after freedom, and independence of the odious restrictions to which she has so long been subjected in the East. The success of woman's struggle in this direction has been causing alarm in certain quarters, if we are to judge by the criticism in the vernacular press. But that girls should be thought more in need of the new discipline than boys is absurdly unfair, in the opinion of all who know the conditions."

Selection.

THE "STREE-BODHE" FESTIVAL AT BOMBAY.

"Ancient Iranis; their Manners and Customs."

BY LADY JEhanghir.

Lady Jehanghir pointed out that some of the reforms which had been introduced within the last few years into India existed among the forefathers of the Parsis in the Avesta age, long before the dawn of civilisation in the West. The ancient Iranis took it to be their first duty to be educated and to impart education. They looked upon an educated man and woman as an ornament to society. Not only the Iranis of Avesta times, but also of the Pehlvi age thought the same. The ancient Iranis considered the education of

the young most important for good government, good morals, social progress and religion. In those days it was impressed upon every child to speak the truth, to think and act honestly, and it was considered a most disgraceful thing to tell a lie. According to the writings of Herodotus, a child remained under the sole influence of its mother till the age of five, and the good qualities of the mother were imprinted on the child's young mind. If a child's education was neglected up to the age of fifteen, the parents were held responsible. From the age of fifteen to twenty education consisted in the practice of horsemanship, archery and truthfulness. After twenty the young chose their own profession. Professor Rep had observed that the most remarkable and beautiful form in which the moral spirit of the Persian people realised itself was in the excellent Persian education, by which sentiments were implanted in them at an early age souls of the young Persians which should guide them in all their dealings, and prepare and harden their bodies in order that as capable citizens they might be able to serve their native country with noble deeds. It was the first duty of children to obey their parents. The ancient Iranis were proud of the physical education which went on side by side with mental training, and endeavoured to make their children hardy. Their chief aim was to make them simple and useful citizens; education was not theoretical but practical. Special attention was paid to the formation of character, and if a boy was found guilty of falsehood or deception, he was severely punished. Stilo and Xenophon both spoke very highly of the methods of ancient Irani school masters in imparting education. The pupils rose early and never went out of their houses without saying prayers. A certain portion of the day was set apart for giving moral and religious teaching, and very great attention was paid to physical training, which chiefly consisted of riding and archery. Riding was considered essential in physical training. Even boys of five and seven used to ride well, and were taught how to use the bow and arrow, to throw lances and use slings.

The chief prayer of the ancient Iranis was to ask for many children. The women were always anxious to give their daughters such education as would make them useful in their homes and ornamental in society. An Irani girl did not consider her education to be finished as soon as she was married, and her husband always thought it his duty to continue the education of his wife. In their prayers the Irani women asked to have their daughters well educated, full of good thoughts, good words, and, more so, of good deeds, and to be noble, pious and obedient to their husbands. Public opinion was very strong in ancient Iran that every girl must marry, and match-making was considered an act of religious

merit. The girl was at liberty to choose her own husband. Even now, in the midst of the marriage-prayer husband and wife are asked if they make the matrimonial alliance of their own free will and with honest motives. The knot of matrimony was tied after obtaining the mutual consent of both parties, and the custom of divorce was not known. Among the ancient Iranis there was no custom of exchanging marriage presents. The father or guardian of the girl made her a present of some ornament, but the son-in-law received no present at all, and the disgraceful custom of asking money or dowry from the girl's parents did not prevail in those days. The Iranis of the Avesta age married only one wife, but latterly they learnt many vices from the Greeks, and, among others, that of marrying more than one wife. In those days women enjoyed a very high position in society. According to Dr. Gyger, a lady of the Avesta age was the equal of her husband, not his subordinate. She was not a slave but a companion to him, and she co-operated with him in all domestic and other matters, and enjoyed equal rights and privileges. Afterwards, as the ancient Iranis became addicted to vices, their women fell lower in the social scale, and (notwithstanding the high position of women) it came to be considered a great indignity to be compared to a woman. If a man wanted to insult another man, he would call him "worse than a woman."

Three things were considered acts of great charity: (1) Helping quietly a respectable person reduced to poverty; (2) helping a person with money who wished to be educated and had no means; and (3) helping a person with advice or money who wished to be married. Lady Jehan-ghir rejoiced with just pride that the stream of Parsi charity flowed in the same direction to-day. She also observed that the Parsis might well be proud of one another. Though but a scattered remnant now, they came of a great historic race; and in the goodwill of the Almighty it was not in vain that through the twelve hundred years of their dispersion they had strenuously striven, individually and collectively, to live up to the noble traditions of their historic past.

NEWSPAPERS, AND THEIR INFLUENCE ON WOMEN, BY MRS. ALI AKBAR.

Mrs. Ali Akbar said: At the outset, I must ask your forgiveness for undertaking the impossible task of even venturing to sketch the outlines of a vast subject like "Newspapers, and their Influence on Women." However impossible the task, the charm of handling it on the occasion of the Jubilee celebration of a paper like the *Strie Bodhe* is irresistible, and that fact is my excuse for the indulgence which I ask at your hands.

The word "news" is a patent one, and an acrostic of the initial letters of the words North, East, West and South, and that alone clearly indicates the enormous and extensive scope of its survey. The influence which such an instrument as a newspaper is bound to wield is writ large on all minds, except, perhaps, one, that of my unfortunate Indian sister. It is my desire to point this out to-day. Before I do so, I must recapitulate very briefly what a newspaper is, what it can do, and what it ought to do for the land of India in the cause of Social Reform and the enlightenment of my sisters of this soil. The Press is a mighty organ, and when we look back to history we may put down the discovery of printing as the great reforming influence of social life. To the Press we owe the dissemination of several kinds of truth, and true civilisation follows a free Press. The Press is a great weapon, and may be compared to the lash of the scourger or the balm of the physician. We can apply the whip and we can heal the wound, we can equally assist the poor to his own, and open up the feelings of compassion for the friendless: through the Press we can show the wickedness of some and short-comings of others. In fact, the newspaper is now a *sine qua non* to any one who takes the least interest in any burning question of the day or desires to keep abreast of the times. The great advance of journalism during the latter half of the nineteenth century and the ever-spreading influence of the daily papers have created wide interest. The ever-increasing activity of life, specially of commercial life, is reflected in the history of the Press. Art, music, drama and sport receive their own share with science, literature and general news of the day. Such is the benefit conferred by a well-conducted paper.

What influence, then, could such a weapon command if it were introduced into zenanas and harems or in secluded female circles? I would appeal to social reformers to find means to make newspaper reading possible in their own homes. Not much education is needed to enable the girl or the mother to read the daily news thus provided. What they must devise is to get such reading cheaply and of a high standard. Little can social reformers dream of the helping hand they will thus receive in support of their own cause; for, be it the girl or the mother, the constant reading in the newspapers of the struggle that is taking place in the world, the infusion of knowledge from all parts of the globe and the striking advances in all the corners of the earth, must produce an effect which no amount of preaching can achieve. Napoleon has spoken thus of the power of journalism: "A journalist is a grumbler, a censorer, a giver of advice, a regent of sovereigns, a tutor of nations. Four hostile



MRS. BANERJI, WIFE OF THE DEWAN OF COCHIN
(See page 44)

newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets." We must also look to the educational effect of the Press. Now-a-days newspapers are brought to a high standard of literary merit. To a sportsman or a financier the daily stir in their respective lines is well and truly marked. To a politician and social reformer all news pertaining to these branches is faithfully depicted. Be one inclined for business or literary flights, information in this direction is not lacking. Such is the power and influence of the newspaper. We have them in the vernaculars, we have them in English. If our ladies take to serious and careful reading of newspapers not only will their educational wants be supplied to a certain extent, but, what is more, they will study the trend of the advance of civilisation, be able to mark its progress, and be in a position to judge as to its good and its bad side; they will also be able to judge for themselves the efficacy of following one or another mode of thought or feeling best suited to their environment. It behoves, therefore, every true reformer to place before the ladies of their families such newspapers as are well informed, correct and readable, and to

inculcate in them the love of reading during all available leisure moments. The idea may sound light to some, but to them I appeal to look below the surface, and if a trial be given, they are sure in course of time to discover a gold mine. It should be an axiomatic fact with all true lovers of humanity that we cannot any longer afford to keep our women in the background, they must take part in all things natural to their instincts, and, above all, they must be prepared to stand on an equal intellectual footing with their European sisters and to accomplish this, our friend, the newspaper, will be a powerful instrument wielding an enormous influence for good. In conclusion, let me say that an excellent illustration of my remarks is to be found in the newspaper whose fiftieth anniversary we are celebrating to-day. Itself one of the pioneers, we hope that many may follow in its steps. If, in the time to come, a development of newspapers for lady readers takes place, as we hope it may, it will be pleasant for the proprietors of the *Street Bodhe* to feel that they were among the first to enter the field, and to set an excellent example to others.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgments for June, 1908.

RS. A.			RS. A.		
1.	Miss Hart, Vellore	... 4 0	13.	Mrs. K. B. Narondas Motivala, Boubay...	4 0
2.	Mrs. Kate Asbury, Bombay	... 4 0	14.	Mrs. A. Baig, Bombay	... 4 0
3.	Mrs. R. Bhandharkar, Bombay	... 4 0	15.	Mrs. K. Rama Menon, Ernakulam	... 4 0
4.	Lady Gajapati Rao, Vizagapatam	... 4 0	16.	Hon'ble Navab Syed Hossein Belgrami, Hyderabad	... 4 0
5.	S. Krishna Rao, Esq., Mangalore	... 4 0	17.	D. Balaramaswamy Naidu, Esq., Varanasi	... 4 0
6.	Y. S. Bonnell, Esq., Madras	... 4 0	18.	G. J. Solomon Nadar, Esq., Arni	... 4 0
7.	Dr. Mrs. Kamalakar, England	... 4 0	19.	S. D. Mani, Esq., Martandam	... 2 0
8.	Head-Mistress, Arya Balica Patsala, Bangalore	... 4 0	20.	Mrs. Burnell, America	... 4 8
9.	Mrs. Mary John, Alleppey	... 4 0	21.	H. H. The Begum of Bhopal	... 4 0
10.	Mrs. Komaresan, Dowlatabad	... 4 0	22.	Miss Rajagopal, Bangalore	... 4 0
11.	C. M. Kanary, Esq., Pudupet	... 4 0	23.	Mrs. O. Sankaran, Madras	... 4 0
12.	Head-Mistress, Government Girls' School, Bangalore	... 4 0			



WHAT TO WEAR ?

EASILY ANSWERED !

Try wearing "Lalimli" Pure Wool Clothing in place of materials made of inferior fibres, but sold as "Woollen."

At once you'll notice the increased comfort !

Soon, you'll observe the difference in health.

That's the Pure Wool—it acts as a non-conductor of heat and by keeping the body at a normal temperature prevents dangerous chills.

"LALIMLI" FABRICS

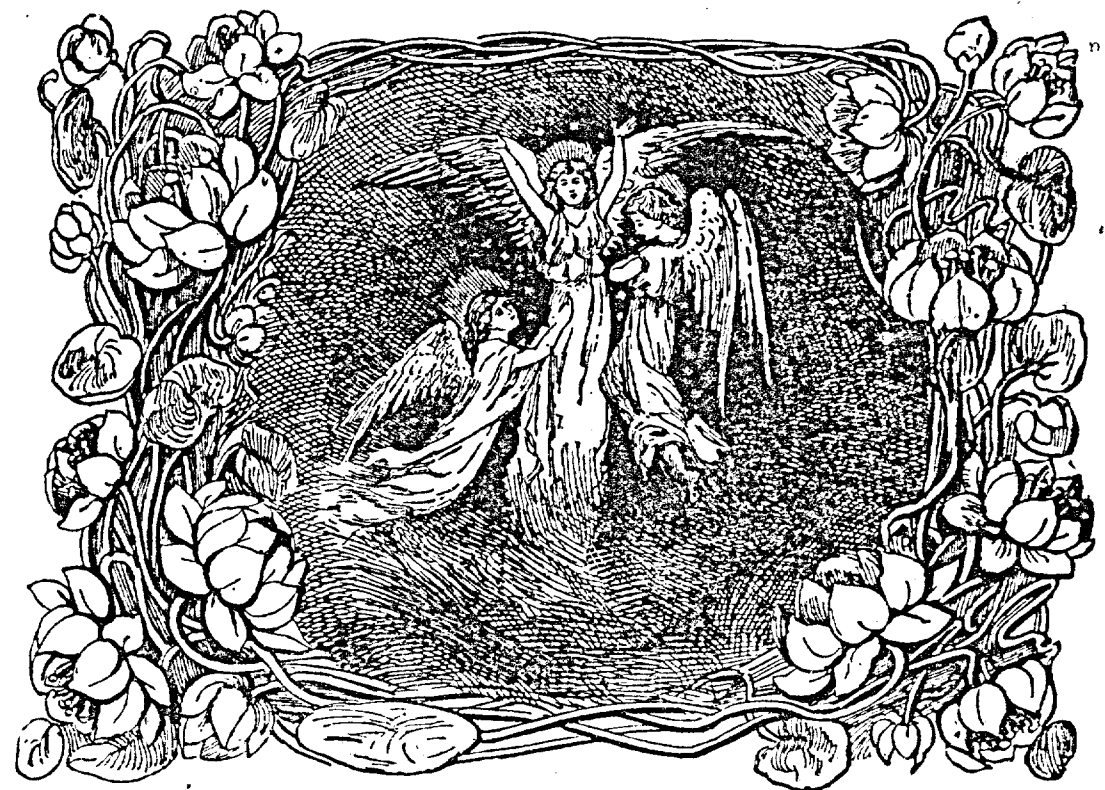
are all guaranteed
PURE WOOL

Flannels, Serges, Tweeds, Broad-cloths, Hosiery,
Underwear, Rugs, Blankets, etc., etc.

The Cawnpore Woollen Mills Co., Ltd.

Write for free samples and patterns to

"Lalimli," No. 115, Cawnpore.



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. VIII

AUGUST, 1908

No. 2

FAILURE

Men say our lives have failed ;

It seems we have done nothing for the world ;

Our misery unveiled,

Our souls to sin and woe had nigh been hurled.

Man judges by the deed ;

God counts the strivings of the soul unseen ;

He knows sin doth exceed,

Ofttimes, desire for right and comes between.

But God above sees more

Than man, who judges merely by the view ;

God knows what was before,

Ambition, struggle, hope—defeat, 'tis true.

God knows each sigh and tear,

Each toil, and each repulse we ne'er confess ;

What is called failure here,

May be in Heaven written down Success.

Social Psychology.

IV



WE now propose to examine the way in which the conditions of life affect the spirit of the individual, the personality of the man. The very young child has no idea of himself at all. He regards his toes, for instance as playthings in the outer world, and is immensely surprised when he discovers that they are much more nearly related to him than a wooden spoon. How does the child become aware of itself? By a very slowly awakening discovery of the outer

world. He finds that in order to bring this world to himself, he must exert himself, and the more thought and action he gives out, the more interesting and vivid and real does the outside world become. But he soon finds that the relation between his own powers and his environment is not one of orderly inverse proportion of give and take. Unaccountable gaps and breaks occur. The environment acts upon him differently at different times and often strangely and unexpectedly. His nurse and his bed, for instance, respond in very different ways, although his own attitude towards them be the same. He finds, too, that the environment of other people differs from his own because they treat it differently, but this is a great step in advance.

Action is aroused by interest: this action often takes the form of imitation. It is one of the strongest instincts of the human heart, and one that we share with the monkey. But we are superior to them in the possession of another instinct—the desire to initiate—and that in spite of rebuffs we make attempts on our own account. Both these tendencies are modified by our surroundings—the circumstances of life and the converging lines of other people's lives. Thus do we develop. The family tie is that which influences the individual most strongly. We can trace the influence of our fellow-beings in ever widening circles through the demands made upon them by the school, the village, the club and the professional career, and finally by their country. There is a school of philosophers that holds the opinion that our code of moral ethics has sprung entirely from the necessity for

law and order in the struggle for life. That the moral sense and the social sense are the same. That the desire to please, implanted strongly in many of us, has lulled our growth, and the happiness of the greatest number of individuals in the community, has been our aim. Opposed to this, however, is the belief, that there is in each of us a spirit of "Ought" that may lead us in a totally opposite direction to our inclinations and which, even though it means our destruction, we feel we must obey. And in obeying, the community is benefited indirectly in a way it could not foresee. It is the spirit of the knowledge of right and wrong, and the effects of its pursuance, though antagonistic to the interests of the individual, that always, in the end, is beneficial to the community.

Individuality is the hall-mark of God. If we developed along lines within the comprehension of man, such as that of Darwin's theory of Natural Selection which works through the animal world, or according to the Utilitarian School just mentioned, we should all be automata responding unflinchingly to certain environments. But we are not like this. Each one of us regards life from a slightly different outlook and modifies his conditions accordingly. It is true that life is built up of past experiences, but the combination of these is infinite. It is a commonplace of Psychology that "Imagination is only Memory". No one can imagine an entirely new thing. The antique monsters and griffins in the fairy tales, are made of bits of other animals joined together. Inventions are really only a fresh combination. They usually flash upon the mind of the inventor in a moment. Thoughts are determined by the things we have done. An invention is a critical moment in a whole tissue of past thought. It is an accidentally favourable pattern, that arrests attention, and is observed. Even Marconi is said to have contributed very little to the world-wide wireless telegraphy that bears his name. He accumulated the widely scattered fragments of knowledge on the subject and concentrated them into a form that could be understood. We have seen then that development takes place through a double channel,—the environment of the individual, and his own power to meet and adapt it, acting and reacting one upon another. But the development of this dual process, does not necessarily mean the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

Let us examine this process more closely. One of the means by which society modifies its members is that of the selective process. A certain standard, whether of beauty, strength, wisdom, or skill, is tacitly common among us, and all who fall below this standard get left behind. Again, current events have great influence on the

formation of character. In time of war, the militant virtues and their presence among us, increase enormously. In times of plague and sickness, a great wave of sympathetic feeling and unselfishness is loosed in our midst, and these virtues are then often shown by people, we should never have suspected of possessing them. Not only then can the physical form be modified by its relation to the outside world, but a process of moral selection in the ideas of the race is also taking place. It shows itself again in the fads and whims and waves of fashion that are constantly rising and disappearing amongst us.

As no two animals, vegetables, minerals are ever exactly alike, so no two moments of time are ever filled in exactly the same way. There is no standing still. When we are not progressing, we are retrograding. For every step made forward there is generally one that has to be retraced. Progress is, therefore, slow, and sometimes appears to be retrogressive, but on the whole the development and degeneration of a nation alternates with fairly uniform regularity. The ruling spirit in early times was militant and the corresponding virtues of bravery, strength, endurance, were regarded as the highest possible, attainable by man. The ideas of honour and justice were different from our present day conceptions, and trickery and cunning were hardly regarded as vices. "All's fair in love and war," was an excellent precept.

The industrial spirit that succeeded the militant, completely altered the standard of life. The fear of an enemy being relegated to the background, people had time to draw breath and look around them. They had fought for wealth and were now going to spend it. The arts sprang into being, and many new forms of literature took the place of the war-song and the martial epic poem. The economic position of women rose in importance, and the refinements of life began. And then after long periods of peace and prosperity a critical age set in. That is the age in which we now live. We cannot help this tendency. The turning of time's wheel had thrown up treasure so rapidly and unfailingly that our faculties for want of other occupation must needs begin to select, reject, probe and investigate. In other countries this condition has been followed by the decadent age. Will it be the same with us? Will moral force alone be sufficient to keep the arm of her people steady, their courage and wits keen, and to ensure grit and nerve to a nation, when there is no tangible reason for the preservation of these qualities?

What, we may ask, are the moral qualities and ideas that most influence society? Is it not true that in our youth, many of us see so clearly what brilliant reforms might be made, what definite steps on the ladder of progress might

be taken, and what excellent and lasting results must follow, if only we could persuade other people to listen to us, and work with us. Why is not this done? As we grow older and focus our plans from a different angle, we learn the reason, we see that they have lost shape and colour: we see them with the eye of the community, not of the individual, and we see also that they would not have been practicable. This then is the function of society. It sifts and rejects current opinion, accepting only a modified residuum of the inspirations and aspirations, ambitious, extravagant or worthy, that are poured into it by its component parts. Now and then, however, an exception occurs. A great man of genius, we will say, appears, and offers something which the community seizes upon and at once leaps forward in development, covering in a short time ground, which in the usual course of events would have taken years to bring about.

What is a Genius? He is a successful variation of the type—a variation, which has gone to its extreme limit in one direction, and if extended the merest trifle, would be no longer a genius, but a crank or worse. A genius sees more clearly than other people the connection between his own ideas and those of the world. His ideas are not more numerous but fewer than those of common men: he knows what to eliminate and is ruthless in the process. Only one solution, one invention, one discovery, one achievement, be it the path of a planet, the law of life in the forests, the invention of an engine, the painting of a picture, can be the right one, and this he knows, and we know also when we see it. The real genius is a man of few words and few ideas, but he leaves an indelible record on the world's history. The problems that vex and puzzle other people are all solvable to him.

The question has been asked—"Does the Age produce the Great Man, or does the Great Man come first and make his Age?" Comte, Buckle and Spencer held the former view. The great man, they thought, was the outcome of his age; without the demand for him, the ripeness of the times, in which he would be appreciated, he could not exist. Carlyle held the opposite view that the great man was there in spite of checks and hindrances of an uncongenial and unsympathetic age. Not only was he there, but he completely subdued and modified those surroundings to his own views; he made his age. In truth neither view alone is correct, for both are needed. The great man and his age react upon and influence each other. There are instances of men who have not been great till long after their death, as their age was not ready for them in their lifetime and it was left to a future generation to discover the rightness of that which

they had vainly attempted to show. Again, there have been instances where a man has been born into an age palpitating to receive the message that he is hardly ready to deliver. It is fostered in him, dragged out of him so to speak by all that has led up to it. The greatness of such a man, lies in his power to collect and use the scattered fragments of material at hand. He focusses the vision of a people who are already alert to see. But the great man and his age must mutually help each other. Truth must have an audience!

• And what is Truth? It is a question that has often been asked and will always be asked. Is it something relative changing with our growth, different for some people in the same place and for one person in different places, varying in fact according to temperament and circumstance? and affected by time and place? No. All this may be said about our knowledge of truth, but not of truth itself. That is absolute; our power to grasp and understand it is relative, and deepens with use. The power to unfold is ours, but the limit of the unfolding who shall discover? All that we can be certain of is that somewhere or other that limit exists.

M. C. SIDGWICK.

Superstitious Malabar.



MALABAR has been called by some a fairy land. This is true both literally and metaphorically. It is doubtful whether there is any other country in the globe where the fairy or spirit population is so great as in this land of palms. It is a charming world, this spirit-world of Malabar, a world which is fast vanishing before the magic wand of civilisation and the lurid light of reason, a world peopled by innumerable little Pucks, airy wiry Ariels, and hideous monstrous Calibans.

Malabar is popularly supposed to be a land of sorcerers. This, no doubt, is a huge exaggeration; but it may fairly be asked whether in all 'the wide, wide world' you can find such another country where the black arts are as much patronised and where so many impostors in the shape of magicians and sorcerers fatten on the good people's money as in Malabar.

It is to a world like this, peopled by a thousand-and-one spirits, fairies and devils animated by the same passions that govern men, their joys and sorrows, their hopes and struggles, that a Malayali child is introduced, all unconscious of the lamentable results that follow, by the credulous grand dame of the house. I remember all very well how my grandmother, God bless her simple soul, on a rainy day gathered us all around her and with an eloquence, as convincing as it was solemn, related to us a most horrible ghost story, a most pathetic tragedy of how a Brahmin returning home at midnight, 'when thickest dark did trance the sky,' was waylaid by a yakshi or siren and persuaded to accompany her to, what seemed to the poor Brahmin, a palace, richly illuminated and superbly grand—Bah! how it makes my flesh creep! and how all that remained of the poor Brahmin were a few bones discovered by a mischievous urchin under the foot of a tall palm. Aye, I remember it quite well how my grandmother towards the close of her eloquent discourse suddenly lowered her tones and raising her lean, gaunt forefinger asked us to beware of 'twilight, midnight, and the grey hours of morn,' how, as she talked and talked, the lamp on the desk began to burn dim, how the shadows on the walls suddenly began to assume horrid, monstrous, fantastic shapes, how strange faces and red eyes began to peer forth from every dark corner and how—no, I remember nothing more but that a strange sensation as of a dull drowsiness came upon me and when I awoke to consciousness the whole house was around me and a strange man with a strange face (the sorcerer as I was subsequently told) was whirling a strange fire round me 'to charm away' the fright as he expressed it.

No wonder that every child in Malabar grows up intensely superstitious and as much convinced of the existence of ghosts and spirits as he is of the existence of the sun, the moon and the stars.

Broadly speaking, these 'powers of darkness' in Malabar fall into two well-defined classes: a male spirit-world and a female spirit-world. The number in each group is legion and it is quite impossible to describe them all here at any length. It is proposed in this short paper to take a few representatives from each and record a few popular beliefs and superstitions regarding them. Taking the male spirit-world there is first, the Gandharva, who is far and away the most interesting and the most powerful spirit in the group. The conception of a Gandharva by a Malabar peasant does not differ, except perhaps in a few minor details, very much from the conception that is bodied forth in the Puranas. He is high-souled; he is brave; he is a lover of music and if the good folk of Malabar

are correct, he rides a green horse and his progress through the air is marked by a sweet aroma of fragrant flowers and delicious scents. He has a decided aversion to anything human and it is very rarely that he soils his hands with the contaminating touch of mortal clay, but when once a man gets possessed by this powerful spirit, by any mishap, as by accidentally crossing his path in the dark, then, as the Malabar sorcerers say, 'the man is past hope.' He pines, he wastes day by day and at last he makes his exit out of this world, perhaps, to become a Gandharva in his next birth.

Next in the group comes the Brahma-Rakshasa. It is extremely difficult to understand the conception of this malignant and powerful spirit without knowing what the Malabar conception of a spirit is in general. It is popularly believed that persons come into this world with the exact period of their sojourn here clearly settled for them beforehand by Brahma, the creator, and in the normal course of things, it is supposed, that a man will live on to complete the period allotted to him. If, however, in the meantime he meets with a violent end or is snatched away by an untimely death, his soul or spirit does not at once return to the other world but assumes the shape and characteristics of a spirit and does not leave this world till the period has quite run out. The Brahma-Rakshasa is thus the spirit of a Brahmin who has met with a violent end or an untimely death and a very powerful spirit he is. He can assume all sorts of shapes and indeed it is very difficult to find any one in Malabar who has not at one time or other in his life stumbled into the presence of his holiness. He frequents the vicinity of temples and sacred places and may often in the dead of night be seen, it is supposed, with the face and form of a venerable Brahmin with a white beard reaching to the knees. Occasionally also he appears to the Malabar peasant as a terrific figure 'of blackest midnight born' with his horrid head towering over the clouds. His presence at night in the vicinity of any house is usually associated with, and easily detected by a strange whining noise as of a man mourning for his lost soul, a muffled moaning sound as of the wind playing amidst a clump of palms. He is extremely unchivalrous, attacking even helpless women and innocent children. He can be expiated only by being raised to the status of a god and his idol deposited within the sacred precincts of a temple, in which case, they say, the untold sufferings of his soul cease; it is purified; it is redeemed and salvation is the result.

Next in the group comes the Tendan, or the 'midnight prowler.' He may most appropriately be called the Caliban of the group; a mis-

shapen knave as ugly as Shakespeare's 'freckled whelp, hag-born' with a head 'ghastlier than the Gorgon-head' and a face 'deformed by lurid blotch and blain.' It is very commonly believed that he frequents narrow lanes and unfrequented localities and that he may be seen between the hours of midnight and the early hours of morn prowling about with no definite object in view (quite a suspicious-looking individual) in the vicinity of rich houses. He is naturally timid, but is quite dangerous when aroused. Then indeed all his latent fierceness bursts forth and he attacks his enemy with a violence as cruel as it is irresistible; he strikes right and left (he is quite an adept in wrestling) and often mauls his opponent in the most cruel manner. One thing alone in all the world he stands in mortal dread of, the policeman's baton.

The most popular spirit in this group is, beyond doubt, the one known as Karimkutti or Kuttichathan. He is the Puck of the Group; and indeed there is quite a remarkable resemblance between him and Shakespeare's immortal little sprite.

Like Shakespeare's merry wanderer of the night he is very short, being, according to popular conception, only two feet tall, but unlike Puck he is as black as the raven's wing and has no thumb. He is intensely mischievous and has quite a genius for overturning boiling kettles and pewters full of milk. He is quite tame and has no objection whatever to associate with men on the most intimate terms and even to do their biddings. Every Malabar sorcerer, even the most insignificant one, has a host of these tiny things at his command and can send a couple or more at short notice to his enemies to annoy and tease them in all possible ways. He is the god of the gamblers and it is popularly believed that luck is always on the side of that gambler who has a couple of Kuttichathans at his command. This finishes the male group. Nor is the other group, the female, any the less interesting.

The Yakshi or Siren is a lady of very great accomplishments, or fine musical voice, an exquisite dancer, surpassingly beautiful, but hiding a serpent heart under a flowery face. She bears more than a distant resemblance to those sirens of Grecian mythology who used to lure helpless wanderers to their enchanted shore by their sweet singing. In fact, this Malabar siren makes it her vocation to lure wanderers in the dark to her abode, the palm-tree, and there to murder them in cold blood, and it is very rarely if ever that her blandishments fail to have the desired effect. The man has yet to be born, the Malabar peasant will assure you with a very grave face, who can resist her temptations to the last. Her blandishments and wiles often take as many forms as she can assume shapes.

Often 'when the dumb-hour clothed in black' appears, the traveller in the dark hears, as from a neighbouring thicket, music of the most enchanting description, such music as if it said 'come to us, O come, come,' and often there sounds fitfully through the darkness of the night a weird, plaintive cry as of a woman mourning for her lost child, 'the shrill-edged shriek of a mother dividing the shuddering night'; more often there shoots through the deathlike stillness of the night a strange wail of melody, a voice, 'as of an agony of lamentation like a wind that shrieks.' He must indeed be braver than Ulysses who can resist all these temptations to the very last and keep right on, unnerved, to the path before him. Such then is the yakshi or siren, a lady as fair as she is cruel and as clever as she is heartless.

There is the next, the Chotala, or the 'grave-yard hag', a monstrous woman like that with whom Beowulf wrestled, that may, if popular superstition be believed, often be seen at midnight sitting by the side of graves in which the fire has not yet burned out, playing with the red hot cinders, with a loud unearthly laugh, her mouth vomiting fire; altogether such a thing as the Malabar peasant would not describe unless the doors are bolted, and twice bolted and there is a goodly number of muscular people around him.

Last in the group comes the Pollichekki or the spirit of a woman, who has died while yet she was quick with child. It is believed that she has no definite shape whatever, but that she often presents herself as a rolling ball of fire, perhaps of the size of a football that can roll and roll with amazing speed, when pursued by men or mischievous children, of whom she stands in mortal dread. She is extremely timid and when frightened utters a low chuckling noise as of suppressed laughter. This is indeed the most popular spirit with the children, for it is the most harmless and may be pursued and beaten with impunity. When beaten, the ball goes into a thousand-and-one pieces of glowing fire and so it remains until the author of the mischief is out of sight, when the scattered pieces come together and off rolls the ball of fire with a slow, mocking laugh. She is absolutely incapable of doing any harm to anybody except pregnant women, whom she often has the hardihood to attack and sometimes maul in the most dangerous manner.

Such then is the spirit world of Malabar. It cannot indeed be denied that superstition has begun to relax its hold on the people before the slow, but sure march of civilisation and enlightenment. The days are, it is true, gone, when every house and every palm-tree had each its own spirits, but it cannot be doubted that there still

lingers at least among the lower orders a notion that spirits like men, began with the beginning of this world and will end only with its end. The Malabar magician has not yet found it necessary to break his staff and

'Bury it certain fathoms in the earth
And deeper than did, ever plummet sound.'

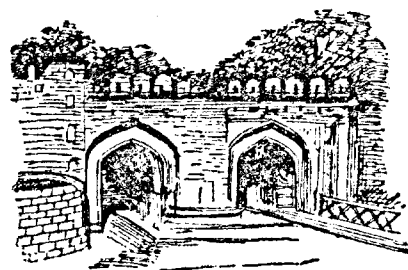
He is still the important personage that he used to be a hundred years ago. The very transformation of this spirit would affect us like a fairy-tale. Even now when so much is changed and gone, the novelty remains.

Viewed from the serene vantage form of philosophy the spirit-world of Malabar is horrible, monstrous, but from another point of view, that of poetry, it is beautiful, it is charming and possesses that degree of mystery and romance which insures for it a lively interest to the imagination. Poetry revels where reason sneers; and it is to be regretted that no poet in Malabar or elsewhere has thought it necessary to avail himself of the splendid materials before him and preserve them for the edification and amusement of posterity, ere they are blotted out of existence by the spread of civilisation.

K. A. MENON.

All's well that ends well.

A STORY.

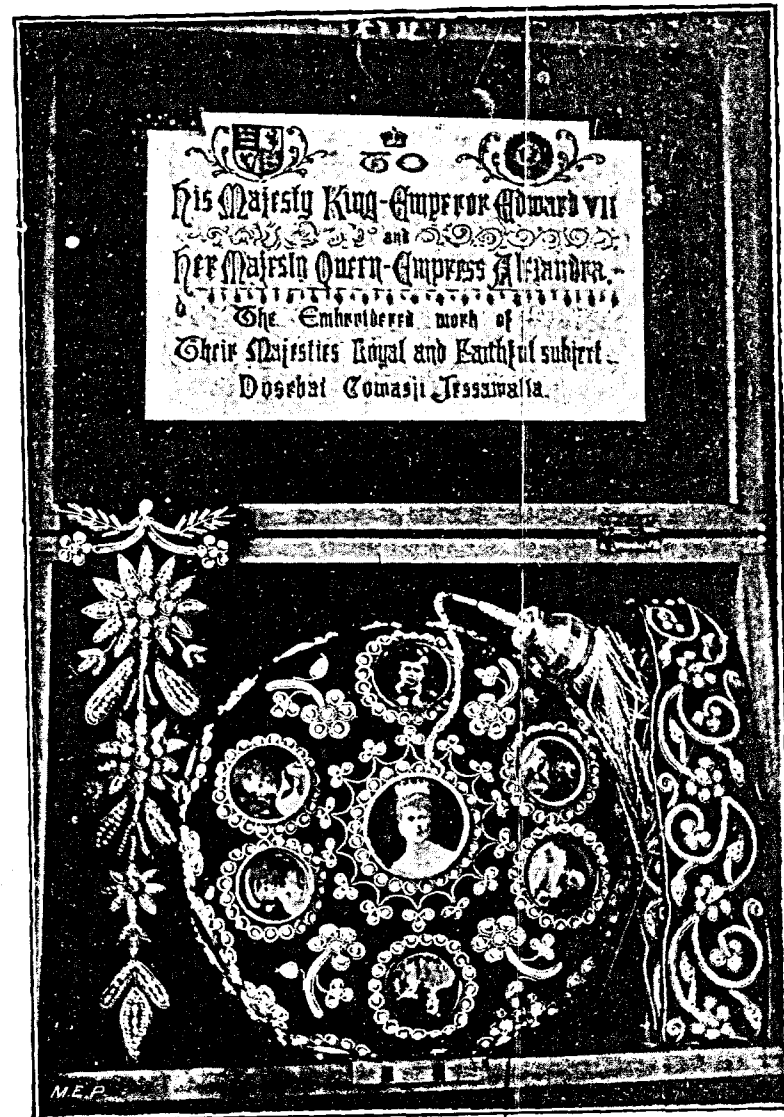


IN the little town of R..... great preparations were being made in the house of Mr. Gopaliah, for the reception of

his only son, Krishna, who was expected shortly after an absence of six years from England, whither he had been sent by his father to study medicine.

The 'town' which is situated in a picturesque valley, does not contain more than two hundred houses; and these for the most part are the humble dwellings of agricultural labourers. The shops are few in number and chiefly grouped together in the central part of one straggling street which constitutes the place.

Mr. Gopaliah's house stood on an eminence, about a quarter of a mile from the town, which, with a few outlying hamlets belonged to him. He was a kindly gentleman, whose chief ambition was the prosperity and happiness of the



A PRESENTATION TO HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII

rustic tenants and labourers of his estate. He was well cultured and broad-minded, believing in the equality of the sexes, and the ladies of his house therefore enjoyed a considerable amount of freedom. He desired that his son should be of more use to the peasantry than he had been (which was not little), and it was for this reason that Krishna, had been sent to England to study medicine. Krishna was one with his father in this object and he was prepared to sacrifice his worldly prospects for the accomplishment of this noble and philanthropic resolve. He was at the time of his departure a bright young man of 23 years—unsophisticated and impressionable. He had been married two years ago, and his wife, Parvati, was quite as noble and generous as her husband. She had been educated by her parents on purely oriental lines—she could read and write her own language well and was accomplished in the use of the Veena. She was an extremely sensitive girl of 16—her face was chaste and perfect in its contours—a delicate flower requiring very gentle handling. She was not treated by Krishna's parents, as daughters-in-law are generally treated in Hindu homes, but with as much consideration and affection as if she was their own daughter—in fact her place was only second to that of Krishna in that house.

'Adoration' would very inadequately express her devotion to Krishna—it was very little short of worship. When Krishna's departure was near, oh! how blank and dreary did those six years in which he would be absent seem to Parvati? How many secret tears and how much self-abnegation it had cost her to stifle her agony and bravely say to herself. "I will not by any selfish action of mine prevent the accomplishment of a noble resolve generously undertaken in the interests of others. Oh! that I could accompany him and learn something to be of use to the poor women of our estate. Why must I indulge in such vain day-dreams? Of what use could I be? And what can I learn? For am I not in very truth what my Krishna playfully calls me—'an ignorant and uneducated girl'? With these thoughts Parvati had put on a very cheerful look and outwardly at least, looked undisturbed.

The days intervening passed away quickly and there but remained a day more between Krishna and his journey; that day Parvati's philosophy of outward calm crumbled in the face of the impending reality—she half-regretted the purpose which necessitated his departure—that night was one of unspeakable anguish to Parvati and the grey dawn found her sleepless—her eyes were red with weeping and her face haggard and drawn.

The morning was bright, and nature looked cheerful, quite in a striking contrast with the gloom and desolation of that devoted girl's heart.

That morning Parvati watched Krishna's things being sent to the railway station, with the calmness of despair, but when Krishna tenderly wished her good-bye, all the pent-up misery of weeks found expression as she sobbed out on his shoulder "God bless you dearest—farewell" and fell back in a dead faint.

Krishna had had a safe voyage and was comfortably installed in an excellent lodging house close to his college. He and Subbiah, a college-mate of his, lived together—they had become very intimate with each other.

Subbiah was a shrewd and unscrupulous young man and he had not cultivated Krishna's intimacy without an object. He had wormed out from Krishna the condition and prospects of the latter to the minutest detail. He had also discovered Krishna to be a simple and frank young fellow, quite inexperienced in the ways of the world and therefore an easy automaton in the hands of a skilful operator.

Subbiah was not wanting in skill and rascality, he therefore laid his plans to this effect—he had a widowed sister living at home, in India—beautiful and "accomplished," but quite as devoid of a conscience as her brother. The purpose of this despicable villain was to captivate Krishna with his (Subbiah's) sister's charms and sophistry, and through her agency to rob the intended victim of a good deal of his wealth. With this end in view, he manoeuvred with consummate skill and tact for its accomplishment; he cloyed Krishna with simulated affection, he pretended to sympathise with the object which had brought our young man to England, and last but not least, Subbiah somehow or other would manage to drag Ranga, his sister, into his conversations with Krishna and would invariably go off into an extravagant panegyric over his sister's "goodness," "accomplishments," "sweetness of temper" and what not?

This was the sort of stuff that was regularly dinned into Krishna's ears, and that young man was beginning to think, that Subbiah's sister was the paragon of all feminine virtues and that it would be a great step towards realizing heaven on earth if one could have a companion like this incomparable peri.

Both Krishna and his 'friend' got through their final examinations creditably and they had decided to start home.

As stated at the commencement of this story, preparations on an extensive scale were going on in Mr. Gopaliah's house—a regular army of artisans had been engaged to renovate the house.

A splendid set of rooms, furnished with the luxurious detail of an English baronial study had been set apart for Krishna's use. Parvati had superintended the arrangement of the furniture and the artistic distribution of ornamental gim-cracks in the rooms—the rooms were in perfect condition.

On the day Krishna was expected, Mr. Gopaliah, accompanied by Parvati, was at the railway station a good hour before the train was due; all the tenants and labourers of his estate were squatting outside the station in eager and joyful expectation of the arrival of their beloved landlord and master's son. In due course the train arrived and Krishna with his 'friend' alighted from a carriage—after the excitement of the meeting had cooled a little, Krishna introduced Subbiah to his father, as a 'very dear friend' of his and told him that he had asked his 'friend' to spend a few weeks with them. After the father had cordially endorsed his son's invitation, the happy party proceeded home with the joyous shouts of welcome of the peasants, ringing in their ears.

Meanwhile, what of Subbiah? He had thoroughly studied his surroundings. He had a notion that Parvati did not quite appreciate him, and he was not far wrong in this surmise, for, Parvati instinctively disliked and distrusted him; it was now nearly two months since he had come and she wondered to herself often, as to why he was staying on without any apparent motive. He did not seem to be anxious to meet his sister at all, but curiously enough that young lady did not seem to take his carelessness amiss, judging by the letters he was receiving from her and the replies he was writing, which, by the way, seemed to be his only occupation in that house.

The letter-receiving-and-writing-reply manœuvre was continued for a couple of weeks more and Subbiah suddenly changed his tactics by making preparations for departure; Krishna duly announced to his father that his 'friend' was leaving shortly and that he was invited to spend a few weeks with Subbiah. The father gladly accorded permission, thinking that his son might as well have as much recreation as he liked before settling down at home. Parvati, however, had her misgivings, but she could not prevent the trip, since Mr. Gopaliah saw no objection to Krishna's going. The next day Krishna and Subbiah left for B. . . . the town in which the latter's sister lived. They reached B. . . . the same evening and were met at the railway station by a servant who conducted them home. Ranga was at the door waiting to receive them and Subbiah (who pretended to be a Social Reformer) introduced her to Krishna. She was a medium sized young woman of 24—she was beautiful, but she

had a certain "snakishness" in her ways, which, while being graceful and extremely fascinating on the one hand, was dangerous on the other, for people of Krishna's calibre; but Krishna saw no treachery in her smile and apprehended no danger in her bright but artful conversation.

Subbiah on the pretence of 'business' and 'hunting up old acquaintances' often left Krishna and Ranga alone and she who was a pastmistress in the art of dissimulation, had Krishna at her feet before a fortnight was out—and he was never so happy as when sitting with her, he drank the poison that flowed from her lips. Parvati was only a name to him now and it had no other significance, except it brought from Krishna such phrases as "A foolish passion which he mistook for love," "A very great blunder to marry women before you learned to love them," "that there was none in the world but Ranga who could make him happy," etc., etc., by the thousand." It was now five months since Krishna had left home and it did not enter his head that he had stayed long enough in Subbiah's house, although his father was now writing to him, almost everyday, asking him to return home without further delay. Meanwhile Mr. Gopaliah thoroughly disgusted with his son, resolved to start for B. . . . and fetch Krishna; he communicated his resolve to the ladies of his house and Parvati so earnestly pleaded to be allowed to accompany him, that Mr. Gopaliah, though much against his will, consented, and they started for B. . . . the next morning.

Krishna as had now become his wont, was talking with Ranga, and while thus pleasantly engaged, he was interrupted by a knock at the door; thinking that it was Subbiah from one of his "old acquaintance hunting rounds," he asked him to enter—the door opened, Mr. Gopaliah and Parvati entered the room.

We need not dilate upon the scene that ensued, but suffice it to say that Krishna was taken home the same evening.

What a difference between the gentle and simple Krishna and this infuriated young man, who fretted and fumed at the unkindness of the world in general and his father in particular. He had refused to leave his bedroom and he was swearing by all the gods under the sun that he would not let go Ranga, and to communicate this resolution to the lady concerned, he proceeded to his study.

A letter addressed in Parvati's well-known hand to himself, was lying on the table—a strange chill passed over his frame, as he hastily opened it and read:—

"I cannot bear to think that I, innocently God knows, have been in the way of your happiness. Ranga, beloved Krishna, is more worthy of you than I can ever be. May God bless you both—think sometimes of your poor Parvati, who with all her faults loved you."

No sooner had he grasped the full import of the letter, than did he realize, how noble and how selfless Parvati's love for him was and how unworthy he was of that treasure—a woman's true love.

He rushed out of the room calling for Parvati, but no one answered him—strange fears took possession of him, he ran out of the house towards the well with tears running down his cheeks; a white figure hurrying towards the well attracted his gaze, he ran with the speed of wind and caught the figure from the parapet of the well—one instant more it would have been too late—he sank on his knees before her and sobbed for forgiveness.

Two gentle hands raised him and an angel kissed its forgiveness on his fevered brow.

S. T. R. P.

A Presentation to His Majesty King Edward VII by an old Parsee Lady.



AN interesting incident was witnessed in England, when Mrs. Dossebai Cowasji Jessawalla, the venerable Parsee lady who was amongst

the peeresses of the realm at the opening of the present session of Parliament, was by special grace permitted to present to their Majesties beautiful specimens of her cleverly-worked embroidery in gold, silver, and pearls.

This wonderful old lady, who is in her seventy-eighth year, is just completing her tour round the world. Their Majesties received her most graciously, and greatly admired the handiwork so cleverly wrought by her aged yet nimble fingers.

Mrs. Jessawalla expressed her deep sense of gratitude to their Majesties for their gracious

condescension in accepting her handiwork, and blessed them in Indian fashion.

The life of this remarkable Parsee lady, Mrs. Cowasji, one of the earliest pioneers of female education and other reforms in the Parsee community, as also one of the earliest of the Parsee ladies who visited Europe, who has been found enterprising enough to undertake a voyage to China and America and her third voyage to Europe at the patriarchal age of seventy-two, is full of thrilling and interesting episodes. To the younger members of the present generation of Parsis the name of Mrs. Dossebai may not perhaps be very familiar, but among those of the older generation her name is a household word. She belongs to that old sturdy stock of Parsis, which is fast dying out. She is the granddaughter of that famous Parsi philanthropist Seth Cursetji Maneekji, whose statue still adorns the corner of Bellasis Road at Byculla and the niece of the late talented Judge Mr. Maneekji Cursetji. Her mother Bai Meherbai H. Shroff was a lady of singularly strong character and firmness of mind, and she was the first Parsi lady to understand and appreciate the advantages of giving English education to Parsi girls. She, accordingly, in 1842, sent her daughter Mrs. Dossebai, the subject of the present sketch, to a private English seminary conducted by a Mrs. Ward and Mrs. Mackenzie. Up to this date no Parsi girl had attended any public or private seminary to receive English education and a hue and cry was raised by the orthodox members of the Parsi community against this innovation. The Sethias of the Parsi Panchayat even threatened to excommunicate the family. But the mother of the young aspirant for English education remained firm, encouraged and supported by her English friends, notably the late Col. Jervis. It was at this time that the famous Parsi journalist, Mr. Halkaroo, editor of a caustic journal called the "Chabuck" which became a terror to the Parsi Sethias of those days, began to write a series of slashing articles against the Sethias, taking them severely to task for opposing the cause of female education among the Parsis. Besides the "Chabuck" the two most well-known local English papers of the day—"The Bombay Courier," and "The United Service Gazette" also wrote strong articles in praise of Bai Meherbai's bold step. The Sethias had at length to give in and Mrs. Dossebai was allowed to prosecute her English studies unmolested by the orthodox Parsis. She was 12 years of age at that time and having from that tender age showed a liking for English education and cultivated a taste for English society she gathered, as she advanced in years, a large and influential circle of European friends around her. Her husband, Mr. Cowasji, was also connected with two well-

known European houses in Bombay, Messrs. Volkart Bros. and Messrs. Knoop and Co. Mrs. Dossebai carried on an extensive correspondence with her European friends who occupied the highest positions both here and in England. She was the first, and for some time the only Parsi lady who attended parties at the Government House, where she went with her late grandfather, Seth Cursetji Maneckji. She was also the only Parsi lady present at the Imperial assemblage held by Lord Lytton in 1877. Mrs. Dossebai was on intimate and friendly terms with Lord and Lady Lytton. She had also the honour of receiving an invitation from the late Queen Victoria to participate in the festivities of the Jubilee of her majesty. Prompted by an insatiable thirst for travelling and observing strange sights and scenes, Mrs. Dossebai explored the whole of India before going to England. In 1878 she paid her first visit to England and made a tour through the Continent inspecting every place of interest. While sojourning in Rome, she had the rare privilege of a private interview with his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. This enterprising Parsi lady was in Paris when the first Paris Exhibition was held, and she surprised her friends and admirers by her daring and courage in taking a ride in a balloon with an aeronaut on the Exhibition grounds, for which she was awarded a medal by the Exhibition Committee. During the crisis of the late share mania when her husband had the misfortune to suffer heavy losses, in common with hundreds of other merchants, he readily parted with a large sum of her private fortune to save him the disgrace of going through the Insolvency Court. This and all other important events of her life have been recorded by her in a diary specially kept for the purpose which she is shortly going to publish in the form of an autobiography and which promises to be very interesting. Although fond of Western education, Western refinement and even Western society, Mrs. Dossebai does not affect to despise her own religion, but is a devoted and enthusiastic Zoroastrian. She is about to leave Bombay for Zina by the steamer *Delta*.

DESCRIPTION OF CAP, ETC., PRESENTED.

The top of the cap was studded with miniature photographs of the Princess of Wales and her children, each of which was surrounded with pearls, numbering in all 186; separating the miniatures were flowers worked exquisitely in gold and silver thread.

The circle of the cap contained the miniatures of Their Majesties, the late Queen Victoria and Prince Consort, and other portraits of the royal family, each surrounded with pearls, numbering in all 142 pearls.

The photograph of the king was surmounted by a crown, the base of which consisted of six pearls, the tips worked in gold, studded with three big rubies, and three fine diamonds. Between the miniatures were sprays of flowers corresponding with those on the top of the cap. Running all round the bottom of the cap was a chain work of pearls, forming an insertion of star-like flowers.

The Embroidered Front for a Dress was made up of three stars containing large centre pearls, with sprays of leaves, in gold and silver thread. The band consisted of a border work of embroidery 52 inches long.

An at home at the house of a well-known Bengalee lady,

MRS. BANERJEE, WIFE OF THE DEWAN OF COCHIN.

(See Frontispiece for Photo.)



UR hostess is, I am sure, known to most of the readers of the "Indian Ladies' Magazine"—I should, however, like to introduce her to such of them as have not known or heard of her. She is the daughter of the Hon'ble K. G. Gupta, I. C. S., who is now a member of the India Council in England, and the wife of Mr. Albion Rajkrumar Banerji, I. C. S., Dewan of Cochin. Mr. and Mrs. Banerji have both been to England several times and received the best part of their education there. Mrs. Banerji is a cultured and accomplished lady and is an A.R.M.S. She had also the high honour of being presented to the Queen when last in England about a year ago. She is now at Trichur, a quiet, pretty and healthy spot on the West Coast, sharing with her husband, and fulfilling admirably, the duties of their high position. Her frequent "at Homes" for her English and Indian friends are much appreciated by those who go to them.

On the 14th July, Mrs. Banerji had an "at Home" for the first time for Indian ladies only in her beautiful residence, known as the "Residency." The house and grounds—so charmingly situated on an elevation were tastefully decorated with bunting and flags and evergreens. The beautiful scenery all round added much to the enjoyment of the evening, particularly the view from the portico of the upper storey. The hills and valleys and the green meadows and fields, interspersed with tiny streamlets winding

in and out, was a sight that was never tiring. I have neither the poetic mind nor the language to describe the beauties of the place, but it would be enough if I say that it was one of the loveliest spots I had ever seen. At about 5 o'clock, the invited guests began to come in, and were welcomed by their hostess in her beautiful drawing room upstairs. The following Indian ladies, among others, attended the gathering:—

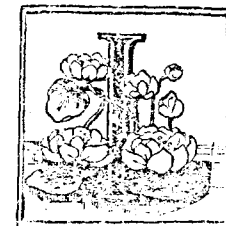
Mrs. K. Govinda Marar (wife of a High Court Vakil), Mrs. J. K. Krishna Menon (wife of a District Court Vakil), Mrs. C. Ravoni Menon (wife of the Asst. Surgeon, General Hospital, who is now in England), Mrs. V. K. Kochumi Menon (wife of the District Judge, Ernakulam), Mrs. A. Raghava Puduval (wife of the Chief Court Vakil), Mrs. Chakko (wife of the Forest Settlement officer), Mrs. T. D. George (wife of the Asst. Master, C. M. S. High School, Trichur), Mrs. P. A. Stephen (wife of the Headmaster, C. M. S. High School, Trichur), Mrs. C. S. Mahalinga Iyer (wife of the Superintendent of Devaswoms (temples), Mrs. T. Govinda Menon (wife of a Landlord at Ernakulam) and Mrs. and the Misses Hensman. The English ladies were, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Bower, Miss Wait and Miss Imrey. The Indian ladies were at first rather shy and reserved as they had never attended such a gathering before; but Mrs. Banerji went round, conversing very pleasantly with every one of her guests and made them feel quite at home. A large gramophone and the Band of the Nair Brigade enlivened the occasion, alternately with lively music. A young Nair lady who is a good musician of that place pleased the company by singing a selection of Indian songs to the accompaniment of an instrument called *Thamburu*. This item of the musical programme was very much appreciated by the Indian ladies present. Then a few school girls went through some action songs, and it was very amusing to see them in their own national dress, singing heartily and going through a drill very much resembling "a cake walk." The performance was much appreciated and the girls were heartily cheered for acquitting themselves so well. The last, but not the least, in the programme was the kindly part taken by the hostess herself. She first sang a beautiful Bengalee song to the accompaniment of the piano; and followed it with a charming Indian air on an instrument called *Israj*, peculiar I believe to North India, but so far as I know, unknown to the people in the south. The two items delighted the audience. After spending a very pleasant time, the ladies began to disperse. Mrs. Banerji standing near the staircase, sprinkled rosewater, presented flowers and *pan supari* to every one of her guests, and bade them good-bye. The guests were so pleased with the gathering that

many of them very reluctantly took leave of their kind hostess, who had a good word to say to every one. Some of them remarked that this was the first time they had been to an entertainment of the kind, that they felt very thankful to Mrs. Banerji for inviting them, and that they would be very happy to go to such gatherings in future. The social was quite a success—although held for the first time. Mrs. Banerji hopes to repeat it oftener. There are very few of our Indian ladies, who, by their culture and high position, could do good to their Indian sisters by drawing them out of their secluded homes and bringing them together on occasions like these, and thereby widening their outlook. And all praise should be accorded to such as do earnestly strive to ameliorate the condition of their less fortunate Indian sisters. We heartily wish Mrs. Banerji success in her endeavours in this direction, and we sincerely hope that the Indian ladies of the Cochin State will mark their appreciation, by not only responding to her invitations readily, but also co-operating with her during her regime in their midst.

ETAK.

Notes of a Journey to Europe.

I.



I was in one of the newly built vessels of the Orient Line of steamers that I started from Colombo. The accommodation was very comfortable and the rates moderate. I was the only Indian on board as far as Port Said, where some Bombay merchants who had business at Gibraltar joined us. The passengers were of all sorts and conditions: from the Italian duke in whose honor the captain set aside the solemnities of a Good Friday, and gave a ball, down to the humble Scotch peasant who had gone out to Australia years ago hoping 'to make his pile,' and succeeded in doing so, as he put it, only on the road-side. Ours was one of the best built boats of the fleet; it was a pleasure to watch her from her poop-end moving majestically along, with hardly any rolling, even in a mildly rough sea: whereas when the sea was very rough, as it was one day in the Arabian Sea, it was rolling and dancing about like a small boat. Our first Sunday service on board was very impressive: the sea was rolling mountains high, waves washing the decks, and passengers were hardly able to keep their feet. A good many of the passengers were indifferent to all forms of religious observances.

Some of the Australians were rather severe in their criticisms of Indians. "You Indians have no sense of humour," said one of them, "or you would have seen the ludicrousness of your position. You tolerate, and even encourage social and domestic abuses and tyrannies, insulting to common sense, and outrageous to human nature: while in office, college, or on platform you profess enlightened and democratic principles, and don't hesitate to clamour for equality, representative institutions and the like: one does not know which end to believe, as the tramp said of the dog that barked at him, and wagged its tail."

The Australians in their zeal to have a "White Australia" are for keeping out all colored races, including the Indians. It was said that the P. & O. Company did not get the Australian mail contract worth £120,000 a year, as it employed what they called "Black Labour," i.e., Indian lascars on board its vessels. Life on board one of these passenger vessels may be summed up in two words, *eating and idleness*. Four square meals a day and nothing to do. Reading, gambling, games of all sorts including cricket, discussions, dances, and concerts, flirting and even fighting all helped to while away time. The 1st and 2nd class passengers were served by stewards with everything they wanted and at all hours: while the 3rd class passengers had to rough it occasionally. Among 3rd class passengers a bell was regularly rung at 11 A.M. every day for those who wanted beer, &c. Stewards and others who had rendered special services to any one, were then in return "fixed up" at the bar.

Aden is nearly 2,000 miles from Colombo; I have never seen a more dreary-looking place than 'Steamer point', Aden, which belongs to the British. It is utterly devoid of vegetation of any kind, and the heat there with its huge rocky background must be awful during summer. It is said that water has sometimes to be bought there at 3d. a glass. The barren rocky promontories of African and Arabian Coasts approaching to within 2 or 3 miles of each other at the Straits of Babelmandeb, looked weird and grand as we passed between them at dusk and entered the Red Sea. We escaped the heat of the Red Sea. This is a quiet inland sea about a thousand miles long and between two and three hundred miles wide. Why it is called 'Red' no one could say, though its waters seem, if at all, only a shade bluer than elsewhere. On the 9th morning we entered the Suez Canal. It is one of the wonders of the world. It is 87 miles long, and its navigable portion marked off by buoys is perhaps a hundred yards wide. It took 17 years to dig, and one can well understand from the extensive dredging operations always carried on to keep its sandy banks in order

and preserve the depth of the canal to about 35 or 40 feet, why the British Engineers who originally undertook the work gave up the attempt as being too costly in men and money. About its middle there is a calm sheet of water about 5 or 6 miles long, called Bitter Lake, close to which is said to be another called Sweet Lake from which they got drinking water during the construction of the canal. No vessel goes faster than 5 or 6 miles an hour in the canal for fear of causing waves damaging to the sandy banks: and when two vessels meet one has to stop and allow the other to pass by. Precedence is allowed to Mail steamers over others, and to those going to Europe over those going out. The administration of the canal is in the hands of the French, though Lord Beaconsfield secured a good number of shares in the Company for the British. 80 per cent. of the vessels passing through the canal are said to be British and owing to the heavy toll levied, there was a proposal some years back to boycott this and dig another canal close by, the result being a reduction in the rates, which are even now sufficiently heavy. No vessel is allowed to pass through the canal at night without a searchlight, which could be had on loan from the Canal Company, if required. At the Mediterranean end of the Canal at Port Said stands the statue of Mons de Lesseps, the French Engineer who constructed it, in the attitude of inviting vessels from the Mediterranean, and pointing to the canal. Port Said is a sink of iniquity. Not only does villainy and vice in all forms flourish there unchecked, but its agents would even seek out those who don't go about the place. The Agents of the 'universal' Thomas Cook & Sons were largely in evidence helping travellers who left us for Egypt, or joined us from there. The manly and independent bearing of most of the Egyptians struck me very much.

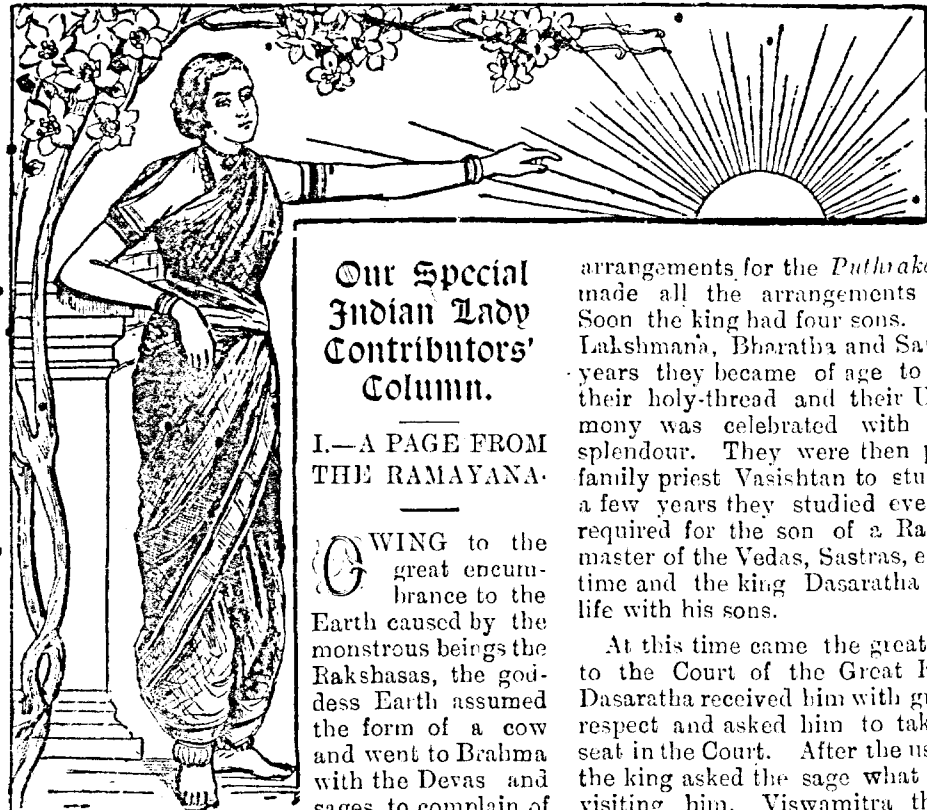
The Mediterranean was quite calm. We passed close to an active volcanic island, probably Stromboli. The Sicilian and Italian Coasts on either side of the narrow Straits of Messina—it is not wider than 3 miles—reminded me of the fertility and vegetation of Malabar. The city of Naples is situated like an arc on the bay of the same name. The harbour and the city lighted up at night looked extremely beautiful. It is said to be one of the finest sights in the world, only equalled by those of Boston and Sydney. The following incident may serve as a warning to visitors to Naples. A party of us, eight in number, were returning to our steamer from the town; when we were about midway between the shore and our vessel, the two boatmen suddenly stopped rowing and demanded payment at once, and on our refusal, threatened to upset our boat. Some of the party anticipating the movements of the

drunken and unscrupulous boatmen were for throwing them overboard. Wiser counsels, however, prevailed and we quietly submitted to their demands. It is always safer to go ashore in Naples in a steam launch. I did not find enough beauty in Naples to justify the usual expression, "see Naples and die." Probably I did not go about and see everything worth seeing. We could not see the celebrated Museum—some of the collections in it depicting the life and manners of the Romans are said to be objectionable enough, nor go near the volcano Vesuvius, which was not then in eruption. The "Domum Pauperum" (Alms-House) is on a scale of grandeur and solidity that belies its name. The palace is a beautiful structure worth seeing. The numerous substantial and beautiful churches, with their comfortable looking priests, and swarms of unfortunate nuns, when taken side by side with the general condition of men and things in Italy as described by a priest himself, who spoke of the unspeakable vices of priests, of crimes and murders undetected, of the laxity of domestic and social ties; all these, told the same tale that Mr. Justin MacCarthy has been saying, only more forcibly, viz., the utter powerlessness of Catholicism as a Christian force, on its professors or followers. The magnificent Arcade in Naples is a favourite place of resort. Here assemble towards evening the wealth and fashion, youth and beauty of the town, and with shopping, music, refreshments and other diversions, find life worth living. The Cemetery or "Campo-Santo" (sacred ground) of Genoa is perhaps the finest of the kind in the world. No idea could be formed of the elegance and design of the various tablets and monuments in the famous gallery around the Cemetery. Judging from the comparatively narrow and dirty streets of Genoa, in some of which washings were hung up against windows to dry, one

would think that they took more care of the dead than of the living in that town. It is on the slope of a hill and presents a varied and picturesque appearance when lighted up at night. Marseilles from the harbour was rather disappointing, but the town is about 3 miles inland. We reached Gibraltar towards morning. The huge overhanging rock, the small flourishing town of about 10,000 inhabitants in its front, and a number of warships in the harbour made the spectacle interesting. The various military devices, precautionary and defensive adopted in Gibraltar are said to be a sealed book to the public. There are guns hidden in the rock that could shoot 20 miles into the sea and thus command the whole width of the Strait. We frequently passed sufficiently close to the land to see the well-cultivated plots and plantations of the Spanish Coast. The Atlantic was quite cold and the sea began to be rough, and we expected the worst in the Bay of Biscay. But it was as calm as a lake, and we celebrated our good luck by a concert on board the following night. The numerous fishing boats that we met on the third morning showed that we were well advanced into the English Channel. We passed very close to the well-known Eddystone lighthouse which is built on a submerged rock, the wreck of the former one being seen quite close by. It is 15 miles off the Coast of Cornwall. On the 23rd morning after leaving Colombo we reached Plymouth but the view of even the harbour was spoiled by the dense fog that prevailed. Even next morning at 8 when we were at the mouth of the Thames, it was very chill and foggy. In about an hour, to the no small surprise and pleasure of us all, the sun shone, the fog cleared, and we were at Tilbury Docks, London.

T. D. T.

(To be continued.)



Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Column.

I.—A PAGE FROM THE RAMAYANA.

GWING to the great encumbrance to the Earth caused by the monstrous beings the Rakshasas, the goddess Earth assumed the form of a cow and went to Brahma with the Devas and sages, to complain of

these Rakshasas, especially of their king Ravana. The god Brahma heard their complaint and said that he was not able to redress their grievance, but asked them to represent the matter to Lord Vishnu. Brahma and god Siva also followed the complainants. They all went to the milk-sea in which Vishnu was sleeping and began to offer their prayers and praises. In a few minutes he was pleased and asked them what they wanted. They then told him that he should kill all the Rakshasas and thus relieve them of their trouble. Then Lord Vishnu said "Devas! don't fear. I shall go to earth once again as *Rama Avatar* and kill all the Rakshasas and thus relieve you. Let all the Devas assume the form of monkeys and help me in my work." So said Vishnu and he disappeared. Brahma said to the Devas, "Oh Devas! you all heard our god's words. Do as he asked you. Go and assume the form of monkeys and help him. He will take the *Rama Avatar* and he the son of Dasaratha Maharaja." Thus they all dispersed.

How RAMA WAS BORN!

Dasaratha Raja of Ayodhya had three wives, but no son. According to Hindu Sastra, a person who performs the *Puthrakameshty yaga* will have children. So he called his family priest Vasishtan and asked him to make the necessary

arrangements for the *Puthrakameshty yaga*. He made all the arrangements and finished it. Soon the king had four sons. They were Rama, Lakshmana, Bharatha and Sathrugna. In a few years they became of age to be invested with their holy-thread and their Upanayanam ceremony was celebrated with great pomp and splendour. They were then placed under their family priest Vasishtan to study the vedas. In a few years they studied everything that was required for the son of a Raja. They became master of the Vedas, Sastras, etc., in a very short time and the king Dasaratha was enjoying his life with his sons.

At this time came the great sage Viswamitra, to the Court of the Great King of Ayodhya. Dasaratha received him with great reverence and respect and asked him to take the prominent seat in the Court. After the usual preliminaries, the king asked the sage what was his object in visiting him. Viswamitra then said that he came to make a small request which should not be refused. The king was very anxious to hear the request and promised to grant it. Then Viswamitra said, "King, I have a yoga to be performed. The Rakshase Devils Marecha, Subahu and others try to do me all sorts of damages. Therefore kindly send me your sons Rama and Lakshmana to guard my yoga field from these Rakshasas." The King was thunderstruck. To part from his dear sons, Rama and Lakshmana! It was a horrible thing. It was an impossibility. But was he to break his promise! No! Then he was sure to be ruined. The king was now in a dilemma. After great hesitation he said, "Oh! Father kindly excuse me. I can't give my sons. I shall come or send you a large force to drive away those Rakshasas, but I can't spare my dear children, and moreover they are young and not able to do such a thing." The sage was angry and said, "I don't want your sons. Do you dare to break your promise? Then do as you please, I am going away." Thus he started. But at the suggestion of Vasishtan the king went after him and asked pardon for his fault and sent Rama and Lakshmana with him.

The three thus started for the Asraman of Viswamitra. On their way Rama did a very heroic deed, which was the murder of Thalaka.

Then they reached the house of Viswamitra and the yoga was begun. As usual the Rakshasas came to trouble them, but Rama drove them off. Subahu was killed and Marecha fled. After the completion of the yogam they all started to the palace of Janaka Maharaja to witness the yoga of the king. On their way Ahalya, the wife of Gautama, was blessed by Rama and she was relieved from the curse of her husband.

Then they all reached the palace of King Janaka and Rama married Sita, the daughter of Janaka, after breaking the *Thrayamba* or the great bow of Siva. After the marriage of Sita they all started for Ayodhya. On their way, came *Parasu Rama* son of Jamadagni and opposed Rama and Dasaratha. But our young Rama crushed his pride, and Parasu Rama had to acknowledge the superiority of Sri Rama. Then they resumed their journey and reached Ayodhya safe. Thus ended Rama's early days.

S. PARUKUTTY AMMAL.

II.—A "FALSEHOOD FOR LIFE"

It was the year 1870.

The Franco-Prussian war had commenced, to the great fear and disgust of the poor peasants who were utterly at a loss to defend themselves. Yet they were hopeful, for in front of their village was "The Wadier hill" a fortified mount, their last resort.

In the village was a small inn belonging to Madame Vine, who at this moment was entering the dining room, when a young man with a small curly-headed girl of seven stood on the threshold. The new comer, a soldier of thirty, was accoutered in the French uniform.

"Is that you Phillip?" she cried out.

"Oh mother!" was all he could say.

"Why are you here?" she asked.

"Mother, I am lost; alas! I have deserted from the army, thinking only of my darling Celeste and this little girl. Poor Celeste died soon after our house was set on fire and I rescued my child and fled," here he burst into sobs.

The little child flung her arms round his neck and said "Why do you cry, papa? if they know that you were brave enough to rescue me from that horrid fire, they will surely forgive you."

"Alas, dear child, you are too young to understand the punishment inflicted on one who deserts his army." Scarcely had he finished saying this when the door flew open to admit a maid.

"Madame that young gentleman upstairs is dead."

Phillip eagerly looked at his mother as if waiting for an explanation. His mother detected

it and said "He, too, was a soldier and exactly of your mould and complexion, he had an attack of sunstroke, and, they thinking him dead, left him, but he struggled on here and is dead now. I wonder if there is anybody who will mourn for him," she asked looking up dreamily.

"Ma'am, will you give me leave to go home and see my sister? I am afraid she is worse," asked the maid.

"Yes, Mary, you can go."

As soon as the maid left, Phillip turned to the window and drew back, his cheeks quite pale and his lips ashy white.

"Oh, mother, look, they are coming to take me back; alas! I am done for."

"No, no, I will save you or hide you" cried the desperate mother "I know a way. Quick, change your clothes with that of the dead soldier!"

In a moment the metamorphosis was completed. The old lady sat on the floor weeping beside the corpse of the soldier, crying aloud, "Oh, my son, my darling boy."

The door flew open, the captain advancing straight up to Phillip, said, "Sir, I arrest you in the name of the king, for having deserted from the army." "Sir, you make a mistake; my name is Earnest, if you care to know, and I am not in the army." "Oh, there is Phillip," cried another soldier.

"Yes, it is Phillip my dearest and only son," cried Madame Vine.

The soldiers were puzzled at the utter likeness of Phillip and the dead soldier.

At last the captain meditatively said, "I know a way, call that little child whom we met on the stairs here and we will ask her."

Phillip was quite terrified at the idea, but was forced to hold his breath. The soldier brought little Marie inside the chamber and said

"My dear child, tell us which is your father, the man who is on that bed or the one who is standing." The child paused and then bravely pointing to the bed, said "this one."

"Which? say it again?" asked the captain.

"Oh, the one who is dead, papa hear me, papa, it is Marie, your darling girlie" she cried out pretending great grief.

This evidence was believed utterly convincing.

"Give me a kiss for your papa's sake, dear little one" so saying, the captain kissed her, then went to Phillip and said.

"We beg your pardon, sir, we will not molest you any further. Forward—March."

So the troop departed.

"Marie, my sweet child" cried the astonished father.

"Papa, dear papa, I am so glad I saved you; thank God we are free."

FANNY COOVERJEE.

Miss Krishnabai Kalaokar, L. M. & S.

(From the Times of India).

A WELL-KNOWN INDIAN LADY.



ONE of the most interesting names which appeared in the birthday Honours List was that of Miss Krishnabai Kalaokar, a Hindu lady who has attained much distinction in the field of medical work. Dr. Krishnabai, a member of a cultured Maratha family, is one of the most brilliant lady doc-

tors the Bombay University has ever produced, and the honour of the Kaiser-i-Hind decoration which has just been conferred upon her may be regarded not only as a recognition of the distinguished position she has gained for herself, but also as a mark of honour which her courageous and brilliant career has achieved for Indian womanhood.

Miss Krishnabai's career has been one of wide experience and never-failing success. Her family home is at Kolhapur, where her father, Mr. Krishnarao, prior to his retirement, was a medical practitioner, and her mother lady superintendent of the Ahalyabai Girls' School. Miss Krishnabai passed her Matriculation examination from the Poona Female High School in 1894, and her exceptional abilities already made themselves apparent, for she stood high amongst all the successful candidates. After this she joined the Fergusson College, at Poona, where further successes came rapidly. Miss Krishnabai at this stage had, for a companion student, Miss Kashibai Vasudevaras Naoranj, another Dekkani girl, who went to distinguish herself at the University, and the friendship must have been an opportune one, for some of the orthodox students of the College used to take a delight occasionally in giving the two young ladies a troublesome time. One day the two had to climb over a heap of benches piled one over another in their way from one class room to another. At the Fergusson College, however, where, it may be noted, Miss Krishnabai was a pupil of the Hon'ble Mr. G.K. Gokhale, her stay was not for long. She took up the First Arts course and passed her Previous Examination from the College, in 1895, and then joined the Grant Medical College in Bombay.

Her career at the Medical College was successful throughout. Owing to ill-health Miss Krishnabai could not appear for her First Examination in 1897, when she was expected to, but she passed it in 1898, in the First Class, and in the following year she stood First Class, first in the Second Examination in medicine. In the winter of 1901, Miss Krishnabai had the satisfaction of passing her Final Examination for the Degree of L.M. and S. and carried off the Lady Reay Gold Medal given every three years, the Queen-Empress Silver Medal, the Bai Hirabai Pestonji Hormasji Cama Gold Medal, the scholarship of the Medical Women for India Fund of 1883 and the Charles Morehead prize. All these medals and the scholarship were obtained by competition among lady candidates, by the Clinical Medicine Prize, which she captured, is awarded to the highest in Clinical medicine amongst all the successful candidates of the year. A number of scholarships fell to Miss Krishnabai from the College and University.

It was Miss Krishnabai's great ambition to go to England to advance her medical knowledge, but the Kolhapur State had given her substantial help for the prosecution of her studies on condition that she subsequently served the State for three years. After passing her Final examination, therefore, the young lady doctor had to go to Kolhapur, early in 1902, to take charge of the new branch for women and children at the Albert Edward Hospital. In the spring of the same year, however, with her friends' most enthusiastic wishes for her good luck and their unlimited faith in so promising a young student, Miss Krishnabai actually proceeded to England. Unfortunately her age was too low for her to sit for the F.R.C.S. examination which she had hoped to pass in England, but she took the L.M. at her hospital and returned to India the same year, after an absence of nine months.

Miss Krishnabai then went again to the Kolhapur Hospital in order to complete her three years' State services. Here she has worked nearly ever since, gaining by her high character great tact and firmness and her gentle ways, the regard and affection of patients and staff alike. Her work at Kolhapur has gained the admiration of everybody, and the high opinions recorded in the hospital visitors' book by successive Governors of Bombay who have become acquainted with it eloquently testify. After Miss Krishnabai had been there only a year the Hon'ble Sir James Monteth, then Acting Governor, remarked as a noticeable feature of the hospital its success in attracting women patients. The same good characteristic was noticed by Lord Lamington, who, when he visited the hospital in 1904, wrote that he had certainly not seen in any

hospital in the Presidency anything better as regards the care of the women's wards than he found at Kolhapur.

A special branch of Miss Krishnabai's labours at the Kolhapur hospital has been the training of a class of nurses. The class was established in 1904 and has been attended with great success.

Miss Krishnabai has earned a high reputation not only as a most accomplished physician, but as an exceptionally good and clever surgeon and this led to her being appointed last year as lady doctor in the Srinagar Zenana Hospital. The appointment, however, Miss Krishnabai has lately given up on account of family matters. In her future career we trust that Miss Krishnabai will enjoy a continuance of that brilliant success which has hitherto attended her path, and we also hope that her shining example will encourage others among her countrywomen to follow in her footsteps, in a field where the need of service is so enormous and the work worthy of such high honour.

Malati.

AN INDIAN NOVEL.

BY AN INDIAN LADY.

CHAPTER I.



IT was the night of the Siva Rathri festival. The high road was thronged with spectators. On both sides of it were placed rows of kerosene and castor oil lamps, garish and ugly from near, but from a distance, as one looked along the middle of the long line, affording a fairy vista of conti-

nuous illumination which seemed to dwarf the pale light of the moon. Triumphal arches, gay with flags and flowers, spanned the road at intervals. Here and there were hurriedly rigged up shops of high class Indian sweets—delicious juicy *jellabies*, *luddos*, *burphies*, etc.:—each, respectively, guarded by a fat, oily Brahmin. Between these were smaller bazaars of the common sweetmeats, trying to imitate on a lesser scale their more illustrious neighbours. Long, snowy garlands of jessamine were carried about for sale, their sweet, if strong, smell, adding to the excitement of the scene. Occasionally rockets, or *avai surai*, flew up with a whizzing noise, to fall back in beautiful showers of red,

white and green sparks, an earnest of the more elaborate fireworks to come with the procession. The air was full of excited talk and loud exclamations. Presently louder and oftener recurring crackers heralded the procession. The brazen noise of the tom-toms, and that sometimes peculiarly excruciating bray of the Indian flute was heard, mixed with the really sweet music of the softer instruments. Occasionally, a sudden illumination, the red, white or blue, of the *matab*, brightened the air, rendering as it died out, the surrounding lights pale and sickly to the dazzled eye. Now the beginning of the procession was seen. Rows of horses, arching their proud necks, stepping daintily gaily caparisoned, and ridden by still more gaily dressed riders, filed past. Next came an elephant, smaller than the one following it, but a gorgeous sight, with its pompous *howdah*, in which sat the *Zamindar*, clad in glittering raiment, and its trunk and head splendidly decorated with jessamine, chrysanthemum and oleander wreaths, all appearing like pearls embedded in dust on the dull rough skin of the uncouth monster they adorned. A gorgeous *Palkee* or palanquin followed, more horses, a few carriages, then the figure of the procession, a monster elephant, stately pacing, grandly decorated with necklaces of gems, and bearing consciously on its proud back the sacred image of the god Siva, framed on either side by sleek, smooth priests, wielding large fans, recalling the *Chamaras* of ancient lore. A hush of awe fell on the multitude, followed by the loosened tongues of Babel, the renewed burst of crackers, and the glare of illuminations, in the midst of which the procession slowly passed on.

Soon, however, after completing the ceremony for which it had come, the procession returned. Again it passed along the road, but there was a sudden stoppage of the *Zamindar's* elephant at the gate of an imposing building. There stood two young men, dressed richly in black silk coats and glittering lace-spangled velvet caps, with soft white-lace edged *Uthariyams*, neatly folded and thrown across their shoulders. The *Zamindar* pointed to the elder of the two a fair young man, with a pleasant, intelligent countenance. A servant took a thick *thimda*, of jessamine flowers, and threw it around the young man's shoulders, the latter salaamed his thanks, and the procession passed on.

By the side of the honoured youth stood another, a darker stouter young man, and he looked with a scowl at the other. The latter felt the frown, and then good-naturedly taking off his garland tried to throw it around his neck, but the other pettishly drew away.

"No, thank you, brother. I do not want your leavings. Either I am honoured for myself, or not at all."

"You must remember I am the eldest, Narayan." "Eldest, indeed! by how many years I should like to know. Are we not twins? Because you are fair and handsome, and I—"

"Hush, hush, do not be so jealous. Who dislikes you? Besides, what honour is there in this? A Zamindar, who will forget us next year, and—"

"Shut up Lakshman, if you do not value it, I do. You are always making fair speeches. If only people knew your Christian tendencies."

The elder turned round angrily. "How often am I to tell you that I am not a Christian, neither do I intend becoming one. Because I admire some of their teachings, you must needs think I am a Christian. There is a great difference, let me tell you."

"Pish! I do not want your long lectures. Our father is already disgusted with you, honoured sir."

"What! do you mean to say you have again been poisoning his mind with your sneaking stories! If you continue like this, Narayan, you had better beware. I know many of your own mean secrets. If father only knew how you spent that money."

Narayan was cowed for a moment, but he knew his brother was too honourable to betray him. His native jealousy re-asserted itself.

"Beware or not! father is not over-pleased with you," he muttered, turning away and walking towards the house. His brother followed.

The house was a grand old one, built in the native style. The verandah was broad and spacious, with two raised seats, like sofas, at either end. A big door, which led inside, was beautifully carved, and would have been a fine sight, if it were not for the smudges of saffron on the tinted side-posts. It was, besides, adorned with a dry garland of mango leaves. In front were neat white lines of chalk drawn in an intricate pattern. The inside room was large and high-roofed, with painted windows letting in a "dim religious light." Chairs and sofas were ranged stiffly against the walls. The centre space was quite empty, and at the other end, on an old carpet, at a small desk no higher than his knee, a clerk sat on the ground, writing something in a big book by the light of a dim wick floating in a saucer of lamp oil. The back door led into an open enclosure on the four sides of which ran verandahs leading into the women's rooms. There were a few rose and jessamine trees in this yard, and under the bright light of the clear moon sailing among fleecy clouds and twinkling stars, it looked cool and pleasant. In it, reclining on a camp cot, and surrounded by obsequious friends, was an old man. He looked weak and ill, but, as his sons entered, he sat up with a pleased smile.

"I see, Lakshman, the Zamindar has been honouring you. That is right. Our family will be a great one soon."

"Of course, it will," said another old man sitting cross-legged in an easy chair. Lakshman gave him a contemptuous look, but Narayan muttered.

"Rise, indeed, with such a sentimental fool, a Christian almost, to represent it."

The words were spoken low, but they caught the sharp ears of the old man.

"What do you mean, Narayan! Christian? By the way, Lakshman, what is this I hear about you? I hear you have been taking the side of a Christian Padre. You had better beware."

"Why should I not defend a man, whom I honour, and who was hounded like a dog by a pack of cowardly Hindus? Besides, what is there so degrading in Christianity?"

"Degrading, indeed! So degrading that I shall cut you off without a *pie*, if I see you friendly with them again."

"Do as you please, father. I never intended to become a Christian, but I believe you will drive me to it. Thinking their Christ a wonderfully good man, and believing him divine, are quite different things."

"*Chut, Chut, Chee*, Vishnu preserve us from hearsay," muttered the old man in the easy chair, interrupting himself in the pleasant occupation of chewing *betel*. He was a corpulent old man, with the upper part of his body bare and crossed by the sacred thread, his head shaven, except for a small tuft of hair behind, and the sacred ash-marks all over him. His cheeks were bulging out with fat and oiliness, his mouth was red with the *betel*. Yet he was a most important man, being the family *Gooroo*, or priest, and at his words the old father bristled up anew.

"So you think then Christ is a very good man, do you, my son? I suppose you think he is better than our Krishna."

"Certainly I do. What! is the immoral Krishna to be compared with the saintly Christ?"

A long drawn-out groan came from the easy chair! but the father calmly continued the argument.

"Yes, I grant that Krishna was not a good man, but he is a god, and all things, even sin, are possible to him."

"Then, is not a god to set us an holy example?"

"Yes, certainly! but Krishna lived in an immoral age, and the account of his incarnation was but the embodiment of the morality of the time."

"Did not Christ live in an immoral age? Which Jew was worthy to touch his feet? Besides, our holy ideals must rise above all sin."

"What about Rama? He lived in a later age. He was another incarnation of our Vishnu. You could not have a purer god."

"Yes, Rama was a nobleman. But what about his repudiation of Sita?"

"That was only to satisfy the people. Besides what is a wife? She is but a chattel and can be thrown aside to satisfy duty."

"There you and I differ, father. Duty to the people! Why, I think a wife is one's foremost and noblest duty. Rama had no business to give in to the people. Why, if Christ had given in to the people, he might have become a king. But a higher—"

"Enough of this foolishness, Lakshman. I have been weak to argue with you. Now, tell me whether you will give up your foolish ideas, or shall I—"

"Do as you please, father. When my every action is spied upon, and no one believes my word, what can I do?" Lakshman strode away into the inner rooms. The old man stared astounded and fell back on the couch. Narayan quietly stole away.

As Lakshman walked into the back-yard the first sight that met his eyes was not one likely to soothe his troubled mind. A fair, young girl sat weeping in a corner. She was dressed in a rich silk sari, but it was all wet. Near her stood another woman saying something in wrathful tones, but as she heard Lakshman's steps she quietly walked away.

"What is the matter, Sita?" asked the young man. No answer.

"What! you have been made to drudge again?" with a glance at the water-pot standing near, "By Heaven! I must see the end of this," and with proud uplifted head he walked back to his father, not heeding the girl who sprang after him with a frightened cry. His departure was the signal for a burst of feminine voices from inside.

"The sneaking hussy! look at her weeping like an innocent flower."

"We had better leave her alone, hereafter, Kanti; she will only bring us to shame."

"Crying as if she was going to be killed," and so on.

Meanwhile, Lakshman rushed up to his father. "Father, Sita has been made to work again."

"What is the meaning of this?"

"Why should she not work? What is it to you?"

"What is it to me? she is my wife. Father," he looked beseechingly at the old man, "let there be an end of this. She is not well. We

have enough servants. Promise me to be kind to her."

For a moment the father seemed to yield; but, looking up he caught the sneering glance of the *gooroo* fixed on him. He stiffened up, his voice rang loud;

"As long as you do not obey me I will not give my promise to be kind to your wife."

There was a pregnant silence, then, with a muttered exclamation, Lakshman strode out of the room.

The next morning, he put his fair young wife and his little girl, a child of two years, into a *Palkee*, and went away! for ever from his paternal home. The last sight he saw was his father looking at him with wistful eyes. His heart relented, he was about to turn back, but a mocking laugh from Narayan fell on his ears and he went away. The old man's eyes filled with tears, and Narayan spoke soothingly to him:

"He goes away to be a Christian, father. Do not mind. I am with you."

"Yes, you—you, viper! you are at the bottom of this. I shall never see him again."

The prophecy seemed to prove true, for, after re-writing his will in favour of Narayan, the frail old man fell seriously ill. Some days later, while his life hung in the balance, he received an anonymous letter and called his lawyer to him.

"See, friend," he quavered, "Narayan is a rogue after all. He spends his money on women and gambling and Lakshman has not become a Christian. Quick! alter my will in favour of Lakshman."

This was done, and the father's cry for the next few days was for his eldest son. He bade Narayan send a telegram to him. Narayan promised to, but never kept his word. And so, with the longing cry on his lips, the old gentleman passed away. To the last, Narayan had cherished a hope that the will would again be altered in favour of himself. But no such thing had happened.

So, immediately after the death, Narayan locked the doors on the pretence of wishing to be alone with his sorrow. Then, taking a bunch of keys from under the dead man's pillow, he opened a safe which stood in the corner. A bundle of papers neatly tied together met his eye. Two documents lay uppermost. Evidently they had been recently written. He opened them. Both were wills. One revoked his first will, bequeathing the entire property to Narayan "my second twin son." A few bitter words there were about the elder son. A gratified grin spread over the features of Narayan. But it was soon dispelled, for he found that the second document was a codicil, re-bequeathing the whole property to Lakshman. He ground his teeth, there was a moment's hesitation, a frightened

look at the calm dead face on the pillow. Then the evil genius triumphed. "After all, I am the twinson," he muttered, "of practically the same age as my brother. Why should I not have the property?" So, the codicil was torn up and the torn bits were scattered near the bed, as if they had been the dead man's doing. The safe was locked, the key put back and all was as before, except for one perfidious act.

It was time for the funeral, which was, as was to be expected, a grand affair. Narayan was pacing restlessly up and down in the garden. The preliminary ceremonies had been gone through, and the corpse was ready for the procession. A quarter of an hour passed, and Narayan's impatience increased. He looked several times with knitted brows towards the gate and then approached a group of priests who were standing talking together, chewing betel with most mournful faces.

"Is it not time that we started?" he asked. "How long can we wait for Lakshman? The ungrateful son! even now he shows his anger." "Yes, yes," agreed a chorus of voices. "Let us go. What is the use of waiting for him? he will be punished by himself. He will lose his birthright."

"But it is not my fault, is it? I have waited long enough. I sent word to him about the death, as soon as it happened. Please, all of you, note that this absence is no fault of mine."

"Yes, yes," agreed every one.

The lamentable cries and moans issuing from the house were redoubled. It was hard to part the women from the corpse. But soon, with the exercise of a good deal of tact this was accomplished, and the procession started. First came Narayan, as chief mourner, carrying fire in an earthen vessel. After him came the funeral litter, a most gorgeous sight, ornamented with flowers and green leaves—all forming a glaring contrast to the poor dead form within—far removed now from all the fears and griefs, from all the sorrows and disappointments which the world is heir to. Why did he now want all this show, all this noise? But it had to be, for it was custom. So the funeral cortege moved on; the necessary halts were made on the way, and at last the cremation ground was reached.

Still no Lakshman. Narayan looked, to all appearances, horror-struck at the non-appearance of his brother, but in his heart was a great relief. He hurried the ceremonies through. It was time for the last act; a lighted torch was put into his hand. After showing the proper grief, which no doubt he really felt, for his father had been kind to him. Narayan was advancing towards the corpse, when a sudden commotion made itself heard. Parting the

crowd right and left with his long arms, Lakshman appeared, with dishevelled hair and face beaded with the sweat of hurly.

"Am I in time, am I in time?" he whispered. Suddenly his eye fell on the lighted torch in his brother's hand, on the corpse, awaiting cremation, and an uncontrollable cry of grief escaped him, and he advanced to take the torch. But a hand touched him from behind. "Stand back, Lakshman. You are not the heir. You have lost your right."

The poor youth looked round. Behind him was his father's lawyer, an old and kindly man, whom he had known from his childhood up. "Nay, lad," the lawyer whispered; "I am not angry with you. But it is partly your fault, you know. You were too simple, and you allowed that viper to have his way. Stand back now."

Then the last ceremonies were gone through, and the friends and relatives started back home. Last of all came Lakshman in close conversation with the lawyer.

"No, no, said the latter. "Do not be so down-hearted. Your father died after forgiving you. Why were you not here before his death? Narayan sent you a telegram."

"A telegram! Oh, no! I knew about this, just an hour ago, when a friend told me, and I was never more horror-struck in my life."

"What! he did not even let you know about the funeral. The villain! and he, a twin of yours? horrible!"

"Horrible, indeed! I did not want the money. I only wanted my father's last words. But to deny me even that!" and the strong man wept aloud. The lawyer was a student of nature. He allowed the paroxysm to pass. After a while he spoke again.

"Never mind that. You know your father forgave you. Is not that enough? But I wished to speak to you on another matter. You know your father was supposed to have torn up the last will, which he did make in favour of you. Why did he do that without me? and who brought it to him? I have my suspicions about that. Besides, I have the torn bits with me, and in one of the fragments I saw the words 'to Lakshman,' and in another 'I forgive.' I am sure, the old man did not tear up the will willingly. What do you say, Lakshman? shall I look into the affair?"

"No, no, said Lakshman. "Let sleeping dogs lie. Let my brother have the money. I do not want to be rich. I only wanted one thing, and I have had it, though it is hard to think that my father's last desire to see me was not satisfied. Promise me, sir, you will not rake up the matter. Give me the torn bits."

"Well, I do not think I shall give you the torn bits. But I promise you what you ask,

But only allow me one thing. In case of the most urgent necessity, I shall use the torn paper."

"Very well. I trust you."

After he arrived at his father's house, Lakshman tried to slip away unnoticed. But a little boy saw him and came running up. He was a fair little boy with a handsome mischievous face. "Hullo, uncle" he cried; "Why do you not come here every day. How is Malati? Why do you not bring her?"

"No, Rama, not now. You have your brother to play with you."

"Malati plays well, but it is just as better, you know, that she should not come here now. She will take all our money. The money is ours you know," said the little boy with a knowing look.

Over Lakshman's face stole a look of disgust, but, simply muttering "he is a little boy; he only says what he must have heard," he was turning away, when his brother, who had approached unnoticed, came up to him.

"Hullo, Lakshman, how are you getting on? are you comfortable? will you not come here and stay with us? No. You will not? Just as you will. But the house is always open to you. It is my house, you know, and I am not hard like the old man. But I tell you what you can do. Give Malati to us. My wife would like to adopt her."

"No, I shall not give her to you," cried Lakshman fiercely.

"Just as you will. But she will be more comfortable here, happier too, I fancy."

"Happy! I do not think so. Well, goodbye," and he turned away from the home of his father's and was gone.

(To be continued.)

The Creation of mankind, a tale of Great Nicobar.



GOD descended from heaven and sought for men, but as the floods had washed them away he found none. In the jungles, however, there was a devil being, rude and like a fiend, who knew no food nor had any clothes. He searched for food as the cravings of hunger arose—but this consisted of wild roots of trees, raw and uncooked, and in order to sleep he crept into shelter under trees in the jungle, like the wild beasts. God questioned him as to his house, &c., to which he replied he had no house and was sleeping in the jungles. God's next inquiry was

if he could make a house, to which the other answered that he would try. He found some wood and built a hut. One day he was lying down as he had a pain in his side and God helped him by shampooing and fomenting the part. While doing this, he secretly extracted a rib, which he soon transformed into a human being. God returned the next day bringing pandanus, cocoanuts, &c. He took up the female child, shaped the head and washed it repeatedly and wrapping it, He went to sow the pandanus and cocoanuts. On His return He again washed the child, warmed his hand over the fire and laid it on it to give strength to the child. It grew bigger and began to walk about. She ate yams, sugarcane, &c., which ripened in the garden. Leaving them together God promised to return in three days. The wild man, however, threw away the pandanus and cocoanuts, while she on the other hand carefully weeded the garden. God returned bringing implements, materials for garments, &c.; seeing that she had grown up to be a maiden, God left them in order to throw them more on their own resources. When after a long interval of 10 days God returned they had made no progress in becoming acquainted with each other. He had learnt nothing from her of the arts of civilized life; neither had he developed any attachment for her, although she was a woman. God heard that the man had gone away to collect roots for himself. When he returned God instituted marriage and commanded the use of clothes. In the morning the maiden collected fruits, put things to boil on,

stirred the fire and they both ate. The man found it sweet and was eager to sow the fruit. God now saw that they had entered upon the mode of life which he designed for man and so he provided them with the means of maintaining it. To her he gave cooking pots with lids for straining pandanus, mussel shell to scrape the edible part of it, and to the man he presented fish-hooks, lines, spears, dah, &c., and retired.

In this story it will be observed that woman is derived from woman. God extracts a rib and creates a woman. This bears a singular resemblance to the Biblical account of that of mother Eve. This will also instruct us as to the life of a Nicobarese—male and female. For usually when a man falls sick, the doctor priest is summoned and after diagnosing the patient, he mutters and gesticulates, all the time rubbing and shampooing the body with the palms of his hands. In the end he produces a bone, tooth (pig's) or potsherd or stone presumably from the body of the sick person. The general notion is that diseases are caused by the agency of spirits, who have either inserted such things in the body or taken up their abode in the body. These mutterings are only pretended communications with the spirit. Thus, by such homely and familiar contrivances, God is said to have made the woman. Then again Nicobarese females shape the head and forehead by flattening the skull with the hands. Pandanus and cocoanuts are the Nicobarese staff of life.

The drift of the story is a beautiful lesson that a woman's mission in the world is to refine and civilize and give a home and a settled life to men.

G. L. B.

Our Children's Page.

I.—RAMA AND THE THIEVES.



HERE was a good honest tradesman, named Rama. He came of a family whose name became a byword for cunning, cowardice, and miserliness. Rama being rich, his house was often visited by thieves during the night. But he was too great a miser to employ servants to

guard his house; and was too great a coward even to shout "thief, thief, thief," as others in his village did. Yet, Rama had the cunning to get his unwelcome visitors always arrested. His stratagems to catch thieves were various and varied with the circumstances in which he was placed when discovering them.

Once a thief hid himself in Rama's store-room and waited anxiously for its lonely keeper to go to bed. Rama, however, had a fine sense of hearing, and could easily distinguish the noise produced by unskilled raw thieves from the noise made by the roaming of the old rats in his house.

Just before retiring to bed, he pretended to search for the stumps of cigars smoked already once or twice, and which were carefully stored for future use in the numerous crevices of the unplastered mud walls of his house. All on a sudden Rama raised a tremendous cry bawling out that a scorpion had stung him on his finger. The noise brought all his sympathetic neighbours to catch, not a scorpion, but a thief and to torture him more than they would do with the dreadful little reptile.

On another occasion the thief came rather early, even before Rama ate his supper, and lay in wait in the bushy creepers of plants in his backyard. Rama discovered the thief when he was washing his hand with which he ate his food, and immediately calling his wife for more water, he began the next necessary operation after his supper. Instead of spitting the water with which he rinsed his mouth on the ground as others would have done, it was his custom to force it out so as to fall near the roots of the plants and benefit his vegetables. But now Rama spat on the very face of the thief while pretending to spit on the leaves which covered the clumsy rogue, and unnecessarily continued long the necessary operation of washing his mouth; while the unfortunate fellow bore it all patiently expecting that his tormentor would soon be done with it. He called for more and more water till his wife got quite tired of attending to his demand and began to suspect that her husband had gone off his mind unaccountably.

When Rama asked for more, Rama's wife turned round and said, "What is the matter with you; have you turned mad?"

In the same quite serious manner, the cunning rogue commenced to spit on his wife instead of on the plants, leaving no doubt in her mind that what she suspected was true. Deeply distressed, she ran to the street and cried that her husband had suddenly become mad and threatened violence to her.

Being besieged by his kindly neighbours and enquired into his strange conduct, Rama addressed them coolly:—

"Ah, what an ungrateful world this is! I married this woman when she was hardly five years' old spending all my wealth, and am maintaining her ever since with my hard-earned money. Yet, when I spat on her face, hardly half-a-dozen times for mere sport, she insulted me by calling me mad, and made so much fuss in the street. On the other hand, see my friend here, who is a perfect stranger to me, and is not indebted to me even for a piece of copper, and ask him how many potsful of water I spat on his face without the slightest remonstrance on his part."

The thief was dragged out from his hiding place and severely beaten, till he promised not to return to Rama's house.

Yet there was another thief who was as cunning as Rama himself. He managed to get into the bed-chamber of Rama where his valuables lay, and safely seated himself on the bamboo ceiling, even before sunset. Rama, who always went to bed early to save oil and light, smelt the thief and, changing the conversation with his wife who was with child, from one topic to another, at length asked her:—

"What will you do if the child you are shortly going to have turns out a daughter?"

"Ah, how dearly I shall love my daughter! I will call her Sita, after the virtuous wife of your namesake god, and lavish my tender care and affection on her. I will adorn her with all my jewels, and marry her to my brother's little son, as soon as she grows five years old, and keeping the innocent pair in our own house, I shall see that no evil befalls my daughter from her mother-in-law."

Rama's wife would have continued her plans and schemes, but she was interrupted by her jesting husband, who burst out laughing and said:—

"Ah! you poor ambitious woman, it shall never come to pass. For I consulted only this morning our village astrologer whose predictions never failed. Our child shall certainly be a boy. I shall call him Rama, and love him even as you love your jewels. I shall adorn him with jewels of gold and silver and let him play in the streets till he becomes a well-grown boy, lest his tender flesh be hurt by the schoolmaster's hand or cane. Even long after his marriage with my sister's daughter, the boy would prefer playing with street boys to learning his alphabets in the village school, and not come home in time even to take his dinner. After waiting and waiting for the boy, what more could I do then than go out in search of him from street to street, bawling out Rama, Rama, Rama?"

Before the cunning tradesman, cried "Rama" half-a-dozen times, the village Guardsman Rama, with whom he had a private understanding and

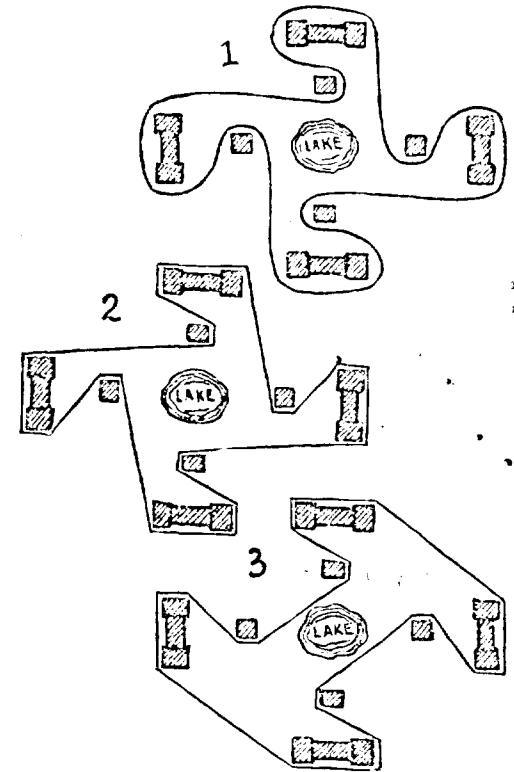
who slept under a tree outside his house, came with half-a-dozen professional wrestlers to catch the thief and break his legs to prevent his continuing the nefarious trade.

II.—ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

I.—HOW TO DIVIDE THE LAND AMONG THE FOUR BROTHERS.

The geometrician will get at the answer in his own light and playful manner by a consideration of right angles and perimeters, but the infant just out of arms will simply divide the land into twelve equal squares as shown by the dotted lines, and, remembering that the number of fours in twelve are three, will without any difficulty so allot three squares to each son that they form in every case a similar shape, as indicated by the dark lines.

II.—THE PUZZLE WALL.



The answer given in all the old books is that shown in Fig. 1, where the curved wall shuts out the cottages from access to the lake. But in seeking the direction for the "shortest possible" wall most readers to-day, remembering

that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line, will adopt the method shown in Fig. 2. This is certainly an improvement, yet the correct answer is really that indicated in Fig. 3. A measurement of the lines will show there is a considerable saving of length in this wall.

Our Prize Competitions.

No correct answers have been received to the "Pillar-box" puzzle.

New Prize Competition.

AN EXCELLENT CAKE.

(One ingredient for the cake is hidden in each line).

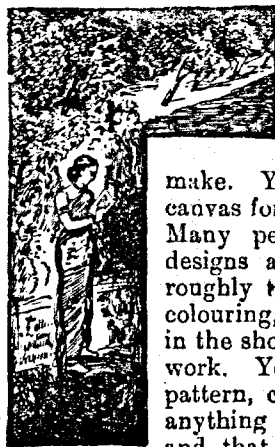


1. Naughty Flo urged her pony up the steep hill.
2. In the province of Kiang-Su garnets are found.
3. The weather is nice but terribly cold.
4. I begged him not to stop.
5. A little cur ran towards her.
6. The upraising strains of the anthem rose and fell.
7. Give me cotton, tape, elastic, and a needle.
8. Policemen are always calm on duty.

The answers to be received by the 20th of September. A prize of Rs. 5 will be given for the correct answer.

Our Needle Work Column.

TWO WOOL RUGS.



THE first rug, Fig. I, is the better of the two; it is the warmest and will wear for years, and is perhaps the easiest to make. You require the coarsest canvas for it and the rug wool. Many people draw their own designs and then paint them in roughly to give an idea of the colouring, but designs are sold in the shops where you buy the work. You can copy any carpet pattern, chintz or wall paper, or anything that takes your fancy and that is suitable, arranging your colours to your own taste and to suit your room. You can work with an ordinary crochet-

hook, and they sell a staff at the shops on which you wind your wool before cutting. The pieces have all to be cut the same length exactly, and it is better to cut up a good large quantity before beginning to work, putting each colour into a separate box, so as not to get them mixed up.

FIG. I.



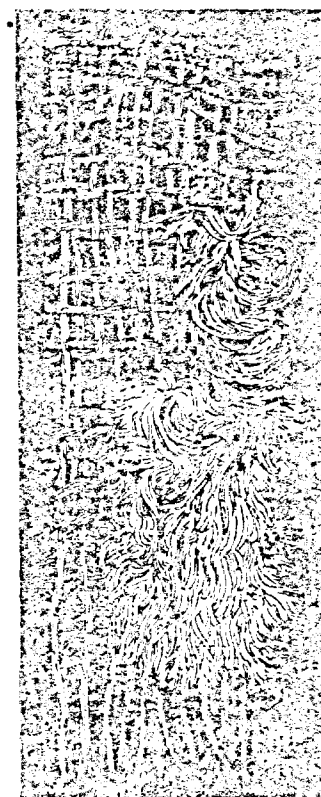
The method is exceedingly simple and only requires a little practice. The great thing is to keep the wool even, and this is done by folding each little piece exactly in half before beginning to work. After folding the wool draw it through the canvas, then open the loop and draw the two ends through it and pull it up tight; this forms a knot. The wool is drawn half-way through the two holes of canvas, and the two ends are drawn over the crossbar of canvas and then through the loop. You copy your patterns just as you would in ordinary wool-work, only that you must finish each row before beginning the next.

In the second row, you start in the hole above the first stitch and draw the loop through the hole you started the first row in. Start working in the bottom left-hand corner and work from left to right. When you have finished working the rug, the edge is turned in all round and felled down with string carpet binding. They do not require lining; they lie flatter without, and are easier to keep clean; the dust shakes out better unlined, and they wear quite as long.

The second rug, Fig. II, is the quickest to make and is a very excellent rug. It can be made in cheaper wool and not quite such coarse canvas. Simpler designs have to be used, as it is rather difficult to keep starting with fresh wool, but with a little practice this can be managed. This wool is not cut till after it is worked.

This rug is worked over a coarse wooden knitting needle or a fine netting mesh, and you use a very coarse wool-needle to work with.

FIG. II.



You start in the bottom left-hand corner, and work each row before cutting the wool and finish a row before starting the next one.

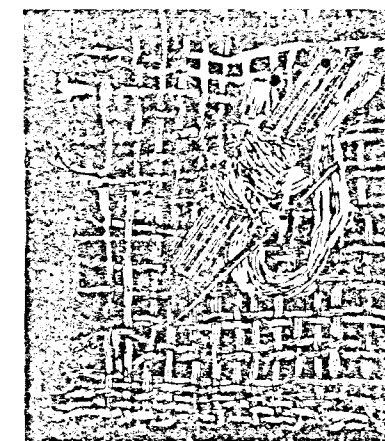
FIG. III.



The wool must be used double; draw it through as at Fig. III, wind over the mesh, put

the needle in the next hole in a line with the first, and draw out through the first hole. Draw the wool under the mesh, put the needle in the hole above the one where you drew the wool out, Fig. IV, and bring it out in the next hole beneath, keeping the wool under the needle and draw it up tight; this forms a knot. It requires a little practice to get into it, but the method of working will soon be made out. After the mesh is drawn out and when the first row is finished, the wool is then cut. Fig. II shows a piece finished and also a small piece where the mesh has been drawn out and is ready to be cut.

FIG. IV.



This rug takes half the quantity of wool that the other does, and it will be seen that it is a much shorter pile than the first, but it makes a very warm useful rug.

Our Cookery Column.

SMALL COCOANUT PADDINGS.

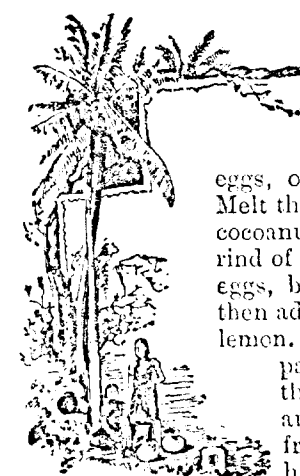
INGREDIENTS.

—Two ounces of butter, two ounces of grated coconut, four ounces of moist sugar, two

eggs, one lemon. *Method*—Melt the butter, add to it the coconut, sugar, the grated rind of half a lemon and two eggs, beat this mixture well, then add the juice of half the lemon. Butter some little

patty tins or cups, fill them with the mixture, and bake in a hot oven from twenty minutes to half-an-hour. Turn out

of the cups. Serve either hot or cold. Cost—about ninepence.



MACARONI WITH BROWN SAUCE.

Ingredients.—Half-a-pound of macaroni, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one cupful of stock, one cupful of strained tomatoes, salt, pepper. *Method.*—Boil the macaroni in salted water until tender. While it is boiling make the sauce. Put the butter into a frying-pan: when hot mix in the flour, stir until smooth and brown, then draw the pan off the fire and gradually add the stock and tomatoes; boil for five minutes, and add salt and pepper. Butter a piedish, put in a layer of macaroni, pour a little of the sauce over it, then more macaroni and sauce until the dish is full, sprinkle browned crumbs over the top, and bake for twenty minutes. Serve hot in the piedish. Cost—about eightpence.

MYSTERIOUS PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Two eggs, their weight in flour, butter and caster sugar, one tablespoonful of marmalade, one teaspoonful of baking-powder. *Method.*—Beat the yolks of the eggs, add the flour, sugar, and butter, which must be melted, the marmalade and baking-powder; mix all these well together, beat up the whites of the eggs and add them last. Butter a basin, put in the pudding, and steam for one hour and a half. Turn out, and serve with marmalade sauce. Cost—about eightpence.

MARMALADE SAUCE.

Method.—Boil about half a pint of water, thicken it with cornflour, and when it has boiled and is smooth, add two tablespoonfuls of marmalade. Boil it for a few minutes, and serve.

RICE OMELET.

Ingredients.—Two ounces of rice, three eggs, salt, milk, butter. *Method.*—Boil the rice until quite tender, add salt, then drain the rice and let it dry. Put it in a basin. Beat up the yolks and the whites of the eggs separately, add first the yolks to the rice, then the whites, beat well, then pour in, stirring all the time, about four tablespoonfuls of milk, but do not make it too wet. Melt the butter in a frying pan, pour in the omelet: as soon as it browns fold and serve at once on a hot dish. Cost—about sixpence.

GOOSEBERRY FOOL.

Ingredients.—A pint of gooseberries, half a pint of milk, half a pint of cream, sugar. *Method.*—Cut the tops and tails off the gooseberries, put them into a jar with two tablespoonfuls of water and a little moist sugar; set the jar in a sauce-

pan of boiling water, and let it boil until the fruit is soft enough to mash. When done enough, beat it to a pulp, work this pulp through a colander, and stir to every pint the above proportion of milk and cream. If the mixture is not sweet enough, put in more sugar. Serve cold. Cost—about ninepence.

BASKETS.

Ingredients.—The weight of two eggs in sugar, butter, and flour, raspberry jam, citron, cream. *Method.*—Beat up the eggs, then mix in the flour, the butter melted, and the sugar; mix these thoroughly, beating for some time. Half fill little buttered cups with the mixture and bake them for about half an hour in hot oven. When quite cold, take them out of the cups, scoop out a little of the insides, and fill with raspberry jam; make a handle with a strip of citron, whip a little cream, put it over the jam under the handle, and serve in a glass dish. Cost—about tenpence.

ALMOND PASTE FOR CAKES.

One pound of the best sweet almonds pounded to a paste, with a little rose-water added to prevent them from becoming oily. Ground almonds can be bought, but they require pounding a little before using. Add one pound of icing sugar, mix it well with the almonds, then the whites of four eggs, beaten to a strong froth; beat all well together till firm. The cake should be cool and the top cut quite level before the almond paste is laid on, which must be done with a palette knife, or a large knife with a broad blade, and made quite flat and even all over. Put it into a cool oven with the door a little open, just to harden it, then put it into a dry place until the next day. *SUGAR ICING.*—One pound of icing-sugar, one ounce of very finely-powdered arrowroot, mixed well together, and all lumps pounded out and the whites of four eggs. Beat the eggs to a firm froth and gradually add the sugar and arrowroot, beating it in as it is put with the eggs. Go on beating until a very smooth and firm paste is made, then lay it on the almond paste, on the cake, very smoothly with a palette knife, or one with a very broad blade, dipped in cold water from time to time to prevent it from sticking. The cake should be put into a cool oven to harden the icing, but it must not be kept in long enough to turn it yellow. If the cake is iced all over, the sides must be done before the top. The quantities given are to show the right proportions; a larger or smaller quantity can be made to suit the size of the cake, but the increase or decrease must be in a quarter of the sugar and one egg.

What has been done for, and by Indian Ladies.

THE LADIES' CLUB IN POONA.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

The gathering at the Ladies' Club on Wednesday evening was a distinguished representative one. Composed as it was of members of the various communities of Poona, it proved how fully the object of the Club has been realised in drawing together those who make up the body politic here. Amongst the numerous guests were Miss Clarke, General and Mrs. Alderson, Lady Jehangir, Mrs. Selby, the Hon'ble Mr. Vakeel, the Hon'ble Mr. Muir Mackenzie, the Hon'ble Mr. Morison, Sirdar Nowrojee Pudemji, Mrs. Anandji and several Hindu ladies, while hidden away from view, but in an admirable place for seeing all that was going on, we hear, were the Lady Aga Khan, the Begum of Cambay and many other Purdah Neesheen ladies who since joining the Club have begun to realise they need not be shut away from all the innocent and pleasant things of life. It was a great pleasure to them to be visited in their secluded little 'Opera box,' by Miss Clarke, Mrs. Alderson and several of their English, Parsee and Hindu lady friends. Miss B. Pudemji's violin solo evoked much applause as did also the perfectly-rendered song by Mr. Kabraji, and then the audience was charmed by an exquisite flute solo from Mr. Gilbert-Cooper, and no less so by Mrs. Gilbert-Cooper's charming singing.

Mrs. Ali Akbar's speech delivered with easy grace was listened to with sympathetic appreciation. Seldom is it the privilege of an audience to hear a Mahomedan lady address them and it was with a very hearty ovation that the lady to whom the Club owes its inception was greeted.

Mrs. Ali Akbar said:—

Ladies and Gentlemen, I need hardly say what a joy and pleasure it is to have so many and such distinguished guests here on this the first anniversary of our Club. Our pleasure, however, is tinged with regret at the absence of our kind and gracious President whose enthusiastic help was such an important factor in the success of the Club—a success that is as phenomenal as it is gratifying. Our funds are in a flourishing condition, our members' list grows apace, the interest in the Club increases daily and progress seems to be our watchword. My happiest dreams have been realised and the Club has been the meeting ground for people of every nation. Such meeting has led to mutual friendship and knowledge of each other and even our Purdah Neesheen ladies have spent many a

happy afternoon at the Club not infrequently playing Badminton or Ping-Pong.

Such success could have been attained by the cordial co-operation of every one. It is impossible to thank you adequately for the very great support you all have given the Club. Young hearts have blossomed under the joyous influence of the pleasant recreation provided here. The Literary Club has afforded endless pleasure to many, and I feel sure you will agree with me that our success proves how great the need of some such institution was. I hope to return soon and be amongst the dear kind friends who have magnified the most trifling service I have had the privilege of doing for the Club. I am sure you will all join me in wishing a long life and continued prosperity to our dear Club on this its first birthday.

The enjoyment of the evening reached a climax when the curtains of the improptu stage parted, and displayed a group of the younger members of the Literary Society who gave the Forum scene from Julius Caesar with much spirit, displaying no little talent which has been admirably discovered and fostered by Mrs. Stephen; who has taken a great interest in the Society, Mr. K. A. Ghaswalla made a splendid Mark Antony, while his brother took the part of Brutus.

The Hony. Secretaries, Mrs. Ali Akbar and Mrs. Rowlandson are to be congratulated on the success of the evening which everyone felt was due to their efforts.

FEMALE EDUCATION IN MYSORE.

We are glad to learn that Miss Helen Gordon Stuart has been appointed by the Secretary of State to be the Chief Inspectress of Girls' Schools in these Provinces in place of Miss West who died of cholera after about six months' work in the new office. Much time has indeed been lost in finding a successor to the late Chief Inspectress and the office was left practically vacant at a time when much spade work had to be done in putting the organisation for the spread of Female Education on a sound footing. We hope, however, the lost time will be gained with compound interest when Miss Stuart takes charge.

FIRST REPORT OF THE CALCUTTA LADIES' BRANCH OF THE NATIONAL INDIAN ASSOCIATION.

The Calcutta Ladies' Branch of the National Indian Association was inaugurated at a preliminary meeting held at the Palace on March 29, 1907. About twenty-seven Indian and English ladies were present, and it was decided that an Executive Committee should manage the affairs of the Branch, with Mrs. Copleston as President

of the Committee, Mrs. Stephen as Hon. Secretary, and Mr. R. D. Mehta, C.I.E., as Hon. Treasurer. It was agreed that social meetings should be held at the private houses of members who kindly offered such hospitality. Several parties were given during the hot weather, two general meetings were held to pass the rules, and five executive committee meetings. At the December meeting, Mrs. Stephen was obliged to resign the secretaryship, and Mrs. Holmwood kindly undertook it. It was agreed that, owing to the diverse interests of the members and the small funds at the disposal of the Association, it should be left to members to undertake educational or charitable work on their own responsibility, as opportunity offered; also that the Association should collect and circulate information among members about subjects of common interest, leaving any schemes involving the allotment of funds to await the decision of the Annual Meeting. At the January committee meeting, Mrs. Streatfeild was asked to undertake the Asst. Hon. Treasurership, which she has kindly done. Mr. R. D. Mehta was able to inform the Committee at the February meeting that there was a sum of Rs. 1,154-14-6 in the Hon. Treasurer's hands. The Hon. Secretary thanked Mrs. P. Mukerji, Mrs. N. N. Banerjee, Mrs. Chaudhuri, Miss Chaudhuri, Mrs. B. L. Chaudhuri, and Mrs. Maynard for help in arranging for the Association's two parties, the first of which was held on December 19, at the Mary Carpenter Hall, and the second at the Bethune College on March 3. These were especially arranged that Parda ladies might be present, and several availed themselves of the opportunity. Heartly thanks were accorded to Mrs. Copleston, Mrs. Maynard, Mrs. Sinha, Mrs. Chaudhuri, H. H. the Maharani of Cooch Behar, the Maharani of Mourbhanji, Mrs. Erle Richards, Miss Sorabji, and Mrs. Eggar for their kindness in giving parties for the Association.

The first annual business meeting of the Calcutta Ladies' Branch of the National Indian Association was held at 22, Theatre Road, on March 11, 1908. The following members were present: Lady Allen, the Maharani Adhirani of Burdwan, Mrs. N. N. Banerjee, Mrs. S. K. Bose, Mrs. K. P. Basu, Miss Brock, Mrs. Carlyle, Mrs. A. Caspersz, H. H. the Maharani of Cooch Behar, Mrs. Chitty, Mrs. Cillon, Mrs. Copleston, Mrs. P. K. Roy Chaudhuri, Mrs. B. L. Chaudhuri, Mrs. K. Das, Mrs. S. R. Dutt, Mrs. Eggar, Mrs. Fleming, Mrs. Geidt, Mrs. K. P. Gupta, Miss Gupta, Miss Harte, Mrs. Holmwood, Mrs. Mehta, Mrs. Michael, Mrs. Oldham, Mrs. Rustonjee, Miss Rustonjee, Mrs. N. C. Sen, Mrs. S. P. Sinha, Miss Smith, Miss Sorabji, Mrs. Streatfeild, Mrs. Copleston presided.

After the reading of the Report of the year's work, the re-election of the executive committee, and some discussion as to the rules, the important point of the disposal of the funds was considered. Four proposals had been received. The first, sent in by Mrs. E. N. Baker, and also by the Maharani of Cooch Behar, was discussed and passed by 18 votes to 9; it ran as follows:—

That it is desirable as soon as funds permit, that the Association should hire a house for the use of members, to be kept entirely for ladies, to further social intercourse and allow of practical plans for painting, working, reading, etc., to be arranged among members.

To make the necessary enquiries a sub-committee was formed, consisting of: H.H. the Maharani of Cooch Behar, the Maharani Adhirani of Burdwan, Lady Allen, Mrs. A. Caspersz, Miss Sorabji, and the Hon. Secretary. As this proposal would involve the expenditure of more money than is at present available, the other proposals were read and recorded, but not discussed. They were as follows:—

2. That a substantial donation be sent to the Manning Memorial Fund in London. 3. That a year's stipend be paid for maintaining a Hindu widow in the Mahila Shilpasram. 4. That a bed for a woman be endowed for one year in the Sampunath of some equally deserving hospital for poor patients.

"FEMALE EDUCATION IN TRAVANCORE."

Selected.

(By Miss G. PARUCUTTY.)

Enough has already been said on the importance of Female Education in general, that anything, I may have to say on the subject, may be deemed superfluous. There is, no doubt, that a nation's strength must necessarily depend on its supply of good mothers. There is the well-known saying that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." There is a consensus of opinion among the educated section in favour of giving education to Indian women on broad lines; and both the British Indian Government and the various Native States Governments, I am glad to note, have become fully alive to the necessity of imparting education to women. Unsympathetic critics might go about saying that "to educate a woman is like putting a knife into a monkey's hand." They ask "what can women do with education? They cannot join public service." Critics of that ilk deserve nothing but the most withering contempt. They

seem to look upon education, only as a source of making money. They do not care to love knowledge for its own sake and see that it has its own reward. Miss Marie Carielli in the course of a conversation with a press Representative, is reported to have remarked thus:—What is woman's sphere? To get married, I suppose! But we are forgetting that there are not enough men in the world to go round? There is a good deal of truth in these remarks, I wish I could dilate on this portion of the subject at length, but I forbear, simply because, I fear, I will be treading on very delicate ground. With these remarks, which serve as a prelude to the article, I shall now come to the subject in hand.

Travancore is, as the statistics would show, one of the best educated States in the whole of India. It is also quite well off in the matter of "Female Education." The Administration Report of Travancore for the year 1082. M. E. (1907 A.D.) gives the following details:—There were 208 institutions for girls. The number of girls under instruction was 49,863 or 14% of the total female school-going population, as against 5% in the Madras Presidency. One Second Grade College for women is maintained at Trivandrum. It had a strength of 9 students; 47 institutions imparted secondary education to 8,215 girls and the number of girls undergoing primary education was 41,603.

From the above, we can form a general idea of the progress of female education in this country. The earliest attempt in the direction of female education on this side was by one Mrs. Mead whose boarding school for girls was the first of its kind in Travancore. She may be considered to be the pioneer of female education in Travancore. It was in the year 1819 that Mrs. Mead started this institution at Nagercoil. Similar institutions were started in various other parts of the country by philanthropic Missionary ladies—for instance—one was opened by Mrs. Norton at Alleppey in 1820, and another by Mrs. Baily at Kottayam in 1822. Though, they had a good deal of obstacles to come across in the beginning, yet, these enterprising Missionary ladies went on with their labours uninterrupted. In one of the pamphlets issued from the London Mission Press at Nagercoil, we find that they had been very enthusiastic in that they exhorted the people to send their girls to school "as Hindus of Bengal, Bombay, and Madras have already sent their girls to schools, being convinced of the innumerable advantages of female education." Those Missionary enterprises notwithstanding, the Government remained lukewarm in the matter; for, we find that even in the year 1038 M. E. (1862,) late Sir T. Madhava Rao, the then Dewan

of the State, complained that "very little, if anything, has been done for female education." It took another three years (that is in the year 1866) for the Government to make any move in the matter. Thus, it will be seen, that the first school for girls under Government management was started in the year 1866, when a small girls' school, which was first established in the Cantonment, under private enterprise and which had been languishing for want of sufficient encouragement, was taken over under Government management. One Miss Abel was appointed Head-mistress. She was succeeded by Miss Mainwaring. The school was subsequently raised to a High School in 1888, and a year after, 1889, with the advent of Miss S. B. Williams, M. A., it was made a Second Grade College and affiliated to the University of Madras. Miss Williams is still the Principal of the College and is doing very useful work in the cause of female education, and those who have known her closely and have had occasion to study in her College (and like the Madras Christian College which has come to be known as 'Miller School' the Girls' College here has come to be known as 'Williams' School') can bear ample testimony to the good work she has done, and is still doing, in the cause of female education. Her name is ever green in this connection. Miss A. M. Blanford, of the C. E. Z. Mission, had also been doing substantial work, and to her labours may be attributed the diffusion of English education among high caste women. At present there are a number of schools for girls scattered all over the State and there is reason to believe that as years roll on, more vigour and enthusiasm would be thrown into the work both by the Government and by private agencies. According to the census of 1901, Travancore occupies the first place in the matter of female education in the whole of India, and much more brilliant would have been the result, had there been a First Grade College for Girls here.

Having said so much about the present state of female education in Travancore, I may be permitted to make some remarks about the education as it is at present imparted in Girls' Schools here. In addition to the prescribed curriculum for Boys' Schools, we have music (both English and native, vocal and instrumental) and needlework. I would place these two—music and needlework—under artistic education. These are not enough. Broadly speaking, education is the art of developing and cultivating the various human faculties and it may be rightly classified into Physical, Intellectual, Moral, and Religious. I would suggest that more attention ought to be paid to Religious and Scientific education. Moral education can

be had from Religious education. It is most necessary that every girl ought to be taught the fundamental doctrines of her Religion. By Scientific education, I mean a knowledge of sanitary laws. (Hygiene). There are the food-stuffs and every girl who wants to become "the light of home" should be taught the real value and use of these food-stuffs. Many other duties, such as nursing the sick, administering 'first aid' in accidents, keeping accounts, supervising the cooking establishments devolve on the housewife, and, therefore, I should think it essential that necessary education should be imparted to the girls under these heads as well. Another step that ought to be taken is to leave the training of girls in the hands of female teachers. It is true that we have not got a number of qualified ladies in hand; but, as opportunities occur, something may be done in this direction. The influence a female teacher would be able to exert over girls are infinitely greater than what a male teacher would be able to do. Experience has already shown it. Travancore Government (thanks to H. H. the Maha Rajah for the impetus given to female education,) have under contemplation, some reform in this direction, and I can only hope that, with the introduction of such necessary reforms, as has been indicated above, the new light which education is bringing into the lives of my sisters may make them wiser and stronger, ready and fit, not merely to be guarded by their sons, but to be loving counsellors and wise teachers of their children and, more than all, loving partners in life to their husbands.

I have now traversed the whole area of female education here, though only in a brief and superficial manner, and I cannot better conclude this short sketch, however imperfect it may be, than by quoting the following words of Mrs. Annie Beasant:—"Of this we may be sure that Indian greatness will not return until Indian womanhood obtains a larger, a freer, and a fuller life; for, largely in the hands of Indian women must be the redemption of India. The wife inspires or retards the husband, the mother makes or mars the child."

News and Notes.

Florence Nightingale, though she is now 78, lately nursed back to health one of the Sisters of Mercy who were with her in the Crimea. The sister was suffering from fever, and it was her special request that her old comrade should nurse her.

Miss Cornelia Sorabji, the Parsee lady who was educated at Oxford, and who holds the post of legal adviser to the Government of India in cases when the zenana and the rights of women

are concerned, has written a book on her countrywomen. She calls it, "Between the Twilights: Studies of Indian Women."

Eleanora Duse, the Italian Actress, has bought the Papponi palace in Florence, and is to make her headquarters there in future. She already owned a palace on the Granal canal in Venice, but the damp climate of Venice does not suit her. The Palazzo Papponi was built in 1520. It is a beautiful building, needing only furnishing and repair to make it a princely residence. She is said to have paid about \$120,000 for it.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland was invited to participate in the celebration, last week, of the opening of the magnificent new buildings for the College of the City of New York. She sat on the platform, in the midst of a crowd of distinguished men in their academic robes, and at the right moment she touched the button that set the great bell of the tower booming. Three times it rang, and this was the signal that the dedication was complete.

Miss Marguerite Barton, of Muncie, Ind., is a woman worthy of a vote. A few years ago her father went out of office as city treasurer some thousands of dollars short. Part of the delinquency was made up by his friends, and now his daughter has completed the payment of the rest from her savings as a stenographer. She refused any concession from the city authorities, being determined to wipe the stain of embezzlement from her father's memory.

Anne Warner was "doing accounts" the other night, and—apropos of the comparative wealth accruing to playwrights and authors—she discovered that for each day spent on "Susan Clegg and a Man in the House" she had received about \$200; whereas, if her play "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" runs successfully through a second season, at its end she will have received in all about \$50 a day for the time she has spent on it. So says *The Lounger* in Putnam's.

Among the many aspirants to swim the British Channel this season is Miss Lillian Smith, Captain of the Ladies' Perseverance Swimming Club. She is not the first woman to attempt it. Last year Miss Annette Kellerman, of Australia, made a valiant effort to reach Calais, but failed. It will be interesting to see if Miss Smith succeeds in accomplishing what has so long proved too great a test for swimmers. Though only 18, she has already performed some remarkable feats in swimming. She accompanied Jabez Wolfe in one of his notable attempts to cross the Channel, and remained in the water four and one-half hours.



MISS PADMANABHA PILLAI
(See Editorial note)

Queen Alexandra has just had a new seashore bungalow put up in the form of a Norwegian cottage. It is a picturesque little building containing two rooms of comfortable size, lined with seashells of every color and kind. In one room arrangements have been provided for serving afternoon tea; the smaller is a drawing-room. The Queen is a firm believer in the out-of-door cure. The open air and plenty of rest are what she prescribes for all those who can possibly get them. These are said to be the secret of her own excellent health. Queen Alexandra is now in her 61th year, but does not look more than half her age.

Tongues and Ears: a Japanese Tale. Once upon a time a peasant went to heaven, and the first thing he saw was a long shelf with something very strange-looking upon it.

"What is that?" he asked. "Is it something to make soup of?" (The Japanese are very fond of soup.)

"No," was the reply: "those are ears. They belonged to persons who, when they lived on earth, heard what they ought to do in order to be good, but they didn't pay any attention to it, so, when they died, their ears came to heaven, but the rest of their bodies could not."

After a while the peasant saw another shelf with very queer things on it.

"What is that?" he asked again. "Is that something to make soup of?"

"No," he was told; "those are tongues. They once belonged to people in the world who told people how to live and how to do good, but they themselves never did as they told others to do; so, when they died, their tongues came to heaven, but the rest of their bodies could not."

Patti plays the guitar and the mandolin, is an excellent pianist, paints well, and does beautiful embroidery and knitting.

Mrs. A. E. Scott, of Florida, Mo., the nurse of Mark Twain, who was born in that town, is still active in body and mind, at the age of 87.

Mrs. Harriet Hood, of Thermopolis, was elected by the Wyoming State Democratic Convention as an alternate to the National Convention.

Miss Gertrude Holland Wren has just been awarded the Pareira medal of the Pharmaceutical Society in England. The Pareira medal is regarded as the blue ribbon of pharmacy, and has never before been awarded to a woman. Miss Wren also won the silver medal for practical chemistry, and was bracketed first for the silver medal in chemistry and physics.

Mlle. Monceaux, the sixteen-year-old daughter of Professor Monceaux, has just been given the French Life-boat Society's highest award—the Gabrielle le Marie prize. The presentation took place in the great Hall of the Sorbonne at the annual meeting of the Society. Mlle. Monceaux received the award for her heroic rescue of a little boy from drowning at Bernieres.

Miss Marie Shedlock, the only woman with an international reputation for telling stories to children artistically, is having distinguished success in England. Under the auspices of the Board of Education of the London County Council, the Manchester Education Committee, the Child Study Association, the Birmingham and other educational organizations, Miss Shedlock during the last year has not only told stories to English school children, but has also been giving a series of lectures upon her methods to elementary teachers throughout the country. She spent four years in the United States and helped to develop a number of delightful story-tellers with high local reputations.

Mrs. Emily E. Woodley, said to be the only woman ever regularly commissioned an officer in the United States army, the last of thirty-five young women from Philadelphia who enlisted as nurses in the Civil War, died lately at her home in that city, aged 73 years. Mrs. Woodley was President of the National Association of Army Nurses of the Civil War, which she organized, and was the only woman member of the Grand Army of the Republic. She was a widow, 26 years of age, when she enlisted in 1861. For her bravery and heroic service President Lincoln personally conferred upon her a commission of Captain in the Army. She was also decorated with a gold medal by Secretary of War Stanton.

Mrs. Taft is described as a woman of more than average height, graceful and dignified, with easy, friendly manners, a fine sense of hospitality and unusual powers of conversation. On her recent trip around the world with her husband, she was called upon to meet the highest dignitaries and to observe the most difficult ceremonials in various oriental countries, but her fine sense of the fitness of things and her ready wit under all sorts of trying circumstances carried her through the long trip with flying colors. Whether at breakfast, luncheon, official dinner or informal supper, she was the most charming and the best dressed woman of the party. She made the long journey without a maid, and herself took care of her small boy.

The Fellows of the Geological Society in England debated at their last meeting the question of admitting women. The debate was not finished, and is to be resumed at their next gathering. The question of women as Fellows was first brought up in 1899, and was lost by four votes.

A new holiday has been instituted in Wabash, Ind. Mayor Murphy appointed May 21 as flower day. He asked that business be suspended as far as possible, and that children and grown people unite in planting flowers and beautifying premises all over the city. The school authorities united with the Mayor in making the day one of general civic improvement.

The New York City Board of Health has issued an order that all persons who milk cows must wear white duck overalls and jackets, or the milk will not be allowed to enter New York. Much of the milking is done by the farmers' wives and daughters, and it is said that they all declare they will never don overalls. Large white aprons ought to be accepted in their case.

Mrs. Katherine L. Stevenson, President of the

Massachusetts, W. C. T. U., has received a commission from the World's W. C. T. U. for an extended tour of Japan and China, with a stop-over in Hawaii. She will visit the educational institutions of the various countries included in her tour and explain to faculties and students the temperance measures adopted by the W. C. T. U. She will start in October.

The thirteenth Biennial Meeting of the Guild of the Ladies' College, Cheltenham, was attended by 2,000 past and present pupils and members of the staff of the College. Professor Sadler gave an Address on the great work of the late Miss Beale, the much lamented first Principal.

LORD CURZON has unveiled at University College, London, a portrait medallion in bronze of the late Mrs. Craigie, better known as the authoress, "John Oliver Hobbes." The memorial also includes a replica medallion for the United States and a scholarship for the promotion of the study of modern English Literature, to be awarded to students at University College. Mrs. Craigie's parents were among the persons present. Lord Curzon spoke in a sympathetic and appreciative manner of her brilliant literary work.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgments for July, 1908.

	RS.	A.		RS.	A.
1. Dayaram Gidumal, Esq., Ahmedabad ...	4	0	18. Mrs. Vasu Deva Raja of Kollengode ...	4	0
2. Mrs. Sell, Ootacamund ...	4	0	19. Dr. T. D. Thomas, Badagara ...	4	0
3. Mrs. S. Nanuji, Bombay ...	4	0	20. R. S. Visuvasam, Esq., Conjeeveram ...	4	0
4. Miss Pichamuthu, Madura ...	2	0	21. D. Veeraswamy Naidu, Esq., Narasapur ...	4	0
5. E. H. The Rajah of Pittapur ...	4	0	22. H. H. Kerala Varma, Trivandrum ...	4	0
6. M. O. Parthasarathy Iyengar, Esq., Rajahmundry ...	4	0	23. C. R. Venkoba Rao, Esq., Cuddapah ...	2	0
7. S. P. Bungachary, Esq., Guntur ...	4	0	24. Secretary, Sardar Dyal Singh Library, Lahore ...	2	0
8. V. P. Rajagopaul Naidu, Esq., Tanjore ...	4	0	25. Secretary, Union Club, Aligarh ...	4	0
9. Mrs. B. Ramaswamy, Bangalore ...	4	0	26. Editor, Punjabi Bhain, Bombay ...	4	0
10. Miss Schade, Rajahmundry ...	4	0	27. Padma Bai ...	4	0
11. C. S. Subramanyam, Esq., Bellary ...	4	0	28. Mrs. Chamberlain, Coonoor ...	4	0
12. Mrs. Stephenson, Gooty ...	4	0	29. C. Raghava Menon, Esq., Palghat ...	4	0
13. Honorary Secretary, Union Club, Vellore ...	4	0	30. Mrs. Shreenivasa, Guntur ...	4	0
14. Secretary, Teachers' Association, Quilon ...	4	0	31. Miss Wylie, Punjab ...	4	0
15. Secretary, M. Y. M. School, Tiruvella ...	4	0	32. The Rev. W. Haner, Palghat ...	2	0
16. M. Sudarsanam, Esq., Purushottapur ...	4	0	33. A lady friend ...	50	0
17. Miss Sloan, Nagpur ...	2	0			



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. VIII

SEPTEMBER, 1908

No. 3

AT EVENTIDE

WHEN evening shadows gather chill,
And firelight dances on the walls,
Or when upon the purple hill,
The summer's gloaming softly falls;
Unfettered fancy loves to roam
Adown the long years' golden track,
And those who loved our ancient home,
In bygone years to summon back.

I see them come, the young, the old,
Familiar forms of youth's bright day,
Young faces crowned with curls of gold,
Worn features framed in locks of grey.
Some dwell afar in other climes,
And some no mortal eye may track;
But when I hear the vesper chimes,
At eventide they all come back.

And so, God grant that it may be,
Until, life's evening shadows past,
The heavenly dawn shall break for me,
Across the distant hills at last;
And while dear faces I recall
In russet leaf-spread gardenside,
I pray God reunite us all
At Heaven's eternal morning tide.

Some Lessons from Marie Corelli



THERE are certain deep and everlasting truths to be learnt from the famous Modern Novelist, Marie Corelli. It is not the object of this article to go into details of criticism of her works of fiction, but it is the humble task of the writer to bring out more prominently the lessons that the author intends us to lay hold on. It is superfluous to observe that Marie Corelli is a woman of deep insight into human nature, and understands the society of the Nineteenth Century and after, so thor-

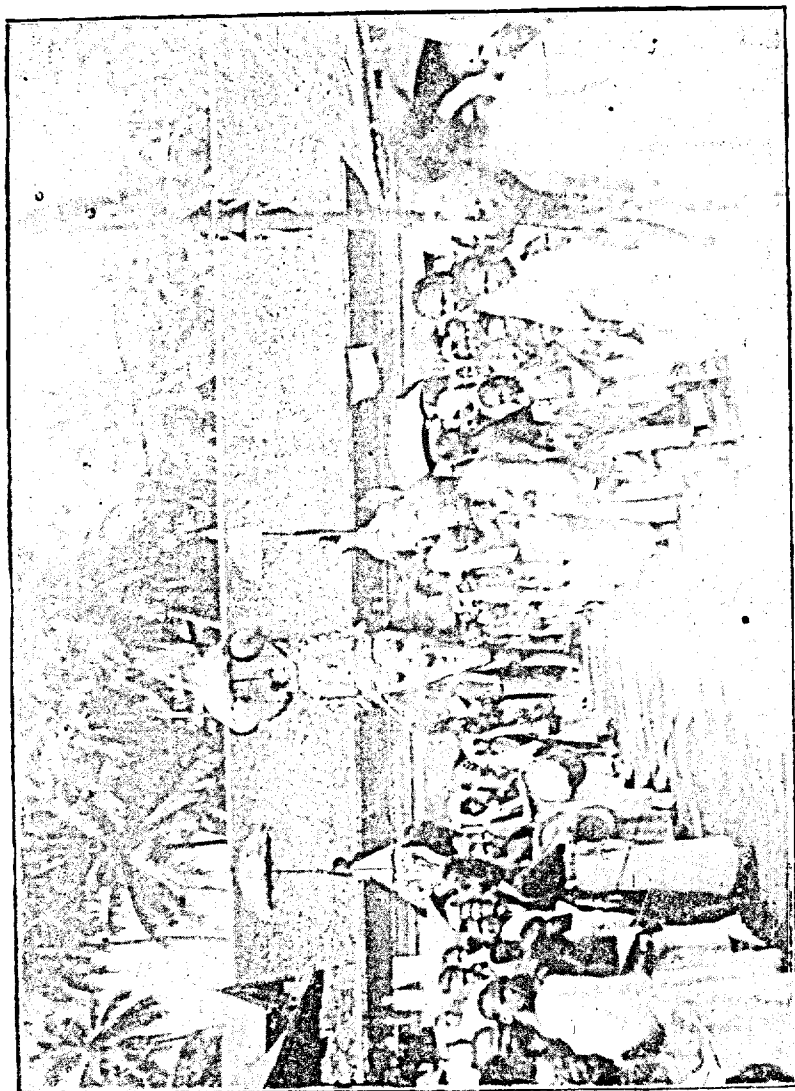
oughly, that when one reads her novels, one is bound to feel her realistic sternness, her thorough grasp of details and her honest, bold expression of the morals and manners of the time. It is not my aim as indicated already to deal with all her works from the standpoint of a critic; but let me set myself to the humble task of a learner.

I will confine myself to one particular work of hers—a work, whose obvious aim seems to be to prove conclusively from the stern realities of life, the utter futility and helplessness of wealth in procuring permanent and abiding happiness either in this life or hereafter. Wealth, with all its grand possibilities of enjoyment and of social service for a noble and devout soul, works a terrible havoc in selfish, self-centered and upstart lives, until at last it leads the possessors to a condition of life which would lead them well-nigh to the pit of perdition, were it not for the divine intervention which saves them from such a predicament. Marie Corelli endeavours successfully to bring home to our minds the truth of the old maxim, "Man's extremity is God's opportunity."

The book we are concerned with is the one entitled "Sorrows of Satan." Setting her face against the traditional view of the Tempter, the author strives to picture him, not as one who delights in the evil deeds of the human race and gloats over man's estrangement from the Eternal Father, but as one whose sole hope of deliverance and restoration to his original purity, happiness, and peace is to be found in the successful resistance of his victims to his temptations and their ultimate victory over them.

Let me briefly sketch the plot; to begin with, we are introduced to a struggling literary hack,

Geoffrey Tempest, who is the type of a Grub street author, and whose sole means of subsistence lies in the success of his productions. As an ardent youth, he longs for literary distinction, which in an age like the present, is attained chiefly by pandering to the questionable tastes and whims of the fickle-minded public. For, unless he modifies his ideas so as to suit the popular fancy, and what is more important and tangible, to the humour of the critics and reviewers, he can hope to get neither fame nor money. What with disappointments, and what with polite refusals of his services, he comes to his gloomy garret, in a state of mind by no means enviable, with a heaviness on his mind, as to how he should clear the landlady's bill. A sudden recollection of his old college mate flashes on his mind and thus he is induced to write for help which is readily and ungrudgingly given. What is more cheering is that he is transformed, with lightning speed, from the state of a plodding, luckless author, into five times a millionaire, by the courtesy of an unknown dead relative. Conjointly with this windfall, there comes to him a princely personage with fabulous riches, seeking his friendship. Being raised above the favour of the minions of fortune, he cultivates the prince's friendship with the object of gaining the other appendages of name and fame, an introduction to the Society of the 'Upper Ten' and the many paraphernalia indispensable to a purse-proud aristocrat. The prince who calls himself Lucio Romanez, is very courteous, affable, and obliging in all possible ways. Tempest feels a peculiar attachment for him and is quite taken up with him, though in course of time he observes in his companion something strange, sinister, and mysterious. After his accession to the immense wealth, the first object that absorbs him most is thirst for literary fame. He had written a book some time ago. He tries to induce the publishers to undertake its publication, which is stoutly refused on the score of its dubious success. Now however, that he can get on with its publication without any pecuniary aid, according to the advice of Lucio, he spends a lot of money in publishing the book. An additional amount is spent to bribe the critics who, with characteristic propriety, lavish their eulogies on this work characterising it as an original production of a rising genius. Yet, in spite of all these glowing advertisements and adulations in a host of journals and dailies, the book does not meet with any success worthy of the name, so that Tempest, the millionaire, is very well known, but Tempest, the author, is a nonentity. What then is the cause of the failure of that book? Let Tempest speak for himself: "I could not write it now. I wonder I could write it then. Lucio, I daresay, I am talking foolishly, but it



This photo represents a Sreebali procession in the Haripad Temple. The image of the god Subramonia is placed on the head of an elephant decorated with frontlets. Two elephants stand on either side.

seems to me I must have been on some higher altitude of thought when I wrote the book—a height from which I have since fallen. My book expresses a certain tone of thought which, purporting to be mine, is not me. In short, I in my present self have no sympathy with it. I must have changed very much since I wrote it." From what Tempest says, it is clear that the book failed because he had fallen from the height from which he wrote it. He cannot bring himself to believe that he had had such noble sentiments which are replaced completely by things that savour more of the world and its glories. What a revolution had taken place in his ideas! One would naturally expect that a man, who had once drunk the cup of misery to the dregs, but who is now well off, would endeavour to do something to palliate the anguish in the world, to contribute something to the relief of wretched humanity. But what does Tempest do? He loses all the sublime sentiments of service to humanity. He does not see why he should help anybody, when in his poverty nobody, except his college friend helped him. That is the argument with which he shuts the gates of mercy. Has he any faith either in God or in the future existence? We shall wait for an answer a little later. He establishes his name as a great millionaire, whose very smile of recognition is considered a great favour. His friend Lucio initiates him into the 'swagger' society, the gambling clubs, and various other places of resort of the aristocracy. Lucio and Tempest pay a visit to Lord Elton, a nobleman who had been reduced to such extremities that he had had to give up his country-seat, Willowsmere, and live in the metropolis. Tempest is contemplating the purchase of that estate. Lady Sybil the beautiful, accomplished daughter of Elton, is introduced to these young men. Tempest is quite enamoured of her. She is an exquisite beauty, fascinating in her manners, with the conscious dignity of high pedigree. Tempest, of course, falls in love with her. After a few visits by himself (for Lucio makes it a point not to go with him), Tempest gives expression to his ardent love and devotion to Lady Sybil. But it must be remembered that Tempest is far inferior to Lucio in the imposing appearance and the attractive qualities of head and heart which women love to see in the men they adore. Therefore, it is more or less a union effected as a matter of convenience. Sybil is actually bought at a high price, as she is intended for the highest bidder.

Herein is one of the blessings of poverty which the poor are apt to forget. "A moneyless man, if he wins a woman's love, knows that such love is genuine and untainted by self-interest, but a rich man can never be truly certain of love at

all. A very wealthy man can never be sure of even friendship,—while the highest, strongest and noblest kind of love is nearly always denied to him, in this way carrying out the fulfilment of those strange but true words—'How hardly shall he, that is a rich man, enter the Kingdom of Heaven.' The heaven of a woman's love, tried and proved, true through disaster and difficulty—of her unflinching faithfulness and devotion in days of toil and bitter anguish—of her heroic self-abnegation, sweetness and courage, through the darkest hours of doubt and disappointment; this bright and splendid side of woman's character is reserved by Divine ordinance for the poor man. The millionaire can wed whomsoever he pleases among all the beauties of the world, deck his wife in gorgeous apparel, and load her with jewels and look upon her . . . as one may look upon a perfect statue—but he can never reach the deeper secrets of her soul or probe the well-springs of her finer nature." Under his friend Lucio's management, a grand entertainment is held at the country estate, as a sort of proclamation to the society, of Tempest's possession of a grand estate and grounds, where, on the appointed day crowds of nobles pour in. The party that is invited enjoy themselves thoroughly, Lucio manages everything so very creditably that everybody is impressed with the immense fortune of Tempest. They feel as though they are entertained in a fairyland. The very liveried attendants, the Maypole dancers and the invisible band of musicians, discoursing exquisite music, tend to produce an impression that is at once weird and enjoyable. Since the English are supposed to have a peculiar love for everything foreign, Lucio says he had arranged the entertainment exclusively with the help of foreigners. However, many are astonished at the suddenness and alacrity with which all of these foreigners disappear. Tempest and Sybil are very prominent figures in the party. Suffice it to say, that it is an unqualified success and does much credit to Lucio's taste and tact.

We have to stop here and sketch another character, Mavis Clare, a popular author. Clare is really a simple, straightforward woman, who prospers all the more when her works are severely handled by the critics. She is a cool-headed, calm woman, accustomed to all kinds of bitter criticism and maintains that serenity of mind which is the mark of a sound intellect. Even Tempest had had his share of attack on her faultless productions—the envy engendered by her success, and the disappointment had he experienced prompting this unmerited attack on her. The idea of a woman's literary success had been simply sickening! This had been the strain of mind that had given birth to his savage criticism

of her "Differences." But now he is obliged to climb down a great deal and even court her acquaintance. Accordingly he seeks and get an introduction to her, and the hour he spends in her company impresses him with the simplicity, dignity and nobility and genius of the woman whom he feels he has wronged. Henceforward they become friends. In Mavis Clare we find, I dare say, an unconscious reflection of Marie Corelli herself. Mavis Clare is a perfect contrast both to Sybil and Tempest. In spite of all the attempts of Lucio to befriend her, to help her, and to serve her as he calls it, she declines to have anything to do with him. He tries to work upon her feelings and excite a keen desire for the life of this world. He suggests that, in addition to her glory and placidity, a companion will make the cup of her bliss really full, and he deprecates the utter futility of wasting the charms of her young womanhood. He prays, begs, and prostrates himself before her that he may be given a chance to make her happy, for he is a man of unbounded influence, and his one object in life is to make others happy. All this appeal is of no avail. Mavis Clare stands unmoved, and firmly refuses the proffered help. She is quite content with her lot. She has none of the ambitions of other people. A husband, whatever may be his attainments, cannot make her happier.

To return to the main story, Sybil and Tempest are married now, though Sybil makes him understand in unmistakable terms that she does not possess even a grain of love for him and that she marries him only for money. Tempest, on the other hand, is so much smitten with her beauty and captivated by her graces that he counts upon her future love as a thing he can manage easily. He has to curse the day of his marriage later when this fatal error has its dire consequences. After a short honeymoon on the continent the couple return to their country-seat, where Tempest's bosom friend Lucio, who had been on a continental tour, joins them. Lucio is pressed to spend some days in the country-seat, Sybil is all attention and hospitality to him. On a certain night, Tempest, suddenly waking up from his sleep, does not find his wife in her bed. Full of vague misgiving, bitterness, trembling and self-reproach, he steals out noiselessly and finds her in conversation with Lucio. It is a heart-rending scene. Tempest listens to the whole conversation in which Sybil makes pathetic, though perfidious, appeals to Lucio to love her for an hour at least. In spite of all her improper solicitations, Lucio stands unmoved, inexorable, and heaps bitterest reproaches on her for her unfaithfulness. She threatens him

with suicide. All of a sudden Tempest pounces upon her from his place of concealment, and with an outburst of rage and madness, drives her from the spot. She leaves the place in a defiant attitude, though crest-fallen, but with stern determination not to survive the scene. Tempest, expressing his unfeigned gratitude for the constancy and steadfastness of his friend, sets out on a voyage to France. It is no longer possible for him to live with this vile woman. As soon as he turns his back on Willowsmere, Lady Sybil carries out her threat. She poisons herself and boldly meets her death. The letter she writes now, contains in full every influence that had formed her into the being that she is. Sybil is the product of all the influences of the society of her time. She is but an echo of the moral tone of her age. Though one may be inclined to regard the portraiture of Sybil as exaggerated, yet in the main, the fact that social evils and demoralising influences seldom fail to produce their awful consequences, is proved beyond any shadow of doubt. The higher the social position of an individual, the greater and more formidable are the insidious influences with which one is beset. Anyhow, if Sybil's early training, and subsequent social influences had been otherwise, it is impossible to conceive the evolution of such a character. One cannot help admiring her sincerity even in her infidelity. From the beginning, she did not possess any love for this millionaire. She more than once asserted, "I ask you not to expect a girl's fresh confiding love from a woman as warped in heart and mind as I am. I am a contaminated creature, trained to perfection in the lax morals and prurient literature of my day." So it proved. After the sad death of Sybil, Tempest visits Mavis Clare, who warns him against his friend Lucio. With all his money and the comforts which it can bring, he is a miserable man. In fact, he begins to hate his wealth. He hands over the estate to Lord Elton and starts with his friend, Lucio, on a tour to Egypt. It should be remembered that the prince Lucio had his own ship and crew. After spending a few weeks in Egypt they think of returning to England. During the voyage Tempest is impressed with something praternatural and unearthly about his companion and his crew. They sail for weeks together but they do not reach their destination. It is then that Tempest really understands who his friend this prince is. There is a great storm. He sees terrible sights. The ship is a veritable pandemonium. Finally it stops in some unknown part of the world, where Tempest is able to see the real form of Lucio. It is the terrible form of Lucifer, the arch-enemy of God. He is surrounded by many wicked souls, prominently

the soul of Sybil doing him homage. Tempest now realises fully the horror of his situation. Then bursts forth Lucio with all eloquence he can command:—"O fool!—in my very coming I warned you!—on the very day we met I told you I was not what I seemed! God's elements crashed a menace when we made our compact of friendship!—And I,—when I saw the faint last struggle of the not quite torpid soul in you to resist and distrust me, did I not urge you to let that better instinct have its way? You,—jester with the Supernatural!—You,—base scoffer at Christ! A thousand hints have been given you,—a thousand chances of doing such good as must have forced me to leave you,—as would have brought me a welcome respite from sorrow,—a moment's cessation of torture!" Tempest represents the type of men we meet with now-a-days, whose sole aim appears to be hoarding money and enjoying the pleasures of this world. He reflects the gross materialism of this age. He is what his wealth made him, utterly divested of all noble and refined instincts. Now he stands self-condemned and disillusioned. A chance is given him now, an opportunity denied to many in this life—a chance to choose between the world and God, between hell and heaven. Lucio, the embodiment of the evil power, does not force himself upon Tempest. Here Marie Corelli represents Satan as one who depends on men for his redemption and freedom from sorrow. Man is free to choose between the good and the evil. He is endowed with the knowledge of the consequences of the choice he makes. And yet we find, invariably, humanity drifting towards what is baneful and blighting, towards darkness, rather than light, in spite of repeated warnings. This idea of Satan is an original idea, perhaps, not acceptable to many pious minds. But remember that Marie Corelli does not imply that the powers of darkness are devoid of attractions and fascinations, but that all that she condemns, is that stupid presistency of man in easily succumbing to them, in spite of the noble instincts and ideals soliciting his consideration. Fortunately for Tempest, he makes his choice of the good part. He chooses the Eternal Father for his Master and Friend, and disowns the friendship of Lucio. In short, Tempest comes back to his native land in a miraculous way and finds himself reduced to his original condition of poverty. He begins to work again as a literary man, occupying his old garret.

Two or three lessons stand out prominently from this tragic story. We see the hollowness and utter helplessness of riches. Throughout the story, it is accentuated that wealth and peace of mind are nearly incompatible. Again, men are demoralised and get into the clutches of the evil

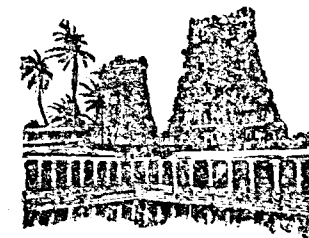
power by courting it, by suppressing the voice of God within them. Thirdly, however selfish and grossly materialistic men may become, the benign providence at every step of their degradation gives them an opportunity to reform themselves. Tempest was given the chance to reform himself like the thief on the cross. Lastly, we see that the author has nothing but supreme contempt for the obnoxious literary trash, which is gorged with avidity and which passes for literature in fashionable circles.

What she calls the "prurient literature" is the stuff that was responsible in a great measure for the evolution of such a character as Sybil. Notwithstanding all its direful results, this literary poison is administered to the young, or is allowed freely to circulate among them, as though it is a tonic to their moral health. Marie Corelli's unsparing condemnation of this literature gives us a fair idea of the popularity of such a literature and the utter moral callousness of this materialistic age. What then should be the aim of any literary work? According to Marie Corelli, "Literature is power—the power to make men and women think, hope, and achieve; the power to draw tears from the eyes, - smiles from the lips of thousands, the power to make tyrants tremble and unseat false judges in authority; the power to strip hypocrisy of its seeming fair disguise, and to brand liars with their name writ large for all the world to see!"

V. P. A.

Ganesh Chaturthi.

The cult and tradition of the festival in South India.



EVERY month in India brings in its train, a vast array of feasts, fasts, and festivals, which originally began with seasons of agriculture during the Vedic period. The

Hindus were the votaries of the nature-gods, the Sun, Agni (fire), Indra (air), Varuna (water), and a study of the hymns clearly shows that they ought to have been sung in praise of the Vedic gods at the time of sacrifices and festivals. With the introduction of Puranic doctrines and gods into the Hindu religion, the agricultural aspect of the festivals was lost sight of, and when the Puranas became the authority for the Brahminical-popular Hinduism of the present day, the festivals came to be treated as purely social and religious institutions, but without a

clear line of demarcation between them, for society and religion, in India, went hand in hand, and even to this day, every festival, either Aryan or Dravidian, presents itself in a blend of religious and social elements, the former predominating to a greater extent, apart from the sectarian aspects. Almost all of the Hindu festivals are dedicated to the gods and goddesses of the Puranas, Vishnu, Siva, Lakshmi, and Parvati, and their various transformations. At a later stage in the development of these festivals, other gods, such as the sons of Siva, angels, and disciples of Vishnu, came in for their festive offerings, and now we find that to every saint, sage, tree, or animal is attributed a festival or fair which is celebrated by the Hindus with great fervour. Though ages have passed by, since the advent of the Brahmin into South India, the festivals have not lost much of their Puranic significance and they have not been much influenced by the cult of the popular Hinduism. Yet, as a sort of compromise, the Brahmins re-organized their national institutions, and classified them under three important headings. The *Nitya* form of worship, constitutes the various ceremonials that are observed every day in a Hindu temple. The *Naimithyaka*, as the name implies, consists in the worship of the gods, apart from the daily ceremonies, with a grand procession round the temple or through four streets of the place, and this is also known as *Utsavam*. This mode of parading the deity has been adopted to afford the out-castes the benefit of worshipping their gods outside the temple. The *Vratas*, or the days of vow, form another kind of worship, which is usually performed in the houses of the Brahmins, and these days are specially reserved for those high castes that go by the name of *Dwijas* (twice-born).

The Vinayaka Chaturthi is a festival of the third order Vrata, and it is so well-known, and so universal a feast, that it scarcely calls for any notice every year. Yet, the complex nature of the Hindu festivals is plea enough to treat the subject over and over again. The festival is dedicated to Vinayak, son of Siva, otherwise known as Pillari Devudu, the Belly-god of the village. It usually comes off on the Chaturthi day of the *Suklapaksha* of the month of Bhadrpad—which corresponds to Sunday, the 30th August of this year 1908—when the *Hasta* star is in the ascendancy. This festival is sometimes called the 'Indian Bachelor's Day' and as the god is himself unmarried, he always expects his devotees to be free from the toils and turmoils of domestic life. Though there is no reference in the Puranas, to his divinity, yet he is very popular with young men, and he occupies a high and a prominent place in the religious estimation of the average Hindu.

Whatever may be the nature of his origin, every Indian school boy knows that Ganesha is the elder son of Siva and Parvati. Sir William Jones says, very aptly, in his Asiatic Researches, that "Ganesh, the Indian god of Wisdom, has the same characteristics as Janus of the Latins. All sacrifices and religious ceremonies, all serious compositions in writing, and all worldly affairs of importance are begun by pious Hindus with an invocation to Ganesh; a word composed of *Isa* (governor), and *gana* (a company of deities). No business is undertaken without an ejaculation to him, and few books are begun without the words 'Salutation to Ganesh (Ganesayanamah)'. And he is first invoked by Brahmins who conduct the trial by ordeal or perform the ceremony of the homa or sacrifice to fire."

The belief of the Hindus in the cult of the Belly-god, carries them to such an extent, that they set up images of Vinayak in every nook and corner of their fields, under the leafy canopies of an *Aswatha* (*Ficus religiosa*), on crags and in crevices of hills, in the open plains, at the crossing of four streets of the village, in high roads, in the streets, and in well-built temples. If the villager would go on a journey or build a house, or plough his field, or open some shop, the first thing he would do is to place an image of the god 'Pillari' in a consecrated spot and then daub its face with *kunkum* (red powder) and saffron, burn camphor and incense, break a cocoanut or two before the "aldermanic" god, who is then invoked to confer his blessings on the tillers of the soil. It is a common sight in India to observe young boys praying before their Pillari Devudu, and promising him some cocoanut or fruit if he ensures their chances of success in examinations. Vinayak is known by several names, each having a traditional account attached to it, and some of them are *Vignaraj* (the king of obstacles), *Ekadanta* (one-tusked), *Gajanan* (elephant-faced). In the Ganapati Upanishad, he is described as having a form with one tooth, four hands, bearing a rat on his banner, of a red colour, with a huge belly, anointed with red perfumes, arrayed in pink garments, and worshipped with offerings of red flowers.

There are hundreds of legends regarding the birth of Vinayaka, and they differ very greatly in their recounting of the event. In the Puranas it is said that Parvati, wife of Siva, was for a long time without a son. Advised by Siva, she performed a vrata and Brahma blessed her with a son who was an avatar of Krishna. When the gods came to congratulate the celestial pair on the happy occasion, Sani (Saturn), who was one of the party, let fall the glances of his evil eye on the new-born babe, and lo! the child's head was severed and it flew away to heaven,

where it united with Krishna. Parvati began to cry and Vishnu consoled her by fixing on to the body of Ganesha, the head of an elephant. This is why Vinayak has an elephant's head on his body. In a fight with Parasurama who forced his way to Siva's quarters without Vinayak's permission, he got the better of his opponent Rama, and cast him aside with his trunk. But Parasurama threw the weapon of Siva at Ganesha, who, knowing it to be his father's gift, received it on one of his tusks. The next moment it was completely severed by the blow, and from that day he was known by the nick-name *Ekadanta*. As he is frequently called the remover of obstacles, and often invoked and worshipped the first on all occasions, an account of the why and the how of his getting the name will not be out of place. Within the short duration of a twilight that intervened between the Dwapar and the Kali-yug, all sorts and conditions of men and women, sinners as well as the virtuous, obtained entrance to heaven by such easy means as visiting shrines, and bathing in holy rivers. But heaven could not hold so many of them, and the Devas, headed by Indra, went in a body to Siva and sought relief. But what could he do? he just asked Parvati to help them out of their difficulty. She created Vinayak and gave him the following instructions: "My son, thy name shall be Ganesha, and the son of Siva; thou shalt be the chief of the Vinayakas and Ganas; success and disappointment shall spring from thee, and great shall be thine influence amongst the gods and in sacrifices and all affairs. Therefore, shalt thou be worshipped and invoked first on all occasions, or, otherwise, the object and prayers of him who omits to do so shall fail. Hence, oppose obstacles to men's visiting shrines, and entice them to give up such an idea by the allurements of domestic bliss and felicity. But from those who propitiate thee with proper hymns on the Chaturthi day, during the bright half of Bhadrpad, do thou remove all impediments and help them to obtain Siva's favour by advising them to pay their homage to Somnath."

Every festival in India, either social or religious, has its origin in a story spun around it, and in nine cases out of ten it turns out to be purely mythical. This association of mythical accounts with national festivals seems to have been made with a purpose in view—to popularize them among the ignorant classes. It is said that Krishna worshipped Ganapati to rid himself of a blame that marred his fame as a just ruler. On one occasion, the Moon and Vinayak were together at a dinner party. Vinayak was a glutton and he ate too much, and the Moon could not suppress laughter at his protruding belly. Growing very wroth, Vinayak

cursed him to the effect that whoever saw him on the fourth day of his waxing period, would be the recipient of a slur on his character, which could not be removed unless he worshipped Vinayak. Sri Krishna saw the Moon who was now under a curse, and hence he worshipped Vinayaka on the aforesaid day.

There are not very many elaborate ceremonials to be gone through, and the *modus operandi* of the festival consists in following certain rites prescribed in the *vratakalpa* (the code of feasts). Early in the morning members of the household take an oil-bath, and attire themselves in freshly-washed garments, familiarly known as *Madi*. A miniature *mantap*, facing the east, is erected for the occasion, and it is ornamented with festoons of fragrant flowers and leaves, and on the wooden plank which forms the bottom of the *mantap* are strewn some grains of paddy, skillfully arranged in the shape of an eight-petalled lotus flower. An image of Vinayak is then placed on the consecrated floral design of the paddy seeds. The idol may be one made of gold or silver, or of mud. After preliminary rites, the image is invested with divine powers and is then invoked by means of mantras. He is then worshipped with 108 petals of flowers in response to 108 hallowed names recited by the Acharya, (priest). Votive offerings, consisting of sandal paste, coloured rice, flowers, fruits and kusa grass (*poa cyna suroides*) are made to him. Camphor and incense are burnt and the worshippers, especially, the bachelors, perform what is known as *Thoppu Karnam*, humorously described by the late Dewan of Pudukota as '*penitential genuflection*.' Sweet cakes are distributed among the Brahmins, and with the gift of *Dakshina* (money presents) the festival comes to an end. In the evening, a sort of social entertainment is held, and the female members of the household invite their friends and treat them to sweet airs of music. This festival is sometimes continued for a period of a month or so. The same programme is gone through, and, on the last day, all the bachelors group themselves into parties and take the images of Vinayaka along the streets, and then throw them into a well amidst mirth and merriment. In Madras, people spend much and vie with one another in celebrating the festival with great pomp and splendour.

T. M. S.



MOTHER MINE

The red sun is sinking into the sea ;
 Mother mine, mother mine !
 And fragrant breezes blow over the lea ;
 Mother mine !
 But my heart is sad and sombre and dreat,
 As your tender tones I ache to hear,
 Oh, how vainly I long that you were near,
 Mother mine !
 The sun is sinking with misty dew ;
 Mother mine, mother mine !
 It is going asailing across to you ;
 Mother mine !
 But while gold-red rays change to rose-red beams
 And morn pours her freshness in sunlit streams,
 I'll be seeing you, Sweet, in the land of dreams,
 Mother mine !
 The Sun has sunk in the sea of night ;
 Mother mine, mother mine !
 The starry isles gleam in their mystic light ;
 Mother mine !
 To you, most dear, my fancy flies,
 'Twixt oceans blue and studded skies
 For you, with passion, my spirit cries
 Mother mine !

SARASVATI SINGH

LINE WITH A MAY BASKET

I sought for flowers rich and rare,
 I searched the woods, the streamlet's banks,
 But when I'd culled the choicest there,
 I could not deem them worth your thanks ;
 So in this basket I do lay,
 This wish, mid petals flecked with dew—
 That while you walk then life's fair May
 You might find flowers worthy you !

S. R. SINGH

The Bengalee Woman,



THE domestic life of a Bengalee is a pleasing picture of peace and happiness, because of his dutious and gentle wife who discharges

the household duties and seeks to please all of her husband's family. She rises before her lord at early dawn, propitiates the deity that the day may prove auspicious to the household, sweeps and cleans the house, cleans the room of worship, wipes the hearth, washes the cooking utensils and implements of religious worship of domestic gods and puts them in their proper places. Then she goes to a neighbouring tank or river, bathes, and brings water. Having thus done the preliminary work of the day, she salutes her father-in-law, mother-in-law, and other elders of the family. Then she occupies herself with cooking. Having cooked the food, she feeds the children, and then her husband, and other members, and then takes her meal, with the permission of her husband's mother, whom she regards as her own.

The life of a Bengalee woman is one of life-long sacrifice. She loves, serves, and obeys her husband in all things. To her he is a god, whether or not he be dutiful to her. He may neglect her, may be unfaithful to her, still she would obey him without a murmur, would remain faithful to him and would treat him with nought but tenderness. If it so happens that her lord becomes lame or blind, or falls a victim to a fell disease, the wife accepts this miserable condition with a cheerful heart. In short, there is no unfavourable circumstance in this world to diminish an iota of her deathless devotion to her husband. It is with unquestioning obedience that she serves her lord :—

" Hers is not the reason why
 Hers is but to do and die."

Her love is never exhausted and never changes. Her love is never damped by selfishness. She sacrifices every comfort for her lord's sake. She multiplies his joy and divides his woe. She is his truest friend, the perpetual spring of virtue and pleasure, the spiritual helpmate, a companion in solitude, a father in advice, a mother in illness, a sister in care, a brother in friendship, a daughter in devotion, a friend in plea-

sure, a helper in domestic affair, a servant in attendance, a comfort in dejection, a spur to work, an ornament in prosperity, a solace in adversity, and a rest in passing through life's wilderness. To an afflicted husband her words are "sweet as refreshing dews to the drooping flowers, grateful as fanning gales to fainting swains, and soft as balm to bleeding pains."

This unswerving fidelity to the husband is not confined to the wife only. It is observable in the widow also. When her husband dies, she does not remarry, but renounces her life of widowhood and accepts widowhood with gentle dignity. She cuts off her hair, wears no jewels, gives away her *sari*, and clothes herself ever after in white mourning dress. She takes only one meal a day, just sufficient to keep her body and soul together, and spends her time in doing works of self-less ministration, in thinking of her departed husband, and in praying day and night for the liberation of his soul, and in doing only what she feels he would wish—his spirit guiding and inspiring her !

These are the virtues of the Bengalee woman, which go to make up the sweetness of the Bengalee home. The Bengalee woman then is verily an angel.

ANNADA PRASAD GHOSH.

In the Sight of God

A STORY OF MISSIONARY LIFE IN INDIA.

BY D. A. YARDI.



IT was a lovely day in January, such a day as only an Indian winter can boast of. The sky was almost cloudless ; only a few fleecy flakes were being wafted leisurely along heaven's blue vault. Who could help being out and enjoying oneself ? Certainly not the missionaries whose sphere of work lay in Rampur.

The tennis court in front of the Mission house presented a lively appearance. Two missionary ladies with two veteran missionaries as partners were at play, while two were seated on a bench engaged in a tete-a-tete.

"Did you ever meet him at home ?" asked Miss Jones, the younger of the two.

"Never," replied Miss Macartney. "During my last furlough, I heard that he had distinguished himself at College and had offered himself to the Foreign Missionary Society. He sailed a month later than I did."

"They say he is handsome."

"Possibly."

"But, we'll know all to-night," said the younger lady in an eager tone of voice; "not only will we see him, but we will know of what stuff he is made," added she smiling.

And the smile was a heavenly one; for, although Miss Jones was not decidedly beautiful, yet her smile held the ransom of a king. It had brought joy into many a sorrow-stricken home; the hard-hearted had felt its power; it had sobered the cynical; it had illumined the heart of the pessimist; it was captivating, infectious, irresistible!

Miss Macartney was altogether indifferent as to whether the new missionary, whom they were going to see for the first time that night, was handsome or clever; for her heart had long passed the days when it could have loved and dreamed. Those, who were but slightly acquainted with her, thought that she was a stranger to love and to all the finer feelings that love awakens; but those who knew her intimately, knew that on a table in her bedroom stood a photograph, in a silver frame covered by a veil. No one had seen the likeness; but Miss Macartney's old ayah, in her confidential moods was wont to whisper to those who sought such knowledge that she had often seen her uncover it during the lonely hours of the night, and sometimes she had heard her sobbing, but she was not quite sure, for it might, for all she knew, be the wind moving restlessly in the bamboo groves.

Miss Jones, however, was made of different clay. She steadfastly believed in Burns' lines:

- 'To make a happy fireside clime
- 'For wean and wife,
- 'Is the true pathos and sublime
- 'Of human life.'

Rumour said that she had had an early disappointment in love. She had trusted in one who was unworthy of her trust. But she was not one to pine for a man who had proved faithless. She steeled her heart against him and came out to India.

The meeting, at which the new missionary was going to make his first appearance, was known as the "Missionary meeting." All the missionaries in the station were invited once a month by one of themselves. A paper was read on some topic connected with missionary work. The subject was then briefly discussed, and the rest of the evening was passed in social converse and in the partaking of light refreshments.

That night the meeting was to be held at the Rev. Dr. Sullivan's house. Dr. Sullivan was the Principal of the leading College at Rampur. He kept up a large and expensive establishment, and a meeting at his house was always a brilliant function. It was therefore very necessary that Miss Jones should don her best attire. She always dressed well when she attended a meeting at Dr. Sullivan's, but to-day she was particularly fastidious. Every part of it received her special attention; and when at last she emerged from her room, the simple dress of black material, the few ornaments, all, it appeared, had conspired to display to the greatest possible advantage Miss Jones' form and colour.

Almost all the guests of the evening had arrived at Dr. Sullivan's, when Miss Jones was announced. Every eye instinctively turned towards her. For a moment, after she entered, there was a hush; but it was only for a moment, and again the stream of conversation flowed on as freely as before.

Miss Jones looked disappointed when she discovered that the new missionary was not there. She had not, however, to wait long. Just as the clock struck eight, a tall, handsome man entered the hall. He had a broad forehead, thin expressive lips and eyes that seemed responsive to every emotion. There was nothing, however, of pride in his looks; and his smile,—it was a sad smile and reminded one very much of the sunshine breaking forth from behind a dark cloud on a rainy day. Although he was but eight-and-twenty, he appeared to have weathered the storm, and to have fully experienced the ups and downs of life. Dr. Sullivan received him and conducted him round the room, introducing him to each guest as the Rev. Charles Dorset.

Miss Macartney was also at the meeting. When the Rev. Mr. Dorset arrived, she was engaged in conversing with Mrs. Sullivan. But no sooner did she cast her eyes on him than her countenance suddenly paled. Mrs. Sullivan noticed it.

"You don't appear to be well," she remarked. "Is it too close in this part of the room; shall we move a little nearer the door?"

But before Miss Macartney could reply, Dr. Sullivan, followed by the Rev. Charles Dorset, stood before them.

"The Rev. Charles Dorset of the Church of England—Mrs. Sullivan—Miss Macartney, of the Presbyterian Orphanage."

The new missionary put forward his hand, but, before Miss Macartney could respond, a sudden dizziness came over her and she fell back in a faint on the sofa. Mrs. Sullivan was soon bending over her, undoing the collar, while the Rev. Charles Dorset stood fanning her and Dr.

Sullivan rushed off for a glass of water. Miss Macartney, however, soon recovered.

"I am not feeling well," she said, "and I think I had better go home."

But Mrs. Sullivan would not hear of it. She took her to her own room and insisted on her resting a while.

Those who had left their seats in order to assist Miss Macartney had now resumed them, and the business of the meeting proceeded as usual.

It was acknowledged, on all hands, that the new missionary was an acquisition to the society at Rampur. He was found to be a brilliant conversationalist and a deep thinker. Some of his views were no doubt eccentric, but that was outbalanced by his scholarship. He was asked by Dr. Sullivan to close the meeting with prayer and when he had ended praying, the power of his utterance was manifest in the profound silence that prevailed in the room for some time. What earnestness! What eloquence! Was he as good a speaker? they wondered.

Miss Jones went home highly elated with her success that evening. The Rev. Charles Dorset had paid her a great deal of attention. He had shown himself immensely interested in her work. He had also promised to visit her school and she was fondly and anxiously looking forward to his visit.

It was nearing midnight when Miss Macartney returned home. She felt too tired to begin the task of undressing at once, and threw herself on her bed and lay moaning.

"Good God! What a likeness!" she exclaimed, "Oh that I had known it before! I would never have gone there. Fred! Oh, Fred! Have you forgotten?"

Thus she lay for a considerable time: then she got up and raised the lamp and reverently uncovering the veiled portrait, looked at it long and sadly. Again and again she lifted it to her lips and fondly gazed into its eyes. She then opened a secret drawer of the table and drew out a bundle of letters. From it she took one and, sitting down by the likeness, read it. It was a long letter and it took her some time to read. The last few sentences she read aloud:—"Dear Nelly, my own Nelly, I will never forget you, never, NEVER! Not even death shall divide us! Farewell, farewell, and may God bless you."

She let the letter drop into her lap and sat enraptured in thought: then, burying her face in her hands, she wept.

The old ayah, who was sleeping in the verandah, murmured as she turned on her side, "Missio is weeping herself to death," and again fell fast asleep.

II

The pleasant winter days had fast flown by and had been succeeded by the long sultry days of summer. Almost all the European inhabitants had left for the hills. The Rev. Charles Dorset had accompanied Dr. Sullivan to Lanowli, a much frequented summer resort, about 80 miles from Bombay, and Miss Macartney and Miss Jones had followed them thither a day later.

Those who have seen Lanowli once seldom forget the wild grandeur of its hills, its panoramic views of forest, dell and stream; its pleasant breezes, its shady walks, harmonious with bird melodies, its seemingly unending tracts of jungle, resonant at night with the fearful roar of the tiger, the long continuous wail of the hyena and the cries of the jackals.

The Rev. Charles Dorset's house was very pleasantly situated and was within easy distance of that of Miss Jones and Miss Macartney. It commanded a wide view of all the surrounding country, and lay open to the cooling breezes that waft landward from the sea.

Every evening Miss Macartney and Miss Jones went out for a walk together, and many a time did Charles Dorset accompany them. Miss Macartney, however, appeared never to enjoy his company. She felt uneasy in his presence. Her invariable practice was to go with them a short distance, and then excuse herself on the ground that she felt tired and then she followed leisurely in their wake.

One evening they were all out later than usual. The sun was about to sink below the horizon, while a sea of red and gold clouds lay around him. Each moment the scene changed as the blood-red orb gradually sank out of view; the crimson and gold soon faded out of the sky and belts of dull grey and steely blue lay across it. Miss Macartney stood on a promontory dreamily gazing at the glorious scene. Behind her lay a thick jungle; beneath her at a depth of some hundreds of feet lay field and hamlet stretching as far as eye could see. A sound close to her startled her. It was Charles Dorset's voice, mingling with that of Miss Jones, but they were nowhere to be seen.

"Oh Charles, please, please, don't! She may come upon us at any moment."

The voices grew fainter and fainter; only two words after this did Miss Macartney hear and they were "Fredrick....." and "Dead!" But these were enough to set her whole being on fire. Her brain was in a whirl. A faintness seized her and she fell where she stood. Fortunate, indeed, was it for her, that she was standing far away from the edge of the cliff, or else only the fragments of her mangled body

would have been discovered. As she fell, her head struck against a pointed rock.

When Miss Jones and Charles Dorset reached home, they were alarmed to find that Miss Macartney had not returned. Although the twilight still lingered, yet they were aware that it would not be very long before deep darkness would envelope hill and vale and then all search would be fruitless. They, therefore, retraced their steps and flew rather than walked. A sound, as if some one was moaning in pain, was heard by Miss Jones and she ran in that direction.

"Charles, she is here," she cried. "Oh, what has happened! look, there are drops of blood on her sleeve!"

They raised her to a sitting posture; "Nelly, Nelly," cried Miss Jones. "Are you much hurt?"

Miss Macartney had by this time recovered her consciousness. "I fainted," she answered, shortly, "and fell."

After a short time they both helped her home and Miss Jones sat watching by her bedside far into the night.

In the meanwhile, there were strange rumours afloat with regard to the Rev. Charles Dorset in Rampur. There was, it was said, in his bungalow, a room which no one was allowed to enter, not even the servants. At first, the servants thought that it was a store-room, but, when the Sahib began cleaning it with his own hands, the mystery of it grew the greater. It was also observed, that the Sahib visited it regularly in the morning, afternoon, and evening; and while there strict orders had been issued to the servants that he was on no account to be disturbed. Rumours grew apace, especially amongst the servants, and it was even whispered that the Padri Sahib was in league with Shaitan. Strange noises had been heard during the night, as of some soul in agony, weeping, and groaning; and that the light had been seen burning in that room sometimes even a little before dawn! Indian servants as a class are generally superstitious and those of the Rev. Charles Dorset were no exceptions to the rule. And, as the days passed by, there was not a servant who could be induced, for any consideration, to pass at night close by the room. These stories gradually spread all over Rampur; and the Rev. Charles Dorset, among his circle of friends and acquaintances, began to be looked upon as a somewhat eccentric person.

After Miss Jones and Charles Dorset had returned from Lanowli, it was given out publicly that they were engaged to be married. A prettier pair had not been seen in Rampur for

many a year. They were the envy of all the bachelors and old maids. But, in spite of evil eyes and jealous hearts, their love "gathered colour day by day."

III

It was a wild and stormy night. Flash after flash of lightning illumined the sky and was followed by peals of deafening thunder, the wind swept fiercely through the trees and bamboo groves making a sad and sullen moan.

The midnight hour had just been struck by the policeman on duty, and, as he resumed his round, he observed the figure of a woman, wrapped in a dark cloak, pass swiftly by. He saw it but for a moment, and then it was lost in the darkness. The figure entered the Rev. Charles Dorset's compound; it passed through the hall and halted near the door of the forbidden room which stood slightly ajar, as the Rev. Charles Dorset had not taken the precaution of shutting it, being perfectly sure that there was not the remotest possibility of his being disturbed on such a stormy night by any outsider, or by any of the servants. Then, after a minute, the figure entered the room.

As soon as Charles Dorset became aware of the stranger's presence, he grew livid with rage. Drawing himself up to his full height, he hissed rather than spoke the words, "Madam, what right have you to be here?"

"The right of your brother's wife," the lady calmly answered.

All the anger passed away from the face of Charles Dorset, and he stood as one helpless before her—amazed beyond measure. "You, my brother's wife!"

"Yes," she replied proudly. "My name is Eleanor Macartney, and in the sight of God, Eleanor Fredrick Dorset!"

"What then do you want with me? What can I do for you?"

"Where is Fredrick?" she asked. "Oh, Charles, I conjure you, by all that you hold sacred, tell me, tell me, where is Fredrick?"

He looked astounded, as if she were asking him something beyond his powers. Then, bowing upon his hands, he exclaimed "Oh, my God, I cannot: I dare not!"

"You dare not! dare not tell his wife!" she screamed.

"I dare not. It is better for you and for him that you live unknown to each other."

She appealed no more. All pity seemed to have gone out of her heart as she spoke in calm and measured tones.

"Charles Dorset, look at me. I am your brother's lawful wife. You never made me out

because you never saw me before, nor did you know my father's name. But now you know me. Reflect on what you are doing. For, if you wish to keep me from my happiness, I, too, can keep you from yours."

"What do you mean?" he asked in a dazed sort of way.

"I mean, that if you do not let me know where Fredrick is, Mary will never be yours!"

"How can you prevent it?"

"I can, by telling her what I saw you doing here."

Then it dawned on him that he was in her power entirely and all strength seemed to go out of him. He could scarcely stand. He seated himself in a chair and buried his face in his hands.

"Don't tell her," he cried, "Oh, don't tell Mary."

"Then, tell me where Fredrick is?" she asked in a tone of triumph.

He suddenly rose and faced her: and flashing on her a look of anger, he exclaimed, "Woman, Never! NEVER! If you knew it, it would be the death of you!"

"It matters not. Death is preferable to suspense."

"I cannot; I dare not; go and do your worst."

Not a word did she utter, but turned and fled from the house, and was soon lost in the outer darkness.

The next day Miss Jones went to see Miss Macartney, but she was not at home. The ayah told her that she would be coming presently and so she waited for her. She sat down by the table on which stood the veiled photo frame. She had not been there long when a sudden gust of wind lifted the veil from the photo. Naturally, Miss Jones looked at it, when, lo! could she believe her eyes! there stood the very image of Charles Dorset! A thousand thoughts full of doubt and anguish filled her mind. Why was his photo in Miss Macartney's possession? Had he been false to her? It could not be. There must be some solution to this mystery. She would go and ask him that very instant. But just as she was about to go, Miss Macartney stood in the doorway. At a glance, she took in the whole situation. She saw the veil from the photo thrown back and the look of anguish on Miss Jones' face.

"Nelly, please do tell me whose photo it is, if I am not inquisitive," asked Miss Jones eagerly. "I ask you because it looked so much like," she added shyly, "Mr. Dorset."

But Miss Macartney was looking the very picture of coldness, and she very curtly answered, "Please excuse me, Mary, but I really can't tell you; yet, for all that we have been to each

other, I will tell you this much, that it is not Mr. Charles Dorset's."

"Thank you, Nelly. I see that the subject is a very painful one and I shall never mention it again."

So they parted: but a woman's curiosity had been roused, and it would be satisfied.

Before an hour had elapsed, Miss Jones was on her way to Charles Dorset's bungalow. She was told that the Padri Sahib was in his private room and was on no account to be disturbed. She was quite surprised to hear that. All the servants knew her well as the would-be memsahib of their master and never had she been refused admittance. True it was, that she had always seen him by appointment.

"At least, go and see whether he has finished his work," she told the butler.

The butler shuddered. "Memsahib" he said, "I dare not."

"I will go," she cried, and brushed past the butler who made a feeble attempt to stop her.

"Memsahib, as you value your life, don't go near the room. The Sahib is in league with Shaitan and may harm you."

"Nonsense," she exclaimed; "I will see him at any cost," and she hurried towards the room. But, before she could reach it, she saw Charles Dorset coming out of it and carefully shutting the door behind him.

He was looking anything but happy. The shadow of death seemed to be upon him. His countenance was careworn; his figure bent and emaciated. His eyes alone seemed to shine with a spiritual lustre.

"What has brought you here so early?" he asked, trying to appear cheerful.

"I wanted to speak to you about something," she said, "but, Oh, Charles, I am sure you are not well."

"I am in perfect health," he replied.

"But," she said, as he drew her closer to him, "how very worn you look. You must have some very hard work to do. Your life doesn't seem to be very happy."

"Yes," he answered, "Life has never smiled on me; and with all those who try to live aright, it is always a fight, a fight to the bitter end. Remember," he added, as he lifted her face to his own, "the words of the Master, WHOSOEVER WILL COME AFTER ME LET HIM DENY HIMSELF AND TAKE UP HIS CROSS AND FOLLOW ME."

She looked up at him admiringly.

"I saw something very strange to-day," she said, abruptly. "I saw your photo in Miss Macartney's room."

At the mention of Miss Macartney's name, the colour seemed to fade from his face.

"My photo!" he exclaimed in astonishment, "and in her possession. How can that be?"

"She said, it was not yours; but it was so very like you."

"What she said, darling, is true. It is not mine."

"Then whose is it?"

"I know whose it is; but I dare not tell you."

"Not even to me!" and she looked appealingly at him.

"Not even to you," he replied coldly.

She stood apart from him: something had come between her and love.

"Oh Mary, do not come between me and duty," he added beseechingly, "let that suffice."

She was again in his arms.

"Oh, Charles! I thought you loved me more than that."

"No," he replied almost sternly, "not more than duty, not more than God!"

She was yet to realise the terrible significance of those words.

IV

The winter had come again with its cool and pleasant breezes. Nature everywhere was bright and cheerful and the heart of man hopeful. But Miss Jones found no pleasure in anything, for her heart had become hopeless and she was a stranger to all joy. It was now well nigh for three weeks that the Rev. Charles Dorset had been ill of typhoid fever, and the infectious nature of the disease had compelled the doctors to proscribe her and his friends his presence. No doubt, all danger was now passed, but he was extremely weak and the medicine men feared a relapse. As the days went by Charles Dorset gradually gained strength. He was now allowed to experience the pleasure of coming out on the verandah and of enjoying the cool evening breeze.

One day, as he sat thus, he saw a carriage stop at his gateway, and a tall man step out of it and walk up the gravel path. As the stranger approached, he saw that he wore a slouched felt hat and the suit of clothes he wore was travel stained. Care and sorrow had carved deeper lines on his brow than age and his bushy beard was freely streaked with grey. He walked with a hesitating manner as if uncertain as to the kind of reception he would meet with. When he reached the steps, he said in a hoarse voice, "I believe, I have the pleasure of addressing the Rev. Charles Dorset?"

"Yes," replied Charles Dorset, sitting up in his easy chair. "Excuse me, please, for I am too weak to rise; may I ask your name?"

The stranger's hand trembled and the tears welled up in his eyes, as out of his waistcoat pocket he took out a silver card case and handed a card to him.

Charles Dorset regarded this action of the gentleman with wonder; but he wondered no more when he read the name on the card. In spite of all his weakness he sprang up and clung to the extended hand of the stranger, as he said, "It is just fifteen years this day that we parted; they have been to me like fifteen centuries."

They were soon seated deeply engaged in conversation with each other.

"Where is Kitty?" asked Charles.

"She is gone to the rest of the weary," replied the other, seeming to be greatly affected by the enquiry. "If she had been alive do you think I would ever have dreamed of coming to India? But let us not talk of the past. The past, at least in my life, is more full of shadow than sunshine."

Charles then asked him to draw his chair nearer and whispered something to him, adding aloud "God has given you a chance to redeem the past."

"And I will redeem it," the other answered, "God helping me."

Just about this time Miss Jones and Miss Macartney were also engaged in close conversation.

"It is after very great deliberation," said Miss Macartney, "that I have decided to speak to you on a subject which concerns your welfare. May I do so?"

"Certainly," replied Miss Jones, a little taken aback at the seriousness with which her friend spoke.

"Speaking, I am afraid will not convince you," said Miss Macartney suddenly changing her mind; "you must see it for yourself." I want you to come with me to-night at about twelve o'clock."

"Where?" asked Miss Jones, now astonished beyond measure.

"To the bungalow of Mr Dorset."

"Why?"

"That, I am not going to tell you. I want you to see it with your own eyes."

Miss Jones looked thoroughly frightened. What did all this mean? What mystery was there connected with Charles? Was all that the butler had told her true after all? Impossible!

For a little while they spoke not a word. Then, Miss Macartney asked, "will you come?"

"You don't want me to believe anything evil of him?" she said, almost appealingly.

"I don't want you to believe anything. I want you to see it with your own eyes. Whether it is evil or good, judge for yourself." And she again repeated her question, "Will you come?"

"Because you ask me to, I will."

Then leaning for support on Miss Macartney's arm, she wept as only a woman can weep, when the foreboding comes to her that she must, perhaps, for ever, break from what she loves and cherishes the dearest on earth.

V.

The night was calm and clear and the full moon shone brightly overhead. The air was bitterly cold and chilly. All nature lay in peaceful slumber, and the silence seemed to be the deeper because of the continued whirr of an insect and the occasional hoot of an owl.

It was high time to start, and Miss Macartney went to Miss Jones' room. She found her lying on her bed, dressed. Her eyes were full of tears.

"Can you not spare me this?" she asked as Miss Macartney entered.

"I cannot, when I remember my duty towards you as my friend. But, if you will not come, then you must take the consequences."

"Tell me if it is anything dreadful."

"I cannot tell you anything. It is better for you to see it yourself. Come; it is time for us to start."

Miss Jones rose with reluctance, and as they proceeded, she now and then clung for support to her companion's arm. They were now very near the gate of the bungalow and through the bamboo trees they could see a bright light shining through the window.

"Look," said Miss Macartney "the light burns still; can't you see it. Miss Jones answered not a word."

"Hush," continued her companion, "let us tread softly, lest he become aware of our presence."

It was Miss Macartney's intention first to peep through the window, but to her surprise, she saw that the door of the forbidden room stood ajar, and she thought that they could with more safety have a look from there.

So, silently through the hall, she dragged her unwilling companion. By the time they reached the door of the room Miss Jones was all trembling with fear. Miss Macartney pushed the door open.

"There," she exclaimed, "there he is."

But there were two men instead of one, kneeling before an image of the Virgin Mary, each having a rosary in his hand.

Charles Dorset, who was near the door, as soon as he saw the ladies entering, gave one loud shriek and fell in a dead faint on the floor. The other man, who was at the farther end of the room, with his back turned towards the door, rushed to his assistance.

"You have killed him!" he roared, as he knelt by him.

"Oh Charles, Charles, speak to me. Tell me what all this is." But Charles' handsome features showed no signs of movement and the light of life had fled from his dark eyes.

"There is no hope," said the other man, "none at all. You have killed my brother."

"And who are you?" he asked, as he stood up, addressing Miss Macartney; "and what right have you to be here?"

"My name is Eleanor Macartney," she answered quietly.

The man staggered as if he had received a blow.

"You!" he exclaimed, astounded. "It cannot be."

"Yes," she answered. "In the sight of God, your wife."

Fredrick Dorset, for it was he, spoke not a word. It seemed as if the day of revealings had come. He only motioned to Miss Macartney and Miss Jones to help him to lift the dead man on to a couch, and all the three stood round him, with their hearts almost crushed with sorrow. It was, however, only for a moment that Miss Jones stood thus silent. Then she threw herself on her knees besides the corpse of Charles Dorset and wept tears of the grief that defies human consolation.

The next day the funeral of the Rev. Charles Dorset took place; but the most remarkable feature about it was that it was not a Church of England minister who read the last prayers, but a Roman Catholic priest.

Henry Dorset, a High Churchman, had but two children, Fredrick and Charles. Charles was separated from his brother Fredrick when he was about sixteen years of age. Fredrick was engaged to Miss Macartney in Scotland and they were privately married. This was kept a profound secret from Miss Macartney's father who was a strict Presbyterian. When it came to his knowledge that Fredrick was a Roman Catholic at heart, thinking, that his daughter and he were only engaged, he sternly refused to allow them to get married and sent Eleanor away to India. Miss Macartney, fearing, that if the truth was told her father, it would affect his mind, gave him to understand that the engagement had come to an end.

In the meantime, Fredrick Dorset had sailed for America, whither it had been arranged that Eleanor should follow him when circumstances allowed her to do so. But a month after he reached America, Fredrick Dorset heard that Miss Macartney had died on her way to India. Thereupon, after a year or so, he married Kitty O'Brien, the only daughter of a flourishing Roman Catholic merchant in New York. Very soon after his marriage he learnt that the report about Miss Macartney's death was not true, and his life for twelve long years was anything but happy.

It was after Kitty's death that he made up his mind to go to India and see his brother Charles, who he knew was in Rampar, and it

was from him he learnt that Miss Macartney was also there.

Fredrick Dorset spent a month at Rampur and then he and Eleanor sailed for America.

Miss Jones continued to be a Zenana worker to the end of her life and died at the age of sixty-five, mourned by all who knew her.

Malati

AN INDIAN NOVEL.

BY AN INDIAN LADY.

CHAPTER III.



It was a stormy evening. The wind was blowing in fierce gusts; the storm-clouds gathered thick overhead and sailed in gloomy majesty through the dark sky, dimly illuminated and coloured a dark red by the dying rays of the setting sun. Now and then bright flashes of lightning and low peals

of thunder gave sudden warnings of the coming storm. In the west, the sky extended like a blue vault, in strong contrast to the black storm-clouds on the other sides. The dying orb of day slowly sank from view, and over it a beautiful mass of colours blent harmoniously into a circular halo of lurid golden light. From this a long flimsy amber-coloured cloud extended straight up like the golden smoke out of a blazing furnace. This magnificent sight lasted but a while, and gradually all the rainbow hues melted into the dark-blue of the sky, leaving behind streaks of edged, edged with different shades of pink, which in turn became merged into the prevailing dark colours of the storm-clouds. Standing in the doorway of a small house, at the end of a street, was a woman looking out with anxious eyes, her slim figure clearly outlined in the peculiar glow of the evening. It was Sita waiting for Lakshman. Already the lightning flashes were becoming more frequent and the thunderpeals louder. Still no one appeared, and Sita was becoming very anxious when a figure suddenly emerged into view on the straight white road. A few minutes afterwards Lakshman appeared. Sita looked anxiously at him, saw his worn grief-lined face, but could not say anything. Her own face was wan and her eyes red with much crying. Mutely, she held

out her hand to her husband. He took it, murmuring thickly, while a strong man's difficult tears ran down his face, "O, Sita, you are my only comfort now. My father is gone and without a word to me." Sita said nothing, but followed him into the pleasant little backyard, which was situated, in the Hindu fashion, in the centre of the house, and put him into an easy-chair. The sweet scent from the roses of a climbing rose-plant floated around him. The little band of his sweet child, Malati, was slipped into his own, her childish prattle sounded insensibly in his ears, and Lakshman felt a sense of comfort and happiness insensibly stealing over him and compensating him as it were, for the poignant unhappiness from which he had suffered lately and was still suffering.

Sita brought him fragrant coffee in a gleaming silver cup and set beside it a silver platter full of crisp Hindu cakes. Then she sat down on a small carpet, which was in a corner of the verandah and Malati flopped into her lap. Lakshman looked at them and felt his heart swelling with thankfulness because they were all his own. Gradually he began to tell his wife all that had happened at his father's funeral and afterwards, ending with what his brother had said to him about Malati.

"And I refused him, of course, Sita! Do you not think I was quite right? Why does she want riches and luxury?"

Sita was gazing at him contemplatively. A minute passed before she spoke.

"Yes, I think you were quite right, my husband. Let our child be with us only,"—here her lips suddenly quivered and two tears splashed into her lap. In a minute Lakshman was beside her.

"Why, Sita, my wife," he cried. "What is the matter? Do you feel unhappy about this money. Let Narayan have it. Are we not happy as we are?"

"Yes, yes," murmured Sita, getting up from the carpet, "I was only unnerved for a moment. Let me go and prepare dinner."

Malati went away with her mother, and Lakshman was left alone. He went back to his easy-chair and began to think. The expected storm had passed away, and the wind was blowing in fierce gusts overhead, bringing with it now and again little clouds of dirt from the outside street. Lakshman's thoughts went back to his childhood. How happy he and his twin brother had been. In those days Narayan had never exhibited the bad traits of character which now distinguished him. What had happened to him now. Why was he so different? It was all that money, that dreadful money. How many evils could be traced to its source. For his part, he hated it. He would make Malati also hate it and despise

it. She would be a good girl. He would educate her. Unfortunately she was married. He had listened to his father and had married her even when she was one year old, and her husband was his dead sister's little son. What a pity it was! never mind, he would do his best for Malati. And the little boy, her husband, was a good child, not like Rama, Narayan's son. "How that boy has developed to be sure." Lakshman muttered to himself! "How badly he has been brought up. Poor Narayan! I am afraid he will repent terribly one day, though he is proud enough now of him." But Bhima, my Malati's husband, is a good boy. I shall train him up well! Then his thoughts went again to Narayan. He was a good fellow after all. Perhaps, he had done wrong in not giving Malati to him. Was it wrong? He began to speculate uncomfortably on the matter, when a soft touch fell upon his arm. "Dinner is ready," said Sita's voice. Lakshman started up.

CHAPTER IV.

"Wife, do you think I was wrong in refusing Malati the chance which was offered her? What do you say?"

"Come to dinner first, Lakshman. We shall talk about it afterwards."

The dinner was served in an inner room. Contrary to custom, Lakshman and his wife ate together, while a woman-servant served. The vegetable curries prepared by Sita's fair hand were very good. Lakshman ate well, in spite of his grief. But he noticed that Sita hardly touched anything.

"Where is Malati?" he asked.

"She is playing outside. I did not want her to disturb you to-day."

After dinner Lakshman washed his hands and went to his study, a small room with two comfortable chairs, a writing table with a bright light burning on it. In a vase on the table were a few roses and jessamines. Everything was neat and very clean. Lakshman sat down in a chair and opened a book, but could not read. What was the matter with Sita to-day? Naturally, she was sorry for his father's death. But there was something else which was troubling her. What was it?

While he speculated, Sita finished her household work. Then she put Malati to bed and joined her husband in the study.

"Come and sit here, Sita," he said drawing up a chair for her. She sat a moment and then fell on her knees beside him and hiding her face on the arm of his chair began to sob bitterly. For long she could not get her voice. "I have something to tell you, my husband," she sobbed, "Something which will grieve you very much. Our Malati is a widow."

"What! who told you?"

The news came in a letter, which was among those you asked me to open and read, when you were so shocked about your father's death. It came from the town of S—, where your sister is. What shall we do?"

Lakshman sat silent for a long while. Then he raised his head and took his wife's hands in his own. "You are a brave and unselfish woman, Sita, for not adding to my troubles, as soon as I came in. Malati has nothing to fear with such a mother as you."

"This was why I hesitated, when you asked me about giving Malati to your brother. Do you think you did right?"

"I think so, Malati will never be trained up as we desire, in her uncle's house. Her cousin, Rama, is very badly brought up. I want my child to grow up sweet and sincere and true as yourself. Listen, Sita; and then Lakshman told his wife all that the lawyer had told him about the torn will and the suspicious certain words had aroused in that astute lawyer's mind.

"You see, even now I can get the money, if I want it. But I do not wish to make Narayan unhappy and I hate money. It is the cause of many evils. I want Malati to grow up, untainted by its power."

"But, it is your own money, Lakshman, you have a right to it."

"Yes, I have, but I do not wish to make Narayan unhappy."

CHAPTER V.

So spoke Lakshman, but he had not taken account of that wonderful faculty in human nature, which, going by instinct straight to the heart of a disputed point, clamours for abstract justice, leaving aside all other considerations. If it had been any other man than Lakshman we might have said he was being influenced by that other side of human nature, which tries to secure for itself the best of every transaction. But he was too simple and too unselfish a man for that. He was, however, an eminently just man, and lawyer as he was—for Lakshman had been called to the bar and was practising as a vakil—an entirely different aspect of his father's will forced itself upon his mind, in spite of all his efforts to smooth it. Narayan had no business to take all the money;—if his father had really made a will in Narayan's favour, well and good,—but if Narayan had hidden or destroyed the will, which was no doubt in favour of both the brothers;—Why, where was the justice of it? It was not the money he wanted. It was but justice. If it could be proved that the money was really his brother's he would not grumble; but, if there was any doubt he had a right

CHAPTER VI.

to the money. And so on he reasoned, till he nearly made himself ill over the matter; Sita felt herself puzzled with her husband. What was the matter with him? But she was a tactful woman and did not press matters till she thought it was wise, and then slowly the story came out. "What am I to do, Sita?" asked Lakshman finally. Sita was a woman of few words but those words were generally satisfactory, and she managed to quiet her husband's mind for a time.

But only for a time, for one day Narayen came to visit his brother, Narayen looked very ill and haggard, quite different indeed from the happy and satisfied Narayen of a few months ago. He was going away for a long stay in one of the towns of South India. "The doctor asked me to go," he said, "my health is not good." In fact, I am threatened with lung trouble. You will keep an eye on my house, will you not, brother? I must be kept free from all anxiety, and from all the mental trouble. By the way, about that will, do you know anything?"

"Know what?" asked Lakshman, with a start.

"Oh, nothing! only the lawyer seemed a little suspicious. You do not suspect me, do you, Lakshman?" and he looked at his brother strangely with his lips trembling. It was in Lakshman's mind to ask his brother point-blank about the detested will. But he could not do it, and, instead, hung his head down as if ashamed of himself. Narayen grew bolder.

"It is quite right, is it not? Do not be afraid brother. When I die, your Malati is sure to be left something."

"Oh! have your money!" grumbled Lakshman rudely. "My Malati does not want a pie of it." Then he bethought himself and spoke gently to his sick brother and they parted in a friendly and amiable manner.

But, once again, the demon in Lakshman's mind was loose.

"I wish I could get rid of that lawyer's letter," he told his wife.

"By the way, where is it? Let me look at it again. It will give me no peace."

But the letter was nowhere to be found, they hunted for it high and low. But it was gone, Lakshman's spirits rose with a bound. "Oh, I am so happy, Sita," he said, "I do hope the letter and the torn will will never be found. Then I can dare to be at peace. By the way, why do you look so strange, Sita? Is anything wrong?—you—you have not found the letter, have you?"

"No—no" stammered Sita; "I have—at least, I have not. It is nowhere to be found."

Our story opens again ten years after the events last recorded. Lakshman and Sita are older and wiser, and, I think, happier people, for time has but increased their love and unselfishness towards each other. Malati is twelve years old now and a sweet and lovable girl she is. Tall, slender and fair, with a round moon-like face lit up by large, lustrous black eyes and crowned with a wealth of raven hair, she is a sight to delight the eyes, and moreover, she is as good as she is pretty. Her father and mother have trained her in ways of thoughtfulness and love, and, though she does not talk much, her face has always the stamp of cheerfulness, and she has a tactful charm about her which is seldom seen in children of her years. She is—; but what use is it to enlarge upon Malati's beautiful character? Time and events must gradually unfold its opening petals to our view.

It goes without saying, therefore, that Lakshman's little home was a happy one. He was still practising as a lawyer, but did not make much money for he was ever a dreamer. But they had enough for their few needs. Malati was being taught carefully by her father in all the branches of study he thought necessary for her. She knew she was a widow but was not made unhappy by the fact, for the only result from it seemed to her to be a good one—which was, that there was no necessity for her to be married and to leave her parents' sheltering care. As for public opinion, Malati heard but little of it, for they had not many friends, and the few they had were kind ones.

But, alas! things cannot always be happy, Lakshman suddenly fell ill of a dangerous fever, which after nearly costing him his life, left him very weak and feeble. The doctor imperatively ordered perfect rest and a change to the hills. The results otherwise, he said, might be disastrous. This announcement fell like lead on Sita's heart. She had no money in hand, not even to pay the heavy bills of the two doctors who had been engaged. Whence was the money then to come for the expensive journey? Sita was in despair. Narayen was in the town, but she could not appeal to him, what was she to do?

While she was in this strait, a friend came to see her one day and heard of her trouble. She was the wife of a brother lawyer of Lakshman, and was in poor circumstances having a large family of children. "But" she said, "my husband borrows money from a money-lender here, and, though we have to pay interest, we are comfortable. The money has to be paid back, of course, but there is no hurry about it. Why do you not do the same?"

"Oh," said Sita, "my husband hates borrowing. He says money-lenders are like hawks, and I must on no account trouble him now with money-worries."

"But, I shall get you the money and you can tell him afterwards. How much do you want?"

"Oh, about two hundred rupees. But I can never think of borrowing."

But Sita was so anxious about her husband that in the end she was overruled by her well-meaning but thoughtless friend. After all, Sita thought, what harm was there in the transaction? It was for Lakshman's sake. So the money was obtained and Lakshman was taken for a change. On the hills he mended slowly and was able to go back to the plains after a few months. But still, the doctor said, he was not to work much.

But, alas, for Sita! She knew no rest after she had got the money. How was she to pay it back? This was the question she asked herself every hour of the day, and suppose Lakshman came to know of it? He would be very angry with her and in his present state the mental worry would be sure to cause him harm. She had meant to tell her husband about the loan. But as time passed, she felt she could not do it, and yet how could she keep the secret from one from whom she had never hitherto kept any secrets?

And soon the thunderbolt fell. A letter came from the money-lender demanding the repayment of the loan, which had to be paid back after a certain time, which had now passed. What was Sita to do? Her friend asked her to send the money-lender a jewel; and so the poor woman did,—parting with tears from a beautiful pair of bracelets, which her husband had only lately given her.

But, alas, again for poor Sita! One day Lakshman noticed the absence of the bracelets, which Sita had been in the habit of constantly wearing. He asked her what had become of them. Imagine then, Sita's terror! "They are broken," she stammered, the lie refusing to come glibly from her unaccustomed lips, "I have—sent them to the goldsmith's."

"Why so frightened about it, Sita?" Lakshman asked. "Did you think I would be angry with you for breaking them? But get them back soon."

It was then that the greatest temptation of her life came to Sita. She remembered the torn fragments of her father-in-law's will. Why! they were in her possession, for, long ago, when Lakshman had been in such trouble about this very same will, Sita had, to calm his mind, hidden away the torn paper, which Lakshman thought had been lost. Sita had not thought there was anything dishonourable in hiding it:

for it was as good as lost in her possession, and of course she never meant to use it.

But now—now! Why should she not show it to Narayen and threaten him with it, and get some money from him, the money which rightly belonged to her husband and therefore to her? How easy it all seemed, and yet, her husband had forbidden it—and yet—yet!

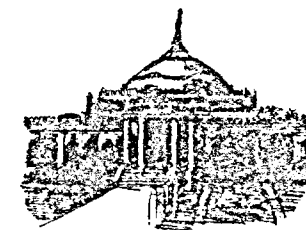
O! how low, low, she had fallen, Sita thought with a shudder. But still the temptation did not leave her.

(To be continued.)

The C. M. S. Sarah Tucker College, Palamcottah.

ANNUAL REPORT.

The Principal of the Sarah Tucker College, writes as follows:



AS I look back over the past year with its work, I feel it has not been a very eventful one, and to me personally it has been an unsatisfactory one, for owing

to the pressure of work, I have not had the time and leisure to devote to personal intercourse with the girls. This neglect of what we rightly consider the most important part of our work here was quite unavoidable owing to our being so short-handed. Last year I mentioned that Miss Askwith and Miss Naish had gone Home and Miss Pawson was there, already. We had hoped to have had two back at Christmas, but, by the doctor's orders, Miss Pawson was only allowed to return in March, and Miss Naish this month; so we look forward to next term when we shall begin work with a full number again. For this last year Miss Howard, aided by Miss Stevens, has been working in the College and High School; she has also had the superintendence of the Blind School; and I, with the help of Miss Richards, have undertaken the Training and Lower Departments and the Branch Schools. Miss Richards, to our great regret, had to leave us in February to take up work in the Mengnanapuram Girls' School, owing to the departure of Miss Thomas for her furlough. Miss Howard after her five and a half years' work has just gone on furlough, we shall all miss her untiring energy and cheerfulness: and the girls will quite feel they have lost a friend for she was always so ready to share

their difficulties and pleasures with them. Now I propose giving you the special notes for the year:—

SCHOOL WORK.

Our Indian staff has undergone great changes, as our two Mathematical masters left us at Christmas to take more responsible posts elsewhere, and also our III Form master has accepted the post of Head-mastership in the Elliot Tuxford School, Mengnanapuram. We do not feel we have entirely lost him, as he will be preparing girls to come on to our Higher classes; for many girls who have passed through that school, come on to finish their education with us. One of the vacancies has been filled up by a new Master, graduated in History, to fit us for the new University rules. We are pleased to have an old student back again as Mathematical Mistress. She has just passed her B. A. in that subject. She and another old student are the first two Indian girls of this Presidency who have passed the Mathematical group, and I think she bids fair to be a success as a teacher. Another of these vacancies we have been able to fill up with a trained F. A. Mistress, who has had some years of experience with us. We feel it is a great step in advance to be able to fill up these higher posts with mistresses, and we can do this now more have passed out of our F. A. class and have continued with us after having undergone training as teachers. These higher grade mistresses are in great request, but at present all available are needed in our own college. We feel the more mistresses we have the better, for they are able to help the girls in a way that no master in this country could do, and neither can we ourselves, for they understand the workings of their minds in a way which no European can ever hope to do. I am sorry we have lost our Kindergarten Mistress, Puranam (see picture). She was one who had been with us since quite a child and had been a teacher for about seven years; she had really grasped the principles of the Kindergarten and was much loved by the children. What the Sarah Tucker loses, however, the Adeikalapuram Branch school gains, as I have persuaded her to help me in starting a Kindergarten class there: her husband being a teacher in Palamcottah makes this possible, and I hope she will not only start it but carry it on for some time to come. The changes in the curriculum, which I mentioned in last year's report, are gradually working out, and we begin to see light in some directions; although with regard to the elementary education, touching the Branch schools chiefly, little development has been attempted, yet the Inspectresses are urging us on to do more.

Our number on the rolls keeps much the same though I might have increased it had I felt justified in taking in more children at reduced fee rates or free, but the price of rice, their staple food, has risen so much of late, that I dared not do it. But still a few have been admitted (for I had not the heart to refuse all!) and we should be very glad if any at home would take a special child and provide for her expense (£3—£5 per annum), and also very specially remember the same in prayer. We hope that the good they are getting with us may be a blessing, not only to themselves but to their families also through them. All those admitted of this kind were recommended as deserving of help by the C. M. S. Pastors of the villages from which they came.

SCHOOL RESULTS.

The following is a list of the Examination Results:

EXAMINATION.	No. sent up.	No. passed.
Peter Cator, Scripture, Higher Grade ..	3	3
Do. Lower Grade (3 gained prizes)	32	32
First in Arts	5	4
Matriculation	10	3
Training Class, Secondary, Preliminary ..	3	1
Do. Elementary, do.	19	19
Do. Secondary, Final	1	1
Do. Elementary, Final	12	8
Technical Elementary Drawing ..	5	3

We were disappointed at the Matriculation passes, but when in the Presidency the percentage was only about 15 per cent. we ought to be content! but so few passing means that for this year we have no English training class, and we shall feel the lack next year when upper Mistresses will be wanted.

This year we have been rich in Inspectresses' visits, having two, one last July, and another this March. In the latter visit we had Miss Patterson, who was our Sub-Inspectress some seven years ago, and she was quite encouraging in her remarks about the progress she could see in the time since she had left the district.

Editorial Note

We are glad to notice that Miss L. Chellammal, a student in the Vth Form, Girls' College, Trevandram, has passed in the recent examina-

tion of the Elementary London School of Music. The examination was conducted by Miss Yardley, Lady Doctor of the Women and Children's Hospital, Trevandram, under instructions from the authorities of the London School of Music. It is a rare qualification among the Nair ladies as a whole. As a token of appreciation of her success, she received several books as presents and congratulations from various friends and well-wishers of her fathers, not only from Travancore but also outside Travancore. This successful lady belongs to a respectable Nair family in Trevandram and is highly connected. She is the daughter of Mr. P. K. Padmanabha Pillay, now Head Clerk, Asst. Excise Commissioner's office, Alleppey, and cousin sister of Mr. G. Padmanabha Pillay, Barrister-at-Law, Trevandram. The certificate of the London School of Music will be received from London direct and will be handed over to the student by H. H. the Maharaja on the ensuing prize distribution day of the College in September next, when as usual, H. H. the Maharaja will preside. We wish the young lady more successes in music and hope her example will be followed by other girls.

The Depressed Classes Mission, Bombay.



nothing gives so much pain as the terribly slow pace at which her advancement is taking place. One would think that with English education received for the last fifty years and more, India should have gained for herself a prominent position among the leading nations of the world. But in spite of the spread of western culture and western science, she is unfortunately yet in an unenviable position. There are many causes which have contributed to this rather painfully stagnant condition of the country. One powerful cause of our present sad plight, is the system of caste, particularly the rigour with which it is observed in the case of what are termed, "The Untouchables" of India. Let us for a while consider how far the present condition of these classes hampers our progress and makes

anything like rapid advancement an impossibility.

The Depressed classes are the classes which are looked upon as Untouchable, i.e., whose very touch is supposed to be polluting. In Bengal, they are the *Namasudras*; in Bombay they are called, *Mahars*, *Chambhars*, *Shangis* or sweepers, *Dheds* and *Mangs*; in Madras and Southern India they go by the name of the *Panchamas*. Members of the high castes like those of the Brahman, the Kshatria and the Vaishya look down upon the Depressed classes and consider them to be worse than their dogs. The total number of these people, according to the last census returns, is close upon fifty millions, or more than one-sixth of the total population of the country. The percentage of literacy among them is so miserably low that it may be said to be zero! Five crores of human beings are thus literally lost to society, without, as it seems, the society being aware of such a loss. No country, the masses of which hang like millstones round its neck, can possibly hope to progress along any line of it. By keeping the Depressed classes at arm's length, India has wasted a large amount of her intellectual wealth, and it is difficult to see how the loss can be made good, or at least partially remedied in future.

Signs of an awakening to this criminal waste of intellect and energy are, however, manifesting themselves in several quarters. The Christian missionaries, out of the goodness of their hearts, have done a great deal for the elevation of these classes; but that "great deal" is after all a drop in the ocean. Hundreds of agencies like the Christian missions, ought to be at work for years' together before any serious results can be achieved. All honour to the Christian missions, which, actuated by purely humanitarian objects, have brought these poor, miserable, neglected and despised people of India out of the mire of ignorance and degeneracy. While, however, we readily give credit to the missionaries for their noble work, how sad it is that we cannot speak in the same terms of our own people. We are all fighting for political rights for the educated minority, but have any of us seriously thought how criminally we have refused to extend the rights and privileges of society to our own countrymen, our brothers? The only rays of hope that we see in this connection, is the avowed policy of the Hon. Mr. Gokhale of educating these classes, through his "servants of India Society" recently founded at Poona, and the actual working of an institution, for their elevation started by Mr. V. R. Shinde, B.A. of the Bombay Prarthana Samaj, with the Hon. Justice Chandavarkar, that redoubtable champion of every good work, as its president. Mr. Shinde has succeeded, in the short time he is working, in bringing close upon

a thousand children of the Depressed classes under the influence of education. He has opened three day schools and two night schools in Bombay and another centre of work in Poona. The mission at Mangalore conducted by that indefatigable worker, Mr. K. Rungarao, of the Brahma Samaj there, is also affiliated to Mr. Shinde's mission in Bombay. In connection with the Bombay or Central mission, there is a library, a free dispensary, a reading room and there are held weekly Theistic services for the benefit of the grown up members of these communities. Every thing is done by this mission to uplift the people morally, religiously, intellectually and socially. The results so far have been extremely encouraging, and it seems there is no reason why they should not be more so in future. The Bombay Mission to the Depressed classes has been fortunate in securing the services of selfless, earnest, energetic and able young men and women and this fact, I believe, assures a large measure of success for the mission.

But in this, as in all similar works of usefulness, much depends on the possession of the sinews of war. If money is power, as it certainly is, it is nowhere more so than in the case of a mission to the despised and the castaways! There is in Bombay any amount of scope for work in this field if only the workers could count upon aid from charitably disposed persons, to enable them to do it. Mr. Shinde's present work costs him about five hundred rupees every month. All this money has to be realised by donations and subscriptions. And, therefore, I appeal to my sisters, and through them to my brothers, to help this noble cause of the poor "untouchables," and thus help those who are working so selflessly as Mr. Shinde and his friends, to elevate the downmost stratum of Indian society.

By a friend of the depressed.

Our Puzzle Competition.

A Prize of Rs. 5 will be given for the correct answer to these two puzzles. Answers must be sent in before the 31st of October.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A vowel.
2. A serpent.
3. A flower.
4. A vegetable.
5. A consonant.

Centrals read downwards and across give the name of a flower.

RIDDLE-ME-REE.

My first is in pen, but not in ink;
My second's in everything, I think;
My third is in nothing, my fourth is in air,
My fifth is invisible, not everywhere;
My sixth and my seventh in this are set down,
My whole is the name of a Cumbrian town.

The Prize of Rs. 10 for the "Puzzle-Verses" Competition has been awarded to Miss Krishna Rao, Royapet, Madras.

Answer to Puzzle Verses Competition.

CORRECT SOLUTION.

To "SHIRLEY."

Farewell, my Lady of the Barge,
We met Two Years Ago,
And now I've lost The Daisy Chain,
I'm sailing Westward Ho!

Over the sea shines Barty's Star,
While with Our Mutual Friend
I read strange Tales of Mystery,
I wish they'd never end.

We pass near Kenilworth, and then,
With Rob Roy for our mate,
We travel all St. Martin's Eve
At most terrific rate.

Ten Thousand Leagues under the Sea,
We near Sylvester Sound.
Our craft is bound for Sicily,
At last it runs aground.

"Self-Help and Thrift are all we need!"
Exclaims The Antiquary;
"Quo Vadis?" questions Sara Crewe.
We answer, "On The Prairie."

The Pioneers are with us now,
And Sylvie and Bruno,
So through A Passage Perilous
We Heroes bravely go.

We meet with The Three Musketeers
And shoot at them with Carrots;
The noise when Henry Esmond fires
Is like the screech of parrots.

We run into The Next Door House,
The Bravest of the Brave!
And tumble Through the Looking Glass
The Silver Skull to save.

Our Deeds that Won the Empire vast
Would startle Lorna Doone;
Tales of a Traveller bold are they—
I'll tell them to you soon.

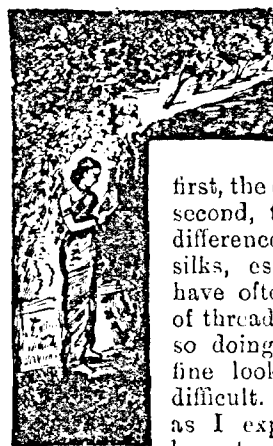
For shortly In the Golden Days,
With Only Toys to carry,
My Shirley, I'll come home to you,
At Old St. Paul's we'll marry.

An "Excellent cake" Puzzle.

Too many correct answers have been received to this puzzle, and, therefore, no prize can be awarded.

Our Needle-work Column

SHADING IN SILK.



WHETHER you shade in crewel or silk, the two main things to remember are exactly the same; first, the direction of the stitches; second, the outside edge. The difference is this: in shading in silks, especially filoselle, you have often to vary the number of threads which you use, as by so doing you obtain a smooth fine look, which is otherwise difficult. In crewel-work, such as I explained last time, you keep to one thread or strand of crewel the whole time. If you were embroidering a large curtain or quilt which needed some very bold work, you might use two, or even three, on the outside edge, and shade with one; but for an ordinary small piece of work one thread is quite enough. Then again, often very fine silk work is worked all in one thread, but for learning it is better practice to vary the number, besides taking far less time.



A spray of honeysuckle, such as I have given you to-day, is very interesting to work, and is so varied in colour you can be almost sure of getting shades to tone with any ground. The flower could shade from cream to quite a deep pink, or from pale yellow to a brick-red, and the leaves should be greyish-green. Begin with a leaf in the palest green. You will find that each thread of filoselle divides into twelve strands. Take four of these strands for the outside edge, and

begin at the extreme tip, working from the centre to the edge. Work one half of the leaf first, the stitches following each other, one long, one short, straight down the outer edge of the leaf, sloping towards the centre vein, and at the bottom curving a little to follow the shape of the leaf.

When this is done, take three strands of the second shade and work this colour into the preceding one, taking care to keep the stitches following in the same direction. If the leaf is not very broad, perhaps two shades will be quite sufficient, but in working a fairly broad leaf you will require at least three shades, otherwise the stitches will be too long and so spoil the shape of the leaf. The last stitches must just touch the vein. When one half of the leaf is finished, go back to the tip and work the other half in exactly the same way, though the colouring may be varied, so that there is just a faint line showing the vein. The vein is worked with three strands of the darkest shade in split-stitch. This is very simple. Bring the needle up and take a small stitch about this length — along the vein; then bring the needle up again at a distance of about half the length of the stitch, and split right into the back stitch. This stitch is always used in frame-work instead of stemstitch, which is used only in hand-work. Both make the best of outlines and are used for veins also.

Each petal of the flower must be worked separately, and the smaller petals should be kept darker than the fully opened ones. The small petal marked C is worked first in rather dark shades, the stitches following the direction indicated, and finishing at the point where the upper petal overlaps it. To begin with four strands of silk and decrease to three with the second shade will be quite enough for this particular petal, but in the larger ones, which are very fine at the base, you will have to decrease still further to two strands.

The petal overlapping C is the next one to attack, and the back part of it, marked A, must be worked first in a medium shade, the stitches ending sharp on the lower line, and following its curves. The front part of the petal B is worked shading from light to quite dark at the base, and the stamens are worked last in a split-stitch of yellow, with two strands only. Petal D is worked straight away from top to bottom; the two small petals are worked similar to C, and the remaining ones like A and B.

When all the petals are finished, the centre must be worked in green. Three strands will be enough to begin with, shading with two. As in the flower, the back part is worked first in darker shades, and the front part, E, afterwards, in a lighter green in satin-stitch. The stems are worked last of all in three strands with a split edge, as I explained last time.

A little practice will soon perfect you in knowing at once how many strands to use for the outside edge of a flower or leaf, and to how many to decrease. It depends, too, very much on the texture of your ground, as a linen or woollen material will bear coarser work than a silk or satin; but as I advise all beginners to work on linen, the shading here applies to that material.

A little practice will also work wonders in the art of colouring, as there is no need to keep always to one particular run, or set, of colours. A little brown in the stem or an odd shade worked in softly amongst the others will often break what would otherwise be a somewhat monotonous leaf or petal.

Our Cookery Column

CUCUMBER SALAD.



INGREDIENTS.—A cucumber, spring onions, cayenne salt, olive oil, vinegar. **Method.**—Cut up the cucumber in very thin slices, put it in a deep dish or salad bowl, add a few slices of spring onion, two spoonful of vinegar, a little oil, and just before serving sprinkle over it salt and cayenne pepper. Cost—about sixpence.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING.

Ingredients.—A quarter of a pound of grated chocolate, a quarter of a pound of butter, a quarter of a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of flour, a pint of milk, two eggs. **Method.**—Mix the chocolate, sugar, and flour together, melt the butter, and mix it in with the other ingredients, then add the boiling milk, and stir it very well; beat up the eggs and stir them lightly into the pudding. Butter a basin, put in the pudding, and steam it for one hour; turn out and serve with sweet melted butter sauce. Cost—about tenpence.

ITALIAN RICE.

Ingredients.—A quarter of a pound of rice, a tin of tomatoes, one ounce of butter, cheese, salt, pepper. **Method.**—Boil the rice in water until nearly cooked, pour off all the water, put in the tomatoes, butter, salt, and pepper, stew until the rice is quite tender; stir it well, and just before serving add grated cheese. Serve very hot. Cost—about sevenpence.

ROLY-POLY PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of mashed potatoes, weighed after they are cooked, half a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of butter, a pinch of salt, milk, black currant jam. **Method.**—Mix the mashed potatoes and flour together, rub in the butter, add the salt, and moisten with milk into a dough. Roll the paste out, spread the jam over it, roll it up, press the ends well together, tie in a floured cloth, and steam for an hour and a half. Turn out carefully, and serve with the sauce. **SWEET SAUCE.**—Beat two ounces of butter and two tablespoonfuls of sugar to a cream add one egg well beaten up, go on beating, pouring in by degrees a little boiling water till the sauce looks like cream. Cost—about fourpence.

FRIED BANANAS.

Ingredients.—Four or six bananas, butter, sugar. **Method.**—Peel and split the bananas in halves, fry them in a little boiling butter, turning them so that they may brown on both sides. Put them on a hot dish, strew sugar over them, and serve. Cost—about eightpence.

CHEESE SOUFFLE.

Ingredients.—One ounce of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, a pint of milk, salt, pepper, four ounces of cheese, three eggs. **Method.**—Melt the butter, mix in the flour, add the milk slowly, stirring it well all the time, then put in a little salt and pepper, and the grated cheese. Beat the yolks and whites of the eggs separately, add the yolks first, and lastly the whites. Put it into a flat buttered dish, bake it brown, serve quickly. Cost—about tenpence.

ARROWROOT PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Two tablespoonfuls of arrowroot, one and a half pint of milk, sugar flavouring, two eggs, sponge cake crumbs. **Method.**—Mix the arrowroot to a smooth paste with cold milk, then add the remainder of the milk boiling, and stir it over the fire until it is thick. Pour it into a pie dish, sweeten, and flavour it, and when it is cool, beat in the egg. Dust over the top with sponge cake crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. Cost—about ninepence.

CREME DE CHAMOUNI.

Ingredients.—One ounce of gelatine, one pint and a quarter of milk, one wineglassful of raisin wine, two lemons, caster sugar. **Method.**—Soak the gelatine in half a pint of cold milk all night. The next day pour into it the wine, sugar to taste, the juice of the lemons, and the remainder of the milk. Boil it for ten minutes, strain, and pour into a wetted mould for the following day. Cost—about tenpence.

Correspondence

I.

To the Editor of the Indian Ladies' Magazine.

MADAM,



I HAVE read with great interest the article by an Indian lady in your May number on "Unrest in India, the social aspect." May I, as an English lady, spending most of her life in India, and having the well-being of mixed social intercourse at heart, write you a few words.

The first step towards getting rid of difficulties or misunderstandings on any subject is to clearly set them forth—so here is one, viz., the difference between English and Indian etiquette. When an English lady at home is shown her friend's little child, a bonny merry little creature, she naturally exclaims, "Oh, what a fine little boy, what a beautiful little girl, how handsome, how pretty or something of the kind"—expressions which cause a glow of pride and happiness to well up in the heart of mother or nurse. Now it is a shock to one lately arrived in India, when she makes most kindly meant remarks of this sort, to be told that it is most unlucky to say such things and that she must on no account do so. I have heard English ladies, when they have been invited to a united social gathering, say, "Oh, I don't know how to speak to Indian ladies, I am so afraid of giving offence." Perhaps it would be useful and helpful if you could, in your paper, give us a few hints on Indian etiquette in general.

Then another thing—it has happened to me once or twice that the wife of an Indian official has called with the express purpose of begging me to use my influence with my husband on her husband's behalf for some special appointment. It surely is easy to understand (and this would apply of course equally to the difficulties of Indian ladies whose husbands hold high appointments) that when friendship between ladies can be abused in this way it is not likely to progress far. Then again in dealing with Goshia ladies we find many practical difficulties in the way of receiving them at our own houses. Our bungalows are so open and exposed to the view

of passers by; to shut them up and try to keep the life in one by the aid of punkas means that coolies or peons are probably in a position to pry on one's visitors; to dismiss all one's men-servants for the time being, would necessitate hiring unknown females in their place to pull punkas, bring refreshments, call the carriages, etc.

"Where there is a will there is a way," and doubtless with the increasing desire among the ladies of both nationalities, for the enjoyment of each others' society, all difficulties and hindrances will gradually melt away.

This is the sincere wish and confident hope of

Yours faithfully,

'HOPEFUL.'

II.

To the Editor of the Indian Ladies' Magazine, Madras.

MADAM,

It was with great surprise that I read your intimation in a recent number of your excellent Magazine that it would be soon discontinued for want of support, though it had been for several years most liberally patronized both by Europeans and Indians. It could not be that the periodical has lost its original character of literary beauty or its power to interest by its varied information regarding the doings of the gentler sex. If sometimes the numbers were not of special interest, they were never dull, and the number for July was worth its weight in gold, and can stand well in comparison with any European venture of its kind. It is the only Magazine in India in which Indian ladies of all races and sections write, and what a wealth of intellectual transcendence is set before us by these fair writers! Who could have believed before your Magazine was started that there were so many cultured ladies in our country? If the British Government had done nothing but produced this race of writers, it would have been worth having it in this country; and this condition of things has been achieved not simply by the great intellectual movement that was set agoing in 1858—the establishment of the Universities—but, also, by the personal influence of the cultured English ladies that are quietly and unostentatiously doing their part in the civilization of this country. The life of the English lady generally is an education and inspiration, and although the good gentlewoman may not deliver a speech at a public meeting, or write a flashing article in an English periodical, or parade herself before the gaze of wider

multitudes in search of that commodity which the vulgar call popularity, with the dogs of selfish ambition dogging her heels, with tiny bells tinkling round their throats, still she is a power and a benediction, enlightening and elevating those she comes into personal contact with. How foolish we Indians are that we cannot discern what contributes to our welfare, but vilify that which is working out our social and political salvation! Could Mr. Tilak and his party be really in earnest in desiring the exodus of the English from our country? What Government would they substitute for the British Raj? They forget that all the life and vigour and energy experienced by us—intellectual, moral and political—come from the vitality of the English who reside in our country and if they should retire from our country, we would again become the selfish animals that we were before we felt the freshening influence of their civilization. One of your lady contributors has written a political article in this number—"A Right Relation between the British and the Indian people," and I trust her plea for right relations between the two races would prove useful.

Indeed, if it is necessary to demonstrate the blessedness of the British Raj, we have simply to look to the pictures which you give in your last number in connection with the 'Widows' Home in Poona. The group on page 9 is a sad picture. Most of the women in it are young girls—pretty, intelligent, and good, who can adorn many a home by their presence; but they are doomed to perpetual widowhood; and it does not require any psychological skill to determine the mental condition of these unfortunate creatures. It is distinctly depicted in their faces. Just see the difference between the looks of those girls who have a mark on their foreheads, and of those who have not got it. Those without the mark, some of whom are quite children, are looking absolutely sad and desolate; and such ~~so~~, so conspicuously manifest, is enough to excite the compassion of even a brute. But for ages our people did not notice the sadness and desolation, and lived and died in comfort and happiness; and even now, in spite of the great strides education has made in our country neither the political extremists nor the moderates will work energetically for the emancipation of the child-widow from the despotism of a barbarous custom of hoary antiquity.

Well, I have digressed far; but allow me to express the hope, in conclusion, that you may be helped by your Indian subscribers, among whom are not a few that are wealthy, to continue the good work which you have so long carried on.

AN INDIAN.

What has been done for and by Indian Ladies.

A WIDOW MARRIAGE AT JHANSI.

On the 5th inst., the marriage of Shrimati Pyarideve, widow, caste Chuttrya of Khimlasi Dist. Saugor, with Lala Bholaram Ahlowalya, Shopkeeper, of Khanpur Dist., Hoshiarpur, was performed according to Vedic rites under the auspices of the Widow Matrimonial Association, Jhansi. The Samskar was conducted by Pundit Ralaram Updeshak, Lahore, and Pundit Ramkishan Shurma, Jhansi. About 400 men and women witnessed the ceremony: Lectures on the pitiable state of Hindu widows were delivered by the Secretary of the Society, Mr. Nanack Chund Khunnah and Pundit Ralaram Updeshak which had good effect on the audience.

A REMARKABLE WOMAN'S CONGRESS AT ROME.

Rome was lately the scene of a remarkable Congress held by ladies and conducted by lady delegates assembled from several parts of Europe. The subjects discussed in the Congress have not as yet been known; however, some facts can be gathered from the *Gazetta di Venezia*. It appears that the Congress was attended by 417 ladies, of whom 146 took part in the discussion. The only member who kept silent was the delegate from the Institute of Lombardy for the deaf and dumb. Of the 417 delegates, 26 were married, 28 were widows, 302 were unmarried, and 91 were "otherwise." Two were under 20 years of age, 378 were over fifty, and the remainder were of uncertain age. During the sitting of the Congress 3,112 telegrams containing 240,000 words were despatched by the delegates, who also posted 140,000 picture postcards.

FEMALE EDUCATION IN U. P.

The result of the last Allahabad University Examination which was held in April shows that 25 ladies who came out successful, 12 were Europeans, 11 Indian Christians and 2 Hindus. Of the 12 European ladies, one passed in the M. A., 8 in the Intermediate, and 3 in the Matriculation Examinations. Of the 11 Indian Christian ladies, 3 passed in the Intermediate, and 8 in the Matriculation Examinations. Of the only two successful Hindu ladies, one passed in the B. A. and one in the Matriculation Examination. The above figures speak for themselves.

ENCOURAGEMENT OF FEMALE EDUCATION.

PROPOSALS FOR THE U. P.

The subject of female education and the means whereby it may be more widely extended in this province has been engaging the earnest attention of the Local Government for some time. By G. O. No. 826, dated the 16th December 1904, a Committee of Indian gentlemen was appointed to advise the Government as to what methods of advancing female education were practicable under existing conditions. The report of the Committee was received in May 1905, and except on two important points their recommendations were unanimous. With the object of securing consideration for all possible points of view before working out a definite programme, the report was published in the Government Gazette and suggestions on it invited before passing orders.

2. Though at the time the Government could not, for want of funds, give effect to the recommendations of the committee in their entirety, action on the following point was undertaken by the Government during the year 1906-7:—

(a) The appointment of Inspectress in the Indian Educational Service on a salary of Rs. 400—20—500 to act as Chief Inspectress in organizing and controlling the work of female education;

(b) The enlargement of the class room accommodation at the Normal School, Lucknow, so as to take day scholars in addition to boarders;

(c) The encouragement of the attendance of girls in boys' schools by means of a system of capitation grants.

The office of Chief Inspectress was on its creation filled by Miss E. M. West, a lady of great capacity and enthusiasm, who to the great loss of the cause of female education succumbed to an attack of cholera when she had only been about six months in service. Another lady has lately been engaged in teaching in her place by the Secretary of State and will arrive early in October to take up the appointment.

3. Competition for the production of text-books for girls' schools, along the lines suggested by a committee of ladies engaged in teaching, has been invited, and the readers sent in will shortly be examined by a special sub-committee of Indian members of the Text-book committee. A scale of rewards proposed by the Director will be given upon the sub-committee's recommendations to competitors whose work is adjudged to show special merit.

The curriculum for girls' schools has been twice revised lately, first in accordance with recommendations made by the committee of ladies referred to above and secondly by the late Miss West.

4. The above measures are all that were found possible in previous years with the funds at the disposal of the Local Government, but the Lieutenant-Governor being of opinion that the time had arrived for making a fresh effort to expand female education, the Director was asked to consider what advance could be taken immediately to give further effect to the recommendations of the Committee on Female Education that met in 1905, and to carry out suggestions that have since been made by various authorities. The Director's proposals have been received by the Government and on a consideration of them the Lieutenant-Governor has decided to take the following action:—

I.—Training of female teachers.

(a) A recurring grant of Rs. 5,000 per annum will be paid to the Crosthwaite Girls' School, Allahabad, to enable it to open a training class for teachers of good social status and to introduce English into the school curriculum.

(b) The staff of the Normal School, Lucknow, will be revised so as to enable the staff to undertake the work of teaching and training secondary teachers more successfully.

(c) Grants-in-aid will be given to girls' schools under private management for the maintenance of training classes for teachers wherever suitable arrangements can be made for both instruction and training.

(d) Wherever and whenever possible training classes for primary school teachers will be attached to Government model schools in the same way as such classes are attached to middle vernacular schools for boys. The Normal School at Lucknow will then be reserved for the training of secondary teachers and instructresses of training classes. Preference in admission to the training classes will ordinarily be given to young widows. Pupil teachers will be paid stipends of Rs. 6 a month, and allowances of Rs. 4 per mensem will be given to the guardians of pupil teachers when they have to migrate from their homes to attend the training class. If there is any demand for hostel accommodation endeavours will be made so far as funds allow to provide it.

(e) A scheme has already been devised for encouraging school masters to teach their wives and female relations with a view to their engaging in teaching, and the terms under which assistance will be given have been notified in part IV of the *United Provinces Government Gazette* for the 25th April 1908. Shortly the

proposal is to give scholarships of Rs. 3 and Rs. 4 per mensem tenable for two years to women who have passed an examination, equivalent to the lower primary examination, to encourage them to read for the upper primary and vernacular final examinations respectively: to offer a prize of Rs. 50 for passing the vernacular upper primary examination, of Rs. 100 for passing the vernacular final examination, of Rs. 150 for passing by the standard of the high school scholarship examination, and of Rs. 250 for passing the matriculation or the school-leaving certificate examination.

II.—Increasing the number and improving the staff of girls' schools.

(f) The number of Government girls' model schools will, it is proposed, be gradually increased till there is at least one at the headquarters of each district, and in large towns, if there is a demand, separate schools for Hindus and Mahomedans. At present no extensive building programme will be undertaken. New schools will be started in hired buildings in suitable localities, and the construction of buildings will be deferred till the success of the schools is assured.

(g) The staff of existing model schools will be strengthened, female servants everywhere entertained, and the supply of means of conveyance to and from school increased where it is found to be insufficient.

(h) The question of making the posts of female teachers drawing Rs. 15 and upward pensionable, and the establishment of a provident fund for the remainder will be considered.

III.—Provision of competent teachers till fully trained ones are available.

(i) In view of the importance of increasing the supply of teachers immediately until certificated teachers are forthcoming, uncertificated teachers will be employed if reported to be fit to undertake the work of instructing primary school teachers to some good purpose. Rupees 30 a month and upwards will be offered to qualified instructresses.

(j) The re-employment of superannuated male teachers will be permitted in Government and board schools whenever competent women teachers are not forthcoming.

IV.—Schools for better classes.

(k) It is considered that for the present, at any rate, it will be better to rely largely upon private effort for the supply of girls' schools for the better classes, and especially these in which English is taught. But private effort will be liberally assisted from provincial revenues with both building and maintenance grants, though

the aid will not ordinarily exceed half the total expenditure.

V.—Visiting Governesses.

(l) The system of "visiting governesses" has so far not made much headway, owing perhaps to the difficulty of securing the right kind of women for the work; but the Lieutenant-Governor is very desirous of aiding this form of instruction, and any well-considered proposal for the employment of visiting governesses in well-to-do families will be favourably entertained.

VI.—Measures for stimulating attendance, study, etc.

(m) Provision on a liberal scale will be made for the grant of scholarships to girls reading in Government model girls' schools, who, in the opinion of the headmistress and inspectress show special merit. At least one scholarship will be made available for award in each section of the school, and ordinarily one for every ten girls in average attendance. In the middle standard the scholarships will be of value of Rs. 4, in the upper primary of Rs. 3, and in the lower primary of Rs. 2. Government scholarships are already awarded on the results of the girls' Anglo-Vernacular middle examination, and girls are allowed to compete with boys for scholarships at the high school scholarship examination, but it is hoped that local committees and the managers of aided English schools will endeavour to raise funds by private subscription for the award of local scholarships as well to girls in all the different standards of instruction.

(n) Prizes of books, pictures, etc., will be liberally awarded, and there will be a special budget provision for the purpose in every Government model school. These prizes will take the form not only of school books to encourage the scholars to read up to higher standards, but of picture and story books for home reading. Prize day will be made a regular institution in every girls' school, and inspectresses will be directed to interest themselves in popularising these important functions. It is suggested that private persons interested in female education can give much useful help to the cause by placing prizes, or the means of obtaining them, at the disposal of school authorities.

VII.—Inspecting agencies.

(o) A scheme for increasing the number of inspectresses, improving their pay, and strengthening their office establishment at an additional cost of Rs. 18,935 per annum has already been approved by the Government. It is intended ultimately to have one inspectress for each educational division. The strengthening and improve-

ment of the staff is recognised as one of the first necessities, for the part of which inspectresses will have to play in the development of female education is a very important one, and Government must rely largely upon their zeal and capacity for the promotion of all forms of female education.

(p) In localities in which the number of girls' schools is at all numerous, municipal and district boards will be advised to appoint local inspectresses of a lower grade to inspect schools, find out where new ones are needed, and encourage the employment of visiting governesses.

It is proposed, continues the resolution, to spend upon the above proposal, if the public demand for assistance does not fall short of expectation, slightly over a lakh of rupees during the present year. What sums will be needed in succeeding years on these and other objects will depend upon the response which is made by the public to the efforts of Government to promote female education. It remains for the people to come forward and take advantage of its help and of the opportunities afforded for educating their girls. Without a genuine popular response the efforts of Government cannot be of much avail.

LOCAL COMMITTEES OF ADVICE.

One way in particular in which influential Indian gentlemen can show their interest in female education and can assist Government is by coming forward to serve on local committees for the promotion of female education. The proposal for the formation of these committees was, in the Lieutenant-Governor's opinion, one of the most important recommendations of the Committee on Female Education, and he regrets that it has hitherto apparently been lost sight of. He believes that the co-operation of such committees with the officers of Government in the organisation locally of facilities for female education would be most valuable, and that their association in the management of girls' schools would be of the greatest advantage. He has accordingly decided to take steps for the constitution, without delay, of local committees in every district. The committee's function should, he thinks, be to advise upon the following matters:—

(1) The selection of places in which to open schools; (2) classes or castes to which admission in any particular school should be restricted; (3) religious instruction; (4) the preparation of plans for school buildings, hostels, and teachers' quarters; (5) arrangements for conveyance of scholars; (6) the internal management of hostels; (7) the appointment of teachers and servants; (8) the employment of visiting governesses; (9) the

means of obtaining suitable recruits for training as teachers and as local inspectresses; (10) the ways in which generally female education can be popularised in the locality. (11) The award of stipends and scholarships in girls' schools and the collection by private subscription of funds for such purposes; (12) any other matter upon which they desire to give advice.

As to the constitution of the committees, district boards and municipal boards will be asked each to nominate one Mohomedan and one Hindu gentleman. As suggested by the committee of 1905, the headmaster of the district high school and the deputy inspector of schools will be *ex-officio* members. The Chairman of the district board will be the president of the committee and will nominate two members to serve upon it; of the two one might, at his discretion, be a Christian, if the Christian community are numerous and influential in the locality. In making nominations it is advisable, that the Chairman should give effect, as far as possible, to the principle that the classes should be represented on the committee. The service of non-official members will be for two years, and they will be eligible for re-election.

The committee will choose its own secretary, and it will be required to meet at least once a quarter. Its proceedings will be regularly recorded and kept and copies will be sent to the divisional inspectress for information. Though in present circumstances the general inclusion of ladies in the committees is probably impracticable, His Honour thinks that, whenever and wherever possible, one or two should be invited to serve on them. But, apart from the question of the constitution of local committees, if Indian ladies can be induced to visit schools, and offer advice upon the arrangements made in them for the comfort of the scholars, it will go far to securing popular confidence in the management of them; any interest they may display will be cordially welcomed. With the initiative and active co-operation of the local committees it might be possible to organise committees of Indian ladies, among whom the work of visiting girls' schools in a particular town or neighbourhood could be divided. In many places, too, it would probably be possible to secure the co-operation of European lady residents.

News and Notes.

Sarah Bernhardt says: "No woman who has a true perception of art in dress should be the slave of any dressmaker or of any fashion. She should exert her individuality, and adopt the style or color that harmonizes with her figure and her personality."

Queen Alexandra the other day visited Martha Massey, a young servant girl, in St. Luke's Hospital, London. The girl had written to her that she was dying of consumption, and that she would like to see the queen before she went abroad. Alexandra was touched by the letter, and not only went to see her, but carried her an armful of rare flowers and fruits.

Mrs. Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland gave a reception to the press women attending the Biennial, and to the New England Women's Press Association, on June 21, in her beautiful home at 302, Beacon St. This historic house was given by Edwin Booth to his daughter Edwina. Later it was occupied for some years by William D. Howells, who wrote several of his novels there.

Mrs. Scott Durand, a prominent Chicago society woman, has been chosen commissioner to secure pure-milk legislation. Mrs. Durand was selected by Dean Russell, of the University of Wisconsin, because of her superior standing among the 600 students who attended the mid-winter agricultural course at the university. One of Mrs. Durand's achievements is the demonstration that sanitary milk can be profitably delivered to consumers in sealed jugs.

Miss Estelle Reel, Superintendent of Indian Instruction, will have charge of the Indian exhibit at the National Educational Association Convention to be held the last of June in Cleveland, O. She believes that the graduates of the Indian School at Carlisle, Hampton and Mount Pleasant are capable of making practical use of their knowledge, and says that the girls take naturally to sewing and cooking. Many of the girl graduates are now engaged in domestic service.

Miss Jean Gordon was given a rousing endorsement at the meeting called by the Era Club of New Orleans to consider the pending bills for the protection of working women and children, and the effort to oust Miss Gordon as factory inspector. The attendance overflowed the hall of the Progressive Union. There were speeches by Mayor Behrman, Rev. Dr. Beverley Warner, Miss Jean Gordon, Miss Eleanor McMain of Kingsley House, Mrs. Grace D. Chamberlain and Mrs. Collins, a working woman, and a poem, "The Little Citizen," by Miss Helen Pitkin. Mayor Behrman said the trouble with Miss Gordon as factory inspector was that she had inspected too well. Mrs. Grace D. Chamberlain, who presided, said that from what she had seen of late, she felt convinced that the women and children would never get full justice in the law until the women of the

State were enfranchised. Up in Baton Rouge, where they were making laws for the men, and women of the whole State, all interests were represented. The liquor interests and the race track interests were represented by large delegations. Even the birds of the air and the fishes in the water had their friends there who had votes behind them, but the women and children of the State had no one there to plead their cause with the lawmakers but a few members of the Era Club. How different it would be if the women had the votes behind them! Instead of pleading they could demand, and enforce that demand by the votes of 100,000 intelligent women. Telegrams and letters of sympathy were read from women's organizations and labor unions in different parts of the State. A series of resolutions were passed, calling for efficient legal protection for working women and children, and the retention of Miss Gordon as factory inspector.

RACE WITH A TRAIN.

Women will do strange things at times. One of the most exciting races ever witnessed between a motor-car and a train occurred on Long Island, when Miss Marjorie Bourne, daughter of Commodore Frederick G. Bourne, a well-known millionaire, risked the life of herself and her chauffeur and hundreds of railway passengers in a frantic spectacular attempt to race past the celebrated "cannon ball" express.

The train was travelling at fifty-six miles an hour, when the passengers, crowding at the windows, became aware of the figure of a young girl standing in a motor-car urging the chauffeur to drive faster. Every moment the speed of the train increased, but despite the utmost efforts of the engine-driver the car steadily forged ahead, until, at the end of four miles of straight road, it was level with the engine.

Then, amid the frantic cheers of the passengers, the young lady's motor-car spurted ahead, and with reckless disregard for safety, shot across the railway crossing a hair's breadth in front of the train as it thundered by. Eye-witnesses held their breath. They affirm that a delay of half a second would have brought destruction on both car and train. Owing to a wide bend in the road Miss Bourne lost the course for the next mile. But her car shot across a second crossing scarcely a foot behind the rear carriage. Finally the train drew up at the station the winner by half a length.

For the first time in the history of Russia, a woman is to hold the position of university professor. The woman is Dr. Dontchakova, and she successfully defended a thesis before being admitted to the faculty of the University of

Moscow. She is a graduate of Zurich, and is said to be an expert in pathology. Her opening lecture is awaited with much interest, and the students are prepared to greet her with an ovation that will assure her at once of the warm feeling with which she is received by the student body as an instructor. The appointment of a woman professor is the more singular inasmuch as the Moscow University does not admit women as students.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hayward of Salt Lake City has been elected a regular delegate to the National Democratic Convention in Denver. She is a woman highly respected, and the mother of nine children.

Mrs. Lucretia L. Blankenburg, president of the Pennsylvania W. S. A., was selected by the General Federation of Women's Clubs as the fittest person among its 800,000 members to serve as auditor. It is noteworthy also that the two leading candidates for the presidency, and the retiring president, are all of them believers in equal rights for women.

Mrs. Marion Craig Wentworth read from Miss Elizabeth Robins's drama, "Votes for Women" to a large audience of club women who were in Boston to attend the Biennial. The women who gathered in Jacob Sleeper Hall on that occasion represented many different States, and will carry a knowledge of Mrs. Wentworth's exquisite artistic reading all over the country, opening the way for her to spread the gospel of equal rights in many other places. The Brookline and Boston Equal Suffrage Associations united in giving the entertainment. A large quantity of suffrage literature, contributed by the National and the Massachusetts W. S. A., was distributed.

Mrs. Margaret Drier Robins at the Women's Trade Union League meeting in Boston the other day, told a story of a case that had come under her own observation, showing why trade unionists dislike to have one worker, by dint of superior strength or speed, do a great deal more than the others, at piece work—a dislike that to outsiders seems wholly irrational. An unusually strong girl from the country came to Chicago, and got work in a factory employing 300 girls. They made skirts at 35 cents a skirt. The country girl had more endurance and power of concentration than the others—partly because she had lived at home till she was 18, while most of them had had to go to work at 13 or 14—and when some of her fellow-workers invited her to join a union, she scouted the idea. She said she wanted to earn all she could, and if she could accomplish more than the rest, of course she should do

it. She made so many skirts that she earned \$14 per week. The others warned her that she would be taken as the "pace-maker," i.e., as setting a pace to which all the rest must try to come up; but she did not believe them. Soon the employer began to look upon the other girls as too slow, and to try to speed them up by cutting down the rate of wages. The pay for making a skirt was reduced from 35 cents to 30, then to 25, 20 and finally 15. To make even a bare living at the new rates, the other girls had to toil harder than ever before. The country girl found that the harder she herself worked, the less one was able to earn, because the price per skirt kept going down and down. She tried to keep up her earnings by redoubling her efforts, at the same time scrimping her food; and the consequence was that she snapped like a branch. She is now in an insane asylum, and the taxpayers of Illinois will have to support her for the rest of her life. After her health had failed, but not her mind, she came to Mrs. Robins, heart-broken, and said, "Life has been made harder for all those 300 girls because of me; and I did not know—I did not know!" This cutting down of the rate of wages for piece-work almost always follows when one worker does a great deal more than the rest: hence the others naturally disapprove of it.

Lady Henry Somerset calls attention to the fact that 2,584 different petitions for woman suffrage have been sent to Parliament.

Mrs. Ruth Bryan Leavitt, the daughter of William Jennings Bryan, was chosen as delegate at large to the Colorado State Democratic Convention, which met at Glenwood Springs on June 15. Mrs. Leavitt headed the delegation from Denver County.

Professor Emily Greene Balch has been appointed by Gov. Guild of Massachusetts as a member of the State Industrial Commission. Miss Balch is professor of Economics at Wellesley College, and president of the Women's Trade Union League of Massachusetts.

Jane Addams headed the delegation of Women who spoke before the Committee on Resolutions of the National Republican Convention at Chicago this week, in support of the memorial addressed to the convention by the National American Woman Suffrage Association, asking for a woman suffrage plank in the platform. Other members were Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin, Mrs. Harriot Stanton Blatch, Miss Harriet Grim and Mrs. Gertrude I. Blackwelder.

Mrs. Olive Tilford Dargan, the gifted young Southern poet and dramatist, who is to read an

"Ode to Woman" at the biennial of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, will be the guest of the editors of the Woman's Journal during her stay in Boston. Mrs. Dargan is a small and gentle woman, with the typical soft southern voice, and an unusually modest and winning personality. She is also a warm believer in woman suffrage, and has been following the progress or the movement in England with the keenest interest.

Mrs. John D. Rockefeller presented each member of the graduating class at Vassar with a copy of the Life of Alice Freeman Palmer, by Prof. George Herbert Palmer. The book contains Mrs. Palmer's argument in behalf of woman suffrage, which was first published in a tract by the College Equal Suffrage League of Massachusetts. Yet we have not seen that President Taylor has accused Mrs. Rockefeller of "rudeness" for placing woman suffrage doctrine in the hands of his students. Of course, she did not give the girls the book because of the woman suffrage material in it, but because of its general merit and value. This beautiful biography is already in its fourth edition.

Any one obtaining two new subscribers to the Woman's Journal can secure it as a premium.

Mrs. Lucy A. Clark of Brigham City, Utah, is the only woman delegate in the National Republican Convention. She was first elected as an alternate, but one of the delegates was not able to go to Chicago, and the Utah delegation chose her to fill his place. She now wears the gold badge of a regular delegate. Mrs. Clark is the daughter of one of the pioneer settlers. She was born in Farmington, Utah, in 1850. While still a young woman, she began to take part in public affairs: For a long time she has been active in politics and, she was at one time vice-president of the State Equal Suffrage Association. She ran for the State Senate in 1896, but was beaten by a Democratic landslide. Mrs. Clark says Roosevelt is her first choice for the next president, Taft her second. She believes in equal suffrage, and says it works well. She is the mother of eleven children, and brought the photographs of eight of them to the convention. Being asked her profession (she is now a gray-haired woman), she answered, "I have been a mother."

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgments for August, 1908.

	RS.	A.		RS.	A.
1. Miss Archibald, Chicacole ...	...	4 0	34. Miss G. Gnanamony, Nandyal ...	...	4 0
2. Dr. Y. G. Apte, Gwalior ...	...	4 0	35. Miss Gibb, Poona ...	...	4 0
3. Miss Askwith, Palamcottah ...	...	4 0	36. Lady Harnam Singh, Jullundur ...	...	4 0
4. Rev. Arumanayagam, Cuddalore ...	...	4 0	37. Head Mistress, B. G. M. Girls' High School, Calicut ...	...	4 0
5. Mrs. Ibrahim Ahmadi, Bombay ...	...	4 0	38. Isaac John, Esq., Madras ...	...	4 0
6. B. S. Achuta Rao, Esq., Bangalore ...	...	4 0	39. K. Krishnaswami Iyer, Esq., Sathur ...	...	4 0
7. Mrs. Anantam, Bezwada ...	...	4 0	40. K. Krishnan, Esq., Ootacamund ...	...	4 0
8. Rev. A. Brockbank, Bangalore ...	...	4 0	41. T. C. Kalyani Amma, Ernakulam ...	...	4 0
9. K. N. Bhide, Esq., Parner ...	...	9 0	42. C. Krishnaswamy Naidu, Esq., Royapet ...	...	4 0
10. T. A. Balm, Esq., Nagpur ...	...	4 0	43. Mrs. Kolandaivelu, Nellore ...	...	4 0
11. V. Rhima Bai, Guntur ...	...	4 0	44. Dr. Krishnabai Kelarkar, Kolhapur ...	...	4 0
12. Mrs. A. R. Banerji, Kumbakonam ...	...	4 0	45. The Minor Zemindar of Kasunkoti ...	...	4 0
13. Mrs. C. Bayliss, Kampte ...	...	4 0	46. K. Lakshmi Kutti Ammal, Tinpoontura ...	...	4 0
14. P. R. Chidambaram Iyer, Esq., Palghat ...	...	4 0	47. Mrs. Matham, Mavalikara ...	...	4 0
15. Miss L. P. Chatterton, Palghat ...	...	4 0	48. H. H. The Maharani of Mowbharjee, Darjeeling ...	...	4 0
16. Mrs. Chitti Babu, Madras ...	...	4 0	49. The Manager, Panchal Pandita, Jullundur ...	...	4 0
17. Miss Cotelingam, Bellary ...	...	4 0	50. G. D. Manikam, Esq., Palghat ...	...	2 0
18. O. H. Candy, Esq., Amraoti ...	...	4 0	51. Messrs. Mackmillan & Co., Bombay ...	...	4 0
19. Mrs. A. D. Chengappa, Coorg ...	...	4 0	52. K. Mathanan, Esq., Bangalore ...	...	4 0
20. Miss Crowell, Allahabad ...	...	4 0	53. K. R. Mudgarkar, Esq., Bangalore ...	...	4 0
21. Miss Carr, England ...	...	4 8	54. Miss Mayhew, Madras ...	...	4 0
22. Rev. J. Craig, America ...	...	4 8	55. Mrs. Nundy, Lahore ...	...	4 0
23. T. Desikachari, Esq., Trichinopoly ...	...	4 0	56. M. A. Narniengar, Esq., Bangalore ...	...	4 0
24. Miss L. Desai, Bombay ...	...	4 0	57. S. Narayanaswami, Esq., Pennykulain ...	...	2 0
25. Delshid Begum Nawab Nurga, Bombay ...	...	4 0	58. N. S. Ramaswami, Esq., Coimbatore ...	...	2 0
26. Mrs. K. Shankarprasad Desai, Bhavnagar ...	...	4 0	59. T. Subramania Iyer, Esq., Salem ...	...	4 0
27. Miss Fowler, Rajputana ...	...	4 0	60. G. G. Somayajulu, Esq., Aska ...	...	4 0
28. V. Gopaliah, Esq., Ongole ...	...	4 0	61. P. L. Venkataswara Rao, Esq., Palghat ...	...	4 0
29. Mrs. George, Thukacherry ...	...	4 0	62. V. V. Varadacharya, Esq., Poona ...	...	4 0
30. Mrs. Gnanaprakasam, Masulipatam ...	...	4 0	63. T. R. Ramunni, Esq., Palghat ...	...	2 0
31. Miss Gorindarsulu, Bellary ...	...	4 0	64. Miss West, America ...	...	4 8
32. Nawab Ghulam Ahmed, Coromandel ...	...	4 0			
33. Mr. Ghatak, Esq., Calcutta ...	...	4 0			



THE LATE MRS. BUTCHI BABU NAIDU
(See Editorial Note.)



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. VIII

OCTOBER, 1908

N. 4

GIRLHOOD.

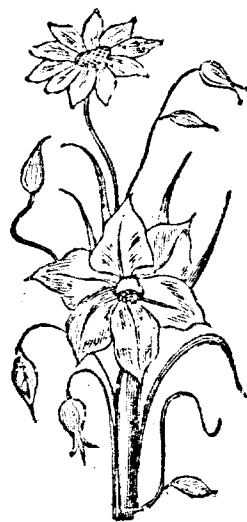
You find this world a pleasant place
Whose skies are never grey,
Where Fortune wears a smiling face,
And kinder grows each day.
But do not let your gracious Youth
Be marred by self's alloy,
And take as just your right, in truth,
The pleasures you enjoy.

There are girl-faces thin and pale,
That care and suffering spoil,
To whom life seems a weary tale
Of never-ending toil:
Perhaps the very hands that wrought
Your gay and brave attire
Through tedious hours of work have bought
Their scanty food and fire!

God sets your feet 'mid pleasant things,
In pathways fair and wide,
Yet every joy some duty brings
You may not put aside:
Then seek those other lives to lift
That now are bare and cold,
And let your Master find His Gift
Increased a hundredfold!

Social Psychology.

V.



IN our last paper we spoke of the influence of great men on thought and society. To-day we will consider some of the groups into which society forms itself. This tendency to form into groups is a sign of humanity, of growth and of civilization. In very early days men did not form into groups of more than four or five individuals, living more like gorillas, without any power of organisation or co-operation. Large groups were formed, firstly for the sake of

defence, and secondly for the sake of sociability. As man develops, these groups resemble more and more an organic growth, in that they are more and more differentiated in character, while their component parts are ever nearer and nearer together.

In the olden days a man's mode of life was not highly differentiated. In times of war, he left his work and followed his chief to the field of battle, returning again to his work when it was over. Training in any especial direction was unknown. Again, in the lowest form of life the jelly fish who lives by the simple method of digesting with his inside and defending himself with his outside, in case of wrong food having been taken in, merely turns himself inside out, gets rid of the food and begins again. So simple is his structure. Looked at from a larger point of view, we may say that social grouping has been caused by the necessary interaction between sentiment and function. Feeling is mainly the result, not the cause, of action. It is Aristotle points this out, when he tells us that in order to be brave, we must do courageous things; to be affectionate, we must act thus to be charitable, we must really expend, etc. It is not enough to entertain ideas; they must take visible form ere they bear fruit. In early days the result of action was to engender feeling, to form character, and this led to the division of man into special departments of life.

The fundamental group is the family. In past times this group was much larger and more vaguely derived than it is now. In early Roman society, it included a number of adopted

children; also all who were born under the paternal roof, and the slaves, all the members living in abject submission to the head of the family.

We see how our present form has followed the laws of organic growth, for it has become more and more unified, shrinking in numbers and welding its component parts together. Although the Japanese are said to possess very strong family affection, we notice in their present arrangement some resemblance to the old Roman scheme. They have many adopted children. Indeed many of the emperors have been adopted sons, which somewhat weakens their boast of an unbroken succession since about 1200 B.C. Another primitive trait is the enlarging of the family to include the mother's relations, which the daughters cling to far more closely than to their own brothers and father.

As an example of future development, we can point to the modern American family, where the relations between parents and children is that of chummeys and comradeship; where no natural obedience is expected, and persuasion is used instead of force. In the social group formed by the churches, we see the tendency to decentralise. The church is becoming more elastic, less rigid. The absolute power of the Pope is now questioned.

All groups are in process of change. In societies, clubs and trades unions we see a growing tendency to amalgamate—to form, each its own little body, distinct from other bodies.

Political groups have a conspicuous position in society: they are, however, dangerous because of the spirit that animates them, for at any moment they may dissolve in confusion.

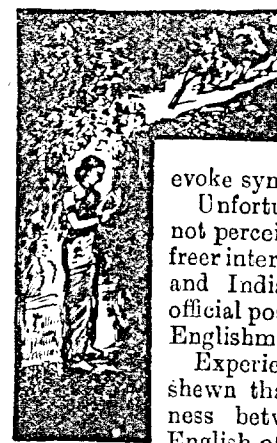
The less staple and organic a group is, the more liable it is to disruption. The least organised form is the mob, which is merely a loose, untidy aggregate of badly disciplined half-known ideas. A public meeting is a step higher in tone. It may be called a "slightly organised mob." It generally has one idea towards which it tries to focus general attention. The committee meeting is rather more organised yet. They usually have a clever man, a programme and an agenda which the members are at any rate supposed to have read. Later on, we propose to enter into more details about these groups.

Then there is the kind of group, represented by a number of passengers in a boat, but they are not a social group, such as we have been talking about. True, they are all moved by the same impulse, namely, to go on this particular journey, but yet they have no common unifying spirit. Only some incident such as a common danger, or the sudden death, or accident of one of them can awaken this spirit. If need

for instant action arise, they will be animated by a common spirit and will have become a social group. It may be worth while to try and define here what we mean by a nation. As the family is the smallest, so the nation is the largest group. The individuals that compose it are all bound together by some common spirit, which is difficult to define. It is not government; the Irish and the English, the Norwegians and Swedes disprove this; they are separate nations, though under one government. It is not language; the English speaking peoples are of several nations. Is it religion? Thought is free. So man may be Jew, Catholic or nothing, and yet be either French or English, German or Swede. Is it even an ideal, towards which each is half-consciously pushing, some necessary outcome of past history and tradition, which belongs to itself alone and jealously guards from all interference, the record of its struggles and triumphs and the rewards and punishments that must follow. This is the spirit which to incorporate himself with, means that a man becomes nationalised.

English and Indian Women

BY AN ENGLISH LADY.



THE appeal made in the May number of this magazine by a "Daughter of the Land" to English women and girls cannot fail to evoke sympathy.

Unfortunately the writer does not perceive one fatal obstacle to freer intercourse between English and Indian women: viz., the official position occupied by most Englishmen in India.

Experience has unhappily shewn that attempts at friendliness between the families of English officials and their native neighbours are certain to be abused.

If the native admitted to intimacy does not himself trade on his supposed influence with the Judge or Collector, his neighbours and relatives will do so, and he will one day or another profit by the friendship.

A case in point occurred in my own experience:

In a country district where my husband was Judge, there was a Brahman Christian respected by everybody, and absolutely above all suspicion

of corruption. My husband had the highest regard for him, but when I expressed a will to know him and his wife, the answer was: "It won't do; he is a pleader in my court, and if it was known that you visited at his house, he would get all the briefs and no other pleader would have a fair chance." Imagine an English lawyer being employed because his wife is acquainted with the Judge's family! Such an instance shews how much India has to learn before disinterested friendships are generally possible between the governing and governed. Our greatest work in India has been the steady administration of impartial justice: the English man has slowly established his reputation for uprightness, but until it is generally realized that he is no more accessible to persuasion than bribery, and that his wife is as unapproachable as himself, she must confine her intercourse with native women to very narrow limits. No gain that could come from friendships of the kind, would compensate for increased opportunities for attempting illicit influence. It is not enough for English officials to be incorruptible; they must seem so. But is there so much to be gained, as the "Daughter of the Land" thinks, from merely social acquaintance between English and Indian women? There exists already friendship of great value to both parties between women jointly engaged in religious or educational work. This magazine testifies to such co-operation between English and Indian women, and this co-operation, with ensuing friendships of the highest kind, will increase as Indian women become more generally capable of taking their part in the regeneration of their country.

But I doubt whether the less valuable friendship if it deserves the name, that springs from mere social intercourse, is worth the effort on both sides, that it would cost. Ordinary social meetings are a form of recreation, sometimes the only form available to hard-worked men and weary women, in a climate that tries their strength to the utmost, and society can only be a recreation when its members have language and ideas in common. It seems admitted that we must have amusements, and we are entitled to ask that they should amuse us.

Will visits between English and Indian women amuse either?

If, indeed, English women were making India their home, they might sacrifice a good deal to become intimate with their native sisters, but as their residence in the country is comparatively short, and constantly broken both by changes of stations and journeys to England, it seems hardly likely that they will have time so to overcome the radical incongruities between West and East, as to arrive at any really pleasant and profitable intimacy. On the Indian woman's side, too, the

in of becoming acquainted with the freer life and wider interests of English women is doubtful unless she can be helped to share them, and she has to reckon with the men of her own race. In the long run, whatever suffragettes may say, men rule.

English women are active and free, because Englishmen desire their daughters, to be capable women, and their wives intelligent companions. Do Indian men in general desire similar freedom and similar attainments for their wives and daughters? If not, the condition of Indian women can only be altered in small ways, and the problem is how to bring larger interests into their lives, without estranging them from the men with whose happiness theirs is bound up.

Might not something be done towards this object by enlisting their sympathies in charitable work? Even rigidly secluded women might work for bazaars, or lend jewels or embroideries for exhibitions, and be interested in hearing of the results. Those who understand English might learn to use the type writer on behalf of the endless appeals and reports belonging to our charities, and might in turn shew us suitable objects for our efforts. (Braille printing for the blind is largely dependent on voluntary workers and can be done at home.)

Even in England, where no barriers of nationality exist, charitable work together promotes friendship much more than mere visiting, and as the men of India have always been laudably interested in the relief of distress and their religious strongly inculcate benevolence, they would probably be glad to see their wives occupied in good works.

"I offer this suggestion with diffidence, as I know very little of the subject, but the vista that a Daughter's" article opens before us, of long hours spent in aimless and uninteresting conversation between people who have not an idea in common, is so appalling that one is driven to seek an alternative.

I am inclined therefore to say to both English and Indian women: "Give up the idea that you can be socially agreeable to each other, and come together on other grounds; make visits for a definite purpose, instead of polite calls; and you may end by finding pleasure for yourselves where you are seeking profit for others."

An Anglo-Indian Woman.

N.B.—*Editor's Note.*—The "Anglo-Indian Woman," who writes the above article, seems, we are sorry to think, capable of looking at Indians only from one point of view. Without doubt, there are many Indians, who would trade on their intimacy with Government officials; but do all do so? We might as well say, that because there are many criminals in

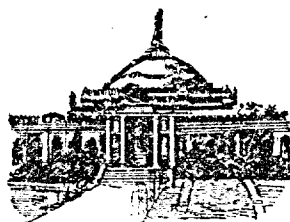
England, as indeed in other countries, all Englishmen are criminals.

Then again, I do not see why social intercourse between Indian and English women should be cultivated only as a form of amusement for the latter. No doubt, Englishmen are hard-worked, and English women are much tried by our climate. Poor people! But to us outsiders they seem to get enough amusement—especially the English ladies—from Indian life. Why not devote a little *serious* time socially, to Indian women? I think the cultivation of our friendship is worth a better effort than would be devoted to the seeking of recreation by tired strangers to India. But if, in spite of all we say, social intercourse with us is still looked upon in such a futile—we might say, frivolous—way, then by all means, drop your efforts.

Do not English men and women get many advantages from their life in India? Why not do something for the Indian people? The general theory is that a nation can be understood properly, only when the women are understood. It is better to follow out such a theory in practice.

"The Anglo-Indian Woman" is quite right when she says that there are not many ideas in common between English and Indian women. Indian women have to be educated a great deal, before they come up to English ideas. We would be glad if English women could help in our education, at the same time, let the English women also educate themselves to *come down to*—or come up sometimes—to Indian ideas. Let them in fact "stoop to conquer!"

The Narsapur Ladies at Home



NEVER perhaps, in the annals of Narsapur, nor, indeed, in the circars, has there been a more successful gathering of Indian ladies than that which was witnessed

on a Sunday evening a short time ago, when the Narsapur Ladies' Association, which is so worthily headed by Mrs. Roy, the wife of our popular Sub-Collector, gave an 'At Home' to the ladies of the locality in the premises of the Government girls' school.

There were present Mrs. Roy, Mrs. Mudaliar, Miss Venkataramiah, Mrs. Sitapati Rau, Mrs. Yegganna, Mrs. Ramaswami Aiyer, Mrs. Ramaswami Achariar, Mrs. Kothandamaswami, Mrs. Williams and several others.

The hall was tastefully decorated with bunting and flowers. There was an interesting programme of music, *Kummi* and *Kolattam*. Short papers were read touching on some of the important topics of the day. Professor Kotiah, the famous violinist of these parts, entertained the audience with his performances on the violin. The gramophone also played a few choice airs. These items over, Mrs. Roy made the following eloquent speech:—

"My esteemed sisters,

Recently, with your unstinted help and co-operation, I was able to form an association of ladies in this town. It was due neither to any extraordinary attainments of mine nor to my status and position in society. Believe me, I could not at all have done it without your kind assistance. The wheel of time is rotating bringing in ever so many changes. It was formerly held that it was inconsistent with modesty for persons of our sex to meet in associations like this. Is not our meeting this evening a measure of our progress onward in the march of civilisation? Among Indians, it is the sterner sex alone that enjoy the privilege of congregating at certain places and exchanging their views on important questions of the day. But women have been, and in some places still are, altogether deprived of the benefit of such associations. But with the advancement of time and the wearing away of prejudices we too can stand on our rights and privileges.

Do not for a moment suppose that this association has been formed for the benefit of a privileged few. I want to impress on you the obligation that lies on your shoulders of improving the association in all possible ways. This is not a place where artificial distinctions of rank, wealth and position should prevail. A little consideration will convince you that we are all equal in the eye of God. Rank and riches are adventitious and burst like the proverbial bubble. We must forget the distinction of rich and poor and learn to love and esteem one another. We can never hope to be united if we do not follow this principle of 'give and take.' By union I mean that we should be of one mind, sink all private differences, and join together towards securing the common weal. I will narrate a story to impress upon you, if I may, the advantages of union.

A certain fowler having fixed his net at a certain place withdrew to a distance for the purpose of allowing the birds into his net. A flight of pigeons happening to pass through the air caught sight of the grains of rice scattered about the place. One of the pigeons, named Chitraviva, said to his followers: "We should not dream of helping ourselves to this rice. There is something suspicious about it. Who would think of

finding rice in a place remote from the haunts of men? This is certainly the work of some fowler and we must take care not to be allured by it. If we go in for this we shall surely come to grief. But one among them, as foolish as it was conceited, said that it was absurd they should fancy danger where there was none, and that they should not lose that opportunity of obtaining food. Thereupon, the pigeons unable to withstand the temptation, swooped down and began pecking at the crumbs; but, lo! no sooner had they perched on the net than they found themselves entangled. They all blamed the rashness of their friend in leading them into such a scrape; 'you do wrong in railing our comrade,' said Chitraviva, 'we should rather hold ourselves culpable in giving way to temptation. No one can overcome the decree of fate; but by united effort we can do something to free ourselves from this danger. Thin blades of grass, when twisted into a rope, hold fast even mad elephants.' Taking a sudden spring into the air they flew up with the net and escaped from the peril. The fowler was baulked of his prey and went home a sadder, but a wiser man."

This story, if it teaches anything at all teaches us that there is nothing which we cannot accomplish by concerted action. I hope and trust that such of my sisters as have not joined the association will become members and make this society a power which it eminently deserves to be. I would have addressed you in Telugu if I could but my rather meagre acquaintance with your vernacular precludes me from that pleasure."

Mrs. Williams translated these sentiments in Telugu for the benefit of the non-English knowing portion of the audience. One or two words about Mrs. Roy; herself the recipient of no ordinary kind of education, her heart beat warmly for all that makes for the improvement of her sex. Her nobility of character and her heart every beat of which spells sympathy for women kind, make her a model Indian lady. I should not be far wrong, if I venture to say that with a few more ladies possessed of the qualities of the head and heart of Mr. Roy, India's salvation can be secured.



Infant Jesus Orphanage

(At Mulagmud in S. Travancore).



VERY recently when their Highnesses the Senior and Junior Ranees went on a tour in South Travancore, their Highnesses visited a very old and very useful institution owned by certain European ladies. Their Highnesses were taken round the institution and showed everything by the Lady Superior, Dame M. Ursala, a very able and energetic lady, one who devotes herself heart and soul for the welfare of the poor infants. Their Highnesses were very much pleased with what they saw and gave a donation Rs. 50 to the institution. The following is a very short account of the institution which I hope will not be uninteresting to the readers of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*!

This institution under the direction of Belgian Sisters of the Order of the Canonesses of St. Augustin, with the Rev. Mother Dame M. Louise as Superior and foundress of the institution in India, was actually begun in its present condition in October of the year 1897, when the two first Belgian Sisters, Dame M. Louise and Dame M. Ursala, arrived in Travancore. The Orphanage, however, was started many years ago by a Belgian Carmeline Father. His name was Father Victor of St. Anthony, in the world "Monsieur Charles Verlure," who came out to India from Flanders in the fifties and started work in Mulagmud, more than 10 years after. At that time the place was a mere jungle, famous for its highway robberies. Father Victor with a practised mind to civilization undertook the arduous task of changing the aspect of the country. How far he has succeeded, one can judge by paying a visit to the place. As early as 1863 he opened an orphanage for boys and girls of the lower classes and together with his brother, the well-known Father Eugene Verlure, he devoted to it all his energies and his wealthy fortune. At the very outset they endeavoured to obtain from Belgium the assistance of some charitable ladies, and after many years of painful struggle they got a promise of some kind, and

with that promise in the year 1891, they laid the foundation of the present convent main building. The poor orphans were living in some kind of sheds and the girls, some 50 in number, looked after by two or three devoted native women, one of whom, old Rulomena, is still doing excellent work now under the sisters. The new building was completed, and the Very Rev. Father Victor who had been made Vicar-General years before, broken in health, after all his arduous work, died in June 1897. Just about three months later he would have seen the realisation of his long-standing hopes. The two first sisters reached the place in October and immediately set to work. They had to begin with the difficult task of learning the language of the country. English and Tamil were to them equally necessary and they knew not a word of either. But they soon mastered both. Next came the question of putting the children to some useful work that would, at the same time, help towards the support of the orphanage and keep them through life. Lace-making was resorted to and by dint of patience and perseverance some of the girls managed to grasp the intricate art. Then came the question of selling the lace work. The then Resident at Travancore, Mr. G. T. Mackenzie, helped a great deal by recommending the lace to some of his friends in India and Europe. Together with him, Dr. Mitchell, Principal of H. H. the Maharaja's College, Trivandram, proved the best friends of the sisters and the orphans. Soon all the other European ladies and gentlemen of the Travancore State, vied, so to say, with each other to help the sisters. His Highness the Maharaja and his Dewan were not the last to come to the rescue and a grant was given to the school. Owing to the help from the state, more ground was acquired and the charities sent from Belgium by the friends of the sisters enabled them to put up new buildings and extend their premises. Schools, work-rooms, dormitories, chapel, all were subsequently created in the course of some 10 years since the opening. The number of orphans increased daily. A day school was opened and innumerable children attended it; lace-making increased and extended. Inside the institution, all available hands were put to work as the demands were increased. Orphan girls who got married and left the convent continued to work in their homes for the institution, and thus were enabled to keep up a prosperous living. Others from outside were allowed to learn. One hundred, two, three and more hundreds were soon employed in the making of lace. The orders also increased and the Mulagmudu Lace became famous for its perfectness, neatness, pure quality and uncommon cheapness. It was also known far and wide in India, Burmah or rather, throughout Asia, wherever European

ladies were to be found till the Persian Gulf and Hongkong. It also spread in England, Scotland and Ireland where the old friends of the sisters recommended and exhibited it. Others carried its renown to Australia and South Africa, while others again like Mr. R. C. C. Carr, British Resident, wrote articles about it in well-known and widespread papers and magazines. The first attempt at an exhibition of the work made in the Mulagmudu Orphanage was to send specimens of it to the Madras Exhibition in the year 1903. The first trial was rewarded with a bronze medal. In the Delhi Exhibition a silver medal was obtained with two diplomas. In 1904 on the occasion of the Bombay Exhibition, the Travancore Government was asked by the Organizing Committee of the Ladies section to send some Travancore lace-makers to the spot to exhibit at the same time their skill and their work. The then Dewan Mr. V. P. Madhava Row, C.I.E., who had visited the institution applied to the Rev. Mother, promising that the Government would defray all expenses. The offer was accepted and Rev. Dame M. Ursala went to Bombay with six of the convent lace-making children. The success there was extraordinary and the Travancore Government and their lace-stall were the centre of universal attraction. They remained there for two months, one month longer than was originally agreed to, and even then, it was with the greatest difficulty they could tear themselves away. The gold medal was the reward of their success. In 1907 they obtained a silver medal for their lace at the Calcutta Exhibition. Naturally all this spread more and more the fame of Mulagmud lace-work, and orders increased to such an extent, that the number of the lace-making women and young girls in and out of the convent, rose to tremendous proportions. There are actually some 1,500 employed in the convent and in the district, which means almost as many families living by it; for the object of the Institution is to help the poor, and nearly all the profit made out of the industry goes towards the payment of the wages. Another benefit to those poor families is that, owing to the fineness, delicacy, great care, order and cleanness required in the art of the lace-making, those who make it have to be absolutely clean and orderly in their persons and in their houses, and, with that and their greater prosperity, they escape the natural results of misery, starvation, etc., which is the lot of so many of the poor classes. Besides the lace-making, the sisters have a primary school open to all the children free, and where those who wish to learn lace-making have to attend first, till they know how to read and write at least. The school is attended by 294 children daily and from the report of the Inspec-

tor it has the best average attendance in the whole of Travancore. They have had also to open a special school for embroidery, as so many ladies keep ordering such kind of work together with lace and the children prove most skilful, and proficient in it.

From the very beginning of the establishment the sisters have treated in the convent the different ailments of their children. Gradually their remedies and cures became known beyond the convent premises and their poor dispensary has become famous in the south—hundreds and thousands of poor people of all classes and castes flock there to receive the healing treatment. Even Brahmins, Sudras and Mahomedans have recourse to the sisters and the confidence they have inspired is universally known. Yet another branch of that establishment is the hospice for poor old widows who, abandoned by every one, are received there with kindness and charity and properly cared for in their distressed condition. Many have come to die happily in that haven of place and rest. Finally, the sisters have what is called the 'erecte' or the foundling home where poor babies, sometimes scarcely few days old are received, cared for and sometimes even rescued from death, although as every one knows, it is a difficult task to rear up little babies. But the sisters do their utmost with them, and succeed in saving many lives. On the 1st July a new branch was opened in Cape Comorin under the title of "School Marie Immaculee." 152 girls attend its embroidery classes already. In Nagercoil, the foundations of a large school-house were laid before last monsoon and the people there are most anxious to see it completed.

The Rev. Mother Dame Louise with one sister is at present in Belgium where she is gone to bring more sisters for her ever increasing work. This institution is now very successfully managed by Dame M. Ursala, and I congratulate her on her success in the management of this very useful and charitable institution. I pray to God to grant her and the other sisters good health, vigor, and long life to carry on their useful work.

R. KULATHU IYER.



Malati.

AN INDIAN NOVEL.

BY AN INDIAN LADY.

CHAPTER XII.



WHILE Sita sat sorrowing over her own apparent want of moral rectitude, and weakness of conscience, Malati had been searching for her everywhere, and now she burst into her mother's presence, a lovely figure, full of sunshine and happiness. Where she was

there cheerfulness was found to be. Sita felt herself to be growing a little brighter.

"What do you think, mother? Here is a letter from uncle Narayen himself, asking me to spend a day or two at his house. Now I wonder why he has asked me. Shall I go mother? I should love to, but I do not like leaving father and you alone."

Suddenly there was a pause in her outburst. "Why mother," she said "what is the matter with you? You are crying. Tell me the reason, do."

Malati laid a caressing hand on her mother's arm, and at the unexpected sympathy, Sita's tears burst forth afresh. But at the same time, she felt her trouble growing lighter. For there was this peculiarity about Malati, that, young as she was, her very presence inspired confidence, as well as cheerfulness. Every one who saw the girl felt that she could be depended on, and that she was one to find sure ways out of difficulties. Whether this was due to the open, and large hearted look of her beautiful eyes, or the frank smiling curves of her pretty mouth, it cannot be said, but there it was, and Sita felt it in her moment of unhappiness. Gradually her story was drawn out of her, and instead of being blamed, the poor mother actually felt herself meeting with approval from her daughter.

"O, poor mother," said the girl with tears in her eyes, "and so you were in such trouble, and there was no one to help you. What did you say? that you were wrong! No doubt your action was wrong, but what else could you do? It was all for father's sake too. Now tell me, mother," and Malati sat herself determinedly down on the carpet "tell me, why did not father

get his money from his own rich father? What happened to it? Don't be afraid, I know something about it."

Sita smiled at her daughter's air of wisdom, then, in spite of herself, she found herself telling the story to Malati. The girl listened with angry eyes, and pursed up lips, till Sita came to the story of the disclosure of the unjust will: then after the mother had told her the account of how the torn bits of the apparently old will had been sent to Lakshman—Malati jumped up, and with rapid steps began to pace the room.

"Why did father not fight for his money," she muttered. "Of course, he did not want to expose his brother's falseness: but surely, he could have made a private arrangement. But I think I can understand father. It was his love for his twin brother, was it not, which held his hand? Now I shall tell you what I shall do, mother. I shall go to uncle, and ask him for a loan—only a loan—of Rs. 200; afterwards when father is better, we can tell him, and he will pay it back."

"Oh, Malati do not for heaven's sake tell him: he would despise me, spare me, my daughter."

"Not tell him? keep it a secret from him? Why? I could not do it mother, and look him in the eyes. I must tell him."

"But for your mother's sake, child?"

"How could I do it mother, how could I?"

For long Sita entreated, and at last Malati consented, but only after making certain reservations and conditions in her own mind.

"Very well, mother," she said, "but you must leave the arrangements in my own hands."

"In your hands? in the hands of a child like yourself?"

"Child or no child, mother, you have trusted me. Promise me, mother, to leave it in my hands. Do, mother, please."

So the matter was arranged, and Malati went to her uncle's house. She had been there but once or twice before, and she could not feel at home with her relations. But being a thoughtful and polite little girl, she tried to be as pleasant as possible. Just before her return home, she went to her uncle, who was alone in his room. She as was her wont, went straight to the question.

"Oh, uncle," she said, "please lend me Rs. 200."

"Lend you Rs. 200. Why?"

"I have borrowed money from some one, and I must pay it back."

"You to borrow money. But I do not believe it. Does your father know?"

"No, but I am going to tell him. He has no money, so please help me, uncle."

"No, I will not, Malati. In the first place I do not believe you. But come, I can give you Rs. 10."

Malati felt desperate, then suddenly she held out her hand to her uncle with the pieces of the torn will in it. "What about this will, uncle?"

Narayen turned pale, "Who—who—gave it to you?" He stammered "give it to me" "No, no," said Malati, holding her hand behind her back. "I was told not to give it to you."

"Who told you, your father? The traitor. I could never have believed it of him."

Malati had been feeling very much ashamed of herself, but now the shame was swallowed up in the anger she felt at Narayen's words.

"No, no, it was not my father. He could never do it. I thought of this myself." She would not acknowledge even to herself, that her mother had also thought of it.

"Well, here are the Rs. 200. Take them and go," said Narayen.

"I shall pay them back to you, uncle."

"Go away, you little chit."

Malati went home, and gave the money to her mother.

But that evening, when Sita was busy with her household work, Malati went to her father and told him what she had done, putting the whole blame on herself, and not her mother. When he had heard the story, for a long time Lakshman was silent. Malati touched him timidly.

"Father are you very angry?"

"No child, but I could not have believed it of you."

Tears rushed to Malati's eyes and with difficulty she choked back a sob.

"There, there, do not cry, little girl: we must pay the money back to your uncle. Here it is. Only to-day a client gave it to me;" and going to the table, Lakshman unlocked the drawer, and gave the child the money. Malati took it, but still stood irresolutely. "Father, forgive me," she sobbed.

Lakshman caressed her, "of course I forgive you, dear. But will you promise me never again to do such a thing?"

"Oh father, that you should ask me such a question? Now I know what you must think of me."

Malati was rushing out of the room, but her father caught her, and soothed her, and said he was cruel for having so spoken.

"I will never doubt you again, and, after all, child, it was your love for your father that made you do it. You are a very unselfish girl, though perhaps a little thoughtless. Eh?"

That night Malati sobbed bitterly to herself. But curiously enough, her tears were more for her mother than for herself. The fact that she had not done the deed, made her not so sorry for herself, though at the back of her mind lay a latent grief, which she knew would presently rise to the surface and overwhelm her; the grief that for the first time, her father had found occasion to reprove her. But her heart ached for her mother. To think that her mother should have laid herself open to her father's displeasure broke her heart. Oh, her poor mother! How everything would be misunderstood, if her father came to know all, and Malati felt that she could hardly forgive herself for having thought (when she was with her uncle) "How could mother do what she knew would so grieve her father."

(To be continued.)

Home Industries for Women

AN IMPORTANT FACTOR IN THE INDUSTRIAL REGENERATION OF INDIA.

"Life without industry is guilt,
And industry without art is brutality."

RUSKIN.



WHAT man who lives for himself has not risen much higher than the level of the brute. His is the way of the savage; he requires to be civilized. But India boasts of an ancient civilization and any Indian who has inherited the civilization of his forefathers and boldly looks around cannot but be amazed at the abject poverty in which the majority of his countrymen are grovelling. That India is poor cannot be denied. The causes which have conspired to bring India down from a high pedestal of wealth to the verge of poverty are matters on which possibly there is considerable

divergence of opinion, but the fact itself is scarcely disputed. It is therefore the duty of every true son of the soil to devise measures for bettering the lot of his less fortunate brethren, leaving vain disputations about the causes which led up to it as being purely of academic interest.

Economists are agreed that India's salvation lies in her industrial regeneration. But the question of ways and means for encompassing that end is not so easy of solution. People talk glibly of the hoarded capital of India; at best their conclusions are conjectural. If such wealth does exist, enterprise has to be stimulated to induce its investment in trade and industries. There is certainly an indication that the comparatively rich amongst us are beginning to realize that investments in Industries serve more than one useful purpose, a good return for their capital as well as an opening for the starving labourers. While the establishment of large manufacturing industries is helpful in increasing the wealth of the country, in finding employment for a large number and is perhaps the only means of cheapening the production of certain articles in order to enable producers on the one hand to adequately meet the demand and on the other to successfully compete with the machine made products of foreign countries, yet there is a train of evils which accompany the factory system, too well-known and recognized to require repetition. It is neither my intention nor my purpose to disparage the opening of large industries. All I wish to point out is that there are other means of supplementing production admirably suited to the peculiar conditions of our society and the habits of our countrymen. The object of this paper is to call attention to them.

The great Swami Vivekananda said: "The nation lives in cottages and the introduction of Cottage industries can alone bring about the Industrial regeneration of India." The Swami in arriving at the above conclusion had taken into account the factory system of the West and its attendant evils, of which he had ocular demonstration both in Europe and America, the temperament of the Indian people, the comparative poverty of the rich in this country, the habits of the local people, the distaste, not to say reluctance, of our womenkind to go out of their homes and mingle in the society of males and strangers even as labourers in factories. Much the same conclusion transpires from the inaugural address of the greatest of living Indian statesmen and political economist, I mean His Highness the Gaekwar of Baroda, on the occasion of the Industrial Conference at Calcutta. The passage will bear repetition and I make no apology for quoting it.

"A great deal of attention is naturally paid to the mill industries of India, and to tea, indigo and coffee and other industries in which European capital is largely employed. We know, however, that the labourers who can possibly be employed in mills and factories form only an insignificant proportion of the industrial

population of India. Very much the larger portion of that industrial population is engaged in indigenous industries carried on in village homes and bazaars. India is, and will always remain a country of Cottage industries. Where hundreds of thousands can work in mills and factories, millions and tens of millions work in their own huts and the idea of greatly improving the condition of the labourers of India merely by adding to mills and factories is only possible for those who form their opinions 6,000 miles away. No, gentlemen, any comprehensive plan of improving the condition of our industrial classes must seek to help the dwellers in cottages. It is the humble weavers in towns and villages, the poor braziers and coppersmiths working in their sheds, the resourceless potters and ironsmiths and carpenters who follow their ancestral vocations in their ancestral homes who form the main portion of the Industrial population and who demand our sympathy and help. It is they (more than the agriculturist or the mill and factory labourers) that are most impoverished in these days and are the first victims to famines and if your *Swadeshi* movement has brought some relief to these obscure unnoticed millions and tens of millions in India, as I have reason to believe it has done to a perceptible extent, if it has created a larger demand for their manufactures, widened the sphere of their labours and brought some light to their dark and cheerless homes, then the movement, gentlemen, has my cordial sympathy. Help and encourage the large industries, but foster and help also the humbler Industries in which tens of millions of artisans are engaged, and the people of India as well as those who are engaged in the work of administration will bless your work."

Here it is well to controvert a common fallacy that in no instance can hand labour compete successfully with mechanical labour in any class of Industry. Mr. E. B. Harvell of Calcutta who has devoted a lifetime to the study of the question, says as follows:—

"Professed experts on Industrial questions generally take their stand on an assumed universal superiority of steam and electric power over hand power and ridicule the idea of hand labour competing with mechanical labour; but they forget the fact that the manifest superiority of steam or electric power in works of great magnitude, does not apply to operations not exceeding the strength of an ordinary man. In the latter case provided that the man uses efficient apparatus which does not waste strength, the one man power in a human being is as good as the same power produced by steam or electricity, and has the supreme advantage that it is entirely under the control of human intelligence. Take for example weaving. The power exerted

in throwing the shuttle is the same, whether steam or electricity or hand power is employed. Any excess of power is not only useless but causes loss of time and inferior work by breaking the thread in the shuttle. The question of economic superiority therefore lies not in the quantity of power which can be produced but in the comparative cost of hand power and mechanical power. The condition of India is such and is likely to be such for some decades to come that hand power judiciously multiplied can compete with mechanical power."

The multiplication of hand power can be effected to a great extent by the introduction of Cottage industries, but there is waiting to be utilized an enormous quantity of hand power in our homes and the special purpose of this paper is to lay stress on the importance of home or domestic industries as distinguished from Cottage industries which latter have already attracted attention. Apart from the great possibilities of home industries for supplementing the output of factories, as an example of which I may mention that no fewer than 1,100 homes in Japan are engaged in the manufacture of hosiery which supplies not only the local demand but is also exported to foreign markets, it would help to let our women and children live not merely a more comfortable life but also a nobler one.

Time was when Adam delved and Eve span. That economic arrangement continued until the overstrained and fantastic doctrines of chivalry survived the virtues of the cult and reduced women to the position of mere images. In India, however, until a few centuries ago the daughters of Eve span even when the sons of Adam remained idle and abstained from digging. The humming sound of the spinning wheel of the Punjabee Peasant Women is said to have kept time and tune with the repetition of the Hamsa Mantra (*Sihoham Sivoham Sihoham*) by them. But the various Mahomedan invasions of India at frequent intervals, not only helped to disturb the old routine of family life but also entirely altered its social conditions by the necessity of creating the *ghosha system* which took away all liberty, independence and self-reliance from our women. More than this, however, was the rigid observance of the caste distinctions by the Brahmans, the most intellectual and affluent portion of the Hindu community who assigned manual labour to the fourth or Sudra caste exclusively. This resulted in the dethronement of the dignity of labour and made idle gossips of our ladies engaged in any manual occupation. Imitating the Brahmin the somewhat well-to-do non-Brahmin also began to look down upon manual labour as beneath his dignity. Thus, the idea that it is *infra dig* for ladies to work has filtered down to the indigent middle-

class and the result to-day is that the wife is not a helpmeet, but a burden.

That very necessary and useful member of society, the petty clerk, slaving for a pittance averaging from Rs. 15 to Rs. 25 per mensem, and burdened with a family of three to four souls on the average to support, to educate and to marry has been the greatest sufferer by the prevailing notion. He must, at any sacrifice keep appearances of what is understood as respectability, but his means being too slender would hardly admit of it. Can we conceive of misery worse than that of this class. To such the introduction of domestic industries would prove to be a boon of incalculable benefit. The women of Surat whatever their status in life engage in turning out caps, the fame and popularity of which have survived the advent of Christy's London products. Komatti women in competent circumstances, true to the money making instincts of the caste while away their time, stitching eating-leaves which fetch a good return for their labour. The womenfolk of the Nattukottai Chetties employ themselves in turning out palmyra leaf baskets in their spare hours. The Lubbai women of Tinnevely turn their leisure hours to account by making grass mats. The Mahomedan women, in spite of the gorgeous style in which their husbands live irrespective of their resources, keep the wolf from the door by weaving lamata lace and doing embroidery work. These classes contrive to live in affluence notwithstanding their poverty and the improvidence of the male members, and serve as object-lessons as to what domestic industries can do to achieve home comforts.

Many and varied are the domestic industries in which the men, women and children can engage in their leisure hours to supplement the income of the breadwinner and live a more comfortable and happier life than is at present the lot of the majority. Labour saving hand power machines which help to increase the output and cheapen the cost of production are, available for a moderate investment, one within the reach of the average middle-class man. To name a few only, I may mention knitting machines by means of which banians, socks, stockings, neck-ties, etc., could be manufactured and sold at a profit of 50 to 60 per cent. on the cost of the raw material and still cheaper than their local market value by 25 or 30 per cent. Tape making, ribbon making, kerosine oil lamp-wick making and braiding machines, of the output and profit of which I have no personal knowledge are some of the labour saving appliances in the production of small ware, which are within reach, and which will bring a fair return to the investor. Cotton lace making is an industry which has great possibilities. The value of

cotton lace imported into this country is enormous. If by the application of cheap hand machines, this article were turned out here, it would, while remunerating the worker handsomely, retain in the country no inconsiderable portion of the money which is now paid for the imported article. There are doubtless numerous other industries which can be harnessed to domestic labour with advantage to Indian homes as well as Indian economics, but I have confined myself principally to knitting machine products because they have come within my personal knowledge.

CARPET WEAVING.

One other important industry to which I beg to invite your special attention and in which no fewer than 3,000 families in a single town in Persia, that home of carpets, are employed, is carpet weaving. The following extracts from the writings of distinguished Englishmen show the position which Oriental carpets occupy in the homes as well as in the market of the West, and also its future possibilities if the intelligent and artistic instincts of the gentler sex were brought to bear on their production.

"Specialists in any branch of art or industry," writes Alexander Millard in one of the issues of the *Art Journal*, "may be disposed to over-rate the importance of their own particular craft in the eyes of the general public. Still, there are some industries, which not only serve to provide a living for those engaged in them, but are to many of these a source of constant pleasure. Of such is the making of carpets. When seen in practical operation, its processes never fail to arouse the lively interest of the average man, and a statement of its possibilities as a field for design and colour is always interesting to the decorative artist."

Kimberly Mumford, in his *Classical Work on Oriental Rugs*, writes as follows:—

"The custom prevalent in the Orient of removing the shoes before entering the doorway of a mosque or the habitation of a fellow-being, warrants the construction of fine carpets, in delicate tints and of dainty texture, for domestic use as well as for places of worship. But it is by no means certain that the first use of these was to be trod upon. It would seem, rather, that they were, in the beginning employed as hangings.

"The carpetings, in strictly Oriental furnishing, have always constituted well-nigh the whole equipment and adornment of the apartment. They cover the floor, they cover the divans, which save for small inlaid octagonal tables, are about the only furniture; they take the place of ceiling and wall paper, and their picturings have always been employed to do what paintings, plaques and stencils do upon our Western walls.

"There is needed no effort of imagination to believe that in the gay carpets of the East there lies written, though now probably untranslatable, the record of universal mysticism. That they were made in prehistoric ages, and that their first value was religious or legal, rather than utilitarian, seems beyond doubt. Even in its rudest forms the art was sumptuary. It is coeval with the first uplifting of one man above his fellows, whether the exaltation was religious, pecuniary or physical.

"They do, nevertheless, when studied collaterally, tell an edifying story of a widespread and almost universal faith whose forms are lost, and of peoples of which, in this age of atomics, there remain little save the names. It is the indubitable identification of modern rug designs with the solemn and mysterious emblems of the "unrecorded time," the proven fact that the archaic systems of weaving were the same as those in vogue in the East to-day, that compels the thoughtful modern, of whatever race, to view these fabrics, as Sir George Birdwood says, as "work of art, and not manufacturers' piece goods produced at competition prices.

"Rugs are written pages. In their maze of design is a symbol language, the key of which, in its ceaseless transmission through the centuries, has unhappily been all but lost. The variation of its forms, in the different classes of fabrics, may be looked upon as a dialectic; and it must be believed, so far as the very ancient figures are concerned, that none of the dialects is understood by the weaver who employs it at the present day.

"Whatever their type of ornamentation may be," says Sir George Birdwood, "a deep and complicate symbolism, originating in Babylonia and possibly India, pervades every domination of Oriental carpets. Thus the carpet itself prefigures space and eternity, and the general pattern or filling, as it is technically termed, fleeting finite universe of animated beauty. Every color used has its significance, and the design, whether mythological or natural, human, bestial, or floral, has its hidden meaning. Even the representations of men hunting wild beasts have their special indications. So have the natural flowers of Persia, their symbolism wherever they are introduced, generally following that of their colors. The very irregularities, either in drawing or coloring to be observed in almost every Oriental carpet, and invariably in Turkish man carpets, are seldom accidental, the usual deliberate intention being to avert the evil eye and insure good luck."

"This utterance, which, coming from so profound a source, may be looked upon more as revelation than poetic license, enables the lover of Eastern fabrics to weave for himself, from the

curious and seductive shapes and the soothing harmonies which they embody, a bright and altogether exalted picture of the mental and spiritual life of the Orient. Abhorring a vacuum, the Eastern, at his highest mark of artistic capability, filled the blank space which was his bit of eternity with a fulness of warmth and beauty which spoke for him then, and as an enduring fabric speaks for him now, as a man whose intimations of a glad immortality never ceased until his fingers grew weary at life's loom, and the earth claimed him.

"But study of the Oriental of earlier times, by the carpets which he made, must needs be mainly a study of the upper class, of the nobles in whose palaces and by whose designers and weavers the finer pieces were produced. Exhibition, publication, expert analysis and comparison of the oldest and most perfect of these carpets, which in any country and any era must have taken rank as art productions, have shed invaluable light on the course of artistic impulses in the East, three or four centuries ago. They have revealed in its most impressive phase the high seriousness of Eastern races. They have opened a field of study which becomes wider and richer with every moment of consideration."

Carpet weaving in India is now in the hands of the lower strata of the illiterate and ignorant Mahomedan brethren whose only aim is the profit of their physical labour. The refined girl of our middle and upper classes, if trained, will arrange colour and give the finishing touches of artistic beauty which are sure to inspire feelings and sentiments of a higher order, unconsciously reminding us of our spiritual nature and of the noble purpose which is our proper goal. Viewed from the standpoint of economics, ethics, art or beauty, carpet weaving is an industry in which the instinctive and inborn refinement of our women and girls can play a useful part both materially and spiritually.

Granted that we succeed in establishing domestic industries, the great problem would be where and how to find a ready market for the daily or weekly output of the cottage and domestic workers. The problem, though difficult, is not impossible of solution. I have bestowed some thought and revolved this matter in my mind for a considerable time and it strikes me that if we can organize Co-operative Societies in different centres and villages somewhat on the lines of the Danish Co-operative system, which is "a combination of a number of proprietors for sending their products to a central factory in which each of them has a share proportioned to the quantity of his contributions" the difficulty can be overcome. The Village Society should supply the necessary raw mate-

rial at wholesale prices and buy the finished article from the producer and send it forward to a central Institution, to which the Village Societies will be affiliated, to arrange for their sale. The Central Society will have to be chiefly financed by our capitalists, but village and urban Societies of which the actual producers are shareholders according to the quantity of their contributions, will also contribute. In their management each member should have an absolutely equal voice irrespective of the extent of his share interest. The net profits will be divided in proportion to share interest which each has, whether individuals or societies. The advantage of such a system is that whereas the working man or woman is able to obtain the raw material at about wholesale prices and dispose of at once the finished product at a fair price, he or she will further participate in the division of profit at the end of the year. This will put an end to the prevailing feud between labour and capital. I must confess that the above is submitted merely as a suggestion to be altered, modified and improved upon by wiser heads.

One other matter and I shall conclude. In his inaugural address at the Calcutta Industrial Conference, His Highness the Gaekwar laid down that the training of the eye and of the hand at an early stage is useful to all, even to those who have not to support themselves by manual industry in life. Early lessons in drawing and modelling, simple instruction in carpentry and smith's work are good for all students in all ranks of life." Continuing, His Highness said, "to attach some industrial classes to our ordinary schools would have the healthy effect of giving a complete and not one-sided Education to our children. The richer classes would be brought more in touch with humble industries; the poor classes would acquire that skill and facility in handling tools which can be only acquired at an early age; all people in all branches would be impressed with the dignity of manual labour more than they do now in India; and the great endeavour to promote the industries of the land would be greatly helped when the nation receives an Elementary technical training in Schools."

Whatever Government may do in our behalf, there is much that we can do for ourselves. If parents will do their duty by their children, if they would not rest content with providing a dowry for their daughters, but would equip them with the means of earning a decent and comfortable living even should such a dowry get lost, then a great step will have been taken in the education of our girls. Practical training in various suitable domestic industries could be given at home at a slight cost, if we only set

about it in right earnest. It is only the will that is required and the means will suggest itself. May I appeal to my brethren and remind them that God helps those who help themselves!

BY AN INDIAN GENTLEMAN.

Rabies and Anti-Rabic treatment in India.

DEFINITION.

RABIES (madness) or as it is sometimes called, "hydrophobia," from the fear of water which is displayed by patients, is an acute specific disease to which all mammals are susceptible. It is really a disease of animals, especially those of the dog-tribe, in which man only participates, as it were by chance.

ETIOLOGY.

The causative agent of rabies has not yet been discovered but there is not the slightest doubt that it is a living organism. The old idea that this disease is due to exposure to a hot sun or to any such cause is now completely exploded. As the germ of rabies has not been isolated and as we shall have occasion in the course of this paper to refer constantly to this undiscovered microbe, we shall call it by the generic name of "virus."

In the body of an animal suffering from rabies the virus is to be found in the nervous system, that is to say, the brain, spinal cord and nerves and in certain of the glands, such as the glands which secrete the saliva. From the salivary glands, the virus passes out in the saliva and hence it is that from the bites of rabid animals the disease is transmitted to healthy animals and to man. Before, however, the saliva of a rabid animal is able to infect, it must come into contact with a broken surface of skin. The broken surface is, as a rule, caused by the teeth of the mad animal, but the same effect may be got by the saliva being licked on any cuts or abrasions, however small such as razor cuts, chapped hands, mosquito bites, etc.

In this connection it is also important to know that the saliva contains the virus, and is therefore infective, for some days previous to that on which the animal shows definite symptoms of rabies. Therefore, if an animal, even previous to developing symptoms of rabies, bites any animal

or person, that animal or person may develop the disease. The saliva has been experimentally proved to be infective as early as from three to five days previous to any symptoms of the disease being observed. Again, rabies in animals infected in nature is as a rule fatal within a few days of the beginning of the disease. On these facts two recommendations of importance are based, namely; (a) all persons bitten by an animal, which has been destroyed soon after the infliction of the bite, even though the animal showed no symptoms of rabies, should undergo anti-rabic treatment as a precautionary measure; and (b) a dog apparently healthy, but which has bitten a human being or another animal should not be destroyed immediately, but should be kept under observation in strict quarantine for several days after inflicting the bite. It is the rule at the Kasauli Pasteur Institute not to treat a person bitten or, if treatment has for reasons which we shall mention hereafter been begun, to discontinue it, when the animal which inflicted the bite is alive and well ten days afterwards. We would now again insist on the fact that in no other way, except by the saliva of a rabid animal infecting a wound, cut or abrasion, can man or any other animal contract rabies. It follows that, if all rabid animals could be prevented from biting healthy animals, the disease would soon be completely stamped out, a state of affairs which has been happily brought about in Great Britain and Ireland by means of general muzzling of all dogs. The re-importation of the disease into the British Islands has been and is being prevented by strict quarantine for six months of all dogs which are landed on their shores.

INCUBATION PERIOD.

The incubation period of rabies, that is to say, the interval between the infection of a wound by rabid saliva and the onset of the disease, is extremely variable. During this period the saliva is not infective until, as we have seen, a few days before the onset of symptoms. The long and variable incubation period is explained by the fact that the disease does not develop until the virus has reached the brain and spinal cord. In order to arrive at this site, the virus grows along the nerves. One would expect, therefore, that the nearer the bite is to the brain, the sooner would the virus reach this organ and the sooner would symptoms of the disease set in. This is exactly what happens in nature, with the result that in the case of bites on the face and head the incubation period is, as a rule, much shorter than in the case of bites on the extremities. There is no doubt, also, that the incubation period varies with the amount of virus which is inoculated. Thus multiple and deep bites on the bare skin are generally followed by a much

shorter incubation period than few and slight bites and bites through clothing.

The incubation period varies from about three weeks as a minimum to several months as a maximum, the average being about six weeks. It is for this reason that a dog or other animal which has been bitten by a suspected rabid animal should be kept strictly segregated for at least six months.

SYMPTOMS.

Rabies in dogs and other animals may take two forms, known as (1) furious rabies; and (2) dumb rabies, respectively. These two forms are not, however, sharply differentiated the one from the other.

The animal first becomes morose and sullen, loses its desire for human company and retires under furniture or into quiet corners.

In cases of the furious form of the disease it now becomes very excited and irritable, snaps at anything that is presented to it and even if undisturbed goes about snapping as if trying to catch flies. There is marked salivation; the saliva, being sticky and frothy, hangs like string from the lips. The eyes are red. In this condition the animal, with a partially open mouth, may run straight ahead snapping at anything which comes in its way. Its appetite becomes perverted, that is to say, it will eat anything which it picks up. In consequence when the stomach is opened after death it is often found full of earth, stones, sticks, straw, rags and such rubbish. It is, however, quite a mistake to think that the animal avoids water. It may also be noticed that the bark has become changed into a series of howls with a peculiar metallic ring. Death often takes place during this stage.

These furious symptoms may, however, give place to symptoms of a paralytic nature. The appetite begins to suffer and food is refused. The lower jaw is noticed to droop and there is evidently considerable difficulty in swallowing, but the animal never suffers from a fear of water. This difficulty of swallowing often leads to the supposition that a bone has stuck in its throat. Ultimately the legs become paralysed, the evacuations are passed involuntarily, and emaciation becomes marked. After lying for sometime completely paralysed death takes place.

In cases of dumb rabies the preliminary symptoms of irritability and snapping are either very slightly marked or not present at all. The animal remains morose and quiet and cannot be provoked to bite. The paralytic symptoms, that is to say, the drop of the lower jaw, the difficulty in swallowing, the thick sticky saliva hanging from the mouth and the weakness of the legs, are most prominent. From this stage the disease progresses as we have described above,

death taking place in the same manner as in cases of the furious form of the disease.

We would again draw attention to the fact that fear of water is not a symptom in animals and that inability to lap fluids or to eat food may not appear till very late in the disease.

MEASURES TO BE ADOPTED IN THE CASE OF AN ANIMAL BITTEN BY AN ANIMAL SUPPOSED TO BE RABID.

These measures resolve themselves into what is to be done with the biting animal and what is to be done with the animal bitten.

In the first place, the animal which inflicted the bite should not, if possible, be destroyed. It should be carefully chained up and observed for ten days. If at the end of this period it is still alive and well, showing no symptoms, it is practically certain that it is not suffering from rabies and no further precautions need be taken as regards the animals which have been bitten. If, on the other hand, the animal develops any of the symptoms which have been described above and dies, then the presumption is that it was suffering from rabies. In order to make the diagnosis certain the brain should be removed as soon after death as possible, preserved, as we shall describe later on, and together with a statement of the case sent to the nearest Pasteur Institute.

In the second place, as regards the animals which have been bitten, nothing should be done until the ten days segregation of the animal which has inflicted the wounds has expired. If then the latter is alive and well, no further precautions need be taken. If, on the other hand, this animal develops any symptoms of rabies and is killed or dies, then we have to treat all bitten animals on the assumption that at some later date within six months they also may develop the disease. If the animals are not valuable they should be destroyed at once and so prevented from causing later on any danger to human beings or to other animals. As, however, all animals bitten by rabid animals do not develop rabies, the owner of a valuable animal may decide to run the risk of keeping it alive on the chance of its escaping. If he does so, especially in the case of dogs, he is evidently, morally if not legally responsible for any damage done by the animal should it at a subsequent date develop rabies. The animal must, therefore, be kept carefully and completely segregated during the longest probable incubation period of the disease, that is to say, six months. It should be securely fastened with two chains, one of which is to be fastened to the collar and the other directly round the animal's neck. If taken for exercise, it should be led on a strong chain and should be securely muzzled. Any attendant should be

carefully warned of the danger he runs in attending to it. In short, it is to be so guarded that, should it at any time develop the disease, it can do no harm to man or other animals. In this connection it is always to be carefully remembered that the saliva of a rabid animal is infective for several days before any symptoms of rabies are observed. On the appearance of any symptoms of rabies the animal should be at once destroyed or shut up out of harms way.

MEASURES TO BE ADOPTED IN THE CASE OF A PERSON BITTEN BY AN ANIMAL SUPPOSED TO BE RABID.

In this case also arrangements have to be made both for the biting animal and for the person bitten.

As regards the former, the same precautions should be taken as we have described above. That is to say, the animal, unless showing unmistakable symptoms of rabies should not be destroyed, but should be tied up and kept under observation for ten days. If at the end of this period the animal is alive and well, rabies, as we have seen, may be excluded and as the bite becomes simply that of a non-rabid animal no special measures need be taken. If, on the other hand, the animal is suffering from rabies, the symptoms will become more and more pronounced and unmistakable and it will soon die. When death occurs either naturally or otherwise the brain should be removed and sent to the Pasteur Institute to which all persons bitten are to proceed.

As regards the persons bitten, the wounds made by the bite should be immediately washed, dried and then thoroughly cauterised with pure carbolic acid or other caustic. Care is to be taken not to do the cauterisation, which, although not to be depended on to do away with all chance of infection, still delays the onset of the disease and gives more time for anti-rabic treatment to be effective.

If the animal is under observation and appears to be healthy, and if the bite is not on the face or on an exposed surface of the body, the person bitten may with safety wait until it is clear from the observation of symptoms whether the animal is rabid or not. But on the appearance of symptoms of the disease in the animal he should at once proceed to the nearest Pasteur Institute. If, however, the bite is on the face or on any naked skin, he should not delay but should immediately start to obtain advice from the nearest Institute where anti-rabic treatment is carried out. The same procedure should be adopted, if the animal shows any symptoms of rabies at the time of the bite, if the animal has escaped or has been

killed. In this connection it is to be remembered that the success of anti-rabic treatment largely depends on how soon it is begun. A person bitten on the face or badly bitten elsewhere should arrive at the Pasteur Institute within three days of being bitten. He obviously cannot afford to wait and see whether the dog which bit him and which may be under observation develops rabies or not. In such a case the treatment had best be begun and if the animal still remains alive and well ten days after the date of the bite, the fact should be communicated to the Institute by telegram, so that treatment may be discontinued. Persons not badly bitten should arrive at the Pasteur Institute not later than five days after the infliction of the bite.

ANTI-RABIC TREATMENT AS CARRIED OUT AT THE PASTEUR INSTITUTE.

The Method of anti-rabic treatment carried out at all Pasteur Institutes is based on the same principles as vaccination against small-pox and inoculation against plague and typhoid fever. That is to say, the person is inoculated with the virus of rabies in such a form and in such a manner as not to give him the disease. As a result of this inoculation he develops a certain degree of immunity to the disease, which immunity lasts for a considerable length of time. In the case of small-pox, plague and typhoid fever the inoculations are intended to be carried out before the virus has gained entrance to the body, while in the case of rabies the virus has already been implanted in the tissues before the treatment is commenced. In this connection we have seen that the interval of time between the inoculation of the poison and the onset of symptoms is generally a comparatively long one, so that, if treatment is begun early, there is in most cases ample time for the patient to develop resistance to the disease.

Treatment lasts for from 10 to 20 days according to the number, nature, and situation of the bites. Deep bites are more dangerous than superficial ones, inasmuch as more virus is injected and more nerves are injured. Bites on the face, head and neck are more dangerous than bites on other parts of the body, while bites on the bare skin are of more consequence than bites through clothing. Lastly, wolf and jackal bites are more dangerous than dog bites, inasmuch as they are, as a rule, more extensive.

During treatment the patients are not inconvenienced. There is no local reaction and no pain follows the injections. The general health of the patients remains unimpaired. No special rules of conduct have to be followed except to avoid alcohol in all forms and to abstain from all violent exercise. It is wise also to keep well clad and to avoid chills.

RESULTS OBTAINED BY ANTI-RABIC TREATMENT.

All persons bitten by rabid animals do not contract hydrophobia. No very accurate or trustworthy statistics on this point are available. The percentage of deaths before the introduction of Pasteur's treatment has been given variously at from 5 to 50.

Statistics collected in France, which are perhaps the most trustworthy, give the mortality at 16 per cent. of those bitten by rabid animals. In India there are no statistics available, but it is almost certain that the mortality is considerably greater than in France.

It is important now to consider the effect of treatment by Pasteur's method.

At the Pasteur Institute in Paris during the years 1896-1905 the percentage mortality year by year has varied between 0.18 and 0.66, the total figures for these 10 years being 11,864 persons treated and 56 deaths, namely, a percentage mortality of 0.45.

At the Pasteur Institute of India, Kasauli, during the six years, for which statistics are available, 4,082 persons have been treated with a mortality of 35, namely, 0.8 per cent. If, however, we take the statistics of Europeans and Natives of India separately, we get the following figures,—

(a) *Europeans*—treated 1,527; failures 2, or 0.13 per cent.

(b) *Natives of India*—treated 2,555; failures 33, or 1.2 per cent.

The difference between the statistics for Europeans and those for Indians is very marked. The much greater percentage of failures amongst the latter is without doubt due to the facts, (a) that the greater majority are bitten on the bare skin; (b) that many of them are bitten by jackals and wolves; and (c) that Indians delay much longer in coming for treatment than Europeans.

FACILITIES GIVEN AT KASAU LI AND COONOR TO PATIENTS COMING FOR TREATMENT.

There are at present two Institutes in India where anti-rabic treatment is carried out by Pasteur's method. These are situated at Kasauli and Coonoor.

Kasauli is in the Lower Himalayas at about 6,000 feet above sea level. The most convenient railway station is Kalka, the terminus of the Delhi-Umballa-Kalka Railway, which is 9½ miles from the Institute. The road from Kalka to Kasauli is all up-hill. Ponies, dandies, doolies, rickshaws and coolies are available for the carriage of passengers and their baggage, the charges for which are moderate. An Agent of

the Institute meets all trains at Kalka and makes all arrangements for the journey up the hill.

Coonoor is in the Nilgiri Hills and a small hill railway runs right into it from Mettupaliyam on the south-west branch of the Madras Railway.

The Institutes are not residential hospitals; all patients live outside where they please.

For the better class of Europeans and Natives there are Hotels, Dak Bungalows and Boarding Houses at both places. There is also for native patients accommodation obtainable in the bazaars. At Kasauli there is a boarding house with fine quarters under the superintendence of the Institute. This is intended strictly for Europeans and Eurasians and for those only who are unable to afford hotel rates. It remains open throughout the year. The charges are Rs. 2-8-0 per day for each person, everything included. At both Kasauli and Coonoor poor native patients are housed free of charge in lines specially constructed for the purpose. They are also supplied with warm clothing and blankets when necessary. A poor native can maintain himself on from 4 to 6 annas a day.

From what has been said above it will be seen that at Kasauli there are no residential quarters for well-to-do Indians. This is unfortunate, as the growing popularity of the Institute leads to the attendance of increasing numbers of the class to whom such provision would be a great boon. Many assurances have been received from Indians who have in their own persons experienced the difficulties mentioned, that they intended on their return home to raise funds by application to their fellow countrymen, which would make such difficulties non-existent in the future, but nothing has yet been done. Such a hostel, if ever established, would require to be open to all sects—due separation being accorded to each. It might be controlled and managed independently of everything except the necessary advice of the Director of the Institute, by a committee of local Indian gentlemen. Moderate fees might be charged so as to exclude those indigent persons who at present are provided with quarters and with all other necessities, except food, by the Institute itself. We commend the idea to Indian gentlemen who are anxious to assist the work of the Institute.

It is to be remembered that at both Kasauli and Coonoor, especially at the former, it is very cold in winter. At Kasauli in the winter snow often lies on the ground for weeks together. Patients should, therefore, provide themselves with a sufficiency of warm clothing and bedding.

A small library of books belonging to the Institute is available for the use of the patients.

Treatment at both these Pasteur Institutes is free to all comers. While this is so, as the Institutes are kept up by voluntary contributions, any donation within the means of the donor is thankfully received.

CONCESSIONS GRANTED BY GOVERNMENT TO POOR PATIENTS.

The Government of India have granted both to Government servants and to indigent persons unconnected with the public service, certain concessions to enable them when bitten by a rabid animal to proceed without delay to the Pasteur Institute at Kasauli or Coonoor for treatment. These concessions are as follows:—

(1) Any Government servant, who has difficulty in finding at once the means to enable him to proceed to an Institute and whose pay exceeds Rs. 100, but does not exceed Rs. 500 a month, may be granted an advance sufficient to defray his actual travelling expenses to Kasauli or Coonoor and back. He may also be given an advance of one month's pay and be granted one month's casual leave. The sums thus advanced will be recovered by instalments on the usual scale.

(2) Any Government servant who has been bitten by a rabid animal and also is too poor to proceed to Kasauli or Coonoor at his own expense may, provided that he is drawing not more than Rs. 100 a month, be granted—

(a) his actual travelling expenses to Kasauli or Coonoor and back;

(b) an advance of one month's pay; and

(c) one month's casual leave; any leave required in excess being treated as privilege or sick leave.

(3) Any indigent person unconnected with the public service, who, in the opinion of any officer authorised to grant the concession, is unable to proceed to a Pasteur Institute at his own expense may be granted—

(a) actual 3rd class travelling expenses to Kasauli or Coonoor and back;

(b) maintenance allowance at the following daily rate; Europeans and Eurasians, Re. 1 during the journey, and Rs. 2-8-0 during treatment; natives, 4 annas a day during the journey and 6 annas a day during treatment.

(4) Women, children under 16 years of age, and men who are by reason of age or other sufficient cause incapable of travelling alone, in the case both of Government servants drawing less than Rs. 100 a month and of unofficial indigent persons, may be allowed an attendant to accompany them to the Institute. This attendant may be granted the travelling expenses and maintenance allowances at the rate sanctioned for patients and also wages, not exceeding 4 annas a day, in cases where the despatching officer is satisfied that the patient is unable to pay the daily expenses of the attendant.

In addition to these concessions granted by Government to patients who attend at the Institute, certain of the Indian Railway Companies likewise give concessions. Thus, on the Oudh and Rohilkhand, the South Indian and the North-Western Railways natives are granted free third class return tickets on production of a medical certificate signed by a gazetted officer, that they are proceeding to the Pasteur Institute, Kasauli or Coonoor, for treatment. On the Madras Railway they are given a third class return ticket at the cost of a single fare.



Our Special Indian Lady Contributor's Columns.

A PAGE FROM THE RAMAYANA

(Ayodya-Kandam.)

AFTER his return from his marriage, Rama was one day sitting in his room with his wife and relations when, Narada, the well-known sage, came to pay his respects to him. As soon as Rama saw the celebrated sage, he at once got up from his seat and prostrated himself at his feet and brought water and washed them, and did all sorts of pooja, and asked him what was the object of his visit. Narada then said, "Oh, great god, I need not tell you my object. You know it yourself. But still since you have come to the world as an avatar, and since you have become an ordinary man, I shall tell you why I have come here. My great lord, a few years ago you promised to Brahma, that you would take the avatar of Rama and kill the Rakshasas and their leader Ravana. But we understand that your father Dasaratha intends making you as the heir-apparent and the celebration is to take place next morning. Brahma, my father, seeing this asked me to come to this place and remind you of your promise already made. Please, therefore, don't forget your promise." The great lord Sri Rama then said, "Narada, don't think I will forget my promise. It is true that my father intends making me heir-apparent, but understand that I will leave this for the forest to fulfil my promise to-morrow. You need not have any fear on account of that. Please inform Brahma also about this." So said Sri Rama and the sage Narada left the place.

The arrangements for the celebration of the Pattabishekam had been made by king Dasaratha, and everything was ready. The day came near. The people came to know of it and they all became very glad.

The Devas came to know of this and they thought that if this ceremony were to take place, then Rama would not be able to go to the forest and kill the Rakshasas as promised. So they requested the goddess Saraswati to go to Ayodhya and make Mandhara tell Kaikeyi about this and by some means or other, try to get the heir-apparantship to her son Bharata instead of to Rama. The goddess consented and Mandhara went to Kaikeyi's apartment and scolded her about her indifference and said that if Rama was crowned, she and her children would be driven away and they would be put to much inconvenience and trouble. In order to avoid this she was to go and ask the Raja the two boons which he had promised. One boon should be that Rama should go to the forest and be there for 14 years, and the other that Bharata should be made heir-apparent. She then left the apartment, and Kaikeyi immediately took off her ornaments, etc., tore her hair and went to her private room crying bitterly. The Raja soon came and asked her what her wish was. Then she said that he should grant her at once the two boons he had already promised to, which the Raja consented. Then she said that Rama should at once go to the forest and live as a Sanyasi for 14 years and Bharata should be made heir-apparent. This made the Raja very sorry and he fell down unconscious. This was known to the ministers and others and they all came to know the cause of this. Rama also was brought soon. He came near his father, raised him from the ground and asked him what had made him so sad. When he knew from his stepmother the cause, he at once said "Father, why do you feel sorry? You should not break your promise. I shall willingly go to the forest. Let Bharata my brother be crowned. I have no objection. I will just go to my mother and take leave of her and then come to take leave of you. So saying he left the place, and went to his mother and told her about this. She was very sorry to hear the news and said she would also go to the forest with him. But

Rama said, "Oh, mother, please don't be sad. I will come back after 14 years." Satisfying his mother, he came to Sita to take leave of her also, but she said she would die if he refused to take her. Rama consented to take her. Then Rama, Sita and Lakshmana all started to the place where their father was and prostrated themselves before him and took leave of him. He was very sorry to part with them, but could not help it. He must keep his word.

Rama, Sita, and Lakshmana started for the forest. The people also accompanied them crying bitterly. They all came to the bank of the river Ganges where they met Guha, the Raja of the forest. He made all sorts of poojas to Rama and asked him to take him also with them. Rama was much pleased and blessed him and asked him to rule the place and live there comfortably. Then they left the place and visited the dwelling-houses of Bharadwaja and Valmiki, and then made a house at Chithrakutam on the bank of the river Ganges.

Soon after Rama's starting for the forest, Dasaratha Maharaja died. And Bharata was sent for to do all his funeral rites. He came and when he had heard everything he was very sorry and cursed his mother Kaikeyi, for having sent his elder brother to the forest. After performing all the funeral rites, Bharata and his mother started for the forest to call back Rama and his party. They reached the place where Rama was and told him about their father's demise and asked him to at once come to Ayodhya. Rama was very sorry to hear the sad news and after performing all the religious duties he told Bharata that he would come back after 14 years and not before, and during these 14 years he must rule the state for him and asked them all to go away. Bharata had to obey this and he started back after getting the wooden shoes of Rama, which he placed on his head to show the respect he had for his brother.

Rama then left Chithrakutam, thinking that his house-people may come and trouble him if he remained there and so he left the place for the interior of the woods.

S. PARUKUTTY ANNAL.



"Sundaravalli"

A TAMIL NOVEL BY AN INDIAN LADY.

A Review.



SUNDARAVALLI is the name of a high class Tamil novel, which has come out from the facile pen of a talented lady, Mrs. G. Kumerasan, wife of Mr. M. Thomas Kumerasan, B.A., Tashildar-Magistrate of Tirupattur, in

the Salem District.

The main story of the novel deals with the birth and growth of the lovely heroine, until she is given in marriage to her cousin Ratnasami Mudaliar, an Apothecary, who settles down with her in the metropolis of Southern India.

Sundaravalli is the beloved daughter of Sabapati Mudaliar, B.A., B.L., a non-Brahmin Hindu Vakil of Srirangam and his first wife Sornambal. The earlier chapters open a most pleasing fore-ground of wifely piety, manifested by Sornambal, towards her husband, which is continued until her death.

The child, Sundaravalli, is brought up with especial care by her parents, in the midst of plenty, suited to her position as the firstborn of a thriving and prosperous vakil. She was sent to school while sufficiently young, and she began to devour eagerly all knowledge imparted to her, not only in the commonplace three 'R's', but also in music and fine arts. She had also a rich store of culinary science, so often conspicuously absent among girls of easy circumstances.

Sundaravalli had a companion in a class-mate of hers, a Brahmin girl by the name of Janaki, and the friendship between them was of such a romantic kind that even in later life their old girlish love 'haunted the greenest spot in memory's waste.' Janaki was an object of tender consideration both for Sundaravalli and her mother, as Janaki's father, himself another vakil, led a most contemptuous and base life, and she was therefore specially taken care of by them, until she was married to a young man who afterwards became a High Court Vakil in Madras. The meeting of Sundaravalli and

Janaki on the beach at Madras, after a painful separation of five long years, and the subsequent social intercourse between them, must be looked upon as one of the results of female culture.

In her 12th year, Sundaravalli had the misfortune to lose her mother. She passed away after a very brief illness. Her death was a great shock to the husband and to her children, Sundaravalli and her twin brothers. The scenes presented here are of the most touching and pathetic kind.

But the widower, Sabapati, was not allowed to lead his life of calm resignation. It so chanced that an ex-Police Inspector of unscrupulous antecedents had a grown up daughter of 18 years. With characteristic cunning, backed up by a greedy and avaricious wife, he employed persons to work upon the tender susceptibilities of the unhappy Sabapati, and his guileless confiding daughter Sundaravalli. The match-making campaign inaugurated by him, his wife, his partisans and above all even by the would-be bride, lands the reader in an atmosphere of meanness, perfidy, and selfishness. Thanalakshmi, the daughter of the ex-Police Inspector, was somehow installed as the partner in life of Sabapati, in the place left vacant, by the saintly Sornambal. Then began those every-day scenes of Indian homes, of a step-mother's false love and cruelty on the one hand, and the mute sufferings of the step children on the other. Sundaravalli would not in the least betray her anguish, lest her good father share her sorrows. With patience and fortitude she bore her hard days, but she was soon relieved of her misery.

Sundaravalli's future husband, Ratnasami Mudaliar, was preparing himself for the medical profession. He turned up one day all on a sudden as the guest of Sabapati. He came into the house of Sabapati during his absence and nobody knew who he was. Thanalakshmi, however, received him kindly enough, and extended to him a hospitality, somewhat inconsistent with the treatment she gave to her step-children. Sabapati on his return made out Ratnasami, but did not reveal the fact to others.

Ratnasami had come all the way in great eagerness to secure the lovely hand of Sundaravalli, whom he had seen several years ago as a girl. He had seen her last on the death-bed of his aunt Sornambal, who had presented him with a valuable ring, which bore her initials on it. He brought this ring on his visit and inadvertently, or otherwise, left it behind in the bath-room of the house, whither he had gone for a bath. Sundaravalli went casually into the bath-room and beheld the sparkling ring, and, lo! the thought of her departed mother, and the scene of her dying moments suddenly flashed across her mind, and at once she discovered the

incognito guest of the house, to be none else than her own long absent dear cousin.

Ratnasami was in the confidence of Sabapati; however, he did not dare express to him the one longing desire of his heart, the one desire which nearly consumed him. He wanted to speak to the sweet Sundaravalli. But the hollow sentimentalities of a Hindu home could not tolerate the free interview of a young woman with a young man, however sacred might be the relationship betwixt them, and however honorable their motives. But relief soon came.

The ex-Police Inspector was bitten by a snake at Chidambaram, and the news came to the house as a bolt from the blue, and Sabapati and Thanalakshmi proceeded to Trichinopoly en route to Chidambaram. In their absence Ratnasami made a bold attempt to pen a few lines to his lady-love.

This epistle, was a pure expression of love, the noblest and loftiest of human feelings, couched in the most inoffensive, but nevertheless warm language, revealing the innermost recesses of his restless heart. Sundaravalli, unused to the ordeal, was unnerved. She could not find her way through the puzzling labyrinth of social byways. She hesitated and hesitated. She feared it would be churlish on her part not to answer his letter; at the same time she felt she was thrown into a foreign element. After a prolonged mental struggle she made up her mind to send a reply, which was another model of a respectful recognition of the honourable advances of a plain out-and-out gentleman. It breathed a spirit of the most graceful womanly modesty. Sabapati on his return was approached on the subject of marriage by Ratnasami. Sabapati, of course, yielded in deference to the sacred injunction of his dead wife. The holy marriage was finally consummated to the pleasure of all concerned. The inevitable time-honoured items of the festive occasion were all gone through.

Ratnasami took his 'bright, beauteous bride' to Madras where he was ordered on service. In Madras, Sundaravalli got into the habit of driving to the beach with her husband and enjoying the sweet breeze that springs from the bay. Here the imaginative authoress dilates upon a most picturesque description of the seashore, and the people that gather there in the evenings.

It is about a couple of days after her arrival in Madras that Sundaravalli beholds an 'old familiar face' which she at once recognises to be that of her whilom *confidante* Janaki.

Towards the conclusion of the book, is an ably written dissertation on female education purporting to have been produced from the pen of Sundaravalli. It is a most strenuous and vigorous advocacy of female education, a critical protest against the plausible grounds of objection

that are generally levelled against it, and the untenableness thereof. This is certainly the crowning theme of the whole work.

The authoress, being a lady charged with the training of the rising female population of the district, is, perhaps, the fittest to dwell upon such a useful subject. She has had ample opportunities to study the inner lives of many a Hindu home, and she has profitably used her resources to the benefit of her readers. The scenes she paints in the course of this very interesting and instructive narrative are taken from real life, and the reader is never thrown under any spell of unreality. He feels as if he sees the things as they occur in every-day experience.

The style adopted is one quite fitted for the achievement of the object the authoress sets before her eyes. She wants evidently that a large section of her Indian sisters should profit by imbibing newer ideas of social life. She therefore takes care to express her thoughts in as simple and clear language as possible, so that she can be easily understood by all the Tamil reading population of the Presidency. There are a number of apt proverbs and quotations introduced in the work which are of a high character. The prose diction often runs poetical; and there are free paraphrases of well-known and oft quoted poetical sayings from standard authors. It is also interesting to note the philological skill often displayed by the authoress in word-building, to translate English words into the Tamil vernacular, to suit modern conditions and environments.

The printing and get up of the book are eminently satisfactory. It is dedicated to Mrs. Richards, wife of Mr. F. J. Richards, for some years a most popular civilian in the Salem district. The names of Mr. and Mrs. Richards are dear household words to every school boy and girl in the district, and the idea of dedicating this novel to Mrs. Richards is certainly a very happy one.

BY AN INDIAN.

Editorial Note

Duties, however nobly and bravely done, do not always shine bright. Life is not all made up of brilliancy; but there is much in silent activity; and real

work quietly done does much towards the fulfilment of the good things of this earth. The late Mrs. Butchi Babu Naidu, whose photo we give in our frontispiece, was one of the silent pioneers of woman's advancement in Madras. Srimati Bangaramma, for that was her name, was aged 31, and died at her residence, the Luz House, Mylapore, on Thursday, Sept. 3, from sudden failure of heart action after a brief illness. She was a very prominent and useful member of Hindu society and contributed to the genial and graceful feature of almost every function of Hindu ladies at Madras. She was a most devoted wife and believed in the importance of home duties for women. Young as she was, she was of a religious turn of mind and spent a large portion of her vacant hours in reading religious Tracts and Literature. The Hindu Ladies' Association, recently inaugurated at Madras by Lady Bhasbyam and Mrs. Sankaran Nair, owes its success in some measure to the exertions of the deceased lady, as she helped in every way to enlarge the sphere of its activity and usefulness. The loss is a most irreparable one to Hindu society; and to her husband and seven children, of whom one is a widowed daughter, it is a most terrible blow.

It would be well for our Hindu society if there were more ladies like her in our midst.

Our Children's Page.

I. A FEW PUZZLES AND THEIR ANSWERS.



(1) *The Horseshoe puzzle.*—Cut the shoe out of paper, and place the fourteen dots to represent nails, as in the illustration. The puzzle is to cut the horseshoe into seven parts, each containing two nails, with two straight cuts. First

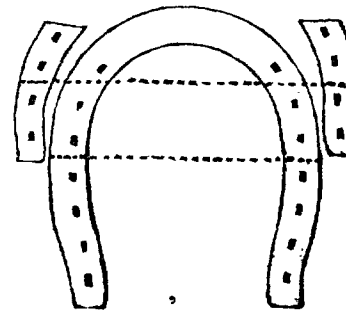


FIG. 1.—HOW TO CUT THE HORSE-SHOE

make the lower cut, indicated by the dotted line; then place the three pieces together, as shown, and make the upper cut.

(2) *The Railway Puzzle.*—If New York and San Francisco are just seven days' journey apart, and if trains start from both ends every day at noon, how many trains coming in an opposite direction will a train leaving New York meet before it arrives at its destination at San Francisco? This puzzle which many people find so perplexing, is quite easy if you refer to the diagram I have given, (Fig. 2). It will be seen that at the moment the train starts from New York there are six trains already on the way in the positions indicated, since it is a

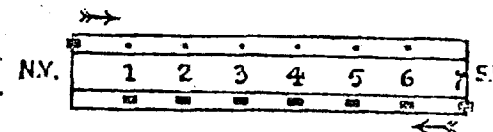


FIG. 2.—THIS WILL EXPLAIN THE RAILWAY PUZZLE.

seven days' journey. The train, numbered 7, also starts at the same time. Therefore the train has to meet all these seven. But when

the New York train is at point 1, an eighth train will be leaving San Francisco, when it is at point 2 a ninth train will be leaving, at point 3 a tenth, at point 4 an eleventh, at point 5 a twelfth, and at point 6 a thirteenth train will be leaving San Francisco. Therefore the train will meet thirteen others on the journey. Of course, at the moment of its arrival a train will be just starting, but it cannot be said to "meet" this one on the journey.

(3) *The Christians and Turks.*—Fifteen Christians and fifteen Turks being at sea in the same vessel, a dreadful storm came on which obliged them to throw all their merchandise overboard.

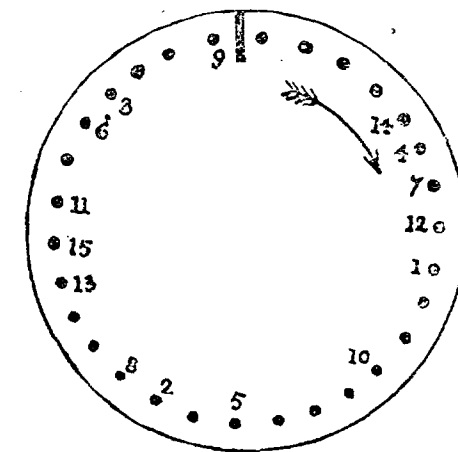


FIG. 3.—HOW TO ARRANGE THE CHRISTIANS AND TURKS.

This, however, not being sufficient to lighten the ship, the captain informed them that there was no possibility of its being saved unless half the passengers were thrown overboard also. Having, therefore, caused them all to arrange themselves in a circle, by counting from nine to nine and throwing every ninth person into the sea, it was found that after fifteen persons had been thrown overboard, the fifteen Christians remained. How did the captain arrange those thirty persons so as to save the Christians? There is no easier way of solving the puzzle than by arranging thirty dots in a circle and making the actual count, as I have shown in a diagram. The numbers indicate the order in which the men are counted out, removed, and thrown overboard. I begin the count at the bar and always go in the direction of the arrow.

II. A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

NORAH'S BRAVERY.

It was an autumn night, and in a wild unfrequented corner of Ireland it did not take very experienced eyes to see that a storm was imminent. The wind, racing along, tore down

the few leaves remaining on the trees, and whirled them along the ground; then, looking round for further prey, it ruffled the pretty chestnut curls of a young girl who was standing at the door of a small farmhouse, high up on a hill. In age she was not more than fourteen, and just now her grey eyes, so characteristic of the Irish people, wore a look of apprehension as she gazed into the fast gathering twilight. After glancing up into the heavy clouds scudding across the sky she went in doors, and shut and barred the door behind her.

As she sat down by the side of a roaring fire, and took a battered spelling-book from the shelf, she thought to herself, "Surely father and mother will stop all night at Farmer Wilson's when they see the storm coming, especially as they have baby with them. No, I need not be anxious."

Then, comforting herself, she settled down to her book, while the storm outside burst in all its fury.

Norah McNeil was the eldest child of a small farmer, who, with his wife and baby-daughter, Kathleen, had gone to spend the day at the house of another farmer residing five miles away. His firstborn child, Norah, was sweet and lovable, considerably older in spirit than most children of her age. She was decidedly pretty, the homely simple clothes she wore only serving to accentuate her natural simplicity and grace. What little learning her mother possessed she had imparted to her daughter, but here her educational advantages came to an end. Living all her life up on the mountain tops, associating little with her fellow-creatures, the advent of a baby-sister opened a well of deep, pure love in the childish heart. At the age of three years baby Kathleen was the merry tyrant of the small household, while only her mother love enabled Mrs. McNeil to perceive that she possessed a strong will.

Norah was quite used to being alone in the farmhouse. Inside all was cosy and bright, the firelight throwing a warm glow over the pure, thoughtful face of the child.

It was well on in the evening when the spelling-book fell out of Norah's hand. She started to her feet and listened. Above the raging of the storm a faint cry could just be heard. "Can it be some one lost on the mountain side?" thought Norah. A shudder ran through her as she realised the terrible position of a traveller lost on such a night as this. Then came the thought that it might be a lamb which had strayed from the flock. Again came that faint wailing cry. That was not the cry of a sheep, and as she listened a look of stern resolve stole over her little white face. "I know every path of the mountain with my eyes shut," thought

she; then, falling upon her knees, she cried in an agony of entreaty. "O, Heaven, guide me to the place where the lost is, and keep me safe." This short prayer, which came straight from the heart, gave her courage. She wrapped a thick shawl round her head and shoulders, and taking a lantern in her hand, went out.

It was as black as pitch outside, and the storm was raging terribly. Again she listened, and again came that faint cry. She struggled bravely on, until her strength was almost spent. After a time the cries ceased, and she was left without a guide. She stumbled on, until her foot struck something soft. Stooping down, her terror and amazement reached a high point as she saw that it was her darling little sister who was lying among the bracken in a swoon.

With one despairing cry for help, she fell fainting beside the prostrate form.

Norah was lying in a small white bed in a strange room, with her mother's face, full of love and tenderness, bending over her. She was at Mr. Wilson's farm. In a few days she was able to learn the history of that terrible night. With tears in her eyes Mrs. McNeil told her that the home in which she had been born had been completely destroyed by the storm, also that baby Kathie had wandered away in the middle of the afternoon, and had been missing until Norah's cry for help had directed the attention of a search-party, and they had been brought back to Wilson's farm, both insensible. "And now darling," said the mother, when she had finished, "your first duty is to thank Heaven for your wonderful deliverance, for, had you remained in the house much longer, you would have been killed. Little Kathie, too, might have perished, had she not been found just then."

III. A STORY.

THE GARDENER'S CUNNING WIFE.

In a certain village there lived with his wife a poor gardener, who cultivated vegetables in a small patch in the backyard of his house. They were in thirty little beds, half of which he would water every day. This occupied him from the fifth to the fifteenth *ghatika*.

His wife used to cut a basketful of vegetables every evening, and he took them in the mornings to sell in the village. The sale brought him a measure or two of rice, and on this the family lived! If he could manage any extra work of an evening he got a few coppers, which served to meet their other expenses.

Now, in that village there was a temple to Kali, in front of which was a fine tank with a mango tree on its bank. The fish in the tank

and the mangoes from the tree were dedicated to the goddess, and were strictly forbidden to the villagers. If any one was discovered cutting a mango or catching a fish he was at once excommunicated from the village. So strict was the prohibition.

The gardener was returning home one morning after selling his vegetables and passed by the temple. The mangoes, so carefully guarded by religious protection, were hanging on the tree in great numbers, and the gardener's eyes fell on them! His mouth watered. He looked round about him, and fortunately there was no one by, at least, as far as his eyes could reach. So he hastily plucked one of the mangoes and with nimble feet descended into the tank to wash it. Just then a most charming shoal of fish met his eyes. These protected dwellers in the tank had no notion of danger, and so were frolicking about at their ease. The gardener looked about him first and finding no one by caught half a dozen stout fish at one plunge of his hand. He hid them and the mango underneath the rice in his basket and returned home, happy in the thought that he had not been caught. Now he had a special delight in fish, and when he reached his house he showed what he brought to his wife and asked her to prepare a dish with the newly caught fish and the never-till-then tasted mango.

Meanwhile he had to water his garden, and went to the backyard for the purpose. The watering was done by a *pikota*. He used to run up and down the pole while a friend of his, the son of his neighbour, lifted the water and irrigated the garden.

Meanwhile his wife cooked the dish of mango and fish in a pan, and found the flavour so sweet that even while the dish was only half cooked she began to taste one bit after another till more than half had already gone down her throat! The dish was at last cooked and the few remaining slices in the pan were taken off the fire, so she went into the verandah and from thence saw her husband running up and down the *pikota*. She beckoned to him that the dish was ready and that he should come in and taste it. However, he never noticed her, but kept on running up and down the *pikota*, and while doing so he was obliged to wave his hands about, and this his wife mistook as an indication that she might eat up her portion of the dish. At any rate her imagination made her think so; and she went in and ate a slice, and then went out into the verandah again to call her husband, who was still running up and down the *pikota*. Again, her husband, so she thought, waved his hands in permission to go on with her dinner. Again she went in and had another slice. Thus it went

on for a full *ghatika* till the last slice was consumed!

"Alas!" thought she, "With what great eagerness my husband fetched the fish and the mango and how sadly, out of greediness, have I disappointed him! Surely his anger will know no bounds when he comes in. I must soon devise some means to save myself."

So, she brought the pan in which she cooked the fish and mango out of the house and covered it with another pan of similar size and sat down before it. Then she undid her hair and twisted it about her head until it was dishevelled. She then began to make a great noise. This action by a woman in an illiterate family of low caste is always supposed to indicate a visitation from a goddess or a demon: so when her husband from the *pikota* tree saw the state of his wife, his guilty conscience smote him. The change in his wife alarmed him, and he came down suddenly and stood before her. As soon as she saw him she roared out at him:—

"Why have you injured me to-day by plundering my mango and fish? How dare you do such an irreligious act? You shall soon see the results of your impertinence!"

"The goddess has come upon my wife most terribly," thought the poor man. "Her divine power may soon kill her! What shall I do?"

So he fell at the feet of the divine visitation, as he thought it to be, and said: "My most holy goddess, your dog of a servant has this day deviated from the straight path. Excuse him this time, and he will never do so a second time."

"Run then with the pan which contains the results of your sin and dip it deep into my tank. Then shall the fish become alive and the mango shall take its place in the tree."

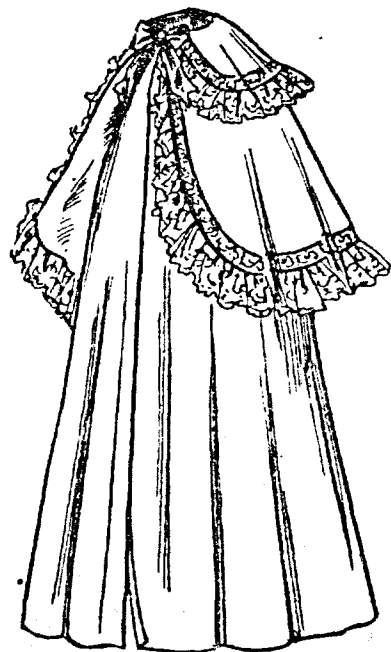
The gardener received the order most submissively, and taking the pan in his hand flew to the tank. There he dipped it in the water and came back to his house fully believing that his sin that day had been forgiven, and that the cooked fish had become alive again and the mango a living one. Thus did the cunning wife save herself from her husband's wrath!

Our Needle-work Column

HOME DRESSMAKING.



better than the old-fashioned shape.

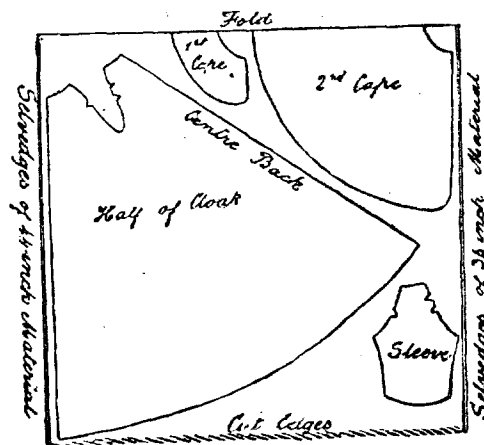


As to materials, cashmere is excellent for an inexpensive cloak, whilst Roman satin or bengaline are used for smarter affairs. The lower cloak is frequently lined with nun's veiling, and faced with silk; whilst the upper ones are better lined all through with soft silk or sarsanet.

The trimming in the cloak illustrated consists of lace and insertion, but as some people like embroidery I should like to add that all three capes can be embroidered if wished, the long one down the centre of front, and the upper ones either in the corners or all round, as preferred; whilst a cord or kilted silk frill can be substituted for the lace if liked.

In the diagram I have shown the various portions of the pattern placed on 44-inch

material, of which 2½ yards will be required. The back of the long cloak has a seam down the centre for the sake of economy, as if cut without it will take very much more material, but as the seam will not show when pressed, and the upper capes are of more importance in this regard, I have placed them to the fold in order that they may be seamless. Baby clothes, I may add, have undergone a change of late, inasmuch as the "long clothes" are not quite as long as they



used to be, and the cape measures from 36 to 40 inches from the neck, but can quite well be made shorter than this, as doctors now so much disapprove of very long garments for infants, the weight of which, they say, is far from beneficial.

The making of the cloak is not difficult. If required for a winter baby it may be as well to interline the long cloak with domette, which must be carefully tacked in place—with the raw edges of the seams lapped over each other, in order to be quite flat—when the back seam is stitched up and pressed. The lining is cut exactly the same, and must also be tacked smoothly in place, on the inside portion over the domette. The edges of the cloak must then be carefully and evenly tacked up, when those of the lining should be turned in and felled to it, and then pressed.

The sleeves should next be joined up, then tacked in the armhole as the notches show, when the seam can be pressed and the lining made up and felled in position. The wrist parts are turned in and felled together, and may be drawn in by elastic or ribbon or left loose, as preferred.

The neck part should be turned, and all superfluous edges and turnings of linings, etc., be cut away—including those of the interlining—in order to make it as thin as possible, and then neatened with ribbon, the ends to which should be left to tie with. The two upper capes are

merely lined, and finished off as I have already described, and are usually united at the neck and put on separately, but care should be taken to make the neck as thin and as little bulky as possible, in order that it may not irritate the soft and tender flesh.

Our Cookery Column

ALBERT PUDDING.



INGREDIENTS.—Half a pound of flour, half a pound of boiled mashed potatoes, half a pound of suet, four ounces of sultanas, four ounces of mixed candied peel, three ounces of sugar, nutmeg, one lemon. **Method.**—Chop the suet finely, mix it with the flour, mash the potatoes through a masher, mix them with the flour and suet, add a pinch of salt; mix in the fruit and peel cut in very small pieces, the sugar, a little grated nutmeg and lemon-peel. Then add just enough milk to mix it to a dry dough. Place in a buttered basin and steam it for five hours. Turn it out, and serve with St. Michael sauce. Cost—about tenpence.

ST. MICHAEL SAUCE.

Squeeze the juice out of two sweet oranges, strain it into an enamelled pan, mix one teaspoonful of cornflour with a little cold water, stir in with the juice, adding a little sugar. Place this over the fire, stirring it constantly until it has boiled for a few minutes; then take it off the fire, add, if liked, a spoonful of rum and serve.

LITTLE CARAMEL PUDDINGS.

Ingredients.—Half a pint of milk, three eggs, vanilla flavouring, one lemon, four ounces of caster sugar. **Method.**—Make a custard with the milk, eggs, and half the sugar and flavour it with six drops of vanilla; mix well together. Mix the remainder of the sugar and lemon juice together, put it into about eight small plain dariole tins, and stand them on the stove or in the oven till the sugar gets a deep golden colour, then make the caramel cover all round the sides of the tins, dip the outsides of the tins in cold water to set the caramel, then pour in the custard. Stand the tins in a large saucepan, put in a little boiling water to reach halfway up the tins, and steam them for about half an hour until the custard is firm. Turn them out carefully, and serve hot or cold. Cost—about sevenpence.

GINGER CREAM.

Ingredients.—The yolks of four eggs, one pint of cream, three ounces of preserved ginger, three dessert-spoonfuls of syrup, sugar, one ounce of gelatine. **Method.**—Slice the ginger finely, put it into a basin with the syrup and the cream; mix these ingredients well together, and stir them over the fire for about ten minutes. Dissolve the gelatine in a little water, stir it into the mixture until it thickens, then take it off the fire and whisk till nearly cold; sweeten to taste. Serve the cream in a glass dish, and garnish with slices of preserved ginger. Cost—about two shillings.

HAM AND MACARONI.

Ingredients.—Ham, half a pound of macaroni, one ounce of butter. **Method.**—When the best part of a boiled ham has been eaten, hang up the remainder for a few days to dry the meat, then mince it finely. Boil the macaroni with the ham-bone until the former is quite done, drain it, and mix the minced ham with it; add salt, pepper, cayenne, and the butter. Place this in a buttered cake-tin, and put it in a hot oven for a few minutes. Send to table very hot, with a serviette pinned round the tin. Cost—about fourpence without the ham.

POTATO FRITTERS.

Ingredients.—Three large potatoes, three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of milk, two tablespoonfuls of raisin wine, lemon-juice, nutmeg, lard. **Method.**—Boil the potatoes and beat them up lightly with a fork, beat the eggs well, leaving out one of the whites; add the milk, raisin wine, nutmeg, and a little lemon-juice, and beat all together for a quarter of an hour until the latter is very light. Make the lard boiling hot, put a tablespoonful of the batter, a drop at a time, into it, and fry the fritters a nice brown. Arrange the fritters on a white doyley and sprinkle white sugar over them. If liked, wine sauce may be served with them. Cost—about elevenpence.

CASSEROLE OF RICE.

Ingredients.—Four ounces of rice, a quarter of a pound of butter or good beef dripping, salt, pepper, the remains of the cold meat, two onions, spice, tomato ketchup. **Method.**—Mince all the meat finely. To make gravy, boil the bones with the onions, spice, salt, and pepper, thicken with flour, and flavour well with tomato ketchup. Melt the dripping or butter in a saucepan, put in the rice, add enough hot water to cover it, and with it a little salt. Let it stew until soft, and stir occasionally to prevent it from burning. If it should get too thick, add a little more boiling water; when cooked, take it up and let it cool. Butter a mould, line it with the rice; when it is firm, put in the minced meat, well seasoned with

salt and pepper, and a little chopped onion or shallot. Put buttered paper over the top and steam it for an hour. Pour the gravy round the dish or serve in a boat. Cost—about sevenpence without the meat.

What has been done for and by Indian Ladies.

FEMALE EDUCATION IN THE UNITED PROVINCES.

We are very glad to learn that Miss Vidyawati Seth, a Hindustani girl belonging to a respectable orthodox Hindu family of Oudh, has this year passed the Matriculation examination of the Allahabad University. We do hope where she has led, others will follow. We are also pleased to note that Miss Nirmalini Bose, a Bengali Hindu girl of Oudh, has passed the B.A. examination of the Allahabad University. We trust she will use her knowledge and training for the good of her sex.

We are very glad to read in the *Advocate* that Miss Vidyawati is the first Hindustani girl from an orthodox respectable Hindu family of Oudh, we may say from the United Provinces who has passed the Entrance examination. We congratulate her and her father Babu Brij Behari Seth of Biswan, District Sitapur, Accountant of the Examiner's Office, Bareilly, on her success. Seth Brij Behari is an ardent advocate of female education; in spite of the jeers of the backward people, he broke the *parda* and gave his daughter the benefits of school education. We hope he will succeed in the noble ideal set by him, that of allowing Miss Vidyawati to become a graduate, so that she may devote herself to the furtherance of female education in these Provinces.

The efforts made by the Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces to spread female education are commendable.—*The Modern Review*.

CANNANORE.

THE LADIES' ASSOCIATION.

The second meeting of the Cannanore Ladies' Association was held on Wednesday evening at 5 P.M. in the Government Girls' School at Cannanore under the presidency of Mrs. Burton. Owing to very heavy rain the attendance was not as satisfactory as was anticipated. There were, however, thirty ladies present. The proceedings commenced by the President reading a letter from Mrs. Guruswamy, the Headmistress of the Palghat Government Girls' School, expressing sympathy with the objects of the meeting and regretting her inability to be present. Afterwards,

the President called upon Cheruvari Rugmini Amma (Mrs. P. Govindan) to read her essay, in Malayalam, on female education. An English translation of the same was then read by Mrs. Pope (the wife of the Civil Surgeon.) At the request of the President, Mrs. P. Govindan also spoke briefly on the life and work of the eminent Hindu ladies referred to in her address.

There was singing of native songs and playing on the violin by certain of the Hindu ladies present. Mrs. Seiler, a German lady, sang and played on the guitar. The meeting, on the whole, proved a success and it is expected that future meetings of the Association will have a more satisfactory attendance.

In the course of her address, Mrs. Govindan traced the causes that have contributed to the ignorance and low position of Indian womenkind, dealt with the progress female education has made in India so far, and the labours of reformers who are engaged in the task of uplifting our women. She also controverted the arguments of those who are opposed to female education. A knowledge of English and Malayalam cannot be considered a perfect education. Female education cannot be complete without a knowledge of domestic duties. Concluding Mrs. Govindan said:—"A knowledge of sewing, drawing and music are to be made compulsory in the course of a girl's education. There is no work more useful and pleasant to a woman, when she is not pressed by other works, as sewing. This is especially so in the present age when there is much refinement, taste and reform in the matter of dress. Drawing is an equally interesting study for a lady. A knowledge of this art enables one to appreciate the beauties of nature by drawings of natural sceneries, etc. The beautiful and clever drawings of a woman reflect her mind and skill in such a way as to excite admiration in those who see such drawings. In this connection, I beg to bring to your notice the examples of Shakuntala, Chitrakala and other ancient Hindu ladies distinguished for their paintings and drawings, of which we read in the Puranas. Now as regards music there is no study which soothes, consoles and charms the mind so well as music. Every living being, including the cruel serpent, is subject to its influence. How much men are taken up by the sweet melody produced by the singing of birds? Music has the power of evoking all sorts of feelings such as piety, grief, contentment, pleasure, etc. It serves as a proper accompaniment to dancing as practised by different nations. Such a study is a very appropriate one for women of all classes. The sweet disposition of women, their soft modest behaviour, their naturally ringing voice, all tend to show that God, as it were ordained music as a proper and legitimate subject

of study for females. The goddess of learning among the Hindus, Saraswathi, is represented as a deity with a fiddle in her hand. What more evidence is wanted to show that learning was not prohibited for Hindu females at any time. The fact that all learned men invoke and worship Saraswathi would clearly indicate that all men will equally worship and respect a learned woman. For the reasons shown above, I exhort you to do all that is necessary to make education compulsory among our girls; and our women will then surely be able to regain their lost place in Hindu society. As a result of the little education we have already obtained, we now have among us this Ladies' Association and let us one and all do what we can for the well-being and progress of our women by promoting education among them."

WOMEN'S TRAINING

A CLASS OPENED—THE SCHEME.

Calcutta, Aug. 19.—At a meeting of the Executive Committee appointed in connection with the scheme for establishment of a training college for women in Calcutta, it was decided to open a training class on a small scale as a tentative measure, pending establishment of a training college, for which a scheme has already been drawn up. Mrs. Mitter will be the Lady Principal.

MANGALORE.

A WIDOW'S HOME AND ORPHANAGE.

Mangalore, 3rd Aug.—A well attended meeting convened for the purpose of promoting the objects of the Viresalingam Widow's Home and Orphanage was held yesterday at 5 P.M. in the Canara High School under the Chairmanship of Mr. Azizudin Sahib Khan Bahadur, the Collector of the District, who is a patron of the Home. Mr. M. Madhava Rau commenced the proceedings by reading a lecture on "The Toil that Invites not," an interesting essay that had for its object the lesson that it was not only by political activity that the progress of India could be secured, but also by labour in fields that were less exciting, but which, as much as politics, were directed towards elevating and securing the well-being of the people.

After the lecture the following two Resolutions were passed:—

(1) That in the opinion of this meeting the Viresalingam Widow's Home and Orphanage deserves the warm support of the people of this district.

(2) That this meeting authorises the Executive Committee of the Home, to make and

appeal for financial aid, to elect a Treasurer and frame a constitution for the proper working of the Home.

Selections

I. INDIANS IN ENGLAND.

A MUSLIM LADY'S VIEWS.

Mrs. Ali Akbar presided at a lecture delivered by Professor Velinkar at the Wilson College, on Saturday last, the subject being "Indians in England."

Mrs. Ali Akbar said:—I am sure ye all feel thankful to Professor Velinkar for the excellent lecture he has delivered this evening. The subject is of great interest to us all. We all want to know how our young men are doing in England, and how their life could be made better and more profitable to themselves and to our country.

Quite recently the doing of our England-returned men, as they are called, has aroused much attention and given rise to much criticism. The India Office appointed a Committee to investigate into the matter and suggest remedies. I believe Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister, also referred to it in his Edinburgh speech on the occasion of the Indian Bazaar held to collect funds for an Indian Home. These points prove the necessity of inquiring into the question "Have our foreign-travelled men been a failure, and, if so, what steps must be taken to prevent the rot from spreading further."

To take up the first question: Have they been a failure? Ladies and gentlemen, in spite of their many drawbacks and weak points, I cannot say that they have been a failure. Such a wholesale condemnation cannot be pronounced by any level-headed observer of our affairs. No doubt these young men, when they come back to our country, are struck by the difference between Western and our civilization, and the difference is not always to our credit. They come from the atmosphere of freedom and progress to an environment haunted by fear and thick with all manner of impediments to our social and other progress. Being young men and impatient, they denounce our timid and slothful ways—perhaps their language is particularly strong, and the powers of conservation are naturally provoked to utter words of counter condemnation with disproportionate violence. I say our young men may commit errors of judgment, who does not? But that does not mean that they are to be set down as a set of failures or workers of evil.

The particular problem which seems to be at the bottom of all this controversy is this:—Have

they acted as buffers between Englishmen and Indians, as sympathetic interpreters of the one race to the other. Various causes have contributed to produce the present tension of feeling between the two races brought together by the indissoluble ties of membership in the same empire. I am afraid that foreign travelled Indians have, if anything, increased this bitterness. I do not mean to say that all the blame for it rests with them. No doubt the Englishman, in some instances changes his behaviour towards us on landing on our soil: and those who have known his ways and conduct in his native land, can't take it as a natural thing. They perceive the difference; the perception leads to acute feeling: and then their self-respect dictates a counter-demonstration of stiffness. Thus the gulf widens.

However, it must not be forgotten, and after all the remembrance of our own faults is a surer way of self-improvement, that there are faults on our side also. Some of us are friendly and sociable with Englishmen in England. When we meet any of them here we directly turn our backs, because our social system won't allow of our asking them to our homes. We do not even meet them openly and freely in their own homes. We prefer very modest and stealthy methods of showing our friendship, as though that would increase anybody's respect for us. Our men are not indisposed to meet their women at tea-table or other social functions, but as for allowing the stranger to meet our women, that argues a level of advance and social progress nor to speak of fairness in some causes at which we have not arrived. Let us remember also that they are in our country, and socially speaking, as our guests. Can any one say that we do a tithe to them of what we expect them to do for us when we are in their country? I need not multiply instances, the conclusion is clear, if disappointing; we expect a lot more than we are prepared to give, and then we wonder they do not thankfully close in with the bargain.

ENGLISH CHARACTER.

It is also true that many of our England-returned men come back with a diminished appreciation of English character. This is unfortunate, for the same circumstances that lead one to form a low estimate of English character are sure to lead to the lowering of one's own character as well. The reason of this occurrence which, while doing injustice to the British, does us no good either, seems to be that many of our young men unable to get into good society, mix with third-rate people and come back with the fixed idea that a Bayswater boarding house is typical and representative of English civilization and character. I need not dilate on this, as the lecturer has already done sufficient

justice to it. Briefly the causes which hinder our entry into good English society are these:—Our cliquishness: I say it is bad policy for our men to form a small world of their own, after going out to see another world than ours. I don't say they must not have clubs; but they must not confine themselves to a small India in London. The want of means, lack of manners and social accomplishments. Let me say that manners are more than conventions; they are the expression of the gentlemanliness in us, and we ought not neglect them. As the lecturer said our powers of conversation are too limited. We have no doubt read much, but we don't see enough of life. Bookish talk can never be popular amongst a people who set a high value on experience. I must confess that we move in a narrow groove; our life is not so rich or varied and sports are distinctly lacking.

When all this has been said, there yet remains a slight tension, due to politics. We, as being the conquered, are apt to be touchy. And the Englishman is not always attentive enough to the feelings of others. We have also a habit of getting violently sincere in conversation, and our fierce seriousness or gloomy silence is too apt to engender bad blood. I would advise young Indians not to talk political shop and Englishmen not to ask too many questions regarding our loyalty. The air of patronising superiority keeps alive the spirit of sullen discontent.

I think I may have to differ from the lecturer on one point. I don't think Indians in England treat English sympathy for India as an essential condition of social harmony between us, though they would of course welcome such sympathy. There is a broad and happy distinction between private and public life which is not entirely lost even upon Indians.

Recently they have been trying some experiments in English for weaning young Indians from undesirable political influences. I am exceedingly sceptical as to the success of these measures. One of them is building homes for our students. This will do no good; rather it will be a fertile field for the growth of mischief. I have already said that herding them together is impolitic. The second thing is to ask their teachers and tutors to have a special eye on them. There is some hope of success here, provided the supervision not too open or inquisitorial. If you make a set of boys feel that they are put in a disadvantageous position, in a position of less freedom than their fellows, they can't be expected to love the invidious restraint or bless the authors thereof. In dealing with young and sensitive boys, sympathy will go further than repressive managements. In this connection the occasional "At Homes" of the Northbrook Society are of immense service. We hope that

more organisations of the same nature will be formed in England, and that the effects of these and of a deeper and wider culture of the Indian youth will result in producing a condition of genuine mutual appreciation for each other's character, and regard for each other's interest as between the two races who, as permanent partners of this empire, will have to manage to live together amicably, in spite of temporary bickerings and estrangements. (Applause.)

Mirza Ali Mirza Hussain Khan, in proposing a vote of thanks to Mrs. Ali Akbar for presiding on the occasion, compared her with Nurjehan and Chandbib, and said that it was an epoch-making event in the annals of Muhammadan history that a Muslim lady of the culture and talents of Mrs. Ali Akbar should preside at a distinguished educational gathering, and deliver what he called an interesting and instructive discourse before them.

The vote was carried by acclamation.

II. WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING, AND WHAT WE MAY DO.

A JAPANESE WOMAN'S ENTERPRISE AND PROGRAMME OF LIFE.

The charge is often made against Japan that its modernization is a mere outergloss—that its Westernization is but a surface veneer. The subjects of the Mikado, it is frequently urged, have shown a remarkable genius for imitating certain features of occidental civilization; but it is asserted that all indications point to the fact that they have shown but little aptitude to assimilate what they have aped—much less the inventive faculty to originate new methods.

Statements to this effect may be heard constantly in the occident. They are, no doubt, inspired by the concentrated hauteur and superciliousness so characteristic of the "white" people, when discussing the character and abilities of the black, brown, and yellow races. So long as the Anglo-Saxon arrogates to himself the overlordship of the world on the "survival of the fittest" theory, the Asian and African people will be labelled "inferiors."

Beyond this extenuation, if an excuse has to be found for the insinuation that it is only the outer crust of Japan that has been touched by modernism, and that, beneath it, infernal fires of conservatism and fatalism rage and roar, the Japanese can proudly point out that era of modernization dawned upon his country less than half a century ago, that already he has attained unprecedented success in metamorphosing the race, freeing it from the trammels of tradition and caste and setting its face towards progress and prosperity.

More than this, Japan is not once again lapsing into an abject slavery to the past; nor has the process of modernization come to a full stop in the country. It is proceeding apace. Every day the arrow of progress is burrowing deeper into the erstwhile reaction of Japan and departments of life in the Sunrise Kingdom increasingly testify that the people are alive and manfully marching on the stony path of progress.

The Japanese sociologist, educator and statesman are afraid of nothing save standing still. They realize that they must either go forward or stand the chance of being shoved back—that there is no such thing as "standing pat." The world depicts the Japanese as self-satisfied—vain-glorious of their recent achievements. The occidental caricaturist gives, in his cartoons, the impression that the Jap is "biggity"—supercilious and vain. Contact with the over-bearing Anglo-Saxon may have done its work and the Oriental may have become imperious; but the Japanese is fully alive to the gravity of the situation and his boastfulness of his attainments, in the past few decades, is no bar to his future progress.

The most assuring sign of Japan's present and future prosperity is found in his attitude towards womanhood. The modern woman of Japan is less and less treated as a serf. Already she is fast coming into her own and is being dealt with as a rational human being.

The greatest revolution that has taken place in our times has been wrought in the Orient. The Asian has changed his attitude in two important respects. He learned that the corner-stone of his future well-being is a righteous and equitable treatment of women. He has also realised that the most valuable asset of a nation consists of its children and young folks. How revolutionary is this attitude toward the rising generation which Asia is increasingly assuming it is difficult for the occidental to grasp. Virtually it means the reversal of the whole sociological order in the Orient. So far the patriarchal ideals have been the fetiches before which the Oriental has bowed and scraped. The children have been the property, so to speak, of the *pater familias*—the young folks, apart from the family, have had no rights. The joint-family system has exercised an absolute sway over the people as individuals. The parents or the legal guardians of the young persons have educated them according to their own conception—the marriage has been solemnized by them without the consent of the contracting parties—the newly-wedded bride has gone into the family of the parents of the bridegroom and submitted herself to the autocracy of the mother-in-law—the son has carried his wages and turned them over to the head of the family, and like a school child, has been given a small por-

tion of his earnings as pocket-money. The spirit of our times has been antagonistic to such arrangements as these. Orient is giving way, tardily and somewhat ungracefully, but nevertheless surely; with the result that the social order is changing. The individual is beginning to assert his or her rights; and the spirit of slavishness to tradition and the past, to the dictum of the priest and to the methods of the forebearers, is gradually becoming a thing of the days gone by. This revolution has but commenced and has yet to accomplish a great deal. The lead in the propaganda has been taken by Japan, and of all oriental nations, therefore, the Japanese are providing the best opportunities for the development of children and for the uplift of woman.

Were it not for these new cross-currents, which to-day are tumultuously agitating the Japanese, vanquishing the surges of custom, caste and precedent, the Woman's English Literature School of Tokyo, Japan, which forms the subject-matter of this sketch, could not have been conceived, much less conducted. Two decades ago such an institution could not have been started; and if some enterprising person had taken the initiative, it would have died away through lack of patronage. Not only financial failure would have been the doom of such a school; but it would have been impossible to fill the class-rooms with pupils.

It speaks volumes for the courage, initiative, persistence and tireless energy of the woman who brought this institution into being; and who has for a little more than half a dozen years steered the barge clear of shoals and breakwaters and guided it into a safe haven. Miss Ume Tsuda (Suda), the founder and present Principal of the institution, who has accomplished this by no means easy or sinecure task, is, herself, a product of our times, and is doing her level best to shape the destinies of the Japanese women with a view to render them capable of using their God-given talents to the best advantage.

Prior to judging her work, a word regarding Miss Tsuda's personality will be opportune. She is somewhat taller than the average Japanese woman, cheerful, bright and vivacious, with intelligent, kindly eyes that seem to pry into the inmost recesses of one's soul and a decided expression on her face, toned down with the grace peculiar to a cultured Japanese woman, but none less significant, reminding an interviewer with imagination, that the purpose of this woman in life is, like that of the Poet Goethe, to seek "more light"—more knowledge. Miss Tsuda speaks English fluently and with an accent so perfect that one of the Japanese professors of her school told me; in confidence, that she speaks her native language with a distinct "Yankee" accent. As to the accuracy

of this remark, I cannot personally vouch, not being enough of a connoisseur of the Japanese language; but if this statement is true, it is a correct index of Miss Tsuda's character. It shows that she is thorough-going in whatever she undertakes to do. This is the first impression she unwittingly makes on the person who comes in contact with her; and better acquaintance merely deepens it.

This trait of character, to do a thing well once and for all, so marked in Miss Tsuda, is reflected everywhere in the school. The immaculate cleanliness preserved in the class-rooms, corridors, gymnasium, play-grounds, path-ways and avenues of her well-appointed school, which is in close proximity to the English Legation at Tokyo; the pains taken by the physical directors to teach the girls to carry themselves properly while walking, to sit in a graceful, dignified and healthy manner; the constant effort made by every teacher without a single exception, to exclude everything from the curriculum except what would be of use to the pupils in their after life; and the conscientious manner in which the students are taught to pronounce, enunciate and accentuate words in the most orthodox style, and the special attention bestowed on penmanship, all testify to the thorough-going manner in which everything is done at the Woman's English Literature School.

About one hundred and fifty girls attend the school regularly. Thirty of this number are residential pupils, the boarding house department being in charge of a cultivated Japanese matron, specially trained for that office by Miss Tsuda. Miss Tsuda herself resides on the premises, and is personally responsible for the proper oversight of the dormitories. In addition to the girls doing regular work, fifty others attend the school and take instruction in one or two courses of their choice. The land on which the institution stands, the buildings and the furniture are approximately worth Rs. 60,000 and all are paid for. The courses taught are, English, Japanese, Chinese, Theory of Education, Psychology. Graduates from the primary schools established by the Japanese Government in almost every village of the country are eligible for admittance in the preparatory department of the school which consists of the junior and senior classes, each comprising one year's work. Successful students from the preparatory courses are promoted to the collegiate or the "higher" department—as it is called—where the pupil is required to study for three years before obtaining the diploma. The fee charged from the pupils in the preparatory classes is thirty-six rupees per annum. The students in the higher department pay forty-five rupees a year.

III. INTERVIEW WITH A PARSI PIONEER.

MRS. JESSAWALLA.

Among the Indian women of the Victorian era still happily spared to us there is no personality of greater historical interest than that of Mrs. Dosebai Cowasji Jehangir Jessawalla. As the *Times of India* once observed, the life of this remarkable Parsi lady is full of thrilling episodes. She is the granddaughter of the late Manockji Cursetji, the great publicist whose statue is one of the dominating sights of the first city in India. Mrs. Jessawalla's mother, Bai Meheribai H. Shroff, distinguished herself by those qualities of which heroines are made. Being in advance of her times, Meheribai realised the advantages of giving an English education to Parsi girls long before other women, and even most men, of her race. But building ideals is one thing, and translating them into action quite another. Meheribai was both an idealist and a practical reformer. For this reason her name deserves a prominent place in the history of women's education in India. The career and personality of Mrs. Dosebai Jessawalla are in a sense the manifestations of that firmness, courage, and singleness of purpose for which Meheribai's name will be handed down to the future generations of India.

Guided by the enlightenment of a pioneer worker Mrs. Jessawalla's mother sent her daughter in 1843 to a private English seminary in Bombay conducted by Mrs. Ward and Mrs. Mackenzie. Up to that date no Parsi girl had been sent to any public or private school to learn English, and the step taken by Meheribai produced a consternation in the Parsi community. The orthodox members were shocked to find a member of the weaker sex making an innovation which did not pay due regard to their scruples against admitting a "foreign" element into the education of their women. They looked upon such a step as not only improper, but irreligious. For in those days whatever was opposed to the convention of a race was likewise regarded as an offence against its religion. The "Shethias" of the Panchayet, then the omnipotent plutocracy of the Parsis, threatened to ostracise Meheribai's family from the Parsi community—a form of punishment which in those times acted as a powerful weapon in the hands of a body whose mandate was as rigid as the laws of the Medes and the Persians. But the reformer is no respecter of convention, and therefore Meheribai stood firm and feared not. She defied the ultimatum of the "Shethias," and was supported in her public-spirited endeavours by her English friends, notably by the late Colonel Jervis. The

Bombay Courier, the *United Service Gazette*, and the *Bombay Chabook* also evinced their appreciation of the initiative taken by Mrs. Jessawalla's mother. Thus did Meheribai fight and win a strong battle on behalf of her fellow-women. The plutocrats had to give in, and little Dosebai was allowed to follow her English studies unmolested, and thus became an example for the coming generations of Indian women. Having received in due course the benefits of a liberal education under English teachers, and come in contact with English society, she gathered round her a large circle of European friends and admirers. Her husband, Mr. Cowasji Jehangir Jessawalla, a well-known Bombay merchant, was also a man of liberal views, and helped and supported his wife in following a career which was to prove as a guide to her diffident Indian sisters.

Mrs. Dosebai was the first, and for some years the only, Parsi lady who attended parties at Government House, where she went with her grandfather, Cursetji Manecki, with whom she was a particular favourite. She was the only Parsi lady who had the privilege of being present at the Imperial Assemblage held at Delhi in 1877. The Viceroy who headed that assemblage and Lady Lytton were among her personal friends. A remarkable compliment was extended to her on another memorable occasion. In 1887 the late Queen Victoria graciously sent Mrs. Jessawalla an invitation to participate in the festivities to be held in England to celebrate the Jubilee of her Majesty's long and glorious reign. This signal honour, paid by a beloved Queen who was herself one of the noblest types of womanhood, to one who had so worthily advanced the cause of her sex in her Majesty's vast Eastern Dependency, was equally appropriate and significant. The invitation received by Mrs. Jessawalla served as one more reminder to the people of India that the gracious Kaiser-i-Hind was not out of touch with the work of men and women who acted as leaders and pioneers in her great Empire in Asia.

Mrs. Jessawalla is a strong believer in the value of travelling as a means of education. She has travelled far and wide in India, and in 1878 paid her first visit to England. She also made at that time an extensive tour on the Continent, visiting many places of interest. While sojourning in Rome, she had the privilege of a private interview with his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. Mrs. Jessawalla was present at the first Paris Exhibition, and showed her daring and courage by taking a flight in a balloon with an aeronaut on the Exhibition grounds—an act of bravery for which she was awarded a medal by the Exhibition authorities.

Hearing that Mrs. Jessawalla was about to return to India, I went to take leave of her

at her London home. Her kindly welcome was emphasised also by her sons, Mr. Dadaboy and Mr. Jamsetji Jessawalla, men of wide interests and sympathy. I found the old lady vigorous and alert, despite her seventy-six years, and though she talks about her "old eyes," she still does beautiful embroidery without the aid of spectacles. Everything about her shows that method has been one of her chief characteristics, for although only in a temporary home, she knew exactly where every paper or object of interest was to be found. She still orders her own affairs, and from the capacity shown one is no longer surprised that at a certain time of anxiety in her life she boldly faced and tided over a financial crisis in her husband's affairs.

"In spite of being sent to school and learning English, the prophecy did not come true that you would find no one to marry you," I observed.

"Certainly not. My husband, who died only two years ago, was very advanced in his ideas. In fact, my wedding outfit contained many things of European manufacture, and I wondered how I could use them in the orthodox household of my mother-in-law. But after three years we had a house of our own, and then my husband and I did as we wished."

"And he found what a good cook you were!"

"Yes. I should have felt it a disgrace if I could not cook well. But I cannot show you my Indian cooking for I cannot get all I require here."

"And you did much to reform the dress of Parsi girls, I hear."

"You see, I did not like nose rings and anklets and such things, so I would not wear them, and gradually others followed my example."

"You talk about your 'old eyes,' Mrs. Jessawalla," I remarked, "but was it with 'old eyes' that you could see to do the embroidery that the King and Queen graciously accepted from you at the Royal Garden Party at Windsor recently?"

"I did the work within the last year, and I told their Majesties that it was done with my 'old eyes.' They could hardly believe that I do not use spectacles, and said they thought it wonderful work for anyone of my age. They assured me that it gave them great pleasure to accept it."

"What kind of work was it?"

"I will show you the photographs that were taken, and then you will be able to judge; also you will see the box that contained the work."

Then I saw that the cap was of black velvet, decorated with miniatures of Queen Victoria, Prince Consort, the King-Emperor, Queen Alexandra, and other members of the Royal family. In between the paintings was gold embroidery of charming design, and the cap was surmounted by a crown. The trimming for a dress, presented

to the Queen, was worked in gold and studded with jewels; the effect was striking, and appealed to her Majesty's love of precious stones. The carved sandal-wood box in which these tokens of devotion were presented contained two portraits of the donor, one taken thirty years ago, and one taken last year. There was also an inscription, which ran as follows:—

"To his Majesty the King-Emperor Edward VII. and her Majesty Queen Alexandra. The embroidered work of their Majesties' loyal and faithful subject, Dosebai Cowasji Jessawalla."

"Who designed the work?" I asked.

"I always design my own work," replied the old lady, energetically; "and I have done much designing for others. A piece of my embroidery was exhibited in London some years ago at the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, and was awarded a prize medal."

"That is very interesting. I do not wonder that a member of your community should say that your deeds even now take it by surprise, although by this time they must know well what your energy leads you to do. But what did you think of Windsor?"

"The Castle seemed to me very massive and imposing, and it is beautifully situated; the green lawns and trees are very beautiful, but my greatest interest was the King-Emperor and the Queen."

"They talked some time with you even though they had so many guests?"

"Yes, they did. We spoke first about my work, and then about the tour I am just completing round the world, and I told his Majesty that I had had the honour of seeing him on board the 'Serapis' when he visited India. He and the Queen asked how I was enjoying my stay in this country, and hoped that I found it pleasant and interesting. I assured them that I did, and after they had expressed the hope that I was not getting too tired, I blessed them in Oriental fashion."

"Your energy is certainly wonderful, and you are a great traveller."

"Yes, I think there is nothing like travelling for developing the mind and training the faculty of observation. I know India, too, very well from Kashmir to Madras and from Bombay to Calcutta. I travelled inside the boundaries of my native land before I went beyond them, and found many and great interests everywhere. I paid my first visit to England in 1878, and I hope to come again before long to make my third visit here."

"Which way did you go on your world tour?"

"Travelling with my two sons, we left Bombay and went first to Ceylon, then to Singapore, Hong Kong, and Shanghai—I must tell you that I found Parsis in all these places, and I was

hospitably entertained everywhere. At Hong Kong, Sir Paul Chaiter and Mr. Hormusji Mody, two of the leading citizens, were good enough to give receptions in appreciation of my visit. Then we went on to Japan, and stayed some time in Tokio and Yokahama. There was a very fine exhibition being held when we were at Tokio, and I think it was better than the Franco-British Exhibition here—an Exhibition which I have waited to see. Yours is certainly very fine, but I prefer the Tokio Exhibition. Well, from Japan we crossed to Honolulu and San Francisco; then we traversed America from the Pacific to the Atlantic, visiting Chicago, Washington, Niagara, Jamestown—where there was also an interesting Exhibition—and New York. In the latter city we met a great many people anxious to come in touch with the East, and representatives of the American Press sought long interviews and published illustrated articles about us and our movements. Our last voyage was on our way from New York to the capital of the British Empire. We landed in England at Southampton, and soon reached London, as you know."

"And what of our climate?" I ventured.

"I am nearly always cold here, though I liked the hot weather we had last month; but, at the same time, I wanted punkahs or electric fans. My desire is accomplished now for this visit: but I shall come again. I am going to publish my autobiography, and for this I must go back to India for a time; we shall carry with us the most pleasant remembrances of all the kindness and hospitality extended to us in England, not only by our old friends, but also by a great many of those who did not previously know us."

"We shall welcome you when you return, and be only too pleased to read your book as soon as you can let us have it," I answered. "Meanwhile, I say simply—in honour of the Franco-Britishness which is in the air: *Bon voyage and Au revoir.*" I went home thinking about the venerable Parsi pioneer; and I have not yet ceased to wonder at the way she is fulfilling her destiny. Called to bear aloft the banner of progress for her fellow countrywomen, she has never hauled it down. Her mother's name and her own must take rank with the heroines of India.

News and Notes.

Mrs. George M. Sively, of Peoria, Ill., has been licensed to command the big river steamer, City of Peoria.

Mrs. Jennie Barrett of Alexandria, La., has been elected clerk of the new police jury of Rapides Parish.

Miss Mary Miller, the woman lawyer who lately earned a \$30,000 fee, spoke at one of the open-air meetings in favour of woman suffrage held the other day in Chicago. On this occasion she spoke gratis, but no doubt she made an able plea.

Miss Lulu Mackey is the official Court Stenographer of Trumbull County, O. She is also a woman with a kind heart, and has offered some cottages on her farm near Warren for a fresh air camp for children of the neighbourhood. Miss Mackey is a member of the Warren Political Equality Club.

Miss Anne Whitney, the sculptor, is now staying at her summer home in Shelburne, N. H. The house stands on a picturesque knoll set with graceful white birches and other trees, and commanding a beautiful view along the valley of the Androscoggin to Mts. Washington, Adams and Madison. Mrs. Olive Tilford Dargan has been Miss Whitney's guest during the past week.

Mrs. Esther Davis, aged 113, acted as floor-walker at a bazar lately held in the Home of the Daughters of Jacob in New York City, while five old ladies in the seventies and eighties, inmates of the institution, served as saleswomen and acquitted themselves with much spirit. The bazar was to pay for completing the new annex to the Home, which will accommodate about 100 more persons.

Mrs. Eldridge Claiborne, the first woman to cast a vote at the annual election of the directors of the Trades League of Philadelphia, is a widow, and conducts a thriving real estate business in Philadelphia. Her voting excited considerable comment, though her right was not denied. It is said that several other women actively engaged in business in Philadelphia are ready to follow her example.

Mrs. Wm. A. Johnston, wife of the Chief Justice of Kansas, was the founder of the Kansas travelling libraries, which are now owned and operated by the State. These libraries have been extended until they now rank third among all the travelling libraries in the United States. Mrs. Johnston is a past president of the Kansas Federation of Women's Clubs, and during her administration she secured the enactment of a manual training law.

Miss Ina G. Richmond, a young Irish girl, has just been appointed manager of the great Magherafelt gas works at Dublin. She is the first woman to occupy such a position, and all Ireland is proud of her. Miss Richmond first entered the royal post office service and became an expert in telegraph and postal work. Later she studied gas manufacture and distribution. In Ireland this capable girl can vote for all officers except members of Parliament, but if she were to show her enterprise by emigrating to the United States, she would immediately lose her vote and find herself classed politically with idiots, lunatics and felons.

Mrs. A. J. Stallings, president of the Outdoor Art Association of New Orleans, has been appointed by Mayor Behrman as one of the delegates to the meeting of the National Playground Association, to be held in September. She has qualified for this distinction by serious study of the management of playgrounds in London and other foreign cities, as well as in the leading cities of this country. Mrs. Stallings has been successful in opening one playground in New Orleans, which is proving so great a benefit that an effort will be made to induce the park commissioners to give the use of numerous empty spaces for playgrounds.

Miss Edith Tobitt, librarian of the Omaha (Neb.) Library, has been elected a member of the board of trustees of the American Library Association.

Mrs. William B. Davis of Cincinnati, daughter of Bishop Clark, for twenty years president of the Cincinnati Branch of the M. E. Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, is visiting New England, and is the guest of Miss Louise Manning Hodgkins, at Fayre Houres, Wilbraham, Mass.

Miss Ruth H. Northrop of Beech Drive, Norwich, Conn., has won the scholarship offered by the Norwich Art Students' Association. The original work that she submitted consisted of three groups of clay modeling from figures and animals. Honorable mention is made of the work of Miss Bell Stevenson and Miss Roselle Rudd, who stood second and third in the list.

Miss Dorothea Klumpke, the California astronomer, who was the first woman to win the degree of doctor of mathematics in France, has a special building of her own in the great Observatory Garden of Paris. One of her duties is to photograph the stars in that section of the heavens known as the Paris belt. For this purpose she makes frequent balloon ascensions.

Miss Edith New, who threw a stone at Mr. Asquith's window, is the same young school teacher who chained herself to the railings in front of his office a few months ago. She holds her certificate as a teacher from Stockwell College, and taught for several years in poor neighborhoods in East Greenwich and Deptford. Last January she became an organizer for the W. S. P. U. She has been twice imprisoned before, once for trying to get into the House of Commons, and once for the affair of the chains. Her portrait shows her as a handsome girl with dark eyebrows and a very resolute face.

S. Belle Chamberlain is the State Superintendent of Public Instruction for Idaho, where women vote, and a very efficient State Superintendent she seems to be. Through her efforts, all the Idaho County Superintendents of Schools were given leave of absence to attend the recent meeting of the National Educational Association in Cleveland, and had their expenses paid. The Journal of Education asks: "Has any other State ever done as well as that?" This is commended to Mrs. Humphry Ward, who thinks that the woman suffrage movement keeps American women from doing their duty by the schools.

Viscountess Molesworth has done so well as a manufacturer of jam that she is going to enlarge her plant next winter and add sauce and chutneys to her products. From her earliest married days Lady Molesworth always made jam for home consumption, sometimes putting up a ton in a season. The eagerness of friends to get some of her jam prompted her to go into the business. An old brew house adjoining Walter's Hall, her beautiful estate near Minster-on-Sea, was re-roofed and fitted up as a factory, and a staff of expert women were engaged to make the jam under the personal direction of the viscountess.

Mrs. Humphry Ward says the woman suffrage movement in America is "in process of extinction." The Nation American Woman Suffrage Association is growing in membership every year, and its annual receipts have risen from \$2,544, in 1892 to \$25,662 in 1907. Last year for the first time Mrs. Russell Sage and other women of large means pledged \$60,000 to the cause, to be paid in instalments of \$12,000 a year for five years. And so great are the demands upon the Association for speakers, literature, and work of all kinds, that even this largely increased income does not cover the needs, and the treasurer is always hard pressed to meet the expenses. If Mrs. Ward had spent an hour at the National Headquarters and seen how much is going on there, she would never have committed herself to so egregious a misstatement.



T. H. THE NAWAB SAHEB AND THE BEGUM SAHEBA OF JANIRA WITH THEIR SUITE, WHO HAVE JUST RETURNED FROM THEIR RECENT TOUR IN EUROPE. THE TWO LADIES SITTING ARE H. H. THE BEGUM SAHEBA AND HER SISTER, MISS FYZEE "SHAHINDA."

Fanny Crosby is the author of over 6,000 hymns and other poems.

Miss Maud Rockwell has been appointed by Gov. Guild as a member of the State Commission on Industrial Education.

Mrs. Robert J. Burdette at the Biennial happily summed up the four rules for improved home-making as "simplify," "classify," "jollify" and "glorify."

Miss Minnie A. Tyler has just been re-elected town clerk of South Londonderry, Vt. She has served twelve successive terms in this office, which had been held by her father and grandfather before her.

Miss Agnes Morris of the Louisiana State Normal School has been engaged by the Department of Education to devote her entire time to the organization of school improvement associations in the various communities of the State. Miss Morris is well trained, and specially adapted for this work.

Mrs. Rheta Childe Dorr contributes to the new Broadway Magazine for July an interesting article on what may be called the suffragette movement in America—an historical outline of the efforts to hold open-air meetings and to use other novel forms of propaganda, by the women of different American cities.

Princess Stephanie of Belgium, has just put a patent chafing dish and spirit lamp of her own invention on the market. The patent offices of Belgium, England, France, Germany and Italy contain records of many of her labour-saving improvements and discoveries, but none have been so thoroughly placed before the public as her chafing dish, which is said to be an improvement on all its predecessors.

Miss Jean Gordon and her policy in regard to the labour of women and children were endorsed by the great meeting called by the Era Club of New Orleans, and the Legislature has passed a bill modeled mainly on the lines she recommended. It was weakened, however, by the adoption of an "amendment" allowing young women to be worked more than the prescribed number of hours on Saturdays and during the twenty days before Christmas—just the time when abuses of this kind are most apt to occur. This amendment was secured by the manufacturing and mercantile interests. The canning factories fought hard to get another amendment exempting the country districts until the year 1910, but were beaten.

Mrs. A. S. Clason, of Delaware, O., has given Ohio Wesleyan University \$53,000 for a memorial to her mother, Mrs. Martha A. Sanborn. At the commencement the other day, Mrs. Clason took a spade decorated with the University colors, scarlet and black, and turned the first sod in the excavation for the New Sanborn Hall, for the School of Music. The building will contain six large rooms for vocal and organ practice, fourteen teaching-rooms, forty-four practice rooms, and fourteen public and storage rooms—a total of seventy-eight. The auditorium will have a large organ, with 500 fixed seats, and arrangements for the accommodation of many more. The teaching and the practice-rooms will have double doors, and sound-proof partitions throughout. Women will rejoice that this gift has gone to Wesleyan, O., not to Wesleyan, Mass.

WOMEN PHYSICIANS.

Dr. Kathryn Standly of Brookfield, Mo., has been appointed by Governor Folk as a delegate from Missouri to the International Congress on Tuberculosis, to be held in Washington, Sept. 21 to Oct. 12. The convention meets once in three years. This is the first time it has been held in America.

The president of the National Suffrage Association of the Netherlands, Dr. Aletta H. Jacobs, is a woman of unusual power, and although only now in middle life, she has been a pioneer in woman's progress there. Mrs. Ida H. Harper writes:

"She was herself the first woman physician, and in order to enter the medical university and receive a degree she had to get permission from the Government. This was granted by the broad-minded Prime Minister Thorbecke, and a short time ago, when she had completed twenty-five years of active practice, the women of Amsterdam and vicinity, irrespective of creed, party or social position, came together in mass meeting, formed processions, marched to the little park on the Heerengracht, where the statue of Thorbecke overlooks the wide canal, and decorated it with wreaths: after which they presented to the doctor a bronze Victory bearing a palm. Dr. Jacobs was the wife of C. V. Gerritson, for a number of years and at his death, three years ago, a distinguished member of Parliament. In 1904 he came with his wife to America to see to the placing of a portion of their magnificent collection of books, which they had sold to the Crerar Library of Chicago. These included about 60,000 volumes of history and economics and the largest collection in existence on subjects relating especially to women. Their

handsome home still contains several rooms entirely filled with valuable books. During the International Suffrage Congress Dr. Jacobs gave seven dinner parties and a large reception in addition to her official duties."

A hospital lately opened in Berlin is for women exclusively, and has a staff composed entirely of women. Two sisters, Franziska and Henrietta Tiburtius, both doctors, conceived the plan and created the hospital. The Berlin Frauenverein, however, will subsidize the institution, contributing extra fees for members of "sick funds," and paying all expenses of patients without means, who are not connected with any "sick fund." Well-to-do patients are not excluded, and the revenue from these will help to support the hospital. At present it contains nineteen beds, and any woman doctor in Berlin can place her patients there for attendance and for surgical operations if needed. Fraulein Hecker is the house physician. German women who prefer being treated by their own sex are rejoicing that this hospital has been opened.

WOMEN IN THE CHURCHES.

Mrs. Anna G. Abelson, wife of Rabbi J. I. Abelson of Akron, O., surprised the members of her husband's congregation recently by appearing in the pulpit to take the place of the rabbi, who had been called to Cleveland on business. The *Jewish Tribune* says: "It was the first time that a woman had taken the place of her husband in leading a Jewish service, and the reports indicate that Mrs. Abelson created a favorable impression."

At the great mass meeting for women held in connection with the Pan-Anglican Congress in London, William Temple, son of Bishop Temple, told the women it was their duty to secure the abolition of "sweating," and, to do this, he added, "You women must insist upon having the vote." The effect is described as "electrical and superb."

Miss Sarah C. Murray of Newton, Mass., carried off the highest honors in this year's graduating class at Munich University. She was awarded the degree Ph.D., *magna cum laude* and her name was placed on the honor roll of the university. Miss Murray is a graduate of Radcliffe College, where she completed the full four-year course in three years, graduating in 1904. For the last four years she has been attending Munich University, making a specialty of classical philology and archaeology under

Professor Krumbacker Crucius and the late Professor Furtwangler. Miss Murray is only 23 years of age. She intends to teach.

SHANGHAI REFUGE SCANDAL.—A painful sensation has been caused among the foreign community this week, wrote the "Standard's" Shanghai correspondent on July 15th, by the exposure of the conditions prevailing in a native "charitable" institution, known as the Sinza Refuge. For some years past it has been the custom to send native women involved in domestic disputes to this refuge for detention, but attention was not attracted to what went on within its walls until a case came to light in which a woman had been illegally imprisoned there for upwards of seven years. The writer then paid a surprise visit to the refuge, in company with a member of the municipal police force. I found that no fewer than eighty-one women were locked up there, most of whom had no idea how long they would remain, while some had entirely lost count of time, and were unable to say how long they had been detained. From statements made by the inmates, however, it was clear that some of the women had been imprisoned there for six years. They all described the food as disgraceful.

In the lunatic's quarters, which I happened to enter by accident, I saw a sight I shall never forget. Two small dark rooms fronted on a narrow courtyard. In the first room there were two wooden cages, but so dense was the gloom that for some minutes I believed that they were empty. When my eyes got accustomed to the light, however, I saw that a woman was curled up on the floor of each—their narrow limits did not permit the occupants to extend their limbs to the full. The second chamber contained four cages, but what attracted my attention immediately I entered was an object on the floor. There, chained round the neck like a dog, and absolutely destitute of clothing, was a Chinese woman. Her body was covered with dirt, and the chain, which was fastened to the bars of a cage behind, prevented her from lying or standing, or moving more than a few inches in either direction. Even these were not the most repulsive sights that I saw. The Sinza Refuge, in which I witnessed these indescribable horrors, is well within boundaries of the foreign settlement, and not a hundred yards from tramways, are lamps, and other marks of Western civilisation. For how many years these horrors have gone on unchecked will probably never be known, but it is quite certain that now the mismanagement of the place has been exposed, the foreign rate-payers will not tolerate such a state of affairs any longer.



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. VIII

NOVEMBER, 1908

No. 5

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN

The Rights of Woman, what are they?
The Right to labour, love, and pray;
The Right to weep with those that weep,
The Right to wake when others sleep.

The Right to dry the falling tear,
The Right to quell the rising fear
The Right to smooth the brow of care,
And whisper comfort in despair.

The Right to watch the parting breath,
To soothe and cheer the bed of death;
The Right, when earthly hopes all fail,
To point to that within the Veil.

The Right the wanderer to reclaim,
And win the lost from paths of shame;
The Right to comfort and to bless
The widow and the fatherless!

The Right the little ones to guide,
In simple faith, to Him who died;
With earnest love and gentle praise
To bless and cheer their youthful days.

The Right the intellect to train,
And guide the soul to noble aim;
Teach it to rise above earth's toys,
And wing its flight to heavenly joys.

The Right to live for those we love,
The Right to die that love to prove;
The Right to brighten earthly homes
With pleasant smiles and gentle tones.

Are these thy Rights? Then use them well;
Thy holy influence none can tell.
If these are thine, why ask for more?
Thou hast enough to answer for!

Are these thy Rights? Then murmur not
That woman's mission is thy lot;
Improve the talent God has given;
Life's duties done—thy rest in heaven.

Music



THE history of music may well be said to date from the beginning of the world. The Hebrews cultivated it. Jubal is supposed to have invented the lyre and flute, and is spoken of in the Bible as the father of all such as handle the harp or organ. King David, as is well known, composed a great number of psalms and canticles.

Next came the Chinese, with whom the arts and sciences flourished before they were known to Europe. The Hindus lay claim to similar antiquity

in regard to the origin of their music. The Egyptians and Greeks may then be said to follow. Proficiency in vocal and instrumental performances was with the latter people tested at the "Olympic Games," distinction at which was regarded as the greatest of mortal honours. Nero played on the harp and sang while the city of Rome was burning. As among the Greeks and Romans, there was a goddess of Love, a god of War and so on, so music was personified in goddess Euterpe.

In the twelfth century the famous Gregorian chant was introduced, and then followed distinct Schools of Music, Italy leading, followed by France and Germany. Hitherto confined to plain chant and simple melody, it henceforth began to develope. Italy gave birth to modern music and Germany perfected it. The Germans were backward only till a century and a half ago, when John Sabastian Bach introduced the elements of harmony and symphony and invented and extended the range of musical accompaniment until it was made capable of receiving still further developments from the inspirations of Mozart. When the star of this great man dawned, it was thought that the force of genius could no further go, but the music of Haydn and Beethoven have stamped on them a character of their own and reflect the deep meditative solemn minds of the German people, who are not content with a superficial knowledge of any science, but sound its deepest depths, and are the foremost men of our day in the matter of education.

As individuals have their characteristics, so have nations. Looking back to the brighter days of France, we find that in the music of no

nation is the character of the people more clearly portrayed than in that of the French. As tastes differ, so each nation has a style peculiar to itself and the style of music may well be said to be the index of the characteristics of the people. "Germany and Italy," says Dubourg, "may each be regarded as an abiding realm of sweet sounds, a special nursery and home of music. They are the two countries from which, since the days of modern civilization, the great supplies of modern thought and feeling have been diffused abroad, for the delight of nations; the *feeling*, for the most part, proceeding from Italy, and the *thought* from Germany, conformably to the characteristics of the two peoples. Impulse and passion predominate on the Italian side; intellect and fancy on the German. The two musical *natures*, thus distinguished from each other, have found each a different channel for its expression—that of Italy becoming essentially *vocal*, that of Germany instrumental. Italian music is fresh from the heart, spontaneous and glowing with melody, German music, true to the spirit of its birthplace, is either grave and solid or wild and fantastic."

Looking nearer home, that is, looking into the present state of music in England, we cannot but feel a special concern in this, seeing that we are governed by Englishmen, our education is English and most of the influence we are acted upon may be said to be English. The state of music in England then will, from the fact of circumstances, naturally affect us one way or the other, for better or for worse. Let us see in which way the tendency lies.

The English certainly are not naturally a musical people, but at the same time they are not insensible to the influences of a fine art. There was a time when they were in no way behind other nations in its cultivation ; but from certain causes a great degeneracy followed, so much so that the profession of music came to be regarded as disreputable as that of an actor, and what remained of English talent was driven to the organ loft. The Nineteenth Century has however seen a great revival of music in England. With an altered estimate of its worth came greater attention to it ; the public schools now include the art in their curriculum? and the leading universities have established degrees of proficiency in it ; while the special institutions established under Royal patronage have been working with great success. This is not all ! there are men of genius and talent in England, whose works have gained a footing in the land of Beethoven and Mozart. In fact, the prospect is so hopeful that a well-known critic is inclined to believe that England is destined to succeed to the pre-eminence of Germany. Such being the change that has come over the English, the

people of India might well hope to reap the benefits of it. Already music is taught in most of our schools and forms a special branch in the scheme of the local Government examination in technical subjects. The Trinity College of Music, London, and the London College of Music have both, in addition, established local examinations in music in India and in the Colonies, and the annual results show that the people here are not slow in taking advantage of the opportunities afforded them for cultivating a knowledge of the fine art.

We can hardly dismiss this subject without a few words in regard to the influence that music exercises over the human mind. The oft-quoted lines of Congreve will no doubt be remembered: "Music hath charms to soothe the stubborn breast." Shakespeare thought its influence so elevating and refining, that a man who had not music in him, he considered fit only for treason and broil. And we have not far to seek for an illustration that the most uncivilized people have the germs of music implanted in them. Many who have been to the Nilgiris have perhaps heard the aboriginal Toda song. Rude as it is, it has its rhythm and appears to afford him artistic enjoyment. The general effect of music is to brighten one's view of life and help him to discern the sunshine through the clouds. It is a powerful means of gladdening the lives of the people, by rousing the best and noblest sentiments of the heart, and enabling them to endure cheerfully the petty trials, the ills, the worry, and the thousand and one natural ills that flesh is heir to and to look to a higher sphere for their ultimate goal.

F. A. D'C.

Queen Guinevere

(From Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*.)

ENNYSON might have applied his own beautiful words to this Royal woman :

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair."

“A daughter of the gods,” indeed she was at first; but how lowly fallen she became at the end. Imagine the lovely woman, who had been once the beloved wife of a great and noble king, an object of admiring adoration to all her people, a woman who may have been the saving of a kingdom—like this:

"Prone from off her seat she fell,
And grovelled with her face against the floor:
There with her milkwhite arms and shadowy hair,
She made her face a darkness from the king;"—

And again, in her own words :—

" Let me, if you do not shudder at me,
Nor shun to call me sister, dwell with you ;
Wear black and white, and be a nun like you,
Fast with your fasts, not feasting with your
 joys,
Grieve with your griefs, not grieving at your
But not rejoicing ; mingle with your rites ;
Pray and be prayed for ; lie before your shrines ;
Do each low office of your holy house ;
Walk your dim cloister, and distribute dole,
To poor sick people, richer in his eyes
Who ransomed us, and holier too than I ; [own ;
And treat their loathsome hurts and heal mine.
And so wear out in alms deed and in prayer
The sombre close of that voluptuous day,
Which wrought the ruin of my lord the king."

What a fall was there ! and what an object lesson to frail womankind !

Tennyson, in his sad and beautiful style, tells the tragic close of the story of this beautiful woman in the last but one of his Idylls of the Round Table.

But let us go back a little to her earlier story:

Imagine Guinevere as the pure and happy and beloved daughter of Leodogran, the King of Cameliant.

“Leodogran, the king of Camelhard,
Had one fair daughter, and none other child;
And she was fairest of all flesh on earth,
Guinevere, and in her his one delight.”

Guinevere and her father are hemmed in by hostile foes, but her life, I think, is happy in spite of all troubles. She has none other but pure thoughts in her. Her pretty head is full of romance and high ideals. She is waiting for her expectant hero. Suddenly she hears of a new king, who has arisen in Britain, a gallant young king, whose name is in all men's mouths. Her father sends to King Arthur for aid and Arthur promptly answers the call. The very mystery of his birth fires Guinevere's heart. She thinks he must be some great hero of romance. Perhaps—O, thought of thoughts! how her heart yearns within her, and how her face blushes at the mere ideal—perhaps, he is *her* hero. Then Arthur comes to their castle; and Guinevere stands by the castle walls to see him pass. He does not wear his crown; so she does not know who he is among all his fair knights; but they are all fair knights and Guinevere's thoughts are happily busy with trying to discover him among them. But Arthur sees her and falls in love with her at first sight.

“ But Arthur, looking downward as he past,
Felt the light of her eyes into his life,
Smite on the sudden.”

Strange thoughts arise within him. He thinks:

" Shall I not lift her from this land of beasts
Up to my throne, and side by side with me ?
What happiness to reign a lonely king, •
Next—O ye stars, that shudder over me.

O earth that soundest hollow under me,—
Next with vast dreams? for saving I be joined
To her that is the fairest under heaven,
I seem as nothing in the mighty world,
And cannot will my will, nor work my work."

High hopes rise in his heart:

"But, were I joined with her,
Then might we live together as one life,
And reigning with one will in everything
Have power on this dark land to brighten it,
And power on this dead world to make it live."

But, alas! for him.

But, who can look into the future? Arthur is happy. He conquers his enemies, and asks for the hand of Guinevere as his reward. This is granted, after King Leodogran has satisfied himself as to Arthur's birth. Perhaps Guinevere's consent has not been asked. In those days,—as now in our India—it was not the custom to consult girls about their marriage. But, do you not think, Guinevere felt happy with her father's decision? Here was her hero coming for her, with starry eyes full of dreams, and fair crowned head.

But she is a little disappointed. As she fondly expects—Arthur does not come for her himself. But perhaps, her heart whispers to her, he is busy, perhaps he is shy. In any case, he sends his most loved warrior, Sir Lancelot, for her. Sir Lancelot's chivalry and brave and happy converse, but make Guinevere more in love with the imagined Arthur. What a man this Sir Lancelot is! and what a man must be King Arthur, to whom even Sir Lancelot bows his haughty head. So they were married.

"Fair shone the fields of May thro' open door,
The sacred altar blossomed white with May,
The sun of May descended on their king,
They gazed on all earth's beauty in their queen;
Rolled incense, and there past along the hymns,
A voice as of the waters, while the two
Swore at the shrine of Christ a deathless love:
And Arthur said, 'Behold, thy doom is mine;
Let chance what will, I love thee to the death!
To whom the queen replied with drooping eyes,
'King and my lord, I love thee to the death!
And holy Dubric spread his hands and spoke,
'Reign ye, and live and love, and make the world
Other, and may thy queen be one with thee,
And all this order of thy Table Round
Fulfil the boundless purpose of their king."

Guinevere is well-beloved of her people. Throughout the Idylls, there runs the thought of her gracious figure as the ideal type of womanhood of ladies and knights alike.

A noble knight of Arthur's court whispers thus to his imaginary love:

"I love thee, though I know thee not.
For, fair thou art and pure as Guinevere,
And I will make thee with my spear and sword
As famous—O, my queen, my Guinevere,
For I will be thine Arthur when we meet."

One of Geraint's dearest desires is that his bride and queen Guinevere should be friends:

"When late I left Caerleon, our great queen,
In words whose echo lasts, they were so sweet,
Made promise, that whatever bride I brought,
Herself would clothe her like the sun in heaven.
Thereafter, when I reached this ruined hall
Beholding one so bright in dark estate,
I vowed that I, could I gild her, our fair queen,
No hand but hers, should make your Enid burst
Sunlike from cloud—and likewise thought perhaps
That service done so graciously would bind
The two together; fain I would the two
Should love each other; how can Enid find
A nobler friend?"

Balin and Balan revere her, in spite of evil rumours:

"Pure as our own true mother is our queen."

Balin asks some token of the queen to bear upon his shield:

"Shall I pray the king
To let me bear some token of his queen
Whereon to gaze, remembering her—forget
My heats and violences, live afresh?"

Even the ladies—at least the best of them—who may have been jealous of her—love her;

"And Enid loved the queen, and with true heart
Adored her, as the stateliest and the best
And loveliest of all women upon earth."

And the queen responds graciously to such love:

"Now thrice that morning, Guinevere had climbed
The giant tower;
But not to goodly hill or yellow sea
Looked the fair queen, but up the vale of Usk,
By the flat meadow, till she saw them come;
And then descending met them at the gates
Embraced her with all welcome as a friend,
And did her honour as the Prince's bride,
And clothed her for her bridal like the sun."

And, "stately-gentle," full of "sweet grace," gracious and kind and pitiful, she has many noble sentiments:—for instance:

"Peace, child! of overpraise and overblame
We choose the last. Our noble Arthur him
Ye scarce can overpraise."

But, alas! the canker-worm is there in the heart of the beautiful flower. Slowly, but surely, the fair petals appear stained and withered even to the public eye. Evil rumours are flying about.

"But, when a rumour rose about the queen,
Touching her guilty love for Lancelot,
Tho' yet there lived no proof, nor yet was heard
The world's loud whisper breaking into storm;—
Not less Geraint believed it; and there fell
A horror on him lest his gentle wife,
Thro' that great tenderness for Guinevere,
Had suffered, or should suffer any taint
In nature."

And the rumours are justified. After the first glamour is past, Guinevere is disappointed. The king appears to her on too great a height for her human love. He busies himself with his great affairs. He has not much time to give to her. And even then he is too pure and cold for her. In her own words, she

"Would not look up, or half-despised the height,
To which I would not, or I could not climb—
I thought I could not breathe in that fine air,
That pure severity of perfect light—
I yearned for warmth and colour which I found
in Lancelot."

Yes, in Lancelot, the great, the noble Lancelot, great in spite of his sins, Lancelot beloved of the king, and yet a traitor to him. He is the first knight of Arthur's Court, who had been in close communion with her. It was he who had conveyed her to her lord King Arthur, before their marriage. She remembers how,

"Far ahead
Of his and her retinue moving, they,
Rapt in sweet talk or lively, all on love
And sport and tilts and pleasure,
Rode under groves that looked a paradise,
And on from hill to hill, and every day
Beheld at noon in some delicious dale
The silk pavilions of King Arthur raised
By couriers gone before."

No sin had been dreamed of then,—but afterward, alas!

She remembers also, how she,

"When first she saw the king
Ride towards her from the city, sighed to find
Her journey done, glanced at him, thought him
cold,
High, self-contained, and passionless."

She does find him so, more and more, afterwards. I think, Arthur also was a little in fault, unconsciously. He is perfectly pure, and he does not know on what a high level he appears to his courtiers and queen. He does not know he is too good for them. With his head in the clouds of ideals and dreams, he does his duty and passes on his way, and his world worships at first and then drifts away from him. But, however she may have been disappointed in him, nothing can excuse the queen. Her actions show that there was a great flaw in her nature. Great as she may have been in some respects—great enough to afterwards truly appreciate Arthur—she is not great enough to be true to her trust. She wilfully shuts her eyes to the greatness near her, to the greatness she might herself have learnt to love. The initial difficulty is too much for her weak heart. She falls and sins, and nothing can excuse her. And the court falls with her. The evil rumours about her make it easy for the court to sin. As the king says to her, she has "spoilt the purpose of his life."

And, can we think, she is happy in her love? How could she be? The usual jealousy of the lover, her deep sense of guilt, fear of being found out, and above all the purer part of her nature fighting against the baser part and showing her her great fault in not trying to understand her king aright—in the midst of all this—her heart burns and withers in her. She cannot be happy. Ever before her is the fear of being found out. And, sure enough, Nemesis at last lays her low, and "the end is come, and she is shamed for ever," and "the king"—the great, high-souled, pure king—can never smile again.

Queen Guinevere flies into sanctuary to the holy house at Almesbury and lives there, unknown among the nuns. She is miserable; she moans to herself "too late, too late." A little novice, who is her friend, sits prattling to her all about the court and the sinful queen; and Guinevere is many a time stabbed to the heart by the artless talk.

"Ah, sweet lady, the king's grief
For his own self, and his own queen and realm,
Must needs be thrice as great as any of ours."

"And were I such a king with such a queen,
Well might I wish to veil her wickedness."

She tells the queen that Arthur is gone to wage war on Lancelot; she tells her also about the old prophesy about Arthur and his queen; how a bard had foretold that

"Could he find
A woman in her womanhood as great
As he was in his manhood, then,
The twain together well might change the
world."

Thus Guinevere goes on brooding to herself. But she has not repented, for, though she is grief-stricken as being the cause of all the misery that has come upon the realm, yet she is half-inclined to blame the king for what has happened.

She "thought him cold, high, self-contained and passionless, not like him, not like my Lancelot."

Her repentance therefore is not yet complete; but there is a further awakening for her. For the king suddenly comes to the nunnery to visit her. She falls on her face before him and shrouds her face with her hair.

"Then came silence, then a voice,
Monotonous and hollow like a ghost's
Denouncing judgment, but though changed,
the king's."

Ah! how her heart shrivels and withers within her as he speaks to her his noble speech. How gradually it turns to him, till it learns to rank him higher than all else, than even Lancelot.

ot. First, he reproaches her with all the ruin he has committed:

"Thou hast not made my life so sweet to me
That I, the king, should greatly care to live;
For thou hast spoilt the purpose of my life."

But even the reproach he is reproaching her with, is, he says, for her own sake; and in the midst of it, his great soul speaks. For he does not forget to tell her that Sir Lancelot is noble even in his disloyalty, for "he spared to lift his hand against the king." Then he tells her that he is leaving his men to guard her

"Lest but a hair of this low head be harmed."

It is good for him, he says, to die;

"How sad it were for Arthur, should he live,
To sit once more within his lovely hall,
And miss the wonted number of my knights,
And miss to hear high talk of noble deeds
As in the golden days before thy sin.
And in thy bowers of Camelot or of Usk
Thy shadow would still glide from room to room,
And I should evermore be next with thee
In hanging robe or vacant ornament,
Or ghostly footfall echoing on the stair."

Alas! for Arthur, as human, in spite of his greatness! what a loveable nature he has, in spite of his purity—so, unlike, in this respect, many good men.

For, over all, the fact stands out to his great heart, that he loves her still:

"Yet think not that I come to urge thy crimes,
I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere,
I whose vast pity almost makes me die
To see thee laying there thy golden head,
My pride in happier summers, at my feet.
All is past, the sin is sinned, and I
Lo! I forgive thee, as eternal God
Forgives; do thou for thine soul the rest.
Yet not less, O Guinevere,
My love through flesh hath wrought into my life
So far, that my doom is, I love thee still.
Let no man dream but that I love thee still."

And, then, after a very bitterness of farewell, he holds out one last hope for her:

"Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,
Hereafter in that world where all are pure
We two may meet before high God, and thou.
Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,
Nor Lancelot, nor another. Leave me that,
I charge thee—my last hope."

And so he leaves her for ever and goes to meet his doom in the coming battle.

And Guinevere? At last her eyes are opened, and she sees the man as he is, and learns to love him better even than Lancelot. And, Oh! the bitterness of regret which possesses her.

"Gone—my lord
Gone through my sin to slay and be slain!
And he forgave me, and I could not speak

Farewell? I should have answered his farewell.
His mercy choked me, gone, my lord the king,
My own true lord!

Ah! great and gentle lord,
Who wast, as is the conscience of a saint
Among his warring senses, to thy knights—
To whom my false voluptuous pride, that took
Full easily all impressions from below,
Would not look up.
I thought I could not breathe in that fine air,
That pure severity of perfect right.

Now I see what thou art,
Thou art the highest and most human too,
Not Lancelot nor another. Is there none
Will tell the king I love him tho' so late?

Ah, my God!
What might I not have made of thy fair world,
Had I but loved thy highest creature here?
It was my duty to have loved the highest:
It surely was my profit had I known:
It would have been my pleasure had I seen."

This is her punishment, the fact that she loves the king when too late, and remorse for what she had done, for the ruin that she had brought down on a noble purity;—and what punishment can be greater. Her sin is the shame of all women.

"this is all woman's grief,
That she is woman, whose disloyal life
Hath wrought confusion in the Table Round."

She has not even the poor pleasure of calling Arthur hers hereafter.

"I cannot kill my sin,
If soul be soul; nor can I kill my shame;
No, nor by living can I live it down."

And her hopeless life will have to be lived out through the long monotonous years; and her name will be a name of scorn during all the centuries to come.

But through the thick clouds, there is the silver lining of hope;

"And blessed be the king, who hath forgiven
My wickedness to him, and left me hope
That in mine own heart I can live down sin
And be his mate hereafter in the heavens
Before high God."

There is the great—the wonderful—fact that he loves her still;

"Let no one dream but that he loves me still."

She is determined to work out her repentance. She has shown herself great enough to thrust out the love of Lancelot from her heart and to love the great king truly. So, there is hope for her.

"They took her to themselves; and she
Still hoping, fearing 'is it yet too late?'
Dwelt with them, till in time their abbess died.
Then she, for her good deeds and her pure life,
And for the power of ministration in her,
Was chosen abbess, there an abbess lived
For three brief years, and there, an abbess, passed
To where beyond these worries, there is peace."

And Arthur? He passes away with his heart sad and despairing with the failure of his great purpose.

"What comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure."

But there is a ray of hope in his heart; for he knows that

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest me good custom should corrupt the world."

And,

"The whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

Requisite in pace.

AN INDIAN LADY.

Maidenhood



A BEAUTIFUL picture of this stage of woman's existence is imagined by Longfellow in a poem of the same name. Simply depicted, it yet is forcible and strong. The varying emotions of the girl as she waits at the threshold of womanhood, the timidity with which she looks upon the unfolding vistas of life, and the mystery of the impenetrable veil that overhangs her mysterious future, are brought up before us in telling language and familiar imagery.

The poet begins by giving us a picture of the girl herself—a pure and innocent child waiting anxiously for what is coming—she has left her girlhood behind her—that stage in which she tried to realize herself and to understand the noble duties and privileges of womanhood. She is happy and free—yet her imagination is active and she sees glowing pictures of the future. But she is timid—the future may bring with it sorrow as well as happiness. Yet such is the optimism of youth, that she sees only bright visions and not the visage of gloomy care. She is described thus:—

"Maiden! with the meek brown eyes
In whose orbs a shadow lies,
Like the dusk in evening skies.

Behind the warm glowing beauty of the evening sky is the approaching shadow of night—so the shadow of doubt, timidity, and hesitation is behind the bright hopes of the girl. The meet-

ing of woman and child is likened to the meeting of the river and the brook. The years fly and before we realise it, our girlhood has slipped away from us, and much as we would recall it, we are powerless to do so. The river of life is broad, "deep and still," and from the distance it is alluring, "beautiful as the river of a dream." Yet there is indecision. On one side "the bright angels in thy vision beckon thee to fields Elysian" and on the other she sees the "shadows sailing by." In this lies the difficulty of her position. The irresponsible era of girlhood is over. The future is full both of work and of pleasure. The old familiar faces and voices are slipping by. She is expected to stand alone, and henceforth to choose for herself and to judge and decide for herself. A happy protected girlhood has been hers, and the old sweet influences have moulded her into a sweet maiden, beautiful in person, mind and soul, trusting and lovable. It is for the world to make her either realise her dreams or to shatter them, to fold her in visions of delight or to disillusion her. This is the turning point of life. To many of us, nay, to all of us, our girlhood holds tender memories, we were full of ideals, full of hopes, bright with work for others, and full of aspirations. How many realise them? On the other hand how many have come out hardened and cynical, after the crude touch of the world's hand? As the poet says, "the child of many prayers," the delight and hope of her mother's heart, is left with a prayer and a blessing, with a warning that "life hath quicksand—life hath snares." But each one is responsible for herself. Even the most dear ones are powerless to help. They can only stand outside the pale and look on and help with prayer. Thus ends what may be called the first part of the poem, showing to us the waiting maiden, with the blessings of her loved ones forming a wall of protection round her. In the second part is given the advice of experience to the inexperienced child. A few maxims that cling to us as the simple prayers said at a mother's knee, a few words of warning and encouragement that come to us in aftertime like forgotten memories. The promise of womanhood is sweet. It is the blossoming bough that sheds its radiant sweetness on those around. The poet likens age to that "bough with snows encumbered," hence,

"Gather then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows
To embalm that tent of snow."

Each little blossom is sweet with hopeful premises, so we should not be careless, but cherish each tender blossom with care, for when age has withered the young plant, the sweetness of these faded flowers will remain a fragrant memory. The next stanza brings up to my

mind a picture of Una—the truth maiden, the heroine of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*.

"Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand."

It is the prayer of the poet. "Remain in thy purity and innocence, then the world's rude hand will not tarnish thy pure robes." It is sweet to believe that after all it lies in ourselves to escape the wickedness of the world, and that we can walk unchallenged and protected through the dark shadows of life, without fear and with hope, if in ourselves we have the light of purity and innocence. The next three stanzas are like an echo of Ruskin's thoughts. After making ourselves strong in the strength of innocence and truth we must stretch strong hands to the "feeble hands and helpless" groping in the darkness of doubt and despair. It is our duty to cherish the weak ones, to bring some sunlight into their sunless lives, to make that which is dark and gloomy, bright with hope, and sympathy, and love:

"Bear through sorrow, wrong and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth
On thy lips the smile of truth.
O that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;
And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art."

Can anything more beautiful than this be told us? "A smile of God." It embraces as it were the whole world, and shows the beauty and the depth of love, the wonderful power that is given to us, and, as I have said before, the grand privileges of womanhood. It is my earnest prayer that the maidens of India will come to understand the glorious rights of real womanhood and learn to use them with sympathy and love.

AN INDIAN LADY.

English and Indian Women



and I have known in my experience of English

THE "Anglo-Indian Woman's" article in the October number of the Magazine was rather startling. I was not aware that English women came to India just to "amuse themselves" after the exertions of their society efforts and the experience of the trials of the climate. I had a higher ideal of English women,

society, in different stations in the Madras Presidency, rare examples of noble womanhood, women who were the wives of officials of high rank, and yet who created an atmosphere for themselves—an atmosphere into which the breath of scandal or corruption did not dare to penetrate. Of course the difficulties on both sides are many. But because some English women so come endued with "the governing spirit," that they see so many difficulties around them—are all Indian women wives of inferior officials? There are many Indian women who rank equally with the wife of the highest English official, and yet they are not recognised in the same social rank. Why, because of the "governing spirit," that looms so large in the English mind.

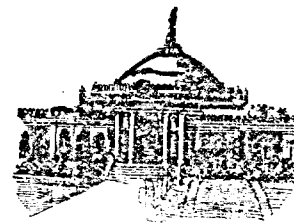
After all, do we gain much from intercourse with English women, who have no sympathy for us; who are bent upon their own pursuits of pleasure and amusement, to whom even in their own society, the feeble hands groping in the dark never appeal. It is true we have no ideas in common with them. But in the life of progress, it is usual for the more cultured to help on those who are ignorant. But it seems to me that if all the English women who came to India are of the same opinion as the "Anglo-Indian Woman," it is better that there should be no intercourse whatever between us and the governing nation. We have our own duties to perform, our home duties, which correspond to those of the women of every other nation; for human life, is the same the whole world over. We have asked for intercourse, so that opportunities may be given us to expand the outlook of our lives, or that we may gain breadth and beauty in our ideas of life, but if we are not met with sympathy, we would rather retire into ourselves. In time to come, when the men gain more culture and more refinement, India's women will stand besides them equally cultured and refined. Till then we are content to wait and to look forward to such a future.

A Daughter of the Land.



A short Account of the tour of Their Highnesses the Nawab Sahib and the Begum Sahiba of Janjira with suite, who have just returned from Europe

(See Frontispiece for Picture).



THEIR Highnesses with suite started for London on the 25th of April by the P. & O. Company's S.S. "Macedonia." On their arrival in London, Their Highnesses with suite proceeded, at the request of Mr. and Mrs. Tata, to their residence in York House, Twickenham, where they were entertained with the most generous hospitality by their excellent host and hostess. They put up with them for a week which passed off pleasantly enough. On leaving York House Mansion they repaired to Cadogan Hotel, one of the finest hotels, being situated in the fashionable quarters of London. The London season was in full swing at the time. During one of the Royal functions in Buckingham, Their Majesties were pleased to give Their Highnesses a private audience. Their visit to England incidentally coincided with that of President Falliers, and thus they were particularly fortunate in taking part in all the Royal functions arranged in honor of the French President. Their Highnesses also had private audiences with other members of the Royal Family, who remembered having met them in India very well. Viscount Morley, too, was kind enough to invite them to his country house, where they spent a few intensely pleasant hours. Lord Lumington, who had paid a short visit to Janjira as Governor of Bombay, entertained them most cordially by giving a large dinner party in their honor. Their Highnesses were met with a great cordiality in all their stay in England—a kind hospitality which they will have cause to remember always. After staying in London for a month and a half, they went to Paris. They enjoyed their trip to Paris enormously, spending over a month there. The most important functions held during their stay there were the anniversary of the Republic and the grand military review. From Paris they went to Switzerland where they travelled a little and proceeded to Vienna. After halting in Vienna a few days they travelled to Constantinople, where they again made an appreciable stay. Their Highnesses who had been longing for an opportunity of paying a visit

to Turkey—Constantinople being Her Highness' birthplace—succeeded eventually in fulfilling their desire. His Imperial Majesty the Sultan of Turkey who had been kind enough to receive His Highness the Nawab Sahib at his palace at Yildiz, was glad to confer upon him the 1st class order of Osmanli, and upon Her Highness the order of Shafakat Nishan, which, as far as my knowledge goes, has never been given to an Indian Princess. The second order of Shafakat Nishan was conferred upon Miss Fyze, whereas Mr. Ali Asghar Fyze, Sidi Said Sardar and Dr. Lakhani received the Osmanli order of the 3rd grade. They left Constantinople on the 21st September and touring in Egypt, embarked for Bombay at Port Said on S.S. "Persia" on the 30th September last and arrived in India on the 9th instant.

Malati

AN INDIAN STORY.

BY AN INDIAN LADY.
CHAPTER XIII.



IT was the peaceful after-dinner hour in Lakshman's house. Sita had finished her work and joined them in the little study. She sat on the carpet in the corner doing some sewing work, and Malati sat beside her with a book in her hand. Lakshman was in the easy chair with

another book in his hand. All were busy, but now and then the books would be kept down and little talks and discussions indulged in. It was one of their happiest hours.

Suddenly a knock was heard at the outer door which had been closed. Lakshman went to open it, muttering, "who can be at this hour?" It was Narayan, his brother.

"Hullo, brother," said he, "I want to have a talk with you. Send your people out of the room."

Lakshman tried to stand up for his people, saying that no secrets could be hid from them. But Narayan insisted and they went.

"Lakshman," then said he, "I have a bone to pick with you. And also a word of praise. That girl of yours is a fine girl. But we shall leave that alone. Now, who told her about the will? By the way, who told it to you? I suppose it was the lawyer. He found the torn bits and sent them to you, I suppose. And you kept quiet all

this time. I suppose you know you could have had the money out of me. Well, you are a good fellow."

There was an oppressive silence in the room. Then Narayen spoke again.

"But who gave her the torn bits? Was it you? It was rather mean, was it not?"

"No, no, not I. I do not know how she could have got them. The lawyer sent the letter to me, and I lost it. She must have found it in some book or another, though, where, I cannot understand. I have not many books."

"Oh, well, she found it. But I like Malati, Lakshman. She walks up to me as bold as brass, and yet so modestly, and asks me for the money. Said she borrowed it from some one. Then she showed me the torn will. I could see that her heart was reproaching her all the time, and that she was quite ashamed of herself. Now, if you please, she has sent me back the money."

"Yes, she came to me, and told me about it, and I—"

"Told you? Well—I must say, she is a wonderful girl. But why did she not tell you at the beginning?"

"I suppose she thought I had no money and wanted to save me some anxiety. It was just like her. I have not told the mother yet about it. But you know, I could never have thought Malati could have borrowed the money."

Suddenly the door was opened and a low cry was heard in the room. Both men looked round and saw Sita standing trembling before them. She fell at Lakshman's feet with an exceeding bitter cry.

"It was not Malati; it was I who borrowed the money; and I found the will long ago and gave it to her. Was it not mean of me? What must you think of me, Lakshman?"

"Get up, Sita, get up," he cried soothingly. "The same excuses that I found for Malati, I shall find for you, wife. You did it all for me."

"But the deceit?"

"You could not help it. You could not tell me about it when I was ill. And afterwards, naturally you shrank from telling it to me."

"But Malati was nobler. She told you everything."

"Your temperaments are different. But, is she not a noble girl? To take the whole blame on herself and exonerate you! Where is she?"

But Malati was nowhere in the house. The alarmed parents went in search of her, and at last found her in the little garden outside, weeping her heart out.

"O, father, she has told you," she sobbed. "I begged her not to, but—"

"She has done the right thing, my child. She has, in fact, atoned for her fault. My trust in my wife is fully re-established;" and he turned

and pressed his wife's hand. "As for you, you are a noble girl."

But Lakshman was not allowed to go on, for Narayen intervened. "Come brother," he said, "I have not yet finished my talk with you."

He led him aside and then delivered himself of the following astonishing fact.

"I wrote to you that Bhima, Malati's husband, was dead, did I not? Well, he is not. Well, you may well be surprised. Now he is in Madras with Rama, my son, studying for the B.A. What I want to say is this. I like your girl very much, and I wish to make some atonement with regard to the will. So I shall leave half the money to Malati and half to Rama. But Malati shall have hers only on the condition that she marries Bhima."

"But she is married already."

"Wait. That is what I want to tell you. I wish to try her character. You know you and I dislike widow-marriages. I want to see if Malati will allow herself to be married again. Let her still think herself a widow and let her meet Bhima, knowing that she will get my money, if she marries him. We shall see what will happen."

"But it is not fair."

"Fair or not fair, those are my terms. If not, the whole money goes to Rama. And, you know, Rama is not such a good boy as you wish. He is reckless and extravagant and lazy, and—yes, unprincipled—like his father. I do not want him to get all the money. He would waste it. What do you say?"

"Well, for Malati's sake, let it be so."

And thus the discussion was closed. Sita even was not to be told about it.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Well, Malati," said her father, a few days afterwards, "what do you think about widow-marriage?"

Malati looked non-plussed. "I have never thought about it, father."

"Well, think about it now. Do you think widows ought to marry?"

"Well—no, I do not think so."

"Why?"

"Because they ought to be faithful to their husbands."

"That is true. But suppose a woman has not seen her husband, who may have died when she was a child."

"Then, even, for the sake of example, she should not marry again. Where are we to draw the line? One thing would lead to another."

"But there is nothing against it."

"It is a matter of temperament, is it not, father? There are women who would like to do it and women who would not."

"Suppose the woman meets some one whom she likes very much and would like to spend her life as his companion."

"Even then, for the sake of example, father, do you not think she ought hold out against the temptation?"

"But there is nothing against it."

"No, but for the sake of constancy and faithfulness. Would Savitri have married again, would Damayanti? Why did our women commit Sati? Because they were faithful to their husbands."

"Would you marry again, Sita, if anything happened to me?" asked Lakshman of his wife, who was near.

Sita merely shook her head and Lakshman smiled.

"But see here, child, women cannot stand alone. Widows are treated so badly in Hindu societies that they would give anything to be free and happy again. Left alone, how can they earn their living? They will have to live on the mercy of others. Or they may fall into wrongdoing. They say women cannot live alone."

"Then, let such women marry, father. There are women and women. Don't let it be a matter of rule, but a matter of temperament, of individual wish. But, why do you ask me such questions, father? What do I know about it? and to give my opinion like a grand lady is absurd."

"What would you do, Malati, if anything happened to me?"

"Let that day be far distant. But then I would work."

"But you cannot be alone. People would talk of you."

"I would go to my uncle."

"But suppose he also died."

"Then—then," stammered Malati, looking about her, "Why then—I would go to a widow's home. What do you say, father?" And she looked at him with a triumphant smile.

"Well, we shall see," were his last words, but there was a tender smile on his lips for her.

(To be continued.)

The Maharani's College, Mysore

ON Friday, 30th October, 1908, at 5 p.m. H. H. the Maharani of Mysore, C.I., accompanied by H. H. the Maharani and Mrs. J. Weir arrived at the premises of the Girls' College, which was specially decorated for the occasion, and outside the enclosure the royal party was received by the Honorary Secretary Rai Bahadur Raja Karya

Prasaktha A. Narasim Iyengar. Soubhagyavati K. D. Rukminiamma, B.A., Officiating Principal of the College conducted the distinguished guests from the carriage. A varied programme consisting of Recitations in Sanskrit, English and Kanarese, Science experiments, and Music, vocal and instrumental, was gone through. The Lady Principal of the College then read the following Address:

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

I feel to-day is a red-letter day in the annals of this school and that a very high honour has been conferred on this institution and on the pupils and teachers of the school by Your Highness's gracious condescension in consenting to preside over the meeting and to distribute the prizes to the fortunate recipients.

The school has had a long and steady career of usefulness. Started nearly quarter of a century ago under the auspices of Your Illustrious Consort His HIGHNESS THE LATE CHAMARAJENDRA WODEYAR BAHADUR, it can well claim to have been one of the pioneers in the cause of Female Education in Southern India. From the day it was started till now about 7,126 girls have passed through the various classes, of whom two have passed the B.A. Examination, and one is likely to pass this year, 6 have passed the First-in-Arts Examination, 10 the Matriculation, 9 the Kannada Upper Secondary, 35 the Lower Secondary in English and 69 the Lower Secondary in Kanarese. About 53 have qualified themselves as teachers, 3 as midwives, and 3 as nurses. Nearly 250 widows have availed themselves of the education imparted in the school.

Admission in the school has at times even been sought by pupils from such distant places as Bombay, Poona, Madras and Kolhapur.

It is true that the bulk of the pupils belong to the Primary Department. As the need for the spread of primary education is acknowledged on all hands to be great, it is a matter of gratification that the school is actively promoting the spread of primary education, and it is hoped that in the future throughout the state more attention will be paid to the spread of primary education among girls of all classes and creeds. That the prevailing prejudice against allowing girls to attend schools after they reach the age of 12 or 13 has been and is being gradually relaxed by the guardians of pupils is testified by the fact that several of them continue their studies till they reach the High School and College classes. It is true that to achieve these results a vast amount of money has been spent and more than money a great deal of personal trouble has been taken by those responsible for the progress of this institution. But it is my

humble conviction that all this labour of love, and all this growing expenditure of money have not gone in vain. A new faith has been implanted, a new creed has been successfully preached, and the word has gone forth that no longer girls are to be denied education, the birthright of every human being, and that neither caste nor sex is in itself a bar to the removal of ignorance. The work which this school has been engaged in, is a sacred one and the value thereof is not to be measured by mere rupees, annas and pies. Female education even in its ordinary aspect represents in our country where the percentage of literates is very low and where the condition of women is so different at present from what it was in ancient times, a moral and social upheaval permeating all branches of domestic life and tending to increase the sweetness of home and the intellectual capacity of the mothers of the race.

Such has been the novelty presented by so bold an attempt at Female Education as represented by this institution and so gratifying has been its steady progress that it has had the unique honour of being visited and appreciated by such eminent educationists as Porter, Gopala Rao, Dr. Leitner, and Dr. Duncan, by Their Excellencies the Governors of Bombay and Madras, such as Lord Sandhurst, Lord Wenlock, Sir Arthur Havelock, and successive Viceroys and Viceresses, such as Lord and Lady Dufferin, Lord and Lady Lansdowne, Lord and Lady Elgin, and above all by such illustrious members of the Royal Family of Great Britain and Ireland as His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence. It was a touching message that the Duke of Clarence sent in regard to this school and the following quotation is taken from "The Duke of Clarence in Southern India" by J. D. Rees.

"The Prince expressed his satisfaction with what he saw, and his intention of informing the Queen of the progress of this Model School."

Her Royal Highness the present Princess of Wales during her last visit in February 1906 was pleased to give an interview to some of the lady teachers and widow pupils of this school and to make kind enquiries regarding the progress of the school.

I will not detain Your Highness by reading the formal report for the year 1907-08, which has been already submitted to the Inspector-General of Education and which may be taken as read.

I need only observe that the aim of the school as defined by His Highness the late Maharaja through his favourite minister Sir K. Seshadri Iyer, is to make this institution "the model of those halls of learning of Ancient India where pious women dedicated their lives to the noble work of imparting instruction both religious and

secular to the younger members of their sex," to make it "the means of training large numbers for the profession of lady teachers for all parts of the country, to offer an asylum as well as a field of philanthropic work to those Hindu women who from misfortune are destined for a single life, and who, deprived of the opportunity for the exercise of their affections within the small circle of a family, would find a congenial employment in educating the young of their sex;" and bearing as this school does Your Highness's revered name, it is our bounden duty to so conduct it as to realise however slowly the aim above set forth and to make it a source of "domestic happiness and peace as well as fountain of light, and of every noble and holy aspiration" as felicitously expressed by the Marchioness of Dufferin during her visit to the school in the year 1886.

It only remains for me now to again tender Your Highness my humble and heartfelt thanks for the encouragement shown to us by Your Highness's presence, and to pray that the Almighty may shower his choicest blessings on our beloved Maharaja and the members of the Mysore Royal Family.

HER HIGHNESS' REPLY.

TEACHERS AND STUDENTS OF THE MAHARANI'S COLLEGE,

I thank you for the welcome that you have given me to-day, which, has touched me very deeply, and I desire to assure you in return of the great pleasure that it has given me to be present, and to take part in your prize-giving. I have listened, with great satisfaction, to the address that has been read by your Principal, which testifies, not only to the good work done in the College, but also to the Principal's real appreciation of the high ideals, which inspired the founders of this Institution. I deem it a circumstance of the happiest omen, that a daughter of this College, should have been found worthy, to take her place at the head of the staff, and should so completely have justified her selection.

It is scarcely necessary for me to say that the fortunes of this College, founded under the auspices that we are happy to recall and identified by its name with myself personally, have always been very near my heart. I believe most thoroughly in its influence for good and I rejoice to think that under that influence the widespread prejudice against the education of our girls is gradually wearing away.

And now a word to the teachers. I would have you remember that if you enjoy the privilege of being associated with a College which is, I believe, rightly described as a Pioneer

Institution, you have by reason of that privilege, a great responsibility. Many eyes are directed on you, not only here in Mysore but wherever earnest men and women are striving and pleading for the cause of female education. If all the good work that you do here helps to advance that great cause so surely will your shortcomings tend to its discredit. Strive to act up to the ideals which your Principal has set before us to-day and you may be assured that your labour is not in vain.

To you, girls, I would say, remember that on you depends in a great measure the happiness of your homes, and the education—in its best sense—of the next generation. Most of you may look forward to the happy enjoyment of home life; and the influence that you will have it in your power to exercise will be immense. Book learning is not the beginning and the end of education, but without it your influence for good cannot be complete. Without it you cannot fully associate yourselves with the interests of your husbands and children. But your main ideal should be to train yourselves to be an example of goodness and purity of life, so that you may raise and not lower the characters of those with whom you will have to live and may be able to impart to your children that higher education which no school can give but which is the foundation of a nation's character. To you to whom home life in its fulness may be denied, I can only wish that, in the emulation of the pious women of old, you may find consolation for the joys that are denied you and that at the end of lives devoted to teaching the young, nursing the sick or setting an example of pure and Godly living, you may be able to reflect, that you have not lived in vain.

To the College itself, I wish the fullest measure of prosperity and success and I look forward to the time when the best testimony to a woman's character will be that she has been a pupil of the Maharani's College.

Woman's share in India's awakening



SINCE woman is the progenitrix of mankind and the mainstay and ornament of human society, it is the foremost and highest duty of every man in every clime and of every caste and creed to hold her in the highest respect and to carry her with him in the march of progress. 'God made woman for man' and woman it is that makes man what he is, and shapes and develops those noble and brilliant qualities which blossom

afterwards in public, sending their fragrance far and wide.

As soon as the child comes into being, the influence of the mother begins to be felt. The very features of her face, the aspects and tone of her surroundings exercise an influence on the innocent image of nature. The child's mind is very soft and pliant and the early impressions it receives from the mother are practical and lasting. Habits got from the cradle go to the grave. The child observes with its keen and wondering eyes the mother's actions and tries to imitate them—whether they be good or bad. As the child goes on receiving new impressions from its mother and from her surroundings, it begins to evolve a character of its own, which permeates its whole career and makes the man play his part accordingly.

Men are everywhere what their mothers make them. If these are dull-witted, ignorant, selfish, idle and wicked, those in their turn will be so also. All those great, noble and majestic souls who have left an indelible mark on the minds of their countrymen by their unselfish and patriotic devotion to duty and by their earnest endeavours after the moral, material and spiritual advancement of their fellow-creatures, were born and brought up under such sacred and wholesome influences—the domestic hearth and the fostering hand of the loving mother. If we read the history of great men, who have struggled honestly through life, of men who have carried out empires in the midst of disorderly chaos and contradictory counsellors, of men who have lived, thought, worked and sacrificed their lives by straining every nerve to its utmost tension to ameliorate and advance the condition of those among whom they lived, we shall see that every one of them had his 'first impressions' at the angelic hands of his mother. In fact all great achievements in the field of science, literature, arts, and so forth, which minister to modern civilisation, and all that human society is proud of, in a manner which no pen can describe and no imagination can conceive, have been accomplished by worthy sons of noble mothers.

Even so is the influence of the mother. What think you of the noble mother of that great Napoleon Bonaparte, the terror of Europe? If that giant among men who said 'that impossible is a word found only in the dictionary of fools,' that conqueror of the Alps, that man of iron will, calm thoughts and collected information, that intellectual prodigy of prodigies in whom poetic, mathematical and scientific elements were combined in the highest and purest degree, if that independent entity, the redeemer of the oppressed, the crusher of tyrants, whom some envious and malignant critics have unscrupulously denounced as a bloodthirsty monster of cruelty,

but than whom no nation has given birth to a better 'man' since the making of the world, if he owed what he was to one thing more than to another, it was to none else than his ever-to-be-remembered mother—his noble mother. In this way if we trace the course of the life of every man who has by his good or bad deeds illumined or darkened the history of his period, we shall find the mother's hand igniting the lamp and we shall see that all his later experiences and improvements, and all the results of his education and of his observation, are but tributaries and feeders that make up the great river of his life.

Thus we see that the prosperity and well-being of a nation depends on the nature and condition of its finer sex. In this connection let me bring home to the minds of my indulgent readers the fact that the future of India depends in no small degree on the mothers-to-be of our countrymen. India wants nothing so much as good mothers—mothers capable of giving birth to noble, generous, righteous, earnest, able, truthful, self-sacrificing and patriotic sons—and not the narrow-minded, ignorant, selfish, superstitious and ever-quarrelling mass of human flesh, whose knowledge, if they have any, of men and things is limited to their own homestead and their own narrow surroundings which have ceased to influence them as they used to do in the good old days.

The advent of western civilisation and of western ideas of form and fashion, has impregnated the atmosphere of Indian villages, drowning underneath its flood the sacred ideals and the inspiring spirituality of old, leaving afloat at the top the hollow fabric of empty ceremonies and vain superstitions. Now is the transition period of our national awakening. If at this juncture we sit with folded arms leaving our society, which is lingering on the verge of destruction, to take care of itself, the gulf that separates us from the promised land of peace and prosperity will become wider and wider, and the land will altogether disappear from our sight, leaving us in the mid-ocean exposed to the fury and ferocity of the storm.

'There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune.'

Now that our benign government is patiently listening to our just aspirations and encouraging us in all possible ways, it is high time that we should try to deserve higher things before we proceed to claim them. We must reorganise our society by knocking down the heads of a thousand and one castes and sub-castes, which are only mushroom growths of recent years, and by effecting such social reforms as are conducive to the progress of human society as it stands to-

day. None of these ends can be attained without a social upheaval, unless we educate our women on religious and national lines. We should educate them through the medium of our vernaculars, holding up to them as their ideals Sita, Savitri, Damayanti and other gems of womankind, whose lives are worthy of being studied and imitated by every daughter of India.

Reforms, such as this, would be the parent of all other reforms. A man may talk and talk of social reforms and move his audience by his persuasive eloquence and convincing arguments; but when he really comes to the field of action, he finds himself a big failure. What is it owing to? It is because the traditional superstitions and caste prejudices, and a variety of other absurdities that are the bane of our society, and which we are very eager to reform and reorganise, are the pet dowry of our womanhood, who, when any reasonable reform of any absurd practice or custom is proposed, superstitiously cling to the custom and look upon the reformer, be he the husband, the father, or the brother, as irreligious and polluted. Woman is a potent factor in every Indian home; and man who controls the world, is conquered by woman.

Thus we see the need of female education. Although there are schools and colleges in towns and cities manufacturing year after year B.A.'s and even M.A.'s, the education imparted to the pupils, is not the sort of education that our women want at this stage.

We do not want our women to become literary luminaries and scientific prodigies, so as to enable them to question the superiority of man, and claim equal rights with him, as the enlightened ladies do in England, by what is known as the 'Woman Suffragist Movement.' It is enough if, besides being loving and sweet-spoken as they are, they become intelligent and helpful companions to their husbands in passing through life's wilderness. We have men enough and to spare for sterner works of toil and thought, and therefore we do not need that our finer sex should have to trouble their heads with complex problems for which they are naturally unfit.

Of woman's fitness for indoor-work, there can be no possible doubt, as it was settled in the days when 'Adam delve and Eve spun.'

Finally I appeal to every educated son of India, to every dutiful and patriotic son of India, who has his country's welfare at heart, to realise the seriousness and the delicacy of his situation, and to devote himself with might and main to raise womanhood—to educate his wife, his sister, and all those who are near and dear to him. For in such efforts lies our salvation and our country's. If one and all of India's sons succeed in enlightening the minds of our women who

are miserably and hopelessly sunk in the ocean of ignorance and superstition, and in bringing them together upon the common ground of reform—social reform I mean—our future will be bright and glorious, and our national salvation will not be far distant.

A. C. NARAYANA AIYAR.

Our Children's Page.

SERIAL STORY.



The Back of No. 15.

CHAPTER I.

OUR JUNGLE HOME.

WE had all been born in the jungle, except Maddie. And Maddie had been born at Bombay.

"That's why Maddie's so civilised, I s'pose," Denzil said. "The Governor says the rest of us are all *jungly-wallas*!"

Jungly-walla, you know, means, in India, what you English people, I suppose, would call a clown or a country pumpkin, or something equivalent to that. And when Father called us by that opprobrious epithet, he meant it for a kind of savage, I know; and not as a term signifying that we were merely jungle-born.

There were seven of us. Or as Maddie more poetically expressed it: "We are seven." Only none of us were in the churchyard laid. We were very much alive. And I, Josie, was the eldest—worse luck!

Maddie ought to have been the eldest by rights. There was something so dignified about Maddie.

She had "An Air of Repose," Denzil said, "added to refinement of manner wanting in—ahem!—the present head of the family!"

Denzil was my twin. We were twelve. But I was born first—like my luck! Maddie was eleven. There was hardly even a year between us. For Denzil's and my birthday was in July, and Maddie's came in June.

She was pretty. Not anything extraordinary, you know. But with a sort of daintiness and a

serenity that made up what Denzil called "a pleasing whole." And she had, as Father said, "a head on her shoulders," while your humble servant was not supposed to have any head at all.

Denzil said when we were born all the brains went to him. I'm sure I was a tomboy because I had him for my twin.

Maddie—she was christened Madeleine, of course, and Maddie isn't a pretty abbreviation at all; but Maddie she was called and Maddie she would have to be, Denzil said, "to the end of the chapter"—Maddie would have made an ideal eldest, I know. Ah! how gracefully would I have slipped into Maddie's shoes!

Denzil says, "I'd take out gracefully, if I were you, And as for Maddie's shoes—Oh, Joseph!"

She had such little feet. And I—yes, to be quite truthful, I must write it down—such large ones!

To be the eldest! It's such a responsibility, you know. An example to the little ones—Oh, dear! I was always leading them into mischief, Father said. And, "It was high time Josie grew a head upon her shoulders."

Dorothy—Dot, for short—came after Maddie. She was eight. And Philly was the loveliest boy of seven. Such roguish, sweet, brown eyes you never saw! And the whitest of white pearly teeth! After him came Daisy, aged two. And Baby, last of all, was seven months old. And I—Josephine Fortescue—was put into the world to be a pattern to them all! Wasn't it hard?

We lived in the jungle. It had been our home all our lives. As I said before, Maddie had been born at Bombay; but neither she nor we remembered anything of that time. And our knowledge of the world was all jungle.

Father was a civil engineer. They were constructing a railway through Portuguese territory to join the Southern Mahratta line. And he was one of the engineers. Each engineer had a certain length of railway to construct, and Father's length, for the present, lay through the Panjim Jungle.

It was a lovely place. And we had such a lovely bungalow, too. In the very heart of the jungle it was, surrounded by the great forest trees. Tall cocoanut palms grew there in numbers, and bamboos, and magnificent teaks.

Please don't imagine it was a sort of park—like some of the parks you're all so proud of in England. Parks—we saw them afterwards when we went into the wide, wide world—with smooth green grass, grass almost shaven like a lawn, and cows or deer lying peacefully under the shade of the trees. Nothing so "classical," Maddie said would be the right word—nothing so classical, indeed!

It was dense jungle all round, with thick undergrowth all tangled with grass—tall grass in which tigers and panthers prowled; and hyenas and jackals made the night lively with their cries.

Where we could ride our *tats* (ponies) only in single file through the forest tracks, except just here and there where openings allowed our riding abreast. Where monkeys sprang from tree to tree, and chattered and made faces at us; and squirrels with their bushy barred tails raced along the branches with their "Chirrip-pip-pip!"

And—But I could go on telling you of fifty things. And I haven't told you about our bungalow yet.

A space had been cleared for it in the heart of the Panjim Jungle, as I said before, and there was a broad verandah all round the bungalow. Cool green *chicks*—blinds made out of thin bamboo strips—hung all round to keep off the glare of the sun. We rolled them up as the sun went gradually off. It was the most delightful place you ever saw to play in.

There were wicker chairs and little teapots scattered about. And Mother used to sit and sew there. We used to do our lessons there as well—Maddie, and Dot, and I. Denzil too, up to the last six months. But during the last half year Denzil had been sent to school—it was a boarding school at Bombay.

Father wanted to send Maddie and me as well. But Mother wouldn't hear of the plan.

"Time enough," she used to say with a little catch in her voice. "Let me keep them with me while I can." And she taught us regularly herself.

We were to be packed off to England, some day—we children, I mean—to be educated. That's why that catch used to come into Mother's voice. She couldn't bear the idea. Not the idea of our being educated, of course. It was the thought of our being separated from her.

"I'll die, I know," I used to say. "Oh, Mother, Mother!"

I only called her Mother when I was very much depressed, and sometimes when I felt the responsibility of being the eldest.

"And that's once in a blue moon, Joseph," Denzil said, with his finger on the side of his nose.

At such times—the times, I mean, when we got depressed about having to go to England—Mother would begin to talk about it as a heavenly place. It was only to comfort us, I know. Her lip trembled. And there was the catch in her voice. And she was obliged to bury her face in Daisy's hair.

Home, she used to call it. But grown-up people, living in India, always called England

Home. And then she would picture it for us in glowing colours.

Green fields full of golden buttercups, and lambs gambolling about among the daisies, and robins with red breasts, and may—"whatever that may be"—Denzil used to say—growing wild in the hedges. And snow—but none of us could ever imagine snow—falling like feathers out of the sky, and lying like a white carpet on everything.

If she were going, we'd have been wild to see England, of course. But without Mother!

The verandah round the bungalow was raised. You had to go up three or four steps to it. It was obliged to be raised on account of the snakes, you see. I think snakes are the worst part of India. But so far none of us had got bitten.

Ramoosee had, though. Ramoosee was the night watchman. He used to stop up in the verandah all night to see that the lights kept burning. We were obliged to keep lights burning all night to keep the wild beasts at a distance.

He was supposed to sleep by day. But Denzil said "He snoozed by night as well."

And, indeed, it was when he was fast asleep one night, that he got bitten by a dreadful cobra.

He died. And we had to get another Ramoosee. We had a terrible scare of cobras for a while, and Ayah had never to take her eyes off little ones. But it passed away. And nobody else got bitten.

There were creeping plants growing up round the verandah posts; and they hung in festoons of flowers. Polly, the parrot, sat there in her cage. She did nothing but chatter all day. She barked like the dogs, and neighed like the *tats*, and shouted to the servants by their names.

"Ayah," she used to say in a wheedling tone, "Pretty Poll wants to see the Baby." And when she said "Baby," she said it quite softly. She was really quite devoted to Baby.

In a corner of one of the side verandahs a little room was fenced off, where we used to keep the dogs chained at night. They were obliged to be chained, in case they wandered after dark, and got snapped up by a panther or a hyena. I daresay Ramoosee liked to hear them bark at night. It must have cheered him when he was awake—keeping watch.

In the daytime Fan and Folly always ran loose, of course. But poor Folly came to a sad end. A mad dog bit her one evening in the tail. And Father was obliged to have her shot.

Deaths were pretty common at the bungalow, and naturally the funerals were frequent. It was the outcome of living in such a dangerous place; and only to be expected in the jungle.

We buried Folly under a cocoanut palm; and a terrier afterwards was laid beside her. Maddie's monkey was also buried there; and Dot kept the graves fresh with flowers.

The monkey was not one of the family, however. Indeed, we had only had it for a day and a night. It was a baby monkey, and a Goanese had brought it to the bungalow for sale. Maddie fell in love with it directly, and begged mother to let her have it.

It was very soft, and it had a pair of shining eyes, and a tiny puckered face. Eight annas was the price the native asked for it, which in English money would come to something like a shilling. So mother bought it. But it didn't seem happy at all.

There was a door leading from the verandah to the sitting-room—a very big room, with tiger skins and panther skins lying all about the floor. Father had shot most of the beasts himself. He was very proud of the skins.

The bed-rooms led out of the sitting-room. We had no upstairs. Upstairs seemed so funny to us when we came to England. And what we thought funniest of all was to have the servants sleeping in the house as well. In India the servants have a block of buildings to themselves. It's always called the servants' quarter.

We had a vegetable garden in our clearing, too. And a pigeon house on top of a long pole. The pigeons used to circle round the bungalow,



Ramoosee was the night-watchman?

It shivered and shivered; and did nothing but cry and cry. Maddie made it a flannel coat; but it only shivered the more. Tears rolled out of its shining eyes, and dropped down its puckered cheeks. And it turned up its nose at milk.

"It's crying for its mother," Philly said. And Maddie made a poor substitute, of course.

At night she put it in a cosy basket, and kept it on the bath-room shelf. Next morning she found it stark and stiff! The poor little thing was dead!

Maddie cried. So did Philly, dreadfully. We buried it under the cocoanut palm. And that was the end of the monkey.

and sit and coo upon the thatch; and Bawar-chee, the cook, was always making pigeon curry.

This was our jungle home. And all around it the deep dense jungle grew. Sometimes we heard a tiger roar at night, and often the hideous laugh of a hyena. And the screech of a night-hawk sometimes woke me as it pounced on some poor little frog.

The forest track led from our bungalow down to the native village called Sanvordem, where the men who worked upon the railway had their homes. It was close to a lovely creek.

Down this creek a little steam launch sailed. Sailed twenty miles, or so, till it reached the

great deep sea, and stopped at Panjim Harbour. It was the way into the wide, wide world.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT I HEARD IN THE VERANDAH.

That was the way Denzil had gone to school; and that was the way he would have to come home again. And he was coming home for the Christmas holidays. Maddie and I used to tick off the days as they passed.

"Monday gone," she said. "Only four more days." For he was coming home on Saturday. I turned a somersault on the bed. And Mother happened to look in at that minute through the door.

"Oh, Josie!" she said.

"It's because Denzil's coming home," said Maddie.

"But your long legs and arms! And you're growing such a great girl, Josie," Mother said.

"Besides, Josie, what an example for Maddie and Dot!"

"But Maddie never copies me, Mother," I said. "And Dot——"

"Oh!" said Dot, "I can make a better somersault than Josie!" And over she went on the spot.

"Josie teaching the little ones to somersault?" said Father's voice from the next room. "I'm not surprised."

Mother shut our bedroom door, and went to him. We heard her say something about "So glad," and, "Denzil coming."

Father grunted.

Dot whispered, "Father's cross."

"He generally is," I said.

"Hush, Josie," said Maddie in a warning voice, "he'll hear you."

"As if it's a sin to make a somersault," I said. "I don't care. Denzil's coming." And over I went again.

Maddie looked at me. Appalled at first, and then reproachful. "Oh, Josie!" she said.

"Everybody says 'Oh, Josie!' to me. Don't you begin it, Maddie. I wish I were a boy. I wish I weren't the eldest. But as it's my misfortune to be the eldest, you'd better remember it, Maddie."

"I wouldn't quarrel about it, at any rate," she said. "It's not a crime to say 'Oh, Josie' I suppose—And Denzil coming—And Christmas coming, and all."

"And the new boy," said Dot.

"I wish he wasn't," I said.

"Oh, Jo——!" began Maddie again. And stopped short. "Why, Josie, you begged yourself—you know you did—to let him come."

"I've changed my mind," I said.

"It's too late now," said Maddie, serenely.

"You should have made it up before. Besides, you said——"

"I say heaps of things that I repent of after. Suppose that Denzil's changed. Suppose he wants to go about with Vincent Johnson by himself. Suppose he looks upon us as *jungly-wallas* after living in Bombay and all. Suppose he's ashamed of us."

"I'd be ashamed of him, then," said Maddie, stoutly. "And why do you suppose such disagreeable things at all? Why should Denzil be changed? Why should he want to go with Vincent Johnson by himself? We can all play together, I suppose."

"Six months is such a long time," I said. "Six months could make such a difference in a person. Six months——"

"He's known Vincent Johnson just six months," she said. "And if he chooses to like him better than all of us—us, his own sisters and brothers, whom he has known all his life—let him," said Maddie, calmly. And slipping on her nightgown she tumbled into bed.

It was all very well for Maddie to say "let him," and then tumble calmly into bed. Denzil wasn't her twin. Denzil and I—oh! the awful scraps we had got into; and the lovely things we had done.

Once we ran away. I had suggested it to him. It was all about a tiger. The tiger had pounced upon a man who lived in the village of Sanvordem. He was the postman. He used to go through the forest tracks with a bell tied round his waist to frighten the wild beasts away. But it didn't frighten the tiger.

It was just as the sun went down. In India we haven't what you in England call twilight. The darkness falls almost directly. No one ever saw the postman again. But they found his bell, his leather bag, too, with some of the letters still in it, and, close to it, some of his bones.

Miguel, the carpenter, made a trap, hoping to catch the tiger; and when it was finished we learned that the villagers were going to sit up all the night to listen for the tiger's being trapped; and Denzil and I, before the darkness fell, ran away to Sanvordem by ourselves and never said a word to anyone, and sat with Miguel in his hut door.

Maddie told me afterwards how they shouted for us at the bungalow till everyone was hoarse, and how Mother thought a panther had carried us away; and how angry Father was; and how at last he started for Sanvordem himself, the servants carrying lighted torches all the way.

"Oh! thunder, Josie. Here comes the Governor!" Denzil cried. And I remember how I wanted to hide.

And how cold Father's voice was as he said, "I'm ashamed of you. I left your Mother almost mad with terror." And then to Denzil, "How dare you bring your sister here?"

I said, "He didn't bring me, Father. I suggested it myself. Oh! we did want to see the tiger trapped."

And Father answered in an angry voice, "I'm not surprised!"

I remember how the natives crowded round salaaming to Father, saying in Hindustanee that his honour must be relieved to find us safe.

Then one of the *gora-wallas* led my pony forward and mounted me at Father's command; and we left Sanvordem in disgrace.

Mother was in the lighted verandah, walking up and down, and the lantern fell upon her pallid face. She only looked in our direction, but couldn't say a word.

Father called out, "It's all right. They are here. We found them in the village."

She said, "Any accident?"

And he answered "No."

And she said, "Thank God!"

Then Father went and told her why we had run away; and how he had found us squatting by Miguel's hut. "The plan," he said, "originated in Josie's brain. She's a *jungly-walla*, as I've always said. And a *jungly-walla* she'll remain as long as you keep her here."

Denzil said, "Josie planned it, Mother, but I egged her on. If I hadn't promised to go with her, she couldn't have gone by herself."

Mother said, "You frightened me very much, children. You have given me a pain in my heart."

And that was the beginning, you know, of Denzil's being sent to school.

"He was a great boy," Father said—"calm," I think he called him—"lounging round, and getting his sisters into mischief. And school was the only place to fit him for the world."

Poor Denzil! And I had suggested it all. He wasn't very sorry. That was the worst of it. He was rather glad to go. He said, "It was going into the world."

He seemed quite elated at the thought of having other boys to play with, and talked of cricket and football in a lordly sort of way; and feasts in the bedroom at night; and kept on reading "Tom Brown's School Days" over and over again.

"The jungle's all very well for girls, Josie," he said. "They haven't got to make their way in the world. But for a fellow, you know——!" I cried. Not before him. I went and cried by myself.

There was a large school at Bombay—a very good school, indeed. Father got a prospectus, and it was settled there and then.

Perhaps Denzil was sorry when the last day came; but he wouldn't confess that he was.

Mother said good-bye to him in her own room; but Maddie and I rode down with Father to see him off. To see them off, I ought to say, for Father was going to Bombay with Denzil, of course.

We rode to the creek—the little lovely creek I told you about before—and there was the little steam launch puffing and blowing away.

There was no time to lose, for it was ready to start at once, and we had to say good-bye to him immediately.

The whistle blew, the engine groaned; out puffed a cloud of steam. And in five minutes more, Maddie and I were left standing on the bank, fluttering our handkerchiefs to Denzil, who was waving his cap and sailing away into the world.

He was not put into a very low class. The headmaster wrote to Father that he had had "an excellent foundation."

Mother was elated at that; for Mother, you know, had taught him up to this. And when Father kept on talking about sending Maddie and me to school, she said firmly, "I will keep them while I can. A mother's influence often is better than mere schooling. Besides," she added triumphantly, "I can give them an excellent foundation."

And to that Father had nothing to say.

From the beginning Denzil had taken up with Vincent Johnson—what Vincent Johnson said, and what Vincent Johnson did. His letters were just full of Vincent Johnson. How Vincent Johnson had peppered his trousers once, when the headmaster had promised him a caning; and how, when the cane came down, up all the pepper flew, which made the master sneeze so much that he couldn't finish the caning.

Vincent Johnson was the captain of his Eleven. And the captain of football too. And now that the Christmas holidays were coming near, couldn't he, please, bring Vincent Johnson home with him.

He seemed only just to live for Vincent Johnson.

We all begged Mother to let him come. I had begged the hardest, I know. But now that he was really coming for the holidays, I began to wish he wasn't coming at all.

Of course Denzil would be taken up with him; and very likely they would want to go off by themselves. And—and I couldn't say "Let them!" as calmly as Maddie did. Denzil had never been *her* special chum.

And six months is a long time, as I said before; and a person might change so very much in that time. And Denzil—if Denzil

were changed!—I couldn't go off to sleep as usual for thinking of it.

I was cross too. Cross because Maddie had looked appalled at my somersaulting again, and cross because Father had said, "I am not surprised."

If people were not surprised at the things I did, why did they keep on looking so much surprised?

I think I must have dozed, for I woke up presently to hear the murmur of voices from the verandah just outside my window.

"I agreed to let you keep them till the twins were twelve," I heard Father's voice say.

And Mother's voice answered pleadingly, "But Philly is only seven."

Father said "I was packed off to a boarding school when I was eight. It was the making of me, I know."

"But your parents were in England," Mother said. And then something that I didn't quite catch, about "few hours by rail," and, "in case of sickness."

"Alison would be with them," Father said. "Alison is quite prepared to receive them." And something about "Not such a severe discipline as boarding-school. No. 15 is a large, roomy house, and there are good day-schools in the town."

And Mother sighed. They were talking about England, I knew.

Aunt Alison was one of Father's sisters. He had four. And they all lived in England. In Devonshire. Not all together. Aunt Alison and Aunt Mary lived at No. 15. No. 15, Portland Avenue, was the real name of the house, but Father always shortened it to No. 15.

It was the house he had lived in when he was a boy himself; and it belonged to Aunt Alison now. Riversmouth was the name of the town it was in; and it was a fashionable seaside place.

The other aunts were Aunt Dorothy and Aunt Lettice. And they lived on the outskirts of a village, seven miles away from Riversmouth. Such a pretty country cottage they had, Father said, and the name of the village was Edenvale.

I didn't know Aunt Alison was quite prepared to receive us; and it gave me a dreadful start. Had Father been writing to her about it lately? And were we to be packed off to England there and then?

I grew hot all over, and then quite cold; and if Mother had been alone in the verandah I would have called her to come to me.

She was speaking. I couldn't hear what she said; but she was talking in a pleading voice.

And then Father said, "I am determined that they shall have an English bringing up. And added, "You will have Daisy and the Baby to comfort you."

After a little he went on, "Take a sensible view of the matter. It is for their good." And with a burst, "How I detest that abominable *chee-chee*."

Then I put my fingers into my ears, and turned over and cried myself to sleep.

I ought to explain *chee-chee*. Only people who have lived in India know exactly what *chee-chee* is. It is the way English children, brought up in India, pronounce their words; and the sort of sing-song tone they pick up from the native servants.

I don't mean that they pronounce all words badly, of course; but certain words ending in "y." For instance, Mother used to mock us, and say, "I don't know my geographee," or, "Yes, it's very prettee." And then, "Geography, dears, clean and clipt." Or, "Say pretty, Maddie darling, not prettee."

We used to say it for a little while, and then slip back into the old way again. Father said, "only association with English children would break us off the habit." And "only an English bringing-up would knock it out of our heads." He simply hated *chee-chee*.

"Maddie," I whispered next morning.

"What?" she said.

"Oh, Maddie! I think we're going to be packed off to England at last."

"What?" she repeated, sitting bolt upright.

"Packed off to England," I said again. "To Aunt Alison's. No. 15, you know." And then I told her of the conversation I had heard. "Don't tell Dot," I added. "Poor Dot! Oh, Maddie! how shall we live without Mother?"

She didn't answer at first. And then she said, "I wonder what kind of a person Aunt Alison is."

"Perhaps like Aunt Fortune," I said. I meant Ellen Montgomery's Aunt Fortune in "The Wide, Wide World." Mother had read "The Wide, Wide World" aloud to us.

"But Maddie was very indignant. Miss Fortune was a horrid thing," she said. "You shouldn't compare Aunt Alison with Miss Fortune, Josie."

"She can't be like Mother," I retorted. "She's not a mother, you know. She's not even married. I've often heard Father call her an old maid, too."

"I know she can't be like Mother," Maddie answered. And then she got up to dress.

When lessons were over, I told Mother how I woke up in the night, and what I had heard them say. And I said as I'd said a hundred times before, "I know I'll die."

She put her arm round me and held me very close and said, "We'll have to be very brave, Josie—you and I."

"Is it coming soon, Mother?" I asked.

"Yes, Josie, pretty soon," she said.

"As soon as we get a suitable person to take charge of you during the voyage."

I began to cry.

"You mustn't cry," she said, though I could tell she was crying herself. And we both cried together for a little while.

Then she said, "Josie, you must help me to be brave. If you're not brave, my Josie, you will make me a coward, too. And oh, Josie! you'll have to be a mother to the little ones Dot and Philly are such little, little things." And then she broke down again.

A mother to the little ones—I! And I remembered how I had somersaulted last night. Oh, dear! If Maddie had only been the eldest instead! I couldn't even sham being the second in front of strangers, for I was a head taller than Maddie, unfortunately.

I had "run to seed," as Denzil very truly remarked. And why in the world was there such a detestable place as England!

Then Maddie ran up, and when she saw us crying she burst out crying, too, for she guessed in a minute that we had been talking of England.

Presently Mother grew calm; and then she bade us run away and wash our tear-stained faces. And, by and by, when I looked into her room, she was kneeling by her bed.

That afternoon she began to praise up England as she always did, after we had had a crying fit; and began to tell us over again what a heavenly spot it was.

"No snakes?" said Dot. Dot, in especial, was dreadfully afraid of snakes.

"No snakes!" said Mother, running her fingers through her hair.

"No tigers!" added Philly winking his brown velvet eyes.

"No panthers!" put in Dot, "Nor hyenas! Nor cheetahs!"

"And no Mother!" I flung in, in an angry, bitter burst.

Mother looked at me. And Maddie said in a low tone, "Josie, you shouldn't tell them that!"

Of course, I had put my foot into it again. I always did. As Denzil said, "My two big feet were never out of it." I knew directly I had said it, it was a silly thing to say. And there was Dot immediately beginning to wrinkle up her nose.

I said—though I didn't mean it—"I suppose Aunt Alison's very nice."

And Maddie added hastily, "And Aunt Lettice is even nicer!"

It made Mother smile. And then she put in

with a little sigh, "Aunt Lettice will spoil you, I'm afraid. Aunt Lettice is very fond of children, little Dot." And she added under her breath, "Thank God!"

I think Aunt Lettice was Mother's favourite. Somehow or other we had all got hold of that idea. Father seemed to think the world of Aunt Alison's management. But Mother spoke Aunt Lettice's name in a softened voice.

And then she began to tell us what a pretty home she had, and about the lovely apple orchard just behind the house. "Aunt Dorothy grows all the flowers," said Mother. "And Aunt Lettice looks after the Bees. No honey ever tasted so delicious," she added, "as the honey from Aunt Lettice's bees. And then the church! Think, children, that you'll be able to go to church!"

For some of us, I must explain to you, had never been in a church. Maddie had. But she didn't remember it, of course. For she had been born at Bombay, and was christened at St. Thomas's Cathedral. Denzil had. But that was only since he had gone to school. For we have no churches in the jungle.

I hadn't. Your humble servant, who was the eldest of the family, had never even seen a church! And Denzil and I had been christened in the jungle by a missionary who happened to be about. So had Dot and Philly. And so had Daisy and Baby. Even there, you see, Maddie had the advantage of us. No wonder she wasn't a *jungly-walla*.

That afternoon we went to fish—Maddie and I. We often went out fishing. When the river was low it used to leave a pretty wide stretch of sand, and here and there large pools of water lay in patches. These were the pools we used to fish in; and we often got quite a nice lot of fish.

The adjutant birds were standing in the shallows, gobbling up frogs and fish; and Maddie threw a stone in their direction. One of them flapped its tremendous wings and flew away; and something lying upon the sand just moved.

"It's a *mugger*, Maddie," I cried. And Maddie shouted. You may be sure we kept pretty far away. For *mugger* is Hindustanee for crocodile.

It was a grey, greeny-looking thing, and it lay like a log on the sand.

"I thought it was a bough," she said. "It looks exactly like a fallen branch."

And so it did. It was not right out of the river, for its tail lay in the shallows. We could see the water rippling as he moved it to and fro.

"They often come out of the water to bask in the sunshine," I said.

And Maddie added, "Wouldn't it like to snap up one of those adjutant birds?"



But the adjutant birds, like us, kept very far away.

We began to fish. But Maddie wasn't happy. She would keep on watching the mugger.

Then she dropped her rod and gave a scream.

I thought first she had hooked an extra large fish; but she was pointing up along the bank. "Look! Look!" she shouted.

And there, running down towards the shallows, with his tongue lolling out, came a mad

pariah dog. I knew he was mad, for he was frothing at the mouth, and running in that straight, unseeing, blind way.

"Maddie!" I screamed. "You'd better get into a tree!" For these mad dogs are awfully dangerous.

We flung down our rods and ran helter-skelter to the nearest scrub tree, and had scrambled up safe in a jiffy, and turned breathlessly to watch the pariah.

It ran past our rods, just by the spot where we'd been fishing, and ran straight at a portly adjutant; but only because the adjutant, happened to be in the way. The adjutant, however, was wide awake, for he clattered his long beak, and flew away.

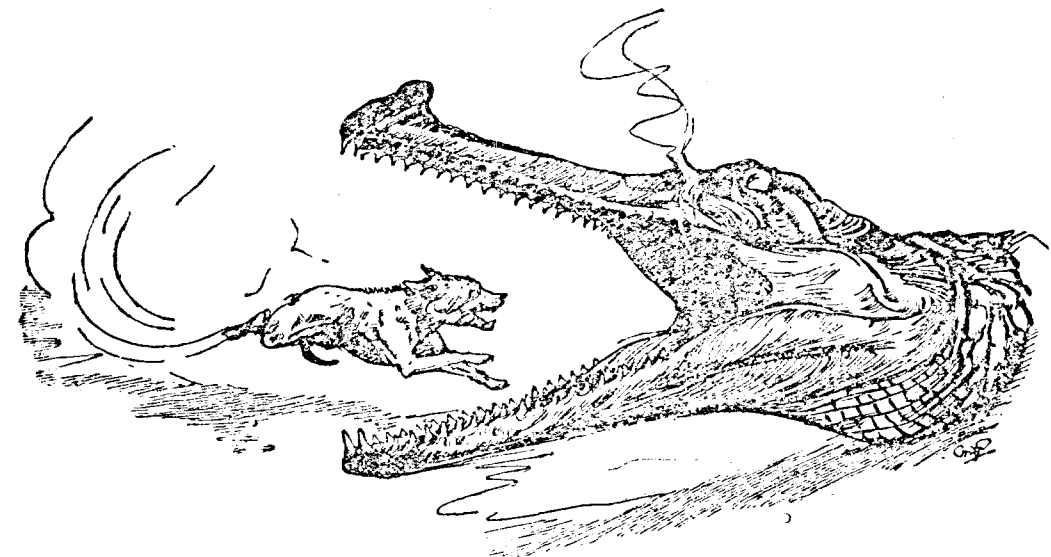
mad or not, we never knew, and we didn't go near enough to see. He lay quite still like a log cast up in the shallows. And then we climbed down and went and got our rods.

"Let us go home now, Josie," said Maddie "I feel afraid."

So did I. The fishing had lost its charm. So we trailed back, and told Mother how our fishing had been spoiled. And that was not the only scare we had that day.

I told you before that the dogs were chained at night—chained up in the verandah, just before the darkness fell. And Father generally saw to it himself.

That evening he called to Fan, and stopped to pick up what he thought was the chain, when



On, on ran the mad dog, and ran in the direction of the crocodile. His eyes were bulging, and his tongue was lolling out, and from his mouth dropped little flecks of foam.

And then we saw a strange thing. The mugger lifted his head and opened his jaws, and snap! The dog was gone. He had jumped straight into the trap. The crocodile had swallowed him whole!

We gasped. Maddie said, "I wonder if the mugger 'll get mad."

"If we'd been near enough, we'd have seen him wink his wicked little eyes. I daresay he himself was quite satisfied. Whether he got

—it suddenly rose to meet him with an angry hiss-s-s!

It wasn't the chain at all! It was a large coiled-up snake. And Father only saved himself by jumping backwards.

"Chiragh lao!" he shouted. "Bring the lights!" And he saw it gliding swiftly along the verandah.

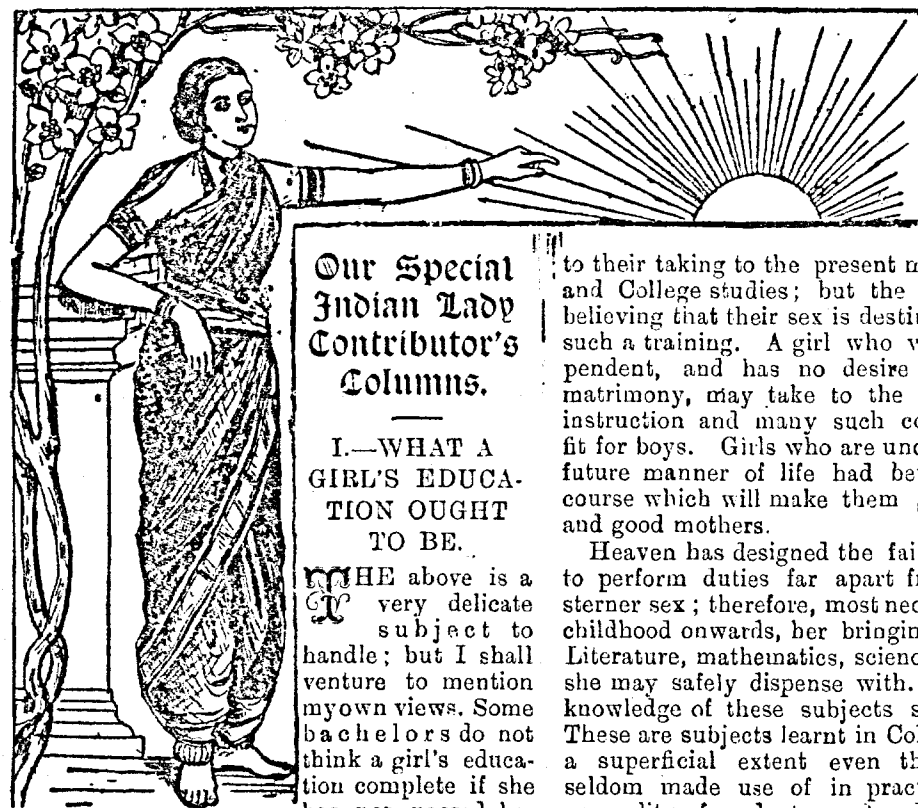
But when the lights were brought the snake had disappeared. And none of them could find it anywhere.

How it got into the verandah was a mystery, Father said. And Mother was greatly alarmed.

Oh! horrors! Had it got into the bungalow?

(To be continued.)





Our Special Indian Lady Contributor's Columns.

I.—WHAT A GIRL'S EDUCA- TION OUGHT TO BE.

THE above is a very delicate subject to handle; but I shall venture to mention my own views. Some bachelors do not think a girl's education complete if she has not passed her Matriculation; nay, they even want her to go through a College career. When these self-centred personages think of wedlock, they take for their lifelong companions, girls who have gone through a School or a College career. For a short time they are quite pleased with their choice, but, at last, time comes when all their hopes and expectations are scattered to the winds. They then wish for something else in their consorts than the mere acquisition of book knowledge. Alas! what sighs are heaved for such educated wives, whom they no longer consider as of the same thoughts and feelings as themselves. Whose fault is it? Are they not mere boys, who, with their puerile fancies drive these poor creatures to such a pass!

Many girls take to University studies only to satisfy their would-be lords and masters. It is because men expect much from women that the least is imbibed. This is what gives rise to a home unpleasant and sickening. It is not at all possible for females to be versed in the sciences and arts that are chiefly meant for men, and at the same time be capable of performing their womanly duties. Every girl must think beforehand as to the manner of life she would mean to adopt in time to come and her education must be made a means to that end. I do not object

to their taking to the present method of School and College studies; but the objection lies in believing that their sex is destined by nature for such a training. A girl who wishes to be independent, and has no desire of entering into matrimony, may take to the above-mentioned instruction and many such courses of training fit for boys. Girls who are uncertain as to their future manner of life had better take to the course which will make them good housewives and good mothers.

Heaven has designed the fair sex principally to perform duties far apart from those of the sterner sex; therefore, most necessarily from her childhood onwards, her bringing up must differ. Literature, mathematics, science and philosophy she may safely dispense with. At any rate her knowledge of these subjects should be limited. These are subjects learnt in Colleges and only to a superficial extent even there. They are seldom made use of in practical life by the generality of graduates and under-graduates who know them. But she must be given what is called Primary education. As she is to be a helpmate to her husband, it is essential she should know how to read and write well her own vernacular. English may be learnt to an extent that she may be able to converse in it with tolerable ease. This will enable her to keep accounts, carry on correspondence, and do other similar duties which will fall on her as manager of household affairs. She must above all know cooking, training and nursing. Without a knowledge of cooking she has no claim to be called a good housewife, and if she does not know what training is she cannot be a good housewife; and, as the saying goes that "she who rocks the cradle rules the world," the future welfare of her children depends entirely on the training she gives them in their childhood. Nursing includes a little knowledge of hygiene and the principals of first aid to the injured. All this is necessary for performing her duties, not only towards her husband and children, but also towards other human beings, and thus vindicate her womanly character in general. As I have mentioned before, knowledge of training means a knowledge of bringing up children. Almost all the heroes of the world owe their greatness to the training and guidance of their

mothers. All this just sketched out is indispensable to her if she is to occupy her proper position in after-life. But this education will no doubt appear to many prosaic, without giving any grace to it. In other words she should be accomplished so far as her tastes and capacities permit. She should know at least one of the fine arts—embroidery, painting, or music.

I shall now try to mention some of the things that a gentleman expects to find in his wife who very often ignores them. He would be much pleased if she made a small income go a long way. For he alone knows the true worth of money, as he has to earn it by the sweat of his brow. There is a tendency among us now-a-days to pay a little too much attention to finery. Of course a woman's dress ought to be clean, tidy, and attractive, but it need not be gaudy and very costly as is too often the case. As we have not to earn money ourselves, we do not know what labour brings it home, and are consequently given up to spending a little too much on our dress. Again, a woman may be a good housewife, but neglect some minor details to which, if she but attends, she will attract her husband to herself more. A well-prepared cup of tea given in proper time, his clothes well-looked after, his house made tidy and clean with her special surveying, the evenings made delightful by an intelligent conversation suited to his tastes, his meals served hot and tastefully, and little ones well cared for physically and morally. All this must enable every woman to please her husband and make him obedient to her wishes.

My dear sisters must remember that men are very exacting, that they want all the above qualities and perhaps many more. Happily, I can add that if you strive honestly, you are sure to attain them, and thereby figure yourselves as most worthy mothers of the future generation.

Those women who are not desirous of entering into married life may follow such a noble profession as nursing. This profession is especially very useful in zenanas, where it is impossible for a male medical practitioner to enter; and, owing to the orthodox ideas and the ignorant way in which patients are treated, much harm is done which can be easily avoided.

II.—AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A YOUTH.

(Not Fictitious.)

"I must go, whatever may be the risk, since I have to join duty to-morrow," said Mr. Pamman in a plaintive voice; "the boat will reach the place at midnight. At such an untimely

hour what can I do, in that dismal place hitherto unknown to me!" Mr. Pamman was a clerk in the Registration department in Malabar. He was transferred to Andathode, where he was to join duty the next day; and he had to perform a ten-mile journey by river at night.

At 6 P.M. he got into one of the boats bound for a place twenty miles down the river. The boat was untied, the boatman plied his oar, and the journey began.

At midnight, Mr. Pamman was informed that he had reached his destination. He had collected from his fellow-passengers what scraps of information he could regarding the district; and the boatman had told him that a few furlongs inland there was a small shop where he could stay till daybreak. He leapt on shore and walked slowly away from the river—a solitary figure awake under the canopy of heaven. The place was very dreary; wherever he turned his eyes no trace of human habitation was to be seen—indeed it was very difficult to see anything at all, as there was no moon in the sky. But Mr. Pamman, by the light of the stars, managed to pursue his way, which was but a footpath across paddy fields, and reached a small building, the shop that the boatman had mentioned.

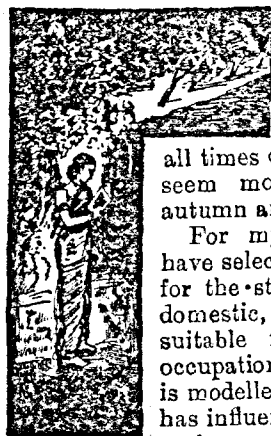
The shop was shut, so Mr. Pamman could not get inside, and therefore placed his portmanteau on the verandah, spread his second cloth on the floor, and lay down to sleep. But sleep had forsaken his eyelids. To add to his discomfort, it was insufferably cold. He rose and walked round the shop to see if there was any house near that would shelter him from the relentless blast. Within fifty yards of him, he could see the faint outline of a building, and, going towards it, found it to be a small thatched house—deserted, and in the first stages of dilapidation.

He went into the first room. There was a doorway on one side which led into a dark apartment. He groped his way into it, and, spreading out his hands, felt a staircase. He set his foot on the first step, when he saw, at the farther end of the chamber, two small things sparkling like the eyes of an animal. Oh! It was terrible! He concluded that some dead body was lying there and some wild animal eating it. But, ere he had time to think all this, a loud bark proceeded from that side. It startled him! He saw those glaring eyes darting towards him! He almost fainted. But in an instant the animal was gone—it was a dog.

He ran up the stairs and sat on the topmost step, his nerves aching with fear and his heart palpitating violently, until he heard the voice of two men outside. He ran to them with joy. They were courteous to him and took him to a house not far away and left him there in safety.

Our Needle-work Column

HOME DRESSMAKING.



ALTHOUGH aprons and overalls are a most important part of the housewife's stock-in-trade at all times of the year, they always seem more seasonable during autumn and winter.

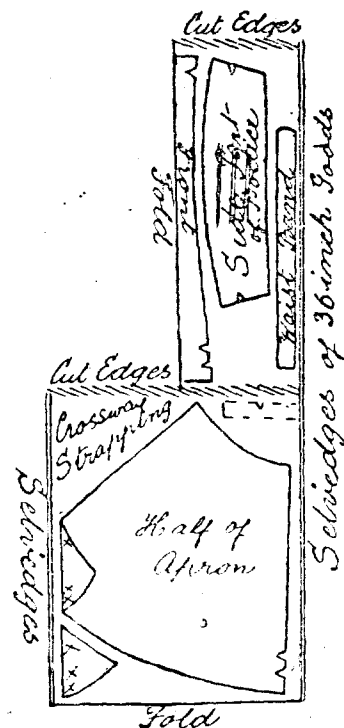
For my first sketch then I have selected a very nice overall for the student, housewife, lady domestic, or cook, as it is equally suitable for all four of these occupations, and, as will be seen, is modelled on the kimono which has influenced fashion matters to such an extent of late.

The front is quite plain, the neck being square-cut and edged, like the sleeves with a stitched strap of the material, which last may be either holland, drill, apron, or coloured linen.



The various portions of the pattern are shown placed on 36-inch material, the lower part of which is opened out to its full width and folded to a depth enough for the back part of the apron, the front width and side of the bodice-

part being cut from the remainder, which is single but folded in half lengthwise in order that the front may be seamless. Allow enough at the bottom and the back for a good wide hem, that is, about 1½ inches, whilst for the rest half an inch will suffice. When cut out, join on the corner pieces required at the lower part of the back, open, snip selvages, and press. Join this to the front, starting from the lower-part as the



two notches show. Hem backs and lower edges, gather waist, secure it into a narrow band, then join the sidepart of bodice to the front width according to the notches, make the tucks on the shoulder, and secure this side portion to the upper edge of the narrow band in which the apron portion is gathered, fulling it slightly here. Now make the crossway strapping, cutting this from the portion indicated in the diagram, open the seams, snip the selvages, press well, turn in the edges evenly, and arrange on the neck of the overall—which must also have the neck edges turned in to face; square the corners evenly, tack in position, and stitch at each edge. I ought to say that this strapping is carried down each side of the shoulder or side-portion and not only finishes these nicely, but helps to strengthen them.

When these are done, make a buttonhole in right end of the narrow band to which the apron was secured, finish off all ends neatly, then make the outer band—which is of double material stitched at each edge, make a buttonhole in right

Our Cookery Column

ALEXANDRA PUDDING.

INGREDIENTS

—Two ounces of butter, two ounces of sugar, a quarter of a pound of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, vanilla flavouring, one egg, milk, lemon curd. *Method*—Rub the butter into the flour, then add the sugar and baking powder, beat up the egg in a little milk, pour in a few drops of the vanilla; mix the pudding rather wet.

Butter a basin, put in a thick layer of lemon curds, then press in the pudding, cover it with buttered paper, and steam for one hour. Turn it out, and serve with lemon sauce. Cost—about sixpence.

MAITRE D'HOTEL SAUCE.

Make half a pint of melted butter, and stir in a tablespoonful of minced parsley, salt, pepper, the juice of half a lemon, and, if liked, a little minced shallot. Let them boil for a minute or two, then it is ready. Cost—about one shilling and sixpence.

ASPARAGUS RAGOUT.

Ingredients—About three dozen sticks of asparagus, one lettuce, one head of endive, two ounces of butter, a bunch of herbs, two shallots, two ounces of cornflour, half a pint of thick tomato sauce, eggs. *Method*—Clean the asparagus, cut off the tops, and keep them in cold water till required. Boil them plainly for about twenty minutes, strain them, and put a little butter over them. Wash the lettuce and endive well in cold water, and dry them well in a clean cloth; cut them across once if they are large, put them into a stewpan, with the butter, a bunch of herbs, the shallots finely chopped, and the stalks of the asparagus; cover the pan, and let it stew slowly for twenty minutes, then add the cornflour and tomato sauce, remove the herbs, and cook for twenty minutes longer. Serve very hot, garnish the dish with the points of the asparagus and poached eggs. Cost—about two shillings and sixpence.

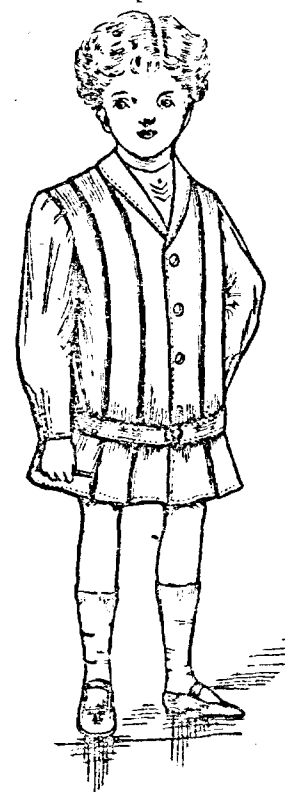
RHUBARB SAGO PUDDING.

Ingredients—Half a bundle of rhubarb, sugar, a teacupful of sago. *Method*—Cut up the rhubarb, put it into a pan with a very little

end, and sew a button on the left to finish off. About four yards of 36-inch goods are required.

For the second sketch I have given something for the small boy, because I know that patterns for the little ones are always appreciated, and that mothers experience a certain amount of difficulty with the clothing of their small sons.

This little tunic is intended to be made in serge, cloth, tweed, or even velveteen, should a smart affair be desired for outdoor wear—from the cuttings of which, by the way, a little cap could be made to complete the costume.



As you see, it is of the Norfolk persuasion, and buttons in the front with large bone or gilt buttons, the neck being finished off with a roll collar, whilst a little vest of white flannel, ornamented in front with a little ornamental stitching, forms a protection for the chest. The sleeves are very simple, the fulness at the wrist part being arranged in pleats stitched up a few inches. A lining is necessary, and for the purpose I should recommend either sateen or Italian cloth, as both are inexpensive and wear well. This should be made a little larger than the coat and pleated in to fit at the neck of back and front. The reason for the extra size in this is that the outer part, being wool, will stretch, whilst the lining, as it is of cotton, will not do so.

About 1½ yards of 44-inch material are required.

water, and let it stew gently for ten minutes, then add the sugar. Wash the sago, and let it soak in hot water for ten minutes, then put it in with the rhubarb. Stir until it thickens. Put into a wetted mould, let it get cold, then turn out and serve. Cost—about sixpence.

GERMAN OMELET.

Ingredients—Three eggs, a tablespoonful of flour, a dessertspoonful of maizena, a tablespoonful of cream, half a pint of milk, sugar, vanilla flavouring. *Method*—Beat up the yolks of the eggs, then mix in with them the flour and maizena, then the cream. Boil the milk and add it to the other ingredients, add the vanilla flavouring, and lastly the whites of the eggs. Beat the mixture well. Butter two ordinary kitchen tin plates, pour in the mixture, and bake in a quick oven till set. Then put one of the omelets on a hot dish, spread it over with apricot marmalade, cover it with the other omelet, strew sifted sugar over it, and serve quickly. Cost—about one shilling.

NORFOLK PUDDING.

Ingredients—Two ounces of rice, a pint and a half of milk, sugar, vanilla, strawberry jam, lemon jelly. *Method*—Make a nice milky rice pudding, cook it, and let it get cold. Turn it out of the dish, and make lines across the top, fill the lines with strawberry jam, and garnish the dish with little blocks of lemon jelly. Cost—about eightpence.

EGGS A LA TRIPE.

Ingredients—Six eggs, *parsley, eschalot, bechamel sauce, bread crumbs, butter. *Method*—Boil the eggs for seven minutes, shell and slice them. Make sauce with a pint of milk and a little water, put in a stewpan, with one onion, a blade of mace, a little parsley, and salt. Let these simmer gently for twenty minutes, thicken it with flour rubbed in butter, stir it continually until it is thick and smooth, strain the sauce, then beat in the yolk of an egg. Butter a piedish, pour in a little of the sauce, and on this a layer of sliced eggs; sprinkle these lightly with a little very finely chopped eschalot and parsley, add another layer of sauce, and then the eggs as before; continue until the dish is nearly full. Let the sauce be on the top and sprinkle over this a few browned bread crumbs and a few little bits of butter. Stand the dish in a tin of boiling water and put it in a hot oven for fifteen to twenty minutes. Take out the dish and sprinkle the top over with hard-boiled yolk of egg and a little chopped parsley. Serve at once. Cost—about one shilling and fourpence.

Selections

BY TAIYIBA BEGUM BILGRAMI (MRS. KARIM KHAN).*

The Parrot and the Maina.†

Once upon a time there lived a parrot who surpassed all his fellows in cleverness, and who could talk very prettily and say many witty things. Now this parrot happened to hear of a certain *maina* that lived in a distant land, and had, like himself, a wide repute for being a clever and fluent talker. The parrot's jealousy was thus excited, no less than his curiosity, and so at last one day he determined to try and seek her out. Starting on his quest one morning he flew on and on all day long and well into the night, when a heavy storm overtook him. Dark clouds began to lower, quickly succeeded by heavy thunder and lightning and rain, while the wind blew a fierce gale. The poor parrot was therefore glad to seek shelter among the branches of a friendly tree. The night was really too stormy for him to continue his journey. But, alas! even the tree proved but poor shelter, for the pouring rain found its way among the leaves and branches, and drenched the miserable bird to the skin. So he cast about for a safer retreat, and while he was wondering what he could do, he perceived a *maina*'s nest, apparently empty, among the branches just above him. It was very tempting. "How snug should I be there," thought the parrot with delight, "and apparently there is no one in it." So he boldly entered the nest and tried to make himself at home.

But the nest was not empty, as the parrot soon found to his cost—for its outraged occupant a lady *maina*, flew at the intruder in a towering rage. "You wretch!" she shrieked, "how dare you enter my nest? And—and—in such a cool way too. Where are your manners? What sort of a gentleman are you that you do not even wait to ask leave before entering a lady's private apartments? I have a good mind to kick you out of doors and let you shift for yourself in the rain. It would serve you right if I did."

"I—I—b—beg your pardon," stammered the poor parrot, taken completely aback. "I—I didn't know this nest belonged to your ladyship. I took it to be an empty one. And the night was so dreadful!" he added with a shudder, as he thought of his recent experience.

"But you should have rapped at the door, you lout!" screamed the *maina*, excitedly. "You should have asked my leave first. There is really no excuse for such behaviour. Thought

* All rights reserved.

† A kind of starling.

it an empty nest, forsooth! Wet night, indeed! Why a gentleman would have perished in the rain sooner than behave like this."

"But, madam, I am here a stranger, in a strange land," pleaded the parrot. "Is this the welcome you extend to strangers; is this the way you treat new-comers in your country; are not the calls of hospitality held sacred in this land?"

Nothing, however, would appease the *maina*'s wrath. "The king shall judge," she said. "To-night you may lie in that far corner of the nest if you promise to be of good behaviour. But to-morrow morning I must take you to the king—for your outrageous conduct must be brought to his notice."

So the next morning the parrot was dragged into the king's presence. In vain did he protest his innocence, and proffer a thousand apologies; nothing would turn the *maina* from her purpose. Once within the precincts of the palace, the *maina* with her captive made her way straight to the royal courts of justice, at which the king was then presiding. He was not a little surprised to see the two birds wing their way into his court in the coolest manner possible; but what was his amazement when they both perched themselves in the most confiding manner on his hands and began to talk.

The *maina* was the first to begin. "I have come to seek justice at the hands of your Majesty," she said. "This audacious parrot that you see here trespassed into the sanctity of my home last night, pretending to seek shelter from the stress of the weather. Sire, I ask you to redress this great wrong, and thereby protect the weaker sex against the stronger."

By this time the parrot had guessed that this *maina* could be none other than the one whose fame had attracted him so far forth from his home. Certainly she was living up to her reputation, for in nimbleness of tongue no other bird was a match for her. It was his turn now to speak. "Your Majesty," he began, in a humble tone, "I meant no harm; on the contrary, my one object, in making this long journey from my home, which is very far off, was to have the honour of meeting this illustrious lady—the plaintiff—the noise of whose fame had reached even my land, distant as it is. I had travelled all day, and at nightfall I found myself in the midst of a terrific storm. Travel-worn, I sought shelter among the branches of a tree, when I noticed a nest which appeared to be quite empty; I went in. Never for a moment did I dream that the nest was occupied by this honourable lady. This was all my crime, and I submit myself confidently to your Majesty for judgment."

The *maina*, with much shrieking, maintained that the parrot's defence was weak and contemptible. Indeed, it was no defence at all, and could on no account be admitted; that treachery and deceit were not peculiar to the parrot race; they were characteristic rather of the male sex, "Men are but faithless creatures at their best," she argued, "and the parrot is no better than his kind." To which the parrot retorted that, whatever the shortcomings of men might be, they were certainly out-done by women, so far as faithlessness was concerned.

The dispute had taken a new turn. The question now was: Which of the two sexes is the least to be trusted. It was decided that each bird should tell a story in support of its own contention, after which the king would judge as to who was right. Thereupon the *maina*, taking precedence, thus began:—

"There was once a young prince who was very fond of the chase. One day he was out hunting with a large retinue when he saw a beautiful stag, and followed it so far and so fast that he soon left his followers a long way behind. Then the stag suddenly vanished from his sight, leaving him all alone in a vast forest. Dolefully retracing his footsteps in the hope of finding some of his train, he suddenly came upon what seemed to his astonished gaze to be the gate of a luxurious palace. It opened on to a lovely park, full of beautiful shady trees. Streams of milk, sherbet, and rosewater meandered gently through the park and gardens; and on the banks disported themselves seven lovely damsels, beautiful as the sun, who were playing with a golden ball. In the midst of this pleasure garden stood a stately mansion, the maidens' home.

"Now, when the seven maidens saw the prince, they eagerly welcomed him into their midst, saying: 'We are seven sisters who have no brother; will you come and live with us and be a brother to us? We are all longing to have one.' So the prince, all forgetful of his home and friends, abode with the sisters—so kind were they to him—for a whole year. Each day of the week one of them by turn would take it upon herself to entertain him, and show him some fresh wonder of their palace and its fairy grounds,

"But one day, when the year had drawn nigh to its close, the damsels spoke to the prince, saying: 'To-morrow is the great feast of the fairies, and we shall have to go away for a month on a visit to our father, who is king of the fairies. During this time you will remain behind and amuse yourself at your ease in our splendid palace and its grounds. But while the others were speaking, the youngest of them seemed sore-stricken with grief and heaved bitter sighs, and tears stood in her eyes. When they had finished speaking, the prince, taking her aside,

asked her the reason of her distress. 'Woe is me, O prince,' she answered, 'for to-morrow is a day full of evil forebodings for one whom I have learnt to love. On that day falls our great yearly fairy festival, an occasion on which it is the custom among us to offer up the life of a young prince to a certain sacred hill not far off, which we revere as a deity. Every year we immolate a young and handsome prince at the altar of this god; this year you are the intended victim. This, O prince, is the cause of my sorrow, and it is only through love of you that I have revealed to you, what should otherwise be a solemn secret.'

"O, kind and noble fairy," said the prince, 'show me, some way out of this danger, and I shall be ever grateful to you.' 'Most willingly I will,' replied the fairy, 'if only you promise never by any chance, word, or sign to let my sisters know that I divulged this secret to you.' The prince solemnly swore that he would never be found guilty of such rank ingratitude, but would ever remain bound to her by eternal feelings of obligation and thankfulness.

"Then, believing in his word, the fairy princess showed him the following plan of escape. 'Tell all the other maidens, my sisters, that since to-morrow will be your last day with them for some time to come you would like to spend it among them in fun and frolic out on the pleasure grounds attached to the palace; and for this purpose you must choose the shady trees by the river side. They will readily agree to this, and you will play about with them all day long, but must take good care to have your horse near at hand, ready saddled. When it grows dark you must suddenly spring into the saddle, and plunge into the waters of the river which divides our domain from the territory beyond. Once in the river you must urge your horse with lash and spur across the stream, nor stop for breath until you have gained the opposite bank. If you succeed in crossing over before being captured you will be safe; if not, heaven help you!'

"The prince did as he was told, and all next day was spent in romping about with the seven sisters under the shady trees by the river side. But when evening fell, the prince suddenly vaulted on to his horse, dashed into the river, and began to urge the animal across with all his might. But one of the maidens, happening to see him, raised an alarm, whereat the eldest of the sisters plunged after the prince into the river, soon came up with him, and, seizing his horse by the tail, began pulling horse and rider slowly, but surely, backwards towards her side of the river. Upon this the youngest damsel made signs to him to free himself by cutting off his horse's tail. The prince, understanding her, at once divided with one blow of his sharp sword

the tail of his charger, who, thus set free, took one plunge forward, and soon both horse and rider were safe out of the reach of the infuriated fairy, who in her rage and disappointment called out after the prince, saying: 'Tell me who taught you to deceive us thus; tell me who has warned you and betrayed us, that I may be avenged on the traitor.'

"Why, it was your own youngest sister," said the ungrateful prince, derisively pointing at the young princess where she stood silently beseeching him not to betray her to her sisters. But to him the fate of his friend and helper did not matter in the least now that he was safely out of their reach. As the other sisters heard what he had said, they fell on the youngest and tore her to pieces in their fury, even while the ruthless prince was looking on."

"Now," said the *maina* to the king as she finished her story, "is not this a striking example of man's ingratitude and infidelity, and are not such instances common?"

Then the king replied: "My good *maina*, this is a really wonderful story, and does show the lowest depths to which man's ingratitude can reach. But let us see what the parrot can relate in defence of his own sex, and then I shall be in a position to decide between you two."

The parrot then came forward, and, bowing low, thus began:

"There was once a great king who was very fond of his queen. It happened one day that as the queen was sitting in her garden, watching what was going on in a sparrow's nest immediately above her head, she saw that the hen sparrow had evidently died, and only the male bird and four young ones were left in the nest. Watching the same nest next day, the queen noticed that this time a new lady sparrow had been introduced into the little home, which she had no sooner entered than she proceeded remorselessly to kill the little ones whose step-mother she had become, and to throw them one by one out of the nest.

"Saddened by this heart-rending example of a step-mother's cruelty, which set her pondering over the fickleness of fortune, and the caprices of fate, the queen refused all food and drink. And when the king came into the palace and asked what ailed her, she answered by relating the gruesome tragedy she had just seen enacted in her own garden in the little bird's nest, and how it had rent her heart. 'I feel sure,' she added, with a sigh, 'that when I am dead and gone, you will wed another wife, who will serve my children just the same as that horrid sparrow has served the fledgelings of her consort's first wife.'

"My dearest queen," answered the king, 'do not let such gloomy thoughts to trouble you;

rest assured that, my deep devotion to you, which far surpasses the ordinary love of man and wife, will never allow me to marry again, if it shall please the Almighty to call you away to His bosom. ~~Life~~ Rather will I watch by your grave in sun and wind and rain till death overtakes me, and joins us again in the kingdom of everlasting bliss.'

"Now it so happened that soon after the king had made this declaration, the queen was taken seriously ill, and in spite of all that human skill and loving care could do to save her life, she passed away. The king was sorely grieved, and caused his wife's body to be laid out on a beautiful bed and carried into a jungle far off from his home, where he placed it under a tree and sat down beside it, watching night and day, praying, fasting and reading aloud from the sacred books.

"Many years passed by, and the king still continued his long and faithful vigil at the side of his dead queen until his voice grew feeble with exposure, hardships and privations, and so faltered in the reading of the scriptures that he could no longer articulate his words properly.

"Now, it so happened that Adam and Eve, in the course of their usual moonlight wanderings on earth, came upon the solitary watcher just as their travelling throne was shaping back its course heavenward to their home. Hearing someone reading the Koran with feeble and faulty accent, Eve suggested that they should go and correct his accent, since it was wrong to mispronounce the words of the sacred book. But Adam was for passing on. 'No good ever came of meddling with the affairs of mortals,' he said. Eve insisted, and, as usual, prevailed; while Adam, as usual, yielded. 'Then let us be quick about it,' he said, 'as we are already late returning home.' So they stopped the travelling throne and, descending, approached the reader, who, however, was too weak even to open his eyes to look at them.

"When they inquired into his circumstances he at first refused to reveal anything, and begged them to leave him alone. But on being told that they had come to save him from the sin of misreading the Koran, he related his sad history, and how the long privations he had suffered had feebled his voice and rendered it incapable of correct enunciation. Then Adam, taking pity on him, told him it had been preordained on high that he had another sixty years to live, and the meanwhile neither want nor hunger could put an end to his life. But since that was a very long time to drag along a miserable existence in such solitary fashion and gloomy surroundings, Adam suggested that if he consented to give away half the remaining years of his

life to his queen, it might be possible to bring her back to life again, so that he could live with her another thirty years.

"The old king was overjoyed at the idea of being able to live with his beloved wife again, and saying he would most willingly give her half of the days that still remained to him, begged Adam to bring her to life once more. Then Adam prayed to Heaven, imploring that the queen might be restored to life and granted half the remaining days of her husband's earthly existence. The prayer was heard, and the queen immediately sat up in her bed and wonderingly inquired where she was. The king, rejoicing, went up and embraced her, while Adam and Eve, deeply touched by the spectacle, left the happy pair to themselves, and sailed away on their travelling throne. When their first emotions had subsided, the old king related to the queen the whole story of the willing sacrifice he had made in order to give her a new lease of life. Then, sadly needing rest after his wearisome watches, he laid himself down with his head pillowed on the queen's knee and fell fast asleep.

"Just then a handsome young rajah passed by that way to join his friends in a hunting excursion. The queen was so taken with his handsome features, his manly bearing and his youthful buoyancy, that she put her sleeping husband's head on a stone and approached the newcomer. The rajah, on his part, was so enchanted by the sweet face and beautiful figure of the newly-resurrected woman, who was coming towards him, that he at once proposed to take her away to his kingdom and make her his wife. The faithless queen eagerly consented, and they rode away together.

"When the husband awoke and missed his wife from his side, he searched for her high and low, but all in vain. Then at last finding traces of horses' hoofs on the ground, he followed up the trail until he came to a large and fine city, and had little doubt in his mind that his wife had been carried thither. He put up at an inn where his suspicions were soon confirmed by a report which was current there to the effect that the king of the country, on his return from his last hunting expedition, had brought back with him a beautiful lady from the forest, whom he intended to make his wife. Therefore, thinking that his wife must have been brought away by force, and must be pining for him in her captivity, he determined to try his utmost to get her back as soon as possible.

"Now in that city, every night, frightful sounds of weeping and wailing used to come from the jungle and keep the rajah awake. So he had it proclaimed throughout his kingdom that anyone who would find out whence these

dreadful cries arose, would get for his reward whatever he chose to name. But no one was daring enough to institute an inquiry so mysterious in its nature, and so fraught with danger, specially the danger of encountering evil spirits in the dead of night.

"When the old king heard of this he at once went to the rajah and said: 'If you will keep your word and give me whatever I choose to ask for, I will undertake to find out, at the risk of my life, where these noises come from that disturb the peace of the whole city as well as that of your Highness.'

The rajah said: 'I repeat three times, that if you succeed in your enterprise, you shall have anything you may choose to ask for.'

"So the following night he set out, and directing his steps towards the quarter from which the noises seemed to emerge, he was led into a vast forest, and there the cries became so distinct that he could hear the name of the rajah being pronounced amidst sobs and lamentations. So he walked on with a quickened pace until he came upon a woman who was tearing her dishevelled hair and beating her breast as though in great distress.

"'Who are you,' he asked, 'that cry so much and disturb our rajah's sleep; and why do you cry?'

"'I am the Lachmi* of the rajah's palace,' said the woman, 'and I call out his name because I know that he must soon die, for a great calamity awaits him and his country.'

"'And how may that calamity be averted?' inquired the king.

"'The heart of a faithless wife should be offered to the great goddess Kali, and all will be well replied the woman.'

"The king came back and reported to the rajah what he had heard and seen, and said to him, 'Now make your promise good, and give me what I ask for.'

"'Ask,' said the rajah, 'and it shall be yours.'

"'Then, O great rajah,' replied the king, 'let me have the wife of my bosom whom, while I slept, you brought away by force from the jungle.'

"The rajah sent for the queen and said, 'Your husband has come to claim you, go with him.' But she refused to go, and said, 'that man is not my husband. I never set my eyes on him before.'

"The king was sorely grieved to hear the wife he loved so well deny him. 'Then,' said he to the rajah, 'tell her to give me back what I gave her.'

"'I give it back,' she angrily replied; 'take it back and take yourself away from my presence.'

"Scarcely had these words escaped her lips

* The goddess of good fortune.

when, to the great surprise of the rajah and all present, she fell down dead at his feet.

"Then the king related to the rajah all that had taken place between himself and his wife, and how he had given her half his remaining days, that they might live together in happiness again. But that, as they had just seen, having of her own accord returned him his gift, she had forfeited her superadded term of life and fallen down dead.

"'Truly,' said the rajah, 'all women are faithless and their hearts can serve no better purpose than be offered to mother Kali. So he had her heart presented as an offering to that grim goddess, and thus appeased her wrath and averted the calamity that hung over him and his country. And the old king returned to his home broken-hearted at the faithlessness of his wife.'

Then the parrot, addressing himself to the king, who had been listening to him intently, said, "I now leave your majesty to judge if this is not a more flagrant example of the utter heartlessness and infidelity of women, and whether the queen in my story does not surpass in cruelty and faithlessness the prince of the maina's tale."

"My pretty birds," answered the king, "your stories have amused me very much. Each in its turn produces an instance of equal faithlessness in man and woman. But be assured that all men are not alike, nor all women. There are men and men, as there are women and women. The Almighty did not make even the five fingers of the same hand equal in size."

Then the parrot and the maina bowed low to the king and flew away together to the maina's nest. They had become so enamoured of each other that they married and lived happily together in the same nest and never quarrelled again.

What has been done for and by Indian Ladies.

TRAINING COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.

We are glad to learn that the Executive Committee appointed by Government in connection with the scheme for establishment of a training college for women in Calcutta has approved of the scheme to open a training class on a small scale, as a tentative measure, pending the establishment of a training college for which a scheme has already been drawn up and submitted to Government. Mrs. Mitra, who has lately returned from England, will be the Lady Principal and will get Rs. 200 a month. There will also be a Headmistress on a monthly salary of Rs. 40 to 50. It is expected that the number of pupils will be limited and each pupil will get an allowance of Rs. 10 a month.—The *Indian Messenger*, Calcutta.

A MOSLEM LADY UNDERGRADUATE.

Miss Sophia Kazi, the daughter of our friend, Mr. Kazi Abdul Gaffur, who has passed the last Entrance Examination of the Calcutta University in the Second Division, is perhaps the first Moslem lady undergraduate of this province. Mr. Kazi is a man of limited means and has been educating his daughter up to this time with not a little difficulty. This difficulty will henceforth be much increased, now that Miss Kazi is going up for higher studies. We understand that the young lady has applied to the Bengal Government for a scholarship, having waited so long to see if she could secure one in the usual course, which she has failed to do. We hope Sir Andrew Fraser's Government will make a special case of her and grant her a scholarship, thereby not only encouraging her, but also inducing other Moslem young ladies to follow in her steps.—The *Indian Messenger*, Calcutta.

THE HYDERABAD DISASTER.

LADIES' MEETING AT BANGALORE.

BANGALORE, 18th Oct.—The Indian ladies of Bangalore held a meeting to express their sympathy and also to collect funds for the relief of the distressed in Hyderabad. The meeting was held in Doddanna Hall, Bangalore City, and in the absence of Mrs. Ananda Rao, Mrs. Kamala Bai Srinivasa Rao presided. Many of the wives of the leading State officials were present at the gathering, among whom were the ladies of the family of Mr. Ananda Rao, Mr. Poorniah, Mr. Justice Setlur, Dr. Palpu, and others. The ladies of the late Dewan Ranga Charlu's family were also present. The movement owes its origin and success to the energy of Mrs. L. Srinivasa yengar, who is always ready to help the poor and the needy.

Mrs. Kamala Bai Srinivasa delivered a lengthy speech in which she referred to the formation of relief societies in Simla, Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras. She appealed to the liberality of the Hindu ladies in general. A Committee, consisting of seven ladies, was formed. Mrs. Jeethamma Ramaswamy Iyengar spoke on the subject of affording relief and she was supported by Mrs. Singamma Gopalcharlu, who always takes a leading part in such matters. Enthusiasm prevailed and several subscribed on the spot, over Rs. 100 being collected.

The meeting terminated in silence, the usual compliments to the chair being omitted as a mark of sympathy and sorrow.—From a correspondent.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

Recently certain proposals were submitted to the Dewan, by the Assistant to the Special

Educational Officer, for the opening of six new Girls' schools in some of the centres where female education has hitherto been neglected. The Dewan, in his recent educational re-organisation scheme, announced that provision would be made in the Budget Estimate for 1904 M.E. to meet the expenses of these new institutions. The six new schools proposed are to be located at the following places:—Two schools, one at Kumbalangae and the other at Cherai, in the Cochin Kanyanur taluq; two schools, one at Chalakudi and the other at Nanthikara, in the Mukandapuram taluq; one at Pernigottukar in Trichur, and one at Wadakancherry in the Talapilly taluq. The Assistant to the Special Educational Officer is of opinion that there is no need of any more Girls' schools in the taluqs of Kanyanur, Cranganore and Chittur, where there is a sufficient number of them to meet requirements. The proposals have just been sanctioned by the Dewan, and it is hoped that the schools will be opened in the beginning of 1909.

AN ACCOUNT OF A LADIES' GATHERING IN MYSORE.

On Thursday, the 8th October, a Ladies' gathering was arranged by Mrs. K. D. Rukmini-amma, B.A., Offg. Lady Superintendent, Maharani's College, Mysore, to meet Mrs. Fraser at the Marimallappa's school premises. The school premises were tastefully decorated with flags and festoons, and a welcome to Mrs. Stuart Fraser was written in large gilt letters just over the entrance. More than two hundred ladies were present the majority of whom were Hindus. Prominent among those present may be mentioned, Mrs. V. P. Madhava Rao, Miss Stoek; Mrs. Hudson, Mrs. Pinhey, Mrs. Weir, Mrs. Smeeth, Mrs. Dairs, Miss Parsons, Mrs. Y. Srinivasa Rao, Mrs. A. Subrahmanya Iyer, Mrs. Venkatasami Naidu, Mrs. Mahadeva Sastri, Mrs. K. Krishna Iyengar, Mrs. Monker, Mrs. Palpu, Mrs. Govindachar, and others.

Mrs. Fraser and the ladies with her were received by Mrs. K. D. Rukmini-amma and Mrs. K. Subbamma at the entrance and conducted to their seats. The proceedings commenced just at 4 p.m. with a welcome song sung by the students of the Maharani's College. An interesting and varied programme of vocal music, performances on veena and harmonium, science experiments and Kannada and English recitations was gone through, which was highly appreciated by the ladies present. Some of the Hindu ladies were kind enough to take part in the programme which greatly enhanced the pleasure of the evening. European and Hindu ladies were freely conversing with each other

and thus a very pleasant hour or so was spent. Mrs. K. D. Rukminamma thanked the ladies for having kindly responded to her call; bouquets and *pan supari* were distributed and the gathering dispersed.

Mrs. Stuart Fraser is well-known to be a great friend of the Hindu ladies of Mysore, as is evinced by her presiding recently at a ladies' gathering at Bangalore. She takes great interest in female education in Mysore and especially in the progress of the Maharani's College and the Widow's Home, which she kindly honoured with a visit in June last.

News and Notes.

Mrs. D. Z. McGuire, of Asheville, has been granted a license to practice dentistry by the North Carolina Dental Association. Mrs. McGuire is said to be the first woman ever given a dental license in that State.

Mrs. Russell Sage during the past year gave away more money for benevolent purposes than Andrew Carnegie, and more than any other person except John D. Rockefeller. Over \$30,000,000 was given by women during the year for philanthropic objects.

Miss Rose Becker has been appointed a claim agent and United State pension attorney for Missouri. She has been well known as a business woman in St. Louis for some years, being both a notary public and an insurance agent.

Miss Helen M. Winslow began a history of the women's club movement in the July number of the *New England Magazine* (Boston), which will continue serially for several months. Those who know of early clubs not fully written up will confer a favor by sending such information to her at Shirley, Mass.

Mrs. Champ Clark, one of the most popular of the wives of Democratic Congressmen, has achieved a reputation as a writer of short stories and sketches of Missouri "cracker" life. She is devoting her time just now to her most serious literary effort, a sort of autobiography, devoted to character sketches of public men and celebrated personages whom she has met during her long residence in the national capital.

Mme. Curie works constantly in her laboratory, making radium, which is now worth \$40,000,000 a pound. But, as no more than a pin head of it has ever been made at a time, it does not amount to a great deal as a commercial product. As a laboratory accessory, however, it is invaluable.

Carloads of material are used to get a tiny lump. Fortunately, some of the expense is offset by the sale of rare metals found in the by-product.

Miss C. de H. Benest of England is the first woman driver of a motor omnibus. She was the only woman to take the examination for motor engineering recently held by the city and guilds of London, and easily captured both the driver's certificate and that for mechanical proficiency given by the Royal Automobile Club. She learned motoring with her own car in the Isle of Wight, and is said to have rare facility in mechanical matters.

Miss Ruby Abrams, a girl of twenty, graduated this summer at the head of the art class at Cooper Institute, New York, with a record of having won four prizes during her course. This gifted girl is deaf, and until a few years ago was also dumb. She has been an art student ever since she graduated at the head of her class, six years ago, at the Institution for the improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes. She is an example of how talent and determination may overcome the most serious handicaps.

Mrs. Sallie Engle, only sister of John W. Kern, Democratic candidate for vice-president, lives on a farm seven miles from Roanoke, Va. She learned of her brother's nomination when she came to Roanoke market with a wagon load of vegetables and fruit. Mrs. Engle is described as a soft-voiced, sweet-faced woman, about sixty years old. She is well educated, and a good business manager. She is the wife of Isaac Engle, a sturdy Virginian, but she does all the selling and buying. She has for twenty-five years been a familiar and popular figure on the market square, where she comes with her wagon loaded with supplies from the Engle vegetable patches, orchard, dairy and smokehouse. Winter and summer, Mrs. Engle is seen on the market square, in or near her wagon, three or four times a week. Her produce is much sought after, and always brings the highest market price.

Mrs. John O. Johnson acted as skipper of the schooner John Schulte, and brought the vessel safely down the Detroit river and across Lake St. Clair to Toledo during a severe storm a few days ago. Her husband, the captain, had been disabled by an accident. Mrs. Johnson not only acted as skipper, but took her trick at the wheel, and in the intervals acted as nurse to her husband.

Mrs. Elsie Clews Parsons, wife of the young New York Congressman who distinguished himself as a Taft lieutenant in the Chicago convention, is said, to be one of the most brilliant

women in the official set in Washington. As Elsie Worthington Clews she graduated with the highest honors from Barnard College in 1899, taking the degree of doctor of philosophy, and filling a lecturer's chair in this branch for four years thereafter.

Miss Dorothy Detwiler of 1419 Stiles St., Philadelphia, found a burglar under her bed the other night. Miss Dorothy is only nineteen, but, instead of fainting, she beat the burglar into submission with a baseball bat, and then marched him to the police station. When he was brought before Magistrate Call, the magistrate said he thought the prisoner (who was bruised all over, and hardly able to walk) had been punished enough, and that, if the complainant were willing, he would discharge him. Miss Dorothy, whose heart is as soft as her muscles are hard, readily consented, and the burglar was allowed to go.

Mrs. Lucinda Hinsdale Stone is the first woman to have her portrait hung in the Michigan State capitol. The painting, done in oil, was presented to the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society by the Ladies' Library Association and the Twentieth Century Club, of Kalamazoo, at the recent annual convention held in the Senate Chamber at Lansing. It will be hung in the society's rooms in the capitol building until the Pioneer society obtains a building of its own. Mrs. Stone was worthy to have her memory honored in every way. She was a pioneer not only in the woman's club movement but in the movement for women's higher education. She and her husband were chiefly instrumental in securing the admission of women to Michigan University. She was an earnest suffragist, and a woman of broad mind and high character, universally esteemed and beloved.

Mrs. George A. Hurst, an Arkansas woman, is credited with bringing about her husband's election to the Legislature. "In his canvass of his district, Mrs. Hurst was his constant companion, day after day. She followed him wherever he went, shaking hands here, dropping a smile there, always making votes for him. When the candidates joined in a series of debates, she helped her husband prepare his speeches. She was his secretary, attending to his large correspondence answering his telegrams, leaving him free to bend his mind to the questions at issue. She took half his work from his shoulders. When he was found to have led the entire ticket, and the citizens serenaded him, Mrs. Hurst was forced to appear with him and receive her share of the ovation." A woman may spend weeks away from home helping her husband in his political campaign, and nobody finds fault with her. But if she took half an hour away from

home in order to vote for him herself, it would at once be asked what became of her neglected children.

WOMEN PHYSICIANS.

Dr. Grace Wilson Cahoon, Butte, Montana, has been elected secretary of the Montana State Medical Association.

Dr. Kate Levy has been chosen one of the directors of the Chicago Hebrew Institute.

The German committee arrangements for the International Tuberculosis Congress to be held in Washington, Sept. 21—Oct 12, includes one woman, Dr. Lydia Rabinowitsch-Kempner, of Berlin.

Dr. Ida Stevenson, Medical Missionary to Tienstin, China, has completed her postgraduate work in Chicago, and is visiting her sister in Iowa. She is to sail for China this month.

Dr. Mary Isham of Cincinnati has been appointed house physician to the Ohio State Hospital for the Insane at Columbus, O.

There are 27 American women medical students at the University of Berlin.

Dr. Martha A. Richardson has been elected secretary of the Canton (Ills.) Physicians' Club.

Dr. Caroline A. Loomis has been appointed assistant physician to the State Lunatic Asylum, Austin, Tex.

In the list of Officers of Sections, in the American Medical Association appears the name of one woman, Dr. Vida A. Latham, Chicago, who heads the executive committee of the Section of Stomatology.

Dr. Laura H. Branson, Iowa City, Iowa, is chairman of Section of Obstetrics and Gynecology of the Iowa Union Medical Society.

WOMAN PHARMACIST.

Miss Norma L. Stoner, one of the brightest and most practical woman pharmacists of this country, has lately bought a drug store at Prospect, O., 30 miles from Columbus. Miss Stoner had her formal opening a short time ago. Her store was beautifully decorated with daisies; refreshments were served, and dainty souvenirs were given to those attending. Over 500 people came and went during the afternoon and evening. Miss Stoner is 28 years of age, and is the eldest daughter of Rev. J. A. Stoner and Rev. Sara Stoner, both Universalist ministers of Ohio.

Miss Stoner, is a graduate of the Cincinnati College of Pharmacy, holding two medals from that institution. This young woman is to be congratulated on her rapid rise in her chosen profession.

WOMEN PHYSICIANS.

Edith Pechey Phipson, who died in England the other day, was one of the ablest, as she was one of the first of the women physicians in that country. In 1869, when the medical education of women was under discussion at Edinburgh, Edith Pechey was one of five women students who matriculated. She passed a brilliant examination in arts, and then attended lectures in physiology and chemistry. In chemistry she came out first of her year, for, though two men had slightly higher marks, they were both second-year students. This position in the chemistry class entitled her to one of the Hope scholarships, to be awarded to the four students standing highest in the examinations in chemistry. This scholarship was, however, refused to her, solely on account of her sex, but the public indignation excited by this episode went far to aid the cause of the women, and to pave the way for the triumph which came many years later in the opening of the University of Edinburgh to all women.

In 1877, Miss Pechey took a diploma from the Irish College of Physicians, which distinguished itself by leading the way in the admission of women, and also obtained the M.D. of the University of Berne, as no English university would at that time give a degree to women. For a few years she practised medicine in Leeds. On the foundation of the Kama Hospital for Women in Bombay in 1882, she was appointed senior physician to it, and did splendid service in organizing its extensive work, to a great extent revolutionizing the standard of hospital nursing in India. Her work was highly appreciated, but the strain on her health was great, and she was obliged to resign after about ten years of strenuous labor. About this time she married Mr. Herbert Phipson, whose scientific work and interests formed a strong bond with her own. She had the unprecedented honor of being appointed a member of the senate of Bombay University. To the end of her life she maintained a keen interest in scientific and social work, and was specially instrumental in establishing a philanthropic sanatorium in the Deccan. Her social gifts and her powers of conversation were of a rare order.

WOMEN LAWYERS.

In his new book on "Legal Philadelphia," Mr. Robert D. Coxe comments pleasantly upon

his fifty years acquaintance with the bar in the City of Brotherly Love. Of women lawyers he says:

"There are now some two thousand women at the American bar. There have been failures, of course, in the ranks of feminine practitioners of law; but the majority of them have been those who undertook to make a specialty of divorce and criminal assignments. When they hold to the cleaner and more reputable business, they seem to survive and flourish. They are not, as yet, in every jurisdiction accorded fair and courteous treatment. They are obliged to fight their way, and it is, literally, as with men in this and other vocations, a survival of the fittest. More is apparently demanded of a woman at this stage of the experiment. She is still a novelty as a lawyer, and is expected to prove that her calling is sure."

Mrs. Philip Snowden, wife of the member of Parliament for Blackburn, is one of the lecturers at Chautauqua N.Y., this month, taking for her subjects five topics connected with English government as seen by an English woman.

Mrs. Annie E. Rothrock has just taken the position of superintendent of the Union Hospital, in Fall River, Mass. She is a graduate of the Boston City Hospital, and since her graduation has been an assistant superintendent of nurses at that institution.

Miss Winslow, an American lady resident in Tangier, Africa, has set up a hospital to care for suffering and ill-treated animals brought to her by their owners. She is said to be doing an amazing amount of good with a very small expenditure of money.

Madame de Yurkowitch of Paris, France, has presided at a drawing-room meeting held to protest against the abuses of vivisection. It was decided to support the National and International Union against vivisection and to get up a lecture and concert in its behalf.

Mrs. Mary S. Marot, Chairman of the Home and School Visiting Committee of the Public Education Association, proposes a fund with which to found a bureau of school "visitors" who could look up the children and their parents at their homes and give valuable assistance in the teachers and the school.

Mrs. Margaret Deland has published a novel, "The Awakening of Helena Richie," which has been made into a book for the blind by the author's uncle, Mr. William Wade, of Pennsylvania, who as devoted his leisure to making several books of this nature, some of them having been



THE SOUL'S AWAKENING
(A well-known picture.)

for the use of Helen Keller while she was a student at Radcliffe.

Mrs. Kate Brownlee Sherwood, of Toledo, O., whose patriotic verses are widely known, has written a stirring national song entitled "Freedom Triumphant." It is dedicated to the Grand Army of the Republic, and has been made the official song for the encampment in Toledo. It will be sung by the children who will form the "Living Flag," as a feature of the great gathering of the Civil War Veteran men and women.

Mrs. Sarah Yorke Stevenson is the editor of an interesting column in the Philadelphia Public Ledger. She notices a new publication entitled "Human Vivisection" as interesting but by no means pleasant reading. The "horrors," as Mrs. Stevenson calls the facts detailed, ought to arouse the public, and that so-called "scientific experimentation" should be forced to meet the searchlight of honest investigation.

Mrs. James B. McKinney, who is a grandmother, and whose husband was for many years a guard at the Indiana Reformatory, and died about a year ago, will teach in the Terre Haute schools this year. She attended the State Normal this summer, and has been so successful in furbishing her knowledge of years ago, when she was a successful school teacher, that she obtained an appointment to teach, and will be on hand when the school year begins.

Miss Kate Vannah, the talented Maine composer, whose song "Good-bye Sweet Day" is known the world over, has decided to live in Woking, Eng., making only occasional visits to this country. For the many years that Miss Vannah and her mother kept the old home in Gardiner there was no place in Maine more sought by musical and literary persons. The death of Mrs. Vannah at a very advanced age broke up the home, and the house where so many beautiful songs have been composed is to be sold.

Mrs. A. B. Enright of East Concord, Vt., is county supervisor of schools. Added to the duties of this office are those incumbent upon the wife of a Methodist pastor of two parishes.

Miss Elizabeth Russel, founder in 1879 of Kwassui Girls' School in Nagasaki, Japan, celebrated her seventieth birthday last year, and is still doing the work of three people.

Mary Sigsbee Ker made the cover design for the August American Magazine. She is a daughter of Rear-Admiral Sigsbee, who was in

charge of the "Maine" at the time it was blown up in Havana harbor in 1898.

Miss Lodilla Ambrose has completed her twentieth year of valuable service as librarian of Northwestern University. She is spending the summer abroad for a period of travel and rest.

Mrs. Alice B. Clark, now serving her second term as superintendent of schools for Garfield County, Col., has been endorsed by the normal institute for State superintendent of public instruction on a non-partisan basis.

Mrs. G. Meyer has erected at Port Elizabeth, South Africa, a \$5,000 monument to the horses that died in the Boer war. It is a stone watering trough, on top of which is the bronze figure of a cavalryman giving a drink to his faithful horse.

Mrs. Emma Barry has just returned to San Francisco after a trip to the Arctic Circle, she having been farther north than any other white woman. She went with her husband on a gold-making tour and after she lays in certain supplies she will rejoin him in the north.

Miss Ethel Dickens, granddaughter of Charles Dickens, is a keen business woman who conducts a successful typewriting bureau in London. She does not approve of the project to erect a statue to the famous novelist, and calls attention to the fact that in his will her grandfather distinctly said that there was to be no "monument, memorial or testimonial."

Mrs. Joaquin M. Lamadrid, who died recently at her home in Brooklyn, N.Y., was the founder and maintainer of the coffee stands. In January, 1887, she opened the first stand and announced that she was prepared to sell coffee and rolls, soup, cereals, pork and beans, and puddings for one cent a portion. Other stands were opened until she had five in operation in Brooklyn, where an average of fifteen hundred persons were fed daily.

Mrs. Frederick Dent Grant, Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick, of Chicago, Mrs. Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin, and Mrs. Helen Varick Boswell of New York, are among the women who consider that wealth and position carry responsibility as well as privilege. They with a score more of women who have been smiled upon by fortune are co-operating in a vigorous child-rescue campaign. Their plan is to take youngsters out of institutions, and find homes for them with private families. There is

a choice of several ways of taking a child into one's home. The little one may be admitted on probation or adopted in a limited way or made the subject of absolute adoption.

Mrs. James A. Garfield, Mrs. Benjamin Harrison and Mrs. Grover Cleveland, three widows of ex-Presidents, are now living. The presidents have usually died before their wives, as the work of the chief executive of the nation generally uses most of the vitality of the man engaged in it. Mrs. Garfield spends much of her time in Washington, where her son lives, and divides the rest between her old home in Ohio and Pasadena, Calif. She is a gentle, sweet woman, always ready to speak of her husband. Mrs. Garfield receives a pension of \$5,000 a year. Mrs. Benjamin Harrison married President Harrison after he left the White House, and she does not receive a pension. Mrs. McKinley also received the \$5,000 pension up to the time of her death.

WOMEN LAWYERS.

Mlle. Blanche Azoulay, who is the first woman to be called to the bar of Algiers, has just taken the oath in the Court of Appeal. For the occasion, the counsel of bar organized an elaborate ceremony. The barristers were all present when the batonnier—the leader of the bar in the French courts—offered a welcome to the twentieth century Portia on behalf of the profession. The president of the court also welcomed Mlle. Azoulay and the barristers extended cordial hospitality. By invitation, Mlle. Rieder, a prospective barrister, was present. She has just carried off the first prize at the general examinations of the students at the law schools of Algiers.

Young women candidates for the legal profession find various ways for working their way through. Miss Ada Cartwright, daughter of a justice of the Illinois Supreme Court, has opened an office in Chicago as court reporter and notary, while she waits to get her degree at the university. She began her education in matters legal when she learned stenography, just to help her father in his office. She showed such proficiency that he advised her to become a lawyer. Another law student, Miss Louise Dean, adds to her income during the summer by serving as a waitress in an exclusive hotel. One of the fashionable guests at leaving offered the efficient waitress a \$5 bill. It was declined. "I can't take it," said Miss Dean. "I hope you are not offended, but the hotel pays me. I am against the custom of tipping and I cannot accept it." Miss Dean considers that it is not "menial" to work, but it is "menial" to receive a tip. A logical distinction that does her credit.

WOMEN IN ATHLETICS.

The popular & appreciated estimate of women's natural athletic ability has had two interesting practical refutations during the past fortnight. A young woman has come more nearly than any man has ever done to swimming from Castles Island to Boston Lower Light, and she only failed by having to meet a strong incoming tide when within half a mile of her destination. Ability to swim ten miles within twelve hours without rest or intermission is a feat which probably could not be equalled by any man in the entire city of Boston. Nor is this the only instance. Among the swimmers who are to try to cross the British Channel this summer are two women, one of them Miss Marthe Robert, who holds all Swiss records, the other Miss Lil Smith, who has a record of 20 miles in the sea in seven hours.

With another woman climbing 25,000 feet up a mountain, the men will certainly have to look to their laurels. Miss Peck has safely returned from her perilous feat, after having been given up for lost for two days. Had not one of her male assistants succumbed to the fatigue and rarified atmosphere it is not impossible that she would have succeeded in reaching the summit. As it is, Miss Peck has climbed higher than any man has ever succeeded in doing on the American continent. Women's ordinary inferiority to men in muscular development is mainly due to their disadvantages of dress, habits and occupations.

A guide bureau is among the features of the new Anglo-American Club in London. A hundred young women are ready to act as guides to different historical places or to shopping districts. The club is palatial.

The Queensland Parliament has adopted an act providing that, if a bill be twice passed by the Lower House, and twice rejected by the Upper House, it shall be submitted to a referendum of the electors (men and women), whose decision shall be final.

The Empress of China has just issued another opium edict. The first decreed that within ten years the cultivation, sale and use of opium must cease. The second deals with the means of obtaining other revenues to make up for the loss on opium.

Prof. Charles Zueblin will be the chief speaker on Women Suffrage Day at Onset, Aug. 6. The Onset Equal Suffrage League cordially invite suffragists from all over the State to be present. For particulars as to trains, etc. address Miss Josephine P. Holland, Onset, Mass.



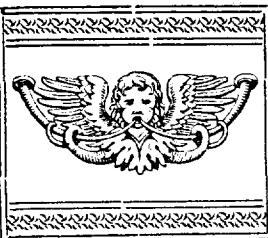
THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1908

No. 6

CHRISTMAS

"For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back and fetch the Age of Gold;
And speckled vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould;
And Hell itself will pass away
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day."



CHRISTMAS

This is the month and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring ;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That He our deadly forfeit should release
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light insufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty,
Wherewith he wont at Heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal unity,
He laid aside, and, here with us to be,
Forsook the Courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

But He, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace :
She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wings the amorous clouds dividing ;
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around,
The idle spear and shield were high uplung,
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood,
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng ;
And kings sat still with awful eyes,
As if they surely knew their Sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began,
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed
Whispering new joys to the mild Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed

The stars, with deep amaze
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
Bending one's way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warned them thence ;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long
Time will run back and fetch the Age of Gold ;
And speckled vanity
Will sicken soon and die
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould ;
And Hell itself will pass away
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men
Orbed in a rainbow ; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering ;
And Heaven, as at some festival
Will open wide the gates of her high palace-hall.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins ; and from this happy day
The Old Dragon underground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swings the scaly horror of his folded tail.

— *Selections from Milton's Ode on the morning of Christ's Nativity.*

THE NEW YEAR

"The year departs ! a blessing on its head !
We mourn not for it, for it is not dead :
Dead ? What is that ? A word to joy unknown,
Which love abhors, and faith will never own.
The passing breezes gone as soon as felt,
The flakes of snow that in the soft air melt,
The smile that sinks into a maiden's eye,
They come, they go, they change, they do not die.
So the old year—that fond and formal name—
Is with us yet,—another and the same,
And, are the thoughts that evermore are fleeing.
The moments that make up our being's being
The silent workings of unconscious love
Or the dull hate which clings and will not move,
Are these less vital than the wave or wind
Or snow that melts and leaves no trace behind !"

COLERIDGE.

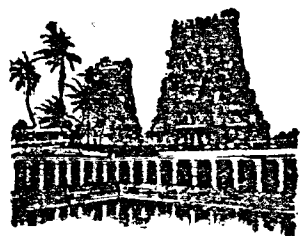
"Man was made to grow, not stop,
That help he needed once and needs no more,—
Having grown once rich by,—is withdrawn,
For he hath new needs,—and new helps to these.
This imports solely, man should mount on each
New height in view ; the help whereby he mounts—
The ladder-rung his foot has left,—may fall,
Since all things suffer change, save God the Truth :
Man apprehends Him newly at each stage
Whereat earth's ladder drops,—its service done !
And nothing shall prove twice what once was proved."

BROWNING.

"Then be it so !
For in better things we yet may grow,
Onward and upward still our way,
With the joy of progress from day to day ;
Heavenward nearer every year
To the visions and hopes most true and dear !
Children still of a Father's love,
Children still of a home above !
Thus we look back
Without a sigh, over the lengthening track."

F. R. HAVERGAL.

Ideals



THIS is a season of Christmas chimes and Christmas mirth, of merry making and the exchanging of kindness. All these time-honoured customs so dear to us, but serve to bring up before us more vividly the ideal of the holiest life ever placed before man. "Ideals are the very soul of life," said a great thinker and without them life is but a mere empty bubble. Unless we place before us a standard of excellence, we cannot measure our doings. And yet we have not to seek far for an ideal. Every situation has its ideal—the miserable present as it may seem to us has in it an ideal if we only have the eyes to see it. Hence in ourselves lies the power to work out the ideal and in ourselves lies the incapacity which hinders us from attaining it.

Each nation has its own mythical legends in which are embodied ideals of purity, gentleness, greatness, and goodness. This shows man's dissatisfaction of himself, craving for something nobler, purer, and better. It may come after bitter experience, it may make itself felt when the mind is yet simple and untouched by the world's rude hand, but at some moment or other of our lives, we feel the longing for the attainment of the ideal. Poets have sung of it. In the Arthurian legends, we read of Guinevere, who after bitter experience of the results of her falling, in anguish of spirit at last sees things in their true light and craves for that ideal which she has missed in life. She sees round her the ruins of a noble empire, and, when it is too late, her heart cries out for the lost companionship of the noble man by her side.

"My God, "

•What might I not have made of thy fair world,
Had I but loved thy highest creature here?
It was my duty to have loved the highest:
It surely was my profit—had I known:
It would have been my pleasure—had I seen!"

Everywhere it is the same, the need for the highest. In savage bosoms, in cultivated men and women, whatever the surroundings may be, the immortal soul is hungry for the infinite and is for ever longing to climb to heights of glory. And yet the days pass by and very often we are no nearer an ideal. It is because we are wrapt in the clouds and forget the needs of the passing present. From all of us is demanded work in the actual world; the striving after the ideal should make us more anxious to bring heaven

nearer earth. Many a difficulty will vanish if we but keep clear before us the standard that we have purposed for ourselves. Building castles in the air is not without its profit, if we but "put foundation under them" as a writer says; and they will make the actual life look brighter and more hopeful. The weaving of the ideal into the actual is shown in these lines.

"Yet sets she not her soul so steadily
Above, that she forgets her ties to earth,
But her whole thought would almost seem to be
How to make glad one lowly human hearth:—
For with a gentle courage she doth strive
In thought and word and feeling so to live,
As to make earth next heaven!"

It is not easy to realise one's ideal. It requires constant struggle and striving even to sometimes see it in a clearer light. If we are but simple-minded in pursuing it, it will for ever bear us on to higher and higher summits of beauty. "Look not then down, but up" says Browning—aye, for every moment higher and higher till we lose ourselves above. But it demands of us great things. It requires us to give up the living unto self. It sets before us the living unto others. It is not to be pursued for the sake of praise, but for itself. It demands of us great sacrifices. Day by day the way becomes more and more arduous. Yet the conquest of every day gives a proportional encouragement. "It is the vision of the ideal that prevents monotony of work from becoming monotony of life." As I write this article, the picture called aspirations by G. F. Watts rises before me. It is a youth in full armour, prepared as it were to go into the world. His head is bare and in his face is the light of high purpose, and in his eyes the vision of the ideal seems to glow into life. It teaches us how to prepare ourselves to the life that spreads out before each one of us. It is the ideal that guards and protects us, that lends enchantment to life and encourages us to press forward till the goal is reached. The seeking after the ideal reminds me of the parable of the merchant, who sought for goodly pearls and who, when he found one of great price, went and sold all that he had and bought it. So we should not let anything stand in the way of the pursuit of our ideal, for, like Arthur's knight of old, "we needs must love the highest when we see it."

NALINI.

Introduction to the song of
Hiawatha

MOST of us are acquainted with this poem by Longfellow. It is the song of the American native tribes and the poet has striven to preserve in the narration of the legends the style and the tone of thought peculiar to them. The poem makes us feel the spirit of the woods and the waves, the rippling rhythm of the watercourses and the mountain streams and the sweet songs of the feathered tribes nestling in the forests of America. The introduction tells us

of the birthland of these legends and of the singer who sang them. The description is full of music. We can imagine the tribes sitting round their glowing fires near their wigwags, with the rustling of the pines around them and the shadows of the forest behind them. We can imagine their listening spell-bound to the musician, the sweet singer, Nawadaha, as legend after legend is repeated to them. Whence came these stories, full of the odours of the forest, the dew and damp of forests, of the rushing of great rivers? From their native home—"the forests and the prairies, from the mountains, moors and fenlands, from the great falls of the northland." More beautiful still is the place where Nawadaha found his "songs so wild and wayward."—When?

"In the birds' nests of the forests
In the lodges of the bear.
In the hoof-prints of the bison,
In the eyrie of the eagle!
All the wild-fowl sang them to him
In the moorlands and the fenlands
In the melancholy marshes.

This shows the wild character of the people—free children of nature, perfectly at home in her wildest and most beautiful haunts—children, who have felt the grandeur and the majesty of nature, but who are unable to express it in their thoughts and actions, because they are but children. They have felt the need of something higher and yet they do not know how to acquire it. But they are the children of nature,—simple, unconventional in their lives and in their relation with each other, violent in their passions, unrestricted in their temper, but only through want of knowledge of the love and gentleness of

the Divine Being. The poet has told us something of the grand and wild motherland of these wild legends—but what of the singer? "In the green and silent valley by the pleasant water-course dwelt the singer Nawadaha." Not far from him was the little village where the meadows and the corn-fields smiled in the sunshine and where the groves of singing pine-trees stood, "green in summer, white in winter, ever sighing, ever singing." Here in this enchanted palace of nature, in the sight of beauty, in the hearing of the music of nature, he sang of Hiawatha;

"Sang his wondrous birth and being,
How he prayed and how he fasted,
How he lived and toiled and suffered,
That the tribes of men might prosper,
That he might advance his people."

Here again is the expression of that pressing want in every human breast for the need of something higher and nobler than itself; and in almost all the old traditions, we see the hero given those attributes and characteristics which we strive for and which we see but dimly in the distance. Hiawatha was such a hero and as each listened to the wonderful story of the great hero, he felt something rise within him, the half-formed desire to follow in his footsteps and find the means of accomplishing this aim.

But why should we, who are far removed from these half-savage tribes by what we think the gulf of civilization,—why should we sympathise and even listen to their savage legends? Because of the golden links that bind all living human beings to the throne of God, those natural likings and desires and aspirations that are found in every human heart. The first is the love that we possess for nature, the grand and beautiful frame for the living picture of humanity. The savage in his ignorance, the most civilised man in his refinement, the philosopher, the poet, the little child just opening wondrous eyes on his surroundings—all cannot but appreciate the beauty of nature and love it. This is a great bond between us all, whether we are at the poles or at the ends of the earth—thus,

"Ye who love the haunt of nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain shower and the snow-storm,
And the rushing of great rivers
Through their palisades of pine trees,
And the thunder in the mountain,
Where innumerable echoes
Flap like eagles in their eyries:—
Listen to this wild tradition,
To this song of Hiawatha."

Another link that binds us is the instinctive sympathy we have for each other. In little children we see this quality of sympathy—the sharing alike of joys and sorrows, the learning of

burdens, and the desire to help and to encourage. So every nation, every people ought to appeal to us; their ancient legends, their history is of interest to us. Therefore, this is another of the reasons given by the poet for asking us to listen with patience to his narration of the legends of a wild people:

"Ye, who love a nation's legend,
Love the ballads of a people,
That take voice from afar off.
Call to us to pause and listen,
Speak in tones so plain and childlike,
Scarcely can the ear distinguish
Whether they are sung or spoken:—
Listen to this Indian legend,
To this song of Hiawatha."

Then comes the deeper bond that unites all humanity—the faith in a Divine Being, in the Creator, to whom we cry for guidance and protection. Each human soul has felt for himself the need of a faith in a Divine Being. This brings humanity closer, for, after all, the "life currents that flow in all human hearts pulsate to the same great needs, the same great love and terrors." The main headings of all human history is the same—"hunger and labour, seed time and harvest, love and death." Thus it is the bond of sympathy, that craving for companionship in the heart of brother man, that brings us closer and closer together. The poet expresses it beautifully thus:—

"Ye, whose hearts are fresh and simpler
Who have faith in God and nature,
Who believe that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings,
For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened:—
Listen to this simple story
To this song of Hiawatha!"

"For such are the same needs of humanity throughout this world that we cannot but sympathise and help each other, if we do not allow the conventionalities, that we have created for ourselves, to interfere with us.

Then the last plea which the poet urges is the strong speech of the silent grave. The life is over and done with, but it has left its imprint, and, if we care, it is for us to read the meaning of it.

"Ye, who sometimes, in your rambles
Through the green lanes of the country,
Where the tangled barberry bushes
Hang their tufts of crimson berries
Over stone walls grey with moss,
Pause by some neglected graveyard,
For a while to muse and ponder
On a half effaced inscription,

Written with little skill of song-craft,
Homely phrases, but each letter
Full of hope and yet of heart-break,
Full of all the tender pathos
Of the Here and the Hereafter:—
Stay and read this rude inscription,
Read this song of Hiawatha!"

Such is the poet's introduction—a fit setting for the wild and beautiful legends of a wild and free people. But it teaches us the grand principle that we should learn and practise the grand characteristics of sympathy and love which is the bond of the whole of humanity.

"Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoever estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
And a work of lowly love to do,
For the Lord on whom I wait."

It is the message of the Christmas season—this feeling of brotherhood which inspires us as we greet each other with a real, true "Happy Christmas."

BY AN INDIAN LADY.

Queen Esther

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

From the Bible.



THIS
I
ways im-
agine Est-
to have
been:—
tall, slen-
girl, dres-
all in whit

in the graceful Jewish style; with an oval face fair, not with a dull whiteness, but with a warm southern colour; dark wavy hair falling in rippling masses to her waist and crowning wide low forehead with little downy ringlets large dark eyes, soft, thoughtful, looking at you with a dreamy abstraction, but when awakened or interested, all aglow with life and sweet character, yet with a world of tender feeling in their depths; nose long and slender; mouth not small, but just large enough to show her character, curving in soft long lines and drooping meekly at the corners; a firm round chin; the whole poised like a flower on a long fair neck. She is, you must know, not a mere pretty girl eager to be happy and rich and prosperous. She is a woman of character. Her small, but we



PROSERPINE

(A well-known picture by D. G. Rossetti.)

shaped head, so prettily set on her shoulders, is full of rich thoughts and ideas. She is a woman to be reckoned with, though withal so tender and gentle.

She has lost her parents perhaps when she was a young child. So she does not remember them much. Yet the light of a mother's smile, the touch of a father's hand have been hers, and a tender memory of them will linger with her through all her after-life. She is brought up by her cousin, Mordecai, a good man, who treats her as if she were his own daughter. He loves her and is anxious about her future. She, on her part, is happy with him, absolutely obedient to him, and busy in her humble home with the many dear duties of a household. I do not think they are rich, because they are Jewish captives from Jerusalem; and many must be the stories which Mordecai tells her of the history of the Jews. He tells her of their ancient father, Abraham, how he left his homeland and went out into the wilderness at the bidding of his God, of his great unquestioning faith in being willing to sacrifice his only son: he tells her of Isaac and of his two sons, and of how they strove together for their father's blessing; he tells her of the great hunter Esau, and of God's friend, Jacob, and his sojourn in a strange land and of his work of love for his dear wife Rachel; he tells her the strange history of Joseph, who was sold as a slave into the strange land of Egypt to become eventually its chief ruler, next only to Pharaoh; then of Moses and the wonders which God showed through him, and the mighty hand with which he carried off the Israelites from under their very eyes; then comes the great warrior Joshua and his conquering of the fair land of Canaan; then the wonderful story of Gideon and his marvelous victory; of the mighty Samson and his pitiful undoing. She hears of the great prophet Samuel, of the mighty Saul, the great David, the wise Solomon; she is told the histories of the great prophets, Elijah and Elisha, and his successors. Then she hears the stories of the good women of Israel, of Sarah, who followed her husband so faithfully in his wanderings, of the beloved Rachel, of the prophetess Miriam, of the hapless daughter of Jeptbah, who hesitated not to sacrifice her own life to fulfil her father's vow; of Deborah, and above all of Ruth. She hears of the great mercies and privileges specially shewn to the Israelites; of how they abused God's mercy and sinned again and again; of how again and again He punished them and then saved them; finally of the promise to get them all finally into their own land again. She hears all this, and her heart burns with her, and she feels her heart fill with a mighty love for her own land and her own people.

While Esther is thus dreaming away her life, great events are happening in the city. Queen Vashti has dared to disobey her king and has been deposed and a decree against her has been sent throughout the land—so great is the wrath of the great king Abasuerus. Esther feels very sorry for the poor lady. Of course Vashti was right in not showing her beauty to the drunken king and his drunken princes. But with what motive was such a refusal given? Was it modesty or pride and insubordination? Esther wonders to herself what she would do in such a case—little dreaming of her own future position. She would certainly like to refuse to show off her beauty to the feasting mob; but could she do it at the command of her king, a king, perhaps, whom she loved and admired, in spite of all his faults? It is certainly a difficult question for Esther to answer.

Then falls the thunderbolt in their own home. She is summoned to the king's court. How she rebels against the decree! But what can she do? It is the law of the land and the command of the king. So she goes to the palace, and here her gentle charm of manner and meekness of spirit are such as to win the favour of even her gaoler. But none know her real nationality; for she is still obedient to Mordecai and at his bidding tells no one of her people or kindred. Mark her spirit of obedience here. She is still a sweet child, and Mordecai, in turn, is kind to her and comes to comfort her every day and to enquire after her.

Thus the days pass, and at last Esther, to her own great amazement becomes queen. Imagine the wonder and the gratitude which must have been in the gentle girl's heart,—wonder at her lot, and gratitude to the great king, who has thus exalted her. We may be sure Mordecai is told the news at once and rejoices with her.

Esther is very anxious to do something for her people and above all for Mordecai. And very soon an opportunity is afforded to her for doing so. Mordecai is the means of averting the revenge of two traitors from the king; and Esther with pride tells the king his name, which is thereafter written in the book of Chronicles. Imagine the glow of pride which must have filled her heart then. What a good man her cousin was! He loved her so much, he sat in the king's gate every day for her, and at last she was able to reward him. At last his great honesty and singleness of heart would have their reward. We must also notice here her tact, her patience, her judgment, and the sense of justice, which kept her from speaking to the king of her people, or of asking rewards for them, unless they were really deserved. Many another girl raised to her position would first have tried to benefit her poor relations, whether they deserved the honour or not.

But there is a terrible enemy in the palace against the poor Jews. The cruel Haman is made chief minister and wins a decree from the king that the Jews should be destroyed. Imagine the wrath and grief of the good Mordecai then. He rends his clothes and puts on sackcloth with ashes and "cries with a loud and bitter cry." In the palace, Esther is beloved by her maids and chamberlains and they run to tell her the evil news. She is "exceedingly grieved." Then Mordecai sends a message to her, bidding her go and supplicate the king for the Jews. Esther sends back word that she could not go to the king's inner court, until she was called, on pain of death. Naturally she shrinks from death; she is too young to die and to lose the good world. She shows a momentary sense of fear; but only for a moment; for her courage returns to her at Mordecai's curt message to her: "Think not with thyself that thou shalt escape in the king's house more than all the Jews. For if thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall relief and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place, but thou and thy father's house shall perish; and who knoweth whether thou art not come to the kingdom for such a time as this." I am sure it was not the threats in this message, which fixed Esther's resolution; but the final words must have settled her mind. She had so longed to do something for her own people, and here at last was her opportunity. She was called upon to deliver them—Aye, even at the risk of her own life. So she puts on her royal apparel and goes into the inner court of the king and stands before him. Imagine the supreme heroism of such an act! Her life hung on a thread. A cold look from the king and she would die; and the king had not showed his favour to her for thirty days!

Esther had come to the court, at a time when Vashti's disobedience to the king had roused the anger of every one, from the king downwards, against their womenfolk. "And this day," said the princes at the time, "this day shall the princesses of Persia and Media which have heard of the deed of the queen, say the like unto all the king's princes. So there shall arise much contempt and wrath. And when the king's decree (against Vashti) shall be published throughout all the kingdom, all the wives shall give to their husbands honour, both to great and small." Now, Esther's act also savours a little of Vashti's insubordination. It says much for her personal charm then and for her influence over the king, that he at once forgives her and looks on her with favour and holds out his golden sceptre towards her. He asks her what she wants: "What wilt thou, Queen Esther, and what is thy request?" It shall be given thee even to the half of the kingdom." But

notice here Esther's tact and supreme self-control. She does not at once blurt out her request. No, the king must be humoured and charmed. And, in the meanwhile, Haman must gain no inkling of what is happening. So she bids them both to her banquet. Haman is very proud because he is the only man, besides the king, who is thus honoured by her. And the king is so far charmed that he again asks Esther to name her request. But, again she bides her time and bids them come to another banquet.

In the meanwhile, the king in a fit of sleeplessness and despondency, has been looking over the chronicles of the land and has come across the record of Mordecai's previous great service to him, in saving him from two traitors. So he causes the humble Mordecai to be sought out, and bids the proud Haman himself do him honour—a deed which the minister does, but which he abhors with his whole soul.

Fate is working well for Esther and at last she proffers her request at the second banquet. She pleads for the life of the Jews. We must notice here her including of herself with her people, in spite of her high position. If her people die, she too would desire to die: "Let my life be given me at my petition and my people at my request." Notice also her proud belief in her own people: "If we had been sold for bondmen and bondwomen, I had held my peace, although the adversary could not have compensated for the king's damage." Her request is granted and Haman is sentenced to death. He pleads to Esther for his life; but her soul is roused and she is like a lioness defending its young. I confess, I would have liked to have seen her more merciful towards Haman at this juncture and towards his ten sons afterwards. But, perhaps, she is desirous to be merciful. For Haman, she could have done nothing, seeing the king was determined against him. And, about the death of his sons, she must have asked for their execution at the instigation of Mordecai, whom she always obeyed.

Mordecai is now made chief minister in place of Haman; but the Jews are still under sentence of destruction. So again Esther braves the king's anger and "falls down at his feet and beseeches him with tears to show mercy: "For how can I endure to see the evil that shall come unto my people? or, how can I endure to see the destruction of my kindred." Again her request is granted and their life and many other privileges are granted to the Jews. And here we get a glimpse of the latent power and intellect of Esther. She is evidently great at statesmanship and helps Mordecai in the compilation of the letters of Purim.

So, Esther is the means of saving her people, and her name was so revered, that her story became a national legend and was read for many years afterwards at the festivals of the Jews. Here we see what a mere woman can do, though apparently so meek and helpless. Strength of character, resolution, courage, perseverance, are qualities which conquer the world, and when womanly tact and instinctive delicacy of mind accompany them, the world is at our feet; not the world in its literal sense, for position and power are not the reward of every woman. But every woman can influence, and do good to, her own people, her own home. "Charity begins at home," says the Proverb. Little deeds, nobly done, make up the work of life; and, like the little bricks, which compose a great edifice, help, each in its own little and yet complete way, to fulfil the grand purpose of the infinite God of the world.

PADMINI.

Social Intercourse



WHERE has lately been much discussion in the papers regarding social intercourse between Indians and Europeans. There can be no two opinions regarding the desirability of bringing the rulers and the ruled together. But the outpourings of some of the writers on the subject are grotesquely inept, and I am tempted to ask whether the benefits of social intercourse between European and Indian ladies have not been overrated. Mere attendance at one or two of these so-called "social gatherings" can possibly lead to no lasting good, and the danger, on the other hand, lies in the fact

that Indian ladies are apt to lose their shy modesty.

To speak candidly, as things go, such gatherings can hardly be expected to give pleasure either to the Indian or European ladies, or bring the two races nearer each other. It is a true saying that the ideals of the East and West are in many cases diametrically opposite to one another. Each is suited to its own particular surroundings and peculiarities, and it is not possible to make them approximate to one another without destroying their essential characteristics. English women are born and bred in a cold climate, and can afford to be sprightly. Their Indian sisters, on the other hand, have to live in

a hot, steaming climate, and we cannot expect to see many 'out-door' girls here. Even European ladies lose all their energy after a long stay in this country, unless they go to hill stations frequently. It cannot reasonably be expected that the same amusements should please both Europeans and Indians, and there is nothing surprising in the fact that sports and pastimes which entertain European ladies do not as a rule appeal to their Eastern sisters. As a result, in these parties, the hostess find it a hard task to prevent her guests from feeling bored. This is a great drawback of 'social gatherings,' and, to my mind, nothing is gained by trying to hide or gloss over it.

Let us look at the matter from another point of view. It is often remarked that these 'social gatherings' have a great educative effect on the Indian woman. It is no doubt true that such entertainments cannot but have an influence for good, but I do not know that a mere casual conversation with an European lady can do much to improve the intellect or enlighten the mind. One of the correspondents of this journal once hinted that Indian ladies are not entertaining. This is true no doubt in a way, but the standpoints from which the two races view the question are totally different from each other, and the criticisms levelled at the Indian ladies by the correspondent are beside the mark.

Indian ladies have not yet learnt to talk about the weather and make small talk. Not that they cannot do it if they like, but such conventional conversation is to them entirely meaningless, and smacks of superficial trivialism. Those who have had Western education can talk on any subject under the sun with as much intelligence and wit as any European lady. It is only a question of training—and this is a training which Indian women are not fit for just yet. We do not polish gold till it is made into ornaments. The character of Indian women is like a nugget of gold, pure and priceless, but without definite shape or use. We must first make useful and shapely ornaments out of it, and the external polish will come later on. The Indian woman is dignified, patient, unselfish and modest, but balance of mind and judgment are not her forte. As we all know, she possesses in abundance all the attributes which endear her to her husband and children. Her qualities are, in fact, more of the heart than of the head, and in supplying her with the latter we must take care not to kill the former. It will be an evil day when she learns to despise her time-honoured customs and religion.

She must study the practice and ideals of her own race, and learn to discard what is useless in them. Knowledge of her own vernacular, and cultivation of her own individuality are of the

foremost importance. She must know the essentials of true culture in the first instance, and then try and acquire what may be good in other nations. Frequent attendance at social gatherings have the tendency to make her a hybrid, who revels in going against the teaching and training of thousands of years. To learn to strum a few waltzes on the piano, to know just enough English to read "Penny dreadfuls," and to acquire a taste for cheap and tawdry fineries ought not to be the end of her life. We often meet such types of 'new women,' now, and every well-wisher of India will agree with me in thinking that we would rather have our mothers and sisters as 'angels in the house,' ministering to the wants of their dear ones, with pure thoughts and ennobling grace, than see them reducing themselves to the level of cheap imitations of a Western woman, with the superficial and unattractive qualities of both races. Our Indian ladies must be educated at home, in the true sense of the word, before they are able to come out and mix in general society. In this time of transition, we should turn all our attention in the right direction, and not waste our energies on things, which have a tendency to unsex us and make us superficial and commonplace. I know I shall be charged with holding rather old-fashioned and humdrum views. But India has not got her suffragists yet, and she is still the home of lost causes. Sweetness and light are both needed to elevate and improve us, but let us see that we do not lose the one in the search for the other. Superficiality does not become Indian women, and above all things, let them learn to distinguish substance from the shadow, the fundamental essential from the purely ornamental external.

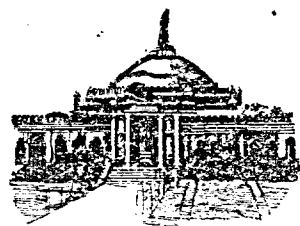
I do not for a moment deny that these social entertainments have no uses of their own. The benefits which they bring in their train are obvious, and I need not trespass on the reader's indulgence by discussing them at length here. In many parts of Bombay and Bengal, we come across ladies, who have given up 'gosha'; and social intercourse between Indian and European ladies is quite possible and desirable in such cases. But I do not think the time is quite come for Indian ladies in the Madras Presidency to attend such gatherings. There is no doubt that these entertainments, if properly managed, can be productive of much sympathy and fellow feeling between the two races. Our Indian sisters have often very crude and fantastic ideas regarding European ladies. It is highly desirable that they should get rid of all such false ideas, and appreciate their European friends at their real worth. The culture and refinement of an educated English lady, and the breadth of view, which distinguishes her, are themselves object lessons

for the Indian women to learn from, and any thing which lifts the latter above their narrow prejudices and sectarian views must be welcome.

But the ground must be prepared beforehand and it is futile to expect that they would derive much benefit by mixing with ladies of other nations, unless they are better equipped mentally.

BIVA ROY.

The Haunted House



GRIM, gaunt, and forbidding it looked to me as I viewed it from the other side of the street. The walls were encrusted with the sooty deposit of years; the windows

were thick with grime, and many of them were broken. The high iron railings were red with rust; the handsome balconies that projected from the windows of the first floor were in the same condition.

I strolled up a side street, and found, as I had expected, that there was an entrance from it to the courtyard at the back of the house. It was closed by a great gate, or rather door, held only by an ancient rusty lock. I felt confident that I could force it easily.

It was then, I believe, that the idea came to me that instead of applying at the casual ward of one of the workhouses—a step which at that late hour I felt would be almost useless—I should spend my last half-crown in provisions, with perhaps some tobacco and a book or two, and make shift to spend my Christmas alone, not in the empty house, but in the stable or one of the outhouses. If there was a stable, I argued, there must have been a hay-loft, and it was scarcely possible that all the hay had been carried away. Enough, I might guess, must have been left to make me a bed softer than a pauper's pallet. For the rest, if my fare might be somewhat meagre, I would at least be alone, and that suited my melancholy humour; and then, I should be able to smoke as much as I liked.

Glancing hastily up and down the street, I went up to the door, and, setting my shoulder to it, I gave it a vigorous shove. The rusty screws yielded. I entered the yard, and carefully closed the door behind me.

The back of the great house presented the same scene of neglect that the front had done. Everything was tight fastened; everything was thick with the dust of years. The stable was where

I expected to find it and above it was a big, roomy hay-loft, smelling rather mouldy, it is true, but furnished with a heap of dry hay. Without a moment's hesitation I determined to make the place my home for the next day or two, particularly as there was a window giving light and air to the loft. Buried in the heap of hay like a dormouse, I could snooze away the hours of Christmas Day not uncomfortably.

Having satisfied myself that the pump in the yard still yielded drinkable water, I left the place, and went to lay out my capital at a small shop in a back street, in bread, cheese, tobacco, and a few cooked sausages.

"That big house over there seems to have been empty a long time," I observed to the woman of the shop, as she weighed out my cheese.

"You may say that," she replied, "five years come this very night. Old Mr. Dane died, and the house has been empty ever since."

"Really. Can you tell me why?"

"Oh, there's been foolish tales about ghosts and the like. I don't hold with such."

"Not likely you would. But there is generally some foundation for stories of that kind."

"Well, I won't deny that there has been what some would call a curse on the Danes. There was but three of them, the old man and his two sons, Jude and James; and it was common talk that they all hated one another like poison. The youngest son was married, but they all lived together in the great house."

"It can't have been very pleasant for the wife," I observed.

"No, I dessay not. She died, poor thing, and left one little girl as was sent to school. After some years, Jude, the elder brother—he was quite a middle aged man by that time—fell in love with an actress, and married her, though it angered the father dreadfully. Jude brought his wife home here, and he was jealous of his brother. There were constant quarrels, but the younger son would not quit the house. I fancy he was afraid his elder brother would get all his father's money if he did."

"The family were rich, then?"

"Bless your heart, they own streets and streets hereabouts. My husband was butler there before I married him, so I know the family history well."

"I see. But the ghosts—"

"I was coming to that. One Christmas Eve, six years gone by this very night, Jude disappeared."

"Disappeared!"

"Yes," said the good woman, evidently enjoying my astonishment. "He was expected home to dinner, and he never came. His wife believed he had met with foul play, and she left the house

next day. She couldn't prove anything, but you know how tales get about. The servants used to say they heard things and when old Mr. Dane died just a year after, nobody seemed to care to take the house, and it has stood empty ever since, getting gloomier and grimmer every Christmas as comes round."

"And what become of the second son?"

"He couldn't stay there all alone in the big, empty house. Maybe he didn't dare to. Anyway, he went abroad, and died. I've heard tell—"

Another customer coming in, she left off gossiping, and I came away.

It occurred to me that I might take up my quarters in the empty house itself without much fear of detection; but in order to do so I should have had to force an entrance, and judged that the hay would be cleaner and sweeter than the mouldy beds of the great house. So I adhered to my original plan. I returned to the loft and spent the last few remaining minutes of daylight in making a bed for myself among the hay. It was a bitterly cold night, and the snow that had been threatening all day was falling at last; but I was tired with long tramps on the pavements, and I had not slept in a bed for two nights, so I looked forward with pleasure to a long, uninterrupted slumber. With the help of an old horse-blanket, which I found in the harness-room, and the hay I made a capital bed. I had scarcely crept into it when I was sound asleep.

I awoke suddenly with the sensation that something had happened, or was about to happen.

What had really awakened me I could not tell; my memory told me of no sound, yet all at once I was wide awake.

Rousing myself, I glanced down into the courtyard; and there a strange sight met my gaze. From the ground, apparently, at a distance of about a foot from the wall of the empty house, there shone a dim yellow radiance. Instantly I recollected what the woman in the shop had told me, and although I certainly had no faith in ghosts, a cold thrill (if I may so describe it) passed over my skin as I stared at this unearthly light.

Presently, as I looked, it grew dim, and then it shone out again clearly. I was the more amazed, as the illumination did not seem to proceed from the house itself, but from some underground room or dwelling.

Filled with curiosity, I crept down the ladder and emerged into the courtyard. And then dull sounds as of pick and shovel struck my ear.

Stealing forward, I soon discovered the source of the light. It came from a deep cellar under the house itself. There was a cellar window,

completely glazed, and a small area had been excavated so as to give light to the window for the space of a foot or so.

But what could anyone be doing in the cellar of that long deserted house at such a time?

Stooping down, I peered through the window, and there I saw a sight that struck me dumb with amazement.

Right in front of me stood a woman wrapped in a fur-lined cloak, bareheaded, but for a light wrap thrown over head and shoulders. I could see diamonds glittering there in her dark tresses. At her feet yawned a pit, a hole some six feet long by a foot and a half broad. It bore a horrid resemblance to a grave.

Opposite the woman, on my side of the hole, with his back to the window, stood a man in a long dark ulster. When he moved to the right he came between the window and a stable lantern that stood on the ground at the woman's feet. This had caused the waning of the light.

At either end of the hole was a man in mole-skin jacket and trousers. They were digging vigorously, throwing up the dirt in a heap at the foot of the wall. The cellar door stood half open, and close to it lay a large wooden box, large enough to contain the body of a man.

What were these men doing? Were they going to bury a treasure, or were they trying to find one? Or—my nerves thrilled as the darker suggestion forced itself upon my mind—had murder been done? Had I surprised these men in the act of burying their victim?

It seemed certain that it was so, and my eyes were glued to the box, when the two men jumped out of the shallow grave and approached it.

The woman, I noticed, turned away her head. The man in the ulster, on the other hand, sprang lightly across the hole and actually helped to wrench off the lid.

It was soon removed, and the working men, going one to either end of the box, lifted out and bore to the hole they had dug—not a corpse, as I expected, but a skeleton.

Without ceremony they jerked it into the hole, and the woman threw in after it something that seemed to be of dull brass, while at the same time her companion opened a small bag which he carried and took from it several small objects, which also he threw into the hole. What they were I could not tell, as he had his back turned to me.

No sooner was this done than the men seized their spades and rapidly filled the grave. They stamped the ground hard and smooth, and then one of them fetched from a corner some bricks, which he proceeded to lay down so as to make the ground exactly like what it had been before it was disturbed.

Scarcely had this been completed when the woman and her companion left the cellar; and the men, taking up the lantern and shouldering their tools, quickly followed them.

* * * * *

About six weeks after this, as I was strolling aimlessly along Fleet-street a hand was laid on my arm and gripped it firmly.

"How are you, Randolph, and where have you been hiding from us all this time?" said a pleasant voice. I turned and beheld the jolly rubicund visage of my Uncle Joe.

"Come in here and have a chop with me," said my uncle, taking my arm exactly as if I had not had the words "starving outcast" written large over dress and features. He led me into a famous tavern, where the kindly dimness of the light concealed my threadbare garments.

The "chop" meant a capital meal, with a bottle of wine to follow.

When it was over my uncle laid his hand on my arm and said: "Look here, my boy, I don't ask you any questions. I have refused to hear any details of your quarrel with your folk, and I don't want to hear them now."

"But I think you have a head on your shoulders, and I'm sure that if you stuck to it you would make a good lawyer. Come to me as confidential clerk. I'll give you two pounds a week to start with; and after a bit, if you wish it, I'll give you your articles on easy terms. What do you say to it?"

I could say nothing. For my life I could not utter a word. One needs to have slept, shivering all the time, in doorways and sheltered corners of the pavement, to feel what I felt then.

A month later I was dining at my uncle's. There was a children's party in the evening; and two of the little guests were accompanied by their governess, Miss Dane.

As her soft fingers rested for a moment in mine and her sweet brown eyes were raised to meet my own, my heart went out to her—and has remained with her ever since. Eunice—that was her name—was as poor as I was myself; she was at the same time lonely and neglected. All that made me love her the more.

As my uncle's children and the youngsters Eunice had charge of were great friends I had opportunities of meeting her, and I took care to make the most of them. I also found out where she spent the few hours she could call her own and broke in upon them ruthlessly.

After a time I saw the creamy cheeks flush and the brown eyes brighten as I drew near—and then I knew.

We were engaged; and then I discovered to my surprise that my sweetheart was the daughter of James Dane, the younger son of the last owner of the empty house.

It was my uncle who told me.

"At one time," he said, "I acted as solicitor for old Mr. Dane, and the facts are well known to me. At one time it was thought that your Eunice might be a great heiress, but that has been all knocked on the head. Poor thing, it was a great shock to her."

"She would naturally be disappointed," said I; "but as for sustaining a shock—"

"I don't mean the loss of the money," said my uncle, "but what she learned about her father. You see, his brother Jude had disappeared some time before, and there were dark suspicions that James had murdered him, for they were known to be bitterly jealous of one another. But there was only suspicion, no proof, and so the property was thrown into Chancery, for it was not known whether Jude was dead or alive. He had made his will in favour of his wife, but she could not prove the death, and therefore could not touch the property."

"Lately, however, the affair has been cleared up in quite a remarkable way. Mrs. Dane (Jude's widow, you understand) dreamt three nights in succession that she saw her brother-in-law burying her husband's body in the cellar of the old house. She was greatly agitated, and told the story to her lawyers, who at first pooh-poohed it; but eventually she had the cellar examined in the presence of the solicitors on both sides. And sure enough the body, or rather the skeleton, was discovered, buried under the brick floor of the back cellar."

"A carving-knife, covered with rust—no doubt the weapon with which the murder had been committed—was found in the grave; also fragments of clothing, Jude's watch and chain, and some coins he had had in his pocket—What the mischief do you mean, sir?"

The last few words were uttered in a tone of amazed indignation, for I had broken into a shout of laughter.

"My dear uncle," I said, "Mrs. Dane may dream whatever she likes, but I saw that skeleton buried; and, if I am not mistaken, the lady was there herself, and plumped in the watch and chain of her missing lord among the bones. And a gentleman who accompanied her (possibly a second husband *in posse*) pitched in the knife and the other little things. And so she dreamt it all! Wonderful!"

"Randolph, are you mad?" demanded my uncle.

"Not at all, sir," I responded cheerfully, and told him in detail what I had witnessed at the empty house on Christmas Eve.

"But a letter was found, written by James, Eunice's father, you know, before he died, which practically amounts to a confession that he made away with his brother."

"A forgery, sir. Mrs. Dane was the lucky finder thereof, I'll bet my boots. Now, sir, what we've got to do is to show up this charming dreamer, and spare my little girl the pain of imagining that she is a daughter of Cain."

Somehow or other the thing got into the papers, with a most unexpected result.

On Christmas Day, just twelve months after my night in the hay loft, my aunt gave a party, and (out of consideration for me, I believe) Eunice was invited. My uncle's big dining-room was hung with holly and ivy, and his long dining-table was surrounded with happy faces.

The great plum-pudding was just being placed on the board when the dining-room door was throw open, and a maid announced:—

"Mr. Jude Oliver Dane."

"Bless my soul!" cried my uncle, dropping his wineglass. Eunice started to her feet, her eyes blazing with astonishment, and I rose with her.

"Merry Christmas to you all," said the wanderer, dropping into a chair. "I happened to hear that my dear wife, that I bolted from just seven years ago, had been burying me and digging me up again, so I thought I had better give her a hint that I was alive."

I believe this queer mortal stayed with his wife for a time, but it was not long before he set out upon his wanderings once more.

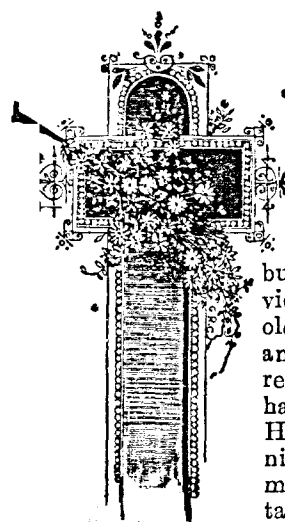
Before he left England, however, he settled a substantial sum on his niece, a sum that placed Eunice for ever beyond the reach of want.

She has just promised me that next Christmas Eve shall be our wedding-day.



Royal Christmases

BY W. GROVES-HORNER.



THE Yuletide of 1066 was a notable one to the English people, and anything but a happy one to anybody, excepting, perchance, to the reckless conquerors of the land. It was but a few weeks previously that King Harold, staking his kingdom and his crown upon the result of one great battle, had been overthrown. His triumphant antagonist, William of Normandy, had already taught the conquered people a part of the

bitter lesson they had to learn, but they were dazed and bewildered at the defeat of their ruler—they had not awakened to a full consciousness of the misery in store for them.

So when the summons went forth from the Conqueror for his new subjects to observe his coronation in Westminster Abbey on Christmas Day, they obeyed with queries of "wherefore?" and "what next?" in their hearts. Like the clear-headed tyrant that he was, the Conqueror knew that the rite of Coronation would have far more influence upon the minds of a superstitious race if performed before the effects of the Battle of Hastings should have passed away, and so he selected Christmas Day for the occasion.

Fearful, however, lest some spark of resistance to his rule might exist, he guarded the Abbey inside and out with picked men, ready at an instant's warning to check the slightest attempt at revolt. Stigand, the Primate, had been suspended, and the duties of the Coronation ceremony devolved, therefore, upon Aldred, Archbishop of York, almost the only representative Englishman present, and he not from choice, but upon practical compulsion.

It was a brilliant gathering, notwithstanding the heaviness of the English hearts. There were the conquerors—magnificent specimens of humanity they doubtless were—their impressiveness enhanced by their arms and accoutrements. The people within hearing were asked if they would have William for their King, the Archbishop of York speaking to the English and the Bishop of Constance to the Normans; and they answered with an affirmative shout that shook

the building. That shout was the death knell of many an innocent person. The soldiers outside the Abbey, glad of any opportunity for plunder, pretending to believe that the cry was the result of an attack upon the Normans inside—they knew that only a mere handful of harmless English idlers were there—immediately set upon the unoffending people, slaying, burning, and plundering right and left, and leaving many a home desolate before they discovered their error.

It is almost a relief to turn from the first Christmas of William of Normandy in England to some of the royal Christmases subsequently spent. Many interesting particulars of how Christmas was kept by our sovereigns in days gone by have been bequeathed to us, from which it appears that it was celebrated with the utmost hospitality, and was the occasion for the most extensive festivities, which, says an old writer, exceeded those of any other empire in Europe.

The Anglo-Saxons were strongly attached to the feast of Yule, and even when they were subdued by the Normans still continued their customs at those times, indoctrinating the more courtly conquerors in their ruder licence and merriment. The Normans certainly bettered their instructions, if it be true that the name of "Rufus's Roaring Hall," bestowed on the great Hall of Westminster, arose from the uproarious nature of that Monarch's Christmas keeping, of which it was the scene. The custom of keeping the royal Yule in this hall, which was then thrown open to all comers, a custom that survived certainly till the days of Henry VII., is at all events said to date from the days of William Rufus. The last specific mention we have of our kings keeping Christmas in this locality is when Henry VII. feasted the Lord Mayor for two consecutive days and nights at Westminster, only returning "with great lights to the palace, the Mayor and his company following in barges," about the break of the third day.

Subsequent monarchs preferred keeping Christmas in less public and more refined fashion, but almost till the days of the Protector, Westminster Hall was thrown open to the lesser dignitaries of the Court at this season. Old chroniclers bear abundant testimony to the frolic and revelry considered appropriate to this time by our ancestors in all parts of Britain. Nor is this testimony restricted to them; but traces crop up in all sorts of unlikely places, such as Church records, churchwardens' accounts, and solemn State papers.

In 1085, we are told that William the Conqueror kept the festival at Gloucester, when its observance was marked with every outward show worthy of a State ceremonial.

Later on Henry II., following the examples of his predecessors, honoured the anniversary with



MRS. ZECHARIAH (OF CALICUT)
Who has kindly sent her paper on "Books and Reading" for our Christmas Number.
(See page 192)



MRS. ROY

Who has kindly contributed for us the interesting article on "Social Intercourse."
(See page 185)

profuse feasting, plays and masks forming part of the royal festivities; and it is related that in the year 1171 he kept his Christmas at Dublin, when a wooden house was specially erected for the occasion. Still more imposing was the feasting which took place on other occasions in Westminster Hall.

Richard Cœur de Lion once kept his Christmas Feast with all his Court at Sicily, and the record shows that the occasion was one of great splendour.

In the year 1238, Henry III. kept his Christmas at Westminster in the Great Hall. Three years later he repeated his visit, and in 1241 he gave orders to the Sheriff of Gloucester to buy "twenty salmon for the Christmas pie." The Christmas of 1248 he kept at Winchester, when he commanded his treasurer "to fill the King's great hall, from Christmas Day to the Day of Circumcision, with poor people, and feast them there."

One of this monarch's Christmas feasts bred feelings of ill-will between himself and the citizens of London. The King had been compelled to part with all his jewels and plate, and these treasures having fallen into the hands—by purchase—of the citizens of London, his Majesty determined, out of revenge, to spend Christmas at Westminster. In a fit of malignity he ordered that a fair should be held for fifteen days, during which every shop should be closed, whilst gifts so valuable were demanded by him that angry feelings grew apace and threats of retaliation reached the royal ears. What a hypocrite he must have been, if history tells the tale aright. At the Feasts of Saints Perpetua and Felicitas, two years after, his contrition reached to the height of confession; he acknowledged his wrong doing, he almost wept, and prayed that the ill-feeling of his lieges might be laid aside. A few months rolled on into years, and the contrite monarch forced from his subjects twenty thousand marks.

Edward I. is mentioned in history as having been at Bristol, amongst other places, on Christmas Day. Why he was there, however, is not very clear. It is further on record that Edward II., in the year 1320, kept Christmas at Westminster Hall with "great honour and glorie." In 1343, Edward III. renewed the famous tradition of the round Table and it is said instituted the Order of the Garter with great magnificence and unlimited feasting at Christmas.

In 1399, Richard II. kept a "most royal Christmas at Westminster with daily joustings and runnings at tilt, whereunto resorted such a number of people that there was every day twenty-eight or twenty-six oxen and three hundred sheep beside fowls without number." In

1384, 1385, and 1386, Richard kept Christmas at Eltham Palace, and in the latter year he entertained Leo, King of Armenia, at the Christmas-sing, and bestowed on him money amounting to £1,000. In the books of the Salters' Company, in the seventeenth year of his reign, 1394, we find the following entry:—"Receipt.—Fit to make a most choyse Faste of Gamys to be eten at ye Feaste of Chrystmasse." A pie so made by the company's cook in 1836 was found excellent.

We are informed that Henry IV. kept his Christmas at Eltham in 1400, on which occasion he was visited by twelve Aldermen and their sons as mummers, and that these imposing personages had great thanks from his Majesty for their performance. When the same monarch was keeping his Christmas at Eltham, four years later, the Duke of York was accused of scaling the walls for the purpose of gaining access to the King to murder him.

Henry V., during the lengthy siege of Rouen, would not let the Christmas day pass unheeded, but ceased hostilities, and made it known by heralds that all the enemy's force who would come to the English camp should be well fed at his expense. And again, at the siege of Orleans, a cessation of hostilities was requested that the day might be devoted to merriment and pleasure.

In 1483, Edward IV. repaired Eltham Palace at a great cost, and at Christmas daily fed two thousand persons. On Candlemas Day of the same year, the last of his life, he with his Queen and the Scotch Ambassadors went in procession to St. Stephen's Chapel at Westminster Hall. In our own day it would create no small sensation if the King, after the example of Richard III., should wear the crown and hold a splendid feast at Westminster Hall similar to that of a Coronation.

The Lord of Misrule was an important personage in the Royal festivities of former years, and his duties consisted in directing the numerous revels of the season. Thus Stowe, in his "Survey of London," speaking of this custom, says, "In the Feast of Christmas there was in the king's (Henry VII.) house, wheresoever he lodged, a Lord of Misrule or Master of Merry Disports." In the Privy Purse accounts of Henry VII., we find such items as these—"To the Abbot of Misrule, in rewarde, £6 13s. 4d.," and "to Jacques Haulte, in full payment for the disguising at Christenmas, £32 8s. 6½d."

In 1495, Henry VII. was so delighted with the entertainment provided by the Corporation of London at Christmas-time that on Twelfth Night he knighted Ralph Ansty, Lord Mayor of London, and feasted the Court of Aldermen for two days and nights, returning with "great

lights to the palace, the Mayor and his company following in barges," at the break of day.

Queen Mary and her Consort, Philip of Spain, kept with great solemnity a royal Christmas at Hampton Court, whither the Princess Elizabeth had come from Hatfield. On Christmas Eve the great hall of the Palace was illuminated with a thousand lamps curiously disposed. The Princess supped at the same table with the King and Queen, next the cloth of State; and after supper was served with a perfumed napkin and a plate of comfits by Lord Paget. But she retired to her ladies before the revels, maskings, and disguisings began. On St. Stephen's Day she heard matins in the Queen's closet, adjoining the Chapel, where she was attired in a robe of white satin, strung all over with large pearls. On the 29th day of December she sat with their Majesties and the nobility at a great spectacle of jousting, when two hundred spears were broken.

When Elizabeth was sovereign—when power was her idol, when flattery was life to her, when courtiers flocked around her and warriors laid their services at her feet—she still spent, says one historian, her Christmas in a solemn way. This, however, is not the case, for records show that Elizabeth celebrated Christmas in the most jolly way possible. In this reign the performance of various plays, often conducted on a magnificent scale, were encouraged at Court; and it has been suggested that Shakespeare may have acted before the Queen at Christmas. At any rate, one Christmas play which was highly popular was that of St. George, and we know that on different occasions the children of St. Paul's and Westminster not only performed before Elizabeth, but that in 1592 the heads of colleges at Cambridge had the honour of acting a Latin comedy before her.

The Christmases at the Inner Temple were most gorgeous entertainments. In the third year of Queen Elizabeth the Constable Marshal, Earl of Leicester, and the foreign Ambassadors, Queen's Ministers, and the principal nobility were present at the Inner Temple. The service in the Church ended, the breakfast of brawn, mustard, and malmsey was served. On St. Stephen's Day the fun and revelling must have waxed the wildest and loudest when a huntsman, amid the blowing of horns, entered the hall with a fox and cat bound, and nine or ten couples of hounds at his heels, and the fox and cat were loosed, and killed beneath the fire.

In the ensuing reigns of James I. and Charles I., plays and revels continued to be the fashion, but with the Commonwealth all was changed. A Christmas pastime, however which found special favour with Charles II. was gaming at the groom-porter's, an attraction which retained

its popularity as late as the reign of George III. The first two Georges brought with them the breezy old German Christmas tree feeling, and George III., still in his teens when he became King, was an enthusiastic keeper of Christmas.

Although a great many of the festivities with which our Sovereigns once celebrated the joyous season are now things of the past, yet during the reigns of Queen Victoria and Edward VII. many a charitable custom and hospitable practice has been instituted, which, if lacking the grandeur of the State pageants and revels of bygone times, are, perhaps, more suitable to the proper observance of a festival which is essentially of a homely character. At the Royal table a noted joint is the baron of beef; and the boar's head, which from time immemorial has been an important item of Christmas fare in this country, still regularly makes its appearance at the State banquet.

Books and Reading

A paper read before an Association



THIS is a well-worn subject, which has been treated ably and exhaustively by such great men as Carlyle, Sir John Lubbock, Frederic Harrison, Richardson, Ruskin, and many others, but not one of these writers had the requirements of Indian readers of English books in his thoughts, and their words are addressed to their own public, English and American. Now, advice about books, which may be extremely well suited to the intellectual requirements of those born to the inheritance of Shakespeare's tongue is not such as is well adapted to our requirements. Having once been a girl like you myself, and rather fond of reading, I can somewhat realise your intellectual aspirations and needs, and hope the following hints and suggestions may be of some use to you.

I do not think it necessary to tell you about the profit and pleasure of reading, for I know you are all fond of reading and already know and appreciate good books, and I do not suppose there is one among you, like the Sixth Form boy, who, on being questioned whether he had read

any book other than his texts, came out with the proud reply "yes, sir, I have read Sheppard's General English"!

'Books'! what would the world be without books. "A good book," says Miller, "is the precious life-blood of a master-mind, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

"We must learn to *know* books," says Richardson, "as we learn to know other good things." "Who can overestimate the value of good books, those 'ships of thought,' as Bacon finely calls them, voyaging through the sea of time and carrying their precious freight so safely from generation to generation! Here are the finest minds giving us the best wisdom of present and all past ages; here are intellects, gifted far beyond ours, ready to give us the results of lifetimes of patient thought, imaginations open to the beauty of the universe, far beyond what is given us to behold; characters whom we can only vainly hope to imitate, but whom it is one of the highest privileges of life to know. Here they all are, and to learn to know them is the privilege of the educated man." To Gladstone, reading was a habitual communing with the master spirits of mankind, as a vivifying and nourishing part of life.

The companionship of books—their friendship—is like no other companionship in the world. Seat yourself among these friends and what a pleasure you feel in their mere presence. They will open their minds anywhere to please you—they will enter upon any topic you choose. They are the "old friends who are never seen with new faces, and who are the same in wealth and in poverty in *glory* and in *obscurity*."

But perhaps in these days we have too many books and our greatest difficulty is to make a wise selection from amongst the multitude offered to us by innumerable publishers all over the world. "We must," as has been well said, "dare to be ignorant of many things." In the Library of the British Museum, there are upwards of a million and a quarter of books, and upwards of three millions in the National Library of Paris. It would require hundreds of years to read the titles alone of all the books in the World's Libraries. It is settled therefore for us all that we must leave the great mass of printed books unread.

The important question then is, 'on what principle should we select out of this great wilderness of literature, the books we shall read! For all books are not alike good. There are books that are not worth reading at all. Then of those that are good, the value is relative. The simplest wisdom teaches that we should choose those that will repay us most richly. Let us

look at some principles relating to this subject, which are worthy of consideration.

There are books that are tainted with impurity. Of course, all such are to be excluded from our catalogue. We can no more afford to read a vile book, however daintily and delicately the vileness may be draped, than we can afford to admit an impure companionship into our lives. When we remember that every thing we read, even a thought once admitted, leaves its permanent impression on our inner life, and makes its enduring mark upon our character the importance of this subject is apparent.

Then, when we consider the subject from a religious standpoint, it becomes even more important that we should keep sedulous watch over our hearts that nothing should tarnish their purity. We should admit into our minds nothing that may dim our spiritual vision or break in any degree the continuity of our communion with God, and it is well known that any corrupt thing, admitted even for a moment into our thoughts, not only stains our mind, but leaves a memory that may draw a trail of stain after it, for all time. If we would keep the tender joy of our heart-experiences, unbroken, we must keep the most rigid watch over our reading, conscientiously excluding not only all that is obviously impure, but all in which lurks even a suggestion of wrong. Among bad books, I should not be doing my duty as a friend, did I not name the so-called works—works they are of darkness—of Reynolds. I do not suspect any of you girls have ever handled a book of his, but I know there are many of his books abroad and it may chance that some of you may come across one, hence the warning. It is a great shame to read or have in the house such a book. I have not read one of them myself, but I have been told so by one whose judgment in such matters I have a high regard for and that is quite enough for me, and I hope, it should be enough for you too. Not only Reynold's novels but a good many of the cheap novels, aptly termed "Penny Dreadfuls" and "Sixpennyworth of unadulterated perdition," belong to this class, and should not be so much as named among you.

Then there are books that, though they are free from immoral taint we yet must exclude also, unless we want to throw away our time and waste our opportunities for improvement. They are unobjectionable on moral grounds, but are rapid, frivolous, empty. There are many popular novels, which teach nothing and give no upward impulse and yet there is a great demand in these days for this easy kind of reading. It is not directly harmful, and yet it is decidedly evil in its effects upon mind and heart. It imparts no vigour, but vitiates the appetite, enervates the mind and destroys all taste for anything solid

and substantial in literature, and it enfeebles the powers of attention, thought and memory. Next to the great evil produced by impure and tainted literature, comes the debilitating influence of such trashy, worthless publications, that abound now-a-days.

If we can read in our brief years only a very limited number of books, should not those few be the very best that we can find in the whole range of literature? Should we not select those that will bring us the largest amount of information, those that will start in our minds the grandest thoughts, the noblest impulses, the 'brightest' conceptions, the purest emotions, or which set before us the truest ideals of virtue and character?

But how do most persons read? On what principles do they decide what to read and what not to read? With many, it is the 'latest novel' regardless of what it is. With others it is anything that is talked about, or extensively advertised. With still others it is anything that comes their way, or that they can easily get. Multitudes go into ecstasies over ephemeral tales, weekly papers, sentimental poems, magazine stories, and a thousand trivial works, that please or excite for a day and leave nothing behind.

We must have a system by which our reading shall be rightly controlled and directed, or we shall spend all our time and not be profited. Aimless rambling from book to book, accomplishes little. We should select wisely, systematically and read the great masters in poetry, in science, in history, in religion, in fiction. We must select according to our individual taste, occupation, leisure, attainments and opportunities. We should read as a staple, works that require close attention, thought, study and research, indulging in lighter classes only for mental relaxation. The old poets should be read and studied. Of history one should have at least a correct and general knowledge and one cannot afford to be ignorant of the sciences in these days of discovery.

I am not going to give you now a list of books, as others have done. I shall but name a very few works which I trust will help to awaken your interest in the different branches of literature.

First of all, I would mention the Bible. It is as you know, a collection of books, and a library in itself, and one that is worth careful study, even apart from its moral and religious value. The whole of English literature is saturated with references to the Bible. It is almost impossible to read a page of some author's, without finding a biblical quotation or an allusion to the Bible in it. Ruskin used to ascribe the beauty of his finished style, to his early and intimate acquaintance with the English Bible. Thomas a Kempis' *Imitation of Christ* stands next to the Bible.

Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* and Farrar's *Life of Christ*, are books worth reading.

In English Poetry, you cannot afford to omit the works of the immortal Shakespeare, but perhaps you may find that the beauty of his language and thought does not reveal itself to your unaided eye. Then, for a beginning, get by heart such oft quoted gems of his as the description of the quality of Mercy in the Merchant of Venice; Hamlet's Soliloquy, Polonius' advice to his son; The Commonwealth of the Bees; The Seven Ages of Man, and so forth.

Then there are Milton's *Paradise Lost* Scott's *Lady of the Lake*. *Marmion* and *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

Macaulay's *Horatius* and *Lays of Ancient Rome*.

Tennyson's *Works*. In *Memoriam*, may be too difficult for you to understand, but his *Enoch Arden* is a touching story, written in simple style. Longfellow's *Evangeline* is a beautiful story of New England.

Burn's *Cottar's Saturday Night*, is a touching description of the joys and consolations of the poor man's lot.

Poetic gems by different authors, which are worth committing to memory, are found in Bradshaw's *Anthology*.

Try to cultivate a taste for Biography—the life history of real men and women, who lived and loved and wrought and achieved. The inspiring influence of the account of a good and noble life on the impressionable mind of a young girl is incalculable. Read the life of the late Queen, Victoria the Good, of Florence Nightingale, the Princess among lady nurses.

From *Log Cabin to White House* records the life story of a poor farmer boy, who rose to be the President of the United States, and is full of inspiration. Boswell's *Life of Johnson* stands first among biographies, without a second, and Southey's *Nelson* has perhaps never been equalled for the perfection of its style. Trevelyan's *Life of Lord Macaulay*, is charming beyond description. You will find the biographies of great authors very interesting, if you peruse them after having read some of their works. The 'Men of Letters' series is very good.

History, especially Indian History, I know is an aversion to many students. Read Trevelyan's 'Cawnpore' and you will see how fascinating he has rendered the account of the Great Mutiny. Scott's 'Tales of a Grandfather,' Froude's 'Short Studies on Great Subjects,' Green's 'Short History of the English People,' and Macaulay's 'History of England,' are very interesting reading.

Captain's Cooke's *Voyages* will give you a taste for books on Travels.—Darwin's *Naturalist's Voyage* is very instructive and stimulating.

Stanley's *Darkest Africa* and Nansen's *Farthest North* are fascinating books, taking you to regions hitherto unexplored.

Fiction is sweet to the school-girl palate, and the greater percentage of juvenile readers if left to themselves will instinctively turn to fiction. But like other sweet stuffs, if indulged in immoderately, it will destroy all taste for anything substantial in literature. As a rule, read fiction only when you need mental relaxation, and then, read only the works of Standard authors! Read Scott's *Waverly Novels*. They are, some of them, historical novels, and all works on which Scott spent a great deal of research and study, and which will therefore repay you most richly for their perusal. Dicken's *David Copperfield*, *Old Curiosity Shop*, *Pickwick Papers*, *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Oliver Twist* are full of humour and pathos. Read George Elliot's *Adam Bede* and *Mill on the Floss*, *Romola*, *Middlemarch*.

Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair' is in the opinion of some, the cleverest novel in the English language.

Charlotte M. Yonge's literary productions are wholesome reading and *The Heir of Redcliffe*, is one of her best. Farrar's *Darkness and Dawn*, throws a great deal of light on the early and obscure days of Christianity. I may then mention Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, Mrs. Beecher Stowe's, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Lytton's *Last days of Pompeii*, Mrs. Henry Wood's *East Lynne*, Charles Reade's "It is never too late to mend" and Walter Besant's "All sorts and conditions of men."

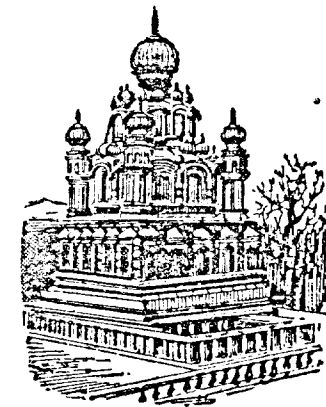
Notwithstanding Bacon, reading will not make a full man, nor, for the matter of that, a full woman, unless you digest what you read. If what you are reading is worth reading at all, it is worth reading well. Read then slowly and thoughtfully, not for pleasure merely but for profit, that what you read may become part of you. Young people are apt to think that they can remember all they read, but experience will teach you to think differently. Making notes or even underlining is an invaluable aid. Try to write down a resume of each book you read, or to sketch the characters of the principal personages in it. Note the nice expressions, commit to memory striking passages and beautiful pieces, both in prose and poetry, and try to understand and assimilate the best thoughts of the author.

It has been the sad confession of many an unsuccessful student, that his failure was chiefly due to his undue addiction to novel reading. I think it might be a good rule, for you, never to touch a story book during the fresh morning hours, although you may have left off overnight at the most interesting point. Morning is the God-given time for work and let me advise you, as students, never to let your pleasure reading,

encroach upon your time for study, for reading a parcel of books is not life's education. But the parcel of books, if they are well chosen, will help to awake within us the diviner mind and rouse us to a consciousness of what is best in others and ourselves.

A. ZECHARIAH.

The Nagpur Exhibition



THE Exhibition grounds are situated on the Sitabaldi Hills and cover an area of about 25 acres of land. About a hundred years ago, this was the scene of a memorable battle. But on the Exhibition day a very different sight met the eye.

The entire space was jotted with pavilions at intervals. The main entrance consisted of a fine gateway with a high tower and arcades of archways on either sides. The entire scheme was in white stucco and very effective. On entering the grounds—on the right and left were the textile-wood and metal sections. A little further up was a red roofed pretty mosque where some fine specimens of silver work were displayed.

The cotton manufactures of the Central Provinces have been famous since the time of Moghul Emperors, the principal centres being Berhampur, Nagpur, Bhandara and one or two other towns. Some interesting beautiful exhibits of local origin were displayed. They were noticeable for the fineness of cloth, beauty of design and excellence of workmanship. The gold and silver thread work of Berhampur is famous, and it was most interesting to see what beautifully fine gold thread could be produced by a cheap and crude method. The ends of the pieces were invariably gorgeously edged with very heavy gold fringes.

Still further up was seen the Kasturchand pavilion. This structure was built in the sandstone found locally and destined later on to be a memento of the Exhibition. It was light and gracefully built and essentially characteristic of the Indian style of building with its intricate arches and elaborate pillars. The entire work was carried out by local labour. It was a striking proof of the talent for decoration stonework.

The finest part of the carving was entirely done by Nagpur masons.

The general idea in the scheme of decoration throughout the Exhibition buildings was more or less uniform. There were a series of Indo-Saracenic arches painted by native artists; with subjects taken from the Hindu mythology. The designs were quaint and apparently untouched by foreign influence and redolent of local religious feelings and sentiments.

One of the interesting features of the Exhibition was the ladies' section. This was organized and arranged by the indefatigable zeal and ardour of Mts. Roe, the Honorary Secretary, who practically had been working hard at it for some months.

The elaborate decoration of the Main Hall consisted of arches in pale-pink and pillars painted in green and pink and profusely draped with fine green mullmul—in classical designs. Then some Chinese lanterns were employed in pale-pink shielded electric lights and accentuated the color effect aimed at.

The walls were covered with pictures in oil, water colour sepia and photographs. As usual the display was large in number but poor in real artistic merit. Perspection was very defective and atmospheric shade wanting. The colouring too was crude. A ladies' section in an Exhibition is a sign of progress and encouraging to female education and industries. It would be well if some efforts could be made to review old arts and industries of India in schools, and not merely imitate the Western handicrafts which have such a demoralizing effect upon the artistic skill of the worker. A warm and willing response was here made and many ingenious and fancy articles were sent. But the designs and colouring in many have suffered deplorably—and nothing but pity could be roused by such a show.

There was a vast number of exhibits of inferior bead and wool-work,—vests, stockings, caps, table-cloths made of wool, of all conceivable colours, jumbled up together in one piece of work.

The same lack of artistic sense was seen in head-work. Things were made apparently to serve as decoration in the drawing room. Bright glass heads were used in many colours and bizarre effects were produced.

Among some of the fine exhibits a mention may be made of the hand-made laces in gold and silver thread by Parsee ladies. These were effective.

In the loan articles the collection of H. H. The Begum Sahiba of Janjira exhibits stood unique for design, fine stitchery and artistic skill. They excited a great deal of wonder and praise. Some valuable saris were sent by the Bhousea Ranees—the quality and design are not procurable any longer.

The Doll show was large and extremely interesting and varied. There were bridal dresses of Mohammedans, Hindus, Parsees, Telugu, Tamil, Brahmans, Bengalis, English, Punjabis. The most complete and best specimen was that of a Bengali-Hindu marriage. On a large piece of board two scenes were displayed. Before and after marriage, all the minor details were most carefully carried out. Scene No. 1 showed the bride and bridegroom in the characteristic wedding dresses of the special red fabric used in marriage ceremonies—seated opposite to each other. The bride's toilet was perfect with its beautiful smooth dark coils of hair studded with jewels, the wedding steel ring on her wrist, the marriage scroll loosely held in her hands—a small bunch of green grass tied on the hands of both the bride and bridegroom. The sacred yellow cord which was to be tied after the marriage ceremony, lay near by. Each wore a garland of jasmines. Three Pandits were seated around,—one turning the pages of a sacred book, the second reading; the third in the attitude of blessing. The second scene depicted "after marriage" showed the same bride standing in the centre with the bridegroom, both holding the sacred yellow cord. A group of gaily and most beautiful dressed women were standing around the bride, some blessing, some with offerings in their hands. This most lovely specimen was the work of Miss Bose and her sister Mrs. Day. There was nothing that was remotely like it in the whole collection.

The Needs of a Woman



of a man and woman.

Dr. Winslow Hall has published a book entitled, "The Needs of Man," in which he makes many practical suggestions. The author in the last chapter of his book apologises for not having taken much notice of the Needs of a Woman. But he can with justice defend himself, as what he has said applies to man and woman alike. The author has laid before the mind of the reader many good and valuable suggestions. The book has been divided into four divisions, namely, bodily, mental, moral, and spiritual wants, and these again are subdivided into detail needs

is not my intention to

commentate on all the points of the book, as time and space will not permit me to do so. I shall therefore confine myself to a few of them, and trust that the readers of this article will select what is needed and so strengthen and ennoble themselves, at the same time making themselves types of perfect women. "To clear the ground one must first consider in what respect a man differs from a woman. It is clear enough that she differs in the frame of her body. In addition to this, she differs mentally, morally, and spiritually. She has less will power, less selfmastery, less capacity for sustained attention, less turn for abstract thought; on the other hand, she is more imitative, more perceptive, more capable of storing facts, and more rapid in the process of thought. She is less able to resist the petrifying power of custom, and yet is more able to adapt herself to new surroundings. In the moral sphere she is less egotistic and yet more personal, less clannish and yet more home-loving, less violent in passion, and yet more enduring in motion, less braggart and yet more hungry for approbation, less courageous, and yet more fond of animals. She has more love for adornment, and yet she is unselfish, she has more vanity, and yet she is more sympathetic. Her habitual dependence makes her more apt at religion; yet she finds it hard to soar beyond the personal element. She apprehends God more easily, but she comprehends Him less broadly." Having therefore shown some of the important differences, let me now lay before the minds of my readers some of the needs of women. The first need Dr. Hall mentions is Food. A woman does not need a rich and heavy meal, as she almost always leads a sedentary life. What ought to be observed is strict moderation. If woman could only be brought to remember this maxim, namely, "eat as little and as simply as you can," then many a difficulty may be overcome and perfect health can be enjoyed. "Self-mastery in the lower life is the first essential for a higher life." The regulations of meal-times must be strictly observed, and nothing should be taken during the intervals, as the digestive organs require rest. The next point needed to be observed is cleanliness. Houses should be well ventilated, and specially the bedrooms. Some have a wrong idea that one is apt to catch a cold in open air. But this is not so, as a great deal of illness is due to ill-ventilated and dirty rooms. Every day our homes should be ventilated and cleaned. The furniture and carpets in the rooms are daily absorbing putrescent matter, and these will prove very injurious to our health, if they are not daily aired out and dusted. Not only cleanliness should be observed with regard to rooms and furniture, but equal importance should be paid to clothes

and food. The clothes we wear should be neat and clean, especially those which we wear next to the skin, as dirty clothes are apt to bring on many diseases to the wearer. Great notice should be taken of the food we eat, the water we drink, and the vessels in which the food is cooked. The water should be well boiled and filtered before drinking. The cooked food and water should always be kept covered, as small germs, and dust, etc., floating in the air are apt to fall into them. The kitchen should always be swept and kept free from dust. The next important point to be remembered is the colouring of our clothes. Every woman should select colours that would agree with the colour of her skin, and not be draped in gaudy and bright coloured clothes. The clothes worn ought to be neat and clean, and ought to match her own peculiar endowments. The clothes should be as simple as possible, as "fashion is indeed a folly and a crime." A woman ought to wear clothes, that will not only give pleasure to herself, but also to others. Above all one should pay special attention to the development of the body.

Every one will, I am sure admit, that work is absolutely necessary to perfect a human being. Work is certainly one of the chief pleasures of life. "Work is the activity of faculty, and no faculty can persist unless it be kept in exercise. Happiness is the aim of work." It is not profitable for us to be idle. Idleness leads us into wrong doing, as "Satan finds mischief for idle hands to do." Idleness hampers our prospects and makes us useless for the warfare of this life. "No kind of labour should be held inapposite to women. Indeed they have already shared in every mode of work. Ability should be the sole criterion. No woman should be barred from any work for which she can approve her fitness." A woman cannot be excused if she says that she cannot find work to do. There is enough for her to do, if only she cares for it and applies her mind to do it. Some are compelled to work for wages on account of their poor circumstances. But what about those who are well-to-do? Of course these need not go to work to earn their livelihood. To such people, I would advise, not to lead selfish lives, but to work for others unostentatiously "so that, if supreme reward were held to be, as it should be, thou hast deserved well of the state."

The next important need is Knowledge. Mere book knowledge is insufficient. It may be compared to a sack that is filled for a short time, but soon afterwards emptied. The mere accumulation of details becomes after a time useless and hateful. A woman may have passed the highest examinations, still she may not be said to possess as much knowledge as one, who has passed no examinations at all.

Women should have a right perception of all the things that are taking place around them. Books do to a certain extent aid in knowledge, but of themselves cannot give much knowledge. What are wanted chiefly to gain knowledge are correct observation, inference, arrangements, and conduct, and book knowledge must be held subordinate to these. A woman's knowledge should be complete. By this I mean, that she should not only be educated, but also trained to be a perfect housewife, "skilled in knowledge and art, able to cook and clothe, cleanse, nurse, and keeps accounts, thrifty and waste-aborring, yet liberal to all developmental need. So shall she be fitted both to manage and to teach, should wifehood and motherhood be her happy lot." The last and the most important need is a True Religion. All the needs mentioned above are temporal, but this one thing is a paramount thing. What more essential thing does anyone want than this? "A woman is more apt to sin, as she is more unstable and temptable." Her capacity for abstract thought makes her more prone to put faith in a priest than in a book, and more apt to ponder the preacher's character than the truth of his message. When we look round we find temptations besetting us. We cannot face and expect to overcome them with our own strength. We should rely upon Him, who is the author and giver of all good things. He will carry us safely through all besetting sins if only we trust Him. We must learn to look upon all earthly sorrows, troubles, etc., as blessings in disguise. Acting up to our conscience, let us endeavour to lead a pure life, so that when death summons us, we may be ever ready to go to our Maker quite happily and with a free conscience

"Death, I proclaim thy loverhood!
All amorous, in winsome strife,
Thou woo'st the universe to wife,
And fatherest brood after brood,
Each scaffolding a loftier good
How, but for thee, had I had life,

Death?"

And when thou shalt, as withered wood,
Discleave me with thy pruning knife,
What lustier green shall then be rife!
What fate be mine?"

Death!"

J. H. H.

Malati

AN INDIAN NOVEL.

BY AN INDIAN LADY.

CHAPTER XV.



A YEAR afterwards, on a shady evening in summer, Malati sat under a mango-tree in the little backgarden of their house. She was reading Tennyson's *Princess*. Her face was more thoughtful than it was a year ago. Her eyes had a more pensive—we may say—a more sad

look. Now and then she raised her head and sat dreaming. Once she murmured:

"Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height:

What pleasure lives in height

In height and cold, the splendour of the hills?"

How sweet it must have been for The Princess to come down from her height at the bidding of her knight! How her heart must have responded and yielded to the master-hand of the man, who loved and understood her. How—

There was a soft touch on her shoulder. "Malati," said Sita's voice, "what are you dreaming about? You have taken a great deal to dreaming now-a-days, my girl. Why do you not come and help me in the house? Never mind," as Malati started up; "sit down again. I want to talk to you."

There was a long pause. Sita evidently did not know how to say what she had to say. At last she began:

"Malati, you know why Bhima comes here so often, do you not? You know his purpose? Well, I think you do. He is a good young man, and your father and I like him, and so does your uncle. What do you say? Bhima wishes me to ask you about it."

Malati raised her pale shy face. "O, mother," she stammered, "You know I am a widow."

"Yes, my child. But still all cases are not the same. Your father and I do not object. Bhima does not. Why should you?"

"But the principle, mother, the principle? If I give in so easily to temptation, what must others feel?"

"But still Malati, it is no use holding fast to a foolish prejudice."

"It is not foolish, mother. And, then, think of the harm such a marriage would do to Bhima. He would certainly be excommunicated and he would not rise in his profession. No, no, I cannot marry him."

"But, Malati, he does not mind anything. And he does not need to get on well in his profession. He has enough money. Then, again, you must think of the money you would get by marrying Bhima. Your uncle says he will give you half of his wealth only if you marry him."

"O, mother, I never thought you would think of the money. How can I marry him for his money?"

"If I think of the money, it is for your sake; and then you must think of him also. He will get the money only if he marries you. Think of it."

"And yet you used to object so much to widow-marriage. How you have changed, mother."

"If I have changed, it is for your sake, child. As I told you before, think well before refusing Bhima. Your father allows you to have your own will. I do not hold to such new-fangled notions, you know. If I were he, I would make you marry him. What do you say, Malati? Am I not hard-hearted?"

With a smile on her face, she left the garden, but her heart was heavy within her. She knew Malati's character, how strong it was, and how she held fast to the principles she believed in.

As for Malati, she sat there with a world of trouble in her heart. What could she do? She must stick to her principle. But she knew she could give away, if she liked. What was there, after all, against widow-marriage? Was it a mere matter of sentiment? Was it the money, which was undermining her resolve? Or was it her heart urging her to come down from the heights, like Princess Ida? Malati hung her head with the innate shyness of the Indian girl. But how much harm it would do to Bhima? and yet how would he get the money? What was she to do?

Once more her thoughts were interrupted. A young man came into the garden with a jaunty step. He was dressed in a grey flannel suit quite in the English style. He had a red tie with a diamond flashing in it. On his close-cropped head was a pale blue silk turban; on his finger a diamond ring. The ends of his moustache were turned up in the Kaiser style. He was Rama, cousin to Malati.

"Well, Malati," he said to her, "Why so sad? No, no, don't get up. Don't you know we follow the English style? Men must give women chairs, not women to men. And don't be so shy. I know all about it, Malati. Your mother told me and asked my advice. And what do you think

it is? You are quite right, Malati. Do not marry Bhima? How can you, being a—widow? And something else, Malati. You will not be hurt, will you, if I say it? Bhima is wanting to marry you only for your money, I think. Why do you look so startled? You do not care for him, do you? No, of course not. Well, he is sure to marry a rich girl. So you need not bother about the money. In fact, I think his mother has already bespoken a girl for him. He has only to give his consent to the arrangement, as I am sure he will, if you refuse him. So, you can be happy. Well, goodbye for the present."

He went away, but Malati sat there long alone. All the happiness seemed to be blotted out of her sky.

CHAPTER XVI.

Malati and her uncle Narayen sat together. The girl's fair face was downcast, but, if she had raised her eyes, tears of joy would have been seen in them. Her uncle looked at her with an approving eye and nodded his head.

"Yes, you are just the girl for him, Malati; and everything is easy before you. You have only to say the word, and Bhima will be with you. I have not told him yet, but you can ask your father to tell him the truth. Is he not your husband? You will forgive me, will you not, for saying that your husband was dead? I was a bad man, but now I have repented, and I shall now give you half my money. I have tried your character and you have stood the test. You stuck to your principle—"

"O, uncle, there were other considerations, besides those of widow-marriage. So I was not altogether true to my principle."

"O you are always like that, child, always too strict. Never mind, be happy now. And—goodbye for a long time, as I am going to Benares. You will not see me for a long time, but I hope I shall come back."

There were tears in his eyes, and Malati also wept. Then he left the room.

The girl sat in a pleasant reverie. How happy she was, how thankful; but—

But there entered the evil spirit in the shape of Rama. He looked uncomfortable, and yet tried to force a smile to his lips.

"Hallo, Malati," he cried, "so glad to hear the news. But—"

He sat so long silent and his face looked so unhappy that Malati at last asked him what the matter was. "Oh—nothing, nothing. I only want to tell you something, but how to tell it to you, when you are so happy."

"What is it, Rama? Please tell me."

"How can I? Tell me, Malati, are you very fond of Bhima? You are? Oh, what a pity?"

"Why," Malati flashed out. "He is a good man."

"No doubt, no doubt but— Well, the truth must be out sometime, so here it is. Only, you must forgive me for being the bearer of bad news. You know I am very fond of you, sister, and all I say is for your good. Well, I think, Bhima will feel very unhappy at these news. In fact, as I told you before, there was another girl bespoken for him, and he seems to like this marriage. Now, what I say, is, do not be eager to allow him to be called to you. Leave him alone—"

Malati stood up to her full height, and interrupted him with flashing eyes.

"Eager for him? Never! I do not want him. I shall ask my father not to tell him the truth at all, and I know father will listen to me." And she walked out of the room.

Rama stood up, wiping his heated brow. "What a spitfire," he thought. "Well, it is hard to lie, but what to do? I must have all the money."

In his room at the Indian hotel in Madras, Bhima was impatiently waiting for Rama. He was a tall well-made young man, with a noble handsome face, dressed in the English style like Rama, but with nothing flashy about him. His height and his breadth of shoulders looked well, as he walked up and down the room. At last he took out his watch. "He ought to be here by now," he muttered; "the train came in long ago. Ah, there he is," as footsteps were heard outside and Rama entered the room.

"Well, Rama, what news have you for me? does she consent? Have you given her my letter? Is she happy?"

"How many questions you ask me in one breath, my Bhima. Let me sit down, and you also sit down, Bhima. I do not like to see you walking about. Well, now, let me see. Does she consent? Yes, of course, she does, as every Indian girl would do to her husband's behest. Have I given her your letter? Yes, I have. Is she happy? Well, I do not know about it. She—"

"Do you mean to say she feels unhappy? She does not like me?"

"There you are again, my impetuous friend. Yes, that seems to me to be the truth, though it is hard to tell you. What I say is, leave her alone. She will soon come round."

"Leave her alone," Bhima flashed out. "Why, of course, I will. I do not want her at all. I shall telegraph to my mother to expect me to-morrow to arrange about the other marriage. Will you come with me?"

Rama said, "yes," with a covert smile about his well-cut, but sneering mouth.

CHAPTER XVII.

In the peaceful little village of A—, Bhima was walking about a lane, profoundly unhappy. Twilight was all over the land, and round him were the sights and sounds of a country place. A cowherd was driving his cows home with long low cries. Approaching him was a flock of bleating sheep. On either side of him, dimly seen, were fields of green waving corn. Country carts lumbered up the bare white road. A young moon was just appearing in a fleecy sky. Some crows were cawing in a tree close by, and large flying foxes were flying across the sky in a trailing line. Bhima felt very bitter towards the world. It was all so peaceful. How happy he would have been, if— Why was fate so unkind? When everything seemed to be right, everything was wrong. Of course, he could have commanded Malati to come to him; but, who wanted a reluctant wife? Not he.

Suddenly, the sound of low voices on the other side of a high hedge which he was approaching, struck on his ear. He stopped and listened, for his own name he had heard, and the voice of Rama's, and the sentence was a sinister one.

"Yes, is not Bhima a fool," Rama was saying. "And so is Malati. They just believe what I tell them. Now, do not be impatient about the money, man. Why did you follow me here all the way. Suppose my aunt knew about you. She would write to my father, and he would at once return and spoil everything. Leave me alone. I shall get this marriage over, and then Malati would never again look at Bhima. And then I shall be a very rich man, and your humble servant."

Bhima wanted to hear no more. He ran round the hedge and confronted Rama, seeing, as he did so, somebody else slink away stealthily.

"So now I understand everything," he told the quaking Rama. "You scoundrel. You want all the money, do you? Well, you will not get one pie, unless you do as I tell you. Will you do it?"

"Yes."

"Then go at once to Malati. Give her my letter, which you never gave her before, and tell her everything. Will you?"

"Yes."

"Wait; I shall come with you. I cannot trust you. On second thoughts, you had better post my letter with your explanation, and we shall go there to-morrow afternoon. Post it now. Come."

CHAPTER XVIII.

In her father's study, Malati sat at the writing table, once again very happy. Bhima's honest manly letter was before her. Her eyes filled with tears. How she had misunderstood him!

Now, what was she to write? He had said in his letter that he would not come unless she sent for him. But how was she to write to him—she, a poor shy Indian girl?

She bent over the paper and laid her head on her hand. What was she to say?

Suddenly, a firm hand closed over hers, and made her, before she knew what was happening, write "Yes" on the paper. Turning round, horror-stricken, but with a happy feeling that she knew who it was, she saw Bhima's flushed happy face above her's. He held her hand fast; he would not let it go, despite her efforts. A sound at the door made her look round. A shame-stricken, but still jaunty, Rama, stood at the door. He came forward with reluctant steps, trying to smile.

"Let me offer my hearty congratulations to the happy pair," he said, "Malati, I hope you will be happy."

Bhima looked at him with a stern angry look; but Malati's shy hand pressed his arm and constrained him to look round; and in her eyes he saw nothing but love and forgiveness and sweet pity.

THE END.

Puzzles for Christmas Time



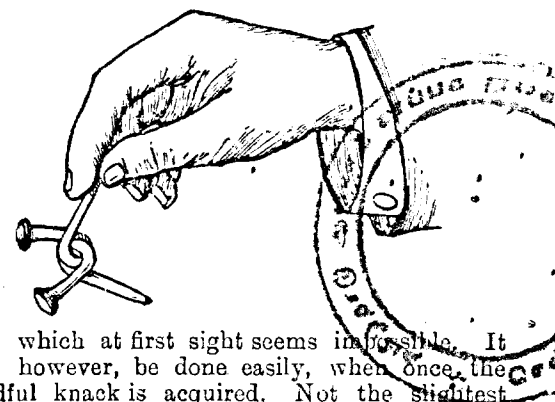
For persons of an ingenious turn of mind, there is a manifold charm about a good puzzle. There is pleasure in solving a mystery; there is pride in having performed an apparent impossibility; and, lastly, there is satisfaction in witnessing the unsuccessful endeavours of other people to prove themselves as clever as we. At Christmas-time, in particular, when the boys and girls are home for the holidays, when the short day is at an end, when the curtains are drawn, and the family circle gathers round the fire, any one who can propound a budget of good puzzles will be a scarcely less welcome guest than Santa Claus himself.

Of puzzles there are many kinds. There are puzzles mechanical, puzzles geometrical, puzzles arithmetical, and puzzles simply impertinent, such, namely, as seem to demand some serious solution, whereas the true answer depends

upon some ridiculous catch or "sell." I shall endeavour to give samples of each kind, and by way of a beginning I will describe

THE TWISTED NAILS.

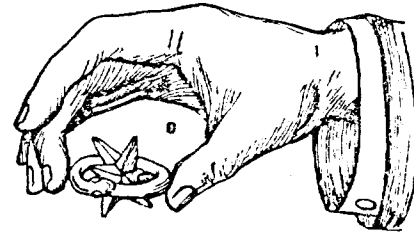
Two three-inch nails, of the kind known as "French," are bent as shown in the diagram (Fig. 1), the one within the other, like two links of a chain. The puzzle is to separate them, a



task which at first sight seems impossible. It can, however, be done easily, when once the needful knack is acquired. Not the slightest exertion of force is necessary.

THE SNAKE AND STAR.

This (see Fig. 2) is a representation in brass of a snake with its tail in its mouth. Working loosely within the oval thus formed is an iron



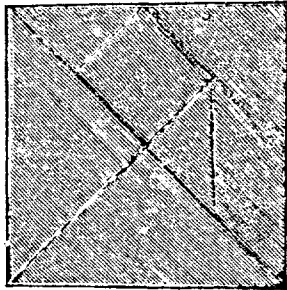
star, six-pointed, three of its arms above, and three below, the opening. The problem is to disengage the star from the snake.

THE AWKWARD LEGACY.

Farmer Jones, departing this life, by his will directed that his stock of horses should be divided between his three sons—Dick, Tom, and Harry—in the proportions following: Dick, the eldest, was to take half the number; Tom one-third; and Harry one-ninth. But when the old man died, it was found that the number of horses in his stables was seventeen, and seventeen is not divisible either by two, by three, or by nine.

What was to be done? Neither of the brothers was disposed to abate one whit of his rights. The family lawyer could think of nothing better than a friendly little Chancery suit to settle the

matter; but Dick objected, not unnaturally, that before the suit was finished the horses would be dead. As luck would have it, however, the three brothers were one day standing beside the gate of the paddock where their legacy was grazing, when the village doctor came driving by, and

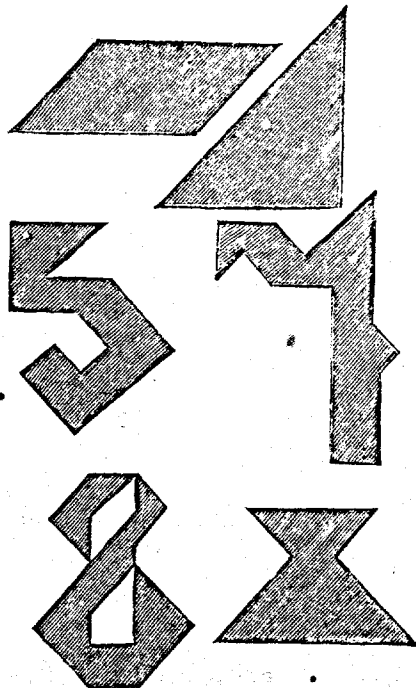


they told him of their difficulty. "Simplest thing in the world," said the doctor. "Why, my horse here could settle the question for you. Take him out of the gig, and drive him into the paddock, and he'll show you how to manage it." Which the horse did accordingly.

How was it done?

THE "ANCHOR" PUZZLE.

There are some half-dozen extremely clever "directed" puzzles comprised in what is known as the "Richter" series, after the name of the



ingenious inventor. Space only permits me to notice the first of the series, known as the

"Anchor." This, however, is merely a fancy title, having no reference to the actual nature of the puzzle.

The material consists of a square slab, three inches each way, of a hard terracotta-like composition, divided into seven segments as shown in the diagram (Fig. 3). The box in which it is packed contains also a little book of designs, over 150 in number, including representations, fanciful but unmistakable, of the ten digits and the letters of the alphabet, with numerous geometrical figures. Any one of these can be formed by re-arrangement of the seven segments, all of which must be used in the production of each figure. A few of these are shown below (Fig. 4). A makeshift imitation of the divided square can be cut out of cardboard, and will roughly answer the same purpose; but the real thing can be obtained of any high-class toy dealer for sixpence. Other puzzles of the Richter series are entitled the "Tormentor," the "Pythagoras," the "Cross," the "Circular," and the "Star."

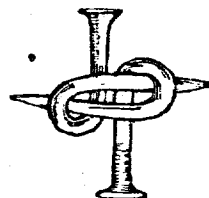
THE TWO CORKS.

Take two corks, such as are used for wine-bottles, and grip one in the fork of the thumb of each hand. Then nip the two ends of the cork in the right hand between the second finger and thumb of the left hand, at the same time taking hold of the cork in the left hand in the same way with the thumb and second finger of the right and draw them apart. The normal result is that the corks come into collision crosswise, these and the fingers holding them forming in effect two links of a chain. The problem is to avoid this and bring them away clear of each other.

AN ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

Find two numbers which, multiplied together, will give thirteen as the product.

SOLUTIONS.



THE TWISTED NAILS.

The two nails must be turned about till they assume the relative positions shown in Fig. 7. This done, they can be drawn apart easily. To re-unite them reverse the process.

THE SNAKE AND STAR.

On careful inspection it will be found that one of the arms of the star is a trifle shorter than the others, and has, further, one side of its point filed flat, though not to a noticeable extent.

To disengage the star, hold the snake horizontally between the left finger and thumb, the head nearest to your body, pointing to the right. Then turn about the star till you get it with the shorter arm also pointing to the right and the filed point uppermost. Turn that point towards you, at the same time depressing it slightly, when the star can be drawn out below.

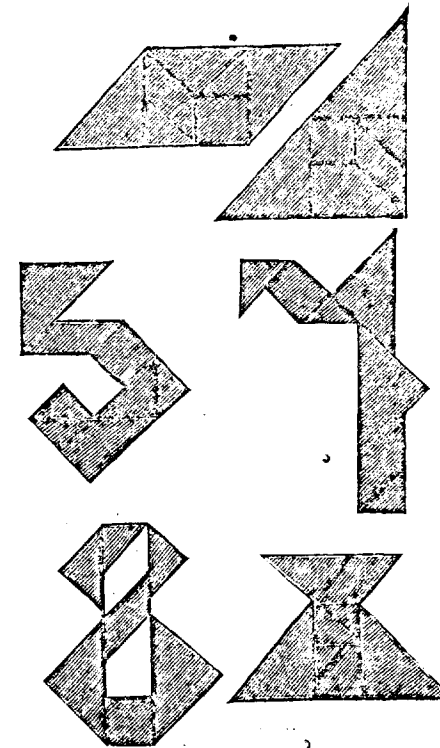
THE AWKWARD LEGACY.

The doctor's horse, added to the others, made the number in the paddock eighteen. Dick drove out half this number, i.e., nine; Tom one-third (six), and Harry two, being one-ninth. All were satisfied, each having his proper fraction. The doctor's horse was then brought out and put in the shafts again, and the doctor drove away to his next case.

Of course, there is a fallacy somewhere, but can you find it?

THE "ANCHOR" PUZZLE.

The subjoined diagrams (Fig. 8) will show how each figure is to be constructed.



THE TWO CORKS.

The difficulty lies in the fact that anyone not in the secret naturally holds both hands the same way, i.e., with the inside of each hand turned towards the body. To achieve the desired result the left hand must be turned palm outwards. This brings the thumb of the right hand on to the inner end of the left hand cork when the two will come away clear of each other.

AN ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

Why, certainly. Thirteen and one.

Our Children's Page:

SERIAL STORY.



The Back of No 15.

CHAPTER III.

A COBRA AND VINCENT JOHNSON.

THE next day we had a great excitement for the snake had got into the cook-room, and it turned out afterwards to be a cobra.

Bawarchee—he was the cook—came into the verandah where mother was sitting, to ask for orders for the day. And by the time they had settled about the dinner—we had ours in the middle of the day, and father and mother had theirs in the evening—something like ten minutes must have passed away.

Then Bawarchee went back to the cook-room—it was the end room of the block of the servant's quarters—and the first thing he heard was a terrible, "Hiss-s-s-s!" And before he had time to run out of the door, he caught sight of two diamond eyes. You may imagine how he jumped.

"Samp! Samp!" We heard him shouting at the top of his voice. And Ayah picked up Daisy in the clearing, and tore into the bungalow for her life.

Fortunately one of the gora-wallas (grooms) happened to be on the spot, and, with wonderful presence of mind, he ran up, and shut the door.

And there was the cobra locked up with the pots and pans! And there was Bawarchee wringing his hands outside!

All the servants came running into the clearing, of course, jabbering and gesticulating, and suggesting what ought to be done. And above the uproar Polly's voice was heard, "Samp! Samp!" louder than anyone else's.

There was a little wooden shutter in the cook-room wall, and it was open. Bawarchee peeped in. The cobra had crawled to the darkest corner of the room where its diamond eyes were glittering in the dusk. It was very angry, for it was spreading its hood; and that is always a sign of anger in the cobra.

"Hiss-s-s-s!" it wept again. And Bawarchee in his anxiety to get away fell sprawling over the *kitmutgar* (butler).

Somebody suggested throwing a pointed stake at it. So the *gora-wallas* went and cut a lot of sticks, and sharpened the ends. And then the servants went in turn to the open shutter, and tried to impale the snake. But none of them could manage to hit it.

In fact, the *thundore*, or oven, was in the way, and the cobra had crawled behind. All they saw was a spread hood, and a pair of glittering eyes, and a quick forked tongue. They heard the terrible "Hiss-s-s-s!"

Bawarchee was in despair. The fowls were in there waiting to be plucked. The curry wouldn't be cooked in time.

"Have a little patience!" urged the other servants. And the *gora-wallas* went and cut another lot of sticks.

It was not a bit of use. The cook-room floor was strewn all over with stakes, and the cobra was hissing louder than ever behind the *thundore*.

"If the Sahib were here he would shoot the Samp. Ram! Ram!" cried poor Bawarchee.

But father was away at the works. Unfortunately, too, he would not be home till evening.

And the fowls, and the curry, and the mango tart, and the plantain fritters all waiting to be cooked!

"Ram! Ram!" implored Bawarchee.

"Oh! son of a pig," cried the *kitmutgar*, "not to have remembered the *samp-walla*!"

And every one was staggered that no one had thought of him before. And Bawarchee, himself, ran all the way to Sanvordem, and came back, panting, with the snake-charmer.

He wore no clothes—nothing but a pugree on his head, and a loin-cloth round his waist; and in one hand he held a short forked stick, and in the other a pipe—or a little musical instrument.

He immediately begged the servants not to make any noise, and asked them, very humbly,

if they'd graciously tie up the dogs. And then he began to blow upon his little pipe.

Long after, when I heard a Scotchman, in a Highland kilt, playing a bagpipe in England, it reminded me of the snake-charmer's music.

But it was melancholy. A very doleful air without much tune. However, the snakes seem to like it.

"Music hath charms," says some poet, "to soothe the savage breast." And it certainly soothed the cobra. The hissing stopped, and the charmer went up, by and by, and boldly threw open the door.

But he didn't stop his music. "Too, too, too!" went the melancholy little pipe. The snake must have thought it entrancing. For soon we saw it gliding out of the cook-room door; and its anger had all evaporated.

The charmer walked backwards, playing all the time, and we felt almost as fascinated as the cobra. Wherever the charmer chose to go, the cobra followed. It had the appearance of being under a spell.

He drew it after him into the middle of the clearing, when suddenly he made a lunge. With a dexterous thrust he had pinned it to the ground—pinned it in the cleft of the little forked stick, exactly behind its head.

"Hiss-s-s-s!" went the snake; and lashed the ground with its tail. But it was helpless. It wriggled and writhed; and its angry eyes seemed to send out sparks of fire. But all in vain. It was a large cobra, too, and very powerful. But powerless now to strike the charmer.

And the servants covered their mouths with their hands, and cried in admiration, "Wah! Wah!"

The charmer then took a pair of pincers from his cloth, and pulled out the cobra's two teeth, which he told mother, in Hindustanee, were connected with the poison gland.

Then he pressed the cobra's jaws together with his thumbs and made it spit the poison from its mouth.

The cobra now was quite harmless, and the charmer unpinned the little forked stick. Then to comfort it, he played another little tune upon his pipe, and the snake, quite fascinated, went through many curious movements at his bidding.

Philly asked if a snake had ever bitten him.

And he said, "No, baba, *khooda ka murgee*," (by the mercy of God.)

Maddie asked him why he had become a *samp-walla*.

He answered, in Hindustanee, that it was for his stomach's sake. And put his hand upon the place.

Then mother gave him one rupee, and he salaamed three or four times to the ground. He

said, "God will reward the cherisher of the poor."

Then he sounded the money on a stone to see if it would ring true; and when he found that it did, he said, "*Khooda hafiz!*" (May God be your protector.)

And with another salaam he went down the track to Sanvordem, with the cobra coiled round his neck.

And Bawarchee disappeared into the kitchen like lightning, and began wildly feathering the fowls.

Dinner was late that day. But as Bawarchee very truly remarked, "*Khooda knew he'd been sorely hindered.*"

CHAPTER IV.

"Saturday!" said Maddie, opening her eyes. "Josie, are you awake?"

I said, "Yes." And then I gave myself a squeeze for very joy. I had been awake for half-an-hour thinking of Denzil's coming, and wondering, too, what sort of a person Vincent Johnson was.

She said as if she had been reading my very thoughts, "I wonder what Vincent's like."

I answered a little pettishly, "A paragon, according to Denzil."

"Well, if he is," said Maddie calmly, "so much the better for us."

We were going to meet them—Maddie and I—and, as a great treat, we were going as far as Panjim Harbour. Mother would have come, too, only baby wasn't well, so Ayah and the Hamal were coming with us instead. And Philly and Dot were to come down later on to the creek, in the *ekka*, with the *gharry-walla*.

The *ekka* was a little flat cart, with only two wheels, and drawn by a little red bull. You sat down flat in it, just as you would in a palanquin. Rajah was the red bull's name.

We rode down to Sanvordem, and to the lovely little creek, and there was the steam launch puffing and blowing away. And I couldn't help thinking, as we stepped on to the deck, that we'd sail away ourselves some day, never to come home again.

Maddie saw them first. They were waiting for us on the pier at Panjim Harbour. As the launch steamed in I could see Denzil laughing. And the boy with him had a freckled face and red hair!

"The whole boiling!" we heard Denzil say. We didn't know what he meant. And he pointed out Ayah and the Hamal.

Then they came on board. Denzil looked very little changed. He said, "Hulloa, Josie?" in the same old voice. And I could have simply hugged him in my joy.

"Here are my sisters, Johnson," he added. "That's Maddie. And this is Jo."

I murmured, "How d'you do?" And was dreadfully conscience of his hair and freckles.

It was Maddie who said in a very polite voice, "We're so glad to have you come with Denzil, Vincent."

Vincent Johnson smiled, and showed a set of straight white teeth. He said, "Thanks awfully," in a very gentlemanlike way.

Afterwards he said to Denzil, "What a pretty girl your sister Maddie is!"

I daresay he thought me a *jungly-walla*.

"Jo," said Denzil, "put your hand just here," and he spread his fingers close to Vincent Johnson's hair. "Take care, though, you don't burn yourself. Oh, thunder! isn't it frizzling hot!"

"Shut up, Fortescue!" said Vincent, and he ducked away; and got a little red. But not as red as his hair. And I got red, too, from sheer sympathy. It was horrid of Denzil, I thought.

But Denzil laughed. And then Vincent laughed. And he had merry twinkling eyes. And Maddie said, to change the topic, "Did you have a nice journey from Bombay?"

"Rattling!" Vincent Johnson said it was.

And Denzil agreed with him that it was "Rattling!" too.

We thought "rattling" had something to do with the steamer then. We learned better during the Christmas holidays.

They had arrived last night—too late to leave Panjim Harbour for the jungle; and they had to put up at the little Portuguese hotel.

"And a dirty hold it is!" said Denzil, turning up his nose. Vincent Johnson agreed. And, looking into each other's eyes, they both exploded.

I must say it didn't look very clean, and there were transparent shells, instead of glass, in the windows. However, neither of them looked any the worse for that. And we all sailed back together to Sanvordem.

We learned that Vincent Johnson's great ambition was to shoot a tiger. Indeed, he had come to the jungle only for that, I think. In fact, he was quite mad about the jungle, and asked us heaps of things about our jungle life.

"Have you never been in a jungle before?" Maddie said to him.

And he answered regretfully, "No." And when we told him that we'd lived there all our lives, he looked as if he simply envied us.

At Sanvordem we found the *gora-wallas* waiting with our tats. And Philly's pony had been brought for Vincent's use.

"It's no end jolly!" he said.

Philly said, "Are you the boy that peppered your trousers, Vincent?"

And he and Denzil shouted at the remembrance.

Dot and Philly were sitting in the *ekka*. And Vincent said that Rajah was a jolly bull. "Jolly" we found out was a tremendous word of his. And "no end jolly," meant something extra special.

With Denzil, of course, everything was "jolly" too. And when we had mounted our tats, and Maddie and Vincent had ridden ahead of us, and Denzil and I found ourselves riding one behind the other, just in the old, old way, he said, "Do you remember, Josie, how we sneaked away? And how the Governor escorted us with lighted torches up this very track? And what a hullo-bulloo they made? Ha! ha! ha! It's no end jolly, Josie, to be home again! And how's the Mater, Jo?"

He hadn't changed. He hadn't changed an atom. And if no England had been looming in the distance, I'd have been perfectly happy, I think.

Vincent Johnson seemed perfectly happy in front, and kept on shouting what a jolly place it was. He had never ridden in single file like this. "It was no end jolly!" he said.

And when a monkey chattered at him and leapt to the top of a palm, and swung head downwards with its tail curled round a bough, Vincent could hardly speak for rapture. He whispered, "jolly!" to himself.

Needless to say, he was in love with our clearing—in love with the bungalow and all! "This is the sort of place I'll live in when I'm a hunter," he told us. And he wanted to go and have a "pot" at something there and then.

Mother said she was very glad to see him. "I hope," she added, "you will make yourself at home."

He said, "Thanks awfully!" in his gentleman-like way; and got a little red.

Then Polly made a diversion by shrieking out Denzil's name. And fluttering her wings, and bobbing her head, she squawked out, "Kiss me, Denzil."

Vincent Johnson roared.

"Kiss! Kiss!" said Polly, cleverly imitating the sound. And then she cocked her eye on Denzil's friend, and squawked out, "Who are you?"

"Vincent Johnson, Polly," said Denzil.

"How d'you do?" said Polly.

Vincent Johnson was so surprised that he answered, "Quite well, thanks."

"Make yourself at home," squawked Polly, and shrieked out, "Tiffin lao! Bawarchee! Bawarchee! Bring the tiffin! Tiffin for Vincent Johnson!"

Mother liked him. She said he was a nice bright boy. And father said he'd grown a fine crop of carrots. Dot and Philly hung on every word he uttered.

Maddie said, "Aren't you glad he's come Josie, after all?"

"I'm not sorry, anyway," I said.

CHAPTER V.

VINCENT PLAYS "SHIKAREE."

He had brought a rifle with him—a present from his uncle at Bombay. And he and Denzil took to shooting at empty bottles.

Whenever he managed to hit one, "That's in the heart of a tiger!" he would say. He was quite mad to shoot a tiger.

They used to fish, too; and Maddie and I would often go with them. It was the same river into which the little creek emptied itself. We used to start out, with our tiffin, immediately after breakfast.

But, to Vincent's disgust, we didn't see the *mugger* again. Denzil said, "It had died of mad dog." For we told them all about the pariah.

And we rode, of course, nearly every day—miles and miles through the forest tracts. Vincent loved it. But not more than he loved shooting snipe. Denzil and he got quite clever at bringing down the birds.

"It's a preparation, you know," said he, "for larger game."

We little knew how soon his chance would come.

It was just before Ramoosee had lighted the lanterns, and Philly, who was at the window, gave a scream. It was followed by a howl, and then a dreadful squeal, and at the same moment a large dark object flashed across the verandah, and was gone!

"What's that?" we all screamed out. And Philly shrieked again. "A tiger's taken Fan!"

We knew, of course, that it couldn't be a tiger! For tigers never come, you know, close up to a house.

Vincent tore into the verandah, with his rifle in his hand, and Denzil at his heels, while mother cried, "Come back!"

They saw the object leap across the clearing, just as Ramoosee came from the other side with a lighted lantern in each hand.

"Ram! Ram!" we heard him yell. And then he flung the lantern at the thing that had pounced on Fan.

Immediately the oil caught fire, and made a blaze; and then we heard the hideous cry of a hyena. Of course, to cry, he had to drop Fan out of his jaws, and in the blaze we saw Fan skurrying away, while Ramoosee ran back howling to the servants' quarters.

Lucky for him that he did. For "bang!" went the report of a rifle the instant after. And the hyena fell. "I've got him!" came an exultant cry in Vincent's voice.

We barely heard him, for everybody screamed at the same time; and the kitmutgar fell down with a tray of glasses, and broke five!

The clatter was dreadful. And in the light of the burning oil we could see the heaving body of the hyena; but a second after it lay perfectly still.

Then Denzil shouted, "Look at Fan!"

And we heard Vincent crying, in a voice of agony, "Don't let her spoil the skin!"

For when Fan saw the hyena drop she turned, and rushed on him, and began to claw at her fallen enemy; and the servants had to pull her off the dead hyena's back.

"Wah! Wah!" yelled Ramoosee from the shelter of his hut. And, "Wah! Wah!" shouted the other servants, looking at Vincent with awe.

"Is he quite dead, Vincent?" Dot was inquiring shrilly.

And Philly ran down boldly and touched the hyena's head.

"That's through practising at the empty bottles," Maddie said.

Vincent replied, "The bullet's in his heart, I believe. My first beast's skin," he added. And I never saw such a look of rapture on a person's face.

And when mother said, "I congratulate you, Vincent," he simply flung his arms round her, and gave her a sounding kiss.

The dead hyena was dragged into an out-house to be safe from the jackals and kites, and the *shikaree* came up from Sanvordem next morning, and took off the skin to cure.

Fan didn't escape scot free. The hyena's teeth marks were on her neck, and one of her ears was torn.

We dubbed Vincent "shikaree" after that, which means, in Hindustanee, a hunter.

"Where's the *shikaree*?" Father used to say. And Vincent, though he grinned with pleasure, used to grow as red as his hair.

I daresay it was all the chaff about calling him *shikaree*, and the fact of his having really shot the hyena, that put a daring plan into Vincent's head.

First of all he kept on bothering Miguel, the carpenter, to make another trap; and was almost aggrieved that the new *tuppai-walla* (postman) had gone scot free, ringing his bell and delivering his letters, without being pounced on by another tiger.

Miguel explained that it was a man-eater that had pounced on the postman. And a man-eater is a lazy old tiger, too lazy to hunt deer and wild boars.

"No seeing man-eater at present time," Miguel said. "Being very bad for village when man-eater coming again."

The *shikaree* of course—the real *shikaree*, I mean—could reel off tales by the yard, of his dreadful tiger fights. Vincent and Denzil were never tired of listening.

But "The Protector of the Poor," he said, "had driven the *bagh* (tiger) away; first, by the blasting for the railway, and *khooda ka murgee*, (by the mercy of God).

His breast was scarred all over with terrible marks, and he had lost one of his ears, and two of his fingers as well.

But he said that when Vincent was a man he'd be proud to hunt with him; and that he'd take him into the jungle, into the heart of the jungle's heart. And, "*Huzrut, salamat*," he added, with a very low salaam, which means, in Hindustanee, "Health to your Honour."

All this was very well, but Vincent, you see, wanted to shoot a tiger now. "*L'appétit vient en mangeant*," he said, which is a French proverb he had learned at school. It means, "Appetite comes with eating."

He had got a hyena skin to take away, and he was hungering now for the noble tiger's.

He said, "I heard a roar last night. And such a roar! It woke me out of my sleep. The blasting hasn't driven all the tigers away."

"So did I," I said, "I heard a terrible roar! And when all was quiet how the jackals barked!"

"When the tiger has finished his dinner," said Denzil, "and said his grace, the jackals generally finish the remains of the kill."

"That's so," said Vincent. "Oh, Denzil!" he added. "I've got a plan. Such a plan, Josie! You won't know whether you're standing on your head or on your heels. You know the stables?"

"Well?" said Denzil. And I gave a nod.

"Not the near one where your father keeps his horses, next to the *gorra-wallas'* rooms; the end stables, the last of all, where the tats are kept. It's the nearest to the jungle," he said.

"Well?" said Denzil.

"Ramoosee hangs a lighted lantern over each stable door at night. Why?" asked Vincent.

"To keep the wild beasts at bay."

"And if we watched in that stable one night, and turned the lanterns out—"

"Oh, thunder!" said Denzil.

"Watched with rifles, with a kid for bait—"

"Walls have ears," said Denzil.

So we ran out into the clearing where nobody but we could hear. And that was the beginning of it all!

I did say, "Father wouldn't like it; remembering I was the eldest, you know."

But Denzil said, "Shut up, Jo. Maddie mustn't know," he went on, and added, "Maddie's far too conscientious to go in for a lark."

I felt a stab. Conscientious? Yes, Maddie was that. And I had promised to be a pattern for the little ones!

Vincent was explaining; but I heard only half he said. And Denzil, looking at me, whispered, "Don't be a wet blanket, Jo."

"There's no harm, really, Josie," said Vincent.

And Denzil added, "Never mind, Vincent, we'll plan it by ourselves."

He knew that that would touch me. And I did not say another word. Besides, I wanted to sit up in the stable and watch all night; and, as Vincent hurriedly explained to us, no one need be alarmed.

"It's not like running away to the village," he added, "and making your mother afraid. We'll just slip out of our rooms at night, when the others have gone to bed."

They were to get a kid. "That was the first important thing," said Vincent. They would go to Sanvordem that very day. Rama, the milkman, would let them have one cheap. And Vincent rattled some rupees in his trousers pocket.

"His uncle had tipped him handsomely," Denzil said.

Then we went and took a look at the stable, and Vincent pronounced it "first rate." The iron-railed window, looking junglewards, was "no end jolly!" he said.

I didn't go with them to Sanvordem; but when they got back to the bungalow, they winked at me. Maddie and I were playing with the little ones in the verandah, and Philly asked Denzil why they had gone to Sanvordem that day.

"Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies," said Denzil; and then he whispered to me, "It's all right."

Just for a moment I did think it was all wrong. Only—to think of sitting up watching for a tiger in the dead of night!

That a tiger would come, Vincent, against our better judgment, had convinced us. It was a curious manner that he had of carrying one away.

I heard Denzil say to him, "Isn't old Jo a trump?"

It was impossible to draw back after that.

We had scones for tea—little hot buttered scones that were a speciality of Bawarchee's. I don't know why I have always remembered that. There are some things that stand out in one's memory always, and the taste of the scones, even to this day, brings back that feeling of

delicious danger which made me half afraid, half eager, and altogether thrillingly excited.

Philly spilt his tea, too; and it made Denzil laugh uproariously. The tea was hot, and it trickled down on Philly's knees.

Mother said it was unkind of Denzil, and Ayah was very angry, indeed.

Only Vincent and I knew why Denzil laughed. It was to let off some of his excitement, of course. Vincent looked at me, and I looked at Vincent, and then guiltily down at our plates.

"It will be a full moon to-night, Vincent," Maddie said. "You know you wanted to see the jungle when the moon was full."

Denzil laughed again. And Vincent coloured. And mother said that Denzil was in a silly mood.

We played games after tea—*Snap* and *Beggar my Neighbour*. And when Ayah came to take Daisy and Philly to bed, the two boys yawned with relief.

They had arranged everything themselves. "Not to compromise Josie too much," Vincent had said in his gentlemanlike way.

He had tipped the *gora-walla* with one of his uncle's rupees; and he had lent him the stable key. And they were considering whether they ought not to tip Ramoosee with another to sleep sound in the verandah that night.

"Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee,"

came the murmur of Daisy's voice. She was saying her prayers to mother in the inner room.

The evening seemed very long. Denzil fidgeted. Vincent kept looking at the clock. I pretended to read. Maddie, alone, sat and did her fancy-work quite serenely. She was working some slippers for father.

And in the distance Ayah's never-ending croon was almost maddening, as she sang the little ones to sleep.

"Yarricoco! Jarricoco!
Baby's going to sleep
Billy Winkings comes along,
And shuts up eyes that peep.
Peep, baba! Sleep, baba!
Shut up winking eyes;
Baby's going to sleep now,
So still the baby lies:
Sleep light,
Heart's delight!
Shut are baby's eyes."

It was an old Indian song, and she always sang it. Only she sang it in Hindustanee, of course.

I suppose I dosed. I had tried to keep awake listening for Denzil's signal; but I had actually fallen asleep. I had gone to bed because I was obliged to, of course—undressed and all, on

account of Maddie, you know, because Maddie and I slept in the same bed, when I felt something tugging at the counterpane.

I thought it was a rat, for we had lots of rats in the roof, and listened to hear it scabble, scabble away; but, instead of that there came another tug, and I started up to see Denzil's face peering at me through the parted mosquito curtains.

"Sh-sh-sh!" he said; and put up a warning finger. And then he clapped his hand upon my mouth. "They're all in bed," he whispered. "And Ramoosee's snoring like a pig. I've been to the verandah to see. And you must hurry up, Josie, you know."

Maddie was sleeping sound. I slipped noiselessly out of bed, and tucked the curtains carefully in again.

The room was quite light. It was the moonlight shining through the shutter bars. It made the lanterns in the verandah look quite dim and pale. I dressed very hurriedly—anyhow, I am afraid—and crept to the verandah where the boys were waiting for me.

Fortunately Fan was out of the way. A native dog-doctor had taken her to Sanvordem to attend to her ear and her wounds.

None of us spoke. We only looked across the moonlight clearing rather fearfully. The boys held their rifles in their hands. Then Vincent whispered, "Have you got the stable key?"

Denzil nodded.

I said, "Where is Ramoosee?"

"Round the corner," Denzil whispered, "fast asleep."

Then Vincent asked softly, "Are you ready?"

We all paused. We were ready, of course—only—the clearing was light enough. But beyond—beyond the stables, you know, and behind!

Just behind the stables were two ricks, two monstrous ricks of hay for the horses; and behind them, the tall jungle grass; and behind that, the terrible jungle itself. We saw the dark shadows cast by the tall trees; and far away we could hear a jackal bark.

"Are you ready?" Vincent, said again, and his voice shook.

Denzil put out his hand and caught mine. Without stopping to think we ran across. And I never knew before how big the clearing was. We passed the pigeon pole and the cocoanut palm, and stood panting together at the stable door.

They were a long time fitting the key; but they opened the door at last. The tats turned their heads, and whinnied softly. And "Baa-a-a!" said the poor little kid.

The kid was the worst part of the business. I couldn't bear to think of the kid. And when it rubbed its soft little head against my knee, I felt like a murderer, indeed.

They were going to tie it up outside, just under the window of the stable. Vincent declared he could hit the tiger before it could spring on the kid; and he was such a good shot that we believed him implicitly. Then, too, he had been practising at all the empty bottles. He hit more bottles than Denzil did.

"And with both our rifles resting on the window ledge, the tiger," said Vincent, "will have a narrow shave."

Denzil took up the kid in his arms, and Vincent ran outside with him to tie it up. Then Denzil gave Vincent a back, and one by one they turned out the stable lights, and bolting into the stable they shut the door, and took up their places at the window.

The kid saw their faces peering through the bars and bleated piteously; and put his loofs against the wall to get at them. By putting my arm through the iron bars, I could just touch its head. It comforted it, I think.

But Vincent said it was a dangerous thing to do. And Denzil said, "Girls had too much sentiment."

We waited for a long time, all peering through the iron bars, listening to the bleating of the kid. As I said before, there were two large ricks of hay behind this stable, and behind them the jungle grass. Now and again we heard it rustle.

Suddenly the night-hawk screeched, and we all three jumped in our excitement. Then there was a rustling in the branches, and we knew that the monkeys were moving.

"Chatter! Chatter!" we heard them go, half angry, and half afraid. Something had disturbed them. It might have been a snake. And it might also have been a cheetah or a leopard. Then a wolf howled very far away. And after, that we heard a low growl.

"Baa-a-a!" bleated the poor little kid, and made a frantic effort to climb up to the window. I should have liked to put out my arm and touch its head again, only, then, I was too much afraid.

Silence once more. A long, long, silence. Only the rustling of the jungle grass, and the wind singing through the branches of the trees.

"Behind that rick," said Denzil, and stopped suddenly, for the tats began to plunge in their stall. The kid started a "Baa!" which was choked in its throat, and its legs doubled up under it quite helplessly.

I heard Vincent breathe hard, and I saw him steady his rifle; I felt my legs doubling up like the poor kid's. There was a shadow near the

hayricks—a shadow we hadn't seen before, and there was a queer purring sound in the air.

I saw a dark object leap. I heard a rumble like thunder. And two shots rang out through the iron bars. The thing made a somersault, and dropped on his haunches, and opened its mouth in a roar.

I saw eyes in the moonlight—eyes that put the pale moon to shame; and teeth that reminded me of the trapped tiger's.

I heard Vincent say, "Steady!" in a queer, far-away voice. And I smelt the hot horrid breath of the creature.

It was wounded. One of those shots had wounded it in the flank; and the pain of it was maddening it into rage.

It leapt again—leapt, not on the kid, but at the window. And I remember that I shrank back with a scream.

Again the two shots rang out, and again the thing toppled backwards with a roar. Such a roar! The very stable trembled. Another. And another. And another. And then I thought of father.

Ramoosee yelled. We could hear him all the way from the verandah. "That'll wake the Governor," Denzil said. And, "Pop! Pop!" went their rifles once more.

There was a horrid gurgle in the creature's throat, and its quivering limbs suddenly straightened—grew stiff.

"He's dead!" said Vincent in a queer trembling voice. And Denzil ran and opened the stable door.

"They're all awake!" he cried in a sort of care-for-nothing voice, and pointed to the lighted windows of the bungalow.

"Is it a tiger?" I heard Vincent say.

"No," answered Denzil, "it's a panther."

"Bother!" said Vincent in a disappointed tone. "I'd have given my—my right hand for a tiger."

"Would you, indeed!" said a very grim voice; and I crouched back, for I knew it was father's.

Ramoosee was there, too, flourishing a lantern and very brave in the presence of father. And the *gora-wallas* ran out, and the *kitmutgar* as well, and the night air resounded with, "Wahs!"

"Sir," said Vincent, "we have shot a panther."

"I hope," said father, "you haven't injured my horses. My horses—" he went on in a very grim voice, when a shout from the verandah stopped him.

It was mother speaking; and she called out something which ended in, "Josie there?"

"Josie?" said father, turning to the boys.

"Yes, father," I answered. "I am here."

"Josie!" repeated father in very cold tones.

"I might have guessed it. Upon my word!"

"Sir," said Vincent, "you must blame me for it all. I planned it all myself—I—"

"Take the *missee-baba* to the bungalow" interrupted father, speaking, in Hindustanee, to Ramoosee. "Juldi!" (at once).

And then to me, "Go to your mother, Josie." Vincent gave me an agonized look. So did Denzil. But it was no use. I could see the stretched-out body of the panther in the moonlight, and the kid still doubled up on its knees.

"Go to your mother, Josie," repeated father.

And Ramoosee said "*Chullo*, (come) *missee*!"

(To be continued.)

What has been done for and by Indian Ladies.

WOMEN STUDENTS' HOSTELS—IN MADRAS.

The number of young women who go in for higher education in this Presidency is gradually increasing as the statistics show. Some few of these are drawn to Madras from long distances by the superiority of the educational advantages offered here, but most of them come up from the towns of South India, where they have already gone as far as local schools will take them. With the exception of the few whose families live in the Presidency town, the only provision so far for such students in the way of boarding accommodation has been that provided by the Young Women's Christian Association, as none of the higher schools or colleges have Hostels for female students connected with them. The Boarding Department of the Y.W.C.A. has been greatly appreciated during the past year, by both Europeans and Indians, but the Association has never been able to keep up with the growing demand, so that rooms have always been at a premium, especially since the fine large property on Poonamallee Road was secured and put in order two years ago. Many improvements have been made since then, but more rooms are wanted. The Association is now to be congratulated on the recognition of its growing efforts of the past thirteen years to meet the needs of our students by a substantial grant from Government, to enable it to make the necessary additions, for which plans have been approved and work on which will begin at once. From the Educational Department a grant of Rs. 3,200 for the additions to the two Student hostels has been promised, and Rs. 10,000 from the Government direct. In addition to this, Rs. 5,000 given in 1905 from the same source has been received from "Miscellaneous Donations for Charitable Purposes," the Association having already spent about Rs. 70,000 on the purchase and the improvement of the premises to date.

The additions to be made now are an upper storey to the main bungalow of four large bedrooms on the east and south sides for the European Student hostel and an entire wing of two storeys to the south sides of the Indian Student hostel. When the latter is completed, there will be room for twenty-five Indian students as against eight in the present quarters. The need was so urgent that just now three other Indian students have to be provided with room in the main bungalow and several turned away. When the additions are completed, special provision will be made for caste students, which is now a need unprovided for. There will be a sliding scale of charges according to the desirability of the rooms and the number occupying each, so that all may be suited as to price. These hostels are as central as could be for all the schools and colleges and help greatly to reduce difficulties of anxious parents in the mofussil, in arranging for their daughters' education.

The Association also makes provision in the Boarding Department for other young women, in offices, business, telegraph, etc., and always keeps one room free for transient guests at very reasonable terms, which is constantly in demand by many ladies passing through, who would not care to go to an hotel alone.

A splendid work is also being done by the Association in the way of technical education for the girls in Madras. The classes in type-writing and shorthand increase in size each term. The standard is also being raised. The Educational Institute, which is still much needed to provide adequate accommodation for these and other useful classes, will have to be postponed to a future date for lack of funds, though plans for it have been approved. The present hall is much too small for the many lectures, social gatherings, and other helpful features the Y.W.C.A. is constantly providing for the young women of Madras. (From a correspondent.)

News and Notes.

WOMEN IN BOSNIA—ADVENT OF A NEW ERA.

It is hardly possible, says F. A., in the "*Daily Mail*," to get a comprehensive idea of the costume and dress of the women throughout the newly annexed States of Bosnia and Herzegovina, unless the traveller is able to visit every little town and village in the two provinces. But a fair idea may be obtained from a visit to the capitals of both provinces, Mostar and Sarajevo.

The population of Mostar, the capital of Herzegovina, is almost entirely Mahomedan. There is a conspicuous-looking Orthodox Church, a white building, with spire and black domes, set up on the hillside; but to judge from what is to be seen in the course of a few rambles through the streets of the picturesque old town, Mahomedan women predominate.

Most of them are Slav, or, to be more accurate, Servians, by descent. The term Slav is a comprehensive one, and may be applied to all the peoples of the Balkan States who are not Austrian or Turkish. It is this element in their nature that unites them to the Russians in some characteristics. The Slav language, once mastered, enables the traveller to be understood in all these States.

Yet each State has its subtle differences of nationality, of language and characteristics, and deep offence may be given by the unwary foreigner who does not know how to differentiate between the Croat, the Servian, or the Bulgarian. Under these circumstances small talk in the drawing-rooms of Flume, where all these nationalities are to be found, becomes a delicate art if no susceptibilities are to be wounded.

The women of Mostar, then, are Servians by descent, with the exception of a few Turks who remained in the province after the general exodus of the Turkish community which took place on the Austrian occupation.

The outdoor costume of these women is quite striking, and consists of what looks like a heavy black great-coat, which is worn even in the tropical heat that begins in the town as early as May. The arms of the coat hang loose and the collar is replaced by a severe looking and very unbecoming hood, worn over the head, which completely overshadows the face. The face itself is quite covered by a "yashmak" or opaque veil, made of what appears to be a cheap kind of striped art-muslin, such as adorned our bed-room windows in days happily gone by. Sometimes there is a slit for the eyes—more often not; and one cannot help wondering how the poor women can endure such a stifling costume throughout the blazing summer.

The Mahomedan women have had to put up with a great deal in the past, but the better classes are gradually throwing off the yoke. The women of Turkey in particular are advancing. They are far more widely and deeply read than their Christian sisters, and the rebellion against their imposed destinies which has so long been smouldering is now influencing the whole of Turkey. The Turkish women are not violent suffragists, but they offer one more example to the interested onlooker of the fact that a nation is what its women make it, and the progress of a nation may be accurately forecast by the charac-

ter and position of its women and the corresponding enlightenment of its men.

There are two harems near Mostar, to which the lady visitor with introductions may gain admittance. The word "harem" means "home," and the modern Turk is inclining more and more towards monogamy. This evolution of a polygamous race is a very significant answer to those who would solve the problem of the superfluous women of Europe by instituting polygamy. These faddists hold that nature evidently intended it. The Mahomedan race have tried the system for centuries, and are abandoning it.

The harem then, consists of the master of the house, his wife, and their female relations, and it is no more a harem, in the abused sense of the term, than the average one-man family so often seen in England. From the moment she is veiled, in the early teens, a woman in Mostar is not allowed to be seen unveiled by any man except her near relations, and she neither sees nor is seen by her husband until the wedding ceremony.

HOW THE DOG ADOPTED THE MAN.

A North countryman once created much merriment in a County Court dispute as to the ownership of a dog by solemnly deposing, "I belong to the dog." That the man belonged to the dog rather than the dog to the man is very gravely set forth in the *Contemporary Review* by Dr. Woods Hutchinson, as he writes on "The Origin of the Dog." His suggested explanation is:—

That instead of man adopting the dog into his family, "the dog adopted man into his pack!" The mechanism of the process would appear to have been that a certain number of the more intelligent of the wolves or wild dogs of the region found that it was more profitable to follow man in his hunting expeditions and let him do the killing, for their share of the entrails and waste parts of the animal, than it was to kill for themselves. From following him on his hunting expeditions, they gradually came to follow him home; and finding that bones and offal, and occasional human bodies were to be picked up around these encampments, they became a sort of permanent hangers on of the tribe.

In a little time, doubtless, man took the hint, and after he had wounded an animal found it was more profitable to sit down (savages always have plenty of time), and let his canine followers do the work upon the quarry and chase it down, endeavouring to get in at the death himself, than to track it on his own account.

To this day wolves follow the trapper and the hunter for the sake of his ample leavings from

the prey he has captured. The writer proceeds:—

If this theory of the origin of the partnership between man and the dog should prove well-founded, it ought to give us an increased respect both for him and for ourselves. We are blood comrades, honourable allies and equals, not owner and slave, or master and servant. If either party to the pact and treaty should be squeamish about recognising the equality of the other,—it should not be man.

The question still remains in doubt as to whether dogs sprang from a single form of wild canine, or that the breed had a multiple origin with a strong preponderance of wolf. The writer seems to lean to the latter conclusion. He concludes by saying of the "yaller dog" of commerce and of the comic journals:—

This interesting little free lance of the back alleys and the garbage pails is modern "avatar," of the primitive spirit of his tribe in his prowling habits, predatory disposition, keenly pricked ears, watchful and suspicious eye, and last, but not least, in his immortal colour, which is ludicrously suggestive of his lupine or jackal-like ancestry.

On the other hand, he has also under his yellow skin, qualities that no known wolf has ever yet displayed. An affection for man, which is really pathetic in its intensity, a devotion and fidelity to what he imagines to be your interests, which is positively embarrassing. He "will" belong to you, whether you want him or not.

Mrs. Araminta Kern, wife of the Democratic candidate for vice-president, is prominent in the charitable club and kindergarten work carried on in Indianapolis, Ind.

Miss Clare M. Howard, instructor in rhetoric and composition at Wellesley College, has been appointed to the international fellowship founded by the Society of American Women of London.

Mrs. Hugh Fraser, the clever sister of Marion Crawford, has lived much in Japan and has written well about that country. Her two volumes on the subject, published a few years ago, made delightful reading. Recently she has written a novel of Japanese life, called "The Heart of a Geisha."

A Siamese girl, Miss Hilda Anoon Traa, has come to America in order to familiarize herself with educational methods, with a view to opening a school of her own in her native country. Miss Traa will start in one of the lowest of the classes in a school at Hartford, Conn., where she will take up kindergarten methods and music. She will spend three years in America.

"Christian Reid" is Mrs. Frances Fisher Tiernan, of Salisbury, North Carolina, of which State she is a native. She is the author, among several other stories, of two excellent tales of life in the West Indies, the one *The Man of the Family*, the other *The Chase of an Heiress*. Both these novels were published a number of years ago by G. P. Putnam's Sons, whose imprint is upon "Christian Reid's" new romance, *Princess Nadine*, a capital tale full of spirit, charm, and excitement, which has rallied about Mrs. Tiernan a wide circle of former readers and old friends. These have given a warm welcome to a writer whose silence for several years has been a matter of regret to those who valued and enjoyed her earlier work.

Miss Katherine L. Craig, who is now finishing her second term as Colorado State Superintendent of Public Instruction, has been renominated on the Republican ticket. Miss Craig has the support of the prominent educators of the State. During the first years of her administration she thoroughly revised and annotated the school laws, and decisions of the State, a much needed work, as previous to this time the laws and decisions were disconnected and conflicting. She has revised and brought up to date registers, blanks and all reports used by the county superintendents, teachers and directors throughout the different counties, besides having performed the other duties of this office along advanced educational lines by addressing schools, institutes and other educational gatherings.

Ethel Ludwig, who was kidnapped by her mother and uncle from her home, in Morris, Ill., to prevent her marriage to Dr. Frederick Fitzgerald, professor of chemistry at the Cooper Medical College of Palo Alto, Cal., escaped, and according to reports, is speeding on her way to California to marry her betrothed. Her mother is in pursuit, but is one train behind. The girl and the lover met while she was a student at Leland Stanford Junior University. Their betrothal was at first sanctioned by her mother. Later the mother came into considerable property through the death of her father and changed her mind.

Fraulein Dr. Elizabeth Athman of Gottheimer will be the first woman teacher in a German high school, and she will enter upon her duties in the beginning of the school season in Frankfurt. Fraulein Athman is well known in Germany for her original sociological investigations. She has sociological subjects. She has done, written, and lectured a good deal about some original research work among the working women of Germany and has attracted the

attention of the cultured world to the conditions of her sisters who are working in shops and factories.

Miss Anna Barrows, the teacher of domestic science, says she has been experimenting for six months with the different "fireless cookers," and has come to the conclusion that none of them are any better than a home made one such as any woman can manufacture for herself.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt has been unexpectedly called home sooner than she expected, and she arrived in New York about the time that the *Woman's Journal* said she would get back on Nov. 1. She will be among the speakers at the National Suffrage Convention in Buffalo.

Miss Sarah E. Armstrong of Youngstown, O., who has taught 41 years in the public schools, winning the love and respect of her pupils, has just retired on a well-earned pension. Progress says: "It is a paradox that a woman who could teach and prepare two generations of men for citizenship cannot vote herself."

Miss Hilda Svenson has been unanimously chosen secretary-treasurer by a local branch of the County Telegraphers' Union in New York. This is the first time that they have elected a woman to office, and they did it with the statement that they wished to emphasize their belief in "equal pay for equal work." Honor to them!

Miss Jane Brownlee lately spoke on ethical training before 1,500 teachers in Cincinnati, and 600 in Columbus, O. She is kept busy addressing Teachers' Institutes, and it is significant that so many of the programs deal with character-building in the schools. Miss Brownlee expects to arrive in Boston about Nov. 3. Her permanent address is 166 W. 73rd St., New York City.

Lady Laurier, wife of the Premier of Canada, reports that women have recently been gaining recognition in Canada's higher institutions of learning. There is at least one woman lecturer in McGill University, and many in the Royal Victoria College for Women. Canada is especially proud of her large number of women farmers, Lady Laurier says. More than 15,000 women last year made a success of farming.

Jenny Lind, who gave her first ten thousand dollars to the poor, continued throughout her life a series of charities. We have the assurance of a friend that this greatest of singers deliberately cut short her own public career while her voice was still in perfection. It was Lady Taylor, wife of the author of "Philip Van Arte-

velde," who found Jenny Lind sitting toward evening on a south coast beach just after her withdrawal, with a book in her lap. She spoke of her resolve. "I found that this"—the setting sun—"was becoming less to me, and that this"—the book in her lap was a Bible—"was becoming nothing to me, and I knew then that I must check myself and change my life."

Mrs. William C. Eakins, a former Chicago woman and a graduate of the Cook County Normal School, has been elected a school trustee in Kearney, N. J. The campaign was a three cornered fight, in which Mrs. Eakins, another woman candidate and a male candidate figured. The club women of Kearney were greatly dissatisfied with the way in which the schools had been conducted, and they made a house-to-house canvass in behalf of the women candidates. When the ballots were counted there was a surprise in store for the professional politicians. Not only did Mrs. Eakins poll an enormous vote, but she so far out-distanced the male candidate that he was almost out of the race. Mrs. Louise MacArthur will be the associate trustee of Mrs. Eakins on the board. The mothers of Kearney are jubilant over their victory, and mean henceforth to have something to say in regard to the schools of the town. Let others go and do likewise.

THE WOMEN'S TRADE UNION LEAGUE.

Some startling facts about the hardships of working women were presented at the annual meeting of the Women's Trade Union League of Massachusetts, held this week in Boston.

Miss Rose Brennan, of the Weavers' Protective Union of Fall River, said that the girls in the Fall River cotton mills have to work ten and a half hours a day, in a temperature so high that every thread of their clothing is dripping wet, and many faint at their looms; in an atmosphere so full of flying lint as to make throat troubles and consumption frightfully common; and amid such a din of machinery that almost all the operatives become deaf. Each woman runs from four to twenty-four looms; and they still have to use the unsanitary shuttle in which the weaver must apply her mouth to the opening and draw the thread through with her breath. The shuttles pass from one to another, and thus tuberculosis is spread. At present the girls are working but three days a week, under a cut-down in wages, and can earn on an average only three or four dollars a week.

Miss Helena Dudley of Denison House asked if it were true that last year one of the Fall River cotton mills declared a dividend of 32 per cent. Miss Brennan answered that they all declared large dividends. Mrs. Mary Kenney

O'Sullivan said she thought it was wrong for a company to pay its treasurer a salary of \$50,000 a year, while screwing down the pay of the operatives to the lowest point.

Miss Mary Tyng of Boston spoke of the hardships to which girls were subjected in the large department stores. She said; "A girl, not long ago, applied for work at Jordan and Marsh's and was offered \$4 per week. She said she could not live on that. The superintendent asked, 'Haven't you some friend that would help you 'on the side'?' The girl walked out of the store. In some places immorality is encouraged by the managers, because if the girls are supported in part by 'friends,' they can work for less than a living wage. The store where I work (Filene's) protects itself by employing only girls who live at home, and thus avoids the need of paying a living wage. It is a shame that girls should be driven to sell themselves. But it is an encouraging fact that the girls are now thinking a great deal about these things, and talking a great deal about them among themselves. We are planning now to organize a woman suffrage club."

Delegates from other unions in various trades told of their troubles or triumphs, and many testified to improvements brought about in wages and sanitary conditions through the trade unions. Mrs. Mary Kenney O'Sullivan presided, and opened the meeting with a vigorous and inspiring address. When some delegates said they found it hard to interest women in forming a union, Mrs. O'Sullivan remarked that none of the old workers in the trades union movement would feel discouraged by such cases. Twenty-two years ago, Chicago had not one woman who was a member of a trade union; now it has 75,000.

Miss Josephine Casey, the new secretary of the Women's Trade Union League of Massachusetts, said she did not find the air so full of the union spirit in Boston as in Chicago, but she believed it would be developed. She spoke earnestly and well.

Other speakers were Rev. Frank Paradise, Prof. Emily Greene Balch of Wellesley College, and Mrs. Robert Woods.

A resolution in favor of suffrage for women, "as a matter of justice to them and as a necessary step toward insuring and raising the scale of wages for all," was moved by Miss Brennan, seconded from all over the hall, and adopted unanimously. Other resolutions were in favor of improved sanitary conditions, an eight-hour day, and the union label.

A telegram was received from the New York Convention, saying, "Twenty cities in New York stand for sanitary shops, protected machinery, employers' liability, and a living wage."

A report of the New York and Chicago meetings will be given next week.

NEW INDUSTRY FOR WOMEN.

Willow-basket weaving and basket-willow raising are now industries specially adapted to women. The fact that a Chicago merchant is advertising in German trade papers for a million willow clothes-baskets is pointed to by experts on willow culture in this country as evidence of our neglect of a profitable industry.

Climate and soil are as favorable for willow culture in this country as in Germany or anywhere else, and the market for willow of the better grades is the best in the world. Generally speaking, land that will grow wheat will grow willows. Their cultivation is not difficult, and profits are usually good. But up to the present time Americans have not taken hold of the matter in earnest, though both interest and production have been on the increase of recent years as a result of the efforts made by the Department of Agriculture to inform the public of the opening which willow growing offers.

The Germans handle the business well. They have industrial schools where basket weaving is taught. Many of these schools grow their own willow rods, cut them, peel them, and prepare them for use. To the mutual advantage of both pupils and proprietors, arrangements are made to allow pupils to work part of the time in the "holts," as the willow fields are called, belonging to the schools. In that way they earn enough to pay their tuition and board. They thus become familiar with all parts of the business, and when they graduate they are competent to take places as overseers of willow farms or foremen in wicker ware factories. The schools profit by getting much of their work done without paying cash for it.

American willow growers and manufacturers of willow have advantages which will enable them to compete successfully. There are more than 160 manufacturers of willow ware in the United States. One-tenth of them grow their own willows; an equal number grow part of their stock. More than a dozen varieties are cultivated in this country in seventeen States, and manufacturers assert that the home-grown rods are equal or superior to the imported. Good holts pay a profit the first year, though the profits of later years are greater. The average price of unpeeled rods last year was about one and a quarter cents a pound, and of peeled rods about seven cents. A well-managed willow holt should average twenty-five hundred pounds of rods to the acre yearly, and the cost of growing and harvesting the crop is comparatively small. It is a crop which requires comparatively little labor, so that the small grower,

if able-bodied, can be pretty independent of hired help.

Instructions for the growing of basket willows are sent out by the Forest Service, upon request, together with a statement of the returns to be expected. The Service is devoting special attention to testing every known variety of basket willow in order to find the best varieties for home growers. In the early spring time cuttings from all approved basket willows are sent gratis to applicants who desire to establish willow holts.

GIRL STUDENT'S SUCCESS.

Miss Gertrude Holland Wren, a girl of twenty-two has been awarded the Percival Medal—the annual "blue riband" of the world of pharmacy, at once the most coveted and most hardly won reward of technical knowledge. There was great cheering from the excited students assembled in the ancient Hall of the Pharmaceutical Society, London, as the president, Mr. Young, made a presentation unique in the annals of the Society. Upon the wall above the president's head was a tablet of marble with the names of the winners of the medal since 1861. In bright gold letters against the year 1908 were the words: "Wren, Gertrude Holland:" the first woman's name upon the scroll. Mr. George F. Morell, whom this girl competitor had defeated by a narrow margin, was one of the leaders of the cheering. "This is an historical, a record-breaking, a never-to-be-forgotten incident," declared the president. "Wherever women have had an equal chance with men—in science and letters, even in commerce—they have more than held their own. Who knows but that we may now have a woman upon our Council itself? And, granting the possibility of a woman councillor why not a Woman President?" Miss Wren has been a student at the Pharmaceutical College for four years, working daily from ten until six, and then taking problems away with her to pore over in her study at home.

TURKISH WOMEN.

Under the title, "The Part Played by Turkish Women in the Fight for Independence," Mme. Zeyneb Roury has written an exhaustive article for the "Neue Freie Presse," of Vienna, in which she maintains that it was largely due to the influence of women that the Liberal party gained the great victory and the country a constitution. "In the magnificence of Abd-el-Aziz's reign the high class Mahomedan woman, with a palace on the Bosphorous and a konak at Stamboul. Who could not go forth in carriage or boat except under the eyes of slaves, had but one wish, and that was to become like her sister in the Occident in more than magnificence of costume. The women had in those days more

jewels than freedom, more love than respect. Then arose a wild desire for knowledge. Even women advanced in years studied and mastered foreign languages, and they read the fiction of Germany, France and America, and this literary chaos intensified their sorrow as to their position. The odalisques because wives and mothers who worked for the weal of their hearths and country. Their enthusiasm for finery and objects of fashion changed to patriotism, and when the time arrived for spreading the liberal idea the woman became the powerful ally of her master." The writer gained much public sympathy two years ago, when, with her sister, she escaped from the imperial harem and fled to Paris.

• Mrs. Edith Wharton, the novelist, took nearly all the prizes at the annual exhibition of the Lenox Horticultural Society for growing old-fashioned garden flowers.

Miss Minnie Tracey, a New York young woman, who has won international fame for her singing, has been made a member of the French Academy by the government, in recognition of her advancement of French music to foreign countries.

Miss Caroline P. Wallace and Miss Carrie A. Tennant are organizing circles of the Indo-American Women's Restoration League in the cities of New York. Its object is to dissuade the East Indians from child marriage.

• Miss Mary Tyng, in her address the other day before the Women's Trade Union League of Massachusetts, put a great deal in a nutshell when she said, describing the hard life of sales-girls: "You are expected to look nice behind the counter, and you can't dress very well on six dollars a week and have enough to eat."

Miss Mary Proctor, the astronomer, is in England. She is to give several addresses in London, one of them before the Society of Women Journalists. Mrs. Humphry Ward will preside and introduce Miss Proctor. On this occasion Mrs. Ward probably will not preach from the text, "A woman's place is at home."

• Mme. Poppova, a Russian woman, has invented a rudderless airship, which she has christened the Annulated Dragon, in virtue of the peculiar shape adopted for the body of the air-bag furnishing the lifting power. The Annulated Dragon is said to adapt itself naturally to every variety and strength of wind by a system of hoops, which also serve to steer it.

Elisa Ricci, an Italian lady, is the author of a new book on Italian laces, entitled, "Trine Autriche-Italiane." Signora Ricci has searched

for laces in the oaken chests of great Italian houses, in the sacristies of cathedrals and ancient churches, in museums and antiquarians' shops, and has studied the portraits of celebrities of olden times, and in this book she gives the results of her researches.

Miss Jane Tomlinson Meigs, who died in New York recently in her 88th year, has devoted almost her whole life in the interests of deaf-mutes. Miss Meigs was born in Ceylon, where her father had been a missionary for more than 40 years. She was the friend and instructor of thousands of deaf-mutes in all parts of the United States, and taught for 48 consecutive years in the New York Institute for Deaf-Mutes, of which her uncle, Dr. Harvey P. Peel, was one of the founders. Miss Meigs graduated from the Albany Female Academy in 1838, and was the only surviving member of her class.

Elizabeth Beardsley Butler in contributing to *Charities* a series of remarkable and most painful articles concerning the Pittsburg industries, particularly as related to women and children—the cigar makers, the laundry workers, etc. The paper on the cracker industry is sad enough to spoil one's relish for crackers for some time. Dr. Alice Hamilton of Hull House contributes an article treating of industrial diseases, with special reference to those trades in which women and children are employed. The lead, arsenic and phosphorus industries are direct poisons. The textile, pottery, laundry, jam factories and canning works, to say nothing of the more numerous cigar and artificial flower industries, are charged with death. In the light of these facts it is easy to understand why the branches of the National Women's Trade Union League at each of the three conventions just held simultaneously in New York, Boston, and Chicago, passed unanimous resolutions in favor of woman suffrage.

WHY GIRLS BLUSH.

Science to Imitate it.

One of the most curious of recent discoveries is a method, invented by Dr. Raoul Durand, of Paris, whereby the natural colouring matter of the blood is used for giving its peculiar hue to a preparation of rouge for the toilet. The cosmetic thus compounded is said to counterfeit in a wonderfully lifelike manner the hue of nature.

Just how the colouring matter in question is isolated no one else knows. It is accomplished by a secret process, the most important feature of which is the preservation of the hue unaltered. The blood of human beings, of course, owes its colour to a kind of pigment known as "haemoglobin" of which iron is a

very important constituent. It is in this substance, in fact, that the iron contained in the blood—which, as any physician will tell you, is so necessary to health—is mainly found.

Now, for centuries past the Persians have been acquainted with a process whereby they separate this colouring matter from the blood of sheep. Thus extracted, it furnishes a beautiful crimson dye, which is used to impart a much-admired tint to the wool employed in the weaving of certain fabrics of great price.

One thinks of blood always as a red fluid. It is not, in a literal sense, a correct idea. The fluid that courses through our veins is of a pale straw colour. But in it are suspended great numbers of small solid bodies called "corpuscles," which are bright red, and which give to the blood its characteristic tint. There are from 20,000,000 to 25,000,000 of these corpuscles in every drop of your blood.

The red corpuscles are disc-shaped. If all of them that float in the blood of your own body were spread out flat in a single layer, as close as they could lie, they would cover a surface of 3,000 square yards. But they are almost inconceivably thin—so much so, indeed, that one would have to put about a million of them together in a stack, in order to see them edgewise with the naked eye.

They have a curious way of stacking themselves, forming rouleaux, such as a cashier in a bank makes with coins, as a preliminary to doing them up in paper cylinders. It used to be supposed that they did this in obedience to some mysterious mutual attraction, but experiments have shown that discs of cork placed in water will act in precisely the same way. Later on it will be explained just what these red corpuscles are good for, and how their peculiar pigment is useful.

If they had no other use than to make pink cheeks they would surely be well worth while. And this suggests the question—Why are cheeks pink rather than noses?—most fortunately, if a young woman is to possess an undisputed claim to prettiness. And, again, why do some girls have pink cheeks and others not? If all women possessed this much-prized attribute of beauty, it is obvious there would be no market for rouge, and the discovery of Dr. Durand would be valueless.

The fact, as ascertained by the scientific physiologist, is that the cheeks are pink, rather than other parts of the face, because the capillary blood vessels in and beneath the skin are much more numerous there than elsewhere. It seems only reasonable to suppose that this arrangement is made by nature for the purpose of ornament—that is to say, for the augmentation of beauty. But it is a fact familiar to everybody that a prime requisite for pink cheeks is a plentiful supply of blood. They are not only a decoration, but a sign of health.

At the same time there are plenty of young women who, though healthy and with an ample blood supply, do not have pink cheeks. The reason is simply that the thickness of their skins masks the capillary vessels. It would seem to be desirable, then to possess a thin skin in order that the blood may show through it. The same remark will apply to the mucous membrane of the lips, redness of which is justly considered more becoming.

The temporary and fugitive colour called the "blush" exhibits itself much more markedly, for the same reason, in persons who have thin skins. It is a phenomenon not in the least under control by the will, being purely an effect of emotion. Certain nervous centres are excited by what happens to pass through the mind, and, acting upon the circulatory system, they cause the blood to rush to the surface.

This accounts for the fact that some girls blush often and others only rarely. A high degree of nervous sensitiveness may cause a young woman to be thus effected very frequently—sometimes, indeed, to her own great embarrassment. On an occasion when she feels that she ought not to manifest the slightest consciousness of the impropriety of something said or done, her awareness of the matter is made unmistakably manifest by a wave of colour that turns her face suddenly pink. It does not appear to be true, as formerly believed, that readiness to blush is an evidence of purity or innocence. Scientific observation on this object has shown that women in prisons are just about as liable to blush as others of their sex.

Blushing, then, is properly to be regarded as a psychic phenomenon, originating in the mind. It is an expression of sympathetic emotion. If a woman be struck with sudden terror, she turns pale. Why? Simply because of a contraction of the capillary vessels, which drives the blood out of them, leaving the surface of the skin white. This is an effect exactly opposite to the blush, but, like the latter, attributable to a mental cause.

Selections

I. WOMEN AND THEIR EDUCATION IN INDIA.

By MISS FRANCESCA ARUNDALE, HONORARY PRINCIPAL, CENTRAL HINDU COLLEGE GIRLS' SCHOOL, BENARES.

"What are we to do with our girls?" In Western countries this question rapidly followed the other "What are we to do with our boys?" Both these questions found their solution in the

increase of secondary and technical schools and greater facilities of all kinds for the learning of trades and useful occupations.

In the East, from the economic conditions of the people, the question of what is to be done with the girls, assumes a totally different aspect. The fact that it is considered dishonourable to a family that a girl should remain unmarried, renders the idea of marriage the one most essential point in the upbringing of girl children, and anything which will make a girl more eligible from this point of view is that which is considered of paramount importance in her education. We cannot conceal from ourselves that India is at this time going through a period of transition. Whether that to which she is tending is for the ultimate benefit of the country and its people, is a question which may be argued from many different points of view. I do not propose to enter on this controversy, but the change is before us, and we must face it. It is impossible to return to the old conditions of life in India, whether they be good or bad.

The process of the suns has altered life in every country and although India has withstood change for many centuries, yet the spirit of the age has touched her and whether she will or no she cannot remain unaffected thereby.

It is for the thoughtful among the sons of India to decide whether this struggle between the old and the new shall result in the vain attempt to stem the inrush of the new thought and the new ways, or whether profiting by the mistakes of the younger peoples who are her children, she shall so far modify ancient custom and ancient ways as to bring herself in a line with the new impetus from the West. On no single point has the difference between the old and the new been so marked as in the treatment of women. Among savage tribes the position of the women of the house was that of servants to her chief. The man hunted and fought, the woman tended the cattle and tilled the ground. Childbirth under simple conditions of life needed but little attention, and it was no uncommon thing for a woman on the march from camping ground to camping ground to give birth to a child and at once to proceed on the march carrying the new born babe. As time went on the position of women became different. The age of chivalry and the influence of Christian Catholic thought in the West placed women on a kind of pedestal and in the Middle Ages, we find women guarded and revered as almost made of a higher clay than man. There was on the average but little education for the man, while the woman—provided she knew the household arts of spinning and weaving and simple surgery—needed nothing more. In the West a hundred years ago, we find a curious state of things.

The education of men had made rapid strides in all the sciences, and it was necessary that boys should be taught in order that they might be able to earn their own living and that of their families, but the education of the woman was absolutely neglected. It was considered unwomanly for a woman to learn any profession or trade and the only means whereby a woman who had not married could support herself was by teaching, which owing to her own want of education she was but little capable of doing. The position of women at that time in the West was most unfortunate. It was impossible that all women should marry as the proportion of the sexes was one man to three women owing to the greater mortality of males and to the army and navy and the colonies taking so many away. Sad indeed was it for the sisters, in a family in poor circumstances, who could do nothing to earn money and who were dependant on some male relative for the bare necessities of life. But the new ideas pressed, the spirit of the age asked why one-half of the population should be condemned to dull and cheerless lives of inactivity and ignorance. Schools were started, colleges opened, women were instructed in technical pursuits, so that at the present day the army of female workers is very large, and men and women work together in trades, industries, and even in the higher professions. Now some will say that this is all wrong, that the right position of woman is in the home, that she depreciates the working wage, etc. All these objections have a certain element of truth in them and there is no doubt that there was much that was objectionable in the early days of the movement for female education. But because the right position of women is in the home, it is no reason that she should be an ignorant woman in the home. That she should be wife and mother is good, but if she cannot be wife and mother, is she on that account to be deprived of every outlet for her energies and condemned to a dull and cheerless life, and indeed it is just as necessary—perhaps even more necessary—that the wife and mother should be educated as those whose fate leaves them unmarried.

This same question is pressing upon India from another aspect and is the most important of all the difficulties that have to be faced. The sons of India are being educated and well educated. All Western knowledge is open to the Indian boy. Philosophy, Science, Medicine, he is "the heir of all the ages," but what about the Indian girls, has her education been equally cared for? Mr. Romesh C. Dutt tells us that during the last year of Queen Victoria's reign the number of girls attending schools in British India was somewhat under half a million. It is true as he also remarks that "this figure is not a correct index

to the spread of female education in India," but even when due allowance is made for private tuition in the house, and a certain amount of religious instruction among the lower classes, it must still be admitted that the education of the Indian girl does not keep pace with that of her brother. The reasons for this are connected in great measure with the religious and social life of India. It is, as I before said, considered a dishonour for girls to remain unmarried, and in consequence it is generally considered right to have them married when they are eleven or twelve years of age. After marriage the difficulty is largely increased by the question of *qarda* and the great prejudice which is so prevalent against any freedom being given to a married girl, especially in certain parts of the country. There is a very serious point which I wish to bring to the notice of every Indian husband, father and brother. The necessity for the close guard which surrounds every Indian woman of the better class is a standing witness against the morality and purity of the race. We all know that in any large community of men and women, there will be found those whose notions and ideas of morality are of the lowest. By all means let men and women protect themselves from such. It is the duty of every right-minded man to withhold his social support and recognition from those who thus lower the standard of purity in the race. But why should all men be branded because some are unclean? Surely the men of India should be considered as pure as those of other countries, but if men cannot allow a woman to appear in public even if accompanied by brother, father or husband, it seems to show that they have but little confidence in themselves. That this custom of the absolute seclusion of women had its rise in the troublous period of Indian history may be the case; it may be that it was necessary at that time and the habits engendered through long ages must be wisely and carefully dealt with. To say, however, that the nature of woman requires that such seclusion should be rigorously enforced in these quieter times, seems to show a mistrust that is a dishonour to both sexes. Much that has been said and written about the purity of women is nonsense, to be pure does not mean to be ignorant of evil, to be pure does not mean an absence of temptation, but such an attitude of mind that turns from evil with abhorrence. Do we take all temptation away from a child for fear he should become a thief? Do we not rather try to strengthen the moral nature so that the temptation to steal may be absent from the child's mind. The constant thought of the man that the woman is weak, that her nature is such that given the temptation she must succumb has had its effect on the evolution of the race and

and has given birth to mistrust on both sides. Where now is the Indian woman of the olden days, free in her household to be the guide and counsellor of the younger members, the friend and companion of the elder. Where is the Savitri who could wander far and wide to seek a worthy partner in life's toils? It is not good for man to dwell alone, neither is it good that women should not have that intercourse with the other sex which enables them to take a wider view of the social question of life. Why should the woman be precluded from meeting freely and familiarly the male members of her own household? Such intercourse ought to widen her views of life generally, and open her mind to the larger interests outside her. It is bad for men to live alone, but it is worse for women. Her interests are apt to be more centered in the limited focus of the narrow family circle, and if this intercourse is confined to those like herself or to that which is still worse—the companionship of ignorant servants—small wonder is it that the men of the household should find no intellectual fellowship with the women of their family, and, however much they may love them, be forced to seek mental satisfaction outside their homes. Nothing strikes one who has been privileged to become somewhat acquainted with Indian family life more than to see the wide separation that there is between the life of the women and that of the men. The men follow their intellectual and artistic pursuits absolutely and entirely apart from the women of their family. It is only on certain grand occasions that the women are permitted to enter into the enjoyments of men, from the safe and secluded position of a *parda* grating. If they have to travel how terribly helpless they are and the greater part of the benefit that might arise from the observation of other places is denied them. Is it necessary that the Indian woman should be so trammelled? Can she not find her rightful place as co-worker with man in her own sphere, be a sharer with him in social intercourse and intellectual training?

Now it is quite true that any sudden and radical movements for the emancipation of Indian women would be followed by the most disastrous consequences.

In many instances we have seen the sudden removal of the restrictions laid upon women has resulted in a hybrid development which can only be said to have the demerits of both East and West. What kind of education then should be given to our Indian girls so that we may avoid, on the one hand, the fast unsexed woman of the early movement in the West and, on the other the foolish chatter of an ignorant mind. Periods of transition are most difficult to pass through, and we can only hope that in India wise coun-

self may prevail and that the advocates of reform will remember that the first step towards freedom must be taken slowly and with precaution.

First of all the Indian girl must be taught to feel her responsibility to herself, her family and her country. Let religion be the foundation on which the superstructure of instruction is given, let the impress of the sacred books be found in her heart, and the words of the sacred songs on her tongue. Let her be led to realise that her education has as its first aim to render her more capable to carry on the work and duty which is hers, to become a good daughter, a good wife and a good mother. Therefore, there should be no school for girls, no instruction in the home that does not take religion as its starting points. Let her be instructed in the meaning of the countless ceremonies she is called on to perform, and let her be taught to distinguish between that which is purely a local custom and that which constitutes the essentials of religion. Sir George Clarke in his speech as Chancellor of the Bombay University stated that he was not convinced that education in India was proving sufficiently effective in the development of character. If this is true for the education of boys, let us beware that we do not commit the same error in the education of our girls. For the mother of the race need to have such training as shall fit them to give to their sons a guide of conduct both in precept and example. Some of the old customs must necessarily pass away, but it will be sad indeed for India if that which has been bequeathed by sages and rishis of old is cast aside because the external ceremonies are no longer in harmony with the development of the age.

Religion therefore must be the foundation of all education, but it is religion in its widest sense—that sense which made Pro. Max Muller say that the Indian eats religiously, drinks religiously and lives religiously. That is what is needed, the religion that will teach the care of the body, the cleanliness of the home, the management of the young and the nursing of the old. How much education is required to fully carry out these duties may be seen as we come to consider what is involved in them. Science and Art, the training of mind and body, the brain power developed in judgment and discrimination, by means of mental study, the hand carrying out the conceptions of the brain with deftness and facility.

For this the Indian girl will need to have a good acquaintance with the literature of her own country in her own vernacular. Such books as deal with women's duties should be to her as household words not merely a thesaurus or book for recitation but a book for guidance in daily life, and the history of the noble men and women of

the past should be so familiar to her as to inspire her in all the difficulties arising in life. Science must teach her to understand the world without her. Science not limited to any one branch of study but Science in its widest aspect of knowledge and judgment. Up to the present this kind of education has been totally wanting in the training of Indian girls. They have been given a one-sided development only, and the result is that the majority of Indian women to-day have strong emotional characteristics and but little power of thought and discrimination. The training given should therefore tend to bring out judgment, there should not only be a knowledge of facts, but the mind must be trained to gather from those facts the deductions involved.

Let the girl be taught something of the powers and forces in Nature, the unvarying sequence of cause and effect. Let the book of created nature, stars, suns and planets be opened to her view, give her a knowledge of the marvellous mechanism of her own body and its proper treatment in health and disease. The properties of different kinds of foods, their effect upon the body and all that is required in the nursing of the sick and the management of the babe should form part of the instruction of the girl that is to be wife and mother. Much of what I have been speaking of, was known to the women of two or three generations ago, and several of my Indian friends have told me that their grandmothers had far more knowledge of household arts than their present-day wives. This shows that a change has already come to the Indian women, the sewing machine has taken the place of ancient home industry, costumes are changing, the boys are wearing trousers and jackets, and, alas, even our girls come to school in a pretence of English dress, unbuttoned, unfastened without the tidiness of the dress of the English child, without the beauty of the Indian girl's graceful sari. Poor little girl children! They are suffering from the consequences of former mistakes, and at the same time have to bear the penalty of the false ideas arising from the rush of modern thought.

Not only has the scientific side been neglected but also the artistic side. I know that I am touching here on a delicate point, and that whatever is to be done must be done most carefully so as to avoid going against national prejudices of a very strong character. Music has been practically abolished from Indian homes except for the engagement of the occasional professional singer without character or position. And yet can there be anything more beautiful than the fresh young voices of children singing innocent and sacred songs, or a mother's sweet lullaby to an infant in her arms. "Such songs have power to quiet the restless pulse of care" and there is

no reason that the artistic side of a woman's nature should not be properly trained and developed. Music should be taken from the impure and given its place as a legitimate and holy method of raising the heart and soul; it should be a recreation in which all should join, trained voices and trained fingers giving forth sounds of harmonious vibrations.

The great trouble at the present time is that India is divided into two great and opposing parties. On the one side, those that see in every new method a menace to religion and order and, on the other side, those who would throw away the whole of the past because it clashes with new ideas. Break down the *parda* is their cry, remarry the widows, bring the West into East and let the girl take her place beside the boy in the competition for place and position. It seems to me that a middle course is to be preferred, and that it is possible to give such an education to the woman, as shall strengthen and not weaken her womanly qualities and virtues and at the same time enable her to keep pace with the development which is gradually passing over the male portion of the community. Many times it has happened that fathers and guardians have brought me small boys of six and seven, saying, that they wished to commence the education of their sons, and would I advise them to send them to school or to have a tutor for them? What could be said before those baby faces? "Take them to their mothers and let their mothers train and teach them till they are of age to go to school," and the constant reply has been, "but our ladies are unable to teach them; they know nothing themselves." This is what should be remedied by the training of our girls. Until the woman is able to teach, train, and control her boys for the first few years of their lives, she certainly fails in her mission as mother, and it will be difficult for her to keep that respect and reverence which should be hers, as the boy grows into the youth and the youth into the young man. This respect and reverence for the mother is held in India to a great extent and is one of the great beauties of Indian family life, but it would have a far firmer foundation if it were based on the recognition of mental power as well as gratitude for physical love and well-being. School lessons, therefore, should prepare for the wider sphere of life and such a course of study should be imparted to the girl child as may enable her to take a noble part in the work of the world. If it be her blessed lot to be a happy wife and mother, let her be capable of caring for her children and training them physically, mentally, and morally. Should fate decree that the joys of wifehood and motherhood be early taken from her, can there be any greater alleviation to the sorrows

of the widow than the power and capacity to help others, by means of training and development.

As for examinations and the host of troubles that come in their train, I would keep our girls far from such spurious methods of education. It is moot point how far our boys have benefitted thereby, although unfortunately the imperious demand of competition for place and position has made such methods necessary. In India it is certainly unnecessary for the majority of girls, and therefore let the school be the training ground for the acquirement of solid instruction to form and regulate the mind and for the womanly arts and virtues to adorn and develop the character. The quiet pursuit of knowledge will be far better without the feverish stimulus of examinations, and girls will thus be able to carry forward individual development instead of all being turned out on the same pattern as too many of our boys are. In the education of our girls there must be the definite aim of preparation for the future and the recognition that life is not only of a material nature but has as its object the development of all the powers of the individual, physically, mentally, and morally. Let every Indian parent therefore realise the responsibility that lies before him. If India is to take her place among the great and foremost nations of the world, she must have her women, as well as her men, self-reliant, capable and devoted, and it depends upon the parents of every girl-child whether she shall be a clog on the development of her race, or carry forward the banner of progress for her children and her children's children.

II. WOMEN AND POLITICS.

The last Mail papers bring accounts of the suffragette demonstrations that were held on the 13th ultimo. While it is to be regretted that those desiring woman's suffrage should have had recourse to dubious methods, it must in justice be admitted that women have not been treated altogether fairly. Prior to 1832, women had the right to vote and, theoretically, even to sit in Parliament. In old Saxon times women were members of the Witas and certain Abbesses and Countesses sat in the Parliaments of Henry II, Edward I and Edward III. Women were only disfranchised by the Reform Bill of 1832 by the insertion of the word "male." And many occasions could be quoted when they presented in person petitions to Parliament, notably when during the minority of Henry VII, they protested against the action of the powerful Regent, the Duke of Gloucester, who had left his wife to languish as a prisoner in the hands of the Duke of Burgundy, while he amused himself with a paramour at home.

*A typical demonstration of women which saved the lives of some innocent men took place in the reign of Richard II, when the chief power rested with the Crown. In a document of 1386, it is related that to "owre lige Lord, a company of gode women where men durst nought, travaill-ed in barfote to seek grace of hym for trewe men." They were so successful that the Lord Mayor issued a proclamation that no man, or woman should approach the King, but the mercers of London summoned up courage to imitate the women, and themselves petitioned the King against the Lord Mayor's oppressions. Again in 1641, when Charles I and the Commons were on the verge of civil war, the women of London anxious to strengthen the resistance of the House to the King's demands crowded about the door of the Commons. The Sergeant-Major asked the House what he should do, and the House "bade him speak them fair." They went home but returned next day in greater numbers headed by Mrs. Anne Stagg, carrying a petition in which the women "count themselves to have an interest in the common privileges with their husbands." Mr. Pym addressed the women, told them that their petition "had been thankfully accepted and would be carefully considered," after which courteous reception they retired.

For the last forty years the present women's movement has been in existence, during which time, until quite recently, only "ladylike" methods have been adopted, without however bearing any fruit. It is indeed probable that the demand for the vote would never have been made had women been able to obtain a hearing for their demands and the redress of certain grievances without it. But questions affecting them are repeatedly shelved because women, not being enfranchised, have no power. Their support is of no direct value in a political campaign, and hence they cannot bring any pressure to bear on matters closely affecting their lives and interests.

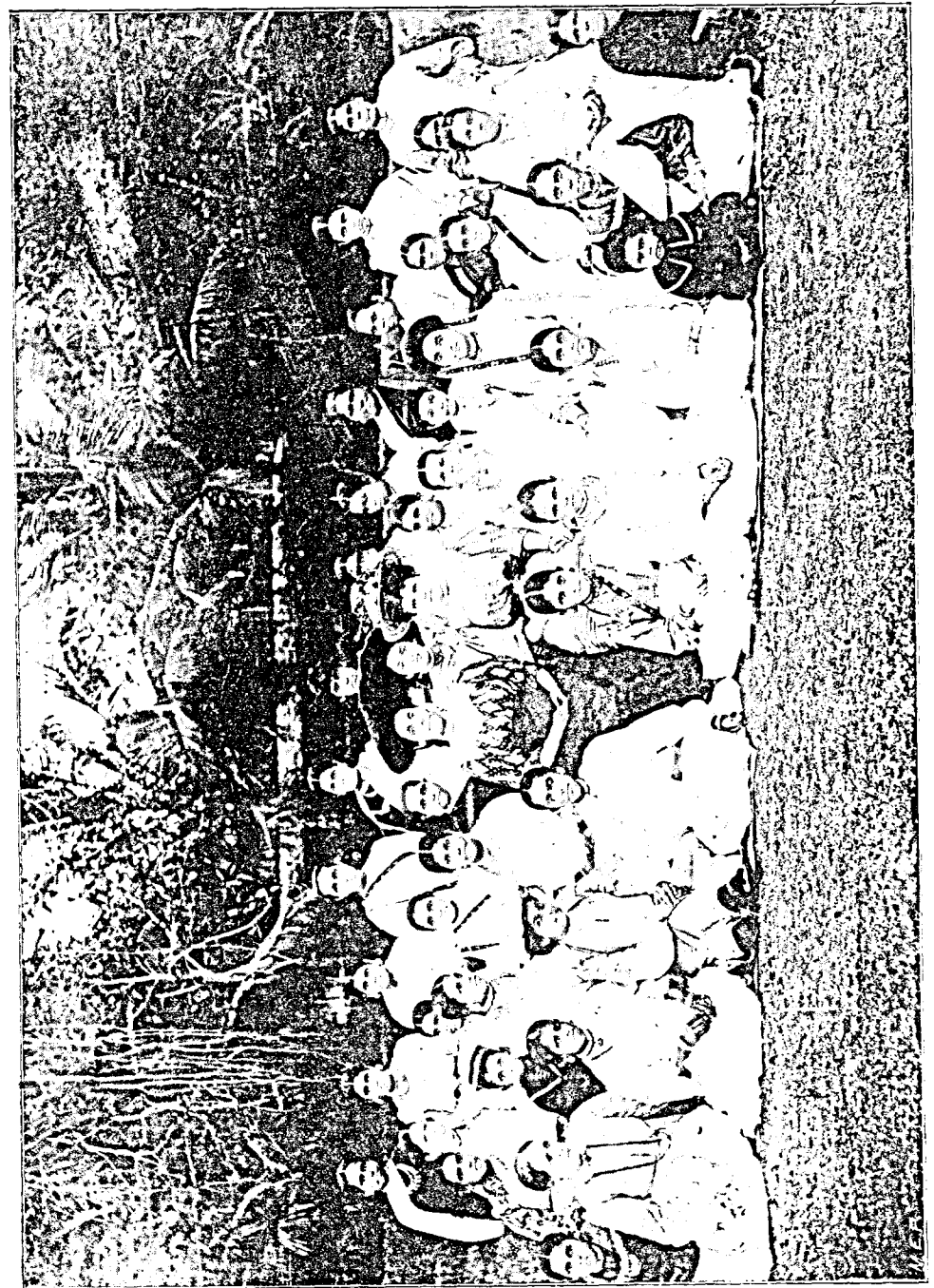
*For instance there is no doubt that if women's interests were really represented in Parliament it would be impossible to bring in such a Bill as that proposed by Mr. John Burns to prevent married women from working. Having ostensibly as an object the welfare of the women and children of the working classes, this Bill is, in reality, adverse thereto. Theoretically it is advisable that the mother of the family should remain in the home and take care of the children. But if on account of ill-health or any other reason the husband is permanently or temporarily out of work, to deprive the mother of the power to do so would spell starvation for all. The need of a mother's care in the household is great, but the need of food is greater still, and it is of the actual crust of bread that Mr. Burns' Bill would

deprive many of the families of the labouring classes.

Another consideration which has had much to do with the demand for the vote is inequality of pay, as between men and women, especially in Government appointments, where equality of work is demanded. In this connection it is an interesting sign of the times that men in self-defence are now beginning to work with women instead of against them. Realising that it is useless to try to stop women's competition by excluding them from employment, they are now meeting undercutting by joining forces with women in demanding equal pay for equal work. The National Union of Clerks, for instance, which has long been face to face with the increasing number of women clerks, estimated at 50,000 in the United Kingdom, now admits women to membership of the Union on the same conditions as men: equal work, equal pay.

There seems to be some misapprehension in many quarters as to the precise nature of the demand made by the female suffragist. It is not asked that the vote be granted to every woman, but only that a woman possessing the qualifications of the male voter shall not be debarred from the privilege merely on account of her sex. At present men who pay rates and taxes, who are owners, occupiers or lodgers, or have the service franchise possess the Parliamentary vote. It is claimed that women who fulfil the same conditions shall also enjoy the franchise and thus have the same political rights as men. In the case of a married woman where she and not her husband is the householder, or where a woman is in business on her own account, she will become a voter. It is estimated that when this claim is conceded about a million and a half women will possess the vote.

A favourite argument in the mouths of the opponents of female suffrage is that the great mass of women do not desire the vote and, till a strong and united demand is made for it, it should not be granted. But this argument on examination turns out to be hopelessly invalid. The majority of English women at the present time are married women living in sheltered homes to whom personally the whole question is a matter of complete indifference. It is the woman who is compelled to work for her own living who feels the need for the vote as a means of exerting her influence in public matters that vitally affect her, and it is from the mass of these women that the present strenuous demand has arisen. The argument against granting female suffrage till it is unanimously demanded is simply a convenient and easy method of begging what has become a serious social question. The increasing numerical superiority of women and the decreasing



THE CANNANORE LADIES' ASSOCIATION

See Editorial note, page 259

popularity of marriage, described in a former article, however, is forcing more and more women into the labour market and the demand for the vote is increasing *pari passu*. An additional impetus to the movement has been indirectly given during the present year by the greatly enhanced activity of the tax-collector, due to the passing of the Old Age Pensions Bill. Women who are being heavily mulcted in income and other taxes on the profits of their own laborious efforts, naturally feel that they have earned the right to representation.

If, owing to the lack of the vote, women's interests have been neglected in Parliament, their efforts to obtain it have met with consistently unfair treatment at the hands of the English daily press. All the questionable incidents of the campaign, such as the tying of themselves to railings, the raids on the Commons, etc., have been picked out and laughed at, but few or none of the women's speeches or arguments in their own behalf or defence have been reported. The suffragettes have had opposed to them a combination of silence and ridicule which it has been very hard to combat and which it must have taken no small amount of courage and determination to resist. The much jeered at imprisonment which women have undergone has, however, had one practical beneficial effect, inasmuch as it has resulted in the appointment of female inspectors to the prisons. Heretofore the male inspectors, visiting Justices, and others only saw the prisoners and heard their complaints in the presence of the wardress, who, as may be imagined, constituted a very effective check on the bringing to light of any cause of complaint on the part of a prisoner.

The fact that women are willing to subject themselves to great inconvenience and to expose themselves to the risk of personal injury, (for in many cases they have been attacked by the hooligans who usually form part of a large crowd) and that they are willing to pour out their money for the cause (they have collected nearly £20,000 for the Suffrage Fund), is proof that large numbers of women do regard the vote as of immense importance to the welfare of those women who are dependent on their own exertions for a livelihood. And this being so, it is only fair that they should receive an unbiassed hearing, that their demands and arguments should be patiently investigated, and that attempts to kill the movement with ridicule should be considered as unfair as they have already proved to be futile. If this measure of justice be granted, and it is the barest justice, we have no fear but that the cause of female suffrage, the concession to women of the vote on the same terms as to men—will ultimately

triumph to the benefit of the mass of women workers throughout the United Kingdom.

III. THE CITY OF HERCULANEUM.

ITS BURIED TREASURES.

The following account of Herculaneum supplements an article published to-day in our editorial columns.

A city that was—and is not—and will be. A city beautiful, a seat of learning, a temple of art, a home of music, and dance, and laughter. A city in a land of loveliness, of poetry and fable, behind her the great cone of Vesuvius, its fertile slopes covered as now with vineyards, chestnut trees, and corn, before her the waters of the most beautiful Bay in the world, over all the deep blue sky of Italy. Herculaneum was happy once. But from the first century after Christ, when Vesuvius put out her light, for sixteen hundred years she lay in an utter darkness of death. There came a false dawn; and now is come indeed the daybreak of her new birth.

The story of the city that was and will be opens with a fable. Hercules passed that way, brought her to being, and left her as a precious jewel by the sea. Then strange races came, and conquered, and were conquered, and last of all came the Romans. In the days of Christ the city is seen as a quiet little health resort, entirely Romanised, patronised by great folk wearied with "the smoke and the wealth and the clatter of Rome."

Fountains played in the fair straight streets. Bronze statues, among the most beautiful that the world has ever seen, caught and reflected the sunlight. Doves flew about the columned porticoes of the stately buildings. In the theatre, the great Greek tragedies and comedies were played. The marble baths offered refreshment to all. The country villas were set in great gardens, where roses and priceless marbles relieved the sombre hues of ilex and cypress. Down by the sea lived the fishermen. A quiet spirit of prosperity prevailed.

Then, without warning, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon of the 24th August, A.D. 79, Vesuvius, long thought to be an extinct volcano, struck the sudden death-blow. Flames, darkness, lightning, earthquake, a cloud of ashes, poisonous exhalations, rain and then a river of mud. Slowly, irresistibly, the mud swept down on the doomed city, crept into every cranny, covered all things in a black shroud.

For sixteen hundred years the shroud of mud, nearly 100 feet in depth, kept its secret. Then, during the eighteenth century, the veil was lifted, excavations were made, treasures, wonderful and beyond price, were brought to light;

but, save for a small portion, the city was re-buried, and so it has remained for a century and a half to the present time, when the work of excavation begins anew.

SOME INTERESTING FINDS.

Now Professor Waldstein has a hundred reasons wherewith to show that of all ancient sites Herculaneum promises to yield the richest harvest of treasure. She was not as Athens or Rome, Delphi or Olympia, Alexandria or Pergamon; yet she is richer than them all; a greater treasure in bronzes and manuscripts than ever came from these cities was brought to light in the eighteenth century from one of her villas alone.

Pompeii is nearly six miles from Vesuvius, but Herculaneum was nearer, less than five miles from the volcano. Pompeii was buried by degrees, and the people had ample time in which to save their valuables and in later days were able to return to carry off what yet remained. But no valuables were saved from Herculaneum, and since the city was buried to a depth of

nearly 100 feet it was impossible for anything to be recovered. The burial was as sudden as complete. The torrent of liquid mud, of ashes mixed with water, swooped relentlessly down upon the city; there was time only for the people to escape from the houses and streets—if not from the death-storm of the volcano—and though many bodies were found in Pompeii, few have been discovered in Herculaneum.

All the treasures remained. And now they lie almost perfectly preserved in the matrix of the once plastic mud.

Only glimpses of a small portion of the city have been seen. A beautiful little theatre has been discovered, decorated with statues in every part, a basilica of mysterious purpose, a few temples, a remarkably fine villa stored with art treasures, more than a hundred entire statues and busts, and many such objects as inkstands, surgical instruments, spindles, scales, fishing-tackle, and gold rings and bracelets. Generations will pass before all is found and revealed, and Herculaneum lives again in her new glory.—*Daily Express*.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Acknowledgments for November, 1908.

	RS. A.		RS. A.
1. J. F. X. D'Souza, Esq., Berbera	... 4 0	23. T. S. Palaniswamy Pillai, Esq., Trichino-	... 4 0
2. Mrs. Grace, Bombay	... 4 0	poly ...	... 4 0
3. Miss G. G. Hensman, Jafna	... 4 0	24. Parameswara Iyer, Esq., Mysore	... 4 0
4. Mrs. Jessie Lazarus, Palghat	... 4 0	25. Principal, Coimbatore College	... 4 0
5. Keshori Lal, Esq., Gujarat	... 4 0	26. Mrs. Rai, Coconada	... 4 0
6. K. V. Lakshmi Ammal, Madras	... 4 0	27. Mrs. Rajabally V. Patel, Bombay	... 4 0
7. Mrs. C. M. Machia, Bangalore	... 4 0	28. Raman Umithan, Esq., Quilon	... 4 0
8. E. Marsden, Esq., Bombay	... 4 0	29. Raman Thambi, Trevandrum	... 4 0
9. Mangesha Rao, Esq., Madras	... 4 0	30. Mrs. Samudrayya, Masulipatam	... 4 0
10. Mrs. A. Mascarenhas, Mangalore	... 4 0	31. Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, Hyderabad	... 4 0
11. Mrs. Mitter, Jullandhar City	... 4 0	32. T. S. Srinivasa Rao, Esq., Tiruvada	... 4 0
12. Mrs. Mitter, Salem	... 4 0	33. Mrs. Srimant Mehta, Baroda	... 4 0
13. Mrs. R. Modalkar, Amraoti	... 4 0	34. Mrs. B. S. Subhalakshmi, Madras	... 4 0
14. Mrs. Md. Azam, Madras	... 4 0	35. Miss B. S. Tuche, Faridpur	... 4 0
15. R. S. Natarajieyer, Esq., Oshangabad	... 4 0	36. E. Theophilus, Esq., Rangoon	... 4 0
16. Mrs. M. Nandi, Calcutta	... 4 0	37. C. R. Tiravenkatacherry, Esq., Madras	... 4 0
17. K. Narana Marar, Esq., Cochin	... 4 0	38. Mrs. R. D. Tipping, Pollibetta	... 4 0
18. R. Narayana Iyer, Esq., Ramnad	... 4 0	39. Rev. J. E. Tracey, Kodakanal	... 4 0
19. G. Narayanaswami Naidu, Esq., Ellore	... 4 0	40. Pundit Veerasalingam, (Esq., Rajah-	... 4 0
20. N. T. Narayanaswamy, Esq., Ellore	... 4 0	mundry	... 4 0
21. G. D. Nayagam, Esq., Kulasekarapatam	... 4 0	41. R. Venkataratnam Naidu, Esq., Coco-	... 4 0
22. Mrs. K. Palamavalli Ammal, Palghat	... 4 0	nada	... 4 0



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. VIII

JANUARY 1909

No. 7

FAIRIES

HAVE you seen the fairies dancing in the sunlight near the spring,
Underneath the waving lindens where the trees their shadows fling,
With their little arms akimbo, tripping lightly in and out,
Hither, thither, helter-skelter, up and down and roundabout?

Have you watched them in the moonlight at the green enchanted ring,
Over there beneath the lindens near the murmur of the spring?
Have you seen them flitting gaily to the music of a tune,
Fit for no one but the fairies on a silver night in June?

Do you know them? Do you know them? Have they crowned you with a smile?
Have they touched you with the sweetness of a charming fairy wife?
Have they sung to you and loved you? Have they whispered happy things?
Have they dazed your mortal vision with the sunlight on their wings?

Have they kissed you in your slumber? Have they breathed upon your lips?
Have they touched your sleeping eyelids with their magic finger-tips?
Have they waked your ears to listen to the secret of the wind?
Does the heart of Nature answer to the music of your mind?

The fairies, oh, the fairies, they are beautiful and true!
They are dancing in the sunlight far away beneath the blue!
The nightingale has seen them with the glitter on their wings,
He will tune his evening anthem to a dream of fairy things!

You may listen in the twilight to a song of silver bells,
You may hear it up the valley as it nearer, nearer swells,
'Tis the fairies who are singing to a rhythm wild and sweet,
As they dance among the raindrops with their little twinkling feet.

Oh, I hope you know the fairies, for they ope the gates of gold
To a wonderland of beauty which is never dark and cold;
If you listen in the gloaming you may hear the song they sing,
And they always dance at twilight 'neath the lindens near the spring.

The Ladies' Social Conference at Madras

Four Papers Read by the Ladies

I. Address delivered by Sri Maharani Lady Gajapati Rao Garu (of Vizagapatam), President Elect of the "Bharatha Mahila Parishad" held at the Victoria Public Hall, Madras, on the 30th December, 1908.



DEAR SISTERS,

—I am deeply grateful to you for the honour you have done me in electing me as the President of the Bharatha Mahila Parishad. When the Honourable Mr. Justice Sankara Nair asked me to preside at this Ladies' Conference, my

first impulse was to decline the honour, because I am not worthy of the distinction, as no doubt there are others worthier than myself, and also because ever since my great sorrow, I have taken no active part in any public function. After leaving the invitation unanswered for a week and after consideration, however, I decided to accept it for two reasons. Firstly, it would be lack of sympathy on my part if I did otherwise towards a movement which had been got up for the amelioration of our Indian women to discuss our wants and aspirations; secondly, I thought it in the nature of a command, a call to duty. It is in this spirit that I stand before you to-day to address you on some of the subjects in which this Conference is interested.

We have come here to consider the state of our Indian women, to cultivate mutual love, and to devise means to better our condition. No work is nobler and holier than this. I need not dwell too long on the importance of female education, for its importance in improving the lot of women is admitted on all hands. The days of stern opposition to the education of the Hindu girls have happily passed away and there are hopeful signs in all parts of our country for the advancement of female education which materially contributes to social, moral, and spiritual elevation. It is gratifying that our ladies themselves have begun to take a deep interest in matters relating to their own progress and wel-

fare, and every one of us should strive to promote the cause of education among our sisters. Education means knowledge that distinguishes right from wrong. Knowledge is the light that expels the darkness of ignorance. Therefore, without distinction of sex, knowledge is absolutely necessary to every human being, and to acquire such knowledge, education is indispensable. A wealthy king is respected and revered in his own province but cannot command the same respect in foreign lands, whereas an educated man is respected and revered everywhere. Therefore try to improve your education and increase your spiritual knowledge.

Advantages of Education.—I shall now dwell upon the advantages that accrue from education. Knowledge is derived from education, which enables one to manage well the household affairs, saving time and trouble to the husband. Besides this, educated women will be inclined to listen to the advice of elders and to cultivate love and friendship and thus avoid quarrels and misunderstandings in society. These are but a part of the benefits of education. By reading the life and history of the virtuous Janakaja, Drowpathi, and Savithri, we cherish a desire to follow in their footsteps. When misfortunes befall our families, our minds are immersed in sorrow. We can then have recourse to reading Uttara-gita, Bhagavatgita, and the like Puranic books to find consolation for our afflicted minds. By hearing and reading such sacred books, the grief will diminish and our minds will be pacified. Could we not, therefore, if we are educated, bring peace and pleasure to our depressed minds by reading such sacred books in leisure hours? For educated women, charity, wealth, love and moksha are objects easily attainable. Janakaja, Anasooya, Chendramathi, and Damayanti, the gems of the fair sex, have distinguished themselves by the excellence of their education and their devotion to their husbands. It is education that leads us to the knowledge of God. Devotion to husbands, affection for brothers and sisters, love towards parents, desire to do good to others, kindness to animals and such noble virtues are the outcome of education. We learn from our ancient books that some educated women became famous as authors of books, and as benefactors to the world by preaching wisdom to the ignorant after much self-sacrifice and renunciation.

I should like to refer briefly to the history of the women noted for their education in ancient days and the examples set by them, and I crave, my dear sisters, your indulgence for any shortcomings.

Maiden Gargi was well educated and she composed an Upanishad which goes by her name. It is stated in the Bhagavatham that Kapila taught his mother, Devabhothi, Sankhya Phi-

losophy. The pious and holy Seeta, the illustrious wife of our Sri Rama, had a masterly grasp of the Vedanta and imparted it to Anjaneya at the instance of her husband. It is so stated in the Seeta Ramānjaneya Samvadā.

At the time of gambling, Drowpathi entered the hall of play and questioned Bhishma and other elders of the Kuru family on a legal doubt whether she was first staked and lost or he (Dharmarajah) first staked and lost.

It appears in the Mahabharatam that Virata Maharajah had got his daughter Uttara trained in the art of dancing under the tutorship of Bruhannala.

It also appears in the Puranas that Ratnavali, a virgin, had drawn a picture of the object of her love from memory and so subdued the sorrow of separation.

Education of women is a custom prevailing from our forefathers, but the conquest of India by Mussalmans has tended greatly to retard the progress of education and to the seclusion of women.

Female education had been on the decline, but it speedily began to revive and spread under the benign rule of our late-lamented Queen Victoria. Every town and almost every big village now contains an institution for the education of our girls. We should therefore pay as much attention to the education of our girls as we do for the education of our boys. The crowning victory is won by education when it convinces you of the existence of God, the supreme importance of religion in our life and the ultimate basis and foundation of merit and moksha in morality and righteousness. You cannot buy off God by prayer and charity alone—Give, you must, Pray, you must. He rises in wrath against those who disobey His dictates of Right and Justice. Again, to train up children is an important task imposed upon women and this task cannot be advantageously accomplished without education. The child takes its first lessons from its mother, who without education cannot generally be expected to give the children a proper training. If not for your sake educate yourself for the sake of your children. We are the builders of manhood and womanhood. Let your love for them be manifest in this way. Teach them from infancy obedience to their parents, loyalty to the king and duty to God and man. The mother should not neglect to teach them, when at leisure, truthfulness, patience, obedience, love and kindness towards God's creatures, to do good to others and even-mindedness and piety towards God. To train young children as above, small verses composed to soothe the baby minds should be read, and care should be taken that they are led to follow the good ways conveyed to them in the verses.

We should not always punish children by beating, but we should try to teach them obedience and win their tender hearts with love and with mere show of fear. We should try to exact good behaviour from children not by imposing merciless punishments, but by such simple means as not letting them out for play at play times, and by withholding from them sweets, etc., and taking care to make them understand that for their misconduct, the privileges allowed to them are now withheld. By this way of smooth admonition and by studying the nature of each child, children can be brought up to learn to obey order in their course of early training.

Health.—While attention is paid to education health should not be neglected. It is of primary importance that we should know the principles of hygiene. This knowledge benefits the mothers and their children. The duty of man is to do *dharma* and the body is *dharma sadhanam*. (శరీరము దharma సాధనము). The science of health should be taught in all the schools more especially in schools for girls, for a girl will be later on entrusted with the management of her house, her husband, her children and of other members of the family. Any ignorance or disregard on her part of the principles of health means ruin to many. The Acharyakanda prescribed by our forefathers is evidently based on hygienic principles. No doubt some of the rules are misunderstood and misapplied. But if these rules are observed in the spirit in which they were made, there can be no harm to health, and I do not therefore propose to discourage those orthodox ladies who observe Acharam, but strongly commend to you all, the absolute necessity of the knowledge of the principles of hygiene for the maintenance of good health, which is the best of all blessings. I do not hesitate to assert that this science is a most important one, and believe that others will readily agree with me. If we strictly follow the principles of this science from childhood, sickness will not attack us even in our advanced age and we shall be able to enjoy robust health.

Pure air, pure water and wholesome food are the chief elements for the preservation of human life, and of these three, air is the most important factor. If we allow our homes to be dirty, filthy and impure, the air becomes contaminated and impure matter gradually gets into water and food, and makes the objects we eat unwholesome. So, every endeavour should be made for the maintenance of good health. All filthy and impure matter should therefore be promptly removed so that our air and water may be kept pure and uncontaminated. In addition to pure air and pure water there are other factors which contribute to good health and happiness. Sound

sleep and clean clothing are other chief factors for human health and happiness, and no one can deny that any neglect in the direction of securing any of the above will bring on sickness. Again, one has to take exercise and keep the mind in a happy state. I therefore strongly advocate the teaching of hygiene in all the girls' schools.

Domestic Economy.—Another subject the knowledge of which is so essential to women, is domestic economy, and where it is not practised there is no happiness. Waste of money in all branches of house management must be avoided and care should always be taken to live within one's means. One should never think that any business in the house is not worth one's attention. By engaging servants, you have not done your work. You must supervise their work and see they do it all and well.

Bringing up of infants.—In this world there is no greater pleasure than being blessed with children. To enjoy this pleasure to the fullest extent, there are many things which we should know. I shall here state briefly what they are:—

Parents should take care of their children and see what they eat, drink, and what exercise they take. It is the natural wish of all parents that their children should live long in this world, but they do not adopt means consistent with their wish. If parents do not possess a proper knowledge of bringing up their children, they do as they think with a spirit of self-sufficiency, without consulting persons better qualified in the art of nursing. By such ignorance, the children become weak and meet with premature death. The training which the children undergo in their infancy will be beneficial to them in after life, both in bodily strength and longevity. Special care is therefore necessary in the bringing up of children.

Food to infants.—Food to infants should be in the shape of liquid. It should be fresh and easily digestible, but it should be neither too hot nor too strong. There is no food better than milk.

Pure air.—Pure air is very essential to infants. In this respect, we may treat infants as plants. Irrespective of the care we take to foster plants, they would soon perish if pure air is shut out from them, and the same fate awaits the infants if pure air cannot be had for them. Bathing should be continued from the date of birth of the infants, and fresh and tepid water is a soothing factor for the bath of infants, and bathing as a rule should be done, of course, early in the morning. By taking the infants into the open air, the organs of breath would be strengthened.

Clothing of infants.—Tight clothing is prohibitive for infants and it should not be stiff, but as soft as possible. Hot and crowded rooms

should be avoided for their accommodation. Their bringing up demands great care and vigilance on the part of every mother.

Charity.—The principle of charity is to help the needy and the deserving without any distinction of caste or creed. Charity bestowed upon undeserving objects is no real charity. There are institutions and causes which rightly require your help. We cannot atone for our sins by making Dharma. Dharma should be done for its own sake. Those who do wrong in this world cannot secure heaven. There is a prevailing notion that charity should chiefly be made to Brahmins and temples, and this is a mistake. You all know how famine is raging almost every year in some part or other of our country and how the benign Government is striving to combat the ravages of famine. Although our Government is doing their utmost to relieve a very large number of people from the effects of famine, yet more funds are wanted—charity done for the relief of the poor, for the maintenance of hospitals, poor houses, etc., is praiseworthy. There is another most worthy object of charity that commends itself to us, and it is the establishment of "Widows' Homes," wherever possible.

Social Reform.—To come to the question of social reform—there is no denying that our social life requires improvement in many directions. The advancement of our country depends on a large measure upon how we exert ourselves to reform our society. This question of social reform mainly centres round the position of women.

1. Marriage is a big ceremony held for five days. It has become costly and all attempts should be made to curtail the expenses. Marriages are said to be the cause of ruin and misery to many a family. In all other castes except Brahmins, it can be performed in a day, but some of these castes are imitating the Brahmins, and celebrating their marriages for five days, irrespective of their means. Even among Brahmins, marriages can be finished in one day if celebrated at a sacred shrine. This practice is happily increasing but has not become common. I commend the question of curtailment of expenses whether celebrated for five days or one day to your careful thought.

2. A shameful feature of our marriages is the demand and payment of large sums of money. Let us see what the bargain is exactly. You pay a man for marrying your daughter, or he pays you for giving your daughter. In effect your daughter buys him for a husband or he buys your daughter for a wife. The price is a sum of money. Good trafficking in human beings! This is nothing short of slavery in another form. This pernicious custom of "Ka-

1895 and was affiliated to the Madras University as a Second Grade College in 1902 and from that time was known as the Maharani's Girls' College.

The first batch of students received special help from the existing staff of teachers to study for the B.A. Degree Examination and the College produced two lady graduates in 1905 and is likely to produce one this year. So much for the education of our girls on the English side. Recently another course of studies, comprising chiefly Kanarese and Sanskrit literature called the 'Oriental side', has been opened in the College which enables the girls to become pandits, i.e. to attain a high degree of proficiency in these oriental languages. Already one female candidate from our College has come out successful in the local Pandit's Examination *topping the list of the male candidates*. There are thus three courses of studies side by side:—(1) Vernacular normal course, (2) English course, (3) Sanskrit course. Widows are specially encouraged to study and qualify themselves as mistresses. Lastly, a beginning has been made to train the girls on kindergarten principles of teaching. Physical drill and out-door games, such as croquet and tennis, have been introduced. An attempt has been made to give the girls moral and religious education. The girls are assembled in the hall for half an hour just before beginning the day's lessons and are made to sing prayer songs. Such in brief is the history of the Maharani's Girls' College.

The last point to which I beg to refer to briefly in the education of our girls is the training of these girls in order to fit them to undertake some lucrative home-industry or other. Now that the prejudice that has been existing for centuries against labour as an honest and noble means of livelihood, and the idea that labour is menial and has to be confined to the non-Brahmin classes, are fast going out, it is now felt that the introduction of home-industries into respectable Indian homes is one of the important means of bringing about the industrial regeneration of India. It may be gratifying to you sisters of Madras to learn that the large number of exhibits in the last Industrial exhibition of Mysore sent from the Mylapore Ladies' Association and from Dr. Nanjunda Rao's Home Industries for women, have aroused the interests of many women and set them thinking of introducing them into their houses.

With this end in view, we have been thinking of requesting His Highness the Maharajah of Mysore and the higher authorities connected with the college to attach industrial classes to our girls' schools and colleges which will have a healthy effect of giving a complete and not one-sided education for our children. By such introduction into our schools of industrial train-

ing, the richer classes, as has been observed by the Maharaja Gaikwar of Baroda, would be brought in touch with humble industries, and the poorer classes would acquire that skill and facility in handling tools which can only be acquired at an early stage. All people in all branches could be impressed with the dignity of manual labour more than they do now in India, and the great endeavour to promote the industries of the land would be greatly helpful when the nation receives an elementary technical training in schools. I have no doubt our enlightened Maharaja will soon devise means of introducing this training into our Girls' College.

In conclusion, I beg to thank you, ladies, and especially your Highness for giving me this opportunity to meet you all here and I ask to be excused for taking so much of your precious time.

III. OUR INDIAN SISTERS AND HINDU ETHICS.

By SRI MUTTU LAKSEMI AMMAL, F.A.
STUDENT, M. B. C. M.



MY Dear Sisters, If I have ventured to appear before you to read a paper on "Our Indian Sisters and Hindu Ethics" it is not because I can lay claim to any great scholarship, or vast experience, or because I am an authority on the subject, but from a sincere longing to make certain sug-

gestions in my own humble way for such consideration at your hands as they may deserve. If I fail to come up to your expectations, hold my youth, inexperience, and limited knowledge answerable for the same, but, pray, question not the sincerity of my purpose.

Naturally tender and sympathetic as the womenkind are, I may reasonably expect indulgent and considerate treatment at your hands. Encouraged by this hope, I shall, with your kind permission, proceed to place before you my humble thoughts and ideas on the subject of this paper.

I hope it will not be construed as bare flattery or hyperbole, if I say that Hindu ladies have ever been so many immovable rocks to which the storm-tossed Indians have remained firmly

moored from drifting altogether into the unknown sea of denationalization and decay.

Various and powerful as have been the winds that have blown over the Indian minds from without for the last thousand years and more, let me say, we, I mean the Hindu women, have held fast the Eastern mind to its time-honoured sacred moorings.

But

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new"

and we are in the midst of such changes. We have entered on a new phase of life, and altogether new surroundings, which have a tendency to affect our manners, customs, and character. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. Let us therefore welcome all such changes as may conduce to our amelioration as a distinct nation, but let us at the same time resist and repel changes that tend towards denationalization. Indian women past and present have tried and are trying, according to their humble lights, to help their brothers in this conflict. But let us see if we cannot make ourselves better equipped for the noble cause. It behoves us all, at this crisis, to consider and resolve what part the women of India should play in this struggle.

It is my humble opinion that you may well follow in the footsteps of our early Aryan forefathers in respect to the education of our women, making of course certain modifications in the method, suited to the present times, circumstances and requirements.

It is a misrepresentation to say that Hindu ladies are altogether uneducated, as it is to say that they are as they ought to be. Learned they may not be, physical culture they may have neglected, but as regards mental and moral culture they have not in vain or without effect heard rehearsals from our sacred literature, ignorant though they may be of many of the modern sciences, and, in fact, of many things which they ought to know, to prove good and helpful wives, efficient housewives, careful and prudent mothers, and useful and loyal citizens.

Our early history and our epics furnish us with many models of perfect womanhood, of women famed for their purity, devotion to their lords, piety, modesty, and self-sacrifice. We learn from the same source that our early sisters exercised much influence on the Aryan society and contributed much to the development of the Aryan character. With a due and correct conception of the duties and responsibilities of women, the early Aryans had taken care so to educate them as to make them useful and helpful members of the family and of the society.

My humble effort now is to suggest a happy and possible combination of the excellencies of the East and of the West. It is not for me, nor

is it my purpose to-day, to deal exhaustively with all the possibilities of development of the women of the East. It is a vast subject and I should leave it to older and more capable hands.

Such of the Western writers and thinkers as have seen Indian women and understood them aright have credited our sisters with possessing certain excellent qualities. But let me tell you that if they are admired by such visitors, they are so admired, not for their glowing sarees or their diamonds or the flimsy varnish of "little learning," but for something more substantial and real, more conducive to human welfare and spiritual development. They are admired as being modest maidens, devoted wives, tender and loving mothers, and charitable citizens. How do you explain that they have been so and are so? Whence have they derived these features of their character? Have they drawn their noble inspirations from the numerous light and trashy literature of the times? Certainly not. Do they owe it to their little school book-learning? Most certainly not. These, on the other hand, have made some of them light and vain.

The fact is our sisters have been drinking for ages, more largely and freely than our brothers, at the great and time-honoured river of Hindu Ethics, which has its source in the sacred literature of the East, such as Ramayana, Mahabharata, Vedanta, the Upanishads and Bhagavat Gita. Their Ethical culture so far has been through their ears than from books and schools. Suppose we all of us now make up our minds to study Sanskrit with a view to enable us to drink at the very fountain, what do you think will be the condition of Indian women a generation or two hence? Why, you may rest assured that they will be so many Sitas, Savitris, Gargis and Kansalyas.

Vast are the hoards of treasures to be found in our Sanskrit literature. We can derive light and guidance therefrom in respect of every duty of our life. Our sacred books treat of great and universal truths. They show us the way to be happy here and hereafter. My dear sisters, I believe you know more of their value than I can tell you, nor have I the capacity to explain their worth in full. So far as our Ethical culture is concerned, I may observe that the study of Sanskrit religious literature may furnish us with all that we may need in that direction.

If India should rise and proclaim her spiritual mission to the world, it should be through the well educated wives and mothers whose duty it is to shape the destiny of the future generation. The early Aryans were actuated by noble impulses and high principles and our great Epics are full of inspiring truths. In these days of materialism and atheism it may seem difficult to

nyasulkam" and "Varasulkam" is condemned by our Sastras and by all right-minded men, including perhaps even those that take part in this objectionable custom which is apparently coming to stay amongst us, and it is in your hands to root it out. It is this custom that is responsible partly for early marriages, and partly for early widowhood. Even among Brahmins and Vaisyas, girls could be kept unmarried until at least they are 11 or 12 years old. This reform is easy and within your power.

It is to be regretted that in castes where marriage after puberty is allowable, the custom prevailing among Brahmins is blindly imitated. There is no necessity whatever for this. The result of this evil practice of early marriages has been the increase of child widows, whose condition is deplorable. There was a time when Suttee was prevalent in the Indian Empire. This pernicious custom had produced a baneful effect on womankind. The great reformer, Rajah Ramamohun Roy, came forward for the relief of the poor widows and got this custom abolished by the most benign Government by means of a penal enactment, by which the practice of Suttee was put a stop to. Unless some of our distinguished reformers concert effective measures to put a stop to the marriages of girls under 11 or 12 years of age, the obnoxious custom of child marriages cannot be stopped. They may of course approach the benign Government and apply for legislation on this subject. Brahmins and Vaisyas are in dread of excommunication from caste if they marry their girls late, and it may take some time to introduce a change for the better in this direction; but I think it a point of importance for all men interested in our social reform to take up the question in earnest and endeavour to bring about a wholesome change, in consultation with the Gurus of important Mutts—"Nothing venture, nothing win."

To ameliorate the condition of these widows it would be well to start useful home industries in embroidery and the like, and to train some of them as teachers for girls' schools, as nurses and midwives for hospitals, as the want of such qualified women is felt everywhere. I have no doubt that any qualified and trained widow will find ready employment. As such, they will be of great value among all the women in their homes.

The above-mentioned reforms, I feel sanguine, will have your hearty support. Indian homes are noted for their purity, and I exhort you all to preserve and improve that purity. All obscene literature and lewd songs should be strictly prohibited, and the greatest care possible should be taken to keep our boys and girls free from all vicious influences. In the Mahabharata, two conditions are laid down for success in life, viz.,

human effort and the will of God. The will of God is for the prosperity and betterment of His creatures.

Truthfulness.—In this world truthfulness is the source of all human happiness. There is no virtue of greater importance than truth. Irrespective of the troubles and difficulties to be encountered in this stage of life, one has to adhere to truth, which alone can bring happiness in this world and everlasting bliss in after-life. Was it not by this truthfulness that Harischandra Maharajah, who was involved in troubles and difficulties, became famous amongst the kings of his time and is still alive in the memory of the world's generations? In days of yore, when Balichakravati had promised to make charity to Vamanamurti, he was pressed by Sukracharya to withhold it, but Bali refused to hear him, saying that he could not retract what fell from his lips whatever might be the consequences following. We have read several such instances in our sacred books. When the speaking of an untruth even in trivial matters destroys confidence of husbands in their wives and of parents in their children, there is no need to speak of its effect on others. It is not a difficult thing to say what is directly seen and heard. No effort is necessary to speak the truth. As regards untruth, one has to fabricate stories to deceive others and guard himself from exposure. If one perhaps commits a sinful act by mistake, his conscience pricks him till he confesses the truth before man or God. Repentance will then follow, and the penitent will pray often for peace of mind. A mind thus bent cannot venture to commit an evil act. God is all truth and He consequently loves those that are truthful and punishes the untruthful. The prayers of the truthful soul are most pleasing to God. Their prayers are granted. Lying lips are an abomination to God and their prayers are not heard. The virtue of being truthful is the best of all good qualities, and we should always exert ourselves to practise this virtue.

In this Bharatakhandam there are now several religions, each of which has its followers; but a major portion of the whole population adheres to Hinduism. We should, therefore, exert ourselves to improve our religious knowledge and offer prayers to God every day, not only during ceremonials and festivities. Further, some day in each week should be fixed, and at a stated time and place all women should congregate and read the morals embodied in Ramayana and Mahabharata—the 5th Veda for the female population, and other books on Ethics.

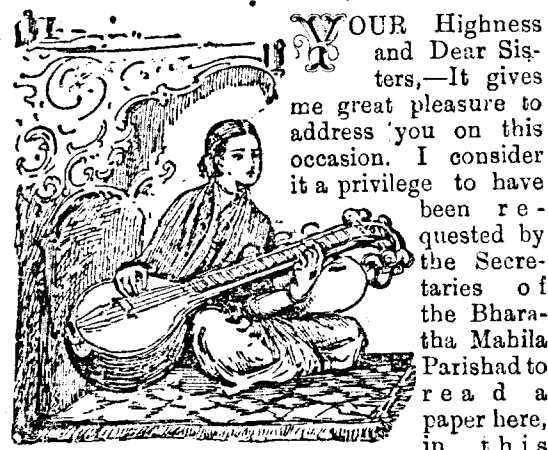
It is gratifying to learn that Hindu Ladies' Associations are already coming into existence for this purpose here and there, and it is hoped that more of these will be formed everywhere.

Religion should be particularly taught in all the schools. It is desirable to teach suitable portions dealing with the virtues and duties of righteous wives from Dharma Sastra, Puranams and Itihasas. In this way they will acquire a knowledge of their duties in this world and also of the future state of bliss. Let each of us therefore work her little mite to attain the objects of the Conference.

Beloved sisters, I thank you all for the trouble you have taken to come here and for the patience with which you have so kindly listened to me.

II. FEMALE EDUCATION.

BY SRIRANGAMMAL, B.A.



splendid gathering, on female education. I think the subject, though an oft-beaten ground, can bear any amount of repetition.

We learn from our epics and puranas that women in ancient India occupied a very high position. They are depicted as embodiments of all that is good, noble and beautiful and in point of culture were equal to—nay—even surpassed men. In course of time they lost this high position and were sunk into ignorance and subordination so much so that their education was completely ignored.

Only in recent years our men have realised the importance of giving them education and elevating them to their former proud position. Attempts have been made all over India to start girls' schools. But the question "what sort of education will best suit our girls in modern times" is still under discussion. I shall however confine myself to a brief outline of the sort of education as given in our College at Mysore.

The Maharani Girls' School was started in 1881 by H.H. the Maharani, C.I. of Mysore. A score of men of high standing and culture threw their heart and soul into the work and by dint of energy and perseverance in the face of adverse criticisms succeeded at last in overcoming the

prejudices in the minds of the people to let their girls attend the school. The school can well claim to have been one of the pioneers in the cause of female education in South India. Over and above the labour of love of those public-spirited gentlemen responsible for the progress of the College (of whom Rai Bahadur A. Narasimha Iyengar is even now the soul of the institution), it had from the very beginning the prestige and influence of a benign sovereign for its support which greatly contributed to success.

At first the founders of the institution confined their attention to imparting elementary education to our girls. Books with sound moral principles and beautiful illustrations from our sacred books, were specially got up; for their aim was to preserve the best traits of our national life and character and add what was useful, necessary and practical from elsewhere. Kanarese, Sanscrit, and later on English were taught. The instruction given to the girls in arithmetic, geography and hygiene was of the most elementary kind. Special attention was paid to the teaching of music, fancy work, sewing and drawing. Instrumental music and physical exercise of all kinds were avoided at first as the generality of the people had wrong notions about them. The success the school achieved in about three or four years was so satisfactory that it encouraged the manager of the institution to undertake more. The formidable opposition for instrumental music was at last got over and the *vina* our national musical instrument was introduced into the school. The performances of the little girls before visitors and on the occasions of the annual prize distribution in the school were so charming that it gained great popularity in a short time. It was considered to be the speciality of the school. As for literary education the girls began to be prepared for the local Lower Secondary Examination which corresponds to the Madras Middle School Examination. The education of the girls threatened to come to a dead stop here; because the girls began to leave school soon after their marriage. This was a sad blow to the enthusiastic workers. But, nothing daunted, they organised a system of house-teaching by which girls could receive education in their houses even after they left school. Gradually by persuasion and precept the guardians of the girls were won over to let them continue their studies even after they attained their age. The number of grown-up girls increased and these were trained as teachers and were employed in the school itself or sent out as mistresses to the other primary schools in the province.

The institution was raised to a High School in

practise the excellent virtues of our Aryan forefathers. But there have been many great men and women who have acted up to the Aryan ideal. There have been great women among us who have distinguished themselves in poetry, literature and philosophy, without at the same time forfeiting their claims to perfect womanhood. Among others I may mention the names of ஜனகை (among women) திருவள்ளுவர், திருஞானசம்பந்தர், and மாணிக்கவாசகர் (among men) of the tamil country. Who is there that does not admire the comprehensive திருக்குறள், a treasure house of excellent moral gems, and whose heart does not melt at the devotional hymns of the last two? We have a model Indian wife in ஷாபதி, Thiruvalluvar's other half. The duties of brothers, wives, and sons are well and practically illustrated in the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. The heroes of our Epics shine in all the virtues that must ennoble humanity, and are dutiful, loyal, valiant and generous. We find vice punished and virtue rewarded.

It is very much to be regretted that our young girls take delight in reading light vernacular novels that satisfy only vulgar tastes but contain no good morals. It is the duty of parents to keep such mischievous literature from the hands of their children and the writers of such novels may utilise their time and energy better by bringing out translations of useful works in Sanskrit and in English.

Character is all in all for the progress of a nation. We have to regain what we have lost through many years of lethargy and subordination. Now under the benign and enlightened rule of the British we are beginning to see our wants and repair our loss.

Modern life is very complex. Numerous problems of great difficulty have to be solved. Our brothers have noble aspirations in respect of social, economical, industrial, and political reforms. The Indian nation has to ameliorate itself in many directions so as to be respected by other nations. There are many social evils to be removed. The pernicious caste system and its attendant evils have to be put down. Union has to be effected among the different races and castes in India. Child and early marriages have to be discouraged so that Indians may not be reviled as baby-born and wanting in stamina, nerve and sterner virtues. Industrially and materially we are far behind the other nations. We should encourage our brothers to cultivate the spirit of co-operative enterprise. They should be made to make the best use of the savings in their hand. It is our duty to dissuade them from throwing away their earnings on jewels, vanities, and luxuries. The depressed classes have to be elevated and light has to be introduced into many dark nooks and corners.

Our brothers have to labour hard to be able to realise their aspirations. Are we the women of India, as we are, in a position to help them in their onerous task? Had the women of ancient India remained so very listless and inert in respect of the grave concerns of life? Were they only jewel and sari-wearing dolls, flaunting about in society? No. They were none of these. Therefore we should bestir ourselves that we may become real active helpmates to our brothers. "Woman's cause is man's, they rise or sink together." How can our brothers march forward, if we women drag them backward. Unfortunately we outnumber them. Let us therefore educate ourselves so as to help forward the cause of progress. Let us keep our Indian virtues and add to the stock from further researches into our sacred books. Let us derive enlightenment in other directions, from the sources available. Let us learn English and through it the knowledges, if I may use the term, other than what may be found in our own Indian literature. Let our education be at least sufficient to make us intelligent and companionable wives, good mothers capable of giving the proper bent to the growing minds, economical housewives and enlightened and useful citizens. I am not in sympathy, nor do I agree, with those who would keep from us the knowledge of the English language and literature, which opens to us a long and widening vista of immense prospects. How much our brothers owe to their knowledge of the English language! Why should the women of India be kept from tasting the fruits of English education which are not forbidden to their brothers! Never forgetting, however, 'that woman is not undeveloped man but diverse,' let us secure for ourselves so much of English education as may go to make us enlightened and useful citizens of the world and let us take care at the same time that we do not turn out unwomanly in our character and manners, and let us, in conclusion, ever cherish feelings of gratitude and loyalty towards the British Government under whose peaceful rule the further enlightenment of the women of India engages the serious attention of the rulers and the ruled.

May God bless our cause!

IV. WOMEN AND EDUCATION.

BY SOWBHAGHAVATI LAKSHMIAMMAL.

LADIES, the time is long past when it would have been considered unpardonable to discuss the necessity and the advantages of female education. That so many distinguished Indian women have met here is sufficient proof that female education is truly

appreciated by Indians. The remark is often made that female education in India has as yet made but slow progress. This is quite true; but it is equally true that the first stage of this vast movement affecting so many people living under different conditions of life can only be extremely slow.

There is no reason to suppose that the future progress of the movement will be anything but rapid.

What, in this matter, ought to be the attitude of those who by their position are able to influence the movement? Is there any special turn which they can give to it? I am unable either to think of the subject in all its bearings or to express my thoughts in suitable language. But with your permission, I shall mention one or two points which will have to be borne in mind by those interested in education. I think we are all agreed that over and above the mere rudiments of education, woman's education should include those special subjects such as hygiene, needle-work, &c., which are quite necessary for the proper discharge of her duties as mother and mistress of the house. To a large number of Indian women, education will be the means of earning an honest and honourable livelihood. Their education will, no doubt, have to be varied according to their special circumstances. There will again be among Indian women, some at any rate who are prepared to take the fullest advantages which education offers here and elsewhere and to gain distinction in the various walks of life. Such women not only show by example what woman may achieve but are also bound to exercise great influence on the community, the value of which is not to be estimated by their numbers.

Over and above these there remain among Indian women a large number whom Providence has placed above want and free from the ordinary cares of life. Social intercourse has always been and will always be a powerful factor in woman's education. But it will be a bad day for India—if that day should ever come—when the Indian woman of leisure can be described as a gay frivolous creature of fashion without any serious aim in life. It seems to me that these women of leisure and position have a very important and special responsibility in relation to national culture. What more pleasure can they find for their leisure hours than the cultivation of literature, music and painting—these flowers of civilization as we may call them. In the regeneration of the lost art of India and in the creation of new ideals and in gradually building up the aesthetic wealth of the nation, Indian women by their appreciation and by their own work are destined to play a very important part.

Woman's education will be incomplete in one

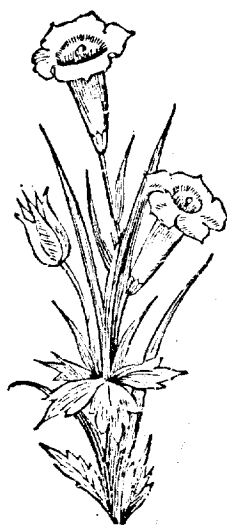
important respect if she does not train and cultivate those wide sympathies with which nature has enriched her. As education spreads, let us hope Indian women will find more and more interest in works of charity and work among the poor.

It is often said that we are losing our ancient faith. There cannot be—at any rate there ought not to be—any truth in this. The Indian woman, if anything, is profoundly religious, and can never live apart from religion. Our education, whatever it may or may not do for us, can never be allowed in the least to, undermine the fear of God which is so natural to our soul. I think the last and the first duty of an Indian woman, educated or uneducated, is to keep her soul pure and never to deviate from that unerring devotion to God which is her mainstay in life.

The Evils of Child-Marriage

(A Paper read in June last at the Pan-Anglican Congress)

By MRS. HATCHELL.



BEFORE discussing the question of child-marriage and of child-widows, we must view the question from the Hindu standpoint, which is, that the only things required in marriage are obedience and motherhood. Companionship does not enter into the question. The leading idea is a belief in the necessity of being the father of lawful sons, who will carry out the funeral rights essential, not only for the well-being of the father's soul but for the family ancestors as well. The sole use and destiny of woman is

to be a wife and mother, apart from which she has no place or use in life.

The Marriage Laws of the Hindus are supposed to be taken from the Manu Code, and Indian Social Reformers maintain that this code permits marriage to be delayed until after maturity; and they refer to their ancient history, where woman had a more favoured position and where there were no traces of child-marriage or enforced widowhood. I have lately been given the opportunity of reading a Prize Essay written by a Native of Madras on the subject of "Marriage before Puberty" from this stand-

point. I have also had other literature sent to me by a highly educated Indian gentleman giving extracts of speeches and essays, etc., bearing on this point; and to fully realize the important question raised in connection with this subject we must know that more recent law books than Manu's Dharmaśāstra teach that it is a great sin and even potential murder if the marriage ceremony be postponed until after 10 years of age, as potential births may be prevented (which is what is meant by potential murder), and thousands of parents think that they are really committing a great sin if they postpone the marriage until after maturity. Supposing from the Hindu point of view these two inferred Vidhis were of equal authority, the one from the Veda itself is in keeping with the advanced sciences of the day, teaching that child-marriage violates the ordinary laws of nature and is good neither for the nation nor the individual; and the other inferred from the Shāstras is in palpable conflict with the indications of the Vedic Mantras. Surely the considerations of a larger nature ought to decide between them. As one of the Reformers themselves writing to his countrymen says, "Dip into the spirit of your Shāstras and follow its dictates."

If only the Brahmins and Hindus could be brought to look at the matter in this light a very great deal of opposition would be removed, for the root of the matter lies in what they consider a binding religious obligation and though they do not mean to be cruel they are always ready to sacrifice the present to the future, no matter what the cost may be to themselves, or those belonging to them. Of the many abuses arising from child-marriage we can only touch on two or three now.

There is the Medical aspect of the question, the terrible suffering and lifelong injuries inflicted. Much of this was brought to light by the petition drawn up and signed by 55 lady-doctors in 1890 imploring the Viceroy to enact or introduce a measure raising the age of wifehood to the full age of 14 years. The whole system lends itself to the possibilities of such unutterable wrongs. One cannot tell all but it has to be lived by helpless girls.

Other abuses are—the great bar to the education of women; it engenders pauperism and tends to national degeneracy physically and mentally and is also responsible for the large number of child-widows. At the last census 538 babies under one year old were widows. There is no time to dwell on the misery and lifelong degradation devolving on these child-widows. Of the innocent victims well may Dante's words be said "All hope abandon ye who enter here." When suttee was done away with by the Government, people thought all had been done that

was necessary but that was only the fringe of the matter. Their condition has been well described by a leading Indian Reformer as one of "cold suttee." Their suffering goes on behind closed doors and the wrong is a hidden one.

What has been done in the past to remedy these evils?

When the English took over the Government of India they gave an emphatic pledge not to interfere with the social customs and religion of the people and for three quarters of a century their hands have been tied by these pledges, but when they realized the many cruelties and organized murder (in infanticide) to which they were accessory, their conscience was stirred; for though on the one hand there was this pledge not to interfere, on the other the helpless condition of the widows and female children made them wards of the State. Then they found a new interpretation of the law, which was that they were only bound to fulfil the law in so far as innocent lives were not sacrificed, for the law had a higher duty and that was to protect the lives of its subjects.

Cannot this interpretation be given a place to bear on the question of child-marriage and child-widows as much as in the case of infanticide and suttee? Government may try to shirk the responsibility by saying that the people are not ready for it, but very many of the more educated and enlightened Hindus would be only too glad to have the reform thrust upon them and to be able to shelter themselves by saying that it is the Government order and we must obey. We must also remember that the Hindu with his highly strung and sensitive nature is not strong enough in character (though we have many exceptions) to take the initiative and put into practice those theories which commend themselves to his intelligence. We have many signs that the people have been and are being stirred in the matter. Many "Marriage Reforms" are now being actively advocated by the Madras Hindu Association, and in the "Congress" speeches there are many allusions to the abuses of child-marriage, by leading men amongst them. In Bombay in 1904, under the auspices of the "Presidency Reform Association," a conference of Indian ladies was held to enable those in purdah to meet and express their views on questions relating to Indian women. Among the papers read was one entitled, "The Evils of Infant Marriage" besides others on the treatment of their widows. Important laws for raising the age of marriage have been passed in the Native States of Mysore and Baroda. Both in Bombay and Madras there are Associations for promoting the re-marriage of widows and though the results are not great and progress very slow, it shows the trend of thought of the more educated

men on this subject and is ten times better than apathy and stagnation. Two notable re-marriages of widows have very recently taken place in Calcutta. Much is being done through the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in Calcutta (branches have recently been formed in Bombay and Poona) and the Honorary Secretary, now in England, (Rev. J. P. Ashton), is advocating a "permission bill" as an intermediate step, by which it should be decided that it is legal to postpone the *Marriage Ceremony* till after 12 years of age or till after maturity. This society is on a humanitarian basis and has the support of many leading Indians: it is a great help to the Missionary Societies in investigating and taking into Court cases that would be difficult for them to handle by themselves. We must remember that we have to deal with a people who are both sensitive and suspicious, especially in what concerns their social and domestic life. Wisdom must join with prudence in all reform measures, but respect for their feelings must not blind us to our responsibilities, for no religion can justify the sacrifice of the helpless and innocent. It is most important that all engaged in missionary work should be well posted up in the Government rulings in the past on this subject, and know where the law can step in, and that child-wives under 12 are protected by the Bill of 1891, though to give this the full effect there needs to be a more thorough system of registration of births and marriages. There should be permanent *Women Inspectors* to deal with this subject and a small permanent commission (some members of which should be women) to deal with the question of "women's wrongs" in the subject of child-marriages especially.

Unfettered growth to womanhood and educational development can never come till the men are reformed in their views on this subject, and if the men are not free to act it is better to call in the help of Government. One of their own countrymen has written of them "woman, thy lot in India is misery".

"Let us pray that God may create a conscience on this subject in those in authority".

Nevertheless though much may be done by legislation (and we must not lose sight of its educative effect) the root of the whole matter lies in the religious education of both men and women, and especially the men. In a very literal sense it may be said of a large number of the women of India—their life is one long tragedy from "the cradle to the grave."



The Art of Watts.



IN the National Gallery of British Art in London is a great hall which is entirely adorned with the pictures of Watts and which bears his name. Wandering through this hall, you see pictures, which not only please the eye by their charming beauty of outline and the grouping of figures or by the harmonious blending of choice colours, but which also seem to bring near us in mystic symbolism the problem of life. His paintings are eloquent. The artist himself was a simple, unassuming man, who was not to paint for the sake of making money, but just to express his own thoughts and his strong beliefs. Of himself he has said, "I paint ideas, not things; I paint primarily because I have something to say, and since the gift of eloquence has been denied me, I use painting; my intention is not so much to paint pictures which shall please the eye, as to suggest great thoughts which shall speak to the imagination and to the heart and to arouse all that is best and noblest in humanity." This is the keynote of his paintings. His aims were lofty and he tried to realise them. Though description will fall far short of seeing, yet I cannot help just saying a few words about some of his pictures. Two of his best known works are *Love and Life* and *Love and Death*. Life is represented as a woman in her first youth. She comes haltingly to love, strong and beautiful in his immortal youth, who welcomes her with strong hands and seems to shelter her with his broad wings so that the winds of heaven may not be too much for her. Love leads her along a steep hill path symbolic of our life here. The ascent is steep and rugged and life looks too tender, but love sustains her and guides her. Violets spring up where love has trod and the atmosphere is rosy and thrilling with warmth and radiance. It seems to me to imply the strength, the tenderness and the beauty of Divine love shedding its radiance on fragile human life as it ascends the steep and rugged path. In the next picture we again see the power of love. Love which can sustain life can also contend with death, but is overshadowed by death. The picture represents Death as a majestic figure, draped in white from head to foot. She hides her face but the hand is uplifted with a mysterious significance. On the threshold is heaven, represented as a bright

beautiful child, and he struggles passionately with death to bar her entrance, but his efforts are of no avail, and as death crosses the threshold the blossoming roses on the porch wither and we can almost as it were hear the moan of the turtle-dove in her loneliness. Yet there is nothing cruel in the action of death. She seems to come more, as Watts himself often said "as the gentle nurse that puts the children to bed." This picture was suggested to him it is said by the story of a youth. He was painting the portrait of a young man of position and wealth who was suffering from the dread disease, phthisis. He was surrounded with the most loving care. The most energetic measures were taken to cure him, but they were all of no avail and Watts, as he watched, felt the slow but inscrutable approach of death, the one who puts an end to all earthly pain. Opposite to this great picture is another *The Court of Death*, one of his greatest conceptions. Death is represented as sitting on the wave of the world as a great winged angel; behind her stand two spirits guarding a veil but partially revealing a little that lies beyond—"Sunrise and the star of hope."

At the feet of death are grouped various figures. Every one has answered to the call of death. The king offers him his crown, the warrior clad in mail gives up his sword, the scholar his beloved books. Side by side is shown the other side of life. A cripple crawls to the feet of death to claim respite from his pain. A woman, pale and weary with sickness and suffering, rests her head lovingly on the knee of death. Old age also comes seeking for rest, while a little child unknowingly plays lovingly in the folds of the long mantle of death. In the arms of the winged queen is a new born babe symbolising as it were the birth of new life in the very lap of death, which seems to represent death as the mother of another life. From the sad beauty of this picture we turn to the picture of Hope. It is the figure of a young girl riding through space on a globe with bandaged eyes and a broken lyre, yet she is listening with intentness to the music that she is trying to get out of the last remaining string, for to the woman who cannot see the infinite space around her, that sound is the whole of life.

Another series of pictures which arrests the eye is the *Trilogy of Eve*. The first picture of the Eve of Trilogy, but which is really placed in the middle by the painter, is the *Creation of Woman*. Eve rising upward with her golden hair flowing around her, emerging from wreathes of flowers and the singing of birds and floating upward into a flood of mystic light. In the grand unconsciousness of her glowing beauty she rises into being. It is a type of the beauty which is the birthright of every human soul. It has been said that this picture embodies the

"Joy of Life, the movement of creation, the unconscious aspiration towards the infinite ideal." The next is the Temptation. Eve buries her face in the blossom and fruit of the tree of knowledge. At her feet is a panther and through the leaves we can see the glistening of the scales of the snake, and we can feel the woman listening half-heartedly to the subtle words of the tempter. The third or the repentance is the triad picture of Eve Trilogy. It shows Eve giving herself up to the abandonment of grief and despair. The mother of all humanity buries her face against the trunk of a tree, her shoulders bowed in an agony of remorse and shame. In every line of her figure, which is partly shrouded in her beautiful golden hair we see the bitterness of her sorrow for her deed and for her sin that brought sorrow and death into the world.

There are other striking pictures *Psyche*, *For he had great possessions*, *the spirit of Christianity* and others. Jonah is a striking picture of the prophet fired with an all consuming zeal as he delivered his awful announcement "yet forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed." In every line of the figure and in the expression of the face the menace is apparent. It is impossible to go into the subject of every picture. Yet, from the description of the few pictures given above, we can understand the strength and purpose of the artist who tried to express himself and his thoughts in his paintings.

Chenganoor

(A Place of Hindu Worship)



CHENGANOOR is a well known sanitarium in Central Travancore. What Alwaye is to North Travancore is Chenganoor to Central Travancore. Besides this, Chenganoor has got a very sacred temple which attracts pilgrims from all parts of the country.

Chenganoor = Chem + kunu + oor
= red + hill + town

i.e., red hill town, is red owing to the laterite soil of the taluq. But some say the word Chenganoor is only the translation of the word Chonachelam, that means the hill where the sage Chonashilan lived. There is also another story to show the origin of the name. They say Chenganoor = Chengan + oor; Chengan = fisherman, therefore fisherman's town. Formerly the Bhagavathy of the local temple used to be taken to Aratupuzha in the Karthigapally taluq

for Arat. Once while the Arat was being performed by the potti, the idol slipped into the sea; this was reported to the Hindu fishermen near the coast who at once searched the sea and got back the idol and brought it back safe to Chenganoor. From that date it is called Chenganoor, fisherman's town. So people say.

Even now these fishermen claim some sort of right over the Bhagavathy and during certain days they come to the temple in a body and present to the god and goddess a certain amount of money called *Kuthalapanam*, since it is given in a *Kuthala*, a kind of basket made of plantain leaves.

But the *Changanoor Mahathanyam* has a different story as to the origin of the name. It is as follows:

In connection with the Parvatheeswayamvaram (the marriage of Parvathi) the great god Paramaswara had invited all the living beings to the Himalayas and in response to that invitation all went to the Himalayas. Owing to the heaviness of the load (since all the living beings moved towards the Himalayas) the goddess Earth was affected a little and consequently the northern portion of the country came down and the southern portion rose up. This made the god Siva a little uneasy and to make it all right, he sent the sage Agastya. Agastya at once walked off directly southward proposing in his mind various plans to put the earth in its original position. But when he reached a certain hill he found that the earth had resumed its former position and his business was over. This pleased the god so much that he appeared to him and asked him what boon he wanted. The sage said, "Oh god! you sent me south on a certain mission before your marriage and I was not able to see you and your consort in all your splendour. So your Parvathy and you should appear before me as you were during the time of your marriage and also consent to be consecrated in this hill." The god Siva who is well known for his kindness towards his *Bhakthas*, granted him this boon and the married couple were consecrated there.

The temple is dedicated to Siva on the eastern side and Parvathi on the western. It has been referred to already that the god and goddess were consecrated here by the sage Agastya. A few hours after this while walking on the northern side of the temple he saw a few young beautiful girls chatting with one another. The sage neared them and asked them who they were. The girls said, "Oh sage! by your penance you brought our god and goddess to this hill and so we are also forced to come to this place, since we are the dependents of Siva. We are the great rivers, the Ganges, the Yamuna, the Sarasvati, &c." It is believed

that the tank on the northern side of the temple is made up of the waters of these holy rivers and there is a belief that if a person bathes in this tank and worships in the temple, then it is equal to bathing in these holy rivers and worshipping the god Siva and his Parvathy in the Mount Kylas. So much importance this temple has.

The temple, the Koothampalam, (a building of peculiar shape, built by the well known Elliyannur Perunthachan) and the five storeyed tower in front of the temple were constructed during the time of the Nayanans. The temple is even now called Nayanar Tiruchenganur Kovil,* from the fact that the management of the affairs of the temple was under the Nayanans, a class of Nairs, the descendants of whom are still to be found in a certain house at Rani (Melatathu Nayanar's). There are also records in the temple to show that the Nayanans were looking after the temple affairs and the name of the temple is Nayanar Tiruchenganur Kovil. There is difference of opinion in this also. Some say that it is called Nayanar Tiruchenganur Kovil, because a Tamilian named Viralmentu Nayanar lived in the hill for a very long time worshipping the god and goddess. It was from him that the temple got the name. After the decline of the Nayanans the Potti chieftains began to manage the temple affairs. The managers were the *Archupidarathils* or the five Pandarathils (Potti Adylans) and four Pottis. They appointed one Parameswaran Moothathu as their *Kariasthan* and he managed the affairs. He was given a ring in token of authority. He was in fact a deputy of the god. He kept all the money, ornaments, &c., belonging to the god and he had much power. By and by he became a man of very great importance and no one dared to oppose him. Even the managers of the five Pandarathils and the four Pottis who appointed him as *Kariasthan* were afraid of him. As long as he had that ring (the gift from the god, which is the emblem of power) it was considered a great sin to say anything objectionable to him and so everyone was afraid of him. He used to take his seat in the *mandapam* in front of the shrine and the people who came for worship used to stand away from the *mandapam* (since he was there) and worship. Such was the respect and fear with which people regarded him. The Vanjipuzha chief who was the head of the managing committee of the temple grew jealous of this Moothathu who was only a servant of theirs; but even he could do nothing against the Moothathu since he had that divine ring. So he began to weave plots against the Moothathu. By this time the Moothathu had changed his

* From a manuscript written by a local antiquarian, Mr. K. P. Narayana Pillai.

title, into Paramesvaran Pandarathil, and he began to consider himself even greater than these Potti Pandarathils. But his fall soon came. Rama Iyen Dalawah, the great Brahmin warrior and statesman was the Dewan of Travancore then. In one of his circuits he halted at Chenganoor. He was a great friend of the Vanjipuzha Pandarathil (for it was the Vanjipuzha Pandarathil who gave Rama Iyen Dalawah to Marthanda Varma Maharajah). In the course of conversation the Pandarathil told Rama Iyen all about the Moothathu and asked him whether he could suggest any means to take away the power of the Moothathu. Rama Iyen said, yes, and the next day he went to the temple for worship with the Vanjipuzha Pandarathil. After worship, Rama Iyen approached the Moothathu and began to talk to him in a friendly way. During their conversation the Dalawah asked him to give the ring for examination which he did. After a few seconds Rama Iyen gave the ring to the Vanjipuzha Pandarathil and made him the headman of the temple. The Moothathu Pandarathil was nonplussed and forced to go away crestfallen. Thus the Vanjipuzha Pandarathil became the headman of the temple. But in 996 M. E. the temple was taken over to Sircar management. But still the Vanjipuzha chief has some nominal rights and privileges.

The Oolsavan in this temple continues for 28 days. The *Kotiyettu* is on the Thiruvathira day in the month of Dhanu and the Arat is on the Thiruvathira day in the month of Makaram. On the *Kotiyettu* day there is a meeting of the old *Sihana* Pottis, the *Anchupandarathil* and the four Pottis, and their formal sanction is necessary to begin the Oolsavan. Even to this day the meeting is held and the formal sanction is given. All the expenses connected with the Oolsavan are met by the Government for 27 days but on the Arat day the expenses are met by the Vanjipuzha Pandarathil, who claims some sort of nominal headship in the temple. On the Arat day 28 swamies or idols from 28 minor temples adjoining the Changanur temple should accompany Siva and Parvathy when they go for Arat and they would get in return for their services certain amount of money from the temple.

There was a Koothampalam and a fine storeyed building in front of the temple but these were destroyed by fire owing to the wrath of Siva the great destroyer. On the south-eastern side of the destroyed Koothampalam there is an irregularly shaped stone which has some importance of its own. There is a belief that those who look up and worship the dome of the temple standing on this stone need not fear a snake-bite that day. No one can explain the meaning of this but one thing is certain that there is no instance of a snake-bite contrary to

this belief. There is a story told about the origin of this peculiar stone. Once a great *Mantravady* who is also skilled in the treatment of snake-bite, came to Chenganoor and boasted that there was no one in the whole world to excel him in the treatment of snake-bite. One of the Pottis who happened to hear this said that there was a Potti who was more skilful in treating cases of snake-bite than himself (the foreigner). The foreigner who boasted, could not believe this and he wanted to test the ability of the local man, one Muringa Potti by name. The foreigner sent for him and on his arrival let loose one of his snakes and asked him to tie it up if he is powerful enough to do it (by his mantrams). The local man tried every means in vain. He thought he would be put to shame. He tried mantram after mantram but it was of no avail. Then he thought he must apply to Siva for help. At once he entered the temple, fell before the shrine, and prayed to the god that he should not be put to shame. Then he came out and tried again. This time he succeeded in tying the snake. The snake was defeated and he won the bet. The foreigner was undone and according to their previous understanding he was forced to bury all his books, grandhams, &c., under this particular stone and he was forced to leave this profession. Ever after that it is considered as a very sacred stone.

People say Chenganoor is the place where the Pandavas lived in the course of their perigrinations. There is a hill very near Chenganoor temple which is full of rocks, where it is believed the Pandavas lived. The hill is now called Pandavar Kunnu and the rocks are called Pandavan Para. They say there is also a big cot made of rock which was used by Bheema. There are also fine temples dedicated to Vishnu which were made by these Pandavas. The Trichittattu temple was built by Dharmaputra and he consecrated Vishnu there. This temple is now under the management of the Vanjipuzha chief.

Bheema consecrated Vishnu at Puliyoar, Arjuna at Aranmolay, Nakula at Thiruvammanoor, and Sahadeva at Tri kudithanam. Pilgrims especially Aiyengars, resort to Chenganoor in numbers to worship in these five temples. These temples are kept in a very miserable condition and it would be a very good thing if the Government would kindly see that some attention is paid to these temples by the local authorities. Chenganoor is, in several respects, a very sacred place for Hindus.

R. KULATHU AIYER.

A Rural Wedding in Travancore*



THE sun rode high in the cloudless heavens, and a fitful breeze set in, which brought down the old leaves from the mango trees, like showers of sweets from a magician's hat, and disturbed the squirrels that flitted among the branches, with upturned tails and sniffing noses, searching for the early ripe fruits. The hills, extending far and wide, were ploughed and lay ready to receive the seed with the first shower of rain. The burnt stumps of stunted trees stood here and there, like sentinels, while the long stretch of valley between the hills was covered with golden paddy which the breeze set rippling from end to end. The black slave urchins, employed to scare away the flights of maulauding turtle-doves and building sparrows, remained to drive off the cattle which were turned loose to seek a scanty pasturage on the hillside. Herds of drowsy buffaloes lay in the muddy pools ruminating leisurely with out-stretched necks and ever and anon dipping their heads and massive horns in the tepid water. A narrow footpath, rendered still narrower by the luxurious growth of the prickly sensitive plant and the tiger grass, and shaded here and there by a spreading mango or jackfruit tree, wound along the hillside.

A wedding party, weary with a six miles walk under the April sun, rested in a shady spot. The men sat on their upturned palmyra-leaf umbrellas and fanned themselves by twirling round their handkerchiefs, previous to indulging in a chew. The women, five or six in number, dressed in their Sunday clothes with their folded sarees thrown over their heads, rested in a group apart, and prepared for the same luxury, one of the party producing the materials from the folds of her cloth. A young mother sat half stretched on the ground, nursing her two year old "baby," and the girl who stands by, to judge from her new gold-bordered clothes, is a newly-married bride. Her shy manners indicate that her husband forms one of the party. Near by is her brother, a lad of about sixteen, smartly dressed in a gold bordered cloth and handkerchief, and a gaudily-patterned silk coat, much frayed and worn in several places. His hair, of

* From the Madras Mail.

which there was a fortnight's growth, was recently cut in a straight line above the forehead, and turned down in a backward curve at each temple. He wore a number of gold rings, and a cross of gold set with numerous gems hung from his neck.

"Well, Mariama, you jumped out foremost, but how do you feel now?" asked Varkki, a poor relative, glancing mischievously at the newly married girl.

"How do I feel? Why, quite like the rest of you"; retorted Mariam.

"Do you think she will grow weary, going to see her little sister-in-law?" put in her aunt. "By the way, Varkki, did you not go with Mariam's father to see the bride? Well, let us hear all about it."

"It was nearly a month ago," began Varkki, "that Chakkochen and I trudged over these hills to the bride's house. The girl, of course was very shy, and would not come out of the kitchen, so Chakkochen had to be satisfied with the mere glimpse he could obtain of her as she stood behind the door. After a while, some of their relatives turned up, and then the question of dowry was discussed. They offered 400 *rasis* (a *rasi*=10 *chackrams*, and a *chackram*=about 6 pies) and we held out for 500, but at last it was settled at 450 *rasis*, on the girl's father agreeing to celebrate the marriage feast at his house."

"But did you also only see the girl like Chakkochen?" asked another woman.

"Pcooh! Do you think that would answer? Why, I went into the kitchen for a drink, and had a good long talk with the girl's mother, observing her daughter meantime. The girl is about 13 years of age, and is an inch taller and a shade fairer than our Eliama. There is not a better-looking girl in the whole of this land of charity. Her hair knot is as big as a cocoanut, and her ear lobes will meet under the chin, and as for household work, she will prepare rice and ten curries in the twinkling of an eye. I also ascertained that she knows her letters, and I should only say," concluded Varkki, "that it is the extreme good luck of the boy's mother that she got this girl for a daughter-in-law."

"Ah! that is all fate. How many offers had my son, but what did he get at last? My daughter-in-law does not even know how to grind together a chilly and salt," sighed the aunt.

"But what induced Chakkochen to hasten his son's marriage? I thought he was in no hurry to do that," asked a woman who was listening attentively.

"Why, sister" replied the aunt, "he could not help it—he was so bothered by 'proposals.' Besides, the boy's grandmother, being over 70,

and with one foot in the grave, was very anxious to see him married."

"This is all very fine. Here we have been sitting gossiping and chewing betel, and it is nearly midday and there are yet two full miles to the church; if we don't make haste now we shan't be able to return home before midnight," said the bridegroom's father, rising impatiently.

At this the young mother placed her child astride her hip, the aunt gathered the chewing materials and treasured them in her cloth, the men raised their long-handled umbrellas on their shoulders, the young boys hurried back from their search for berries in the adjoining jungle, and the whole party resumed their journey through the hillpath for half a mile, then in single file along the narrow ridges of a long stretch of paddy field, then through the winding lanes of a village with thatched timber houses, each standing in its own mud-walled compound thickly studded with the tall areca and cocoanut palms and bearing an undergrowth of luxuriantly foliaged plantain trees: past the house of the bride herself, who was ready waiting for the bridegroom's party to pass on first, to the quaint little village church on the summit of a low hill. On the arrival of the party at the church, the sexton, who lived close by, walked in with a mat under his arm, which he spread on the bare floor below the chancel steps, for the bridegroom. The party then dispersed, some betaking themselves to the shade of a banyan tree in the courtyard, to chew betel and discuss the crops, others to slake their thirst at the sexton's well, while a few remained in the church, as a sort of bodyguard to the bridegroom. The women sat on the doorsteps, betel-pouch in the centre, rubbing down their aching limbs.

After a short time, the bride's party arrived, whereat the womenfolk rose from the doorsteps and stood ready to scrutinise the bride with hypercritical eyes. The over-dressed little girl of about 14, rendered uncomfortable by a profusion of gold ornaments, procured for the occasion by her kind relatives, and advancing with modest steps and drooping head, supported on either side by a female relative, seemed to deserve pity more than congratulation. When she took her seat lower down the church some of the boys mischievously pulled at the bridegroom's clothes from behind, and so gave him a pretext to turn back and catch the first glimpse of his future wife. On word being sent to the parish priest to say that both parties had arrived, that functionary assumed his umbrella and wooden sandals and a fan, and repaired to the church. Here, he exchanged a word or two with the bride's father, walked condescendingly up to the bridegroom to have a look at him, and then settled down on the chancel steps and began to fan himself. Just

then, one or two responsible persons from each party approached him with a handful of *chackrams* and proceeded to calculate with the characteristic slowness of rustics the amount due for church and priest's fees and the share to be borne by each party, and when an agreement had been arrived at after much wrangling and dispute, they made a counter of the chancel steps and told out the sum. Meanwhile, the womenfolk of the bridegroom's party gathered round the bride to have a closer view of her. The younger ones, shy at first, gradually entered into conversation with the bride's sisters and cousin, and were soon seen comparing the weight and workmanship of each other's ear-ornaments, and admiring the gold lace of the *sarees*.

"Why, aunt," whispered Chachy, the bridegroom's elder sister, who was dying to disburden her mind to some one, "the girl is not half so good-looking as I was led to fancy from father's description."

"Nonsense, child, that is all a farce. He saw no serious deformity, and the question of dowry being settled to his satisfaction, he closed with the offer. That's all."

"But don't you see the girl is nearly as tall as my brother? Isn't that ridiculous, and won't people make fun about it? And what an owl she looks with her hair-knot scarcely bigger than a garlic," sneered the girl again.

"What is the chatterbox saying now?" asked Varkki, who overheard the last remark.

"Oh! she is only beginning to play the sister-in-law. Just making a few comments on the appearance of her only brother's wife," laughed the aunt.

"Hoho! at it so soon? You are a fine looking girl Chachiamma, you can afford to criticise anybody. But you forget your snub nose and—"

"Now, that will do, we never called you here, sir," interrupted Chachy, turning away haughtily.

"What was all that nonsense you were talking on the way, Varkki?" asked the aunt sharply. "I have seen the girl now, and the less said about her appearance the better. It might perhaps have been the younger sister that you saw."

On hearing this Varkki went away in high dudgeon, murmuring to himself, "There is no pleasing these women-creatures."

The preliminaries settled, the priest hastily "confessed" the bride and bridegroom and retiring into the chancel drew down the curtain, and proceeded to put on his priestly robe of seven separate pieces, muttering appropriate prayer with each. When the lifted curtain disclosed the crosses and candles on the altar and the priest standing reverently before it in his skull-cap and flowing robe and sandals, the whole congregation rose as one man, faced to the East and made the sign of the cross. When the

priest descended the chancel steps the bride and bridegroom were led forward. On them he enjoined the duties of husband and wife, in many a lengthy exhortation delivered with becoming solemnity and relieved by numerous chantings in the Syriac language. Then he passed a ring on the fingers of each successively with appropriate prayers, blessed them both with a cross and then directed the bridegroom to tie the *thali*, which feat he accomplished with much trembling and fear lest he should make a wrong knot and become the butt of his companion's jests, who, he felt sure, must be peering over his shoulders. The spreading of the wedding *saree* over the bride's head at last brought the tedious ceremony to a close, and the bride was led back by her husband's sister.

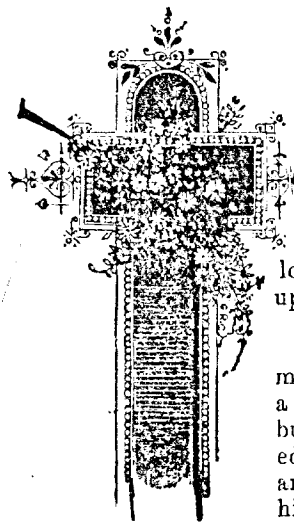
The married pair still lingered in church for the signal for departure to come from the bride's house, where a big feast was preparing. Now that the ceremony was over and much anxiety off his mind, the bridegroom's father found leisure to make a closer survey of the handsome little girl he had chosen for his daughter-in-law. But while he gazed, his face assumed a puzzled look, which gave place to a terrible expression as the truth dawned on him with startling suddenness. "Good God," he muttered, "is this Laban's trick? But it is the boy's fate. What is written on his head cannot be scraped off by hard shaving. But it must remain secret as a blow received in the dark."

Our modern Jacob, however, had the advantage of the Jacob of old in that he had never seen the Rachel intended originally for him, and that being so, the modern Leah's chance of happiness was likewise greater.

KERALA.



Ancient Christmas Games



MANY of the merriest games which were once popular at Christmas have for ever passed away, only a few being known to the present generation out of the long list formerly kept up.

HOT COCKLES.

"Hot Cockles" was much in favour. It was a species of blind man's buff, in which the blinded one knelt down, and being struck behind, had to guess who inflicted the blow. The

poet Gay thus describes it:—

As at hot cockles once I laid me down
And felt the weighty hand of many a clown,
Buxoma gave me a gentle tap, and I
Quick rose, and I read soft mischief in her eye.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Another game was called "Questions and Answers." It is mentioned in an old book with the title "Round About our Coal Fire," published in the early part of the eighteenth century. It perhaps perished from its very inquisitiveness, for the commander could oblige his subjects to answer any lawful question he might put to them, under the penalty of paying any such forfeit as he might choose to lay on the delinquent.

FOX I' THE HOLE.

Quaint old Herrick three times mentions a game called "Fox i' the Hole," but it cannot be gathered from what he says how it was played.

Of Christmas sports the wassail bowl
That's tossed up after Fox i' the Hole.

Perhaps it was a relation of "We'll catch a fox, and put him in a box," a phrase used in the game of "A Hunting we will go."

GAMES OF CARDS.

Cards furnished several old-fashioned games. One is mentioned by Scott in his graphic picture of Christmas Eve told in "Marmion," as the vulgar game of "Post and Pair." It is also mentioned by many of our old writers, amongst

whom may be quoted Jonson, in his "Masque of Christmas."

Now Post and Pair, Old Christmas's heir,
Doth make a jiggling sally;
And wot you who, 'tis one of my two
Sons, card makers in Pur Alley.

It seems that three cards were dealt to every player, and the excitement of the game consisted in each person vying or betting on the goodness of his own hand. A pair of royal aces was the best hand—from this the game is also known as Pair Royal—and then the other cards according to their order. The modern game most resembling it is "Commerce."

NODDY.

Another game was "Noddy," which was in great request at this season. In an old work Father Christmas is represented as speaking to his children of the games of that time, and says, "I leave them wholly to my eldest son 'Noddy,' whom, during his minority, I commit to the custody of a pair of knaves and one and thirty." "Poor Richard's Almanack" for 1755 notices the game thus:—

Some folks at dice and cards do sit,
To lose their money and their wit;
And when the game of cards is past,
They fall to at Noddy at the last.

RUFF.

One more card game played was "Ruff," otherwise known as "Cross Ruff," "Double Ruff," and "Trump." This game was an ancient form of whist, and played by two against three. This practice, as well as others, is alluded to in another quotation from "Poor Robin's Almanack," 1693:—

Christmas to hungry stomachs give relief,
With mutton, pork, pies, pasties, and roast beef,
And men at cards spend many idle hours,
At loadum, whick, cross ruff, and all fours,

Until the reign of Henry VII. the people of England had enjoyed immunity from interference with regard to the use of playing cards, but this monarch enacted a statute prohibiting the apprentices from indulging in the game, except during the Christmas holidays, and then only while under the roof of their respective masters. This was confirmed with due severity by Henry VIII. Repression of national sports must, however, necessarily be transitory, and as each generation passed away the love of cards was transmitted in succession. They became an indispensable adjunct to Christmas entertainments and the Squire of Queen Anne's time possessed, we are told, an almost superstitious regard for cards, never playing till the festive season came round, and then the family pack was produced

from the mantelpiece with due solemnity. Stevenson, an old writer of Charles the Second's time, says: "The country maid leaves half her market, and must be sent again if she forgets a pack of cards on Christmas Eve."

DUN IN THE MIRE.

A diversion that caused much frolic was "Dun in the Mire," and was played thus:—A log of wood representing "Dun," or the cart horse, was brought into the middle of the room. Then a cry was raised that "Dun has stuck in the mire," and two of the company, went to pull him out, either with or without ropes. These called others to their assistance till the whole company, perhaps, were making a great show of lifting and pulling, the merriment really arising from the sly efforts of each to let the log fall on his neighbour's toes. Old writers often mention the game, and our great dramatist, in "Romeo and Juliet," act 1, scene 4, makes Mercutio say to Romeo.

Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word,
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire.

HANDY DANDY.

"Handy Dandy" was a simple game. One of the party concealed something in his hand; if his friend guessed rightly in which hand it was he won the article, if wrongly he lost an equivalent. This is a schoolboy game now-a-days, but it was sufficiently important then to be noticed by Piers Plowman, by Brown in his Pastoral, who tells us how "boys with pibbles play at handy dandy," and in "King Lear," act 4, scene 6, Shakespeare alludes to it when he makes King John say to Gloucester: "Look with thine ears—see how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark, in thine ear; change places; and, handy dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?"

SHOEING THE WILD MARE.

Herrick mentions another game, "Shoeing the Wild Mare," about the precise nature of which antiquarians differ. Brand, in his "Popular Antiquities" says that it appears the wild mare was simply a youth so-called, who was allowed a certain start, and who was pursued by his or her companions with the object of being shod if he, or she, did not succeed in outstripping them. Most likely the shoeing was done in some rough fashion, but this is Herrick's allusion to it:

Christmas sport, the wassail bowl,
Of blind man's buff, and of the care
That young men have to shoe the mare.

CAP VERSE.

Another game, more difficult one would think two centuries ago than now was "Verse," in

which one gave a world or which another had to find a rhyme of forfeit. This pastime sometime called "Cento Rhymes," is capable of offering in modern times a very great amount of amusement when material is plentiful.

THE GAME OF GOOSE.

For the children there was introduced in by-gone days the game of "Goose." Goldsmith has, in his "Deserted Village":

The pictures framed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the Royal Game of Goose.

Strutt says in his "English Games and Pastimes" that it was played by two persons, although it readily admitted of many more, and was well calculated to make the young people sharp at reckoning the sum of two given numbers. The table was about the size of a sheet almanack, and was divided into sixty-two compartments, arranged in spiral form, with a large open space in the centre marked with the number 63, the other compartments being numbered from 1 to 62 inclusive. The game was played with two dice, each player throwing in turn, and marking with a counter whatever number the dice cast up. Thus, if there was a four and a five, he marked nine, and so on till the game was completed. The number 63 had to be reached exactly, and should the player exceed it he had to reckon back and throw again in his turn.

BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

"Blind Man's Buff," if learned folks speak true, may claim a vast antiquity. The first blindman, it is said, was Polyphemus, the cave-dwelling giant whom Ulysses met on his wanderings, and who ate Ulysses' men. Thereafter, as all schoolboys ought to know, Ulysses made the giant drunk, and pushed out his one eye with a pointed stick. Then the first blind man's buff began. Ulysses and his men had to get out of the cave. They did it by fastening themselves under the bellies of the giant's sheep, one man to each sheep, and as the giant only felt the sheep's backs, they all won safe away.

MISCELLANEOUS GAMES.

Another amusement, and one that was very popular, was to empanel a jury, whose duty it was to find the churl of the parish; their finding doubtless represented much local feeling, but would in most cases be the true verdict. It was customary to "hold up hands and spoons out of porridge and pyes" in remembrance of absent friends. According to Machyn, Lord William Howard's Men of Misrule, in Westmoreland, about 1615, went so far as to carry on their antics in church during time of divine service, playing at bowls with puddings and pyes in the aisles, and did

many unseemly things, which the minister tolerated "because he doth ordinarile dine and suppe at the Lord William's table, but neve prayes with him."

Besides all these our ancestors amused themselves with bull and bear baiting, "loaf stealing," and of course music and dancing; whilst among the quieter sports, which considering the portentous length of the festive period—from Doling Day, December 21st, to St. Distaff's Day, January 7th—must have been a welcome and necessary relief from the prodigious cheer and romping on a larger scale so dear to our respected ancestors, where ghost and fairy stories, practising charms, dice, chess, and tables, all of which latter amusements are mentioned in one of the "Paston Letters."—December 24th, 1484, as suitable for a house of mourning by Lady Morley, who having lost her lord the previous July, expressly orders that "her folk" were to have "none disguisings, nor harpings, nor luting, nor singings, nor none loud disports."

Gambling seems to have been a great amusement at this time. The practice is alluded to perpetually; in fact, the gambling of the King and Royal family in public, at the Groom Porter's in St. James' Palace, notorious in the days of Charles II., lasted down to the reign of George III., by whom it was finally discontinued. It was one of the privileges of the Groom Porter in those days to provide dice, cards, etc., for the Court, to decide disputes at cards, dice, bowling, etc., and finally, to keep an open gaming table at Christmas for all comers, from the King and Royal family downward.

Behula

(A Bengalee Legend)



BEHULA, the gem of womankind! No name is dearer, perhaps to the Bengalee heart among chaste women; and so loved is she and so cherished in memory, that when a Bengalee girl-bride goes to her husband's house her mother prays, as she bids her farewell! "May'st thou be as Behula."

Long ago, there lived in the Nichani town in the District of Burdwan, a well-to-do merchant named Saya Sadagar, who had a fair girl named Behula. Beautiful was she, with large soft brown eyes shaded by thick dark lashes. Amiable

was she in speech, prompt in obeying, modest in behaviour and sincere in dealings. She looked upon all as friends, learnt tenderness from those who loved her, caution from those who hated her, and self-reliance from those who were indifferent to her. Full of goodness and tenderness she was a comfort to her parents.

Behula grew in beauty. At last her father began to feel that it was time to think of her marriage. She was now fourteen, and as yet no proposal had been made for her hands. About this time, one day the girl sought her mother and whispered softly, as her cheeks became red, that she had seen a youth named Lakhinder to whom her heart had flown; rich he was, the only son of Chand Sadagar, a wealthy merchant living in a neighbouring town of Champaka. Handsome was he, courteous and of polite speech and he it was and none else, that Behula would marry.

As her parents were considering about Behula's choice, a great astrologer came and they craved his counsel. And he said, sadly "Wed not the girl to Lakhinder, for he is under a curse and is destined to die of snake-bite on his marriage night."

The girl had grown pale. For every Bengalee lady prays to die before her lord. But when her father turned and said to her, "This is sad news, my daughter! you must choose again." She said, "No my father. Hindu girls may love but once; I cannot choose a second time. It is sad to be a widow, but having chosen Lakhinder, I must face whatever awaits me with this lord of my choice." Her reply was so fascinating that her parents agreed and the two were wed. The married couple then went into the bridal room that was made of iron to make it snake-proof. At about midnight, when Behula who was constantly thinking of the terrible doom that had been pronounced upon her lord, was lying down without sleeping, with her sleeping lord at her side, she saw a snake terribly venomous enter the room through an unknown aperture. Immediately she arose and prostrated herself before it. But who can control the inevitable destiny? All her entreaties to the snake for sparing her husband's life proved fruitless, and Lakhinder was bitten by the snake and he died before daybreak.

Next morning the parents of Behula came to the bridal chamber to know the fate of their son-in-law and to their disappointment they found Lakhinder lying dead. But Behula firm in her resolve, assured her parents that she would get her husband back to life. So she got a raft made of plantain stems, and taking the body of her lord sailed down the mighty river Gangur that used to irrigate the town of Nichani.

Behula sat down by the body of her lord and wept sorely. She flung herself at her deceased lord's feet and gave way to passionate grief. A wail of agony went up "O snake-goddess Manasa, what has my unlucky self done! My lord get up! O where art thou, my lord! Ah why breaketh not my heart into a thousand fragments at the sight of this-my beloved lord lying dead! The partner of my weal and woe—gone! O why cannot I go too! Manasa, take me! What sin have I committed that this disaster has been brought upon me!" The trees waving their branches in the agitation of the girl's grief strove to whisper, "Weep not, weep not." The wind wailed and the birds wept, while Behula with a sorrow-laden heart was weeping. Then one passionate prayer, "It is the will of the snake-goddess! Where art thou my lord? My heart shall ever be at thy feet though thou art afar! If it be that in my heart I have never thought of any other than Lakhinder, then for this wifely virtue, grant me, O Devi Manasa, union again with my departed lord." Three months having passed away in such wailings that had almost sucked up the life-blood of Behula, pity touched the heart of the snake-goddess. All on a sudden one day on the head of Behula fell a shower of sweet flowers, flung down by invisible hands and a glad shout rang out "Glory unto Sati, Behula." Just then, the snake-goddess Manasa was before her. She blessed her as she knelt at her feet. "Well done, Behula," She said, "you have kept your unswerving fidelity to your lord intact. All you have suffered was nothing but to test your devotion to your lord." Then she turned to Lakhinder and raised him alive and well. "Go home, you happy pair and live peacefully," said she and disappeared. Then the twain returned home amidst universal rejoicings and lived there happily together ever after.

ANNADA PRASAD GHOSH.



Our Children's Page.

SERIAL STORY.



The Back of No. 15.

CHAPTER VI.

GOODBYE TO THE JUNGLE.

I SAID somewhere, a little while ago, "That was the beginning of it all." It would have been much more to the point if I had written, "That was the ending of it all."

I knew it from father's grim face, and from mother's sorrowful one.

"I am tired of it," I heard father say. "And I shall put an end to it at once. Josie's too big to be running about like a *jungly-walla*."

And he sent an advertisement to a paper at Bombay.

I said to mother, "Is it because I sat in the stable with the boys instead of being in bed?"

"It would have come sooner or later, Josie," mother said.

Father was upset, too; but perhaps it wasn't any wonder. One of the tats in the stable had injured itself so much by plunging when it smelt the panther, that it was obliged to be shot; and another had lamed itself!

It made Vincent miserable.

"You will let me replace the dead tat, won't you, sir?" he asked. "You know it is all my fault."

"My dear lad," said father, but not unkindly, "no one need replace it at all. The children can't take their tats with them to England."

I asked mother what father had written in the advertisement.

And she said, "We're trying to find a suitable lady who will take charge of you on the voyage."

Two days after that the holidays came to an end, and Vincent went back to school. Denzil did not accompany him, of course. He was waiting to go to England.

"It's only like going to a new school," he said. But it was easier for him than for us.

All day long the *dirzee* (tailor) sat on his blanket in the verandah, and made warm clothes

for us—flannel underthings, and thick upper things, for when we got to England it would be winter, mother said.

A kind of gloom hung over the bungalow. We seemed to talk in whispers. Mother always talked very cheerfully; but her heart was heavy. I know.

An answer had come to the advertisement, and father had gone to meet a lady at Bombay. Mother hardly let us out of her sight that week; and went about everywhere with us. If we had a picnic, she came with us, and left Daisy and the Baby with Ayah. If we went fishing, she came and fished too. And when we rode, she hired a couple of tats from Sanvordem, and rode with us on her own roan mare.

I remember, too, how very gentle the servants were to us—even to the youngest *gora-walla*. And how they brought us little presents from Sanvordem—presents of sweetmeats and fruit.

Then we had a letter from father to say that he had settled everything. And the day after he came home himself.

He was quite full of Mrs. Manners. Mrs. Manners was the name of the lady we were to travel with.

"A sensible woman," he said, "very lady-like and well-bred." And she was an officer's widow.

I took a grudge against her on the spot for being well-bred. I'd have travelled a dozen times rather with a *jungly-walla*.

Mother asked whether she had any children of her own; and her face fell when father said, "No, she has never had any children."

Maddie said, "A childless widow sounded rather pathetic."

"Her very name," I said, "is enough for me."

"She can't help her name, Josie," said Maddie severely.

And Denzil said, "We'll make up to her for her childless state."

"She'll be prim," I said. "You know father simply adores prim people. She'll never have a hair out of place."

"And she'll spread her skirts out—so!" said Denzil, kicking out his legs. "And she'll always say, 'Ahem!'"

"It's better to be too tidy than not tidy enough. And father says she's ladylike," said Maddie, "and well-bred."

"Then she won't take Jo for her adopted daughter," put in Denzil.

And I blurted out, "Thank goodness for that!"

That night I asked mother how old Mrs. Manners was. And mother answered that she was forty-nine.

"Denzil," I said, "Mrs. Manners is forty-nine."

"Oh, thunder!" said Denzil. "She's a regular old girl."

Denzil and I dubbed her the Old Girl after that. It helped to relieve the burden that was weighing down our minds.

We were to leave home on the 3rd of February and almost before we had grasped it, the 2nd had already come.

Denzil and I rode out to say goodbye to the jungle. It's the last time, Josie," he said, "that we'll ride through these forest tracks."

"If mother were coming with us, Denzil, I wouldn't mind," I said. And then a lump came into my throat, and I turned away my head.

That night mother hung over Dot and Philly as if she could not tear herself. Father, even, looked sad. Denzil, I think, was the most unmoved of all; but Denzil had been away before, you see.

Maddie cried herself to sleep in a little while but I couldn't cry; I couldn't even sleep. I lay listening to the rats in the roof, and my heart was as heavy as lead.

Then the door opened with the tiniest of tiny saks, and mother crept in slowly with a night-light in her hand. She bent over Maddie, and I heard her murmur a prayer; and then she came round softly to the other side of the bed.

She said in a kind of startled voice, "Josie not asleep!"

And then I stretched out my arms to her, and she held me to her very tight.

"It is for your good," she said. "Always remember it is for your good. Josie, Josie, you must take great care of Dot and Philly!"

I couldn't answer a word.

Then I heard her sob, and I was holding her in my arms, and mother's head was on my shoulder, and she was crying as if her heart would break. And somehow, instead of comforting me, it was I who was comforting her.

Then Maddie stirred, and mother gently pushed me back upon the pillow. "Goodbye," she said. "And, Josie, for my sake, be very brave to-morrow."

All was bustle next morning. And we were up and dressed very early. The trunks, packed with the warm things *dirzee* had made, stood locked and corded, and soon a bullock cart came and carried them away.

Father and mother both were coming with us to Bombay. They were going to see us safely on the ship *Arabia*.

And in another hour we had said goodbye to the dear old bungalow, had ridden down the track to Sanvordem for the last time, and were sailing down the creek to Panjim Harbour.

There we changed, and got into a larger steamer. But Denzil said, "It wasn't a patch on the *Arabia*. For Denzil had often seen the

passenger ships leaving the harbour for England.

I was glad it wasn't—I mean, a patch on the *Arabia*. For the little cabin was frightfully stuffy at night. Two nights we spent on board, and three whole days, and all the time we sailed along the coast.

At last Denzil said, "See, Josie, there's Bombay!"

And Maddie and I saw, in the distance, what seemed like a forest of buildings, which grew grander and grander the nearer we approached to them. Soon we glided into a magnificent harbour. It was one of the grandest harbours in the world, father said.

Oh! how enchanting it would have been, if mother had been going with us.

The fact that she was not damped our pleasure in these new surroundings.

The crowded streets seemed very strange, and the buildings looked very imposing. Tall houses—some of them five storeys high! Our dear old bungalow would have been a dwarf beside them. But what took Maddie's and my fancy most were the dresses of the Parsee ladies. Dresses, I said, but they were really drawers—loose drawers of beautiful fine silk—green, and yellow, and pink.

We drove through the noisy city to a big hotel. It was the place where we were to meet Mrs. Manners.

She was waiting in the private sitting-room father had engaged for us; and Denzil gave me a nudge. "The Old Girl," he whispered in an aside.

Father said, "Children, this is Mrs. Manners." And we saw a lady with a long thin face and very straight white teeth. Afterwards we learned that they were false.

I think she would have kissed me—only I drew a little away; so she fell upon Dot and Philly and kissed them instead.

Maddie said, "How d'you do?" very nicely, indeed. Denzil said I stared at her like a *jungly-walla*.

She said to mother, "What a pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Fortescue!" And then something about, "A trying time!"

And to us she said, "We'll soon be the best of friends. Dear children, you must look upon me as a mother."

I thought it was very presumptuous. Mother, indeed! And on Denzil's face I saw, "Check!" written very plainly.

Father said rather hurriedly, "Exactly, exactly!"

Mother said nothing; but she gave a faint smile.

Afterwards we agreed that it was very presumptuous, indeed; for as she'd never had any children she'd never been a mother, and, naturally, she couldn't tell what a mother's feeling were.

However, "If we didn't like her we'd have to lump her," Denzil said. And we all tried, for mother's sake, to put the best face on the matter.

The time simply flew. There was the afternoon, and one more night; after that it would be all over. In the afternoon father and mother took us to see the Bombay sights; but we didn't take Mrs. Manners. Mrs. Manners, herself, suggested that she should stay at the hotel.

"The Old Girl's breeding," said Denzil, "came in handily there."

At tea she tried to make herself very pleasant indeed; and mother said she was quite sure Mrs. Manners had a kind heart.

I daresay she had, only—only, you know, she ought not to have asked us to look upon her as a mother.

The evening passed just as rapidly as the afternoon had done, and the last night came far too quickly.

I have a dazed recollection of mother's coming in and out of our room, standing sometimes quite silently by our beds; of the early rousing up at the strange hotel, and the hurried driving away to the harbour next morning.

The great ship *Arabia* lay a little way out, and we had to get into a bunder-boat to go to it. There were heaps of other boats carrying people the same way. Others were piled up with luggage. The noise was tremendous, and the chattering of the *dingy-wallas* almost deafening.

Mother kept us all well around her, and Mrs. Manners held Dot and Philly by the hand. And the new English nurse that mother had engaged for the voyage clung desperately to her own band-box.

When we got close up under the ship, the *Arabia* looked bigger than ever—like a great black mountain towering above us. We were helped up the ladder at its side, and when we got on deck it seemed like a town itself crowded with people jostling each other about.

Father took us all down into the cabin, and left us there, while he went to look after the luggage. Mrs. Manners placed some little articles belonging to herself on her own bunk, and the English nurse stowed away her band-box in a cosy corner.

It was a very nice cabin, and quite large, but it smelt shippy.

"These are you bunks, Josie," mother said. "I think you and Maddie had better take the top one, and let Dot and Philly sleep underneath."

There was a little ladder leading to the upstairs bunk, and Philly pointed to it. "I'd like to go up the ladder, mother," he said. "Mayn't Dot and me sleep in the top bunk?"

"I think nurse could attend to you better in the lower one Philly," she answered. "But you must let Mrs. Manners decide."

Mrs. Manners, and the nurse, and we four were to sleep in this cabin; but Denzil was to share another with some other boys.

Then father came down. "I hope you'll be pretty comfortable," he said to Mrs. Manners.

She thanked him, and said it was a delightful cabin. Then they stood apart and talked. And mother took the opportunity to tell us to be very brave, and very obedient to Mrs. Manners.

Then a great bell began to ring. "It was the visitors' bell," father said. It meant that he and mother were to get off the *Arabia* directly.

I grew cold all over, and Maddie's cheeks, saw, were very white.

Mother kissed us. And Dot and Philly looked up very scared. Father kissed us, too. "Let them come on deck," he said, "to see us off," and carried Philly in his arms.

Everybody on deck was saying goodbye; and horrid noises were coming out of the funnels. There was a tremendous commotion. We clung to mother. She took the opportunity, in the hubbub, to kiss us all again. "Denzil! Josie!" she said, "take great care of Dot and Philly."

The tears were running down her cheeks, and down our faces too. "Oh! Saviour Christ," she murmured, "rich in pity, have pity on them!"

Father put his hand upon her arm. "We must go," he said.

Another moment they were gone. They were climbing down the ladder to the bunder-boat.

Denzil elbowed his way to the side of the ship, and made room for Dot and Philly. "Can you see, Jo and Maddie?" he whispered. "There they go."

And there they went. There were dozens of bunder-boats, dancing and leaping away. We saw only one.

"Wave your hands to father, Dot and Philly," Denzil said. "See, he is waving to you."

They waved their hands. We all did. But mother did not wave. Her hands were clasped upon her breast. Her lips were moving.

"Rich in pity," they seemed to say, "have pity on them!"

Further and further leapt the bunder-boat. Their faces we could hardly see. Then

Arabia began to move herself. And we were alone in the wide, wide, world.

CHAPTER VI.

THE VOYAGE.

The first person to become sick was the English nurse. It put Mrs. Manners out a great deal. If she had just been sick and done with it, she wouldn't have minded so much; but she kept on growing sick and sicker.

"We understood, Tomlins," said Mrs. Manners, in a rather severe voice, "that you were a capital sailor."

"Hindeed, Ma'am," said Tomlins, and you hunderstood right. I've niver, niver hexperienced sich a voyage." Her face was quite green, and she began to grow sick again, and we had all to run out of the cabin. Denzil said he was glad he wasn't going to sleep in it. And Philly said he wanted Ayah.

However, Tomlins was not the only one who was sea-sick, for when the gong sounded for the children's dinner, the table was not even half full. Three quarters of the passengers were shut up in their cabins.

The meal was not an agreeable one. The different nurses sat down to the table with us, and all tried to grab the best dishes for their charges. As Tomlins was laid by, Mrs. Manners had to come with us. But she was far too well-bred to grab.

She managed to get some stew for us that nobody else wanted; and some watery-looking rice pudding that everybody else refused. It made Maddie sick.

Tomlins may not have been a good sailor; but she turned out a better grabber than half the nurses.

If there was fowl—and we had fowl very seldom—"You may bet your boots," said Denzil, "Tomlins will get it."

And get it Tomlins did. Then, too, Tomlins ate her meals with us; and she was fond of fowl.

Jam was an extra. You had to pay the steward privately to get it. And to see Tomlins with a pot of raspberry jam! It was put in front of us. But one or other of the nurses would make a grab for it, thinking, perhaps, it was there for general use.

"I like your sauce!" we would hear Tomlins scream, and the pot would be wrenched away before the other nurse had time to lift the cover. "That jam's a hextra!" And with a flourish of the spoon, Tomlins would help us, and herself, quite lavishly.

"Tomlins' expressions are rather coarse," said Mrs. Manners plaintively. But it was a great relief to her to know that Tomlins grabbed so well.

Mrs. manners suggested that we should write to mother, and get the letters ready to post as soon as we touched at Aden. We did. Denzil, and Maddie, and I. And Denzil said, "Thanks, dear mother, for having engaged Tomlins. We'd starve if it weren't for her."

There were altogether something like sixty-five children on board, from babies of two years old to boys and girls of fourteen. We wanted to make friends with some of them, of course. It made Mrs. Manners shiver.

"My dear," she said, "we must think of social distinctions, you know," and shivered again. "We must not be in a hurry."

Denzil said, "She's a stuck-up old girl. Hang social distinctions!"

"We must obey Mrs. Manners, Denzil," I said. "I promised mother."

"All right, Joseph," said Denzil sadly. And offered to sit for the rest of the voyage in Mrs. Manners' lap. Not to her face. He said it to Maddie and me.

She was ladylike and well-bred, just as father had said. But after you had found that out about Mrs. Manners, there was nothing else to find. She was not an interesting person.

By the time we had sighted Aden, everybody had got over being sick, and we began to find the voyage very pleasant.

We arrived there early in the morning, and woke up to find that the *Arabia* was standing still. I jumped out of my bunk, and ran to the port-hole, and then I woke Maddie.

"Maddie," I whispered, "come and see the land. I s'pose it's Aden."

She was as much excited as I, for we hadn't seen land for very nearly a week; and we were anchored in a kind of harbour. However, we could see only a very barren-looking place, with rocky hills towering one above the other, on which great fortresses were built. Then, suddenly, from the land, we heard a bugle sound; and we began to dress ourselves, and woke Mrs. Manners.

She wasn't interested in Aden, because she had often seen it before, and shuddered at the thought of allowing us to go ashore. Everybody else was walking about the deck, many of them making plans for the day.

But Denzil bothered her so much that she consented at last to let him go with some other boys, who were going in a gentleman's charge.

We had great fun, however, watching the divers come round the ship. Mrs. Manners said that they were all Arabs. The people on deck threw money to them, and we could see their brown legs sticking up in the air, and disappearing together in the water. They looked exactly like frogs. The lucky ones always came up grinning, with the money between their teeth.

Denzil came back in about three hours' time. "It was no end jolly," he said. "We passed Arabs riding on camels, and the funniest little donkeys in the world. The sheep had white bodies and black heads," he said, "with funny little short thick tails." And they had visited some wonderful tanks.

Then a great bell began to ring, and the Arabs who had come to sell ostrich feathers, had to clear off the "Arabia" directly. We then started on our voyage again, and soon lost sight of Aden.

I heard one of the passengers say, "We're entering the Red Sea." But the Red Sea wasn't red at all.

"I don't know quite whether I expected it to be red. I hadn't thought anything about it. Only, you know, there was a red glow in the sky, and cast a kind of pinky light upon the water."

I said aloud, "It isn't red at all."

"What isn't red?" asked Mrs. Manners.

"The Red Sea," I answered.

"My dear!" ejaculated Mrs. Manners.

She had a horrid shocked way of saying, "My dear!" But then she never went any further. She never explained anything, or helped you a bit; she simply ejaculated, "My dear!"

Denzil said it was because she didn't know anything herself, and only pretended that she did. "She think it speaks volumes to look so shocked," he said. "I know better."

Philly wondered whether Pharaoh's chariot wheels were still at the bottom of the sea, and asked one of the sailors.

"May be they were," the sailor said. He didn't know anything about that.

"They must be very rusty if they are," said Philly. And he stared very hard into the water.

Dot wanted to know, "Exactly where the children of Israel had crossed over on dry land."

"It was somewheres about 'ere," said the sailor.

Every day we had what was called, "Daily Inspection," when the Captain and the Doctor and the Chief Officer all went and looked over the whole ship together to smell if there were any nasty smells about.

Mrs. Manners said, "It was to ensure perfect cleanliness."

Every cabin was visited, every corner examined. The Captain was very particular.

Also, once a week, every Sunday, they pretended that the ship was on fire, and had a sham practice, lest, some day, a real fire might indeed break out.

We used to love to watch them.

On these days the whole of the native crew were assembled. The engineers, and the stewards on one part of the deck, and the sailors, headed by their boatswain, on another. First they

would all stand in line in their white jackets and trousers, with a red sash tied round the waist, and would salaam low to the Captain as he passed them.

Then the fire-bell clanged. And, in a flash, some rushed to the bridge, others to the boats; in fact, to all parts of the ship. Others stood by the hoses; others caught hold of buckets, and all pretended to be putting out a fire.

Every man knew exactly where he was to go, and what he had to do, in case the real thing should really happen.

Then the boatswain blew a shrill whistle, and everybody was dismissed, and the practice was over for that day.

Denzil and I always tried to be on deck to watch the whole performance. It was so smartly done.

But, "Oh! thunder, Josie!" he used to say, "what if it were a real fire!"

After that came the "Daily Inspection," and then the bell was rung again—this time to remind the people that it was Sunday morning.

All the passengers—first and second as well—now assembled in the music saloon, and Bibles, and Prayer-books, and Hymn-books were handed round. There was no clergyman on board, so the Captain took the service; and the Doctor and the Chief Officer read the lessons in turn.

Some lady played the piano, and we all sang hymns, ending up with the sailor's one "Eternal Father, strong to save." The piano stopped playing for the two last lines, which were sung very solemnly indeed:

"Oh! hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea."

By this time Mrs. Manners had discovered the "social standing" as she called it, of some of the passengers; and not only chummed up with some of the grown-ups, but gave us her permission to make friends with the Fitzgeralds.

There were four boys and one girl. Denzil said, "The girl was an idiot."

Her name was Vera, and she posed as a poetess, and not only wrote verses now, but hoped confidently to become a female Shakespeare.

Mrs. Fitzgerald hoped so too—more confidently even than Vera; and used to read Vera's verses to the grown-ups.

"O rest my heart," was the beginning of one of them. But no one knew where she wanted to rest her heart, or why she wanted to rest it at all. She had a healthy appetite. The Fitzgeralds' nurse was a splendid grabber, and Vera was always tucking into fowl.

She was always scribbling on little bits of paper, with one of those self-filling pens. She

called it, "My Onoto"—a present from her admiring mother.

"The boys," Denzil said, "were very decent chaps. But could not hold a candle to Vincent Johnson. How I wish," Denzil added, "that Vincent Johnson was here."

"Vincent wouldn't be happy," said Maddie, "because there'd be nothing here to shoot. He only lived for shooting," added Maddie.

Vera Fitzgerald not only wrote verses that rhymed, she also made up what she called, "Blank verse."

"Silly stuff," Denzil said it was, and, "All rot." We could not make head or tail of some of it.

"Vera can't either," said one of her brothers slyly. Vera only tossed her head.

She was very affected, and had fair, frizzy hair, and used to nibble the ends when she was scribbling.

Once she read one of her poems aloud to us about somebody "Lying on his fevered bed."

"Couch would sound better there," suggested Maddie.

"Oh! I meant couch—I meant couch!" screamed Vera, and immediately corrected it with her "Onoto."

She was always talking of things being "silhouetted against the sky," and spoke of people's faces as "profiles."

"She's an idiot," said Denzil, as she went skipping away. She certainly wasn't an acquisition.

Maddie asked her what "silhouetted" was.

"It's—it's—such a poetical expression!" returned Vera.

"Thank goodness we haven't to live the rest of our lives in the "Arabia," said Denzil.

"We'll, silhouette very soon against England."

And, indeed, in less than six days after leaving Aden we arrived at Suez, and waited there an hour for the pilot to take us through the Canal, and reached Port Said the day after.

To our great joy Mrs. Manners said that we could all go ashore there, and that she would take us herself.

We had no sooner anchored than swarms of screaming Arabs, on large barges filled with coal, bore down upon the *Arabia*.

"Make haste, children," said Mrs. Manners, "they are going to load the ship with coal, and the decks will be covered with grime."

The passengers were hurrying down the companion ladder, which had been lowered to reach the boats. We followed in our turn, and were soon rowing through the sluggish water of the Canal to a very muddy shore.

"Phew!" said Denzil. "What an awful smell!"

"My dear!" ejaculated Mrs. Manners.

One of the gentlemen in another boat laughed aloud. "It's the odour of Egypt," he said.

"Indescribable!" added another passenger. "But a never-to-be-forgotten one."

"I shan't forget it in a hurry," Denzil said. And held his nose, greatly to Mrs. Manners' annoyance.

It was not well-bred she thought to hold your nose in public. So Denzil offered to hold Tomlins' instead.

Tomlins laughed very loud at that. It annoyed Mrs. Manners more.

A number of Arabs swooped down upon us as we left the landing stage, yelling at the top of their voices. Dot and Philly were quite frightened, and probably we should have been frightened too, only we knew that they wanted us to hire their mules.

"Mine! mine!" they yelled in dreadful sounding English. They had very guttural voices. "See, Madame, my Kitty Gordon!" "No, but look at Lily Langtry!" "Ellaline Terriss! Ellaline Terriss!" "O de debil, Mees Billie Burke!"

They threw in bad swearing words between the names, which were the names of their donkeys and mules, and each man praised the quality of his own beast till it was a perfect pandemonium.

At last Mrs. Manners hired three mules: they were for Denzil, and Maddie, and me; and got a phaeton for herself and the little ones and off we went galloping towards Port Said, the Arab boys howling at our heels.

We looked in at the shops of the dusty little town, and Mrs. Manners let us buy some *nougat* there, and then we galloped back.

While we were waiting for the boat, the Arabs came pestering again, and Philly threw a little stone at one of them and called out, "Get away!" It hit the Arab on his naked ankle, and you might as well have set a torch to gunpowder!

He swore first in Arabic and then in English, and looked so fierce we all thought he would have torn Philly to pieces. And Mrs. Manners had to pacify him with a small tip.

"For de sake of his good mother I forgive the foreign devil," he said, and took the money and salaamed.

Philly was very angry. First at being called "a foreign devil," and then because the donkey boy took Mrs. Manners for his mother.

We were not sorry after that to get away, and rowed off at once to the *Arabia*.

Malta was the next port we touched at. But Mrs. Manners would not let us go ashore. However, the Mediterranean Fleet was in the harbour, and it was simply grand to see the men-

of-war, especially when they were lighted up at night.

Some new passengers came on board at Malta, and two Maltese ladies were amongst them.

"Josie, are they princesses, do you think?" asked Dot. And Philly gazed in awe.

"Perhaps they are," I said. I really could not tell; but they were very grand.

They wore silk dresses that rustled as they walked, they were very beautiful, indeed. Vera's mother said the lace on them was the costliest Maltese lace, and that the rings upon their fingers must have cost hundreds and hundreds of pounds. We were all greatly impressed. And Tomlins learned they were travelling only to Gibraltar.

Vera said, "I must write a poem about the pretty one," and wrote one on the spot.

It was called "The Maltese Princess." And this was the first verse:

"She came up robed in Maltese lace,
A touch of powder on her face,
And rings upon her hand;
Her silken dresses rustled by,
We heard a faint—a lingering sigh:
Adieu, my native land."

The princesses had gone down to their cabin, and we waited breathlessly to see them come up again. And while we were still whispering in awe, Dot let out a kind of staggered, "O-o-oh!" And Maddie gave a gasp.

Were these the princesses, indeed! None of us could believe our eyes. "An optical delusion," Denzil said it was.

They had changed their lovely silk dresses in the cabin, and were leisurely crossing the deck in short, stripped flannel petticoats, and rather dirty, loose dressing-jackets!

"I'll faint! I'll faint!" screamed Vera in her own affected way. "Hold me, somebody!"

"I will," said Denzil and pricked her with a pin. It made her scream again; but Denzil laughed very unfeelingly. The best cure," he said, "for fainting fits." And it certainly cured Vera. Besides, too, she wanted to stare at the "Princesses."

Their fingers were still laden with the loveliest jewels, and—their nails were quite black! "In mourning," Denzil said, "for one of the princes of the blood." And then he whispered, "Look at the Old Girl!"

We thought Mrs. Manners was going to veil her eyes with her hand. She looked so inexpressibly shocked.

The ladies on deck looked at them with horror; the gentlemen peeped at them sily over their papers and books.

The Maltese ladies, however, were perfectly serene, and not only wore their petticoats on deck, they went down to dinner in them!

And the younger one—the good-looking one—the one that was most beautifully dressed—took her false teeth out of her mouth in front of them all, and placed them beside her plate!

"Horrors!" said Mrs. Fitzgerald when dinner was over. In fact, all the ladies said, "Horrors!" The gentlemen all laughed.

Denzil was very quiet that day. He bothered Vera to lend him her "Onoto." You must take care of it," she said. And then he came to her with a sheet of paper in his hand. "I also am a poet, Vera," he said. "Poetry is so very catching!"

"She wore a flannel petticoat,
And pranced in it about the boat,
It made the Old Girl shiver!
She took her teeth out of her mouth,
And waved her hands towards the south,
And Tomlins said, 'I niver'!"

Five days later they left the ship at Gibraltar. The grown-ups were rather glad. We children were very sorry. And the next port, the sailors said, would bring us to our journey's end.

And one fine morning as we were playing about the deck, somebody gave a shout of, "Land ahead!"

There was only a faint dim line far away on the distance; but everybody grew much excited. And one old gentleman kissed his hands towards the place. "It is England!" he said. "It is Home!"

(To be continued).

A Story.

Siva and the Squirrel.

One day Siva, walking on the sea-shore, saw a little grey squirrel which constantly dipped its tail in the sea, and shook the water drops out upon the shore.

Siva said, "Oh, little foolish squirrel, what are you doing?"

The squirrel answered, "I am trying to dry up the sea; last night a high wind blew down this palm tree; on the top of the tree is my nest and the tree lies in the water. In my nest are my wife and pretty children.

Soon the nest will float away, therefore all night and day, I have been dipping my tail in the water and shaking the drops on the shore.

If I can only work hard enough, I hope to "dry up the sea and so to have my darlings."

Siva said "Brave little squirrel, loving father." Then he stooped and stroked its back, and when he raised his hand, the marks of his fingers lay on the smooth grey coat.

Then Siva raised his hand to the sea and it rolled back and left the palm tree, and the

squirrel's nest quite dry. The squirrel, cocking his tail up his back, hastened to the nest, and brought his wife and little ones safe to dry land.

And the wonder was that on each of their smooth grey backs lay the marks of Siva's fingers.

Recitation: Jack and the Squirrel.

As Jack went through the wood one day,
He glanced up in a tree;
And saw the sweetest thing at play,
Whatever could it be?

It had a long and bushy tail,
And fur so soft and brown!
From branch to branch it seemed to sail,
And never tumbled down.

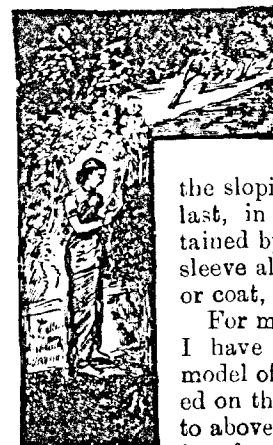
Said Jack, "A squirrel you must be,
I'd like to see you near;
But even if I climb the tree,
You'd jump away I fear."

And is it true you make a store
Of nuts, for winter food?
You live a busy life, I'm sure,
Within this pleasant wood".

I'd like to be a squirrel quick,
And then with you I'd play,
What fun we'd have! what nuts we'd pick!
All through the autumn day!

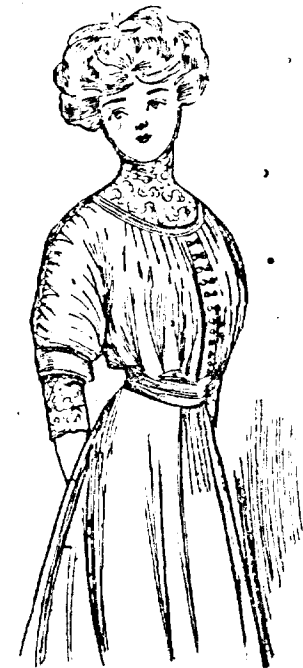
Our Needle-work Column

HOME DRESSMAKING.



sleeve cut all in one with the blouse itself. Such a model as this is extremely nice to wear with a lace "guimpe," or yoke with sleevelets to correspond, and does admirably either for an autumn or winter affair, as silk, delaine, thin woollen material, voile, or eolienne all make up well in this particular style.)

As will be seen from the diagram, the blouse is a simple affair to make up, consisting as it does of only two portions, viz., back and front.

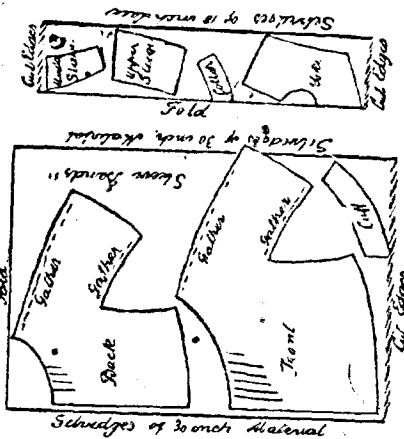


The lace yoke and sleevelets are in three pieces, and are made up separately, so that a change can be made when wished without interfering with the blouse, or they may be put on with this if preferred. The best way is to attach the yoke and sleeves to a bust bodice made of lining, as this keeps the yoke in place so much better when it is not attached to the blouse.

If the material be less than 36in. in width, a small piece will have to be joined at the elbow part of the sleeve of the front portion, that is to say—as the back is not quite so wide as the front. It can, of course, be joined at each side, but I think a join in the centre of front is much less noticeable, as it can be hidden by trimming. In the sketch this seam is concealed by a double row of tiny buttons united by cords, the effect of which is not only pretty, but quite modish, as buttons play a very large part in the adornment of the gowns and frocks of the moment, one costume I met the other day being trimmed with hundreds of narrow "pattes" or straps of the material and a double number of buttons. At least, I counted a hundred on a very small space in the few moments the gown was within my range of vision.

But to return to our diagram. No 1 shows how to place the two portions of the pattern on 35-inches material, of which 2½ yards will be required.

Diagram 2 shows how to place the yoke and sleevelets on 18-inch lace, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards being needed in this case.



When the blouse is cut out, join fronts, cut off or snip selvedge, open and press, then make tucks, join shoulders, gather on each side as shown, then gather together underslam in the same way, draw up, secure, gather threads round pins, join and stitch seams under the arms, also sleeves, stitch backs, sew on fastenings, fit on, draw up sleeves to right length, and fasten off securely. Neaten neck-part by the crossway fold of silk or velvet, make cuffs and secure to lower edge of sleeves.



Sew on the buttons and cords in centre front hem lower edge, sew a tape or elastic band right

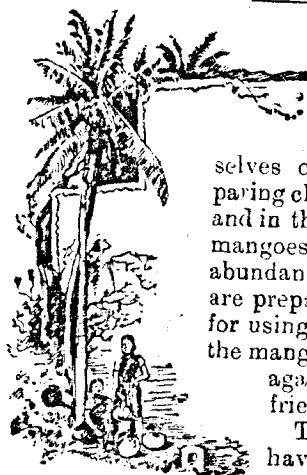
and left sides of back and finish off neatly, also pressing where necessary at the neck and tucks. Now make the lace yoke and sleevelets, and secure them to the inside of blouse, or to a bust or under-bodice, as already suggested, the latter enabling a change to be easily made.

The last sketch depicts a delightfully simple frock for a small girl, cut on kimono lines, and somewhat similar to the above blouse except that it has no seam on the shoulder, though the sleeve is cut all in one with the frock. It is a pretty style for a child of four to six years of age, but is not quite so suitable for an older one, as the method of cutting does not allow of sufficient fullness at the lower part for a bigger child. This, however, is overcome by inserting V-shaped pannels in the skirt part, which has a pretty effect, but takes away from the "sweet simplicity" of the frock.

It can be carried out in linen cashmere serge, or fine cloth. The trimming would consist of a strapping of the material as sketched. If linen or cashmere be used, embroidery makes a pretty finish to neck and epaulettes.

About $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 26-inch material are required.

Our Cookery Column



ANGLO-INDIAN housewives of the good old-fashioned type pride themselves on their skill in preparing chutney and preserves, and in the season when green mangoes are to be had in abundance, large quantities are prepared to be stored up for using through the year till the mango season comes round again, and for presents to friends at home.

The following recipes have been given to me by notable housewives, who have used them year after year in manufacturing this well-known Indian relish.

Delhi Chutney.—Four pounds of sugar, to be made into syrup; two pounds of salt; one pound of garlic, peeled and sliced; two pounds of green ginger; two pounds of dried chillies sliced; two pounds of mustard seed, to be washed, dried in the sun, and then bruised to remove the husk; two pounds of raisins, four bottles of vinegar; sixty mangoes, more or less, to be peeled and sliced and then boiled in the syrup and three bottles of vinegar. Put aside

in a dish to cool, and then add salt, mustard seed, ginger, garlic, and chillies. Gradually stir in the remaining bottle of vinegar.

(Sour apples can be used in place of mangoes.)

Apricot Chutney.—Take sound ripe apricots, peel, stone, and to every four pounds of fruit add two pounds of sugar. Boil until of the consistency of jam. Add two pounds of raisins, stoned and cut, two pounds of almonds blanched and cut in halves, four ounces of green ginger, four ounces of garlic, half a pound of chillies ground with vinegar. Boil these in the jam for fifteen or twenty minutes. Let it cool, then pour in a quart of good vinegar with salt to taste. Boil for half-an-hour again in an enamelled or earthen pan.

Tomato Chutney.—Six pounds of tomatoes; one pound of sugar; half a pound each of almonds and raisins; one pint of vinegar; two ounces each of chillies, garlic, and green ginger. Peel tomatoes and slice almonds, garlic and ginger fine, the latter as fine as possible. The chillies must be ground with a little vinegar. Cook to a jelly in an enamelled pan. Put in salt to taste, and bottle when quite cold.

Prune Mould.—Half a pound of good prunes stewed in a pint of cold water until thoroughly tender, when carefully remove the stones. Add to them the juice of half a lemon, a little more water, four ounces of loaf sugar and an ounce of gelatine. Put all into a stewpan together, let it stand for an hour, then simmer on the stove for half-an-hour; when it has boiled up once, put into a mould, and when quite set turn out and serve with a whipped cream around it.

Other stewing fruits to our hand in winter are pears, dates, dried apricots and Normandy pippins. The two last-named require soaking in cold water previous to cooking.

Almond Cheesecakes.—Pound two ounces and a half of sweet and bitter almonds mixed, and add to them a quarter of a pound of butter, beaten to a cream, a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar and the grated rind of one lemon. Beat together the yolks and whites of three eggs well, and mix the ingredients thoroughly together. Make some light pastry with a quarter of a pound of flour and a quarter of a pound of butter, and line some patty pans with it, pouring the mixture in the centre. Place strips of blanched almonds on each cheesecake and bake a light brown. These are delicious.

A Flours Salad.—Slice evenly and thinly one cold boiled Spanish onion, a small boiled beetroot, a large potato, also boiled and cold, and a cucumber. Lay the slices alternately in a shallow dish, garnish the edge with pickled watercress, and dress with pepper, salt, oil, and vinegar.

Correspondence Column

I.

MY DEAR EDITOR,



HOT blush of shame and indignation swept over me as I read the letter written by "an Anglo-Indian Woman" in the October "Indian Ladies' Magazine." I suppose the writer does represent a type of one class of Englishwomen in India, and let me advise our Eastern sisters to leave such women severely alone. There never can be any pleasant social intercourse where there is such an utter absence of sympathy, tact, and courtesy. But there is another class of Englishwomen in India, who utterly disagree with the selfish conclusions of the writer of that letter. I have spent many years in this land, and I look upon them as the happiest years of my life. I have known the wives of high Government officials in many places in the Madras Presidency, who have not felt that their husbands' official positions debarred them from making the acquaintance of Indian ladies, and I have heard them speak most highly of those whom they look upon as their friends. Can any Englishwoman seriously think that she has nothing to gain by intercourse with Indian women? Let me speak from my own experience. In whatever district we have been stationed, it has been my good fortune to make friends with the 'Daughters of the Land,' and I have learnt from them patience, endurance, courtesy, gentleness, and many other virtues. I have been admitted into the privacy of their home-life, and in sharing their joys and sorrows with them, have learnt to love them, and never have I experienced more tender sympathy than they gave to me when I was passing through times of sorrow such as come to all of us sooner or later.

I admit that there are great difficulties to overcome if one happens to be in a place where the Indian ladies cannot speak English, but nowadays that is rare. I would recommend those Englishwomen who really want to make friends with the women of India to select first a few cultured refined women, accustomed to talk freely in English and to move in European society, and then take the trouble to really get to know them. I know of no people who respond so quickly to kindness, but none can more completely withdraw into their shell of polite reserve when treated with patronage or affected mannerisms. Their sensitiveness makes them

quick to distinguish between the genuine desire for friendship, and the false pretence which they despise.

If an Indian lady should make a mistake through ignorance of our Western etiquette and should ask some favour for her husband, it would be very easy to explain to her in a kindly way that it was not the custom for English wives to interfere in such matters, but it would be cruel indeed to sharply snub her and drop her acquaintance because she erred unwittingly. Nowhere is the perfect courtesy of the East more beautifully displayed than when we Europeans unknowingly transgress in matters of oriental customs. A few weeks ago it was my good fortune to be entertained by a Bengali lady to whom I was an utter stranger. All that she knew about me was that I was the friend of one of her friends, and as such she welcomed me to her home. She sat at the head of the table, the very picture of dignity and grace, and with most delightful hospitality entertained us. An Indian dish with which I was unacquainted was brought to me, and I did not know how it should be eaten, and used the wrong method. I will never forget the tactful way in which my hostess rectified my mistake. I had a good laugh over my blunder, but my hostess would hardly permit herself a smile, lest I should feel hurt. Can we Englishwomen not learn a lesson from our Indian sisters in this respect?

Another Anglo-Indian Woman.

II

DEAR MADAM,

I was much interested in your article by an English lady on "English and Indian Women" in the October number of your magazine, firstly, because I think the lady in question misunderstands Indian ladies, &c., secondly, because, if I may be allowed again free liberty for my thoughts, I think you, the Editor, condemned her far too mercilessly.

In regard to all the remarks made by an "English lady," she seems to me to take for granted that with our Indian sisters we have nothing in common. This is not so, as I know from experience; the world is much the same everywhere, and women do not differ so fundamentally anywhere that the mere intercourse between the two races need be an effort on either side.

I an Englishwoman, had never met an Indian of any sort until I went to India as a young bride over ten years ago; and, yet I know now many Indians well and am proud to reckon one amongst them, a purdah Muslim lady, as a very dear friend of mine. Amongst the others, there are many with whom I have become very intimate, and did we live near together should

probably become friends with. I constantly discuss this social question with the many Indian men and women I meet here in England and elsewhere, and I find, that though they realise our difficulties, they have no very clear solution for our problem of social intercourse. Personally, I feel sure that, did we Englishwomen go to India with the idea that the Indian woman really is not inferior to us, (excepting, I am sorry to say often, in education,) but is in many ways superior to us in her own quiet, serious way, social intercourse between us and her would be a mutual benefit and pleasure. I cannot help being assured that this would mean that a great deal of the discontent in India just now would never have occurred. Remember that though the Indian man is the head of the household, the women have enormous influence over their menfolk, and so often it strikes me, that had Englishwomen in India been less "standoffish," less certain of their own superiority, much of the present trouble might have been avoided. Officialdom in India is certainly somewhat of a drawback to intercourse at the beginning, not, because, as your correspondent suggests, Indians put altogether a wrong construction on it; but because officialdom naturally causes a certain feeling of restraint between the two parties. But, surely were intercourse more common, this disadvantage, with any others, would disappear. The Indian woman of the present day must see that many of us are only too anxious and wishful to meet her on an equal footing, and I know of several cases where the endeavours of the Englishwomen have met with entire success, though one cannot but feel that the Indians, as a whole, visit "the sins of the fathers on us poor children," in not seconding the efforts of the right-minded English towards, what is to me, the ideal state of a free and friendly intercourse between the two races.

I have now been living in a university town in England, during my husband's two years' furlough, and have been much struck with the continuous expressed wishes of many here to see more of the Indian students. But they are difficult to get at, and often prefer not to know us, so here, the fault cannot be said to be on our side. One most successful fortnightly meeting has been started by two ladies, when the room is crowded with English and Indian men and women, a paper read on any subject of mutual interest and afterwards discussed.

Many other ladies are "at home" to all undergraduates, on certain days, of which privilege the Indian is as welcome to avail himself as the Englishman; I know many do, and I think the meeting is mutually pleasant.

(This does not look as if the English wished to have no social intercourse with the Indian; as one might judge by the Editor's footnote.)

Lectures on Indian subjects are frequently given here too, so that I hope interests being awakened, the Englishman may gradually learn to know and like the Indian better. Often the difficulty is simply a question of mutual ignorance, though a grown-up person, much less an Englishman, likes to acknowledge this fact. As to the proposal of charity-work bringing the two races together, I fail to see how this can secure more than an introduction between the two concerned, though when once known to each other, this means, as well as many others, can be profitably used to the benefit of a third party.

One is so apt to judge the many by the few, and the idea current in England of the aloofness, ignorance and simplicity, amounting almost to childishness in the Indian woman is carried by the Englishwoman from England to India. It is the same in regard to the Japanese, whom we are told all have slanting eyes, are dishonest in trade, and that the womenfolk are degraded; and yet we, who know anything of them at all, know this is quite untrue. Why not let us each search for the good, not the bad, in others, realising that our vices are more obnoxious to them than our virtues are pleasant? In the same way, as we judge them all by the few, is it not possible that when the Indian sees a woman nicely dressed, according to Western ideas, that he immediately thinks of her as the frivolous, scatter-brained individual, whose sole aim in life is her own pleasure? I know that all real loving advance towards the intercourse so necessary to a solving of the many difficult questions facing us English in India, is met with gratitude, kindness and a charming courtesy by all.

Rebuffs we must meet with occasionally; but if after all these years of victory in his aim towards the well-being of his fellowmen, the Englishman is going to the stopped by such rebuffs, then I say he is no longer what he was. But I maintain he is, and all I want is for us, women, to live up to the same standard and to do our duty by our Indian sisters and ourselves.

I am, dear madam, with all admiration for you in your struggle against innumerable difficulties.

Yours sincerely,

"An English woman who loves her English and Indian sisters equally."

Editorial Notes

I. *The Cannanore Ladies' Association.*—The Association was formed in July 1908, under the presidency of Mrs. Burton with Mrs. Pope as English Secretary, Mrs. Hoffner as Vice-President and Mrs. P. Govindan as Malayalam Secretary. At the first gathering 36 members were enrolled, and, besides the office-bearers above mentioned, five ladies were elected as committee members. They are for the first half-year, Mrs. P. Shankaran, Miss Bower, Miss Eduljee, Miss Choyi, and Miss O. Govindan. The object of the Association is the uplifting of the ladies in the social scale, giving them as far as possible general information on all subjects that would be interesting and useful to them. The committee members are to meet at the President's house on the last Friday of every month to examine and pass the paper or papers that are to be read at the general monthly meeting that is to come off on the first Thursday of every month. So far five papers have been read; and among them the one read by the Malayalam Secretary on "Female Education," and the other by Mrs. P. Shankaran on "Indian Ladies and their Status in Society, Past and Present,"—an abstract of which appeared in the *Madras Mail* of the 9th September,—deserve special mention. There are 45 members now.

We give, as our frontispiece, a group photo of these ladies. The three non-Indian ladies who occupy the central seats are (from right to left) Mrs. Burton, Miss Burton and Mrs. Pope respectively. The Malayalam Secretary is to the left of Mrs. Burton. The Parsi lady in close proximity to the Malayalam Secretary is Mrs. Sorabjee, the seats to whose left are occupied by Miss Choyi and Miss O. Govindan. Between Mrs. Burton and the Malayalam Secretary is Mrs. Krishnan, whose five daughters can be seen in a small group by themselves to the right of Mrs. Pope in three rows, the foremost being Mrs. Shankaran. In the front row seated are non-Indians, Mrs. Uber in the extreme right and Miss Bower, in the extreme left is a Brahmin lady. Between Mrs. Uber and Miss Bower is Mr. K. Govindan. Just behind Mrs. Uber is Mrs. T. Kunbi Ramen whose translation of Shakespeare's "Winter Tale" is a well known Malayalam work.

Indian Enterprises in England.—The Indo-European Trading Society, Ltd., 147, Strand, London W.C., which was registered in May 3365—33

last by Indian gentlemen to act as agents for Indian principals, and which is a patriotic, not less a business venture, has shown very satisfactory progress in its short career. Its main object is to place before the British public articles of Indian art, manufacture and produce, so as to create a demand for them in the United Kingdom and Europe, and to send European machineries with the latest improvements to India for the manufacture of Indian goods.

The Exhibits have been much appreciated by English and French experts, as well as the public at large, in the Franco-British Exhibition. They have secured for the manufacturers in India, whom they have represented at the White City, and whose agents they are, the following awards:—

Two Grand Prizes.

- (1) Messrs. R. K. Sarasvati & Co., Assam, for Assam silks.
- (2) Mr. Durga Shankar Bhattacharji, Murshidabad, for Bengal silk.

One Diploma of Honour.

- (3) "Industrial India" Calcutta, for the Journal.

One Gold Medal.

- (4) Mr. Gangula Ramalingam, Vizagapatam, for ivory and sandalwood works.

Three Silver Medals.

- (5) Messrs. R.C.B. & Co., Assam, for Assam silks.
- (6) The Indo-European Trading Society, Ltd., (Calcutta Branch), for Bengal silks.
- (7) Mr. Ranchondas Laldas Bakriwalla, Ahmedabad, for gold embroidery.

Six Diplomas of Bronze Medals.

- (8) Mr. Sorabji J. Bilimora, Surat, for ivory and sandalwood works.
- (9) Mr. Gokul Chunder Nundon, Calcutta, for silver-ware.
- (10) The Pekin Condiment Co., Calcutta, for condiments.
- (11) Mrs. Gulbai D. Umrigar, Bombay, for condiments.
- (12) Mrs. Pirojah S. Bhimadawalla, Bombay, for silk embroidery.
- (13) Mr. Shaik Asghar Hosein, Murshidabad, for perfumery.

Two Diplomas of Honourable Mention.

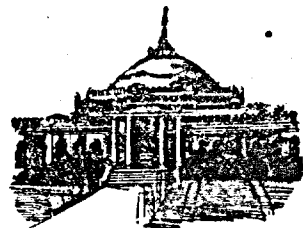
- (14) Mr. Biswaswar Das, Chittagong, for cigars and matting.
- (15) Messrs. M. M. & Co., Calcutta, for tea.

This is true swadeshim inasmuch as it is a competition in the open market of the civilized world, in which has been awarded by the International Jury the highest awards of Merit. It

is unique for one society so recently established to be fortunate enough to have so many awards given to its constituents in one of the greatest Exhibitions of the world. It should be a great encouragement to Indian producers and manufacturers.

Selections

I.—THE SOCIAL CONFERENCE AT MADRAS.



THE twenty-second Session of the Indian National Social Conference commenced at noon on the 3rd December in the Congress Pavilion in heavy rain. This did

not affect the attendance, and however the pandal was filled with a large audience composed of all classes and creeds of people. Among these present were the Hon'ble Mr. Justice N. G. Chandavarkar, Dr. Clark, Rao Bahadur R. N. Mudholkar, Mr. Dharam Das Suree, the Hon'ble Mr. H. S. Dikshit, Dewan Bahadur L. A. Govindarghava Iyer, Mr. V. Jogiah Pantulu, the Hon'ble Mr. K. R. Gurusawmy Iyer, Mr. A. C. Muzumdar, Mr. O. Kandasami Chetty, Mr. N. Pattabhirama Row, Mr. N. Subba Row Pantulu, Mr. K. Narayana Row, Professor Lees Smith, Mr. K. Perraju, Mr. K. Chaudhuri, Mr. R. Lakshminarasu, Mr. C. P. Ramasawmy Iyer, Dewan Bahadur P. Rajagopala Chari, Mr. K. B. Rananatha Iyer, Mr. R. Ramachandra Row, Mr. B. Hamumantha Row, Mr. K. Krishna Row, Mr. R. Prakasam, Mr. K. Venkata Row, Mr. B. N. Bhajekar, General Secretary, and Messrs. C. B. Rama Rau and K. R. Ramanathan (Honorary Secretaries), the Hon'ble Pundit Madan Mohun Malaviya, the Hon'ble Mr. B. N. Sharma, Dr. D. S. Ramachandra Rau, Mr. V. Ryrumambyar, Mr. S. Subbiah Chetty, and the Hon'ble Mr. G. K. Parekh.

The following ladies were among those present:—Mrs. Kashibai Deadbar, Mrs. Sankaran Nair, Mrs. Madhavan Nair, Mrs. Pattabhiramayya, Mrs. Paranjpe, Mrs. Lutchmi Ammah, Mrs. Sirur, Mrs. Krishna Menon, Pandit Achalambiki Amma, Shrimat S. Rukmani Amma, Mrs. Subba Rao, Mrs. Mukti Bai, Rama Rau, Mrs. Lazarus, Mrs. Raman Menon, Mrs. Velayuda Menon.

After a long and powerful speech of welcome to the Delegates by Rao Bahadur M. Audinarayan Iyer, the Hon'ble Mr. Justice Sankaran Nair gave his masterly Presidential speech, in the course of which he mentioned the aims of the conference. He said:

"We will labour in association with others of whatever class or creed, even with those who may not belong to the Association, in the interests of female education and advancement of temperance, abolition of the existing caste system, emancipation of the depressed classes and in fact, of every healthy social movement. As far back as our mental vision could penetrate, our village councils have been accustomed to deliberate and enforce their commands, to appoint the local governors or rulers, a relic of which custom only recently came before the Courts. I am tempted to give you an example from the Archaeological Reports, which though published mainly for antiquarian and historical purposes, are destined to revolutionise our conceptions of the social and economic history of the South India of ancient days, of what was done more than four hundred years ago by the Brahmins of Padavidu in N. Arcot, which is believed to have consisted of about ten villages to put down what is even now felt to be an intolerable evil. In an assembly they passed the following Resolution which is inscribed in the Gopuram of a temple:—

"If the Brahmins of this kingdom of Padavidu, viz., Kannadiyas Tamiras, Telungas, Illalas, etc., of all Gotras, Sutras, and Sakhas, concluded a marriage they shall from this day forward do it by Kanyadanam. Those who do not adopt Kanyadanam, i.e. both those who give a girl away after having received gold and those who conclude a marriage after having given gold, shall be liable to punishment by the king and shall be excluded from the community of Brahmanas."

The descendants of those who acted thus in co-operation in the interests of reform may undoubtedly venture to follow in their footsteps, to trust one another and subordinate selfish to common interests and work for the common good.

I shall not detain you further. I have attempted only certain general observations; specific propositions will now be placed before you. On these, I deem it unnecessary to speak. But I cannot help thinking that there are two questions of paramount importance which are necessary for unity of ideals and of action. We have no common language for India, language in which a reformer from the north may address a peasant in Southern India. We have not got a civil marriage law. It is an irony of fate that under what is, perhaps, the most tolerant government in the world a Hindu, unwilling to conform to the ritual of the Sastras, a Hindu atheist or agnostic, or one who is not willing to recognise any sect or class—for Hinduism insists on conformity to the social code, not to any particular form of belief or faith,—cannot contract a valid marriage. A Hindu in the north

will scarcely run the risk of marrying in the south. It is a complaint very often made that persons become Samajists for the purpose of getting married under the Act. This is of course, unsatisfactory from the Brahmo Samaj point of view. It is still more unsatisfactory on grounds of general policy. It also shows the necessity of the measure. Any two persons ought to be able to enter into a contract of marriage if there is nothing in their union opposed to any rule of public policy laid down by government.

I have already detained you long. You would like, I have no doubt, to proceed to something more useful than listening to me, and I trust that when we part, we may do so strengthened in the resolve to dedicate ourselves more to the service of humanity, and with an increasing feeling of membership with one another which not only makes one wish to bear the burden of another, but bring every person to a sense of responsibility for the failure of his fellows and make him ready to atone for the evil about him by every means in his power."

THE RESOLUTIONS.

The Presidential Address being concluded, the Conference proceeded to discuss the Resolutions.

EDUCATION OF INDIAN WOMEN.

Mr. K. B. Ramanappa Iyer moved the first Resolution:—

"That this Conference notes with appreciation the efforts made by Government, Missionary and indigenous agencies to spread education among Indian women, and urges the desirability of all members of the Indian community co-operating with the Educational agencies by making it a rule to send their children to schools where they exist, or by otherwise providing for their elementary and higher education in their homes. In this connection, the Conference regrets to note that the new Grant-in-Aid Rules for the Madras Presidency are such as to lessen the contributions from Government and to cripple the resources of the Managers of Girls' Schools."

In doing so he said that, with regard to girls, parents had not yet come to recognise the utility of educating them in the way in which boys were being educated, and it was their duty to see girls somehow or other coaxed into schools. That part of the Resolution which referred to the working of the Grant-in-aid Code he would specially commend to them, as it really crippled the Managers of Girls' schools. This would show the Educational Department that a different kind of treatment should be accorded to girls' schools from boys' schools.

Mrs. C. W. F. Hatchell, in seconding the Resolution, said that they had heard a great deal in these days about the word education, and she saw in the programme both Elementary and Higher education were mentioned. But she would like them to take education from the point of view of the definition of the late Mathew Arnold. "Education was an atmosphere, a discipline and a life." Speaking about the education of girls, they should remember that these girls would be the mothers of the next generation and they knew how strong was the influence of the mother on her children. They should remember that the mother had the first years of a child's life to look after, long before the child entered the arena of school. These early years were the formative period when the brain cells were stretching out fibres in all directions ready to receive new impressions. Would they entrust those early years to the hands of those to whom the avenues of knowledge had been closed? How could they sympathise and enter into their son's school life when their son began to leave them. They sent their boys to the highest colleges and gave them all the advantages that were possible and then they came back and were given a wife who was, perhaps, not able to read or write. What intellectual companionship could there be between these two? They all knew how great was the influence of the women of India, but alas, how often was that influence turned into a wrong direction owing to the ignorance of the women who had not had the advantages which would have helped them to look at the matter from a totally different standpoint? Women all over the world were now awaking to a sense of their responsibility as citizens. At the Congress the other day it was said of the women of Japan that a new era had begun to dawn upon them, and the reason was that man had begun to realise that women had responsibilities, not only towards her family, but towards the community at large, and efforts were now being made to educate her for that wider sphere. They should remember that men and women made the world as head and heart made human life. Was it an accident that the first ruler of this great Empire was a woman, one of the noblest and most cultured? (cheers.) Was not the reigning of this good woman on the throne in itself a protest against the keeping of their women in ignorance? In conclusion, she quoted statistics to show the infinite smallness in the number of girls who were educated when compared with the population.

The Resolution was supported by Pandita Achilambika Ammal, Rukmani Ammal, of Cuddalore, Miss Sundarama Lazarus and Mr. K. Venkata Rao, of Bellary, and it was then put to the vote and carried by acclamation.

After a resolution, on "Foreign Travel," Rao Bahadur N. Mudholkar moved the following Resolution:—

"That this Conference regards with satisfaction the growing feeling in favour of foreign travel and the re-admission of foreign-travelled persons into their respective castes and, inasmuch as in the interests of national efficiency and the material prosperity of the country, the need for over-sea travels to foreign countries is becoming more and more imperative, this Conference is of opinion that no obstacles should be placed in the way of the re-admission to the community of persons returning from such travels."

In doing so he expressed his great satisfaction at the fact the Conference was 'numerously attended this year. He referred with great pleasure to the relaxation of orthodox sentiment in the matter of re-admission into caste of foreign returned men. He pointed out the urgency for recognising the need for foreign travel and remarked that the merest utilitarian considerations ought to convince them of the advisability of doing away with the obstacles that were now interposed by castes and sub-castes in regard to the re-admission of foreign travelled men. In removing these obstacles they would not be doing anything which could be characterised as a resolution in social and religious matters. In many matters social reform was only an attempt to take Indian people to the ancient and nobler traditions of their past. In their ancient literature they found that no such restrictions existed against foreign travel.

The Hon'ble Mr. H. S. Dikshit, who had recently returned from England, seconded the Resolution and also emphasised the need for foreign travel for Indians at the present time.

Mr. V. V. Jogiah, of Berhampore, supported the motion and pointed out that for the industrial advancement of the country and for the progress of Technical education, more than anything else, foreign travel was necessary. His district (Ganjam) was much more advanced in this branch of social reform. He referred to instances of gentlemen who had gone to England from his district and returned, who were not ostracised for so doing, but on the other hand intermingling with these men was encouraged.

EARLY MARRIAGES.

Mrs. Kashbai Deodhar moved the following Resolution:—

"With a view to afford facilities for the school education of girls to a later age than now, to arrest the growing physical deterioration of the race and to minimise the chances of early widowhood, it is desirable that the sounder and more authoritative practice of post-puberty marriages

should be adopted; in places, however, where public opinion is not ripe for this change, that the marriageable age of girls be raised as an initial step to at least twelve and that of boys to at least eighteen and that earnest attempts be made to achieve this result."

In doing so she said that people, though convinced of the utility of postponing marriage to a later age in life, had not the courage to put their conviction into practice. Every one of them appreciated the need for marriage after puberty, but few of them would carry out the idea in practice. The second reason for the slow progress of reform in the marriage system was due to the fact that reformed marriages were contracted in families which could not take the lead in society and who had no influence in their society. Such reformed marriages were brought about under pressure of unavoidable circumstances. The third and most important reason for this slow progress was that the standard of reform was not borne by women who were really the greater sufferers in the marriage contract.

Mrs. Srirungammall, B.A., of Mysore, seconded the Resolution in an interesting speech. She said that there were two courses open for giving liberal education to their girls. The first was not to give them in marriage, but to train them as Brahmacharini or *Sanyasi*, so that they might devote themselves to their cause of learning and serve as examples to their womenkind. That was a difficult course and not likely to commend itself to the people. Renunciation was not an easy ideal, either to practise or earnestly approve of. The second course was that they should educate their girls to some extent, at least to an extent that they might be sufficiently cultured as to be able to follow it up after they entered married life. For this purpose the marriageable age of girls should be raised.

Messrs. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri and K. Ramasawmy Iyengar supported the Resolution, which was carried.

HINDU WIDOWS.

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu moved the following Resolution:—

"This Conference invites all communities concerned to give their earnest endeavours to save Hindu widows from the customary disfigurement, to ameliorate their condition by providing them with educational facilities and a Widows' Home after the model of Professor Karve's so that they may become better qualified than now to be sisters of mercy and useful and respected members of Society, and also by placing no obstacles in the way of their remarriage."

In doing so she characterised the necessity for having a resolution on this subject on the agenda as a national disgrace. While other

countries were advanced in civilisation, they in India, were still dealing with primitive social questions which they should have outlived long ago. She hoped that the day would come very soon when it would not be required that they should proclaim to the world their national disgrace. Only during the last three days they met together in Council, deliberating how to achieve their political freedom. Did they believe, were they so presumptuous as to think that such a thing would be possible, when at the very core of their social organisation they had this degrading cancer! It seemed incredible to any thinking mind that it was possible for the sons of a country that had produced a law-giver like Manu who taught the ideals of justice, a country that produced lord Buddha who taught ideals of love, to have so far forgotten and to have fallen so low that they had lost the instincts of their chivalry to which the Hindu widow had a claim, first for the weakness of her sex, and next for the sake of her suffering. (Cheers.) It was still more incredible that the daughters of a country that had produced such immortal women, whose names came down the annals of their civilisation, should so far have lost, not merely their mother love, but should also have forgotten the very first principles of their religion that love was the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man and the sisterhood of woman? In conclusion, she advocated the establishment of Widows' Homes in all parts of the country for the education of widows.

Mr. K. Seshu Iyer, Mr. D. G. Dalvi and Mrs. Alarnalmangai Ammal supported the resolution, which was carried.

Various other resolutions were proposed and carried, among which was one on the

PROTECTION OF CHILDREN.

The following Resolution was put from the chair and carried unanimously:—

"The Conference cordially supports the movement started to better the condition of unprotected children in general, and appreciates particularly the agitation started to protect girls and young women from being dedicated to temples."

II.—IDEALS OF EDUCATION.

Madan Mohan's Speech.

Mrs. SAROJINI'S VIEW.

A public meeting was held at the Congress pavilion under the auspices of the Pachyappas College Historical Association. The pandal was packed to the utmost capacity with anxious hearers, in spite of the inclemency of the weather, among the audience being a number of ladies. Dr. Clerk, of the

British Congress Committee, presided over the meeting.

The Hon'ble Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya of Allahabad in discoursing upon the ideals of education said that at the present moment there were different schools of political thought in India, the most extreme of them preaching revolutionary ideas. Some of them had taken to inhuman methods of agitation and brought into peril even the natives of the soil. He said that politics was a subject in which young students ought not to take part, for they had their own ideal to follow in their own class-rooms. Politics was a subject which could not and must not come within the sphere of a student's activities. They had their own debating societies attached to their college when they had every opportunity of discussing subjects, so far as their sphere extended. Patriotism was a virtue which every son of India, be he old or young ought to cherish. Even political subjects, they could discuss in their own school societies but they had their own duty even in those school societies to perform. They had, at that plastic stage, when the mind was young enough to receive the best impressions, to cultivate the best virtues, so that when they got out of their class rooms and when they were face to face manfully struggling with the outside world, they could set their minds back upon the temptations which might beset their path onward to progress. It depended upon the strength of their will, which in their younger years, they had to develop to a large extent. While they were students they had noble lessons to follow. They had to follow in strict conformity to the wishes of their parents, so conduct themselves that later on in their lives, they would prove worthy sons of worthy fathers, just as in their own class rooms, they so conform themselves to the rigid discipline of the school and cherish high regard for the authority.

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, who next spoke, said that she was painfully touched with the condition of girls in this country. Women, as they did in other advanced countries, formed a most potent factor in the political evolution of a country. She deplored the fact that while men were educated and were keeping abreast with the advance of the world, imbibing new thought and new sentiments, women were lagging behind and were incapacitated to be true companions of their husbands, so that they might have their own voice heard in the family as well as in the community. How could a well built edifice with beautiful apartments appear beautiful if almost the very foundation was shaking. In the building of a Nation, the development of a signal sense of patriotism among them was the most cardinal virtue they had to cherish if their country should form a potent factor in the comedy of the nations of the world. Selfishness and self-seeking was the bane of a community. If they had to sincerely ameliorate their fallen condition, the first thing they had to do was to root out self-seeking. Each individual had to merge himself in the community, the community in the collective whole of the country. Not till then, all this clamour could subside. If each one was prompted by that high sense of duty to the country and should feel that he is an Indian and not a Brahmin or a Muhammadan, individually, that would be the right step they would have taken in the right path. Unless and until they raise the fallen condition of women in this coun-

try and make their voice heard India's salvation was only a distant dream.

Mrs. Subba Row read a paper advocating the cause of female education.

Dr. Clark before proceeding with his remarks on the subject, thanked the lady speakers most heartily and exhorted the audience to take the impressions they had formed in their minds, learn them and carry them out in their every-day life. He depicted the condition of Norway, as it was in years gone by and as it was at present, a nation most civilised and honest. Constitutional agitation was the only means of attaining their ideal, for there was no nation in the history of the world which attained ideals by means of revolutionary methods. But any country which had revolutionary tendencies had to pay the penalty. Revolution in a country was always followed by reaction. From his own experience, he would say that it will do well for a nation to state constitutional methods. In the case of England when the people beheaded their king and abolished the Houses of Parliament the whole country was in a state of panic, there was internal struggle to such an extent, that commerce and industry were retarded in their progress and everything that affected the vital interests of the country transpired. But, as years passed by, the constitution of England gradually developed itself and the speaker hoped that there would be an additional storey to the edifice they had erected last year. The people who paid taxes, must have a voice of the administration of their own country. Taxation without representation was bound to fail. There was no hope of amity and concord. He hoped that public opinion in England was strongly in their favour and the possibilities of India for getting a constitution during the next sessions were great. When such was the feeling in England about India, it would be foolish on the part of Indians to take to foul means of creating terror.

A hearty vote of thanks was proposed by Dr. Ramachandra Row, to the Chairman, and the speakers, which brought the proceedings to a close.

III.—A WOMAN'S CALL.

"Lord Morley will not have given to you so many small reforms to encourage you, and you need not feel so enthusiastically grateful to little things when you feel worthy of greater privileges, of wider liberties and are placed in more responsible positions and are worthy of larger share in the government of your own nation." That was what Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, a talented Indian lady who has made a mark in her country as a woman of great parts and poetical taste, had to say at the Theistic Conference which opened in Madras. To Mrs. Naidu belongs the credit of being a highly educated lady; she sees, because she has the opportunity and ability to see, the part that is being played by her sex in the making of nations; she feels that her sisters could, if they would apply themselves with devotion and cheerfulness, do as much as any other woman in the world. It was an impassioned utterance, but none the less heartfelt and true, that she made day before yesterday, and the public of Madras were taken by surprise to hear such force and wisdom, such hope and courage, from the mouth of a woman, for this is the first time that they hear a woman of their own race speaking to them with that vigour,

which is born of a strong conviction. Mrs. Sarojini Naidu has seen a good deal of European life and manners, and she is indignantly sorry that her sisters, with so many inborn virtues in them, should be cribbed, crabbed and confined. On behalf of her sex, therefore, she stood on the platform of a Conference which spread the message of love and hope to the rich and the poor, and her pleading will surely never be made in vain. That she should have referred to the reforms of Lord Morley as 'little' ones is due more to the blind, yet pleasing, feelings of a discontented woman. Mrs. Naidu has ever been discontented with the part that her sex has been playing in the formation of new India. She would have them constantly in evidence, working side by side with the husband or the brother, and thus give the home an atmosphere where no children are born, but are bred up in the spirit of hope and courage. Mrs. Naidu is young; she perhaps, either does not know, or knowing, has allowed herself to be justly carried away by her passion for her subject, that the reforms of Lord Morley are no 'little' ones; and even if they be, the 'little' ones do deserve the 'enthusiastic gratitude' which she laughed to scorn in the stinging bitterness, peculiarly piercing when it falls from the lips of a woman. There is gratitude of Lord Morley for things which he gave us, because he gave us those, when he need not have given them at all, but allowed us to work ourselves again. We do want more surely; and we do feel worthy of "greater privileges, of wider liberties, of being placed in responsible positions and of larger share in the government of our nation," but we also feel grateful that we have been permitted some of these. We are sure to get the rest. Of course, the readers of Mrs. Naidu's speech would find that she had nothing disparaging to speak of the reforms; and it would be a mistake if it is supposed that this article is meant to criticise the fair speaker. On the other hand, the gladness and happiness to find an Indian lady able to feel and express, as Mrs. Sarojini felt and expressed yesterday, are uppermost in the mind. If women had taken a greater part, had the Indian wife been bred up in a more civilised atmosphere, they would have accustomed themselves to be helpful in the affairs of not of the house alone, but of those which directly concern the husband, and through the husband to the country at large. An enlightened woman would be a power in herself, and the good influence she could exercise would spread to many a distant household where her example will be followed and her advice heeded and acted up to. That day would open an important chapter in the history of India, indeed, when our women and our masses are lifted and are given opportunities to find their places in the race for life. The work that a single educated lady was able to do at Hyderabad during the recent disaster, to which Mrs. Sarojini referred to day before yesterday will live in the history of that brilliant state for years to come. A Hindu lady could have done as much under similar circumstances, but she did not. It was, surely not because she had no feelings of sympathy, for sympathy is inborn with our women; it was again not the want of heroism for the miseries of home often do make heroines of many an Indian woman, but it was only because that our women were yet down, far, far, down in the march of progress, and we have to lift them up. The path of duty should be mile-stoned afresh for the Indian woman. She must be asked to look further than the

mere surroundings of a merry or miserable home. She must be taught to have a wider range of vision, a greater love of humanity and an enthusiasm for the people she comes in contact with. Modesty is our woman's from her cradle, and she combines in her the faithful wife, the ardent mother and the duteous child. Why should not, she with such brilliant qualities, rise quicker and quicker in the part that Indians as a whole, man and woman without distinction of colour or caste, have to play in the future up-building of an Indian Empire? Mrs. Naidu's speech is very forcible, indeed, and we can congratulate any Indian woman who could feel and hope as she does, and who has set before herself the glorious object of uplifting the woman and do all in her power to attain that object.

IV.—FEMALE EDUCATION.

SPEECH BY SIR LOUIS DANE.

At a Garden Party in Lahore, given in his honour by the Punjab Association, Sir Louis Dane, in the course of a forcible speech, said:—

I was highly honoured when you invited me to accept the post of the President of your Association. You have summarised its objects as the advancement of education more especially of female education, the encouragement of social reform, and the promotion of friendly intercourse between Europeans and Indians and among the various classes of the latter. The person, who does not sympathise to the full with these objects is almost an enemy of the human race and certainly no lover of India. I need hardly say that you have my fullest sympathy with your aims and your cause. These may almost be summed up in the one term "female education." but female education in its widest sense, literally, sanitary, and social, both of Indians and of Europeans. Strive as we may we can hardly meet on the same social plane as long as one's wives and daughters are to a great extent ignorant, not only of the manners and customs of creeds different to their own, but even of those of their own sisters of different creeds.

The Dufferin Fund and its kindred institutions such as the Victoria nurses and hospital, are doing much for the education of women in medical and sanitary matters. The recent terrible scourge of malaria which has cruelly cut low so many women and children must have brought home to all of us the necessity for more sanitary homes and more liberal medical relief, especially to those classes of the population on whom the future of the country depends. But, gentlemen, I am sorry to say that the springs of public charity have apparently dried up as far as medical relief for women is concerned. The Dufferin Fund is living on the income of an investment raised years ago, by the efforts of the noble and sympathetic lady whose name the Fund bears and whose interest in the well-being of the women of India is unabated. The Victoria nurse owe their origin mainly to the charity and enthusiasm of the late Lady Curzon whose untimely death was a great disaster for this country which, in a position to say, she really loved and on behalf of which she worked up to the last. Gentlemen

is it creditable that your women should be dependent, as far as western medical relief goes, on charitable funds collected by temporary residents in the country? To my mind it is astonishing that gentlemen of means, who would deem it a disgrace to beg, should yet be found only too willing to receive and even demand that gratuitous medical relief which is intended for the poor.

THE GREAT QUESTION.

Finally, there is the question of social education, and it is almost the most important of all. Your Association has done much to help it on, and the purdah parties to which you refer are one of the best instruments for the removal of the ignorance and the resulting prejudice which existed on both sides. Our thanks are due to the ladies who have taken a lead in this movement in which all ought to join. It is, an encouraging feature that the more intimately men of different nationalities and creeds know each other and are brought together socially in this country, the greater is the mutual friendship and respect that is engendered. I remember well when the common complaint levelled against men of my service by their fellow-countrymen was that they were always all for the Indians. We have not changed, and if the complaint is not so common now, it is, I feel sure, because other Europeans now know the Indian better.

Lately, as you mention, there has been a most regrettable tendency to upset the harmonious relations between the different nationalities and races which fortunately have generally prevailed in the Punjab, where mutual respect has generated mutual regard. I believe that the movement had its origin mainly in a false reading of history and from rash generalisations drawn by young men whose judgment was insufficiently trained for the due guidance and governance of the impulses of youthful exuberance which, however noble and generous in their inception, if unchecked, must lead to insensate lawlessness and anarchy. Instances of this sort of thing are common enough in history, and, on the whole, they play a useful part in the general development of mankind here. I trust that the recent unsettling of ideas will only result in making us all the more determined to work out our social education on the general lines which your Association has laid down, and I can assure you that in this you will have the fullest support from my wife and myself, and also, I am sure, from all those who really desire the well-being of India in general and of the Punjab in particular.

What has been done for and by Indian Ladies.

U. F. C. GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOL, BOMBAY.

A distribution of prizes in the United Free Church Boarding School in Gowala Tank Road, took place last Saturday afternoon, in the presence of a goodly company, and was a treat to everybody and a real surprise to those who did not know of what both the school and the girls were capable. The chairman, Mr. J. A. D. McBain, J.P., in a very genial speech

at the close, said that it was a surprise to him. What draws little notice in the Maratha country, would be the first thing to attract attention in other parts of India, and that is the sight of grown up Hindoo girls freely participating in all good sorts of education, for choice in a Christian school, and doing it excellently. Simply as an exhibition, there were two points to be noted in the evening's performance: one was the correct and melodious singing, whether in Marathee or in English; and the other was the undisguised pleasure with which the girls received their prizes. These were given away by Mrs. Turner Green, who will want to do it again after seeing how happy she made each recipient.

The programme was long, and seemed short, all going off without delay or hitch. There were sixteen items, but only a few can be mentioned now. We have referred to the singing. Two infants' pieces, a ball song and a kindergarten game with bricks, were very interesting. A "Marathee dialogue" was most spirited, the chief performer being a small boy, who is safe to become a great man if he lives and avoid evil courses. The scarf drill was done by large girls, with admirable precision and smartness.

A number of small plain drawings and paintings were spread out on the wall, every one of which showed an eye for natural effect.

Let one read the life of Mrs. Margaret Wilson, wife of the Rev. Dr. Wilson in the thirties, and endeavour to realise how much labour, patience, perseverance, and devotion it has cost to cause these things to be. When will India understand?

Miss Gertrude Holland Wren, a girl of twenty-two has been awarded the Percival Medal—the annual "blue riband" of the world of pharmacy, at once the most coveted and most hardly won reward of technical knowledge. There was great cheering from the excited students assembled in the ancient hall of the Pharmaceutical Society, London, as the President, Mr. Young, made a presentation unique in the annals of the Society. Upon the wall above the President's head was a tablet of marble with the names of the winners of the medal since 1861. In bright gold letters against the year 1908 were the words: "Wren Gertrude Holland": "the first woman's name upon the scroll. Mr. George F. Morell whom this girl competitor had defeated by a narrow margin, was one of the leaders of the cheering. This is an historical, a record-breaking, a never-to-be-forgotten incident," declared the President. "Wherever women have had an equal chance with men—in science and letters, even in commerce—they have more than held their own. Who knows but that we may now have a woman upon our Council itself? And, granting the possibility of a woman councillor—why not a Woman President?" Miss Wren has been a student at the Pharmaceutical College for four years, working daily from ten until six, and then taking problems away with her to pore over in her study at home.

Miss Peroja Byramji Malbari, after prosecuting studies in England as an eye-specialist, has returned to Bombay. She is the first Indian lady eye-specialist. Having proceeded to England in 1905, she won the Miss Croper Scholarship and joined the Glasgow Medical College, where she studied for three years and passed its medical examinations with distinction. Miss Peroja afterwards joined the London Eye Hospital.

MRS. KAMALAKAR

IN MADRAS.

An "At Home."

The President (the Hon'ble Mr. Justice Sankaran Nair, C.I.E.) and the members of the Madras Hindu Social Reform Association were "At Home" to meet Mrs. Dwarkabai Kamalakar who recently returned from England after having further qualified herself to join the honourable profession of medicine. This brilliant social function took place on Monday at the palatial residence of Mr. Justice Sankaran Nair, Egmore. The usual *tamasha*, music, light refreshments, *pan supari*, flowers, were all enjoyed, and the leading host, Mr. Justice Sankaran Nair, congratulated the guest in a neat little speech and presented her with cases of surgical instruments. Dr. Kamalakar thanked the gathering (with all the humility of the Indian lady) as follows:—

Mr. President and Members of the Hindu Social Reform Association, Ladies and Gentlemen.—The language of genuine pleasure is short. I confess I am unable to give expression to the delight I feel this evening. I need hardly say how deeply I am touched by the honour you have done me. Allow me to thank you, one and all, for it; this I do in all sincerity and respect. I feel, however, I can never thank you half enough for this great honour and it is not always easy to express one's feelings on such occasions. I cannot take the honour for myself because I do not deserve it, but, if I may say so, I should take it to be honour shown to the cause of female education.

In this ancient land of Vedas, "Learning" is represented by the goddess Saraswathi and "Wealth" by the goddess Luxmi, and in the very same land it is a curious anomaly that woman's cause is not man's! Man reserves all the learning for himself; fortunately not all the wealth also. The weak sex, however, is not despondent now. The intellectual upheaval (as shrewdly observed by Sir William Hunter) is profoundly influencing family life. European ideas are knocking at the door of the zenana and we hear confused cries from within, which seem to show that the death-like monotony of woman's existence in India is broken. The degradation of the female intelligence means the loss of one-half of its brain-power to a nation." Thanks to the Social Reformers; thanks to all those who are earnestly interested in the cause of female education. With noble examples like Mrs. Ali Akbar in the presidency to which I belong, Mrs. Sathianadhan in the presidency of my adoption, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, the sweet warbler in Hyderabad, and Sowbhagyavathi Rukhmuni Ammal in Mysore, cannot I say that Indian women are not deficient in intelligence or application to higher study and that they always prove themselves worthy of encouragement and support in the matter of education.

I thank you all again for your congratulation. The value of congratulations increases in geometrical progression with the eminence of those offering them and I feel extremely gratified by their accumulation coming as they do from so many persons standing so high in various spheres of life. As for the present so kindly given I do not know what to say and how to say it. It will be a treasure—valuable treasure—I must say, for the rest of my life. I shall always place it in a conspicuous place in my house, and whenever I make use of it, I am sure it will give me inspiration in my work. I have the good fortune now

of joining one of the honourable professions, the antiquity of which commences with the first surgical operation when the old mother Eve was made out of a rib taken from Adam's body, or when as one of the fourteen "ratnas" which the Devas produced, by churning the ocean, the learned physician—Dhanwantri—bearing the lost ambrosia which confers life and health.

In the drama of Indian life it is a comedy that men have a social gathering in honour of a woman and that so many of my Indian sisters have attended and graced the occasion by their presence. It is a sign of the times, "the old order changeth, yielding place to new."

Sisters and brothers I again thank you cordially for allowing me to have the privilege of meeting you this evening. If I do not appear sufficiently sensible of your good wishes I hope you will kindly attribute it to the want of facility of expression—not to the absence of sincere feeling. I shall not detain you any longer.

Now I lift my hands of prayer to Him—father of all Ages—for all that he has conferred on us.

THE LADIES' CONGRESS.

FIRST SESSION IN MADRAS.

The Hindu ladies of Madras met in Congress at the Victoria Hall yesterday at 1 p.m. They were called together by the Bharat Mahila Parishad Sabha, which was described by Mrs. C. Saraswati Bai as "a Sabha formed for ladies chiefly to discuss and consider the various scopes of prosperity during their lives." The promoters were Mrs. R. Ramachandra Rao, Mrs. N. Pattabhirama Rao, Mrs. T. Namburumal Chetty, Mrs. M. Viswanatha Iyer, and Mrs. Mahavan Nair. These ladies were most kindly, patiently and energetically assisted by Mrs. Sarojini Naidu of Hyderabad. About 700 Hindu ladies, 50 English ladies (including Lady Benson and Mrs. Firth), and 10 Mahomedan ladies were present. Maharane Gajapathi Rao of Vizagapatam, took the chair; and beside her sat Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, who, practically, carried through this Congress and made it a fair beginning—for this was the first Ladies' Congress ever held in Madras. The Parsee lady delegates to the Indian National Congress were, unfortunately, unable to be present, but a party of ladies from the Theosophical Convention at the Adyar listened to the papers. These were in Telugu, English, Marathi and Tamil, the papers included "Marathi Expenses," "The Raising of the Marriageable Age for Girls," "Industrial Education," "Our Indian Sisters and Hindu Ethics," "Women's Duties to Society," "Is English necessary for our Girls?", "The Place of Tamil in the Education of Girls?", and other important subjects. The hall was charmingly arranged in drawing-room style, and decorated with Chinese lanterns and garlands of evergreens and paper of varied colours. H. M. the Queen-Emress was shown in a photograph over the platform, and the Prince of Wales's feathers in silver, were displayed. The music was both Indian and English; and a welcome song, especially composed in Sanskrit for the occasion by Mr. Thirumalayya Naidu, was sung when the Maharane Gajapathi Rao came into the room—and very charming the lady President looked in rich satin covered with silver spangles, with dazzling jewels and a white veil. Hindu refreshments were provided, and as each lady left the hall, she was sprinkled with

rose-water and offered betel, fruit and flowers.—
(From a fair correspondent.)

MRS. BESANT ON FREEDOM.

At the tenth anniversary of the Benares Central Hindu College, held this month under the presidency of the Maharaja Bahadur of Benares, Mr. Lovett, the Commissioner, in the course of his speech, expressed regret at the Viceroy's abandoned visit and applauded the unvarying efforts of Mrs. Annie Besant to improve the College. Mrs. Besant thanked the Maharaja of Benares for his generosity towards the College and Mr. Lovett for his sympathy and co-operation. After pointing out the aims and objects of the College, she went on to describe the way in which some people thought of acquiring freedom, saying that freedom was too holy and divine a goddess to descend upon a country whose citizens lacked in self-control, discipline, order and purity of heart. Freedom could not be gained by delivering violent speeches, making demonstrations or carrying processions through streets. Responsibility, sense of public duty, study of the history and ways of the free people, and the virtues of self-control and self-sacrifice were essentially necessary in citizens aspiring for liberty and freedom. With such an end in view, she explained, had the Benares College been established, where boys were taught to obey first before they claimed to rule. Love, she observed was the best thing to promote active harmony between people of even different nationalities. India and England could be drawn closer into the bonds of fellow-citizenship and mutual service if they sank their minor differences and worked in harmony for their mutual advancement.

Y.W.C.A., CALCUTTA.

RE-OPENING OF THE HOME.

On Saturday evening the Young Women's Christian Association Home in Free School Street, Calcutta, was re-opened in the presence of a large gathering of ladies interested in the welfare of young ladies who are in need of a comfortable home with surroundings which would tend to their moral and intellectual improvement. The function was to be presided over by the Lord Bishop at 4.30 p.m., but after about half an hour, it was apparent that for some unknown reason His Lordship would not be able to be present. The proceedings were then opened under the presidency of Miss Bethune of Kidderpur House, President of the Association. After an opening hymn and prayer Mrs. J. M. Macpherson, one of the Committee ladies, gave a brief history of the Home from its beginning fifteen years ago. She dwelt upon the many difficulties that had to be faced before the Home could be properly established. The present building was found to be a most desirable one, but the rent was found to be too high, but through the assistance and devotion of friends, all difficulties had been tided over, and what's more the present building had now been purchased from a Rajah and become the property of the Association. This, the speaker observed, was the outcome of Divine blessings for a laudable cause. Much of the success of the assistance was due to the wholehearted devotion and zeal of Miss Radford, Secretary of the Association, assisted by Mr. Stuart Clark. The Association owed a deep debt of gratitude to Miss Bethune who had been the head of the Association for fourteen years and guided the Committee

with wise counsels. The building, which has been purchased for a Rs. 1 lakh plus about Rs. 30,000 spent for repairs, and additions and alterations, has now accommodation for forty inmates. In conclusion Mrs. Macpherson wished the Home every success in its future career of usefulness. Miss Radford, the Secretary of the Institute, announced that the new institute in Corporation Street will be opened on Friday, the 18th instant, at 4.30 p.m., and on the following day the first meeting of the members will be held. A short service of prayer followed which brought the proceedings to a close. After light refreshments were served, the company inspected the building and expressed themselves well satisfied with the general appearance and comforts of the Home.

LADIES' ARTS EXHIBITION.

As has been announced before, a Ladies' Arts Exhibition will be held in connection with the Muhammadan Conference at Amritsar. The exhibition will last for a week and the 29th of December will be exclusively set apart for lady spectators, when strict *pardah* arrangements will be made. An agent of the Exhibition has been to Lahore to secure exhibits for the show. It is hoped that those interested in the matter will try to help the agent and make the exhibition a success.

We have been favoured with a copy of the Report of Ladies' Hyderabad Flood Relief Committee. It is signed by Mrs. Casson Walker who took charge of the Presidentship of the Committee on her return from Europe a few days after it was formed. Mrs. Hydari and Mrs. Sarojini Naidu were very prominent in the work of relief some idea of which may be gathered from the following sentence taken from the Report:—"The members of the Ladies' Committee worked from 8.30 A.M. to 8 P.M., taking a short time off for food in the middle of the day." The names of the members of the Ladies' Committee are not printed in the Report, though generous recognition is accorded to all those who helped them in the work. One of the most remarkable experiences of Indian life is the easy grace with which ladies brought up in seclusion adapt themselves to freer surroundings the moment they come into it. This is the most conclusive refutation of the argument that women accustomed to the *pardah* should not at once be deprived of that encumbrance. Even centuries of this barbarous custom, have not been able to take away from women their naturalness in open surroundings. The Ladies' Committee expended in all a quarter of a lakh of rupees and it is the general opinion in Hyderabad that the best part of the relief work was that done by that Committee.

TWO WIDOW MARRIAGES.

COCANADA, December 4.—On the 28th ultimo, two widow-remarriages were celebrated here in the house of Mr. Gan Venkata Subba Row, Karnam of Turangi, who is himself one who married a widow. The two widows were brought up by him in his house for a year. Mr. Uppuluri Syamal Row, a widower aged 80 was married to Kalinathabhotta Sodamma, aged 17; and the other bridegroom is Mr. Nanduri Bhupati Row, aged 25 who was married to Bhamidipati Manikyan aged 16. The marriages were performed with great *eclat* and were largely attended by gentlemen and students. Among those present were Messrs. Dewan Bahadur D. Seshagiri Row Pantulu, V. Sub.

rahmanyam Pantulu (Sub-Judge) Mrs. and Captain Rai, B. Venkataratnam, S. Kotayya Naidu, D. V. S. Prakasa Row, B. S. Prakasa Row, D. L. Devalraju, Ch. Venkataraniyah Naidu, C. Ramasamayajulu and some of the teachers of the College, besides A. Somanadharow and N. Kothandaramayya from Pittapur and K. V. Subbarow Naidu and P. Sitaramayya from Samalcot. The Rajah of Ramchandrapur gave wedding clothes to the two pairs and the local gentry subscribed over Rs. 100 for the wedding expenses. The married couples were on the next night taken in torchlight procession round the town.—*The Hindu*.

DEATH OF A HINDU LADY.

As announced in our telegraphic columns Bai Ladhkorebai, widow of the late Mr. Jamnadas Lalubhai died in her residence at Walkeshwar, Bombay, on Wednesday evening the 11th instant after having suffered a long illness. The late Mr. Jamnadas, who died over two years ago, had left Rs. 2,50,000 in charities and Bai Ladhkorebai, gave effect to the wishes of her husband during her lifetime and she gave Rs. 25,000 for the construction of a small-pox ward in connection with the Arthur Road Hospital. This ward has recently been completed and is named after Mr. Jamnadas. Bai Ladhkorebai gave Rs. 12,000 towards the maintenance of the Kapole Orphanage. During her stay at Punchganj, where she had gone in May last for a change, she gave an entertainment to the children of all the schools at the hill station. The gathering was presided over by H. E. Sir George Clarke, Governor of Bombay, and Miss Clarke distributed prizes offered by Bai Ladhkorebai, to the children. By her last will Bai Ladhkorebai has given away Rs. 3,00,000 in charities. Of this amount Rs. 1,00,000 have been set aside for establishing a fund for giving aid to destitute widows of her caste. Rs. 51,000 have been given to the Kapole Orphanage, the institution to be named after her husband, Mr. Jamnadas. A sum of Rs. 50,000 has also been set aside by the late Mr. Jamnadas for a public hall, library or dispensary in Bombay. As no effect could be given to this charity during her lifetime Bai Ladhkorebai has added an equal sum and has thus left a lakh of rupees for this purpose, the institution to be named after Mr. Jamnadas. The other charities of Bai Ladhkorebai include Rs. 1,000 subscribed in Sir Mangaldas Nathubai Fund and Rs. 1,000 in Lady Northcote Hindu Orphanage Fund. The deceased leaves an only daughter, Bai Dewalibai, a brother, Mr. Kaliandas Vitthaladas Kapadia, and a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn her loss.

NAGPUR EXHIBITION.

THE LADIES' SECTION.

One of the most promising features of the large Exhibitions held in India in recent years has been the regular inclusion of an important section devoted to ladies' work. Nagpur, writes the *Times of India's* correspondent, is no exception to the rule. Ladies' interests here are surprisingly prominent.

There are some magnificent exhibits of rare and handsome fabrics and embroideries from distinguished ladies in Western India. The foremost place among these is taken by a valuable collection sent by H. H. the Begum Sahiba of Janjira and her sister Begum Zehra Fyze. It includes rich embroideries of real gold and silver, in original designs, and gold and silver applique-work, brocades, and tapestry, there

is also some pretty silver embroidery on chiffon and, again, some beautiful fancy work on satin, partly stitched and partly painted. All the exhibits are the hand work of the ladies of the Begum Sahiba's family. The needlework is remarkable for its fine quality and is declared to be approached by no other in the Exhibition.

A PRINCESS'S SUCCESS.

Another very remarkable group of exhibits is a contribution by H. H. Manharkunverba Sahab, the Princess Kunveri Shri of Bhowanagar. This little lady is only eleven years old, but has been awarded the gold medal of the ladies' section for the best group of exhibits sent by any single exhibitor. The Princess' work shows progressive stages of excellence and ranges from simple pencil drawings to the most beautiful fancy needlework, gold and silver embroidery and ribbon work. Some work of the same kind is sent by another clever little princess of Bhowanagar, the Kunveri Shri Jesvant Kunverba of Khiresra, whose age is stated to be twelve years, and there is a case of very beautiful fancy work from H. H. the Rani Shri Nandkunverba Sahab of Bhowanagar.

OTHER DISTINGUISHED EXHIBITORS.

Several other ladies of distinguished Indian families are among the contributors. There is a case of unique gold embroidery—of a kind which has not been made in India within the last 100 years—from the Rani of Raj Nandgaon; the Junior Bhonsle Rani of Nagpur have sent three large glass cases, full of old gold embroideries, which are considered to be worth Rs. 11,000. The Dowager Maharani of Gwalior contributes some embroidery executed by herself, the Begum of Jasra some quaintly dressed dolls and Mrs. Chitnavis, wife of the Hon'ble Mr. G. M. Chitnavis, C.I.E., some splendid kinkob work. The characteristic interest which the British Royal family are ever ready to show in all parts of the Empire finds expression in a collection of exhibits promised by Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig Holstein, though unfortunately these are not yet on view. Lady Minto responded to an appeal for a contribution by sending a collection of silver caskets which have at different times been presented to H. E. the Viceroy in India. Quite a large number of exhibits have been sent out by English ladies and Parsi ladies in Bombay have also given the section generous support. As regards Nagpur itself, the Parsi, Bengali and Mahomedan ladies have come most to the front, but there are a few exhibits from the more advanced Brahmin ladies. There is a large contribution from the Moslem ladies of the Mehdi Bag settlement. Missions in all parts of India are well represented.

PICTURES.

Paintings, in both oils and water colours, are an important part of the section. It is noticeable that while several Indian ladies contribute paintings in oils not one has a water colour. In oils Parsi artists are very much to the fore and one of them, Miss Soonabai Shapurjee Jassavala, of Bombay, who has several admirable specimens of work, is awarded the gold medal for the best painting, for a portrait of herself. There is a large collection of ladies' needlework, embroidery and lace.

DOLLS.

A large space in the second room of the ladies' section is taken up by an exhibition of dolls.

Prominent among them are figures of the King and Queen, by Mrs. Anthony, of Nagpur. Their Majesties are shown wearing their Coronation robes and much admiration is expressed for the fine needlework which these contain. Another table contains a large group of bride dolls. These are attired in the bridal costumes of many parts of India, as well as those worn by English, Parsi and Mahomedan brides. Mr. Craddock, as Lady Patroness of the section, contributes a charming English bride doll which is the centre of the group, and Mrs. De, daughter of Lady Bipin Bose, has an excellent group illustrating a Hindu marriage ceremony.

ENGLISH EXHIBITS.

A very beautiful class of exhibits which must not be passed over is a large collection sent out from England by poor ladies who make the articles for sale. The exhibit contains some finely executed pictures in raised wax, specimens of jewellery and a great variety of enamel work. Perhaps the most interesting item of the collection is a copy of the Bible bound in a piece of the King's Coronation robe for which Rs. 600 is asked.

THE SANKARANAINARKOIL EDUCATIONAL EXHIBITION.

LADIES' SECTION.

On 19th November 1907, at 7 P.M. at the Coronation Hall, met the leading ladies of Sankaranainarkoil, of whom mention may be made of the following:—Mrs. Muhammad Miran, Mrs. Govindarajulu Mudaliar, Mrs. M. R. Sankaranarayana Aiyar, Mrs. J. Duraisami Naidoo, Mrs. D. Pushpam Pillai, Mrs. Syed Mathar Hussain, Mrs. L. Sankaranarayana Aiyer, Mrs. Dava-das. The band was in attendance. At 7 precisely Miss E. Carrapiett, M.A., L.T., Sub-Assistant Inspector of Girls' School, Tinnevely Girls' Range, arrived at the Hall and was received by Mrs. Govindarajulu, and taken to the Hall, where the ladies' section was formed. A series of interesting programme consisting of girl songs, kollatam, kummi, was gone through, in which Miss Govindarajulu, Miss Muhammad Miran, Miss Duraisami and Miss M. R. Sankaranarayana Aiyar, took a leading part. Misses Govindarajulu, and Miss Duraisami, held a conversation involving a pun on the name of Miss E. Carrapiett. Mrs. Govindarajulu explained briefly how the ladies' section was formed, and requested Miss Carrapiett to open the ladies' section. Miss Carrapiett, in a neat little speech opened the Exhibition, and thanked the ladies present for the honour they had done her, in asking her to preside over the meeting and to open the Exhibition. Then she went round the ladies' section, and examined each and every exhibit very minutely with great pleasure. She finally took all the ladies round the Exhibition Hall, explained to them in Tamil the various exhibits got from England, and from the different parts of the Tinnevely District. At the end, Miss Doraisami thanked Miss Carrapiett for the kindness she showed towards her Indian sisters, for kindly accepting the invitation to open the Exhibition and explaining the exhibits clearly to the ladies and garlanded her. On the 20th, Miss Carrapiett, who kindly consented to be the judge, judged the exhibits in the ladies' section, and awarded five silver medals, and some certificates of merit for the best exhibits.

Silver Medals.

1. Bead work.—Mrs. Govindarajulu.
2. Tinsel work.—Nuns, St Xavier's Convent Girls' School, Tuticorin.
3. Satin work.—Nuns, R. C. Convent Girls' School, Sendamaram, Sankaranainarkoil.
4. Fancy work.—Mrs. Pushpam Pillai.
5. Plain needlework.—Mrs. Govindarajulu.

She sent up the following report to the Secretary:—A special feature of the Sankaranainarkoil Educational Exhibition, was the ladies' section. This consisted of various kinds of needlework, done chiefly by some Hindu, Christian and Muhammadan ladies of Sankaranainarkoil, there were also some exhibits from teachers and pupils of schools in the taluk.

A variety of articles in Bead work, formed the most noticeable feature of the exhibition, fans, plates, trees, pen cases (to name just a few articles), were to be seen neatly worked in prettily assorted beads. To Mrs. Govindarajulu belongs the credit of having made this type of work popular.

Woolwork, work in satin, and plain work also, were among the exhibits. The last named included two patchwork quilts, the work of little Palla girls from Vadamalapuram Mission school.

Silver medals and certificates were awarded for the best exhibits. The winners of medals included Mrs. Govindarajulu, Nuns from St. Xavier's Convent School, Tuticorin, and Sendamaram Convent School, and Mrs. Pushpam Pillai.

The certificate holders were, Esther Selvam, Arsenath Ammal, Seloani and Madathai (pupils of Vadamalapuram Mission School), V. Mary Pushpamani and three others.

Great credit is due to Mrs. Govindarajulu, who was chiefly responsible for collecting the exhibits.

JAMES DORAISAWMI NAIDU.

News and Notes.

Dr. Elizabeth Chesser is advocating the adoption of American prison methods among the women prisoners of England. She points out that in many of the American institutions for women emphasis is laid on reformation, and the inmates are taught useful trades so as to enable them to earn honest livings after they go out. The social instincts of the prisoners are cultivated as a strong aid to reform. Contrary to this, Dr. Chesser notes that in the English prisons women are shut up in their cells for the greater part of the day, the meals are eaten there, and in some places the rules forbid the use of knives and forks and the women are forced to tear their food like animals. Attention has been called to these facts by the imprisonment of hundreds of refined and respectable women for technical offences connected with the suffrage movement.

Miss E. Marion Wade, B.S., has been appointed by the Boston Board of Health as bacteriologist and chemist at the laboratory of the health department. Miss Wade was honor graduate in arts in the department of physical and natural science of Trinity University, Toronto, in 1894. Coming to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, she took special courses in air analysis and in water and food analysis, and the special summer courses in bacteriology at

the Harvard Medical School, in 1907. For three months she was connected with the laboratory of the Board of Health as voluntary assistant, taking hold of the work with remarkable zeal and skill. During this time she was assistant instructor in the Institute of Technology in sanitary chemistry, in the department of which Mrs. Ellen H. Richards is head. At present she is analytical chemist in the research laboratory of the General Electric Company at Shenectady, N. Y. Thus she comes to her future position not only well experienced in general matters pertaining to her science, but with special training in the laboratory itself, which is to be her field of work. Miss Wade is strongly recommended by her associates at the Institute and at the laboratory. The salary of her new position is \$1,200 per year. The appointment was made by the health commissioners, with the approval of Mayor Hibbard. Miss Wade will succeed Dr. Burdett L. Arms, who was recently appointed director of the laboratory upon the resignation of Burt R. Rickards.

Miss Margaret Smith, B.A., is a candidate for the City Council of Birmingham, England. Women were made eligible last year.

Miss Elizabeth S. Colton, whose knowledge of fifty-four languages has made her famous throughout this country and Europe, will talk on "The People and Problems of India" at Ford Hall, Boston, on Sunday evening, Nov. 8. While in India, Miss Colton had exceptional opportunities for acquiring an intimate knowledge of the homes and conditions of people of all classes. There is no admission fee to this meeting and the public is invited.

Mrs. Clinton B. Fisk of New York City has retired from the office of president of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. During the fifteen years of her presidency, Mrs. Fisk has travelled over 100,000 miles and has raised large sums of money in behalf of the society. She is now 76 years old and insists that she must relinquish the heavy responsibilities of her office. Her successor, Mrs. Jane Bancroft Robinson, has been active since 1888 in the promotion of deaconess work, homes and institutions, and will be an efficient officer.

Mrs. Ethel Snowden will address the students of the State University of Minnesota on Nov. 14, on "Progress and Politics in Great Britain," and the Association of Collegiate Alumnae will give a banquet in her honor. Miss Snowden will be the guest of Prof. Frances Squire Potter during her stay in Minneapolis. Prof. Potter will also entertain Miss Shaw, Miss Elsa Ueland, president of the College Equal Suffrage League of the State University, will entertain Miss Costelloe and Miss Rendell, the two Bryn Mawr girls who are travelling with Miss Shaw.

Mrs. Russell Sage, Mrs. Clarence Mackay, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., Mrs. Robert Golet, Mrs. Philip Lydig, Mrs. Margaret Chanler Aldrich, Mrs. W. Bourke Cockran, Mrs. George William Curtis, Mrs. Ernesto Fabri, Miss Florence Guernsey, Mrs. William M. Ivins, Mrs. Henry Miller, Mrs. Frederick Nathan, Mrs. William Tod Eplmuth, Mrs. William Cummings Story, Mrs. Charlotte B. Wilbour, and Mrs. Henry Villard were among the list of patro-

nesses of the Woman Suffrage Bazar in New York City on Friday and Saturday of this week. A bazar is the surest way yet devised to make money for any good cause. It is to be hoped that more of the State and local Suffrage Associations will try this method.

Miss Mary S. Woolman, of Teachers' College, who has just returned from her sixth trip of investigation among schools for women in Europe, found in Berlin a school where instruction in a new profession—for women, at any rate—is given. It is a course in professional photography, with special reference to work in the sciences. Young women trained in this course are in demand by physicians and scientists who want expert photographs of their specimens and apparatus. Schools in the old country, she found, are paying a good deal of attention to subjects relating to farm work. In some schools stock raising, horticulture, etc., are taking the place of higher mathematics. Various women's clubs in different parts of the German Empire, Miss Woolman said, are, with governmental aid, establishing professional schools which give free instruction to girls in house-keeping and allied branches. These schools are doing much to break up the old German spirit of class distinction. The elaborate system of private trade and professional schools has benefited the poorer classes little, for in these schools the tuition charges are high, and none but the middle and higher classes are encouraged to attend.

Miss Julia Morrow, corresponding secretary of the National Purity Federation, will assume charge of the work of that organization in Cincinnati, where they are to establish a school to train young men and women to become rescue and purity workers.

Miss Ethel Jenney was admitted this week to practice in the United States Circuit Court. She is a graduate of the Michigan State University Law School and of Radcliffe College. She has practiced law in the Federal Courts in Michigan, and is now connected with a law office in Boston.

Mrs. Adrianna Hungerford, president of the Colorado Women's Christian Temperance Union for the past few years, will be the official hostess of the national convention in Denver this week. She has been a resident of Denver since 1896, and has a personal knowledge of the influence and effect of the woman's vote.

Mrs. Van Vorst continues her crusade in behalf of the children by following up her last year's book "The Children Who Toil," with "The Cry of the Children: A Study of Child-Labor." This work has already been widely read, from week to week, in the Sunday supplements of a number of the leading American newspapers.

Miss Trixie Friganza, a leading performer at the New York Theatre, and Miss Stella Hammerstein, daughter of the impresario, are new recruits to the ranks of the New York City "suffragettes." Miss Friganza will address meetings, and it is announced that her managers, Messrs. Cohan and Harris, will encourage her advocacy by substantial contributions to the cause.

Ellen Key, the Swedish writer, whose *Century of the Child* (*Jahrhundert des Kindes*) has gone through

more than twenty editions in Germany, and will be published in America by the Putnams, and whose book on Love and Marriage is soon to appear in France, is one of the most discussed woman of Europe. Her seriousness and sincerity of ethical purpose have won for her a strong following, not only in her own country, but especially in Germany.

Miss Frances Curtis, who represented the Massachusetts State Board of Charity at the tuberculosis conference in Washington, was one of the few women representing State organizations. Miss Curtis is one of the best known and most popular of the charitable workers in the city, and for no reason except her deep interest in philanthropic work. She devotes nearly all her time to charity. She is connected with the Associated Charities, the Children's Aid Society and many other organizations.

Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay has taken five boxes for the mass meeting which has been arranged for Mrs. Philip Snowden, the British suffragette, by the Interurban Political Equality League. It is to be held at Carnegie Hall, New York, on December 5, and Dr. Aked, who has also taken five boxes, will be a speaker, as well as Mrs. Snowden. Dr. Aked, who is the pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, of which Mr. Rockefeller is a member, was a worker for woman suffrage in England, but has heretofore refused to speak on the subject in this country, because he said he did not know the conditions here.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt and Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead were among the speakers before the New York States Federation of Women's Clubs at its meeting in Utica this week.

Miss Helen C. Wilson, at the luncheon given in her honor at the Twentieth Century Club of Boston, told many things of interest in regard to customs in the Philippines. The dowry is given by the groom instead of by the bride. The groom also often gives part of the trousseau, while the lady furnishes the wedding ring.

Mrs. Alma V. Lafferty of Denver has just been elected a member of the Colorado House of Representatives. Miss Katherine M. Cook of Henderson was chosen State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and Mrs. Mary C. Bradford, County Superintendent of Schools for Denver County. All three were elected on the Democratic ticket. For the last two offices, the nominees of the Republican, Socialist and Prohibition parties were all of them women.

Miss Zilpha D. Smith was chosen President at the recent Massachusetts State Conference of Charities and Correction. She was the first woman in Massachusetts to be elected to this position. Though already burdened with work and care, she accepted the office, for the sake of making a precedent for other women. Miss Smith is a daughter of that veteran suffragist, Mrs. Judith W. Smith, president of the East Boston Equal Suffrage League, and the whole family belong to the household of faith.

Mme. Melba is the latest notable convert to woman suffrage. She says she was impelled to join the movement for humanitarian reasons. She lately visited Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester and other large in-

dustrial centres, where the poverty of the workwomen touched her heart and compelled her to believe that their condition could be bettered if they had a vote. She also sees political justice in the demand for woman suffrage. Mme. Melba agrees with the actress who lately said she could see no sense in the fact that all the "supes" of her theatrical company could vote, while the star could not.

Mrs. Katherine Reed Balentine, Tom Reed's daughter, told the suffragists at Buffalo that they could in no way make themselves so much respected by the politicians as by defeating a few of their prominent opponents. The Oklahoma women have been working along that line, and are rejoicing over their success. Ellis of Garfield County had led the fight against woman suffrage in the Legislature. He was a man of influence, and if re-elected this year he hoped to be Speaker of the house. The women worked against him in his own county. Mrs. Ida Porter Boyer addressed three open-air meetings in opposition to him, and he has just been defeated by a majority of three votes.

Grace Barber, a 19-year-old school teacher of Krakow, Mich., distinguished herself during the recent forest fires. When the flames swept toward the school-house, Miss Barber told all the children to form a double column, the largest at the head, and not to break. She then ordered them toward the nearest plowed field on a run. Miss Barber bringing up the rear to keep the children from straggling. Burning embers fell fast, but the children were kept close together, and each put out sparks that fell on the one nearest. All kinds of animals came running out of the woods, too alarmed to make any hostile demonstrations, and two bears, besides foxes, rabbits, partridges and wild cats, approached, and children the teacher and the frightened animals shared the comparative safety of the plowed field. In the morning, when the worst was over in that vicinity, the brave teacher sent the children home.

Miss Laura A. Hecox has tended the light of the Santa Cruz (Cal.) lighthouse for 27 years. In all that time the light has never gone out at night, and no ship has been wrecked on the Santa Cruz coast.

Maud Powell, whose high rank as a violinist is everywhere recognized, writes in the New Idea Magazine: "I verily believe I am the only woman who having stuck to her fiddle unflinchingly, has preserved the remnants of a sweet sanity. I am often asked how it is that I almost invariably play well, and I believe it is because I am more willing than men are to live as even and quiet a life as possible."

Mrs. Mary Earr Moore, a popular composer, is a member of the College and Professional Equal Suffrage League of Seattle, Wash. Mrs. Moore sang through a campaign in California for suffrage, and in other ways aided the work there. She is now preparing the music for a suffrage vaudeville, for which Mrs. Alice Harriman is writing the libretto. This is to be given in Seattle some time this winter. A Suffrage song by Mrs. Moore is to be published soon.

Miss Harriet S. Hayward, primary supervisor of schools in Brockton, Mass., presided at the recent

meeting of the Plymouth County Teachers' Association. This is one of the largest Teachers' Associations in the state, and her meeting was decidedly the best in the long line of notable programs. The Journal of Education says: "So far as we know, this is the first time that a county in Massachusetts has elected a woman to preside over its destinies, and it was never done more intelligently and never so gracefully as this year."

Mrs. Mary A. Lamont, perhaps the only "switch woman" in New England, last week threw the switch that connects the main line of the Boston and Albany railroad with the new lengths of track between Jamesville and Webster Junction. Mrs. Lamont is 33 years old, and has had charge of the station at Jamesville for the past three years. She sends and receives all the telegrams connected with the road, and tends the switches as well. In the latter occupation she has become an expert, and on her watchfulness and quickness of wit depend the lives of thousands who weekly pass through Jamesville on swiftly moving trains.

Miss Helen Arnold, president of the Humane Society of Terre Haute, Ind., has brought about a great improvement in the condition of the mine mule of that section, formerly an unhappy and abused animal. At a social settlement meeting not long ago, a young foreigner told how these mules were treated. Miss Arnold visited the mines, and found the poor little creatures subjected to great inhumanity. Their coats were worn away in spots by droppings from the mine roofs, and they had great sores where the rough coverings of hair should have been. They were compelled to suffer much painful chafing from their harnesses. It took some time to locate the responsibility, but Miss Arnold did it. The pit boss was brought into court and reprimanded. Other pit bosses anticipated Miss Arnold and improved conditions voluntarily. Now the mules are better housed, and are not compelled to work when they are unfit.

Mrs. D. W. McFadden has been elected to the Idaho Legislature. She will represent Ada County.

Mrs. Katharine Lent Stevenson is now in Honolulu, and she is to speak at Yokohama, Tokyo, Kobe and Nagasaki, Japan, before going on to China. Large mass meetings are being arranged for her in these cities.

Miss Mary Caroline Crawford, former secretary of the Woman's Trade Union League, is giving a course of sociological talks, with special reference to industrial conditions among women, before the men's class in the Brookline (Mass.) Baptist Church.

Mrs. Margaret Zane Wicher was chosen Country Clerk of Salt Lake County, Utah, at the recent election, on the Republican ticket. Mrs. Wicher is a daughter of Judge Zane, who has been a resident of Utah for many years (sent there originally by the U. S. Government), and has held the highest judicial office in the State.

Miss Marian Dudley Richards of 247 Fisher avenue, Brookline, Mass., is making a success in a somewhat unusual business for a woman, that of securing engagements for musicians, artists, theatrical people,

etc. Miss Richards took up the work at first merely as an amateur, helping one friend after another in this way, but she was so successful in it that she has now opened a regular agency. Miss Richards is an active member of the Brookline Equal Suffrage League.

Mrs. Ida H. Harper has been commissioned by Harper's Bazar to supply it with a series of six articles on woman suffrage. The growing interest in this question is nowhere more markedly shown than in the amount of space given to it by the papers and magazines. One influential periodical after another is declaring in favour of equal rights for women. We have just had confidential notice from the editorial office of one of the most widely circulated religious papers in America that it is preparing to come out strongly for woman suffrage, in the interest of the home and of good morals.

Mrs. Isabel C. Barrows has written for Charities and the Commons an account of the interesting trip that she lately made along the Pacific coast with her husband, the National Prison Commissioner. They attended the State Conference of Charities in California, Oregon and Washington. At the California Conference, the "Girl Problem" was under discussion and Mrs. Barrow says "A Sacramento judge startled some of the audience by urging suffrage for women as one of the most essential things to stop immorality among girls. From his experience in court he had found that many a girl had fallen because she had insufficient wages, and he did not believe there would be equal pay for equal work till women could demand it with the ballot behind them."

Mrs. Edith Smith Davis, Superintendent of the Department of Scientific Temperance Instruction in the World's and National W.C.T.U. lately gave addresses in all the colleges of Colorado. She spoke before the 800 students of the State Normal school, the 900 students of Colorado College, and the 1,200 students of Denver University, besides giving an address at the State University at Boulder, and speaking to many large gatherings of teachers. On election day she was at the State Agricultural College at Fort Collins. Mrs. Davis says in the Union Signal "I went to the polls—though I did not vote. It is utterly absurd to say that women are made less womanly by voting. Those women walked or rode in their carriages to the polls as quietly and naturally as they would go to pay an afternoon call. It is significant that the political leaders here always are anxious to learn how the W.C.T.U. is going to vote." Both the University of Colorado and the University of Denver have arranged to introduce training courses for teachers in scientific temperance instruction.

There are now 667 women students at Glasgow University. Miss Galloway, LL.D., and Miss Janet Spens, M.A., occupy positions similar to those of Dean of Women and Assistant Dean in American co-educational universities. Queen Margaret College is the name of the women's hall.

Miss Ethel M. Colford and Miss Florence M. Colford, twin sisters, who have practiced law for years in Washington, D.C., have been admitted to practice before the United States Supreme Court.

One of Boston's women lawyers, Miss Ida Hall never neglects an opportunity to advance the woman suffrage cause. While at her summer home in Cheever, N.H., she addressed the local grange on the subject and converted every one present.

Miss Anna Quinby, State Loyal Temperance Legion Secretary of Ohio recently acted as attorney for the prosecution in a larceny case in Edenton, Ohio, while another young woman, Miss Jane Purcell, acted as counsel for the defence. It is said to be the first case in Ohio in which the attorneys on both sides were women. Miss Quinby presented the case for the prosecution in such a manner that the justice adjudged the prisoner guilty, but Miss Purcell's plea to mercy was so eloquent that the minimum fine was imposed. Both the young women are students in the law school of the Ohio University.—F.M.A.

Mrs. Lucy O. Perkins has the position of expert guide for the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. She has been on the staff of the institution for several years, and is well qualified to assist all classes of visitors.

- Miss Rose L. Fritz retained her place as the World's champion typewriter in the international contest at the Annual Business Show just held in the Madison Square Garden, New York. Thirteen of the swiftest typewriters in the world competed. Miss Fritz, who did her work on an Underwood typewriter, attained an average speed of eighty-seven words of new matter a minute. In addition to her title of World's and American champion, Miss Fritz is the holder of the championship for writing blindfolded.

The Princesses Zenia and Vera, daughters of Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, marched through the streets of the capital this week, carrying Montenegrin flags, at the head of a great street demonstration by women of all classes, who chanted war songs as they marched, stopping from time to time to plead with the men, who followed in their wake, to defend the rights of the nation. The two princesses subsequently formed a committee for the enrolment of Red Cross nurses. It was a striking proof of the popular feeling aroused by Austria's annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina.

Miss Margaret Haley, of the Chicago Teachers' Federation, is again on the trail of the great tax-dodging corporations of that city. It is proposed to call the Cook county board of commissioners into court to show cause why they should not be punished for contempt for failing to publish the county tax list as directed by a court order. The teachers' salaries are to be cut for lack of funds, and the lack is said to be directly due to the fact that the big corporations are not paying the taxes legally due from them. In consequence, the small taxpayers are heavily overcharged, and still the school fund is short. More power to Margaret Haley and the Teachers' Federation!

Mrs. Charles Park, at the annual meeting of the Massachusetts W.S.A. this week, said that, in consequence of her leaving Massachusetts, a report had been started that she meant to give up woman suffrage work. She wished to deny this most em-

phatically, and to assure her friends in the Suffrag Association that she has "enlisted for life." Mrs. Park has been busy organizing College Equal Suffrage Leagues in different parts of the country. She expects in a few months to start for a trip around the world, and will make a special study of the woman question in Japan, China and other foreign countries. Then she plans to return here and take up again her regular suffrage work.

Mme. Davidoff, the Russian authoress, living in New York City, does not devote her entire time to literature. She has the "Adamless Eden," which she announced some time ago, now in operation, having established an experimental farm at Bay Crest, where the work is entirely done by women. No men are employed on the premises. Fruits and flowers are to be grown in greenhouses every month in the year, by the aid of electricity. Mme. Davidoff says her experiment will be based on the theory that the growth of vegetable matter, which ceases at sundown, will continue through the night if proper artificial light is supplied to stimulate the developing powers of plants. Fruits and flowers that are grown in this section only in the spring and summer months she believes can be cultivated during the entire year by supplying the necessary artificial light through electricity.

Mrs. Ferdinand DuBois of the Harvey District, three miles south of Manchester, N.H., saved her eleven children from death a few nights ago by her motherly heroism. She lived on the top floor with her children, all of them small. When she discovered the fire, the children were partially stupefied by the smoke, and she had to carry them out one by one, rushing back again and again in the face of the flames. When she had rescued all but one—Idella, three years old—the house was a roaring furnace. The despatches say: "Several tried to keep her back, but, fighting with the strength of a strong man, she tore herself loose and rushed back into the building. None expected to see her again, as the roof fell in with a crash and a great shower of sparks after she entered. The spectators could hardly believe their eyes when a moment later the mother staggered out, a living torch, with her child, its clothes also blazing, in her arms. She fell headlong. A dozen men threw their coats about her and the baby, extinguishing the flames, and both were taken to a neighbor's house. They are seriously, but, it is believed, not fatally, burned."

The dead Dowager Empress of China will go down to history as one of the world's most remarkable women. Tsu Hsi was the daughter of a starving Cantonese beggar, who sold her into slavery. She fell into the hands of a Tartar general, and eventually into the harem of the Emperor of China as a concubine of the third class. Through her cleverness and indomitable will, she gradually got control of the Emperor, and for half a century has dominated China.

Like other great women in history, such as Elizabeth of England, and Catharine I. of Russia, she cannot be measured by the ordinary standards. The Dowager Empress arose to power in China when the Manchu dynasty was demoralized and the empire on the verge of breaking up. The chief cities of China

were in the hands of the enemy; the imperial summer palace had been burned, and the Emperor was a fugitive. Tsu Hsi refused to join him in running away and faced with success the enemy at Peking.

How much influence have the people of Boston had on the Chinamen who lived down on Harrison avenue? They live their lives in their own way, and when they die their bones go back to China. If these few hundred aliens cut off by thousands of miles from their home are able to remain indifferent to Occidental civilization, how much chance is there at reforming the 400,000,000 of Chinamen in China? That must come from within.

During the last few years, under Tsu Hsi, China has been doing things of its own motion. Its resources are being developed: great public works have been started, and the fight to suppress the course of the Orient, the opium traffic, has been begun. We may not approve of all Tsu Hsi has done, but we must give her credit for being a great woman, and if her successor in the regency accomplishes for China anything like what she has done, the world will be content.—*Boston Traveller*.

Miss Mona Wilson has been appointed in England as a member of the Home office Committee to inquire into factory accidents. She is the first woman to hold such a position.

Mrs. Kate Stannard of Casper Wyoming, ran independently for County Superintendent of Schools at the late election, and defeated the candidates of both the Republican and Democratic parties.

Mrs. Donald C. Monroe of New York is said to be the only woman in the United States who is a professional cartoonist. She is still known in her work by her maiden name of Laura E. Foster. She was a San Francisco girl, and went to New York after the earthquake. She has done a good deal as an illustrator, besides her cartoon work.

Miss Amy J. Alexander of Hutchinson was elected clerk of the District Court of the Ninth Judicial District in Kansas at the recent election, by a majority of 1,027, on the Republican ticket. She ran 500 votes ahead of Taft in a Republican county. She is 25 years of age. Seven years ago, when a mere girl, she became a deputy under J.M. Wyman in the office to which she has now been elected. She held the same position during the term of R. H. Flinn, present clerk of the Court. Miss Alexander has lived

all her life in Hutchinson, is a graduate of its high school, and for some years has supported her widowed mother. She is said to be very much liked by the people.

Mrs. Alma V. Lafferty, the only woman chosen to the Colorado Legislature at the last election, has been urged by unwise friends to become a candidate for Speaker of the House. The papers say she is well qualified to preside, but she sensibly says that she has "more important duties to perform in looking after bills recommended by the women of the State, and which she is pledged to support. The indications are that she will be put on all the important committees of the House, because her party is in the majority by about two to one, and it is certain that she will be named as chairman of the committees to which will be referred many of the reform measures advocated by her sex." Among the laws wanted by the Colorado women are said to be more stringent regulations safeguarding public health and the health of the home; protecting the interests of women wage earners; larger appropriations for the charitable institutions and the home for wayward girls, an effective eight-hour law that will apply to factory and laundry girls, and a direct primary law.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, now in her ninetieth year, has lately returned to Boston from her summer home in Newport, R. I. To one of the editors of the Woman's Journal she said: "I had a delightful summer—delightful! I have so many little great-grandchildren, and I enjoy them so much!" Mrs. Howe also did a good deal of literary work during the past summer, writing articles for various periodicals. The demands upon her for such work are incessant. "My daughters and I have had to keep our noses to the grindstone," said Mrs. Howe. She added, with a twinkle in her eye, "Fortunately, we all of us like the grindstone!" In last Sunday's Boston Herald, Mrs. Howe has an answer to Mr. Charles R. Saunders's recent insinuation that she had not been "honorable" in some of her statements in reply to Mrs. Humphry Ward. The officers of the Massachusetts and New York Anti-Suffrage Associations have just sent to England a letter reiterating some of the misrepresentations which Mrs. Howe disproves in the Herald. Send five cents in stamps to the Boston Sunday Herald for its issue of Nov. 15, and read what Mrs. Howe has to say on the subject. There is no doubt that Mrs. Howe has much the best of the argument.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Acknowledgments for December, 1908.

	RS. A.		RS. A.
1. Lady Benson, Madras	4 0	15. R. S. Krishnaswamy Iyer, Esq., Palamcottah	4 0
2. Butchi Babu Naidu, Madras	4 0	16. Mrs. V. Krishnamooren, Egmore, Madras	4 0
3. Miss Bachubai Karadi, Poona	4 0	17. Librarian, Brahma Samaj Office, Madras	2 0
4. G. Bose	4 0	18. Mrs. K. T. Mathew, Royapuram	4 0
5. Miss K. M. Bose, Atari	4 0	19. J. G. C. Mendis, Esq., Ceylon	4 0
6. T. Canagesaby, Esq., Secunderabad	4 0	20. Numbermal Chetty, Esq., B.A., Madras	4 0
7. Mrs. B. L. Chowdharry, Calcutta	4 0	21. Rev. J. Paul, Bangalore	3 0
8. Rev. A. H. Curtis, Nellore	4 0	22. S. E. Rangaratham, Esq., Madras	4 0
9. Miss K. Deaconess Bose, Karur	4 0	23. Mrs. Sitabai Bhandarkar, Poona	4 0
10. Mrs. J. J. Ghose, Ahmedabad	4 0	24. Secretary, Library and Reading Room, Secunderabad	4 0
11. O. Gouramma	4 0	25. Secretary, Jeewan Sabha, Srinagar	2 0
12. Mrs. S. C. Horah, Akola	4 0	26. T. A. Thomas, Esq., Trevandrum	1 0
13. Hydari, Esq., Bombay	4 0		
14. Mrs. Ings, Noakhali	4 0		

DHARIWAL

PURE WOOL

SUITINGS

FLANNELS 54" wide
medium, light and
heavy weights.
Rs. 1-12-0 and
Rs. 4-0-0.

COSTUME CLOTHS

SERGES & WORSTEDS
plain, striped and
mixtures in various
weights.
Rs. 1-8-0 & Rs. 4-0-0
per yard 54" wide.

SHIRTINGS

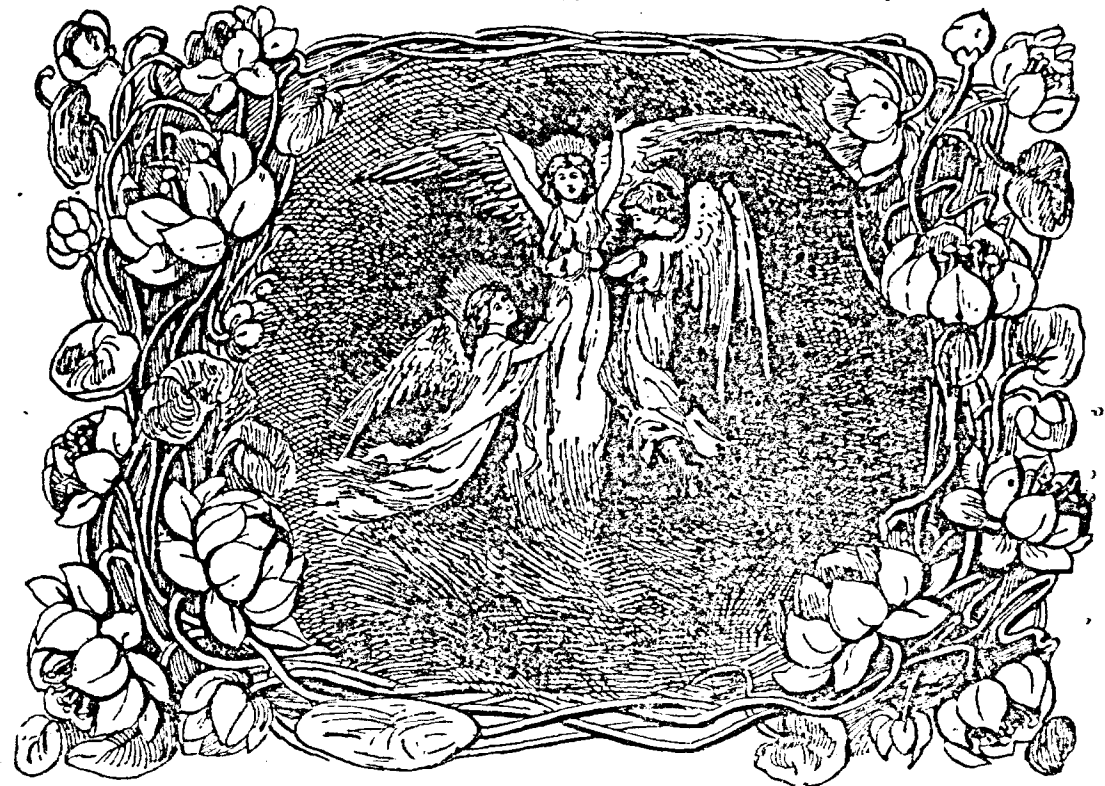
FLANNELS 54" wide
coloured stripes on
white grounds.
Rs. 2-0-0 and
Rs. 2-12-0.

Servants' Chapkans . from Rs. 5 12 0 .
Syces' Coats . . . from Rs. 4 4 0
Jampanis' Suits . . from Rs. 6 8 0
Choukidars' Greatcoats from Rs. 5 0 0

*WRITE FOR OUR LATEST PRICE LIST AND
SELECTION OF MATERIALS, POST FREE*

THE NEW EGERTON WOOLLEN MILLS CO., LD.

DHARIWAL-PUNJAB



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. VIII]

MARCH, 1909

[No. 8

THE WHITE PAVILIONS

With snow-white blossoms starred,
With a snow-white cloud above,
The White Pavilions guard
Souls pure as the woodland dove.
All day in the face of Death
On the still wind's whispering breath
The silver bugles of Faith
Sound, and the trumpets of Love.

Angel and angel wait,
With trembling white wings stirred,
To speed from the silver gate
At their lightest sign or word.
They are neither checked nor chidden,
No joy from their eyes is hidden,
No gift to their hands forbidden,
No wish of their hearts unheard.

These are the women who stayed
Pure in a world of mire,
Wife and mother and maid
Filling their God's desire:
Whose faith to the weaker and sadder
Made all life brighter and gladder,
Till hope was a rose-hung ladder
And love was a golden lyre.

These are the women who held
White hands to us through the mist,
When we railed at Fate and rebelled,
Or, tempted, failed to resist;
And these when life's sad ships started
Gave faith to the lovers parted
And hope to the broken-hearted,
With their own brave lips unknissed.

And, taking their youth and beauty,
They laid them, untouched of shame,
On the lighted altar of Duty
That burns with a changeless flame,
And leaned from their own white places
With cheer for the pale young faces
Where Sin has furrowed her traces
And Sorrow has carved her name.

To these has the great God given
In the White Pavilions a throne
And the love of the hosts of Heaven,
For sake of an earth-love shown
To the fainting hearts they nourished
And the broken faiths they cherished,
When all hopes human had perished
And all faiths mortal had flown.

The Duty of Indian Women in the Present Crisis

(By a Hindu Lady).



THE duty of Indian women in the present crisis is a matter for serious thought, for India's future is bound up with her women. Lord Macaulay has said that we are "a great people sunk in the lowest depths of slavery." During our long sleep our dreams have been of our mighty Past, and will not our awakening bear the fruit of these great and noble thoughts?

Had we not clung on to our old ideals of life, thought and religion, we should have become, by now, a denationalised nation, never to awaken to a sense of nationality, worse than slaves. And we must remember too that after centuries of sleep and paralysing torpor, the very moment we awaken to our national consciousness, we cannot be fit for the greatness that national freedom demands. No;—years, decades of silent strenuous work are necessary to efface the effects of our long death-like slumber and to that end we must toil. We must grow naturally and steadily to our height—not jump to it. Let "Deserve before you desire" be our motto. Through all these hundreds of years, during the ever-changing fortunes of India, her women have preserved and cherished this national life, clung on to the old ideals in the sanctity of the home behind the purdah. And now when the nation has awakened from her long sleep, inspired with her noble and beautiful dreams, let the Indian woman take her place in the work of nation building, and do her duty to her country.

First, we must find out what that duty is, and knowing it follow it and lead others to it. Far from the music of the past come the solemn notes of the great song of the Bhagavadgita:—"He who acteth, placing all actions in the ETERNAL abandoning attachment, is unaffected by sin as a lotus leaf by the waters." Our first and chief duty is to give our girls a good education based on our own Indian ideals which are high and rich, and need only the practical usefulness of Western progress added to it, to

make it perfect. When this system of education is perfected and reaches the masses, then only can the woman of India take her part in the struggle for national life.

The time is not far distant when women in India will be freed and the purdah lifted. Let her prepare to make herself worthy in every sense for that time, and when freedom comes the Indian woman must not misuse it, nor treat in lightly. For the hopes and aspirations of the home-loving and home-revering Indians cling around her, and amidst the turmoil, mistakes and failures that are bound to take place may the nation find its women firm in their faiths, true to their ideals, helping and leading the manhood of India on to their destination, by the right path.

To the outside world the Indian woman, veiled behind the purdah, is a mysterious and even pitiable creature. The accounts of her are varied and numerous. We are told that she paints her face with vermilion, goes about barefoot, spends her time in idle gossip and in chewing betelnut, or in menial drudgery the live-long day. She is uneducated, ignorant, superstitious, fond of ornaments, &c. Yes, the Indian woman, though she does not dye her cheek, nor paint, is proud of the vermilion which proclaims her contented and devoted wifehood, and she also holds sacred the white cloth of her widowhood and is faithful to it till death. She goes about her simple, homely duties with bare feet, but never exposes herself needlessly. She may be usually illiterate, but the great truths and high ideals of her ancient race are familiar to her. In household accomplishments, unselfish devotion and tender nursing, the world has not her equal. It is true that seclusion and want of education have created a certain amount of small-minded pettiness and made her unfit for society outside the home, but underlying it all the spirit of the race that bore the *Sati* still lives in her and the fearless courage and determination of the *Sati* can be called into action if needful.

During the last few years, since the birth of the Swadeshi spirit, the Indian women—those few who have been able to understand it—have come forward in almost every new turn of events. Whether every part they have taken has been right is not for us to judge now. Let them always remember that Indian women must not be blown hither and thither by every new gust of wind, but be firm as a rock in the midst of the national struggle. We shall now refer to the present crisis and the grave responsibilities it brings upon us at this time.

After the Ardhodaya Yog bathing, Indian ladies of Bengal held a meeting to thank the boys who did such noble work on the occasion. If Indian women showed their appreciation of noble work

thus publicly, why have they not made known too their disapproval and abhorrence of crime and assassination? What good have these young men and their secret societies done? Some of them have taken innocent lives and paid the penalty with their own lives and some of them are still reckless of life, trying to kill aimlessly and needlessly.

History has shown us that assassination cannot bring liberty to a nation. Progress in trade and industries, in the arts, education, organisation and co-operation are the great tasks before us—and violence and crime will not bring about these, nor will the throwing away of the lives of our young men needlessly accomplish it. When our Motherland—fever-burnt, famine and pestilence-stricken—wants her sons to nurse her, revive her and strengthen her, are not their lives precious? When the unexplored and uncared-for earth awaits the toil of her sons to bring forth good fruits, must the energy of her sons be spent in useless and godless crime? If, instead of the ignoble death brought on by their misguided and thoughtless acts, they had spent their lives in self-sacrifice, humble service, silent work for their country and suffering countrymen, what noble, living examples they would have been and what a number of followers and helpers they would have got! If this band of young men of gentle birth, well educated, full of promise, courage, determination, had directed their energies and talents into the right channel, what an amount of good they might have done! And the thought of such bright young lives lost to us and to the country through sheer recklessness and aimless purpose wrings tears of anguish from our eyes. Let those who are responsible for them pause and beware lest our newly awakened national life come to an untimely end.

God, who is the Ruler of the destinies of nations, has given our country into the keeping of the English; when we are worthy of it he will give it back into ours. No one can deny that it is our contact with the West and the last hundred years of the comparatively peaceful British rule that accounts for the present widespread national awakening and the natural yearning for a nation's rights and privileges.



Dhruva



ONCE upon a time there lived a king called Uttanapada. He had two wives. The elder was called Suneethi (the Virtuous) and the younger was called Suruchi (the Beautiful).

Uttanapada had more love for Suruchi than for Suneethi. The former hated the latter and asked the king to send her away, from the country. The king consented to Suruchi's wish and sent away Suneethi to the forest where she lived a lonely life in a small hut.

One day Uttanapada happened to go to the forest for hunting with his Prime Minister called Sumathi (the Wise). On their way they saw poor people keeping their children on their laps kissing them and enjoying their play. The king thought to himself that if those children were born to him they would be comfortable and he would be happy.

Then the king turned to his Minister and asked "these poor people have many children; why didn't I get any children at all?" The Minister replied "If you go and perform *Tapas*, the God will be pleased and give you children."

At once the king got down from his chariot and told Sumathi that he was going to perform *Tapas*, and he would not return to his kingdom for some time. So he asked Sumathi to go and hunt and rid the forest of wild beasts and Rishis and go to his kingdom and rule the people till his return. The Minister obeyed his orders and went away.

The king went and performed penance. The God was very pleased and He appeared before Uttanapada and asked him what he wanted. Uttanapada prostrated himself before the God and said that He must bless him with children. The God looked around him and found a mango fruit just fallen from the tree. He took it and pronounced some holy words and gave it to the king and told him to give the mango to his wife, adding that she must eat the whole of it including the seed and skin, and that she would thereafter have children.

Uttanapada was delighted with the boon and went back to his kingdom. He gave the fruit to his younger wife Suruchi and asked her to eat the whole of it. She being a very proud woman thought that it was very mean to eat the seed and skin of the mango, so she peeled off the skin

of the fruit and sucked the juice, giving the seed and skin to the servants to throw into the dustbin outside.

Naratha, a friend of God and lover of mischief, saw the servant throwing them out and felt very sorry because the God's instructions had not been obeyed properly. So he came and took the skin and the seed of the mango and went to Suneethi who was living in the forest and gave them to her and said that the God had sent her them and she must eat them assuring her that if she did so she would get a child.

One day Uttanapada was returning in the evening after hunting. Suddenly there came on a storm and the king could not proceed. He turned to his Minister and said that he thought it would be impossible to go home at once, so he asked him to arrange for shelter for the night.

Suneethi was living in the same forest in her mean hut. Of course the God knew that Uttanapada was in the forest and he was not going to his kingdom the same day. So he made Suneethi's hut into a large palace to tempt the king to go and shelter there for the night with Suneethi.

When Sumathi was looking out for a little place for the king to stop in, to his surprise he found Suneethi's palace. He thought to himself that this palace excelled the king's own palace. Sumathi went inside the palace and there was Suneethi standing; but he could not recognise her. She recognised him however, but did not show that she did. Sumathi told her that the king had come and he wanted shelter for the night and asked her whether the king could lodge there. Suneethi modestly replied, "all these places are His Majesty's and he is welcome wherever he chooses to stop". Sumathi took her to be the wife of some great Rishi; he was delighted with his success and took Uttanapada to Suneethi's palace.

The king too did not recognise his wife. She attended on her Royal guest so well that he soon fell in love with her. Then she told him that she was his unlucky wife. He felt very sorry for his unkindness towards her. Early in the morning he got up and went away to the kingdom with his party.

In due time Suruchi was delivered of a boy and Suneethi also was delivered of a fine boy in the forest. Suruchi's boy was named Uthaman the excellent, after the juice of the mango, while Suneethi's child was named Dhruva, which means everlasting like the seed thereof which she had eaten.

One day when Dhruva was five years old he was playing with the rude children in the forest. Those children were talking to each other about their father's presents to them. Dhruva felt very sorry because he never knew a father and

he had not got any presents to talk about. So he asked them who was his father. They told him that the king was his father.

Dhruva after hearing this thought that if he went to his father he could also get some presents. So he started for his father's palace, without telling his mother. He went direct to the harem where the king was with Suruchi and her child was sitting on Uttanapada's lap and Suruchi was standing by him. Dhruva went and sat on the other lap of his father.

The king did not ask him to come and sit and at the same time he did not prevent the child from sitting there. There is no doubt he loved the child, but he was afraid to show his love on account of Suruchi.

Vaguely she had heard of the king's adventure in the forest and of the birth of a boy to her rival. She now knew it to be true. Even now she grew very angry seeing Suneethi's child seated on her husband's lap. She went to Dhruva, pushed him down and said "you are not fit to sit there, you are born to a wicked and unlucky woman. See Uthaman, he is born to me, so he has the pleasure of sitting on his father's lap; if you had been born to me you would have had the same pleasure; so go back to the forest and perform penance till the God appears before you and when you see the God ask him that you want to be my own son; and when he grants the boon you will be born to me and then you can sit on your father's lap."

He did not mind her scolding him, but he was very angry because she spoke ill of his beloved mother. So he ran with tears to Suneethi's hut.

There in the forest Suneethi was searching for the child and she could not find him. So she was weeping and praying for her child to appear before her every minute. Then she saw Dhruva crying and running towards her. She took him in her arms and soothed him. She could not understand why he cried so, she could not guess even. Then he told her all that had happened. She felt very sad and said "Doubtless you are born to an unlucky woman. I suppose Suruchi is right in asking you to go to the forest and perform penance. Go and perform it, but when you see the God by no means ask Him that you want to become Suruchi's child. Ask Him that you may be made an Emperor, even like your father." Dhruva said "I am so young and I do not know how to perform penance, and how can I be for a long time without any proper food or sleep?" to which she replied "If you make up your mind to go, then God will Himself make you know everything."

Dhruva understood that his mother wanted him to perform penance; so he set off to the interior of the forest and there he found a river; he bathed in it and began to perform the penance

He did it for five months living on fruits, leaves, water and air. The penance was so severe that the God pitied the child and appeared before him. Dhruva being a child did not know what to say or what to do to the God. He went and kissed the God. The God took him and put him on His lap and asked him what he wanted. At first he did not know what to answer Him, so the God gave him speech, whereupon Dhruva sang praises, and said "I want to live among the people who will be thinking of you, speaking of you and worship you always". To this the God said "Come with me to Heaven at once". Dhruva told Him that he preferred to live in this world with the good people for some time before going to Heaven. The God told him that he must then be no ordinary person, but be a mighty king and He blessed him with every happiness and gave him the highest position and the power of ruling over the world for a very very long time and the God disappeared.

Meanwhile the king and all the kingdom were surprised to hear of Dhruva's *Tapas* and his success and they all including Suneethi went to meet him in the forest. They felt very happy when they saw him and he too felt happy. But Suruchi was ashamed to see him. He however came and prostrated to her first and said "Please do not feel sorry, because if you had not told me to go to the forest I could not have seen the God and had all these blessings. So I must thank you for your advice and I will not think that you treated me cruelly". Then they all went to the kingdom and Dhruva was made king.

Suneethi had now the happiness of being with both her husband and her son. People praised her for her patience. Dhruva treated her with great respect and he loved her the best of all his people.

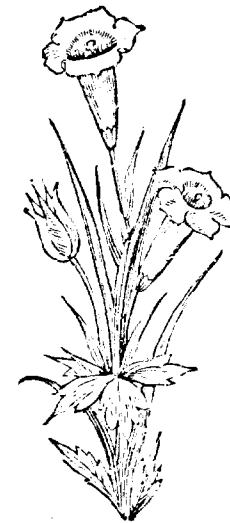
But she and his father and all passed away. Dhruva by the command of God ruled for long centuries and at the appointed time the God sent him His chariot and asked him to come to Heaven. Dhruva was about to get into the chariot when he thought of his mother. At once he got down and the messengers from the God asked him why he got down. Dhruva replied that it was his desire that his mother must go first; whereupon they said "See yonder, she is going before you". Dhruva was satisfied and he sat in the chariot and went to Heaven.

There he was treated as a great king of the Heavens.

Even to-day you can see in the northern sky the Star of Dhruva. It is no other than the pole star. There is a pretty custom among the Hindus which I may mention here. At the close of a Brahmin wedding the wife shows to her husband the star of our hero, meaning that

he should be constant as the pole star, while the husband shows her the star of Arundhathi in the constellation of the "Great Bear" meaning that she should be as virtuous as the wife of the sage Vasishta.

Is the Hindu Widow Marriage Movement a failure?



AT the Social Conference, held in Madras last December, a very rosy view of the progress of the Hindu widow marriage movement was taken, and very hopeful views were expressed regarding its future. But do the facts justify this optimism? The only criterion by which this can be judged is the number of Hindu widows who are re-married every year.

Out of some millions of Hindu widows condemned to lifelong celibacy and social misery, less than a dozen are re-married every year; and are not these but exceptions, which only prove, that however much or however little, Hindu Social Reform may be advancing in other channels, its progress in this direction is too insignificant to be of any worth?

It is not my intention to inflict at present on the readers of the Indian Ladies' Magazine, a homily on the necessity of encouraging by all possible means, the re-marriage of such Hindu widows as may desire matrimony; or to indulge in a tirade against "Hindu Social Reform on national lines."

I shall here simply relate my rather comic experiences in connection with my unsuccessful attempts to find out and marry a suitable Brahmin widow.

I am a Brahmin, now 24 years old, and am in the Mysore State service, on a salary of Rs. 25 per mensem. For the last seven or eight years, I have held very "go-ahead" views about Hindu Social Reform, not exactly on "national lines"; and what is more, I am sincere in my opinions, and lose no opportunity of putting my views into practice.

Two and a half years ago, I lost my wife and though I can never completely get over my great loss, I felt that for my own comfort, it was necessary for me to marry again a good wife, whose love would make me forget, to some extent at least, my varied miseries, of which, by the bye, I have had very much more than the

average man's share. "Well" I thought, "I have been all along, an earnest advocate of the re-marriage of Hindu widows, and now owing to my latest misfortune, i.e., my wife's death, I have an opportunity of proving to my friends that I am not a mere 'lip reformer.'" At first, this seemed very easy. An advertisement in one or two newspapers, an interview with the lady of my choice and her guardians, some sort of marriage ceremony, showers of cheers (and perhaps rice), from the spectators, equally plentiful showers of abuse and groans from orthodox relatives and friends, announcement of the marriage in a newspaper or two, and of course a bull of excommunication from the Sringeri Matt,—and the thing was done. But one very formidable difficulty presented itself, viz., want of sufficient means to live in comfort with my wife, my only surviving child, and my widowed sister. There was of course the chance of my marrying a widowed girl with some means of her own, which, when added to my meagre income, would enable us to live in comfort. But I have no mercenary views regarding marriage and I would have gladly married a penniless girl, provided I felt reasonably certain that she would prove a good wife to me.

I began my quest by writing the above details to Rao Bahadur K. Viresalingum Pantulu. A few days afterwards, I received a letter from a certain gentleman who wrote that he was bringing about the re-marriage "of a certain widowed lady in whom he was interested". After some correspondence between us, the gentleman suddenly stopped writing to me, and I concluded that the lady was married. But I have learnt recently that she still remains unmarried. I next thought that a newspaper advertisement would be productive of good results, and had the following advertisement inserted in the "Hindu" and in the "Madras Standard."

MATRIMONIAL.

"A Brahmin gentleman, handsome, well educated, and 23 years old, desires to marry a suitable Brahmin virgin or widow of any age not exceeding his own; who can speak Kanarese, Telugu English, or Hindi."

Nobody who knows anything of English can possibly mistake the meaning of this advertisement, but three of the four letters I received in answer to it, were as surprising as they were extraordinary. For obvious reasons, I suppress names and dates, but except for these omissions I give here exact copies of the letters, without altering in any way their grammar or spelling.

One gentleman writes from a place in the Madras Presidency:—"Sir,—In reply to your advertisement in the "Standard" of the 10th instant, I beg to offer myself as a candidate for the same.

I am a young man of 22 years. As for my educational qualifications, I have not passed any examination, but I have read as far as the matriculation class. I can talk English well. Besides this, I know Typewriting, Correspondence and I have appeared for the Government examination in Typewriting, Correspondence and Banking. I know English, Tamil and Sanscrit. I am a Brahman. The reason for my offering to marry a widow, is, I want to encourage widow re-marriage. I am also interested in the cause of the Social Reform. I have no parents. I have two elder brothers of which one is a Government servant drawing Rs.60. I hope you would not consider me presumptuous or inconsiderate if I now ask you whether the girl has got any property. As for myself I have no property. What is the age of the girl?

I hope you would reply me affirmative or negative."

This gentleman's idea that his having appeared for the Typewriting, Correspondence and Banking examinations is in some mysterious way helpful to his marrying the mythical lady he writes about, and his singularly disinterested motives regarding his "offering to marry a widow" as well as his courteous enquiry regarding the "girl's" property, are worthy of note.

Another would-be Vidyasagar writes:—"Sir,—As advertised in Madras papers I come forward with an intention of marrying that widow or virgin. I am 25 years old and I know all the languages alluded in papers and I know one or two more languages more than the required ones. Will you please let me know how the girl is and what is her age, colour, etc. Is she educated? What are the conditions and what benefit can I derive from marrying. I had an employment in the Railway till 6th December, 1907, and I resigned the same. If you can please send me a copy of her photo. Please write to me full details of the girl. Awaiting for a reply by return."

This worthy evidently considers his remarkable linguistic abilities to be of great importance as regards his marriage with the "virgin or widow." He is plain about his motives, and instead of delivering a lecture about his good intentions towards Hindu Social Reform, asks plainly "what benefit can I derive from marrying."

Another gentleman wrote with a pencil from Madras, on a Postcard:—"Sir,—Received no letters from you what about your marriage and please tell me the terms of the marriage please reply me soon."

This curious jumble of sentences, written with a lofty contempt for the use of capital letters and punctuation marks, I did not understand, as

evidently a previous letter written to me by this correspondent had miscarried.

The only other letter I received in answer to my advertisement, was the following very remarkable one. After first ascertaining from me my full address, this gentleman wrote:—"Dear sir,—Yours of the 25th instant to hand. My sister's daughter became as a widow in her 10th age. She is now in her 20th age. She expressed that she should be given in marriage to somebody. Her mother is also willing to grant her daughter's wishes. She is now at—near—. She has got three elder brothers. One is a songster, and other two are Vaidiks. I have already instructed my people at—not to remove her hairs of my beloved niece without my knowledge. However in the last year when her mother was absent, she was compelled by some relatives to sit before a barber, and accordingly her hairs were removed. As soon as the intelligence reached me, I at once proceeded to—and took my niece here. She was with me till last December, 1907, and she left to her native place only in January for a marriage. It was not possible to me to ask her not to undergo further shavings. If she is married, her hairs will grow in a year or so. This is not a great thing. If you are willing to marry her, please let me know at an early date. What will be the train fare from—to? Have you parents? Are you a passed candidate? What is your present pay. Have you landed property? If so to what extent. Are you a bachelor, married or widower? If married is your wife living? Have you got children? Which is your native place?

After hearing from you we shall settle other matters."

Two sentences in the above deserve particular attention, viz., "if she is married, her hairs will grow," and "if married, is your wife alive?" The former seems to indicate that the writer regards marriage as an absolute necessity for the growth of his niece's hair; and the latter indicates a willingness on his part to give the lady in marriage even to a man with a wife alive.

As this letter told me nothing beyond that the lady was "in her 20th age," and that she was in the habit of "undergoing further shavings," I wrote a lengthy reply, answering the numerous queries regarding myself, and asked for some particulars regarding the education, etc., of the lady whose hair had been the subject of so much persecution. But though more than eight months have elapsed, I have received no answer.

A "Madhva" gentleman wrote to a friend of mine, enclosing a cutting from the "Madras Standard" containing my advertisement, and desired to know among other things, whether I was a "Madhva" Brahmin; in which case, he

wrote, he was desirous of arranging a marriage between me and a "Madhva" virgin-widow he knew of. But I am a "Smartha," and consequently, this gentleman took no further steps in the matter. This puts me in mind of an advertisement which appeared some time ago in the defunct "Mysore Standard" in which a "Hebbbar-Iyengar," schoolmaster desirous of re-marrying his widowed daughter, not only wanted his son-in-law No. 2 to be also a "Hebbbar-Iyengar," but further wanted to examine his horoscope!

An esteemed friend of mine, was formerly very desirous of seeing his widowed sister, a lady with two daughters, married to me. I told him that I had no objection to fulfil his desire, provided he made suitable arrangements regarding the future of the two children, and obtained his parents' consent to the marriage. But he seems to have been able to do neither, for when I had last seen him, he said nothing about the subject.

I do not want to pose as a pessimistic prophet, but taking into consideration, to a certain extent, the ludicrous want of success which attended my honest efforts to marry a suitable widowed lady, and chiefly, the very insignificant number of Hindu widows who have been re-married, am I wrong in coming to the conclusion, that as regards the re-marriage of Hindu widows, the progress of Indian Social Reform has been practically nil?

M. S. RAMACHANDRA.

An Indian Women's Exchange

(A Suggestion.)

BY A BENGALI LADY.

IN a well-known English Ladies' Magazine I came across an article on the "Women's Exchange," which is an institution in America. I quote a few lines from it.

"In nearly every town in America, there is a shop right in the centre of the place, very conveniently situated . . . and over the shop is written in large letters 'The Women's Exchange.' It is here that the girls in the town sell all the different kinds of goods which they have manufactured in their own homes."

Girls and women in America, desirous of making a little pocket money, or earning money privately without publicity, carry their home-made articles—everything from clothes, lace, pictures to sweets and chutnies—to this Exchange for sale. A certain amount of commission is charged, and the

rest of the money realized by the sale of the goods is given to the woman producer. The makers' names are not made known, but a certain number is given to each maker and her goods marked and sold by that number. Goods are marked as follows: No. 10 Chemises, No. 55 Chemises, No. 8 Crochet Shawls, No. 40 Sweets, and so on.

In India where respectable women are more dependent on others, and are not able to earn money even if they wish to, an institution of this kind would be a great boon. Widows and married ladies and girls of the poor but respectable classes who cannot do menial work nor enter service of any sort, could easily earn a little money if they had a market for their handiwork. At the same time buyers would be sure of getting genuine country-made articles and the pleasure of helping their poorer country women.

A large family is often dependant on a young man who earns about Rs. 30 or less a month, which barely provides the members with food and clothing. Perhaps there are intelligent girls and women in the family, who are clever and skilful in making some particular things which would easily sell in the market. If they could do so and bring in even a rupee more each month it would be a help. There is no poverty equal to genteel poverty and of such there is plenty in our country.

The late exhibitions have shown us that Indian women are skilful in many things and have an artistic taste too. They are just as capable of earning money as the more independent women of other lands.

If some patriotic and kind-hearted gentleman would take up this suggestion—an "Indian Women's Exchange" could easily be started. A room attached to a shop or to a house in a central quarter of a town would do for a beginning.

There are an infinite number of things which the public would prefer to buy when they are made by gentlewomen. Such things as chutnies, preserves, etc., are better from them, and artistic trifles, etc., too. Orders could be given too at the Exchange.

I hope the above suggestion will not be read in vain and that a Women's Exchange will be found in every large town in India and thus be a source of help to our poor country women.

Translation of an Indian Novelle

CHAPTER THE FIRST.



WONDER goes the boar!" "Scare him back!" "Lo! He's here!" "Run him down!" "There, he made for the bush!" "Scare him out!" "Where is he?" "Lo! Up there!"

The Andhya forest on the Aravalis, resounded with the cry of sportsmen. The earth cracked beneath the hoofs of the charging cavalry. The panting boar ran pell-mell for life, and at last took a by-path, and vanished into a maize field. The party was led by Prince Arisimha of Mewar, and on they went till their progress was effectively checked by a tall crop of maize. The prince thus taken aback sat motionless as a picture on his foaming steed. Presently a country maiden came up to him and made obeisance. She was the daughter of the owner of the field, and was taking care of the corn from an adjoining mound. She was cognisant of the retreat of the boar into her field, and had come forward to help the sportsmen. What a marvel of loveliness! Her country apparel only threw her magnificent figure into relief. Her rich flowing hair, falling in lovely curls about her forehead, likewise set off the beauty of her face. In her, shone the grandeur and beauty of Nature in all its plenitude. She had no vermillion on her forehead, nor did she wear any necklace. But she wore bangles on her wrists. Knowing from these signs that she was not married, the prince asked "Maiden, any way for our horses to pass through?"

"None," said she "but if you would wait, I shall drive the beast out." With these words on her lips she pulled up a thick stalk of maize with remarkable ease and, without waiting to listen to what the prince might say, disappeared into the field. As the party were eagerly watching what might happen next, they saw her driving the boar out to an adjacent mound. They immediately began pursuit. The boar saw another group of men ready to lance, behind the mound, so turning back for safety, he flew like an arrow towards the maiden. The huntsmen saw her danger and spurred on to her aid. The wild boar was within a yard from the maiden and lo! he sprang on her! Alas! what might it avail that so many horsemen rode for him! Would she

not run for life? No, she kept to her place with heroic equanimity and dealt a blow with her stalk of maize right on his head. He fell stunned! and the maiden was pulling him by the ears when the prince was near enough to run his sword into him. Valour is the feature of Rajput women. But, this remarkable exploit of a country girl took his breath away.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

1st Huntsman:—"Tut! tut! shame!"

2nd Huntsman:—"Alas! so many were nothing—before a single woman!"

The Prince:—"I see no shame in it. I take it, she is a pride to our country rather than she should shame us."

1st Huntsman:—"That it is, no doubt. But that saves nothing of our own pride. That so many men should be outdone by a single 'she'!"

The Prince:—(Smiling)—"Yes, but after all it is a woman we are outdone by. We need not be sorry we have to bow to such a woman."

3rd Huntsman:—(With a Chuckle)—"The Prince, who came here to 'bag' seems to have been begged himself."

On a certain bedstead, at a certain distance from there, a glutton of a fellow lay snoring—hoarsely. He went in the capital by the name 'Belly-God.' Though he was a Brahmin, all castes of men regarded him as their cousin. He was a cousin of the eleventh remove to Prince Ajayasingh's priest's daughter-in-law's aunt's son-in-law's sister-in-law's grand son-in-law. With such a close relation to the royal priest he was quite a known man about the royal household. Not even the sentry challenged him. He ate well and slept soundly. He was a terrible quizz; lost no opportunity in the exercise of that faculty. As soon as he heard the 3rd huntsman speak, he woke up. He had the Napoleonic self-control and disciplined his sleep with Napoleonic punctuality; otherwise, it was impossible that he should wake up, even if you had shouted in his ears. He sat up and said, "What did you say? Whatever was bagged must be a pig." The huntsmen all roared with laughter at this. The laughter suddenly ceased, for even as they were looking, a brick hit the prince's horse on his leg. The poor animal fell tottering to the ground, with a groan. Lo! the leg was fractured, mighty was the force of the brick, and who could have hurled it with such force! A spirit of vengeance that, at first, predominated in the minds of the huntsmen immediately yielded place to astonishment. The maiden who had come before on the scene, now met them again and apologised to the prince for the mischance she had caused. "I was throwing bricks to scare away the birds," she said, "and am very

sorry that one of them should have hit your horse on his leg." Belly-god who had not got over his yawning yet, cut in that there was no reason to be sorry, but that, on the other hand, it was matter for rejoicing that the missile hit only "the lower creation." The maiden, smiling good-naturedly at this speech, applied the medicine she had brought on the seat of injury and bandaged the horse's leg. She gave the remaining medicine to the prince with proper directions for its use, and retired. At this admirable courtesy, they were quite overcome with gratitude and astonishment. Their astonishment being spent, the prince said "A cannon's strength in those tender arms!" "If it were only that," said Belly-god, "there would be comfort in death, being dead as soon as shot. But a shot from her would only half kill you and leave you to linger." At this insinuation, all looked at the prince and laughed. The prince remarked "Yes, we shall have to linger, if we are not cut up by your pointed wit." "Not one stroke of business since morning," said one of the huntsmen. "I shall think we are only come here for nothing if you won't let us be merry and gossip." Another said, "that's 't; one must at least talk, where one cannot do."

The Prince:—"Why should you be sorry for missing work. I propose to you a business. Let us all go round the hamlet, and learn the whereabouts of the maid. A remarkable woman that! Let us know all about her."

1st Huntsman:—"It struck me just now that I should propose the same."

2nd Huntsman:—"Why, it struck you now, whereas, I have been thinking of it since morning."

3rd Huntsman:—"You only thought of it. But I was determined to speak it out all the while."

4th Huntsman:—"Did you say you were only determined? I have even told him already about it. Ask him if I have not. But who would heed a poor man's words? It was beyond my station, to speak of such things, but as I could not check myself, I gently articulated the idea, and I dare not say he has not heard me."

A regular fight—in words of more eloquence than would do respect to a speech—was for a good while waged over this trifle. Belly-god proposed to decide the case, if they all kept silence and pronounced his verdict with some gravity, that, leaving the prince out of the account, all of them were entitled to the credit of having opened the subject in question. They burst into laughter, but each must have thought that the remark as applied to himself was right. Who knows that each of them did not brag in different places that to him was due the credit of having made the brilliant proposal?

Such is the world where all desire, yet none deserves.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

The Rajputs mounted their horses and jogged on towards the village. Their way lay through a mountainous district. The track was bounded on one side by hills overshadowed by a dense forest of tall trees, which, with their tops towering one above the other, appeared like a gallery of standing audience crammed for space. On the other side, far away, in an enchanting distance, a range of mountains stood up against the horizon and gave it a clouded appearance. It was about sunset. The sun, half-hidden by a big mountain, was lighting the world from behind the faders; opposite them, the moon having just risen, the rays of light from these two luminaries mingling together produced a faint glow all around, and kept dancing on the torrent rumbling down close by. From the east, on one side, a couple of stars kept eyeing with jealousy the spray of the golden stream. A gentle breeze, catching an echo from every cave and a whistle from every tree, swept gaily over the scene. The huntsmen, enjoying the lovely scenery in all its fullness of beauty and wealth, turned their horses into a by-path leading to the country. As the journey advanced with the minutes, the sun sank lower and lower, the gold gradually thickened into crimson, and even the moon and stars were, for a while, bedimmed. Sunlight, moonlight, twilight—all predominated at the same time in different parts of the horizon. The most charming twilight is now and then seen illumining a mountainous area and this was not the first time the huntsmen had set eyes on such a scene. Yet they were struck dumb by the golden light surrounding them. This silence into which they had been quite unconsciously thrown, was broken by the sudden appearance, at a distance, of a tall, buxom milk-maid with a pail of milk prettily balanced on her head and her hands resting on a buffalo on either side. Her recognition by the huntsmen resulted in many a passing whisper, and in ill-suppressed laughter. The prince, feigning seriousness, advanced with quickened pace, while his party hung back, content to watch the fun. The prince, trotting on, seemed as though he was unable to check his steed, and about to run over the maid. He desperately shouted to her to move away and keep to a side of the road. He expected she would run away in a fright, dropping her pail of milk, and become a laughing-stock to his company. The prince directed his horse between her and a buffalo, while his followers feared lest his attempt at fun should end in the death of the maid. The woman saw his intention, and with good presence of mind held a horn

of her buffalo and gave a dig in the side of his horse. The horse stopped all of a sudden and backed. The unprepared prince was unhorsed. The biter was now bit. The maid advanced to the prince to raise him from the ground, so did his followers from the other side. But the prince, in the meantime, was on his feet and required no help. "May your Highness be pleased to pardon me. I did not do it intentionally," she pleaded. The prince was too abashed to make any reply. The maid went her way as if no adventure had happened. When she had gone some distance, the prince discovered that he was not much hurt by the fall. But he made up for the loss of the calculated fun by joining his company in a hearty laugh. When they had laughed to their heart's content, one of them said, "We had no luck since morning."

Prince:—Shall we give up our programme? or are you bent on it?

Another huntsman:—"At all events, we shall work it out."

Prince:—"With what face can we go there? Shame that I couldn't manage a horse! How can I show myself there?"

Another huntsman:—"That's n't the worst! Are you sure you can go home with sound limbs?"

They all consented to stay away, proposing to look on the sunset and went under a tree that overhung a streamlet. A little while after, Belly-god ran hailing a villager, and asked him, "What is your name?" The villager, wondering what the stranger wanted his name for, observed with causticity, "What is that to you, sir?" Belly-god fired up at this impertinence. "Boor that you are, you can't do what you are asked. Rubbish! impertinence! shut up!"

The villager answered this civility with fiery eyes and the brandishing of his thick cudgel.

Belly-god:—"D' you think people die for the mere staring at? You don't suppose I can't stare better?"

"Bring another word, I'll break your skull," thundered the villager.

Belly-god disobeyed no less than a prince, in the capacity of the court punster. That a peasant should command him to obedience was outrageous to him. "I wouldn't go if your grandfather said it. Know me and tremble, you barking dog!"

The Rajput peasant, stamping his foot on the ground, said, "Beware how you speak to a Rajput!"

"Rajput! Rats! Woe be the times? I lack the Brahmin fire, else now I should have seen you into ashes, this minute." The Rajput Kshatriya burst into laughter. Belly-god grinned at him and said, "I'll report you to the prince, you rascal." Meanwhile, two of his party came running up, seeing that he had kicked up some

row with the stranger, and apologised to him: "Don't you mind him, please, that is a fool."

"Yes, he seems to be."

Belly-god turned away in anger, while one of them asked the villager, "Sir, I came here to learn some news; I should take it very kind of you if you would tell us that. A maid was taking care of the corn in a maize field near Andhya forest; what are her whereabouts?"

"She is my daughter, and we live in this village."

These words fell on Belly-god's ears as he was turning away; and he ran panting with this news to the prince. At once the prince despatched one of his party to inform the Rajput of his desire to see him. The messenger had hardly finished his words, before the villager broke out, "Excuse me, sir! If your master is a prince, I am the head of a village. Courtesy demands that he should first call on me. His failure in this ceremony calls in question his sense of courtesy. But, however, I shall not lack the courtesy to respect a stranger's wish, whatever his station may be. As I would be bound to respect an ordinary visitor, even so shall I call on your prince. Courtesy ever is independent of station, and is offered to the high and the low alike."

The messenger and his friends were in mute astonishment. By one that looked no better than a boor, a regular speech on self-respect and etiquette! This wave of feeling had not run its full course, before another speech set in a like impulse in the hearts of all men there. The prince had come unperceived, and from behind, the Rajput villager said, "The prince of Mewar makes amends for his discourtesy by seeking the hand of your daughter in marriage."

The words fell on unbelieving ears. How! A prince to seek the hand of a peasant girl! Their wonder might have ended with it, had not the villager uttered, in the same unbending spirit, "I am sorry I fail to see the honour which the prince thinks he has conferred on me by his offer." Without waiting to listen what this might evoke from the prince or the party, the man strutted away.

That resolute firmness, that flight of daring with which he addressed his audience was shaken very soon after he went home. While he prided himself that, on a question of social propriety, he had discarded even the offer of a prince for his daughter's hand, his wife in a furious rage, cried down the height of folly that gave no thought to a daughter's future. But the prudent wife soon sent her men to apologise to the prince on her husband's behalf.

The prince was only too anxious not to abandon this opportunity. So he soon sent his consent, and the very next day took the girl as his consort.

From the hunt, he returned a married man. Out of this match was born that illustrious prince Hamera, who achieved fame as a warrior, even when he was a boy.

Lakshmi Bai Series.

(A Review)



Y readers might have heard of the excellent Malayalam journal Lakshmi Bai started at Trichur in memory of Her Highness the late Lakshmi Bai, C. I., the Maharane of Travancore. This is a valuable monthly

started in the interests of the women of Malabar, and we congratulate the Editor on the success with which he maintains the literary excellence of the journal.

In addition to his difficult task of editing the journal, the Editor is publishing a series of vernacular books in which are published reprints of the articles appeared in the magazine, written by able journalists, both male and female. The first three books of the series are out and are very attractive. The 1st of the series is called *Lakshmi Bai Satakam*, a poem contributed to the pages of the journal by Mr. Koiturathil Sankunni, one of the best Sanskrit scholars of Travancore.

This book contains a short biographical sketch of Her Highness, the late senior Ranee. Every stanza in the poem is simply beautiful and grand and the author deserves much encouragement. The book is much appreciated by the public. The 2nd book contains life sketches of 17 well-merited women of India. They are translations from the 'Heroines of Ind.' The translators are Messrs. A. R. Raja Varma, M. A., M. R. A. S., C. D. David, K. Govinda Menon, P. K. Narayana Pillai, B.A. and B.L., Udaya Varma Raja, B.A., Srimathi Bhagirathi Amma Thampuram, M. C. Narayana Pillai, B.A., V. K. Raman Menon, S. Parameswara Iyer and others who are well known in Travancore and Malabar for their scholarship. The third book called *Daicayagam* contains 110 Malayalam verses from the pen of that savant, H. H. Kerala Varma, C.S.I. the Valiya Coil Thampuram, the greatest Sanskrit scholar of Southern India.

The poem is magnificently beautiful. The fourth book of the series will be the life-sketch of some other talented ladies of India, and it will be out shortly. We are very glad to see that Mr. Narayana Menon is devoting himself heart and soul to the welfare of the women of Malabar and we hope he will be strongly supported by the public at large.

A PATRIOT.

An Oasis In Many Lives



HERE it stands. An unpretentious looking house in a narrow street of shops and warehouses, but conspicuous among its surroundings by its white walls and neat green door with its shining brass knocker. Inside, we are met by a "Visitor-Worker", who has come for a fortnight to help,—a cheerful person, who is only too pleased to spare one of her over-brimmed hours to show us the premises.

And first let me say that this is a Factory Girls' Club, better known as The Bormondsey "Time and Talent" Settlement. Its object is to furnish instruction, amusement and cheap dinners for between four and five hundred factory girls, but it also provides for them in other ways by visiting them at the factories where they work during their dinner-hour, visiting them at their homes, and generally distributing brightness and good things into their lives.

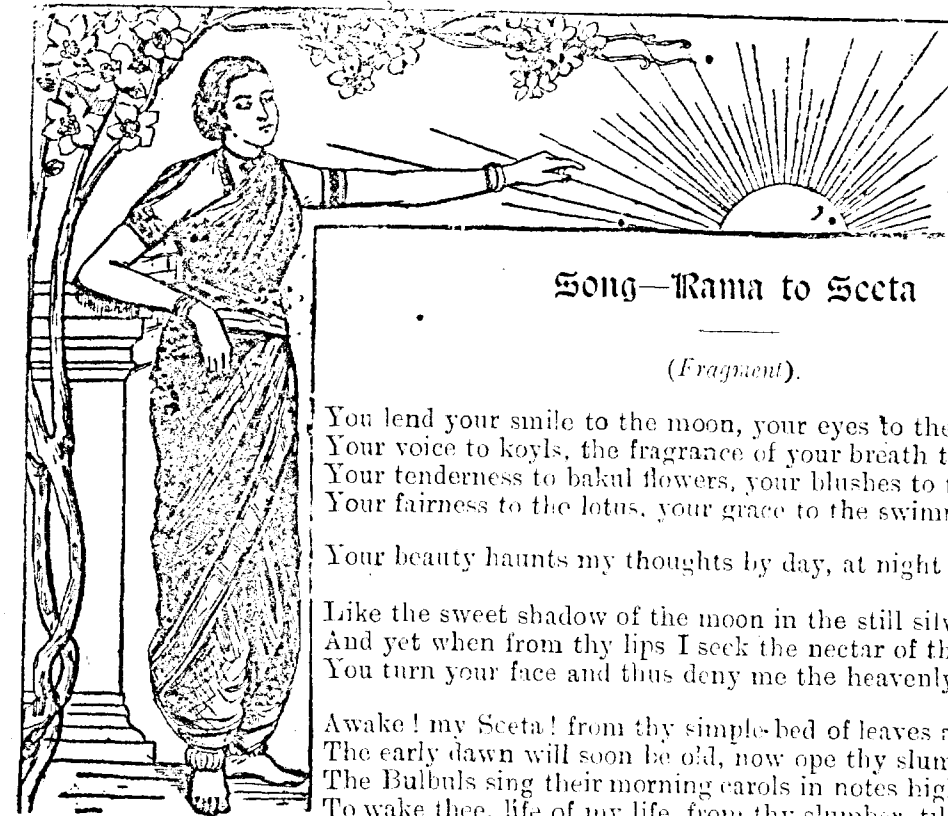
From the small waiting-room into which we were first shown, we were taken into another small room where the paraphernalia of the Club is kept and the organisation conducted. Through this is the room where the girls have their dinners and as she passes in, each girl drops her two pence halfpenny into a bowl and receives a ticket for her food. The dinners are provided three times a week, and offer a choice of four meats. Boiled beef pudding, baked beef pudding, liver and bacon, sausages and potatoes, are the favourite and most frequent of the menu. A slice of pudding and cup of cocoa can also be had for an extra halfpenny each. From 90 to 100 girls avail themselves of this meal and in the summer when it ceases they miss it so much that it is now determined to carry it on all

the year round. The trifling payments of the girls cover the cost of the food and almost, but not quite, cover the wages of the woman who come in three times a week to cook the huge meal. We were then shown the large club room, or drill hall, which abuts on to the house and has a separate entrance at the back for the girls, and a pleasant garden on the roof, where the ladies who live at the Settlement raise bulbs in the spring, and take their tea in the summer. The hall is very large, and here most of the evening classes are held, the drill is taught, and entertainments are given. A concert is given every Saturday evening to which all members of the club are free, and each may bring a friend on payment of two pence. Our guide now proceeded upstairs, apologising as she went, for the absence of the head of the Club, and telling us in answer to our questions that there is accommodation for six ladies altogether, though there are not that number there now: that these usually come for three months' training, and afterwards return at odd times as "Visitor-Workers", as she was herself now doing.

The residents pay a guinea a week, their work is very varied in character. It consists of preparing for the needlework, painting, singing and other classes that take place in the evening, giving short addresses to the girls at the factories in their dinner-hour, and visiting them in their homes in the afternoon in case of sickness or trouble or a request from any girl to do so. As she talked, she led us up the winding white staircase from one storey to another: the house is four storeys high, each inmate has a small bedroom to herself, and there are two good bathrooms. The prevailing tone of colour is white and green, white walls, green curtains and loose green carpets. All is clean, bright, and airy. Two servants are kept, besides the outside woman who manages the cheap dinners.

The Club was almost entirely rebuilt about a year ago, at a cost of £2,500: hence its newness and freshness. We had tea in a long, narrow, pretty room, bright with flowers and pictures, which is the resident ladies' sitting room, and which they are not yet tired of enjoying and praising. A spirit of cheerful energy and zeal animated the two ladies we saw. Evidently they felt they were not working altogether in vain. The Club touches the lives of between 500 and 600 factory girls. In a population of 21,000 this is only a fraction, but still, a not unimportant fraction. Of this number, 250 are on the Club books, 250 more are visited at the factories, and 100 beside come in for the cheap dinners. Sixteen large factories swarm in the immediate vicinity of the Club, the produce of most of which are jafus, pickles, and hats.

M. C. SIDGWICK.



Song—Rama to Seeta

(Fragrant).

You lend your smile to the moon, your eyes to the woodland dæd,
Your voice to koyls, the fragrance of your breath to the rose:
Your tenderness to bakul flowers, your blushes to the dawn,
Your fairness to the lotus, your grace to the swimming swan;

Your beauty haunts my thoughts by day, at night my midnight dream,
Like the sweet shadow of the moon in the still silver stream;
And yet when from thy lips I seek the nectar of thy kiss
You turn your face and thus deny me the heavenly bliss;

Awake! my Seeta! from thy simple-bed of leaves arise;
The early dawn will soon be old, now ope thy slumbering eyes;
The Bulbuls sing their morning carols in notes higher and higher,
To wake thee, life of my life, from thy slumber, till they tire.

KSHAMA.

The Awakening of the Soul

Awake! awake! Ye daughters fair of Ind! awake—
From your lethargic slumber for your nation's sake:
Long, long, have ye all lived pent up in darksome gloom,
The time of our regeneration is now come;

Are we not the mothers of our nation great?
Let us then rise and do our work ere 'tis too late;
Turn your eyes backwards on the ancient glories past,
Attain then greater glories by your efforts fast;

Look backwards at our ancient Ind! let each woman
Pour o'er Puranas, history and the Ramayan,
And learn how ancient women to our nation gave
Heroic sons like Bhina and Shivaji brave;

Rise then and your degenerated state forsake,
Oh work, work, for your nation's cause and country's sake,
Instil your children's minds with the heroic fire,
With which the ancient women did their sons inspire.

KSHAMA.

Rose, the Unconquered Essex Lass

BY RICHARD BURGESS,

General Secretary of the India Sunday School Union.



IN the days of Queen Mary there lived in Essex one Edmund Tyrrel, said to belong to the same family stock as those who murdered our English princes in the Tower of London. Be that true or not, Edmund Tyrrel of Essex acted as blood hound of Bishop Bonner, who delighted to secure for death all who persisted in their Protestantism. Tyrrel had much practice in this persecuting business, for Essex alone supplied at least one in every four of the three hundred

martyrs put to death in Mary's reign and realm.

Let the story of a night's work in Tyrrel's life be described, in order, at the same time, to tell of a girl whose courage even Tyrrel was not able to shake.

The scene was at Much Bentley, at "two hours past midnight." The first Sunday in Lent had only just commenced its course. Much Bentley of that day is Great Bentley of our day—it nestles between Colchester and Clacton-on-Sea.

With a bailiff and two constables Tyrrel proceeded to surround the house of Mother Munt. The cottage, where the dame lived, stood hard by where the Plough Inn is to-day. Then as now the village was velvety to the tread; then as now the Church tower pierced the sky and looked down upon the coming and going of the generations.

Mother Munt was in bed and ill; Tyrrel, without any regard for the privacy of her apartments, commanded that both she and her husband should go with him to Colchester Castle. Full well did Mother Munt know that Tyrrel's order was a deathknell. Those were days in which independent thinking in matters religious meant a good deal more than it means in these days. What to-day is mere politics, was then life or death.

Mother Munt was not afraid to face the worst. Ill as she was, she determined to arise and go hence. Tyrrel consented to let her daughter Rose go to draw water to quench her thirst. It was a dark

March night, but Rose, like a dutiful daughter, took a lighted candle in one hand and a stone jug in the other. She was returning from the well, on her mission of mercy, when she was stopped by Tyrrel, with whom she had a spirited conversation. If the exact wording of the dialogue were reproduced here, it would not be easily understood. Let the gist of it be given in more modern English. "I hope," said Tyrrel, "when you take that water to your sick mother, that you will try to dissuade her and your father from their Protestant beliefs. Advise them to become good Catholics."

The face of Rose was aglow with a light which did not only come from the candle in her hand. "Sir," said she, "they have the Holy Ghost to advise them and He can do it better far than I."

This apt reply did not improve Tyrrel's temper. With very few words of preface he called her scornfully "a naughty housewife," and "a heretic."

Without loss of dignity or calmness, Rose explained that what he called "heresy," she called "true worship."

Baffled in argument, the persecutor said, "I have come, as you know, to fetch your parents to be burned. Now I see you will burn with them for company's sake."

"Not for company's sake, but for Christ's sake. I am prepared to die, if necessary."

Nettled by such apt and resolute replies the arch persecutor of Essex ceased to use argument and proceeded to use force. A Much Bentley man named William Chandler saw the deed and handed down to us a description of it without exaggeration. Taking the lighted candle from the hand of Rose and gripping her fingers in his cruel fist, Tyrrel held the flame under her flesh. Rose pressed her teeth together and uttered no cry or murmur. What a picture—a coarse man roasting the hand of an innocent girl in the name of the Christian religion.

"Why wilt thou not cry?" asked the tyrant as he saw the resolute resistance of the village maiden. Her reply was majestic: "I have greater reason to rejoice, and if the thing were well considered, you, sir, have the greater reason to cry."

At last the sinews were burned through and snapped aloud so that all in the house heard the sound thereof. What called out the pity of others made Edmund Tyrrel the more angry. With vile words he thrust her away, but Rose still unconquered, asked "Sir, have ye done what ye will do?" "Yes," said Tyrrel. "And if have not pleased you then mend your ways." "May the Lord mend you and give you repentance if it be His will," was her reply. And she defiantly added, "If you have not done as much as you are pleased to do, begin now at the feet and burn to the head also."

The tyrant Tyrrel was himself conquered. He had no weapon either of argument or force to use upon his victim. Released from his clutches she passed on with the drink for her mother. Rose Allan was a heroine. For the inspiration of our nation's youth her story should be reiterated.

On August 2, 1557, at dawn, six were led out to die near the Town Hall, Colchester. The same day, in the afternoon, four more were taken for the same purpose, into the castle yard. They all died in triumph and joy. Through stifling smoke and eating flame they exhorted those who were near to turn from the world to Christ.

Great Bentley has covered herself with glory. She has nursed four Martyrs in her day, Rose among them, and their names are cut deep in Colchester's marble monuments and in our nation's story. If the children of Great Bentley, who play on the common to-day and drink from the very well from which Rose drew water for her mother, grow up to honour their village Sires by imitating them, then the fame of Great Bentley will never, never die.

The noble army of martyrs praise Thee.

Female Education in Malabar



IT has been urged times without number, by great men and women, both European and Indian, that one of the most potent agencies that may be confidently relied on to work out the social regeneration of India, is the education of her women. These pleadings on behalf of Indian women have, with but few exceptions, disclosed themselves to be nothing more than burning exhalations of fiery minds, destined to be extinguished soon in their cold indifference afterwards. I do not hereby wish to minimise in the least the sincere and earnest efforts made in this direction, but to an interested observer it looks as if there is more of enthusiasm displayed than of actual practical work done. Even under the faintest glare of scrutiny it may be observed that the progress achieved is tardy and unsatisfactory. It cannot but be that the fullest importance and seriousness of the question

has been grasped, but there appears to be a dense fog of indifference surrounding the problem from which people are found unwilling to steer clear. Situated as they are in the midst of peculiar social environments that always present a determined front, and placed as they are in the teeth of clenched antagonisms in following up the worthiest, the stoutest sympathisers in the cause of Indian womanhood have not yet come to a definite conclusion as to what should be the nature of the education that a girl requires, to be of the greatest use to her in after life, always anxious in the extreme not to wound the sentiments of conservative and orthodox types of humanity. The necessity for the spread of Higher Education among our women still remains a bone of contention, being considered by some as superfluous in a good housewife. Is there anything strange, therefore, when we behold that, as a result of this wavering attitude, Higher Education bears little fruit among Hindu women? Do we not find, on the other hand, that in our presidency most of the lady graduates hail from the Christian community, a community absolutely free from all sorts of social impediments?

It is not my intention here to discourse on the necessity of imparting Higher Education to our women, but at the same time I am prepared to assert that it would be vain and petulant on the part of any one to deny them entrance into its portals, on the slenderest of pretences that they are either unfit or that it is not a desideratum. My theme is 'Female Education in Malabar' and, as such, I should confine myself to that, without making any more digressions. Even a cursory glance at the present state of female education in Malabar would convince any one that that country is not free from the evils that prevail elsewhere in the presidency. There is the same indifference to be found there also; the same perversity among men that their women are to rest contented with quite a rudimentary knowledge of the objects of common study, in most cases, that of the three Rs. The same disdain perches on the lips of the old generation that 'the hard grained muses of the cubes and square' are beyond propitiation by them. But at the same time there is no other part of India more adapted to the spread of Higher Education among women than Malabar. Constituted as the Malayalees are socially, so far as my knowledge goes, there is nothing that seriously stands in the way of women seeking and acquiring Higher Education. In the other parts of the presidency, and for the matter of that, throughout India, it is the standing cause of early marriage that presents a formidable obstacle. As a rule the education of a girl terminates before she attains the age of 12, which is particularly so in the case of Brahmins, an age at which, for all, practical

purposes, it will, as a rule, only commence. Usage has it—and many a one, in spite of himself, is destined, for a long time to come, to plod under its rigorous yoke—that with the tie of matrimony any more school study is prohibited, and from that time the door is finally closed to her. She enters on her household duties, in many cases 'to endure the sooty yoke, of kitchen vassalage,' for ever destined to grate on rusty hinges there, with a chance of progress which may be rated at almost naked nothing. Such a state of affairs is not to be obtained in Malabar. Unless it is to shirk off all responsibility, there is nothing which prevents a father from sending a daughter to school, even if she passes the age of puberty; there is nothing scandalous in it, no social ostracism would result. The way is open for a girl to avail herself of all opportunities to drink deep at the fountain of knowledge. In spite of such favourable circumstances, it is more than a pity that no female graduate has yet come forth to adorn the community. I do not say that the consummation of such a wish will not be accomplished in the near future; but it is almost unaccountable why such a thing has not come to pass earlier, except in two ways, through either the indifference or aversion of the people. Travancore will be proud to earn the distinction of being the birthplace of the first Malayalee lady graduate. In British Malabar and Cochin the outlook is very gloomy. In these latter places there is no near prospect of the realisation of such a wish. The Travancore Government, in a magnanimous spirit, has afforded every possible opportunity for girls to distinguish themselves in school-rooms and the college; but their sisters in the other parts, Malabar and Cochin, are under a great disadvantage in this respect. Yet common-sense suggests that it is quite uncharitable to lay the whole blame at the doors of the Government. I can speak with a modicum of experience with regard to Cochin. It may be said to the credit of the Government that they have opened their eyes recently to the urgent necessity of educating the daughters of the soil. The High School intended for girls at the most important town of the State may surely be said to be the fruit of this ardent mission, 'to raise the fallen divinity of women on an even pedestal with men'—yet the paths of the Government are bestrewn with difficulties. To establish a college solely for girls is not possible at present, both economically and otherwise. Many a side issue has to be taken into consideration to come to a definite conclusion as to the feasibility or otherwise of taking such an all important step, pregnant, no doubt, with manifold possibilities in the future. There is a

dignity at least in the desire for improvement displayed, though the realisation of it may remain, for a long time to come, a pious wish. Lack of funds, lack of qualified students, and many a similar want would impede the translation of a solemn desire into active practice. Thus the time has come that, without falling on Government support, a way should be found out of the difficulty. I may be scoffed at, a tide of fierce invectives may be directed against me, yet I cannot withhold the conviction that the only efficient means of overcoming the difficulty is by women choosing to worship in the same temple of knowledge with men, under the direction of a common priest and under cover of a common roof. A bold leap over the rotten pales of prejudice, and a strenuous attempt to disyoke ourselves from the hard and rigorous plough of iron custom, is thus highly necessary. I am not, I think, in suggesting this, cherishing a blind ideal. I can only point out that delay in taking this course would prove detrimental to the further progress of female education.

It may be argued that there is no reason for us to nurse despair, for it has been borne out by figures that the Malayalees are not behind other communities in the presidency in the percentage of female population able to read and write. But it is dubious whether the so-called elementary education would help the ardent social reformers in the uphill task to which they are devoted.

The social aspect of Malabar is peculiarly complicated. Primitive manners and customs are preserved with scrupulous care by the older generation; people are so much accustomed to them, so inextricably connected with them, being brought up to observe them to the very letter, that reformation does not appear to be so very easy as is supposed. It could not possibly be the work of days or months. Besides the education of the masses which alone would achieve the wondrous work of creating a single mind on burning social problems, there remains, though part and parcel of this wider question, yet in no wise insignificant, but the most important and therefore requiring special consideration, the question of female education. The obstruction that would result from their non-compliance would be no unavoidable factor to reckon with. Thus a proper realisation of the present degraded social condition of the Malayalee community would never warrant a lukewarm attitude. A half-hearted devotion to this all absorbing cause would only have a transient effect, which in the words of the poet may be described as;

"And thus your pains
May only make that foot-print upon sand
Which old-recurring waves of prejudice
Removes to nothing."

Sometime ago, in one of the issues of this valuable magazine, I do not quite remember which, I had occasion to see men as a whole being made the target of vehement criticism, that it is through their sheer neglect that women in India have not attained the learning and culture with which their sisters in other parts of the world are equipped. I am constrained to remark that this seems a little bit captious. That men are responsible to a certain extent for the present degraded condition of India's women, cannot but be admitted, on all hands. But at the same time do the women escape scot-free? To me it appears that a great portion of the blame rests on women themselves, for their own lassitude. Self-help is a quality in which the women of India have proved themselves wanting, and what men can do for them is but small when compared to the great amount of sacrifice they have to make for themselves, for their own regeneration. Unless they themselves make up their mind to be up and doing, there is no real possibility of their rising to that fascinating prestige when they can profitably share with men the hard toils of the workaday world. I do not in the least scruple to avoid my convic-

tion that to a greater or less degree they themselves should prove to be the architect of their own future greatness. They can hope to rise to that high pedestal of usefulness only by dint of their own powers of industry and perseverance; and to rest convinced that everything would be done for them by men, to blindly nurse a feeling of confidence in others, is surely choosing the easier route to everlasting degradation. To come to the purpose in hand, I shall make a strenuous appeal through the medium of this valuable magazine, to all the women of Malabar; to raise themselves equal to the task, to bestir themselves to the utmost, and to work with a zeal and passion that would bring fruits plentiful in the end, even it may be, in the face of strong opposition, and thus work out, however slowly, the salvation of Indian women and the glory of God, whose purpose we are here to fulfill. Signs are not wanting that we are on the road to the long expected millennium.

"However then commenced the dawn, a beam
Had slanted forward, falling in a land
Of Promise; fruit would follow."

K. A. MAKAR.



neck, and when the king, her father, stood stupefi-

ed at this, an oracle said. "Oh, king! Be not afraid. Your daughter in her past life was the daughter of another king. In her horoscope it was written that if she stayed in her father's country, all the country would be ruined." So her father was obliged to part with her. He placed her in a good box and floated the box in a river and she sailed on until a forester took her and brought her up. Thus she grew up and one day she met a *rishi* in the forest. As she worshipped him, he blessed her, thinking her to be married, "Long live your husband." She blushed and said she was unmarried. The *rishi* looked confused and then said, "Well, go; you will soon be born again with the symbol of marriage on your neck, and he who sees it shall be your lord." "So," said the oracle, "be not afraid, but marry her to the man who finds out this symbol. For none can see this symbol except her parents and her husband." When Chandramati came of age, there were many suitors to her hand and she was shown to them all. But

all were rejected, because they did not see the symbol. When Harischandra saw her he exclaimed, "What! Sir! you are going to give me a girl who is already married!"

Then the king told him her story, and the oracle said, "Harischandra! yes. What your father-in-law says is true. Marry her, for you are her husband. God bless you both." Then Harischandra married her, and they were both living happily with their boy Lohithasan.

In heaven, one day, in the *Indra Sabha*, Indra asked the *rishis* whether there lived any man on earth who never spoke a lie. At once Vasistha answered that there was one king called Harischandra who never told a lie. Visvamitra, Vasistha's rival, said, "Sire! Vasistha was Harischandra's *Guru* and so he praises his pupil. Moreover, why need a great king such as Harischandra tell a lie. He has everything which a man can want in his power; so he is not tempted to tell a lie. He knows no wants, no hardships, no fears, and is shielded by his circumstances from everything that tempts a man to do wrong. We must judge a man by his circumstances, and what have been Harischandra's but the best? When he is deprived of his high position, he will prove no exception to mankind." Then Vasistha said, "Sire! Not so. Even if reduced to the meanest state and he had to work like a dog, nothing but truth will come from Harischandra's lips. What can Visvamitra possibly know of Harischandra? I am not talking partially of my pupil."

Visvamitra cried out, "you say you are not partial. Then let us test him. Will you consent to this? I myself shall go and test him. You all shall then see the truthful Harischandra turn into a liar."

Then Vasistha calmly answered, "If you must test him, let it be so. He will have to suffer hardships, but his fame will only shine the brighter, as gold does after having been put into fire. But I warn you not to attempt it, for I am sure you will fail." Visvamitra exclaimed, "I shall not fail. If I fail to make Harischandra tell a lie, I will forfeit all my penance and will ride on an ass with my face turned towards its tail, all over heaven and earth." Vasistha too vowed that he would lose his penance and become a *neecha* and walk all over heaven and earth, if Visvamitra succeeded in making Harischandra tell a lie. Now Visvamitra rose and left the *sabha* thinking of a thousand plans to shame his rival by ruining the character of an honest man.

Visvamitra went to the earth and one day went to visit Harischandra. Harischandra welcomed him with due respect and enquired the happy cause of his being honored with such an unexpected visit. The *rishi* answered, "Oh, King!

Having heard of your great bounty, I came hither to seek help at your hands for an expensive *yagnyam* which I am going to perform." Harischandra replied that whatever he could give was at Visvamitra's disposal. Visvamitra said that he wanted enormous sums of money. On that, Harischandra took him to the treasury and told him to take as much as he wanted. Visvamitra said that he wanted the whole and that he would send for it when he was in need of it and then the *rishi* departed.

Visvamitra, by the power of his penance, ravaged Harischandra's country with famine and wild beasts, so that the king was obliged to abolish all kinds of taxes. This was not enough and many people died by famine. Then the king spent all the money he had in feeding and relieving them. He went to hunt the wild beasts which destroyed even the scanty harvest they had for that year. Now the beasts retreated into a thick forest and Harischandra followed them there. His army pulled down a little hovel they found in their way in the midst of the forest, and from out of it came Visvamitra, all in a rage, and cried, "Come! Are you a king, who protects, and helps *rishis* to do their penances? Well, indeed! To come and destroy my tranquillity and hinder my penances. See! how your men have destroyed my peaceful abode and holy *Agni* and killed the innocent creatures that live in the forest!" Here the king attempted to tell the *rishi* that he came there only to hunt the wild beasts that were doing so much harm to his country and did not know that the *rishi* was living there, and said that he would make amends for the loss the *rishi* had suffered.

Visvamitra broke forth again and said, "Sir! I have lost and suffered much by your want of care. What do you talk of making amends? How can you? Even if you were to offer me your kingdom and your riches as amends, that would not be enough." Harischandra could bear this no longer, and vexedly said that he might take the kingdom and the riches if he pleased.

Visvamitra was inwardly pleased that he had succeeded so far but kept up a dissatisfied air externally and said, "Well, I accept your kingdom since you have nothing more to offer. Go and inform my subjects that you are their king no longer, so that I may not have any trouble with them afterwards. I will come to the capital to-morrow." The king returned home, sad and perplexed. He went and told his wife of what had happened. She consoled him, though herself grieved. On the morrow, Visvamitra arrived and told Harischandra to leave the country. He found the country in a great tumult and the people secretly resolved to follow Harischandra wherever he went. But Harischandra quieted them and prayed them to stay, if they loved him.

As he was going with his wife and son, Visvamitra called them back, and asked Harischandra whether it was honest of him to carry with him those valuable jewels which he and his wife were wearing. Harischandra took those jewels and put them by, and as he turned, Visvamitra again reminded him that they were costly dresses. Harischandra and his wife and child went in to change their dresses and appeared arrayed in common clothes.

They bade farewell to Visvamitra and had just passed the palace gates when Visvamitra shouted after them once more. Harischandra came back and asked him what he wanted. Visvamitra said, "O truthful man! Where is the money you promised me for my *yaga*? You would gladly have escaped without giving me money, but I will not let you. Give me my money and then you may go your way." Harischandra was confounded; for he had forgotten all about the money. "I have no money to give you now" he said, "but if you will give me some time, I can earn and pay you. I had no wish to cheat you and truly I forgot all about it." "What!" cried Visvamitra, "give you some time? Surely you don't think me such a fool as to let you escape me! you cannot cheat me." "But I have no money to give you now" pleaded Harischandra, "I will earn and give you money if you will give me some time. I swear to you by the Almighty God I will not cheat you or tell a lie, and if I do so, may I never reach the *Swarga* where my forefathers live." Visvamitra seemed thoughtful and then said, "well, I give you one month, but I cannot trust you. So I send this lad with you, and when you have got the money, you may give it to him and he will bring it to me." With this he called one of his disciples, by name Nakshathrican and ordered him to go with Harischandra. Just as Harischandra turned to go, Visvamitra said, "Oh, You foolish man! If you will but tell me that you do not owe me money, I will give you back your kingdom and riches and pardon your lie. As for public opinion, your people never need know that you told a lie and even if they know it, they will not think it mean of you, for everybody tells lies. On the contrary, they will praise you because you have told only one lie in your whole life. Why need you lose your kingdom and suffer? If you tell one lie, I will give you all you have lost and more I can give you by the power of my penance. In heaven, your lie will be pardoned. So do not be foolish and suffer." Harischandra replied scornfully, "Your pardon, holy *rishi*. But you are the only *rishi* that ever tempted man to tell a lie. Every holy man teaches people not to tell a lie. But why more words? I will never tell a lie, even if it were to save my life. Farewell." "Well then; foolish and frail man," Visvamitra

cried, "go and suffer. Remember that you owe me money and send it within a month. Take good care of my disciple and never let him suffer from weariness or want."

Harischandra left Oudh for Benares with his wife and child, followed by Nakshathrican. They had to suffer many hardships on the way. They had much difficulty in getting food and whenever they got anything, they gave it first to Visvamitra's disciple, and the remaining food was given to the child, so that they had to starve almost every day. Once they were overtaken by a storm and it thundered and rained, as though the end of the world was nearing. They sat under an old banyan tree and Nakshathrican complained of the cold and wept like a child. Harischandra exclaimed, "O! Gods in Heaven! May there be an end of the storm, if I am a truthful and honest man!" At once the storm ceased and they proceeded on their way. Some days after, a wild fire broke out and they found themselves surrounded by it soon. There was no way for them to get out of the flames and they were panic-stricken. At last, Chandramati went near the fire and said, "O! Agni! If I am a true and chaste wife, listen to my prayer and leave the way clear for us to pass through." Then the flames divided themselves and left a path open through which they passed on. Nakshathrican, several times on their way, tempted Harischandra to say that he owed no money to Visvamitra and thereby gain his lost kingdom. Harischandra listened patiently without replying and thus they reached Benares. Nakshathrican, seeing that he failed in the attempt to make Harischandra tell a lie, now pressed upon him to pay the money soon, as there remained only one week for the end of one month, since Harischandra left Oudh. Chandramati said, "Dear Lord! Sell me and my son for the desired money and send it to Visvamitra. When you have earned enough money, you may come and redeem us. Do not hesitate, husband, there is no other way but this." Harischandra cried bitterly at his fate, but his wife consoled and reminded him of his promise, and said, "If you sell us now, you can redeem us someday or other. If you do not sell us now and thus lose your truthfulness and honour, you can never, never, redeem them again, at any cost." Then he sold her and his son for the required money to a Brahmin, who bought them by Visvamitra's direction. Then he gave the money to Nakshathrican, with a sigh of relief. Nakshathrican took the money and said, "Well, I take this as compensation for the hardships I have suffered in following you hither. Now you must pay me the money you owe to my *Guru*." Harischandra vainly pleaded that he did not invite Nakshathrican to follow him, nor had he made any promise

to pay him any money. Nakshathrican said, "As you please. I will not give one coin of this to my *Guru*. Do you think that I would follow you such a long distance, enduring all these hardships for nothing? No. I have taken this as my just compensation and will not part even from one coin of this money." Harischandra wished that he had gone and paid the money in person to Visvamitra; then he said, "Sell me and get the money." But Nakshathrican said, "You say that very easily indeed. Who will go with you through the streets of Benares in this noon-day sun until some one buys you." Saying this, he bound Harischandra's hands with ropes. Just then, a Pariah who owned the cremation ground came, and giving the desired money, bought Harischandra as his slave. Nakshathrican too turned and went his way. Harischandra followed his master, the Pariah, and was treated very badly by him, but he never resented it. The Pariah was exasperated by Harischandra's patience, and one day he seated himself on a high place and placed his two filthy feet on the monarch's shoulders, but Harischandra kept silent. Then the Pariah ordered him to be the watchman of the burning ground.

Chandramati's fate was even sadder. Her master had a very large family and his wife was a proud, conceited and cruel woman. Chandramati had to do all the household work. She had to rise very early in the morning and was allowed to go to bed only at midnight. All this she bore patiently, but there was one thing that tested even her patience. She could bear any hardships for herself, but she could not bear to see her child starved and beaten. One evening, her boy who had eaten nothing since morning, came to her and said, "Mother! Please give me something to eat; I feel very hungry." The mistress, hearing this, at once advised the boy to go to the river and drink the water there. Just then, the master coming, said, "To-morrow is *Amavasya*. So, boy, go and bring *dharba* and *vilva* leaves at once, or else I will beat you." Lohithasan hid his face in his mother's lap and began to cry. Then the mistress said, "Do you know, husband, what the boy says? It seems he is feeling hungry, and I advised him to go to the river and drink his belly full." The master said, "I do not care whether he is hungry or not. Go at once. Don't you hear me." With this the master raised his hand and beat the boy upon his back. The mother, with tears in her eyes, wiped her boy's face and whispered in his ear, "Go with the village boys and come back before nightfall. I will give you a good supper." The master beat the boy another time, dragged him to the verandah, and pushed him into the street. Lohithasan followed the village boys to the forest near the village.

They all gathered *dharba* and then climbed a large *vilva* tree and began plucking the leaves for *puja*. Lohithasan asked them to gather some leaves for him, but they refused, saying that he too had legs and hands and so must help himself. So he tried to climb and just as he had placed his foot upon a low branch, a serpent hissed out of a hole in the tree and bit his toe. He fell down at once, with one foot upon the branch, crying 'mother' and died. All the village boys were terrified and ran away. Chandramati grew restless at not finding her son return, but her mistress scolded her, saying—"Don't you fret like this. Do your work quietly and don't be always moaning. I tell you he is playing the truant-boy somewhere. I will take the life out of him when he returns; you go and milk the cows." Chandramati grew more and more anxious and was not satisfied with her mistress's assurance. Then she asked one of the village boys what had become of her son. After much hesitation the boy said that her son was lying dead under the large *vilva* tree in the midst of the forest, bitten by a snake. Chandramati wept bitterly and informed her master and mistress that her child was dead and begged hard to be allowed to go and burn the body. At once her mistress broke out. "You liar! Your boy dead and you want to go! I know all your plans very well. You cannot cheat me. Your boy is hiding somewhere, the little rascal! And you too want to join and run away with him. You shall not cross the doorstep." Then Chandramati begged of her master permission to go, and promised to return soon. Then the master said, "Well, you may go after your work is finished. First you must put the children to bed, then attend to the cows and tie them in their sheds, make the bed for your mistress and myself, and after all your other work is done, you may go, on condition that you return before day-break." Chandramati promised to return before day-break and went to do her work which was finished only a little after midnight. Then she started to seek her son's body and groped her way through the dark forest. She was afraid of nothing; the will-o'-the-wisps danced around her and the owls and jackals hooted and howled about her. But she neither saw nor heard anything; only one thought absorbed her and that was to seek her dead son. Many times she stumbled over stones, fell down into pits, and thorns pricked her feet and tore her clothes. A woman when inspired by love, hate, or any other passion, neither hears, nor sees, nor feels anything except the one object which absorbs her mind, and so all the dreadful objects around had no influence over Chandramati's mind. At last, she reached the place where the dead body of her son lay and placing it on her lap, she wept for

a long time and sobbed aloud thus,— "Born of a noble and righteous emperor, is it your fate to die a slave, thus bitten by a snake in this lonely forest? Your father never swerved from the truth and I thought that truth would prosper at last and fondly waited for the day when he would come and redeem us. When he comes and enquires after his dear child who played upon his lap, what can I answer? Speak one word to your wretched mother, give her one kiss. You are not cruel; awake, come to me!" After waiting thus for a long time, she took her son in her arms and kissing him several times all over his body, she placed him on her back and carried him with weary steps to the burning ground. There she put him on the ground, and gathering some dry sticks, she piled them up. Then she placed the corpse upon it, with a loving last kiss, and set fire to the sticks by striking two flints together. Seeing the fire, Harischandra, who was standing on a raised platform, jumped down, dragged down the corpse from the funeral pyre and addressing Chandramati said, "O woman! This ground is owned by my master and none can burn a body here without paying three coins, one measure of rice, and a towel; these are the usual fees. So give me these first and then only you can burn this body here." "Have some pity on me," cried Chandramati, "I am a slave to a Brahmin and I must go back to him before morning. I have nothing to give you, so take pity on a poor wretch, and let me burn the body here." "It is impossible," cried Harischandra. "I am myself a slave and this ground is my master's. I am bound to exact this fee from everybody that burn corpses here. You too must pay this fee. Get the fee from your master, or if he won't give you, beg it from somebody else. Sell your *thali* if you will, but I can't allow you to burn the body here without paying the fee." Chandramati exclaimed, "None save my husband Harischandra can see this *thali*. Wretch! How came you to see it." At once he cried, "My own wife! Chandramati!" and in an instant they recognized each other. Then they wept for a long while and told each other of what had happened since their parting. Then he said, "Chandramati! You see I am a helpless slave and so go you to the streets of Benares and beg there for the fee." She went, and on the way, out of weariness, sank under a tree. Just then something fell on her lap—the corpse of a princely boy and many valuable jewels tied in a silk cloth. Chandramati mistook it to be the corpse of her own son, and weeping, wondered how it came there. Some people came and caught her, bound her with ropes and dragged her through the streets; for, a thief having murdered the prince of Benares for his jewels, was pursued, and the thief threw

both the jewels and the corpse on Chandramati's lap and escaped. So the pursuers thought her the murderess of their prince and took her to the king's court. It was nearing dawn now and the city was in an uproar. She asked her guards what crime she had done, but was answered only with abuses. Many people thought her guilty, but some thought that such a beautiful and innocent-looking woman could not have committed such a heinous crime. She was taken to the court where she was cursed by the queen, and whipped and insulted in every possible way, and was ordered to confess her guilt; but she could not confess to what she had never done. Then she was sentenced to death and was taken to the Pariah, who owned the cremation ground, and who was also the executioner of the city. He ordered Harischandra to cut off her head. They wept for a long time, but Chandramati consoled him saying—"Now our child is dead, what happiness is there for me? If you do not kill me, some one will, and if you err in your duty, of what good will it be? I and our son will be waiting for you in heaven." Just as Harischandra took the sword, Visvamitra came and cried out—"Big fool! You do not know what you are doing! Are you doing your duty? No! Is it a husband's duty to kill a noble wife? Is this what your *Guru* taught you? Fanatic! Say that you never owed me money, and I will free you from your wretched bondage, bring your son back to life, and give you your kingdom. Accept this."

Harischandra grew angry, and said, "I pray you do not tempt me now." With this he raised the sword to strike, but his hand trembled, and it fell to the ground. He raised it again a second time, but it fell like a garland around her neck. He wept, but his wife was firm and advised him to strike firmly. The third time, raising the sword, he said, "May this blow never fail of its aim, if I am a truthful man." Then all the Devas descended from heaven and stopped his hand. Then, Vasishtha told him of the debate in heaven and how they had decided to try his truthfulness, and of Visvamitra's vow. Continuing, Vasishtha said that it was not all Visvamitra's fault, because in Harischandra's past life, he had aspired to be the lord of all the earth and consented to attain it by suffering much in one *Janma*, rather than attain it by leading beneficial, happy and unadventurous lives for three *Janmas*. Indra asked him to ask a boon. Harischandra asked that Visvamitra may not be compelled to undergo the penalty for having failed to make Harischandra tell a lie. Indra asked him to ask another boon for himself. Harischandra asked that he may never tell a lie for all his future *Janmas*. Indra asked Chandramati to ask two boons and she asked that

the prince of Benares and her own son may live again and that she may be the wife of Harischandra for all her future Janmas. Indra granted all these boons and the boys came back, and the king and queen of Benares were very glad to see their son alive. The Pariah and the Brahmin who owned Chandramati set them free, and begged their pardon for their cruelty towards them.

Visvamitra gave back Harischandra his kingdom and begged his pardon for what he had done. Harischandra pardoned him freely, but would not accept the kingdom as he said it was not his. Visvamitra said that it was not *his* as he had got it by unjust means and at last succeeded in making Harischandra accept the kingdom. They all hailed him as the lord of the earth, and they spent that day as the guests of the king of Benares. Then Harischandra, with his wife and child, went back to Oudh, where they were received with shouts of joy. There Harischandra, Chandramati and Lobhithasan lived happily for long time, like three models of Truth, Chastity, and Innocence.

AMBIA-LAKSHMI.

I. LECTURE GIVEN BY SARASWATI BAI

"ON FEMALE EDUCATION"

At the late Social Conference.

Noumi Sri Mathbharata
Mahila Parishadha Manuna Vibhava dyahm
Mathra Puri Ramabhibi
Kalpitha Nija Vigrabam Nuthnam

PRESIDENT AND DEAR SISTERS.



husbands, (2) Bhakti towards their priests and elders, (3) Devotion to God, (4) and staunch attention towards domestic affairs (*i.e.* to act as a good housewife). In order to attain the above

FEEL much delight in giving a lecture before such an educated audience as are present in this Conference today. The Sabha which undertook such an high task as this goes by the name of "Bharata Mahila Parishad Sabha," which means a Sabha formed for ladies chiefly to consider and discuss the various scopes of prosperity during their lives. The important duties of ladies are (1) Bhakti towards their

objects and for the execution of such duties, education is necessary to an extent. But generally our women misunderstand this and think that looking after domestic affairs alone forms their chief duty and not education, which is quite wrong from a sastric point of view. They generally spend the most part of their time in discussing various useless topics. Is it not better to utilise this time in educating themselves? I don't mean by the education of females, studying the various branches of literature as philosophy and others, or securing degrees in any English University, but to attain such knowledge in literature of their own languages as would prove sufficient to understand our sastras and the various lectures on our religion by various Pandits and to help their husbands by looking after minor domestic accounts, and to understand any strange news if brought by their husbands. This is the education, I meant, necessary to Indian ladies. I do not mean that you should not learn more than this if you are at liberty to do it. Every task, that ladies set to do, must be done with the permission of their husbands or elders, as this is one of the bye laws of our Sastras (Dharma Sastra). They can easily reap the fruitful consequences of performing such duties as were mentioned hitherto and of educating themselves. This education will render them helpful in leading their husbands to good paths, if they are likely to get into bad ways. Our ladies have a blind idea that ladies of older days have never been educated but this is not so, as by consulting various sastras we learn the following instances.—

In Mahabharata Savitri discussed about Dharma sastra with Yama and got her husband alive again who was dead. (2) In the same Mahabharata a lady has given a lecture on Chastity to a Brahmin, named Kousika. (3) In the same Mahabharata Draupadi explained Dharma sastra to Yudhishtira while he was put into great difficulties by his cousins Duryodana and others.

If the above ladies were not educated they would not have been in the least able to suggest such helping plans.

So I request you gentlewomen, not to entertain the idea that female education is not necessary, and I request you again to try to encourage female education as much as possible.



Our Children's Page.



The Back of No 15

(Continued from the last issue)

CHAPTER VII.

"WHAT will Aunt Alison be like!" said Maddie. We soon knew.

She knew us before we knew her, you know. But I suppose that was only very natural. Then, too, there were five of us all standing together. And there was only one of her.

She said, "Denzil!" And she put her hand upon his shoulder. "And this is Josie, I suppose?" And I prayed inwardly that she did not think I looked a *jungly-walla*. For the lady with her hand upon Denzil's shoulder was a stately-looking personage, indeed! And was dressed—well, I cannot tell you how—in the fashion, I suppose it was; but she was very grand, and most imposing.

She kissed Denzil, and he did not seem to mind at all; and after that she kissed us all in turn.

And ten minutes later we had kissed Mrs. Manners, too, and were speeding in another train to Riversmouth.

"Philly!" she said, and she took him on her knee. She seemed to like Philly best of all of us. "Philly, you're like father when he was a little boy." And I thought her lip quivered.

We laughed. Father didn't look to us at all like Philly.

Then she said, "What a great girl you are, Josie, to be sure! Are you really only twelve years of age? Your frock, my dear, might be, I think, a little longer."

"I've grown," I said. "The voyage made my legs grow, Aunt Alison. I'm an inch taller than Denzil"—and I laughed, for Denzil couldn't bear to know that I was taller—"and we'll be thirteen years of age in seven months."

She looked at me. And then she tried to put my hair a little tidier. It made Denzil laugh.

"Ill weeds grow apace, Aunt Alison," he said, "You'll—ahem—have to be patient with Jo.

And I wouldn't trouble about her hair, Aunt Alison; her hair's like—like the jungle, you know."

"I like your sauce," I said, and said it in Tomlins' style. Aunt Alison merely raised her eyes at me, and I knew at once that I had put my foot into it again—my two big feet that she was staring at—simply appalled!

"Fortunately they travelled to Maddie's little ones, and I saw her look approvingly at Maddie, and I felt so thankful that she was so civilized, you know, and so glad she'd been christened at the Cathedral.

Then she made Dot come and stand before her. And she said, "You've got your mother's eyes."

"Mother said we was never to forget her," said Dot.

And Philly added, "I remember mother quite well."

I thought I saw a kind of glistening in her eyes; but she didn't say a word. She put her cheek on Philly's head. And afterwards she blew her nose.

And soon we heard the porters shouting, "Riversmouth!" And our journeyings were over at last.

She said, "Wait here, children, while I see about the luggage," and left us on the platform alone.

Philly said, "She's got a nice smell about her." And Dot added, "I smelt it too."

"Denzil," I said, and I held him by the sleeve, "Oh! Denzil, what do you think about her?"

And Denzil said "The Bishop would rather have her for his relation, Josie, than Miss Whiteaway, I think."

"She's—what is the word for her? So—what is it, Denzil?"

"A stunner, I s'pose you mean?"

But Maddie put us to-rights as usual. "She's distinguished looking I think."

"And we'll have to look to our P's and Q's," said Denzil, and he laughed. "Poor old Jo!" he added.

I felt depressed. And mother seemed so very far away, and I thought—supposing we had found her here, you know, waiting as a surprise! And three years seemed so endless—endless.

"Come, children," Aunt Alison said.

It was raining; but in England it seems to be always raining, it made me feel quite cross.

Dot said, "England's a very rainy place!"

"Nonsense!" Aunt Alison said.

I felt inclined to make a face behind her back only Philly was looking at me. And I felt the responsibility of being the eldest of course, and remembered about examples and patterns.

"Nonsense!" she said, as if it settled the matter there and then. And it was always raining in England.

In India, you see, we have the rain all at one season—a very great advantage, I think. It's the time, you know, they call the monsoon. In England it keeps on dripping all the year; and everybody keeps on saying, "If it's fine!"

If it's fine, we'll have the picnic to-morrow. If it's fine we'll do this or that. Why, we have nine months' fine weather, with hardly a break in India?

In England—oh, dear! But, as Denzil very truly remarked, "England's not a patch on India!"

And Aunt Alison might say, "Nonsense!" as much as she liked—it was pouring in torrents now.

"It's raining cats and dogs!" said Philly. And we drove rapidly through the streets of Riversmouth.

It was getting dark, and everything looked dismal and very sloppy. Then the horses pulled up with a stamp and a snort, and the front door of No. 15 was flung open. A lovely red light came streaming out of the hall; I must say it looked warm and very cosy. And a maid with a white apron ran down the steps and thrust her head into the carriage.

"My, ma'am! What a dreadful evening it is!" she cried; and she had Philly in her arms in a twinkling. "You come along of me, my pet," she said. "Car'line is going to take care of you," and we heard her say, "E's a little bewty, 'e is," and then a sound of kisses.

And her eyes were so black, and her cheeks were so red, that she reminded me of Susie Larkins, only Car'line was dressed in a smart black dress, and Susie was draggle-tailed and rather shabby. And her voice was so hearty and her manner so kind that I wouldn't have minded kissing her myself.

Then she ran down the steps with an open umbrella in her hand, and we all ran under it in turns. And I heard Dot say, "My elastic is caught in my hair!"

And she said, "Car'line will undo it, lovey." "Was it you that had the scarlet fever?" asked Dot.

And she said, "No, pet, it was Martha, the housemaid."

"We were to be made tidy. I think Aunt Alison was ashamed of my hair; but Car'line said that she would see to it, and took us all upstairs."

Denzil was to have father's room. "The room he slept in when he was a boy hisself," so Car'line said; and a dear little room it was.

Dot and Philly's room was next to it. And Car'line would sleep there as well.

I said, "Philly always says his prayers to me."

"He shall say em still," she said.

"You know, Car'line, I promised mother."

"I'm sure you did," she said.

Maddie and I were to have another room. And it was the loveliest room of all! There was a pale-blue paper on the wall, and two of the dearest little beds.

Denzil asked if there were any rats in the roof. But Car'line shuddered.

Philly said, "There were lots of rats in our bungalow at home." It made Car'line shudder again. "Dot was so frightened of them."

"And so were you," said Dot. "A rat fell down on the bed one night. Philly cried," said Dot.

Then we washed our hands and faces, and tidied up our hair, and Car'line took us down to see Aunt Mary.

She was fat, and she had a handsome lazy face, and a slow, lazy, soft, drawling sort of voice. We soon found that she was only mildly interested in us; she was much more interested in her knitting.

If there had been only Aunt Mary at Riversmouth, I don't think she would have troubled to receive us. Aunt Alison, on the contrary, would have done anything for father; and she was determined to do her duty to us.

The room was beautiful. I had never seen such a beautiful room in all my life. The soft carpet on the floor, the pictures on the walls, and the dainty low chairs and sofas! It was full of flowers, too, cut flowers, arranged so prettily in vases. And, there were lovely plants in pots. One graceful, drooping, yellow flowering plant scented the whole big room.

"It's the genista," Aunt Alison said.

Dot would keep smelling and smelling it. And there were pink flowers that she called azaleas, and maiden-hair ferns in pots.

And I couldn't help thinking of my long legs and arms, and my two big horrible feet, and prayed inwardly that they wouldn't kick anything over. Maddie moved about delighted in it, and she looked so dainty and small. It was simply cruel that she wasn't the eldest.

And the soft shaded lights shone on Aunt Mary's placid face. As for Aunt Alison—she looked part of the room. It was just the sort of room she should be mistress of, I thought.

Denzil said afterwards, "It suited her down to the ground."

Aunt Mary said, "Wouldn't you like to learn this stitch, Josie?"

I simply shuddered; and Denzil laughed aloud. "I—I don't like knitting, Aunt Mary," I said. "I'm not good at stitches and sewing. I—Maddie is," I said triumphantly. "And yes, it's a beautiful shawl!"

"What are you good at, Josie?" Aunt Alison asked. And Denzil began to cough.

"I—Father said I was only 'good' for a tom-boy, Aunt Alison," I answered. She looked rather severe, I thought.

Fortunately a gong sounded at that instant from the hall, and we had to go into the dining-room for tea—a half tea, half supper sort of meal it was, on account of our having arrived so late.

Aunt Alison came with us, and sat at the head of the table; but Aunt Mary didn't come at all; she snuggled back in her easy chair, and went on placidly with her knitting.

Philly gave a shout. And Dot cried, "Oh! Josie, it's one of father's tigers!"

And there on the floor, lying before the fireplace as a hearth rug, was a magnificent tiger-skin. Father had sent it from India.

Large glassy marbles made up its staring eyes, and its mouth was wide open in a snarl. Maddie stooped and put her hand upon the great head tenderly.

And Denzil said, "It's a splendid specimen, Aunt Alison. It's one of the very best!"

It was a bit of our jungle home.

CHAPTER VIII.

I could hardly believe when I woke up next morning that we were at No. 15 at last. Maddie was still asleep. But I could hear Dot and Philly talking together in the next room.

"Aunt Alison," I heard, and then, "Aunt Mary." And something about the tiger-skin downstairs.

And then Dot said, "Come and look at the garden, Philly." And I thought I'd get up and look at the garden, too, myself.

There was a wall on either side of it, and another wall at the end. And the end wall cut off somebody else's garden. There was a long piece of grass; it was beautifully shaved; I suppose they called it a lawn, and a gravel path ran on either side of it.

Over the paths there was an archway, here and there, all at equal distances, and all supporting some leafless looking creepers. Roses—I found out afterwards. *Gloire de Dijon* was the name of one; and *Crimson Rambler* was another. It all looked very cramped.

Better than Miss Whiteway's, of course. Better, oh! a hundred thousand times! But after the jungle, you know. . . .

The front of the house was as dull as ditch-water. It was the back only that was interesting; the front was dreadfully prim.

"Dignified," Maddie said it was. But dignity is often dull.

There was a row of trees on each side of the street. That's why they called it an avenue—No. 15, Portland Avenue. It sounded dignified to Maddie.

There was a little garden in front, and a short gravel sweep. Aunt Mary called it, "The drive." And a few very uninteresting looking bushes. Opposite was another house, almost the *facsimile* of ours, and two elderly ladies were always knitting in the window.

Car'line referred to them, as, "Them two frumps." She said, "They ate six pen'orth of raffles at a sittin'."

A confectioner's boy was always rapping at the side door and handing in little paper parcels. Dot longed to be asked to tea. We often met them when we went for walks, and they would pat Philly on the head and say, "Here come the little Indians."

They told us they would fix a day for tea. But they hadn't fixed it yet.

Car'line looked at their clothes with great contempt. They wore very old-fashioned things. Dulcie said, "They got them out of the Ark."

And Ted said, "Mrs. Noah left them in her will."

Dulcie's name was Dulcie Everill. She lived at the back of our house. And Ted Simpson was her step-brother.

It was they who made the back so interesting—they and their brothers and sisters. Four girls and four boys—eight of them altogether, and a little Irish terrier called Kitty. Our back garden wall joined their garden wall; and we could look into each other's premises from our windows.

In the mornings we could see their soldier servant cleaning the boots. His name was Gallagher. Somebody or other was always shouting for Gallagher. And it was, "The Major wants you, Gallagher! Hurry up!"

The Major himself was always bawling "Gallagher!" He had a stentorian voice. And when Gallagher was pottering about the garden, and the Major appeared and bawled, Gallagher would hold himself erect in a twinkling, and would answer, "Sorr!" and salute.

The Major was Major Simpson, and he had married the Everills' mother. He was an officer in the Artillery, and his battery was stationed at Riversmouth. We learned afterwards that they'd come from Jersey, and that they'd been at Riversmouth five months.

There were five Everill children and only three Simpsons. "But the Simpsons," Ted said, "always gave as good as they got."

Ted was the first member of the family that we got to know. It was the very first morning after our arrival. He heard voices on our side, so he climbed upon the wall, and saw Dot and Philly in the garden.

"Hulloa, kiddies!" he said.

So Dot said, "Hulloa!"

"Are you coming to live here?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Dot and Philly both together, and Philly added, "We've come from India."
 "Phew!" said Ted, and he gave a long whistle.
 "Are there any more of you?" he asked.

Dot said, "There are five of us."
 And Philly said, "We left the babies in India."
 "How many babies?" asked Ted.
 "Only two," replied Philly. "Daisy and the Baby. Baby's only eight months old—quite small."

And Dot said, "And five of us have come to England. There's me and Philly, and Maddie's older than me, and Josie and Denzil's the oldest. And they're twins."

"How much?" inquired Ted.
 "Twins," repeated Dot. "Josie and Denzil are twins."

"What's that?" said Ted.
 "They was borned together," replied Dot.
 "Great Scott!" ejaculated Ted. Then he looked down into his own back garden, and said to someone on the other side. "Pet! There are Injuns over the wall—five of them! And they've come to live here."

"Oh, Ted!" she gasped.
 And he said, "Go and tell Jackie Dear and Kid Ernie."

"Are they black, Ted?" she asked.
 "Black as jet," he answered. And then he winked on our side at Dot and Philly.

They heard her crying, "Injuns! And black as jet!" And out ran the other Simpsons and the Everills.

Bob said, "What's the row, Ted?" He was one of the Everills. He and Ted were both about thirteen years of age.

And Jackie Dear and Pet, who were both Everills as well, said, "Are they still there in Miss Fortescue's garden?"

Ted said, "Yes. And the little un's grinning like mad." And once more he gave a wink at Philly.

"Lift me up, Bob," cried Pet. "Oh! do, please, lift me up. I do so want to see the Injuns."

"Not if I know it, Fatty," returned Bob. Then he asked again, "What's the row, Ted?"

"Injuns," replied Ted. "And the two eldest are twins. And—swarm up, and take a squint yourself, Bob."

So Bob swarmed up, and sat on the wall with Ted, and laughed and wagged his head at Dot and Philly.

And Philly said, "Is your name Bob?"

And Dot said, "Tell the others to come up."

"Me no ispeak Inglis," replied Bob. "Me foreigner."

And Ted roared.

Then a voice from the other side of the wall said, "He *can* speak English, and he isn't a foreigner. Oh! what a story, Bob."

"Run and tell mother," said Bob.

And the same voice said, "Yes, I will, and I'll tell her you called me Fatty, too."

At this another voice chimed in, "Pet, you're not to tell tales. You know mother said you were not."

"She's not your mother, Lydia Simpson," answered Pet.

Dot looked at the boys, and suddenly became shy. "Would you like me to call Josie?" she said.

"Please do," returned Ted. "And give my compliments to the twins. And—er—" to Philly—"what did you tell me your name was?"

Philly looked at him and simply grinned with delight. "She's Dot, and I am Philly Fortescue."

"Come, Josie," panted Dot. "There's two boys upon the wall, and one of them says he can't speak a word of English; and the other sent his compliments, and will you and Denzil come, and there's lots of other children trying to climb the wall."

We tore into the garden, and Maddie ran as well. And that was the first time we saw the Simpsons.

Ted and Bob were sitting upon the wall; the five others had their faces popping just above it. They were on a wheelbarrow, and a box, and a short step-ladder, and were all grinning hard at Ted's "Injuns."

Not Dulcie. Dulcie at that moment hadn't come upon the scene. Besides, Dulcie wouldn't have demeaned herself by climbing on a box. Dulcie was nearly fifteen.

Bob opened the conversation by politely saying, "Ahem!"

And Ted said, "Am I in the presence of the twins?"

Denzil laughed, "My name is Fortescue," he said.

Dot said in an Irish whisper, "Foreigner, and can't speak a word of English."

Bob lifted his cap. "Poor Chinaman!" he said, "No ispeak Inglis. Bad! Bad!"

"Oh! what a story," said Pet.

"Silence!" said Ted, and he hit the wall with a short stick. "Ladies and gentlemen. I am a thought-reader. This lady with the long legs, and the—ahem!—tangled locks, is no other than Miss Josie Fortescue. The gentlemen at her side—and their noses are uncommonly alike—is, if I read his thought aright, her twin-brother. This dainty little girl, and he pointed with his stick, "rejoices in the name of Maddie. The two little kiddies—"

But Dot interrupted the thought-reader. "You said we was Injuns, and as black as jet! He said, 'As black as jet, Josie.'"

There was a pause. Ted's eyelids faintly quivered. He reminded me of Vincent Johnson,

for his hair was red and his face was dreadfully freckled.

Then one of the girls—she, too, had a freckled face—said, "You mustn't mind anything my brother Ted says; he only—only wants to poke fun."

"And doesn't generally succeed," added another of the girls. We learned afterwards that she was Lal, one of the Everills.

"There's one for you, old chap," Bob said.

"I thought you were a foreigner!" he exclaimed.

Denzil shouted. He began to sing:

"Chinaman! Chinaman!
 Monkey's face;
 Hasn't got a pig-tail,
 And doesn't know his place."

The two girls began to laugh. And then the boys exploded. We laughed. And they laughed. And we all laughed together. And Pet's voice was heard above the din. "He *can* speak English, and he's not a foreigner at all. And I'll tell mother."

She was a pretty little thing, about as old as Dot, and had large grey eyes with very black lashes.

And that's how we got to know the Simpsons.

Ted said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I beg your pardon. If you will permit me I shall introduce ourselves in proper form. Once upon a time we were two families, let me explain. At the present moment we are—" he coughed—"one happy one."

"Hear! hear!" said Bob.

"The Simpsons—"

"I call that cool," interrupted Lal. "Just you begin with the Everills."

"Hear! hear!" repeated the Chinaman.

"To hear is to obey," said Ted. "I bow, madam, to your polite commands. The Everills consist of five—five individuals, and one dog—an Irish terrier of the name of Kitty."

"What about mother?" said Lal.

"Your mother," retorted Ted, "is a Simpson."

"It's a trifle mixed up," put in Denzil with a laugh. "Which of you are Everills and which are Simpsons?"

"I'm an Everill," screamed out Pet.

"And so am I," said a darling little boy. He was simply lovely. They called him Jackie Dear.

"Silence!" said Ted, rapping the wall with his stick. "I shall introduce us in the proper order. I—"

"You, indeed! You're a Simpson," said Lal.

"Begin with Dulcie, if you please, Ted."

"My friends," said Bob—

Then Denzil interrupted again, "I back the Chinaman," he said.

"My friends," began Bob.

And then another little red-headed boy burst in:

"Chinaman! Chinaman;
 Monkey's face!"

and stopped short, for he could not remember any more. And that naughty Philly added the two next lines:

"Hasn't got a pig-tail,
 And doesn't know his place."

And Pet screamed with laughter.

Then the biggest girl of all—the one with the freckled face, who had said, "You must not mind what my brother says" looked at me and laughed. "Boys are idiots," she said. "I vote that one of the girls does the introduction."

She had strong white teeth, and long, fair, flaxen hair. And her smile was very catching.

"I will," said Lal. And plunged into the matter directly. "Dulcie is an Everill—she's the eldest—she's not here. She's nearly fifteen years of age. Bob comes next—he's the Chinaman. Then I. My name is Lal. Then Pet—"

"My real name name is Petronella," put in the little grey-eyed girl. "I'm only called Pet for short—"

"Be quiet, Pet," said the little red-headed boy.

"Pet is nearly eight," went on Lal hastily, "and Jackie Dear is five, and he's the baby. The Simpsons are only three. Lydia—this is Lydia with the flaxen hair—she is the eldest, thirteen. Ted comes next—the one who talks so much and accomplishes nothing—his hair is—"

"Whisper it gently," murmured Bob.

"Red!" went on Lal, "real carrots; and this thin little chappie with the other red head is Ernie. We call him Kid Ernie, because he's small and rather frail." She paused for want of breath.

Denzil lifted his cap. "I call a vote of thanks for Miss Lal's lucid explanation."

"Hear! hear!" said Bob. And he added,

"Once seen, the Simpsons are never forgotten—freckled all of them—and two-thirds carrots. The good looks, excuse my mentioning it, are all on the Everills' side. Dulcie is a beauty, or fancies herself one—which often comes to the same thing. Pet and Jackie Dear speak for themselves. Ahem! So do I. The least good-looking one of our family is Lal. Lal, if you will have the goodness to look, is the connecting link between the two families; for while the chief peculiarity on the Simpsons' side is carrots, Lal's nose, you perceive, is a turn-up!"

"It isn't," said Lal.

But it was turned up, just a little—what the French call *retroussé*. It suited her.

And glancing at the seven faces on the wall, it was perfectly easy to pick out the handsome Everills from the freckle-faced and red-headed Simpsons.

"And now," said Ted, "you've been made acquainted with the Simpsons. And the Simpsons bid you welcome to Riversmouth. The Simpsons—"

"Pon my soul!" bawled a stentorian voice, and a door opened and shut violently in the distance. "What are you doing on that wall? You, Ted! You get off that wall directly. What will Miss Fortescue think? Those children are going to the dogs! Where the dickens. . . . Gallagher!"

"Sorr!" burst out Gallagher.

It was just like a shot out of a pistol.

And we heard, "children," and "wall," and "Miss Fortescue," and, "dogs" all in the stentorian bawl. It sounded terrible.

Then the voice that had answered, "Sorr!" was speaking under the wall. It sounded as if the owner were grinning. It said in a strong Irish accent, "The Meejer's compliments, an' he'll be obleeged, he says, ef you'll lave the wall alone."

Ted grabbed a bit of loose mortar and flung it at the speaker, and Gallagher had to duck. It made him slip, and in trying to save himself he planted his foot in one of the Everills' flower beds.

Bob roared. Lal gave a cry of indignation. And Ted said, "Pray, excuse us." Then he grinned. "We have an important engagement indoors. See you to-morrow." And the last of the heads disappeared.

"Aren't they funny?" said Dot.

We all shouted. And Maddie said, "Hush!" And then we listened. For another voice was speaking now.

"The Major's quite surprised at you! Even Lydia! As for the boys—!"

It said "boys" in a scathing tone. It was a delightful voice, a high-bred voice, a very English voice—what mother would have called, "clean and clipt." I quite shuddered for our *chee-chee*.

"Don't speak so loud," said Ted. "Dulciee listen! There are Indians over the wall. Five of them. We were merely looking at them. Black as jet! Rolling eyes! Tight little curls! Babbling in a foreign language—"

Dulcie interrupted him in a voice of scorn. "Miss Fortescue's nephews and nieces from India are coming to live with her. I suppose they have arrived."

And Bob said, "You must lace up your boots over night, old chap, to get over Dulcie, you know."

And Pet added, "Tad's a story-teller, too. They aren't Injuns. And they aren't black at all. They are just like us. I'll tell mother."

"Great Scott!" we heard Ted cry. "Now, look at that!" And he pointed to Gallagher's foot-mark in the bed. "There's Dulcie gone and put her foot into it again. Won't she just catch it from Lal. I always know the mark of Dulcie's hoof. Poor Lal. She's put her beetle-crusher on a teeny-weeny crocus peeping up—"

"It's a daffodil, you silly," interrupted Lal. "And that isn't Dulcie's foot at all," said innocent little Jackie Dear. "That's Gallagher's foot-mark, Ted."

The boys roared. And one of them said:

"E'en the slight harebell" raised its head,

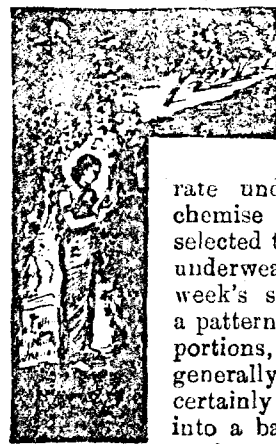
Elastic from that airy tread!"

"Aren't they funny!" said Dot.

(To be continued.)

Our Needle-work Column

HOME DRESSMAKING.

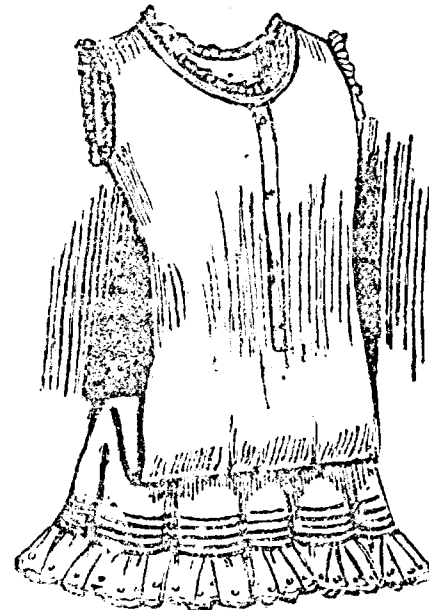


SO many of my readers, I find, are glad to have patterns of underwear, and as combinations are now so much more worn than the separate under-garments—that is, chemise and knickers—I have selected that particular article of underwear for the first of this week's sketches. This depicts a pattern with the wide legged portions, which are now so generally worn, and which are certainly prettier than when set into a band. I have, however, arranged it so that it can be finished off in the ordinary way at the knees, as I know there are many of my older readers who do not care quite so much for the "new-fangled styles" as the younger generation.

The pattern can be made either of flannel, flannelette, or longcloth, but if the first-named materials be used, it might take the place of a flannel petticoat, if left as sketched, though I expect the majority of wearers would then prefer to arrange the knee-part into a band—the usual way. If suspenders be worn—and they usually are—a buttonholed opening should be made if needed, either in front or at the side.

The diagram shows the pattern placed on 36-inch material, opened out to its full width and folded in half, the broken line curving in-

wards from the leg, indicating the shape to be taken should a narrower leg be preferred and as will be seen it is an alteration quite easily made.

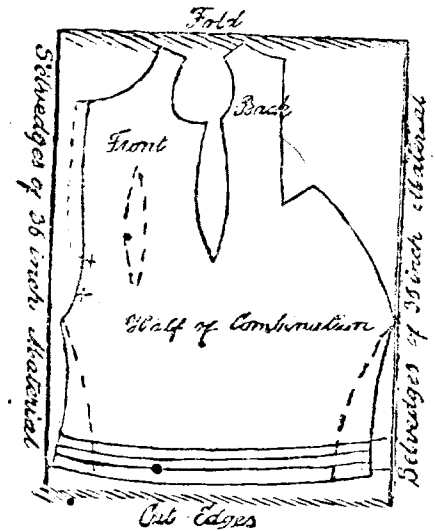


Allow about an inch turnings in the back and front, and three-eighths of an inch at the under-arm, centre-back, and elsewhere; the darts are better not cut out till the combination has been fitted on, as they may require some alteration.



When cut out, join up the leg seams, and if flannel or flannelette be used, these should be run and herring-boned down raw-edged, not felled as in longcloth. Now join up centre-back, under-arm, and shoulder-seams in the same way, tack up darts, and try on if possible, and if correct seam up as directed, cut off dart turnings, and finish these off in the same way.

Now join up fronts a short distance from the point of leg-seam, as marked by the crosses, then face the left-front with a strip of material cut to shape; though the neater way is to leave a wrap on the front when cutting out, as I have indicated by a broken line. The right front has a wrap sewn on and stitched at each edge, in which buttonholes are made, the buttons being secured to the left side.



Neaten the back part of the combination, then fold the wrap portions one over the other, and stitch firmly down. Turn in and finish off neck, with insertion and embroidery, then make tucks in the leg-part, and finish off with embroidery, as sketched. If the banded knees be preferred then tucks would be omitted, and the edge gathered and secured into a band.

About three yards of 36-inch material are required, as well as three yards of narrow embroidery and three yards of lace.

It is now the turn of the young girl, whose needs have been, I fear, somewhat overlooked of late, and the next sketch, shows a simple and girlish frock of the pinafore type, which is particularly becoming to the "jeune fille" in her early teens. This is a style which lends itself not only to making up in new materials, and for wear over a variety of blouses, but it is one which has many possibilities where renovations are concerned.

For instance, should the bodice be a trifle tight, it could be opened up the centre, and widened by means of the box-pleat, contrived from the best parts of the sleeves, which, as they will probably be a trifle worn, would be better taken out, the armhole widened, and trimmed with a band of crossway striped material, like that round the neck. The skirt, as is most probable, will require lengthening, and here the band of striped and crossway material will do good service; as by far the best thing to do is to cut off the lower portion, a few inches up from the hem, and let it down the required length, by means of lining or strips of material, which will be hidden by the convenient crossway fold. Of course, this must be carefully made to correspond with the opening, and be of the required depth.

This is a most satisfactory way of letting down a skirt, and a frock thus renovated would take on quite a new lease of life and usefulness, and be altered beyond recognition.

If made of new material about four yards of 44-inch goods and one yard of striped material will be needed.

Editorial Notes

It is with great regret that I find it necessary to pen the following few lines. In spite of repeated appeals for help, the magazine has not been progressing financially. It should be understood here that I do not want help for the magazine in a directly pecuniary sense—I do not want contributions of money. I want help in the sense of obtaining for me more subscribers. Month after month, the magazine is printed; very little money comes in and the consequence is that the bills at the press increase, and I find it necessary to pay them out of my own pocket—a thing which I cannot always be doing. As I said once before, I do not know to what this is due—whether to the unworthiness of the magazine, or to the indifference of the public to an object in which they ought to take a vivid interest. I can conscientiously say I have been doing my best for the magazine, and I am very sorry if I have not fulfilled my duty well. In any case, the fact remains that the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* is the only one of its kind in India, and as such it ought to be encouraged and supported, if only to make it what it ought to be—a fitting

mouthpiece for the advanced womanhood of India, a womanhood which, I am convinced, will in years to come be as bright an ornament in the civilization of the world, as the sweet womanhood of even that great country—Europe.

But—for the present—things cannot go on as they are. Something has to be done; and this is what I propose to do. Instead of publishing the magazine every month, I propose to bring it out once in two months, at the same time increasing the pages of the magazine by about two forms—that is to say—16 pages. I earnestly hope my subscribers will acquiesce in this arrangement, and will not, on this account, cease from subscribing to the magazine. I shall try my best not to make them lose by this arrangement. In any case, I can assure them that the subscription of Rs. 4 a year, which is now too little for the journal, will not be too much for it, as I now propose to publish it. As soon as I get more subscribers—for instance, about four hundred more—I shall bring back the magazine to its original condition.

In conclusion, may I beg of my subscribers to stand by me and help me? I do not wish to give up the magazine, as it will be difficult to start it again. What I now propose to do seems to be the only chance for it. There are, of course, many Indian ladies in all parts of India who can start magazines of this sort, and better still than this; but the difficulty is to find co-operation. Let me then earnestly hope that it will not be found necessary to stop the publication of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, which has been continuing its little life for nearly eight years, through the kindness of the public, whom I now ask to help me.

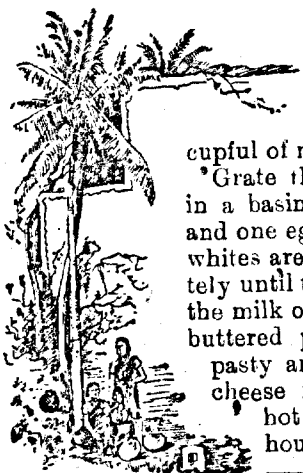
Our Cookery Column

Cheese Tart.

INGREDIENTS.

—Half a pound of cheese, a tablespoonful of flour, three eggs, salt, a cupful of milk or cream.

Grate the cheese and put it in a basin, add the flour, salt and one egg after the other (the whites are often beaten separately until they froth), and lastly the milk or cream. Have your buttered pan ready with the paste and pour into it the cheese mixture. Bake in a hot oven for half-an-hour.



Semolina Cake.

Ingredients.—The same as in the former recipe, only in the place of rice take semolina. Tapioca and sago can also be prepared in the same manner, also tapioca with apples in the place of almonds. These cakes will be found most appetising and a nice change to the everlasting puddings and pies of England.

Carraway Tart.

Ingredients.—One and a half pounds of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pint of milk, salt, a spoonful of baking powder, carraway seeds.

Mix the butter in the flour, add a teaspoonful of salt, and the milk and baking powder, knead the paste well, roll it out, lay it rather thickly on an open butter tin, make an ornamental design on top with a fork or knife, paint with the yolk of an egg, and cover thinly with carraway seeds. Bake for half an hour in a hot oven.

Purée of Chestnuts with Whipped Cream.

Ingredients.—Two pounds of chestnuts, a quarter of a pound of moist white sugar, half a pint of cream.

Cut the chestnuts through the upper peel, and boil them in water, until soft. Now take them from the water, peel them carefully and pass them through a sieve; stir into them the sugar, which must also have been first boiled. Place this purée into an open glass dish, and meanwhile whip your cream until it is quite thick. Cover the purée with the cream, and serve cold.

Apple-Meringue.

Ingredients.—One pound of sour apples, a quarter of a pound of sugar, the rind of half a lemon, the whites of four eggs.

Peel and quarter the apples, and cook them soft in water with the sugar lemon rind. Pass them through a sieve and mass them up on a glass dish and leave them to cool. Now beat your whites of eggs to a stiff froth with the addition of a pinch of salt, a tablespoonful of white moist sugar and a few drops of vanilla essence. Cover the apples with this mixture, and either serve cold or bake in a hot oven until of a golden brown colour.

To use up the yolks of the above eggs I will give another recipe.

What has been done for and by Indian Ladies

A LADY PUNDIT.

Among the results declared at the meeting of the Board, this morning, of the Mysore Local examinations, under the Presidency of the

Inspector-General of Education, it is most gratifying to learn that a female candidate of the Maharani's College for the Pandit Examination has come out successfully at the very top of men who have passed. A marvellous success in female education, in the direction of Sanskrit and Mysore can well be proud of this success as leading the way in female education. This successful female candidate in a talented young lady, and is a widow, by name Sundarammal, who will hereafter be known as "Pundit Sundarammal."

EDUCATION OF CATHOLIC GIRLS IN MANGALORE.

[By a Catholic Graduate.]

It is indeed surprising that the leaders of the intelligent and enterprising Catholic community of Mangalore have not yet devoted a serious thought to this all important question. Although it is admitted on all hands that the system of teaching at present in vogue in the schools conducted by the Sisters of the St. Ann's Convent is capable of improvement, yet beyond certain desultory and abortive attempts made by a liberal section of the community there does not appear to be any prospect of a change in the near future.

High School teaching given in the Convent schools is no doubt sound, from a literary point of view, and enables a few to win academical honors. But so long as the majority of the girls attending the schools have no other outlook on life than that of fulfilling the natural role of a wife and mother, it cannot be said that a purely literary education is very much to the purpose. To face the stern realities of life the greater number of them are, if one were to judge by the results, totally unsuited. What with the incessant cramming of algebraical and geometrical problems, the intricacies of a Canarese grammar, and other worthless subjects, the naturally delicate constitution of the average present-day girl is shattered even before she grows into womanhood. The inevitable result is deplorable. A physical wreck of a woman is the experience of many a young husband who has of late married a girl from one of these schools. Not only is she unable to discharge the duties and functions of a wife and mother, but even the every day household management has to be carefully supervised by the husband. Further, a woman servant has to be employed in most cases to look after matters relating to her personal health. Far from being a helpmate to her husband, such a wife necessarily becomes a drag on one whose mind is already surcharged with the responsibilities connected with his daily

avocations. As a result of an agitation set up by the far-seeing and prudent section of the community some improvements are understood to have been made. But they do not seem to go far enough. Suffice it to say that advanced needle work, domestic economy, hygiene, music and such other every day useful subjects do not still find a place in the curriculum of the schools. What is wanted is a sensible blending of the utilitarian and literary subjects which would facilitate an educated girl to discharge creditably the duties that she will be called upon to perform during her married life.

These are days of reform; and the need for a system of imparting to our girls education in technical and practical branches of knowledge is now more imperative than ever. The abolition of the Matriculation Examination should afford a fitting opportunity to the Nuns for effecting a timely revision in their curriculum with a view to meet the essential requirements of the community they are serving.

It would also be advantageous if the powers-that-be at the St. Ann's Convent were to look about them awhile and see how similar institutions for bringing up girls are managed elsewhere in India. To give one instance, the Parel Convent in Bombay has a unique reputation in this respect. Why then should not a commonsense and practical training for girls calculated to make them efficient housewives and healthy mothers and based on the system followed in that institution be also introduced in Mangalore? Some free exchange of ideas between the authorities of the two Convents must undoubtedly lead the Sisters of Mangalore, who lack no resources, to come forward themselves and initiate the requisite reforms such as would be met with favour by the Government and strongly supported and appreciated by the public. There is no reason why a few among the lay community, representative ladies and gentlemen, should not be taken into confidence and freely consulted in a matter which is of vital importance for the future good-being of the Catholic community. In this way a scheme to suit all interests could be easily devised. It is necessary to remark that the time has now come when the insularity and conservatism of some of our institutions in Mangalore should give way before the advancing tide of liberal thought which is now carrying everything on to the royal road of prosperity and progress.

The discerning young man of the day looks to a wife who can be to him more of a help and support than an ornament, and if he fails to find one answering his requirements in his own community, and elects to give the choice to one belonging to another but bred up for more practical life, who is to be blamed? Surely not

the young man. It is well known that those who have so far married girls brought up in places other than Mangalore, have made better wives and mothers and are better able in every way to withstand the difficulties inseparable from life in a city like Bombay. It is Bombaywards that almost every parent of a grow-up girl these days casts his glance and to equip the latter properly it is incumbent on the community to lose no time in conceiving, with the aid and co-operation of the nuns, measures to bring about the necessary reforms in the system of training their girls. Failing the nuns, however, to satisfy reasonable demands in regard to this matter, after it has been brought to their notice, the duty devolves on the leaders of the community, a duty which they ought not to shirk on mere sentimental considerations. In such a case, the bold step forward will have to be taken sooner or later and the earlier it is taken, the better will it be to all concerned. It is to be earnestly hoped therefore that it shall be settled early to embark on a scheme of reform which it need hardly be said will result in the amelioration of the physical and mental condition of our girls by the spread among them of an education imparted with an eye to their necessities in after life, though it must be confessed that the moral results achieved by the present system are wholly satisfactory.

THE EDUCATION OF MAHOMEDAN GIRLS IN MADRAS.

(BY AN ENGLISH VISITOR.)

The education of Mahomedan girls in Madras is making slow but sure progress. For many years Mahomedan men have believed that the less their wives and daughters know of reading, writing and arithmetic the better for all concerned. This being the case, we naturally find the girls in Mahomedan schools less receptive than their Hindu sisters. "Slow but sure" is, however, the motto of these demure-looking little maidens; and those who remember the fable of the hare and the tortoise will not be surprised to hear that the Mahomedan girls who go to school in Madras are gaining ground.

"Mahomedan girls are all duffers" said to me a few days ago a little Brahmin school girl.

Possibly this young lady may be little "too fast." At any rate, Mahomedan girls in the Madras schools are "moving on" at present. The Mahomedan girl is generally "dull at figures," while the Hindu girl is particularly quick at arithmetic, many a Mahomedan girl attend school for years, and goes away, at last, without understanding that 2 and 2 make 4.

In needle work the Mahomedan girl excels. She is very fond of poetry. Drill she objects to; but, as she stoops, in 9 cases out of 10, drill is a necessary part of her education. Best of all, she likes to watch growing plants, and to learn about beasts, birds and insects. In her home, she sees little more than walls and the roof of a house and to watch potatoes grow, beans sprout, and seeds germinate is to her a revelation.

Mahomedan girls are physically stronger than their Hindu sisters, probably because they eat fish and mutton. Many of them are extremely good-looking. They love bright colours, and their clothes are nearly always gay and pretty. A Mahomedan woman, however poor, buys in the bazaar a piece of white mull and some bright-coloured dyes, and with these things she makes brilliant red, yellow, violet and blue clothes for herself and her children. Large dark eyes, made larger by dark lines; a wealth of black hair; ears weighed down by ornaments; ankles covered with silver bangles,—these things help to give to the little Mahomedan girl a womanly appearance. She looks modestly down on the ground when a visitor is in the room; and she smiles but seldom, even during games, if a stranger is looking on. It is easy to pick out the little begums, or ladies. Most of the girls in the Missionary and the Government Schools for Mahomedan Girls in Madras belong to the poorest families in the Mahomedan community; while the girls in the school in George-town, which is managed by Mahomedan gentlemen, are the daughters of merchants.

I propose to briefly describe three or four schools for Mahomedan girls in Madras, giving a specimen of Government school, a Missionary school, and a school managed by Mahomedans.

I have been told that five years ago, Mahomedans became alarmed about their girls. They thought that the Missionaries were likely to win their daughters away from the faith of the Prophet. I have made enquiries about this report; and I have been told that it originated with the removal of Mahomedan teachers from the Missionary schools, and the engagement of Christian native teachers to take their places. The Mahomedan teachers, I have been told, had either openly, or secretly, taught the Koran in the Missionary schools. At that time several schools for girls were started in Madras by Mahomedans,—schools in which the Koran could be taught, and many girls were removed from the Missionary schools. However, most of the girls returned to the Missionary schools after a short time. The Missionary schools have been going on for twenty-five years, and during that long period, not a single girl in them

has become a Christian. The Missionaries apparently have been satisfied with educational results. In these Missionary schools girls are taught the Christian religion; but they look upon Mahomed as their Saviour. Christ, they say, is the Saviour of Christians; and with that difference, there is, they think, very little difference between their own religion and the religion of the Missionaries.

As to the schools started by the Mahomedans, two continue to-day, and the largest is examined by a Government School Inspectress, and receives a Government Grant; and the other school, in which the Koran is especially taught, will probably, before long, be replaced under Government inspection, for the chief promoter, Muhammad Abdul Kuddus Badsha Sahib, told me that he finds the Government does not interfere with the religion taught, and an inspection keeps teachers up to the mark. When the results of an examination have to be taken into account, then teachers understand that no time can be wasted, and that their work will be judged by results. Before going further, I would like to point out that the time has evidently come for the Government to appoint a Special Inspectress for Mahomedan Girls' Schools in Madras. A knowledge of Hindustani is imperative in schools where English is not learnt, and where neither mistresses nor pupils understand the English language. In most cases, the girls understand Urdu only; and a man has to be introduced behind a curtain—a very awkward arrangement. He translates for the Inspectress. She cannot come in touch with the teachers, unless Hindustani is known to her; and the Madras Inspectresses are so hard-worked that no time is left to them for acquiring new languages.

The Government school that I visited stands in large, well-kept grounds—grounds that are often made purdah, that is to say where the gardeners, water-carriers and others are sent away, while the girls receive lessons in natural history. Most of the girls in this school are very poor. Many are the daughters of bangle-sellers in the bazaars. A few are (so the head-mistress told me) the daughters of clerks, cavalry officers, doctors and professors in colleges. None of the girls learn English. No religion is taught in the school. The girls are clever at drawing and needlework; and "natural studies" please them more than anything else. I was shown seeds grown on bits of flannel, butter-beans sprouting in bottles, and potatoes germinating in pots; and I was told that the girls are deeply interested in the progress of these things, many of them having never seen the growth of plants and flowers before. Gardens and growing trees and flowers these girls never enjoy, unless their

teachers take them in carts to the Botanical Gardens, or—greatest treat of all—to the People's Park, which Mr. Lloyd kindly makes purdah about once a year, so that gosha women and girls may see "real wild animals."

Nearly two hundred girls are in this Government school, and carts start at six in the morning to collect them. At ten o'clock school begins, so some of the girls have to spend quite a long time in the play-ground. The women who fetch the girls and take them home again, are paid by the Government, and carts, bulls and drivers are provided in the same way. Tiffin rooms are in the play-ground, and the girls either bring their food or receive it from home in the middle of the day. A good supply of water is available for drinking and washing purposes, and the girls can rest during the recesses in cool comfortable rooms. At four in the afternoon the girls begin to return home, and it is eight o'clock before all are once more with their parents. The women who fetch the girls and take them home look after their charges at tiffin time, and out of school hours; and as school lasts only from ten till one, and two to four, the girls are for many hours under the care of the "supervisors" as these women are called. This Government school has been in existence for thirty years, and during that time one hundred Mahomedan teachers have been trained there. Some of these teachers are widows. The Government allows seven rupees a month for a Madras teacher, during her period of training, and five extra rupees if the teacher comes from the mofussil, and has to pay for board and lodging in Madras. The teachers—or students as they are called—have to provide their own books; and this comes to about seven rupees during the year. The pupils also receive scholarships, varying from two to three rupees a month, and if a pupil is a widow, then she receives from four to six rupees a month. By means of these scholarships the Government keeps the girls at school. Without scholarships the girls would not remain at school after the age of eight or ten, but by means of scholarships, quite big girls are kept in the classes. All the education is free, but school books must be bought, and some Mahomedan fathers grumble at this expense, saying that as the Government does so much, it may as well do all.

I asked whether the mothers of the girls visit the schools, and I was told that at the annual distribution of prizes many mothers put in an appearance, but that Mahomedan husbands do not approve of visits at other times, fearing, perhaps, that such visits may be made an excuse for meeting men. Mahomedan husbands evidently think that their wives—like the wife of Caesar—must be "above suspicion."

I asked whether the education given at this school during the past thirty years has made any marked difference in Mahomedan women in Madras; and I was told that the English zenana doctors who visit the homes of Mahomedan women notice that the girls educated in the school have more self-reliance than other Mahomedan girls; and that the third generation educated in the school—namely the generation now at school—learns more easily and is more active than the two previous generations.

Children are admitted at the age of four, and then do Kindergarten work with bricks, and clay, and paper. They learn to play games, and are drilled. The drilling in this school is not as good as in a school for Hindu girls. Mahomedan girls are stiffer in their movements than their Hindu sisters, and look less graceful. For generation, in fact, always, dancing has been discouraged in Mahomedan homes; and the sedentary life led by Mahomedan women does not tend to make them supple.

"As straight as an arrow, as supple as a serpent, and as proud as a tiger lily"—such an ideal is never held up before a Mahomedan girl as something to imitate. The next school that I visited has been in existence for a quarter of a century, and belongs to the Church of England Zenana Mission. The building is large, and commands a high rent, and the play-ground is surrounded by kitchens and tiffin rooms. Many of the girls are very poor, and if the Missionaries did not give them a meal in the middle of the day, they must go hungry. The school receives a Grant from the Government, and the Missionaries found that the girls could not come up to the Government standard without one good meal during the day. So they opened a working room not far from the school, where Mahomedan women are taught to make the pretty things sold in the shops of some Mahomedan tailors, and hawked from house to house by Mahomedan men.

At this place the women receive rather better pay than is given for such work by the trade; and widows are employed. The women are fetched and taken back in carts, and they do piece-work, being paid according to the nature of the work they do. A large piece of beetle wings embroidery was in progress when I visited the school, and I was told that this had been ordered by "Government House." Most of the work goes to England, where it finds a ready sale among the friends of missionary work. The small profit made by the sale of this work pays for the meal given in the middle of the day to the children. The food is cooked at the school, and each day two girls help the cook and in this way they learn kitchen work. The school closes on Friday, and although the girls

learn the Bible, including the New Testament, none of them have become Christians. A few of the girls in this school are well off, and they attend chiefly in order to learn English. I went to see the prize-giving in this school, last December. It was a pretty little ceremony, Christian hymns were sung in Urdu by the children. Many mothers and elder sisters were present; also, a great number of babies, and all seemed to be interested in the drill of the children. The old English song "Here we go round the mulberry bush" was sung and acted, and a shawl dance was much admired. The prizes consisted chiefly of dolls, quite big girls preferring addressed English doll to any other gift. Mrs. Firth of San Thomé gave away the prizes, and the salaams of the little girls were returned by the English Missionaries and doctors who attended the prize distribution.

The drill of this school is good, and to see the girls marching, singing and salaaming is a pretty sight. The difficult Urdu alphabet is made easy to the infants by beans. They sit on the floor making letters with beans, and in this way master the beautiful but intricate writing known as Hindustani. Dyes bought in the bazaar are used as paints, and a bit of flannel tied to a stick serves as a paint-brush. The girls are clever with their fingers, and make wicker baskets, plaited boxes and straw parrots. Poetry, the older girls seem to understand and appreciate, and they recite in a sing-song fashion that sounds very like singing.

A little school kept by a Mahomedan widow interested me, for I was told that she supports her children and her mother by the small grant that she receives from the Government. Her pupils pay little or nothing at all. In this school I found no drill. The girls had no games, but a great deal of time was given to the Koran. Behind the curtain was a supervisor. I questioned this man about the religious instruction given, and he said that the children learn the Koran like parrots, and do not understand what they are taught to say. The words are holy, and to repeat them is efficacious, he said; and the children are taught how to pray, how to dress, how to eat, and how to behave—all of which things have a religious significance. The little son of the school mistress acted as a monitor, and walked gravely up and down the room, keeping the children in order. The children in this little school read well, and are particularly good in arithmetic.

Finally I visited the Saiyadia Zenana School in Georgetown, which is largely supported by Muhammad Abdul Kuddus Badsha Sahib. There about one hundred girls are being educated. These girls belong in many cases to wealthy families, and they presented a very gay

appearance. Some of the Persian girls are not darker than Italians. Beautiful ornaments were worn by the girls in this school, also silks and satins. Some girls had on English shoes with high heels, and these threw them forward in a curious way. No English is spoken in this school; and a man had to be brought in by some old women and hidden behind a curtain, to act as interpreter.

"Gosha," said the old women, and immediately there was a rush for doors, although the supervisor was no longer young and fascinating. Safely shut up in a small room, he translated the work of the day, questioned the children, and heard their reading, poetry, etc. Some of the teachers could speak Tamil, and with them the Inspectress carried on a conversation. Three widows were in the school, one holding a Government scholarship, and the other two hoping to receive such scholarships. A sheet of paper on the table asked the Inspectress to "pity the miserable condition of these young widows" and recommend them for scholarships. They wore white, and had no jewels, and it was said that, as teachers, their lives would be happier than the lives of other girls without husbands. I was particularly interested to see *Luhr* and *Chumpa* work which was described as "Mahomedan work whereby women can earn money." Each teacher gave a specimen lesson. The headmistress announced that her lesson would be on "Germs, with Experiments." This sounded rather ambitious, and as there was no magnifying glass, no germs could be found. The pupils said that they could see "germs," but no one else could do so; and another lesson had to be substituted for "germs." A second teacher gave a lesson on Wheat, showing wheat growing in a bottle, flour, and finally preparing *Sayvian*. This delighted the children, for a fire was brought into the room, and milk was boiled. Finally, when the *Sayvian* was ready, each girl tasted it. A third teacher chose the cow as her subject, and made ghee over a lamp. The teachers seemed to me very capable women, and very much interested in their work.

No drill is given in this school, but the Koran is taught. One hour of each day is devoted to religion, and on the walls of the class rooms are texts from the Koran in Urdu. The plain sewing done by the girls is very good, and they seem to excel in making button holes. They make also little jackets and other articles of dress. Poetry they recite with sweet voices, and their reading is excellent.

I had an opportunity to talk with Muhammad Abdul Kuddus Badsha Sahib, the manager and promoter of this school, and also of the so-called "Koran School" near the great mosque. I asked him why Mahomedans do not pay for

the schooling of their girls, and he seemed to think that to give a free education is the duty of wealthy Mahomedans. Everyone in Madras knows how nobly he and his family have worked in this direction, and how much Mahomedan boys and girls owe to him. I asked him, also, about the religion taught to girls in schools owned by Mahomedans, and he explained that a knowledge of Arabic is necessary in order to understand the Mahomedan religion, and that very few girls have time or opportunity to master Arabic. Books have to be studied, and it takes many years of a man's life to master the religion of Mahomed. This I was not surprised to hear; but I had not grasped before that ceremonial is a part of the teaching given to Mahomedan children.

I would like to recommend, more especially to English people, the excellent articles on the religion of the Mahomedans in the eighth volume of "The Historian's History of the World," published by *The Times*. The article on *SUNNA*, or "custom hallowed by ancestral use" should be read by all who have anything to do with the education of Mahomedan children. This article is by Dr. T. Goldziher, Professor in the University of Budapest.

English people are too apt to judge the Mahomedan religion by English translations of the Koran and to ignore the masses of recondite literature connected with the writings of the Prophet. How many English people know the history of the famous Kaaba, or Black Stone, for instance? I quote it here in order to show the poetry underlying the religion of Mahomedans. Were not the Arabs the first poets of this prosaic world?

When Adam was driven from the terrestrial Paradise and sent into the world, he lamented to God. "Alas? I shall hear no more the angels' voices," he said. "That," said God, "is the result of your sin. But build me a temple and walk around it, thinking of me, as you have seen the angels do around my throne." Adam arrived in the neighbourhood of Mecca, and laid there the foundations of the holy temple, whilst the angels aiding him, brought large blocks of rock from five mountains. It was on these foundations that the temple itself descended from heaven. Adam also received from Paradise a tent formed of red hyacinth, also a white hyacinth, which became blackened when sinners touched it. This is the famous "Black Stone." At the time of the Deluge both temple and tent were taken up to heaven, but the Black Stone was hidden in the mountain of Abu Kobais, near Mecca.

When God ordered Abraham to build a temple on a certain spot, he came upon the old foundations laid by Adam, and the angel Gabriel

brought to him the Black Stone from Mount Abu Kobais, to mark the spot where the processions should begin round the temple.

The most interesting function in connection with the last anniversary of the Arya Samaj Jullundhur city was that of the anniversary and annual prize distribution of the Kanya Maha Vidyalaya Jullundhur city on the morning of Saturday the 26th December 1908. As already announced, prizes to the successful scholars of the Kanya Maha Vidyalaya was to be distributed by Dr. Pratap Chandra Chattergea, M. A., D. L., R. B., C. I. E., Kt., who could not come on the occasion on account of his sudden illness. In his absence a respectable lady of Jullundhur city, Chandrani Malan, who has always been an earnest supporter of the institution, was voted to the chair. Recitation, dialogues and discourses in English, Sanskrit and Arya Bhasha were made to the great delight of the assembled. The report on the working of the K. M. Vidyalaya which was read by the secretary L. Jethamal, B. A., showed progress in every department. The anniversary of the K. M. Vidyalaya was a grand success this year. About 250 ladies and 500 gentlemen from out stations came to witness the celebrations. Forty five ex-scholars of the Kanya Maha Vidyalaya assembled in a conference to devise means for popularising their *alma mater*. Collections in aid of the K. M. Vidyalaya amounted to about Rs. twelve thousand. Great enthusiasm and solemnity prevailed during all the proceedings. All credit for this unprecedented success is due to the indefatigable efforts of Ladies Devaraj, Badridass, Karamchand, Jethamal and Lalji Rai. An eleventh class has also been opened in the K. M. Vidyalaya, so that the institution has been raised to the status of a college.

A PURDAH PARTY.

LADY MINTO AND MUSSALMANE.

A unique and interesting purdah party of Muslim ladies, given by Mrs. K. A. M. Zahid Suhrawardy to meet H. E. the Countess of Minto, came off yesterday at No. 10, Hungerford street. The lawn was tastefully decorated and the strictest purdah arrangements were made. The special feature was waitresses and ayabs who served refreshments. The gateway was mounted with the Union Jack, supported, on both sides, by the Orescent, and the Lion and Sun of Persia, depicting the friendly relations that exist between the three great Mussalman Powers. In the middle of the lawn was a golden brodered *shamiana* supported by silver pillars where a *dais* was constructed with a throne on it for Her Excellency, and two chairs on either

side of it for Lady Baker and Lady Eden Elliot. Besides 100 Muslim ladies, there was a large and brilliant gathering of Europeans and Indians present. When Lady Minto and her daughter arrived, they were received by Mesdames Holmwood, Stephen Collin and Sorabje on behalf of the hostess, and led behind the purdah where they were met by seven Princesses of the Oudh family, three of Mysore, and two of the Nizamut, Mrs. Shaik Mahamud Girani, Mrs. Ariff and the hostess, Lady Minto. Lady Baker and Lady Elliott were then presented each with a *bouquet* by three girl-Princesses and were led to the *dais* where they took their seats. Her Excellency, in the course of her reply to the address, said, "We meet here to-day with the great common bond of womanhood between us, and womanhood is the same through all the world. More than anyone else, you have it in your power to determine what the character of your children should be, and on their character will depend not only their own future, but the future of their race. Yours is practically the only influence they are subject to in their early years, and that influence is never lost. The times are changing, but I rejoice to hear from your address that you have realised this, and are resolved to use your powers and opportunities in the highest and purest interest of your country." The address was enclosed in an ivory casket.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THAYAMMAL GIRLS' SCHOOL.

(From a Correspondent.)

The anniversary was celebrated on the night of the 3rd inst., under the presidency of Mr. J. H. A. Wesh, agent of the Local Sugar Factory of Messers Parry & Co.—Mrs. R. Wesh, Mr. A. G. Bailey, Engineer of the Sugar Factory, all the local officials, vakils, merchants and others interested in female education, attended; the audience numbered about 500, of whom 50 were ladies. The proceedings commenced with prayer and singing of *Theravams* and other songs by the school girls. The noteworthy features in the annual report were the growing popularity of the school and the Ladies' Library and the good results of the school in the late inspection. Seven girls, out of nine, of the fourth standard, obtained the school-leaving certificates. To these five girls were given "good" certificates. Though the highest standard taught is the 4th, there are five mistresses and one head-master. The number of pupils on the roll, last year, was 175. It is regrettable that the financial condition of the school is unsound. In addition to the proceeds from the fund and contributions from philanthropic gentle-

men, Mr. C. D. Nayagam, the founder of the school, had to spend last year Rs. 300 more. Mr. Gopalpragasam Pillai, B.A., B.L., L.T., the local Deputy Thasildar, in his speech, referred to the financial condition of the school and appealed to the public for patronage. Mr. Wesh, the president, in his concluding speech, hoped that the public would respond to the appeal and voted their patronage. The audience were entertained with the performance of "The Enchanted violin," an English Drama, in two acts, the numerous quack, the farce of a Collector's Kutcherry and the temple scene from 'Boja charitram' in Tamil. Educated gentlemen interested in 'female education,' were the Dramatic persons. The performance was well appreciated by the audience. The proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the president and the audience.

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN IN BARODA.

At a recent meeting of the Women's Indian Study Association, with Mrs. Creighton in the chair, Miss Bhore gave an interesting account of the progress of education among the women of the Baroda State, and of the work of Training Colleges for teachers. In the course of her remarks she said:—

I deem it a pleasure and a privilege to meet the members of the Women's Indian Study Association and to tell them something about my work in the Educational Department of the Baroda State. It is very gratifying to find that the Association has for its main object the study of the conditions of life of Indian women. I need not emphasise the need of such an Association. The ignorance of English women with regard to matters Indian and Indian society is a matter of common report.

GIRLS' PROGRESS.

PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

GLORIOUS FUNCTION.

Madanapalle Sensation.

MADANAPALLE, Feb. 21.

The Sixth Anniversary of the Government Hindu Girls' School, Madanapalle, was celebrated with much *eclat* in the local Theatrical Hall, on the 22nd instant, under the Presidency of Mr. Partridge, our popular and esteemed Collector of the District. The proceedings began with a prayer in Telugu by two girls of the School. After a few remarks by the Chairman, the Head-master read his report, giving the origin and development of the school to its

present state, the number of girls attending the school now being 91. Then followed a nicely arranged drill *kolattam*, action songs, and *jad kolattam* by twelve girls in white uniform dress, under the skillful management of the school mistress.

A short essay on Female Chastity was read by a pupil, and this was followed by a dialogue on female education between two girls of the higher standard.

The prizes were numerous and varied, liberally contributed by Mr. Jenkins and supplemented by local subscriptions. Mr. Ramachandra Reddi, a philanthropic gentleman of Jammalamadugu, presented three rupees to be distributed among the *Kolattam* girls, through his worthy deputy, the well-known Photo-artist, Mr. P. Appu Rau, an enterprising young man who, in a neat and short speech, recounted his philanthropic acts, among which were the munificent donation of thousand rupees and more for the construction of a building to the local High School, and his feeding the poor to the number of about 2,000.

The prizes were given away by Mrs. Partridge, each girl receiving at least one prize.

The Chairman expressed herself greatly pleased with all that was observed, which reflected great credit upon the institution.

In this connection, it is necessary to state that the educational authorities intend to construct a building for the Girls' School out side the town, beyond the Mission Church and Muhammadan quarters, in spite of the representations of the townsmen to have the building constructed in the heart of the town. Young girls of 5 to 12 years of age, cannot go to the place where it is intended to have the building erected, as it is far away from the town, and as the young girls with ornaments cannot safely walk to the school. The school, if it is located outside the town, will, I fear, become empty of girls as the parents will not be willing to send their young children to it. Thus, the benevolent intentions of Government to encourage female education will be frustrated.

The proceedings were brought to a close with a short and impressive speech in Telugu on female education, by Mr. Nemali Subba Rao, with the distribution of sweets to the young girls kindly contributed by Mr. Jenkins, thanks to the chairman and Mrs. Partridge.—*Our own Correspondent.*

WEALTHY WOMEN.

SOME GREAT HEIRESESSES.

A good deal of controversy rages over the question, who is the richest man in the world? but the equally important query, who is the

female Croesus of this age of colossal fortunes of magically acquired wealth? has received scant attention. Old earth to-day has many rich women—women whose vast fortunes would have staggered the famous old King of Lydia. There are, for example, the Marchioness of Graham; Bertha von Bohlen, formerly Bertha Krupp, head of the great Krupp gun works of Germany, Senora Cousino, a Chilean lady; the Princess Marie Bonaparte of France; Mrs. Hetty Green, Mrs. Russell Sage, and Mrs. Anne Weightman Walker, America's three richest women; and Madame Greel, wife of the Mexican Ambassador to the United States. Who of all these actually possesses the greatest amount of the world's good? is still a question of debate.

ENGLAND'S RICHEST LADY.

The Marchioness of Graham is the richest native born Englishwoman, and is England's Lady Bountiful. Those who know her declare that she is a woman among women, noble in thought, generous to the extreme of generosity. The Marchioness is the only daughter of the late Duke of Hamilton and Brandon.

When he died, she was left an estate which yields an annual income of £114,000. Lady Hamilton, upon her father's death, became mistress of Brodick Castle, Easton Park, Wickham Market and the Isle of Aran. It was supposed that, at the death of her father, Lady Mary would inherit only his personal means. Then it was discovered that the old Scotch entail was invalid, and she would be the entire mistress of his property and fortune. But she did not cease to mingle with her people. Through the streets, Lady Mary would tramp in a corduroy suit, top boots, and Tyrolean hat, as picturesque as you could imagine. Her arms filled with gifts, she visits the peasants every day. Lady Mary was married in London in June, 1906. Her husband, the Marquis of Graham, is also rich. He served as a Lieutenant in the 5th Volunteer Battalion of the Black Watch. Both the Marchioness and her husband often go to Aran.

MONEY IN GUN MAKING

Germany's richest woman, Frau von Bohlen, formerly Berthana Krupp, is said to possess property valued at £615,000,000 or more. Her income has amounted to more than £40,000 a month. Yet Frau von Bohlen, head of the great gun works, makes her own clothing. When she was married last October, she wore a trousseau made by her own hands, at a cost of something like £50. As a housewife, Frau von Bohlen has proved a model. She takes particular pride in

her home, like many rich German women making her own clothing, and often going into the kitchen and cooking. She is exceedingly generous to her workmen. Of these, there are more than 45,000. After her marriage, an announcement of a gift of £50,000 to the workmen's invalid fund was made. With every mail comes to her upwards of 150 begging letters. These are all examined, and no worthy case is said to be overlooked. Thus Germany's richest woman devotes herself to housekeeping, to her business, and to charity.

A WEALTHY BONAPARTE.

The richest woman in France is the Princess Marie Bonaparte, daughter of the late Prince Roland Bonaparte. Her fortune is enormous. Her mother was a grand daughter of M. Balac, the founder and proprietor of Monte Carlo, and the fortune which has descended to Marie amounts to—ah! who could say? Parisians shake their heads and raise their hands when they speak of it. Princess Marie is a remarkable young woman. She is a skilled amateur photographer and an ardent automobilist. She has taken up Orientalism, and has become a popular exponent of esoteric doctrines. Her knowledge of astronomy has secured her admittance to half the scientific societies of Europe. She is the most noted linguist among Parisian women, speaking, no one knows how many languages. She has studied under Boldelli, who says her voice surpasses any of the popular opera singers. She is only twenty-four years of age, fresh and beautiful.

A WHITE WOMAN IN KABUL.

A STRANGE STORY.

A singular romance is related in connection with the announcement in the Irish newspapers of the death, at Kabul, Afghanistan, of Emily, widow of the late Henry Simpson Lincoln. Some twelve years ago, a young Indian Mahomedan, studying at the Royal College of Surgeons at Dublin, resided with Mrs. Lincoln, who was about seventy years of age. When the young Indian finished his studies, she determined to accompany him back to India, and left the Unitarian Church for Mahomedanism. In the course of time, the Indian obtained a position in Kabul as Secretary to the Amir of Afghanistan, and there Mrs. Lincoln followed him, braving the formidable journey from Lahore to Kabul by horse and *palanquin*, although about eighty years of age. Arriving in Kabul, she was obliged to live in the retirement observed by Mahomedan women, and saw the young Indian no more, though she was allowed to talk with him unseen. Her last letters to

her Dublin friends told of loneliness beyond expression, and of her belief of approaching death. Almost immediately afterwards came a telegram stating that she had passed away.

THE WOMAN MOVEMENT.

THE LEAGUE OF ISIS.

AIMS AND OBJECTS.

Mother-hood.

A provisional circular of the League of Isis, thus explains its aims and objects.

The League of Isis stands for the practical realization of the Law of the mother, beibre all other things. It holds that woman as the most complex, highly and functioned, of organisms, should for the natural production of strong, healthy offspring, be limited to three or four children at most, and the interval between the births should be at least three or four years to allow for full recuperation after the periods of pregnancy and lactation. This is the natural law governing reproduction. It holds that the so-called diseases of married women are due directly or collaterally to one form or another of 'masculine' excess or abuse, and that pain and danger in child-birth, come from artificial and diseasing habits and conditions: that the health of women is our greatest national asset and that the physically and mentally healthy woman represents the best thing in life—Mother-hood; that the woman to-day stands the martyr of organized and systematic sexual wrong-doing on the part of the man who should be her mate and whom she alone has evolved to the human plane. Mr. K. J. Tarachand, Pherose, Cottage, 7, Shelter Road, Grant Road, Bombay, India, represents the League in India.

The women of All Nations Exhibition will be opened at Olympia in September next. The work of women of all the countries of the earth will be represented. One of the features will be the dress and fashion exhibit, where the finest creations of this and other countries will be displayed. There will also be a creche, under the personal supervision of Lady Helmsley to which the children will be brought, every morning, and kept happy during the day until their mothers return for them at night. Another section will comprise gentlewomen's arts, handicrafts and industries. The professional business and commercial section will be made up of large business concerns who employ women. Such trades as coach-building, nail making, brick-making, coin-making, sword and bayonet making, and brass finishing, are amongst the number which have been taken up by women workers as

a means of gaining a livelihood. According to the latest Board of Trade of returns, there are five and a half million women wage earners engaged in trades and industries in the United Kingdom.

•CHINESE WIVES.

Chinese women have got beyond their sisters in the West in the emancipation of their sex; for in the district of Shung-Tay, in the province of Quantung, it is the custom for the young women to band themselves together in companies, each member of which takes a solemn oath not to marry, or, if married, not to live with her husband until all the other members are suitably matched.

In fulfilment of her vows, a bride immediately after a wedding, returns to the house of her parents, and only visits her husband on New Year's Day or other festive occasions, when her presence is indispensable.

While in her husband's house she touches neither food nor drink, but hurries away as soon as she can. A wife rarely settles down with her husband until two or three years after her marriage. If any attempt is made to detain her by force, she will solve the difficulty by taking her own life.

(2) The Ideal Woman.

The Lord Mahomed had 4 wives. One of them (Ayesha) was the only daughter of a rich man and the other three were as poor as the prophet himself. Now, Ayesha was the pet of her father and she used to adorn herself with silk and gold and glittering gems. The other wives were jealous of her, and one day, they complained to the prophet, saying, "Ayesha is proud. We do not like her ways; she should not be permitted to strut like a peacock in our midst, for, we three are as poor as our hens and the ostentatious display of her raiment makes us sad. Besides, such a shameless show of finery is angodly."

"True", gently replied the prophet, "but I am helpless in the matter, for I am not her donor. How can I interpose?"

The devout Ayesha overheard this conversation, and seeking her rich father, begged him not to send her fine things anymore. From that day forward up to her last moment, she clad herself in rags, and by vigils, fasts and meditation, raised herself to the hallowed dignity of a saint—the ideal wife of the ideal prophet!

When Ayesha breathed her last, the angels came down from the heavens and clothed her in golden garments of celestial texture, translucent and full of dazzling splendour.

The Prize Distribution of the Brahmo Girls' School.—On Friday last the annual prize distribution of the Brahmo Girls' School was held

in the Mary Carpenter Hall under the presidency of Sir Charles Allen. Lady Baker very kindly gave away the prizes. There was a very large gathering of Indian and European ladies and gentlemen. Before the commencement of the proceedings, Lady Baker, accompanied by Mrs. P. K. Ray, inspected the premises of the School. The proceedings of the evening commenced with a few action songs and musical pieces which were exquisitely rendered by the girls of the School. The Secretary then read the annual report, which showed an all-round progress. We shall review the Report at length in our next issue. Lady Baker having given away the prizes, Sir Charles Allen made a few remarks.

He said he had never seen a more delightful entertainment at such a function. It was a splendid thing when the girls could drill and sing so well. It was a new departure and a most successful one for a school managed by ladies only. The religious education given here was most laudable, and the thanks of all were due to the Principal, Mrs. N. C. C. Das, for the very efficient management of the school. It was a most interesting fact that a Mahomedan girl had passed the Entrance examination that year. It was a very good sign, as it showed that education was spreading in that community.

Pandit Sivanath Sastri proposed a vote of thanks to Lady Baker and Sir Charles, to which Sir Charles Allen, on behalf of Lady Baker and himself, briefly replied.

The Inspector of Girls' Schools bears indirect testimony to the growing strength of the demand for higher education for girls in Bombay. In a passage, quoted from her report by the Director of Public Instruction in his last annual review, she says: "The largest (Girls') schools are owned by the Principals who have to depend entirely on fees and Government grant for income, and as the fee rates are low, and the grant is proportional, while the rent of buildings in Bombay rises steadily year by year, they find it increasingly difficult to make both ends meet. The result is that instead of improving school accommodation, the proprietors are forced to refuse applications for admission and frequently to take smaller buildings. Had this branch of education not been remarkably vigorous, it would have been crushed under these difficulties, but the desire for higher education for girls is so strong that pupils will sit in overcrowded badly-ventilated and insanitary class rooms and, under these unfavourable conditions, do really creditable work." We really think that Government grants to these institutions should be on a much more liberal scale than at present. Education of women, to our mind, is at least, as important from the point of view of society as well as that of the State as the edu-

cation of men. It is not right that both Society and the State should leave the proprietors of Girls' Schools to struggle against the difficulties pointed out by Miss Ashworth, without taking effective measures to relieve them.

VICTORIA MAY GIRLS' SCHOOL, LAHORE

This school, which was opened on the 10th December, 1908, is a *parda* school intended for girls of good social standing. For the present, it is conducted in a house on Hall Road which has been fitted up for the purpose. Modern principles of education are followed, and English is taught. There is a separate class for married ladies.

Boarders from 6 to 16 years of age are accepted. The prospectus and forms of application for admission are obtainable from Miss Western, Hall Road.

THE FIRST WIDOW MARRIAGE IN ALLAHABAD.

We believe it is for the first time in the annals of Allahabad, that the re-marriage of a Brahman girl-widow was performed in the orthodox Hindu style at Begamserai in the suburbs of the city, on the 1st February 1909. The father of the girl is Pandit Baldeo Prasad Misra, a Surjuparin Brahman, and a priest by profession. The bridegroom's name is Anandi Prasad Tewari, son of Hunuman Tewari of Bazar Salemsarai. He is of some 25 or 30 years of age. The girl is 15 or 16. Her first marriage took place at the age of seven, and her first husband died when she was only 11. Her father has been making strenuous efforts for the last three years to induce his own family people and castemen to agree to his giving his daughter in marriage a second time, but without success. It was only lately when some widowed-girls of his original place of residence eloped from their homes that he determined to celebrate the re-marriage of his daughter at any cost, and in spite of the opposition of his kith and kin. He got his wife's consent to the re-marriage and fortunately secured a neighbouring young man as a bridegroom. The zemindars of his village and the neighbouring villagers helped him with their advice and support. The Pandit is a poor orthodox Hindu of ordinary education and a priest by profession, and does not know a word of English, and has never come in contact with social reformers or preachers—living, as he does, in a village in the suburbs of the city, and yet he had the moral courage to celebrate the re-marriage of his widowed girl, in spite of the active opposition of his grown-up son and brother. The marriage

ceremony was performed according to the Hindu system. Two Brahmans officiated as priests, and though the castemen of the bride and bridegroom did not muster strong, the gathering at the marriage ceremony was large, considering the distance of the place from the city, some 6 or 7 miles. The villagers helped the poor Brahman by receiving his guests and providing them with seats, supplying them with water for drink and doing everything needful for the comfort and convenience of the large number of city people that had collected on the occasion of the marriage. The villagers as well as some zemindars and respectable residents of the neighbourhood joined in the Paon Puja ceremony. M. Zainuddin, Mukhtiar and Zengin-dar, and Babu Salikram and Lala Ganga Prasad Mukhtiar very materially helped the poor Brahman, and contributed to the success of the good work. Some 200 people from Allahabad, representing all classes and communities, were present at the ceremony, among whom we noticed the following gentlemen:—Pandit Shiri Ram, Pandit Sudarsahnachari, Pandit Vishnu Datt, Pandit Mahodeo Bhutt, Pandit Kishori Lal, Babu Bhagwan Das Bhargava, Vakil, High Court, Babu Someswar Das, Medical Practitioner, Lala Hira Lal, Manager, Ice Factory, Lala Chuni Lal, Hospital Assistant, Lala Sambal Das, merchant, Babu Debendra Nath Banerji, Satish Chandra Ghosh, Professor N. B. Mitra, Professor Kishen Chand, Lala Ganga Prasad, Mukhtiar, Munshi Zainuddin Mukhtiar, Babu Salik Ram, Babu Lachminarayan, banker, zemindar and Honorary Magistrate, Babu Mewa Lal, Zemindar and banker, Lala Shamkishore and many others. All these people went all the way from Allahabad to be present at the marriage in order to show their sympathy with the father of the girl, and to express their approval of his conduct.

This indicates that our conservative and backward city is also awaking to the call of the times. There were a few ladies of respectable families of the city present at the marriage, and they also joined in the Paon Puja ceremony. We wish a happy life to the couple.—The Indian People, Allahabad.

FEMALE EDUCATION IN BEHAR

Mrs. Earle, wife of the Commissioner, performed the opening ceremony of the Behar Training College for female teachers, endowed by Khan Bahadur Shah Nawab Badshah. From the report of Miss Wise, the officiating Principal of that College, it appears that there are already some five Hindu lady and eight Mahomedan lady students. Mrs. Earle, in declaring the College open, expressed the pleasure she had in attending that ceremony and in her address remarked that she thought through female education a far

greater proportional impulse was imparted to the educational and moral tone of the people than by the education of men, and in her opinion a single well-educated woman should be able to do more good in the world than fifty men equally as well educated. This, we think, applies more to the education and moral training of *Purdah* women.

KALLIANPUR GOVERNMENT GIRLS' SCHOOL.

(From A Correspondent.)

FEB. 6.

AN ENTERTAINMENT.

The Head-mistress of the Government Girls' School, Kallianpur, entertained our esteemed and popular Collector, Khan Bahadur M. Aziz-ud-din Sahab Bahadur, on the 4th instant. The programme consisted of twelve items. The welcome song, action songs, the sash drill by the little ones, the dialogues "The child and the bird" and "The sick doll," kindergarten with English, Hindustani and Tamil songs, evidence the patient training given by the Head-mistress who and her staff merit the applause given to them. The Collector was also shown fancy and needle-work done by the pupils. He was highly pleased and wrote the following lines in the Visitor's Book.

"I was glad I was able to pay a visit to this School, in compliance with the kind invitation of the Head-mistress, Miss S. Souza. It affords me great pleasure to say that the Head-mistress and her assistants deserve to be congratulated upon the good work they are evidently doing. The discipline, the teaching, the drill, the singing, &c., leave nothing to be desired. The needle work is particularly good, as also Kindergarten, clay modelling, &c., which seem to receive careful attention from Miss Souza and her staff. I wish every success to this institution and trust that it will receive the public patronage which it deserves so well."

As a memento of his visit to our G. G. School, the Head-mistress presented him with a fan and a woollen jug, work of the teachers, and the Collector gave a treat to the pupils.

The singing of the National Anthem brought the proceedings to a close.

WIDOW RE-MARRIAGE IN THE UNITED PROVINCES.—It is gratifying to note that the cause of reform is making headway even in the United Provinces, which have perhaps been most backward in this respect. A widow re-marriage was performed on the first February at Begamsarai, near Allahabad, according to orthodox Hindu rites. The bride was a Brahmin girl-widow

aged about 15 or 16, daughter of Pandit Baldeo Prasad Misra, a Surjaparin Brahmin and a priest by profession; the bridegroom a young man of about twenty-five. The match seems to have been in every way a desirable one. The parties deserve the esteem of all sensible people for their courage.

THE Z. B. M. M. GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL, BOMBAY.

The ladies of the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission at Girgaum have every reason to feel well pleased with the success of their annual prize distribution, which was held in the Wilson College Hall, Chowpatti, the day before yesterday. (Thursday). The Hall was crowded with many outsiders as well as the interested parents of the children.

After the Rev. Dr. Mackichan had engaged in prayer, the programme as it concerned the children began. The Upper and Middle School together sang two songs, which were followed by one of the treats of the evening, a little play by the Junior and Infant School. This was a very cleverly contrived combination of Santa Claus, fairy shows, and nursery rhymes, which the children carried through in a style quite impossible to beat.

A dialogue by two small girls was very good indeed. The subject was the picture of a little Japanese girl, about which one was supposed to have had a dream. The realistic way in which one little girl acted her part was enchanting, and called forth loud applause. The whole school sang the praises of their school very heartily in the "School Song," set to the tune of the Harrow Song "Follow on!"

The Report of the year's work, which was read by the Rev. L. B. Butcher, showed progress. There were 146 names on the roll, eleven more than the year before. Four out of five teachers had passed for the Government secondary junior certificate. Arrangements have been made with the National Froebel Union to conduct their examinations from home, which will give those who pass a status in England. Mrs. H. E. E. Procter handed the prizes to the happy recipients, who were a goodly number.

The Hon. Mr. J. L. Jenkins, the Chairman of the evening, said he was not going to make a long speech, because he remembered his own school days very well, when he did not like the old gentlemen who made speeches on prize-giving day, though they were very nice gentlemen. He congratulated the prize-winners and the teachers, and encouraged those who had not been successful.

The pronouncing of the Benediction brought the proceedings to a close.

A CONFERENCE ON FEMALE EDUCATION.—More than once we have noticed with pleasure signs of greater interest in the progress of female education taken by the Government of East Bengal and Assam than by that of West Bengal. A further instance of it is to be found in the Conference on female education, which has just been held at Dacca under the presidency of Mr. Nathan. We are glad to learn that Dr. and Mrs. P. K. Ray attended the Conference at the special invitation of the Government of East Bengal. We are sure that the Conference will be helpful in advancing the cause of female education in the province.

News and Notes.

It is announced that Mrs. De Forest, formerly Nora Stanton Blatch, is to equip a factory for the manufacture of electric condensers in New York, N. J. Mrs. De Forest is a graduate of the Civil Engineering Course of Cornell University. Since her marriage she has been studying electricity. It is also announced that this grand-daughter of Elizabeth Cady Stanton is prominent in the Equality League of Self-Supporting Women, just organized in New York.

Miss Amy Bernardy, the Associate Professor of Italian at Smith College, has returned to Italy, where she is lecturing. At the Emigration Convention held in Rome, Miss Bernardy spoke on Italian women and children in this country. The shipboard letters which she wrote for the *Giornale d'Italia*, including those on her trips to Newfoundland, Bermuda and Jamaica, as well as her Transatlantic trips, are to be published in book form by the Ricciardi Publishing House.

Miss Mary C. Dickerson, Instructor in Bionomics at Stanford University, has been appointed to a position in the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

Miss Shigeno Mitobe, a graduate of the English Literature Course of the Women's University, Yokohama, has been sent to America by the institution to prosecute her studies at the University of Defiance, O. Miss Mitobe recently left Yokohama with Misses Aiko and Take-ko Nagishi, who are also graduates of the University, and are going to America to study.

F. M. A.

Mrs. Maud Nathan of the National Consumers' League has hit upon a novel way to bring home to her hearers the world-wide scope of the equal rights movement. She illustrated her able address to the recent annual meeting of the

Maryland Women Suffrage Association with fourteen silk flags, representing the different countries in which women have been given some form of the franchise.

Mrs. Jennie L. Doane has been appointed by Judge Chamberlain of Brockton, Mass., to administer the estate of the late R. N. Packard of that city, amounting to \$500,000, and also to have complete control of his big shoe factory. Mr. Packard died suddenly without a will. He left a brother and two sisters, none of whom knew anything about his business. These heirs asked for the appointment of Mrs. Doane, who had been employed in Mr. Packard's office for years, and whom he always left in charge when he went away. Mr. Packard had said of her that she "had more brains than any two men." The judge made Mrs. Doane special administratrix, and the large business is entirely in her hands.

Mrs. Flora Drummond, who was sentenced to three months' imprisonment as a common malefactor for putting up placards inviting people to come and help the suffragists "rush the House of Commons," was let out after about a fortnight, on the ground that she was suffering in health from the confinement. Mrs. Drummond says that her health is much better than Mrs. Pankhurst's, and that there was no good reason why she should be set free and Mrs. Pankhurst kept in jail. The real reason is said to be that Mrs. Drummond belongs to an old and very influential Scotch family, and that the government, in its discrimination, has shown "respect of persons"—not for the first time.

Miss Ethel Arnold and Mrs. Turner, two sisters of Mrs. Humphry Ward, are as strongly in favor of woman suffrage as she is opposed to it. Miss Arnold is speaking for it in New York, and Mrs. Turner in England. At the great meeting in London the other day where Ellen Terry sent in her adhesion to the cause, Mrs. Turner argued that women teachers would never get equal pay until women had a vote. "It is just as hard work to teach the multiplication table to girls as to boys," she said, referring to the unequal scale of salaries paid to the teachers in the schools for boys and the schools for girls. It is probably as hard to teach Latin to girls as to boys, yet the same inequality is seen in the pay of the teaching staff of the Boys' Latin School and the Girls Latin School in Boston.

Mrs. Ethel Snowden sailed for England last Wednesday. She told the University Club of New York, just before she left, that she had not found at all the lukewarmness in America on the woman suffrage question that she had been led

to expect. "If I could have answered all the calls that I have had to speak on this question," she said, "I might have stayed for eighteen months, and spoken three times every day. Even the heads of colleges have often asked me to take this topic instead of any of my other subjects, in addressing their students. That would hardly happen in England." Mrs. Snowden's beauty, eloquence and tact have made her a very popular speaker in America. She lately visited New Orleans, and the paper of the far South give her even more enthusiastic praise, if possible, than those of the North and West. The Southerners know good oratory, and have a strong taste for it.

Mary Johnston's new novel, "Lewis Rand," published by Houghton and Mifflin, has proved the best selling book of the season.

Mrs. Lucy Hobart Day finished her work for the Pennsylvania, U. S. A. this week, and has now gone to the National Suffrage Headquarters at Warren, O., where she will remain for a time. Mrs. Day leaves friends behind her wherever she goes.

For the first time in many years, a woman has just been elected to the School Board in Waltham, Mass. The people's choice is Dr. Eloise A. Sears, long a pillar of the local Suffrage Association. We congratulate the school children of Waltham. It is reported that about 180 cities and towns in Massachusetts now have women on their School Boards. The town of Holden during the past year has had four.

Miss Ella G. Wilcox was elected to the School Board in Malden, Mass. This was a great triumph, as she had not been nominated by any of the political machines, and ran independently. In Everett, Belle D. Curtis was elected without opposition. In Somerville, the regular Republican candidate defeated Mrs. Mary R. Brewer on the Citizens' ticket by a majority of 31 votes in a total of 1249. Miss Anne Wheeler was elected in Haverhill.

Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw has given more for the earthquake sufferers than John D. Rockefeller.

Miss Ruth Howell is stenographer to the Grand Jury of Brooklyn, N. Y., at a salary of \$4000, a year.

Miss Mary Johnston, who has just sailed from New York to spend the winter in Egypt, has written a new Act for her Play, "The Goddess of Reason," and otherwise improved it for Stage purposes. Her "Lewis Rand" continues to be among the best sellers.

Mrs. Pankhurst was not kept in prison till her three months were up, but was released with her daughter about a fortnight before the expiration of her term. They were received with great rejoicings, were taken through the streets in procession, cheered by enormous crowds along the way, and entertained at a banquet enlivened by enthusiastic speeches and confident prophecies of the speedy granting of the vote.

Lady Henry Somerset writes: "The personality of Miss Christabel Pankhurst is decidedly interesting. The secret of her charm lies in her joyousness, her melodious voice and her vivid youth. Mr. Lloyd George was as wax under her little hands, and her cross-examination of the cabinet ministers was remarkable for its bonhomie, clearness and incisive dealing. Certainly the sight of a Chancellor of the Exchequer in a witness box cross-examined by a young girl, is new in the old country."

Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett was lately asked to speak before the University Debating Society at Oxford—the first time in history that such an invitation had been extended to a woman. By request of the students, she chose woman suffrage as her subject, and her able and womanly address made a deep impression. A resolution in favour of suffrage was lost, but by so close a margin that a change of 16 votes in a total of 689 would have carried it. This is a good deal as Mrs. Julia Ward Howe should be asked by the Harvard students to address them on woman suffrage. At Harvard the adverse majority would probably be bigger.

Princess Kropotkin has given up her plan of coming to America to lecture, because of the law which excludes anarchists from this country. The Princess is a gentle and inoffensive woman, but she and her husband are "philosophical anarchists," and as such would be forbidden to land, though the immigration authorities might stretch a point for a princess. President Eliot of Harvard lately denounced this law as objectionable and ineffective. The really dangerous and murderous anarchist adopts any disguise that he chooses, and goes where he likes. The conscientious and harmless philosophical anarchist owns up to his or her opinions, and is kept out of the country. The law was passed in a time of panic and popular excitement, and ought to be repealed. As has often been pointed out, it would exclude Tolstoy himself if he should want to visit America.

Anna Wermuth, a woman who was known for many years as the laundress to the Emperor of Austria, died lately in the Home for the Aged in Vienna. She used to boast that she was a

born washerwoman. But she was capable in other ways as well. In the revolution of 1848 she took part in the barricade fights, and acted as nurse for the wounded revolutionists. From her home she directed the work of the organized washerwomen, and for years, on occasions when the various guilds paraded, always led the women of her calling. "She died blind and in poverty," according to the published accounts, but to the last day of her life she was charitable, and in her time she had given more than her share toward widows' and orphans' funds.

MODERN GERMAN WOMEN.

HOW THEY COMPARE WITH THEIR ENGLISH SISTERS.

Whenever comparisons are made between the English and the Germans it is customary to eulogise the German woman as the epitome of thrift and method, the queen of cooks, the most sensible and practical of mothers, and the housewife who bestows on her household the maximum of comfort at the minimum of expense. That she has taste in dress, does her hair well, or preserves her figure has not been insisted upon, but that she is a jewel of precious price to the man who marries her is always conceded, and the daughter of Britain has sat down with the feeling that for her to attempt so high an ideal in domesticity would not be possible. Whatever, however, may have been the failings of the English housewife in the past, says a writer in a Home paper, she stands to-day head and shoulders above her German sister in the management of her home, her children, and, incidentally her husband. The English woman of observant mind, travelling through Germany, will see much to admire and much to love, but she cannot fail to return to her own land feeling that her home in all its internal arrangements and equipments bears more than happy comparison with those she has seen in Germany.

THRIFTY AND CLEAN.

This article is only dealing with the gentler-born German woman, not with the peasant or labourer's wife. She still, in her thrift and cleanliness, much excels the British working woman. While the better-educated English woman has, during the last twenty years, been steadily pressing ahead in every matter of mental and physical advancement, the German woman, intellectually and solidly educated as she may be, has stood absolutely still in the matter of domestic improvements, and setting her face with Teutonic stubbornness against up-to-date innovations, still clings to the uncomfortable, obsolete, and even unhygienic ways of her grandmothers.

Travelled she frequently is, but yet she seems peculiarly ignorant of the household manners and ways of the women of other lands, and indeed regards most of them with dark suspicion. She draws in knowledge in many directions, but never seems wishful to extend her learning in domestic matters. She is satisfied with what exists, and does not seem to consider how better things might be attained, possessing, for instance, four sitting-rooms, she lives in one, and keeps the others rigorously shut, except on the rare occasions when she entertains. She may employ one, two, three, or more servants, but these will neither be smart in appearance nor methodical in their work. A hard toiler herself and a severe task-mistress, she seems to lack the gift of organisation; and the set rules and excellent routine of work which are found in every English household of any social standing are quite unknown in Germany, and in consequence the work of the German maid-servant seems never done. She is always scrubbing, brushing, rushing, and dusting; nor does she ever present any appearance of tidiness until quite late in the evening.

GOOD COOK.

She is undoubtedly a good cook, but on a very limited scale, and however tasty her dishes are, she takes little or no pains to set them forth attractively, and "slovenly," is not too hard a term to express the manner in which the ordinary meals are laid. It may also seem strange in a country of so much sturdy independence, but the consideration shown to the servants in England is rare to find in Germany. The kitchens are replete with shining pots, pans, and cooking implements but they are cheerless and scantily furnished, and a rug before the fire or an easy chair would be considered demoralising to a degree. Then, again, the art of the needle possessed, we are told, in so high a degree by the German woman is now-a-days much overrated. She has, to be sure, embroidered linen sheets on her beds, embroidered covers on tables, chairs, cushions, and even towel-horses, but she puts upon the backs of herself and her children the cheapest and coarsest machine-made underwraes, blouses, frocks, and pinafores. The sewing machine happens to be one of the new inventions which she has adopted, and she rarely makes anything by hand. With little domestic literature to guide her, she is generally ignorant of dressmaking, and millinery is a dead letter to her.

Regarding her from the most important standpoint of all—that of a mother—she is without doubt a fond and devoted parent; but here, again, she is indifferent to modern and approved ways. The daily bath, the open window, the importance of suitable diet, and

the practical sense of light warm woollen garments are all disregarded by her, and she cheerfully clothes her infant in the cumbersome all cotton attire which prevailed half a century back. She does not recognise the undisputed value of the nursery menage, but considers it her duty to have her children always round her. She gives them the run of the house, and yet does not permit them one room to be considered their own domain for games, romps and happy freedom, and it cannot be denied that the children of modern England are healthier, better developed, and altogether happier in their surroundings than is the rising generation of Germany.

HUSBAND'S SLAVE.

The German woman is both the slave and the tyrant of her husband. Once married, she does not expect him to bestow upon her any of the little attentions of the lover, but, on the other hand, she toils, cooks, and pinches for him, yet she deems it totally unnecessary to give him a daintily-set dinner-table, an easy-chair, or a quiet corner for his reading or his rest. The new German woman—she who has been caught in the wave of so-called emancipation—is a creature transformed, but, also!, it is a transformation not to her advantage. Misusing her new-born freedom, she has fallen into the error of thinking woman's progress, with its fuller thought and free action, means merely casting off the domestic yoke, and sinking the quiet ship of domesticity. No one can belittle the German woman whose sterling and enduring qualities proved such a strength to her country in the past; but as she is to-day, she bears poor comparison with the English housewife who has left her so far behind in the virtues which were once supposed to be entirely her own.

Queen Helena has become the idol of the Italian people by the warmhearted sympathy that she has shown for the earthquake sufferers. No one has hinted that she was out of her sphere in succouring them, or reminded her that "a woman's place is at home." Terrible as this disaster is, more people than it destroyed perish every year from purely preventible diseases, due to ignorance, neglect, poor food and unwholesome environments. Why should American women be stigmatized as unwomanly for seeking the ballot, by which these conditions can be improved?

DO YOU KNOW THE LEMON.

Knowest thou the land where the lemon-trees bloom,

Where the gold orange glows in the deep thicket's gloom,

Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,

And the groves are of laurel and myrtle and rose?"

Well, girls, you may never be in the land, but concerning the virtue of the lemon as an honest aid to beauty I think you should know a good deal.

"For many years," I said in a lecture once, "I preached weekly to as many millions the simple but certain virtues of this delightful nugget of gold, and not, I trust, in vain. We all hate medicine more or less; we all love to have system that work without a hitch; stomachs that never trouble us, livers that never appeal to us, purity of blood, beauty of complexion, and skins as soft as satin.

"It is the duty of those to whom God has granted health to do all in their power to retain it, by obeying the well-known laws of health, hygiene, and sanitation, and making daily use of the precious gifts provided for us in shape of fruits of all kinds, especially our friend the lemon. As a health preservative then, the lemon has more virtues than I have time to enumerate. Besides, there would seem to be no kind of constitution that is not benefited by this fruit by everyday use.

"There is no fruit possessed by us in Britain which has so many and such varied qualities. It deserves a place on the table quite as much as my dear old rosy friend the tomato. For a little of its juice, 'a squeeze of lemen' as it is called, accentuates the flavour of many of our foods. Especially is it good with fish of almost any kind. It improves soups and sauces also, and is beneficial in gravies of all sorts. Lemon-peel is preserved by being slowly dried in an oven and then tinned, and, if cooked with fruit pies, lends to these an additional charm."

Lemon-juice—or lime-juice, only it must be squeezed out of the fruit itself, not the adulterated shop stuff—mixed with warm water, about a dessertspoonful to a breakfastcupful, is excellent for the hands and neck, or it may be used a little stronger in rose-water for face and fingers at night. But listen, young ladies, one, two, or even three lemons taken every day in a glass of cold spring water is a most excellent—sometimes a marvellous—cure for a smoky complexion, and it staves off rheumatism, and even dyspepsia also. Just squeeze the juice in a tumbler of fresh water and drink or sip after your morning tub. For these and all my other hints I trust you feel thankful to your faithful Medicus. And here are a few more.

ALWAYS.

Always rise reasonably early in the morning and at the same hour every day.

Always take beauty's bath a full half hour before breakfast. This is a light sponge over



MISS POONNEN
(See Editorial Note)

with hot water and soap, then a big sponge down in a sitz bath. Put a dessertspoonful of eucryl in the cold water; its fine flavour is most delightful and wholesome.

Always have five minutes rhythmic light dumb-bell practise after the tub.

Always breathe deeply and correctly. As a rule, girls only use a little morsel of their lungs. Why not all? There is no extra price, and you will live the longer and won't have those dark blue circles round your eyes.

Always carry clean hands, cut nails short, and do not be sparing with the brush.

Always see to your feet last thing at night. Comfortable feet help one to retain health. High heel boots, I hear, on the best authority, are soon going out of fashion.

Always sit erect when writing or reading. Throw the shoulders back when walking and at table.

Always keep a shut mouth on the street. Giggling is excessively bad breeding, and I wish the girls of the "G.O.P." to be ladies one and all.

Always—but I think I've said enough for one month, so good-bye until next.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Fomentations of hot vinegar are a great alleviation of rheumatic pains, being an antidote to the uric acid which causes them.

Linseed tea sweetened with honey is a most nourishing drink for an invalid.

Hair should never be washed in hard water. According to an expert, this is the cause of much of the prevalent baldness.

Salad cream made with a little condensed Swiss milk is a very good addition to the other ingredients.

When a spirit lamp is used it should always be placed on a metal tray or China dish, in case of any of the spirit running over in flame.

A very little water put in the bottom of the saucepan in which milk is boiled prevents it from burning.

As a nourishing food for invalids, few things equal or surpass Horlick's malted milk. It can be mixed with any fluid that is being taken, and is most nourishing.

A little furniture polish rubbed over a dull oil cloth brightens it up wonderfully.

E. M. FINN

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Acknowledgments for January and February, 1909.

	RS.	A.		RS.	A.
1. L. C. Hodgson, Esq., Trevandrum	4	0	28. V. Solomon, Esq., Port Blair	4	0
2. Dawayanti bai Anandsingh, Nagpur,	4	0	29. P. Auganyulu, Esq. B.A., Tenali	4	0
3. T. R. Ekambaram Iyer, Esq., Mylapore.	2	0	30. H. J. Bhaba, Esq., Bangalore.	4	0
4. Mrs. Messmore, Paun	4	0	31. Miss Grace E. Brown, Faridpur, E.B.,	4	8
5. H. H. Maharanee of Cooch Bihar, Alipore	4	0	32. Miss Carpenter, America	4	8
6. S. Mukerji, Esq., Ballygunge	4	0	33. Ceylon Women's Union, Ceylon	4	0
7. Mrs. K. Mukerji, Srinagar	4	0	34. K. S. Chandrasekhara Iyer, Esq.,		
8. J. G. C., Mendis, Esq., Ceylon	4	0	Bangalore	4	0
9. G. V. Narayanaswami, Esq., Madura	4	0	35. Mrs. Datta, Hoshiarpur	4	0
10. H. Palethorpe, Miss Grace, Mysore	4	0	36. Miss G. H. Fyzee, Bombay	4	0
11. Miss Pitchamuthu, Madura	2	0	37. Gurusawmy Sastry, Esq., Triplicane	2	0
12. Mrs. Pereira, Changanachery	4	0	38. Rev. W. Haner, Palghat	2	0
13. Ramalingam, Esq., Tirupur	4	0	39. Head-master, Bapatla	4	0
14. Ballaram, Esq., Rai Sahib, Lahore	1	6	40. Miss J. F. Halcombe, Dhera Dun	4	0
15. Mrs. V. Raman Bhai, Ahmedabad	4	0	41. Mrs. Joshi, Ramachandrapuram	4	0
16. A., Sreenivasan, Esq., Palghat	2	0	42. Dr. Miss Kugler, Guntur	4	0
17. Secretary, the Tenali Club, Guntur Dt.	4	0	43. B. Krishnamachari, Esq., Madras	4	0
18. Secretary, Srinivasa Mandiram and			44. Mrs. Kumidini Dass, Calcutta	4	0
Charities, Bangalore.	4	0	45. Mrs. D. Lazarus, Waltair	4	0
19. Mr. Shama Rao, Esq., Bangalore	4	0	46. Mrs. P. N. Lakshmanan, Quilon	4	0
20. Secretary, Fenn Hostel, Madras	4	0	47. Mrs. B. J. Mitter, Calcutta	4	0
21. Miss A. Shunmugam, Cuddalore.	4	0	48. Mrs. G. D. Madgookar, Baroda	4	0
22. Mrs. Streennivassa, Guntur.	4	0	49. P. S. Madhava Row, Esq., Karur	2	0
23. Miss G. Stephens, Vepey, Madras	4	0	50. Mrs. D. N. Mutyalu, Hyderabad, Deccan.	4	0
24. Mrs. M. Stephens, Travancore	4	0	51. Mrs. Dhafeshwar, Madras	4	0
25. Mrs. M. C. Sen, Alipore	4	0	52. Secretary, Free Reading Room, Ongole	4	0
26. Shette Chimanlal Najindas, Ahmedabad	4	0	53. B. Urma Bai, Bangalore City	4	0
27. Umrao Singh, Esq., Ludhiana	4	0			

DHARIWAL

PURE WOOL

SUITINGS

FLANNELS 54" wide
medium, light and
heavy weights.

Rs. 1-12-0 and
Rs. 4-0-0.

COSTUME CLOTHS

SERGES & WORSTEDS
plain, striped and
mixtures in various
weights.

Rs. 1-8-0 & Rs. 4-0-0
per yard 54" wide.

SHIRTINGS

FLANNELS 54" wide
coloured stripes on
white grounds.

Rs. 2-0-0 and
Rs. 2-12-0.

Servants' Chapkans . . . from Rs. 5 12 0
Syces' Coats . . . from Rs. 4 4 0
Jampanis' Suits . . . from Rs. 6 8 0
Choukidars' Greatecoats from Rs. 5 0 0

*WRITE FOR OUR LATEST PRICE LIST AND
SELECTION OF MATERIALS, POST FREE*

THE NEW EGERTON WOOLLEN MILLS CO., LD.

DHARIWAL-PUNJAB



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. VII]

MAY, 1909

[No. 5

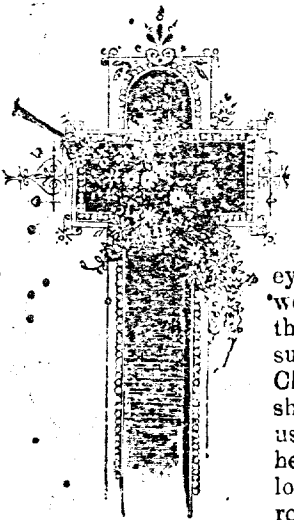
OLD MOTHERS

I love old mothers—mothers with white hair,
And kindly eyes, and lips grown softly sweet
With murmured blessings over sleeping babes.
There is a something in their quiet grace
That speaks the calm of Sabbath afternoons;
A knowledge in their deep, unfaltering eyes
That far outreaches all philosophy.
Time, with caressing touch, about them weaves
The silver-threaded fairy-shawl of age.
While all the echoes of forgotten songs
Seem joined to lend a sweetness to their speech,
Old mothers! as they pass with slow-timed step,
Their trembling hands eling gently to youth's strength;
Sweet mothers! as they pass, one sees again
Old garden-walks, old roses, and old loves.

"Isobel's Child"

(A poem.)

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.



MRS. BROWNING'S poetry is generally pathetic and soul-stirring. Her beautiful language aids her touching sentiments, and our hearts are stirred and our

eyes fill with tears as we read them. One of the most pathetic of such poems is "Isobel's Child." As the title shows, the poem tells us about a mother and her child. A mother's love and a mother's sorrow are placed before

us in letters of fire, as it were; and every mother, whether Indian or European, will feel her heart stirred with pity as she reads this exquisite piece of poetry. Every mother may,—nay will have—her heart filled with the beautiful mother-love of Isobel. But, will every mother be capable of the sublime renunciation, the mighty sacrifice of love, which Isobel shows to us? Nay, I think not. Mighty as the love of some mothers is, we are too earthly-minded, we think too much of ourselves and our own poor happiness, to be capable of the real renunciation of love's sacrifice. Most probably the thought may be in our hearts in embryo; but, I think, few are the cases in which it will really rise to the surface, unencumbered by other thoughts.

"Can a woman's tender care

Cease towards the child she bare?"

"Yes, she may forgetful be," says the old hymn, and I think the sentiment is true in its extreme sense—I mean, in the sense of the voluntary surrender of a loved one to death, when it is necessary for the happiness of a loved one.

"Isobel's child" brings before our eyes a pathetic, but not sad, picture. A little child has been very ill; for eight days the mother has been watching that most pitiful of all sights, the pity of an infant, and her heart is wrung with pity. But now, there is a respite, the child is better, and the mother bids the weary nurse sleep. The nurse obeys and sleeps and dreams—a fearful dream—that

"The poplars held the sun, and he

The eyes of the nurse that they should not see

Not for a moment, the babe on her knee,
Though she shuddered to feel that it grew to be
Too chill, and lay too heavily."

But it is only a dream, and Isobel, the mother is happy.

"And more and more smiled Isobel
To see the baby sleep so well—
She knew not that she smiled;
She knew not that the storm was wild;
She heard the low, light breathing of her child,"
"So motionless she sate,
The babe asleep upon her knees,
You might have dreamed their souls had gone
Away to things inanimate.
In sooth the smile that then was keeping
Watch upon the baby sleeping,
Floated with its tender light
Downward, from the drooping eyes,
Upward, from the lips apart,
Over cheeks which had grown white
With an eight-day weeping:
All smiles come in such a wise
Where tears shall fall or have of old—
Like northern lights that fill the heart
Of heaven in sign of cold."

What a solemn thing it is to see a babe sleeping, soliloquises Mrs. Browning. Who can think it wears

"In its spirit-deeps
The undeveloped mystery
Of our Adam's taint and woe,
Which, when they developed be,
Will not let it slumber so?"

Now the babe knows all things only by their outward aspect, as they show themselves to it, by their blooms,

"Not their roots,—yea, sun and sky
Only by the warmth that comes out of each."

And yet—what a solemn thought!—all such incomplete conclusions

"Will gather and climb
To an immortality
Good or evil, each sublime,
Through life and death to life again."

"Oh", cries the sweet authoress, stung to heartfelt pity,

"Oh little lids, now folded fast,
Must ye learn to drop at last
Our large and burning tears?
O warm quick body, must thou lie,
When the time comes round to die,
Still from all the whirl of years,
Bare of all the joy or pain?
O small frail being, wilt thou stand
At God's right hand,
Lifting up those sleeping eyes
Dilated by great destinies
To an endless waking?"

either to meet the just reward of its righteous deeds, or—dread thought—to be condemned,

"When woe, shall glass thee everywhere
And overcome thee with thine own despair?"

But such thoughts are not now in Isobel's heart. She had had enough of them. With heart wrung by slow, scalding tears, she had prayed:

"Oh, take not, Lord, my babe away—
Oh, take not to the songful heaven
The pretty babe thou has given.
Think, God among the cherubim,
How I shall shiver every day
In thy June sunshine, knowing where
The grave-grass keeps it from his fair
Still cheeks: and feel, at every tread,
His little body, which is dead
And hidden in thy turfy fold,
Doth make thy whole warm earth a cold!"

She is "so young, so young", unused to sorrow and tears,

And must the first who teaches me
The forms of shrouds and funerals, be
Mine own first-born beloved? he
Who taught me first this mother-love?
Thou who art
So happy in thy heaven away
Take not mine only bliss away."

So she had prayed, and God had thought fit to answer her prayer. Now her heart is full of thankfulness:

"I prayed for thee, my little child,
And God has heard my prayer!
And when thy babyhood is gone,
We two together undefiled
By men's repinings, will kneel down
Upon His earth, which will be fair
(Not covering thee, sweet!) to us twain,
And give Him thankful praise."
"Now, oh baby mine, together,
We turn this hope of ours again
To many an hour of Summer weather,
When we shall sit and intertwine
Our spirits, and instruct each other
In the pure loves of child and mother!
Two human lives make one divine."

Then her thoughts fly away to the happy future. What will her child's life be in the days to come? Will it be the life simple?

"Beneath the trees
Wilt thou learn all day, and lose
Thy spirit with the river seen
Intermittently between
The winding beechen alleys—
Thou, with only thoughts to keep
Which never a bound will overpass,
And which are as innocent as those
That feed among Arcadian valleys
Upon the dewy grass?"

Or, will her child be a philosopher?

"Eloquent and wise,
One upon whose lips the air
Turns to solemn verities;"

Or a poet

"Broadly spreading
The golden immortalities
Of thy soul on nature's lorn
And poor of such,—beneath thy treading,
Earth's flowers recovering hues of Eden;—
And stars drawn downward by thy looks
To shine ascendant in thy books?"

But—sweetest thought of all to the mother's heart—she would prefer the dear domestic joys of life to her child:

"Thy heart is of thy mother's make,
Thy looks are very meek,
And it will be their chosen place
To rest on some beloved face,
As these on thine, and let the noise
Of the whole world go on nor drown
The tender silence of thy joys;
Or when that silence shall have grown
Too tender for itself, the same
Yearning for sound,—to look above
And utter its one meaning, Love,
That He may hear His name."

But outside all is stormy and sad. Dully and wildly the rain is pouring down, gustily the wind is blown against the lattices and the thunder crashes through all the stress of the storm. The large white owl hoots outside with unblinking eyes; the tame hawk screams at the lightning, and at the lady's door the hound scratches with a crying sound.

"And sudden and solemn the silence fell,
Startling the heart of Isobel
As the tempest could not."

The mother's eyes fall on the child's face, which shows cold and clear through the silent moonlight. What does she see there? Her heart shrinks with fear:

"Is any glamour in the case?
Is it dream, or is it sight?
Hath the change upon the wild
Elements that sign the night
Passed upon the child?"

Alas, "it is not dream, but sight."

For, the baby is awake and is gazing upon its mother, not with aimless baby looks, but with

"An earnest gazing deep
Such as soul gives soul at length
When by work and wail of years
It winneth a solemn strength
And mourneth as it wears."

Strange it is to see that three-month baby's undefiled look

"O'er glazed by manhood's tears,
The tears of a man full grown,
With a power to wring our own;"

stranger it is to see that small soft mouth shaped to articulation; strangest of all to bear the old and wise words of that innocent child:

"O mother, mother, loose thy prayer!
Christ's name hath made it strong.
It bindeth me, it biddeth me
With its most loving cruelty,
From floating my new soul along
The happy heavenly air."

"Mother, mother, can I dream
Beneath your earthly trees?
I had a vision and a gleam
I heard a sound more sweet than these."

"Oh, the dream within the dream;
I saw celestial places even."

Oh, the vistas of high palms
Making finites of delight.
Through the heavenly infinite
Lifting up their green still tops
To the heaven of heaven!
Oh, the sweet life-tree that drops
Shade-like light across the river,
Glorified in its for-ever
Flowing from the Throne!
Oh, the shining holinesses
Of the thousand, thousand faces
God-sunned by the throned One,
And made intense with such a love
That, though I saw them turned above;
Each loving seemed for also me!
And, oh, the Unspeakable, the He,
The manifest in secreties
Yet of mine own heart partaker!
With the overcoming look
Of one who hath been once forsook
And blesteth the forsaker!
Mother, mother, let me go
Towards the Face that looketh so!"

And then the child speaks words which are
surely very hard for the mother. Oh! to think
her love is nothing, her supreme love—the
sacrifice of her whole self, which she is willing
to give. How her heart melts within her at
the thought! what sorrow, what grief is this!
Surely her heart is dying within her by inches.
Oh, God! that it should be so!

"Is your wisdom very wise," asks the child,
Mother, on the narrow earth,
Very happy, very worth
That I should stay to learn?"

"Love, earth's love! and can we love
Fixedly where all things move?
Can the sinning love each other?
Mother, mother,
I tremble in thy close embrace,
I feel thy tears adown my face,
Thy prayers do keep me out of bliss—
O dreary earthly love!
Loose thy prayer and let me go
To the place which loving is
Yet not sad."

Oh hard thought! to think that her own dear
child prefers another love to her own love. To
think that her love appears dreary and sad
to her own babe! Alas!

But wait! this other love that the child longs
for is divine! What is her own poor earthly
love compared to that?

"Did you see the Dove with wings
Bathed in golden glisterings
From a sunless light behind
Dropping on me from the sky,
Soft as mother's kiss, until
I seemed to leap and yet was still?
Saw you how His love-large eyes
Looked upon me with mystic calms,
Till the power of His divine
Vision was indrawn to mine?"

And think of the happiness, which is await-
ing her dear child in the golden heaven.

"A little harp me awaits thereby,
A little harp whose strings are golden all

And tuned to music spherical,
Hanging on the green life-tree
Where no willows ever be.
Shall I miss that harp of mine?
Mother, no!—the Eye divine
Turned upon it, makes it shine;
And when I touch it, poems sweet
Like separate souls shall fly from it,
Each to the immortal fyte
We shall all be poets there,
Gazing on the chiefest Fair."

And the divine promise to wait for her in
Heaven!

"And when is given
Escape to thee from this below,
Thou shalt behold me that I wait
For thee beside the happy gate
And silence shall be up in heaven
To hear our greeting kiss."

And so let the child go. Let "the silver cord
be loosed, and the golden bowl be broken, and
the dust return to the earth as it was, and the
spirit return unto God who gave it."

Alas! for our earthly grief!

And so, when the nurse wakes, she finds
the child dead and the lady

"With a grandeur spread
Like pathos over her face, as one
God-satisfied and earth-undone,
And the nurse could utter forth no cry,—
She was awed by the calm in the mother's
eye.

"Wake, nurse," the lady said;
"We are waking—he and I—
I, in earth, and he, in sky.
And thou must help me to o'erlay
With garment white this little clay
Which needs no more our lullaby."

I changed the cruel prayer I made,
And bowed my meekened face and prayed
That God would do His will; and thus
He did it, nurse! He parted us:
And His sun shows victorious
The dead calm face,—and I am calm,
And Heaven is hearkening a new Psalm.
This earthly noise is too anear,
Too loud, and will not let me hear
The little harp. My death will soon
Make silence!

And a sense of tune,
A satisfied love meanwhile
Which nothing earthly could despoil,
Sang on within her soul."

And we? Harken to what the poetess tells us:

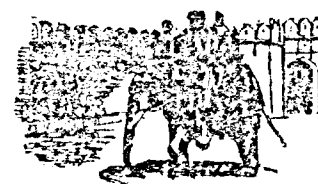
"Oh you,
Earth's tender and impassioned few,
Take courage to entrust your love
To Him so named who guards above
Its ends and shall fulfil!
Breaking the narrow prayers that may
Befit your narrow hearts, away
In His broad loving will."

PADMINI.



Glimpses of a Tour in Japan

By Lady Benson.



WE landed
in Japan
at Yokohama on
the 1st of October,
1908. The climate
reminded us of a
September day in

Madras. It was hot, muggy and breathless. The
voyage across the Pacific from Vancouver which
occupied 16 days, had been very boisterous and
cold, and we could not keep ourselves warm with
all the rugs and warm clothes we could collect.

We had expected to find cool autumn weather in
Japan, but, on the contrary, we found ourselves
as it were back in India again, and were glad to
unpack our light clothing. Japan is a very moist
and rainy country, and frequently reminded us
of the West Coast of India. In the spring visitors
are often very much disappointed by the con-
stant rainfall and frequent mists. The summer
months are also rainy and uncomfortably hot
and airless, and as sight-seeing is hard work, it
almost demands a good climate.

The autumn months are consequently the best
time in which to see Japan, as they are the driest
and coolest. It is true that the beautiful season
of the cherry blossoms and wisterias is missed,
but on the other hand, the chrysanthemums
and the gorgeous autumn tints of the maple and
cherry trees are seen to perfection in October
and November. The very first sight on landing
that attracts notice is the long rows of jinrikishas
and jinrikisha men! They stretch in lines down
street after street. Even after being in Japan for
several weeks the sight never fails to strike one.
No wonder! In Yokohama alone there are 1,500 of
them, and in Tokio, the capital of Japan, there
are 31,000! There used to be, a few years ago,
41,000 rikisha men there, but since the circular
tram line round the town has been completed
their numbers have been reduced by 10,000. The
men are very small, and struck us as being very
remarkably ugly! They make up in sturdiness
and muscle for lack of height. The calves of their
legs are so enormous, they almost look as if they
were suffering from elephantiasis. Almost every
street is lined down one side with stands of jin-
rikishas and men. They form a grand reserve
of strong able-bodied men for the Army in time
of war, and proved most useful in the Transport
Corps during the Russo Japanese War. We were
told that they do not live long, and that they die
about the age of thirty. They run fast and perspire
profusely, get chills, and frequently die of pneu-
monia. The word jinrikisha means "man-power-

vehicle" and some one wittily translated it into
English as "pull-man-car."

In Japan an ordinary jinrikisha can be bought
for Rs. 45=30 yen; a yen=Rs. 1-6-0), but a pri-
vate and handsome jinrikisha may cost as much
as Rs. 75. * "In the large towns a rikisha man
may earn as much as Rs. 45 a month by this
humble occupation, that is, more than the salary
of many a small official of several years standing,
and with a far greater share of excitement, amuse-
ment, and independence. No wonder that fresh
batches of lads from the country continually
pour in to replace those whom consumption
and heart disease—the result of cold and over
exertion—only too swiftly remove from the
busy scene." Japanese men are small, but
the women are tiny, such wee little men, and
wee little women. They cannot be compared
in looks, or in picturesqueness of dress to the
people of India. The little ladies in the tea
houses are quite dainty and pleasing, always
smiling and courteous, and their hair is beauti-
fully dressed. The few Japanese ladies we
saw in the trains were beautifully, but very
quietly dressed, but it is a question whether
they could be called pretty. Their eyes are
very frequently a slant, and their mouths
drawn into the "prunes and prisms" shape;
they are often profusely powdered and painted.
None of them wear jewellery; all the time we
were in Japan, we did not see a single necklace,
bracelet, or ear-ring among the ladies or women.
In that information about Japan "Things Japa-
nese" by Basil Hall Chamberlain—the word
"Jewellery" does not occur in the index. We
were told that among the ladies of the old
aristocracy valuable hairpins of corals and pearls
were worn, but the general use and possession
of jewellery is unknown in Japan. The contrast
to this in India is extraordinary! There
"persons of the highest authority estimate
the herds of wealth (not merely jewellery)
at £300,000,000 and the hoarding averages
11 millions yearly." This money Indians main-
ly use up in jewellery. More money is spent,
on goldsmiths than on the whole Government of
the country. The census of 1891 showed that
the people of India supported an army of
400,000 goldsmiths. Estimating their average
earnings at Rs. 6 per month, this gives an
annual outlay of 288 lakhs. The late Sir
V. Bhashyam Iyengar told the writer that Rs. 6
a month was altogether too low an average for
goldsmiths' earnings. In any case the figures
do not point to the growing poverty of the
country!

The amount now held in jewels in India can-
not be less than 300 crores of rupees; it is

* "Things Japanese," by Basil Hall Chamberlain.

probably much greater; at 12 per cent. interest, it would yield 36 crores a year—far more than the entire land revenue of British India.

The so-called "jewellers" of Japan are metal workers, they use gold and silver as colours, as it were, mixing them up with bronze, and brass, and steel, and alloys of all sorts, to produce some exquisite piece of metal work.

A walk in the by-streets of Yokohama introduced us to powerful and pungent odours! The canal water looked like thick Pea-soap. The streets themselves were beautifully clean, no scraps of paper or rubbish heaps could be seen.

The Japanese, one and all, seem adepts at wielding brushes and brooms, they sweep perpetually, and all rubbish is carried away in carts or baskets with great promptitude. They can constantly be seen washing, and wiping dry after washing windows and doors. There is no dirt or rubbish about the streets anywhere. The smells must come from defective drainage. The little bazaar shops are very like Indian bazaar shops.

They are all open to the street, and the contents are arranged in tiers, up and up to the back of the shop. The street people are certainly not beautiful. Their faces are flat, with high cheek bones, wrinkled parchment-like skin, wide gaping mouths, coarse bristly hair, large ears, and bad teeth. The women are clumsy and humpy in figure. The bald Japanese dolls sent abroad for sale are not caricatures, but life-likenesses of babies as they are; they are very quaint and fascinating, but certainly not pretty. The chief note of colour in the dress of the Japanese, as seen in the streets, is of sombre hue, the kimono and out-door jackets of both men and women are made of dark-blue, dark-grey, or dark-purple cloth, and cottons. The only touch of colour is in the dress of the babies. These are decked out in bright red, orange, pink, green, and blue, generally all mixed in one garment, and alas! often finished off with a woollen crocheted Tam-o'-Shanter cap! The infants and very young children give a joyful touch of colour amid the prevailing gloom of the costumes of the grown-up people. The lack of bright colour in the moving population of the streets is very striking to visitors from Madras, where even every group of grass cutters with their cloths of carmine reds, golden greens, indigo blues with yellow borders, forms a beautiful chord of colour. The coats of Japanese coolies are marked on the back with a Chinese character, or other sign, to show the guild or trade to which they belong. The out-door coat (called haori), of men and women is made of silk and is stamped with the weaver's crest in three, and often in five, places.

We had tea in a little tea house at the top of a flight of 100 steps, leading from the lower town to the top of the bluff, or high ground of Yokohama. The little ladies in attendance doubled themselves up bowing and welcoming us. We sat on the edge of the raised open room of their house while they brought us tea on red lacquered trays in little green cups without handles, with some wafer-like biscuits. It is not the custom to ask what the cost of the tea is, but one is expected, on departure, to leave a small coin in the tray; whatever the coin may be, whether the equivalent of three annas, or six annas, or one rupee, the recipient smiles and bows with equal politeness and profuse thanks. The tea tastes like hot water flavoured with straw, and is about as pleasant! Neither milk nor sugar is provided. The taste for this tea is soon acquired, and the infusion is refreshing. Japanese tea, unlike Chinese, must not be made with boiling water, or it will give an intolerably bitter decoction. Large quantities of Japanese tea, as much as 40,000,000 lbs. in a single season, are sent across the Pacific to the United States and Canada. It is only 50 years ago since the first secret shipment of 27 lbs. was made by an enterprising widow of Nagasaki, for then no intercourse was permitted with the noted foreigners.

The export of tea from India in 1907 was of the value of £6,266,000—227,021,657 lbs. weight. The greater part of the proceeds of the tea industry is spent on labour in India. The labourers on tea gardens are among the best fed in India.

From the tea house we overlooked the view of the town and harbour below. Dozens of tall chimneys poured forth black smoke over miles of the dark grey-looking town. The houses being nearly all built of wood become very grey and dark with age. They are mostly thatched or tiled with little tiles of slate, so there is no colour about the town at all. The fruit shops full of oranges, and persimmons, rosy apples, and round pears (these are so hard as to be described as first cousins to brick-bats!) give bright splashes of colour in the streets.

The hotels, clubs, and boarding houses for visitors and foreigners are built almost on the water's edge—on what is called "The Bund." The outlook is very animated and bright, so many ships, large steamers and boats of all descriptions are crowded in the great gulf-like harbour. At night the thousands of lights from these ships reflected in the water give the appearance of an illumination for a festival. As all the hotels, etc., on the Bund are European, the first appearance of Yokohama is anything but Japanese. The jinrikishas and their men are the only sign of Japan. A ridge of high ground runs on one side of Yokohama and on this ridge, a bluff, as

it is called, are built the villa-like residences of the English, American, German and other foreign residents in Yokohama; there also are built the large Naval and General Hospitals, the churches, and the public gardens. A rikisha ride takes you to the world-famous Yokohama nursery gardens on the bluff, where we bought some lily bulbs and Rambler roses to take back to our Madras garden. Rambler roses were introduced into England only 20 years ago from Japan, and now almost every cottage garden in the south of England is gay with lovely Rambler roses, the "crimson Rambler" and "Dorothy Perkins". If they would only grow as freely in Madras, Bangalore, and Ootacamund, they would be a great acquisition to the gardens in India. Probably the climate of the North of India would suit them better. We saw numbers of wonderful dwarfed pine and maple trees from 30 to 250 years old; these are marvels of the patient, ingenious skill of the Japanese gardener. A long ride through many busy streets, still on the high ground, brings one to the distant race course and the golf links. The view of the magnificent Cone of Fujiyama is beautifully seen from this point. Owing to the moisture in the atmosphere, Fuji is very constantly veiled from sight, and visitors can be even six weeks in Japan without seeing this most famous mountain. It is the pride and joy of Japan, the greatest source of inspiration to poet and artist alike. "Natives and foreigners, artists and holiday makers alike, fall down in adoration before the wondrous mountain which stands utterly alone in its union of grace with majesty." Even Rudyard Kipling said he would give up the view of mighty Kinchinjunga from Darjeeling for the sight of Fujiyama. The peasants of the neighbouring countryside speak of Fuji as "O Yama" the "Honourable mountain." No woman formerly was allowed to ascend to the summit. Lady Parker was the first woman to do so. This was in October, 1867. Steam sufficiently hot to cook an egg still issues from several spots on the crater lips. From 12 to 18,000 persons ascend Fuji yearly, the majority being pilgrims.

Some of the English houses built by the race course are just like Queen Ann Villas in England, and the look of the country about is exactly like the Isle of Wight, overlooking fields and woods to a blue sea, and very varied coastline beyond. From the race course we turned down-hill looking over the "Mississippi Bay," (so named by Commodore Perry 60 years ago) and trundled for miles and miles through very pretty scenery, along rice fields, and by woods and villages, with tea houses and country hotels dotted about. Women and men were working in the fields, all wearing tight blue cotton trousers, blue and white cotton handkerchiefs, or towels,

tied in every conceivable different fashion round their heads, sometimes tied under the chin, sometimes knotted at one side, sometimes folded to look like a nun's head-dress, at others flapping like butterflies' wings. We decided that it would take at least a month to learn all the different ways in which these ingenious and artistic little people had succeeded in arranging this simple and becoming headgear. The handkerchiefs or towels are never printed alike, the pattern on each varies infinitely; the only thing alike about them is that they are always blue and white, never red, or green, or yellow. The pattern may be in stripes, or circles, or spots; or with flowers, or birds, or fish, or crests, or with geometrical patterns, but the variety is infinite. Irregularity seems to be the aim of Japanese art and taste, never to have any thing to match, and nothing turned out by the dozen or hundred. Each article is stamped, with individuality. The only exception we noticed to this apparently universal rule was in their houses. They are all alike, built on the same plan, and street after street, and village after village, showed the same monotony of form and outline. It must be confessed that with "their usual brilliant manner, as shewn by their wonders of industry, and the consummate art with which, in the smallest objects of every-day use, they have displayed so much character and perfection, the Japanese have evolved an architecture admirably fitted to the character of their civilization, and wonderfully appropriate to the conditions of their climate. There are two factors which in all countries exercise an influence on the fashion of architecture, namely climate, and the nature of the soil. The climate of Japan is of a very varied nature. Although in the centre of the country the cold is very great in winter, in the south it is hardly felt at all. Everywhere rains are frequent, from April to the end of June, followed by a long period of heat. It is therefore necessary to construct houses to serve as shelter both against the rain and the sun, and which will suit both a quiet indoor life, and a life in the open air. Hence have originated those great roofs, with the broad eaves, which give shade from the sun and shelter from the rain; the balconies and the terraces, the great recesses, which form windows, which can be opened more or less, and are closed by means of frames running in grooves; the gardens full of freshness forming a frame of verdure to nearly every house. The second factor, the Volcanic soil of Japan, and the constant earthquakes resulting from it have necessitated the almost exclusive use of wood in construction; edifices of extreme elasticity were a necessity, capable of resisting the storms of wind and of standing upright in spite of the severest earth-

quake shocks. The genius of the Japanese has triumphed over these difficulties. Their architects have built temples, of which some are a thousand years old and are "standing intact." But because of earthquakes, and the necessity for buildings without height, the prospect of a Japanese town from a height is monotonous. There are no towers, domes, or minarets. The chimneys of the manufacturing centres are built with a bulge toward the bottom to increase their strength, they are the only objects to be seen. Even the Buddhist temple roofs are but moderately raised above the rest. Japanese houses are built lightly of wood, and have thatched, shingled, or tiled roofs. There are no foundations, the house stands on the ground, not partly in it, and raised on stones a foot or more above the ground. There are no walls to the houses, there are instead sliding shutters or screens, fitted into grooves, which can be stowed away in box-like compartments during the day. The inside of the house is divided into rooms by thick paper screens, which run in grooves at the top and bottom. By taking out these sliding screens several rooms can be turned into one. The floors of the rooms are always beautifully matted with mats always of the same size, 6 ft by 3 ft. It is usual to judge of the size of a room by the number of mats in it, then you hear a six-mat room spoken of, or a ten-mat room. In some of the castles and palaces there are 75-mat rooms. The Kitchens and passages are not matted, but have a wooden floor which is kept brightly polished. In the hotel we were staying in later on, the floor of the hall used to be washed down with hot water three times a day! There is no furniture in a Japanese house! No tables, no chairs, no bedsteads, or wardrobes, no wash-hand stands, and no piano, in fact none of the 101 things which English people cannot do without. At night, the Japanese use quilts which are brought in at night, and laid down wherever it may happen to be most convenient. Cup-boards are for the most part openings in the wall screened in by paper slides. All the family treasures are kept in an outside fireproof building called a "godown." There are no fireplaces in Japanese houses, people warm themselves over China jars in which is burning charcoal, these jars are called *Hibaches*. Japanese houses are very pretty, dainty, and clean, but they are also very noisy, draughty, and lacking in privacy.

They have the advantage of being cheap, which is a very essential point in a poor country; also the constant circulation of air in the houses makes them very healthy to live in.

In another paper I must tell you about more of our experiences in and impressions of Japan.

(To be continued.)

Society for Hindu Ladies



SOCIETY, according to the acknowledged meaning of the term, means little or nothing to Hindu women. Families live side by side for generations and yet do not know each other. Only the visits of relations relieve the monotony of household routine. Friendships are seldom made or fostered. On festive occasions, such as marriages and a few other ceremonies, friends are invited for meals, otherwise each family is an isolated group, living just in itself and for itself. The system of calling on each other is unknown. There is a difficulty in this. People think of their positions and wait for each other to call first, and thus the days slip by into months and years. This state of things can be remedied by a few brave ladies, who can break the ice by calling first, on the wives of their husbands' friends. They should, of course, be prepared for adverse criticism, but they will soon find that these visits give pleasure both to themselves and to those on whom they call and soon visits will be exchanged. Thus into the monotony of their everyday life new interests will be introduced. The fact of the men being friends will create a common bond of interest and they will be able to form a little society for themselves. Of an evening one can call on the other, drives may be taken together, places of interest can be visited during holidays, picnics and pleasure trips can be undertaken—in a word pleasant friendships can be made.

We, unlike the English, have not the practice of inviting friends to a meal. As soon as an Englishman is introduced to another, who is moving in the same circle as himself, he will at once ask him to a meal. This is the custom, because then the host has leisure to show his real self and to make things pleasant for his new friend, and thus over a friendly meal shyness and restraint wear off and they get to know one another better than they would have done by chance meetings or hurried business calls. The same custom can be put into practice among us. At first it will seem strange, but gradually it will become accepted as a matter of course and

will make things very pleasant. Caste will make things difficult here, but first let those who are of the same caste begin. Social evenings can often be held at each other's homes, when music and games will help to pass the time happily. Many Hindu girls are taught Indian music and in some instances English music as well; and if such opportunities are given, they will help not only to give pleasure, but to bring out hidden talent. When I speak of social evenings, I do not mean them only for the women, but for both men and women. At first it will be possible among ladies only, but gradually the gatherings may become mixed. The real difficulty lies in our getting over our shyness and in getting to know each other. Much can be done if this advance is made, and to do it the women must come forward. If we do so, the men who are anxious for the culture of their wives, as most men of the present times are, will very willingly help. Our world will be widened, our interests will grow and our friendships will strengthen our character. Culture and refinement will increase and many of the difficult problems of social reform will become easy to solve. The women themselves must help to solve them, for here, as in all countries, though much is said to the contrary, the women are all-powerful in the home. It means criticism and ridicule to the pioneers, but if they have courage to begin and go on, they will be able to convert others to their views. If only two families will make up their minds to be really good friends, they will draw other friends into their circle and this will become the nucleus of the new society in which Hindu men and women will take equal places side by side.

We often read papers and speeches about the education of women and of social intercourse, but we must begin with small beginnings; grand parties do not further social intercourse. Of course they help to remove restraint and shyness and to overcome obstacles caused by prejudice and orthodox habit, but if people wish to get to know each other, it must be over the proverbial tea-cups, or in other words, in real friendly visits and exchange of real civilities.

My fair readers, I do not advocate this cause just for our sakes only, nor just for our spending a pleasant hour in each other's society. It will be a source of benefit in various ways. It will teach us to combine and to feel that we are acting together. Our help is needed in many ways, but now we do not know how to give it, and then, think of the Benefit Society, like the one I have first described, will be for the children. They will, in their keen way, learn many things: their horizon will be widened. Now, all their ideas of things are obtained from books and very little from observation. Then, they will

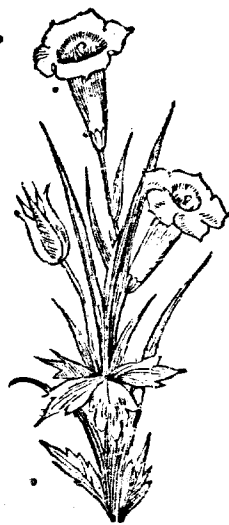
learn culture and refinement in associating with the older members of society. They will learn to conduct themselves respectfully and in a pleasing manner. They can be given pleasure by means of children's parties and visits to interesting places such as parks, museums, picture galleries, and so on. The children's holidays can be made a delight to them. I have heard many school girls complaining that they do not like to stay at home during holidays, because it is so dull for them. Home should never be dull to children. It should be made a bright and welcome place to all the inmates, so that each and every one seeks it with pleasure and longing after the day's work and worry. I would that the mothers will, for the sake of their children, be brave and work with and for each other.

And what about the poorer and less fortunate Hindu women? Some means must be found to give them help and sympathy. It is only women who can give it and it is only when they combine together, they will find ways and means, of doing it. There are many who need help. There are the sick and suffering in hospitals to whom a visit would mean a very welcome diversion. If five or six of us at least will join together and make up our minds to visit them by turns, we would not only give them pleasure, but we ourselves will learn much. There are the poorer women who can be helped by some means of livelihood being provided for them by teaching them some handiwork. In the last number of this magazine, I read about 'The Women's Exchange.' I think it is a very good idea, but in order to be able to begin this, we must first provide opportunities for the women to learn some kind of hand-work. The richer Hindu ladies can have classes once or twice a week for two hours or so when all kinds of easy handwork can be taught, which will later on prove a source of livelihood. It is true we ourselves do not do many kinds of hand-work, but we can get professionals to teach; ours is the duty, to provide opportunities for learning. Then there are the sad unfortunates who have degraded the name of womanhood and whom it is the more too difficult to help or redeem. It is so easy to write and advocate the cause of the poor and the unfortunate but to find opportunities to really help one is a very difficult problem. But whatever it is, it is we women that must find the solution. It is our own particular sphere; and man, though he can very largely help us to achieve it, yet cannot do it himself alone. Dear friends, let me plead with you to be brave and strong and to realise that you have great duties as women and that it is your duty to perform them. Caste objections will stand in the way but you can overcome them. Make small beginnings and conquer obstacles step by step. Little ripples

spread into large circles and so little movements will lead to larger spheres of work and we shall all be benefited. I am not advocating anything new. It is what many of us have thought and what some have put into practice. I trust the Indian lady readers of this article, at least some, will take it up and think about it and try to devise means for establishing a society for themselves. It would be profitable if ladies would write their views and discuss the difficulties and the means of overcoming them. I am sure this question will prove a source of interest to many, as it does to me.

AN INDIAN LADY.

The Story of Bolder



CHARLYLE has made us love the great hearted Norsemen in his lecture on the Hero as Divinity. One imagines them to be a simple strong people, living their lives in simple rusticity, yet feeling strongly the truth and sincerity of the real life of the soul. Their myths are the impersonification of the visible workings of nature. They fell down and worshipped the workings of physical nature, because to their simple earnest souls it was a thing wholly miraculous. The myths are very interesting and like themselves, and show a robust

homely vigour and a strong sincerity.

The story of Bolder is taken from the myths of the horsemen. Odin, the chief god, and Frigga, his queen, had twin sons, as dissimilar in character and personal appearance as it was possible for children to be. Hodur, god of darkness, was sombre, moody and blind like the obscurity of sin, which he was supposed to symbolise, while his brother Bolder, the beautiful Sun-god, was worshipped as the pure and radiant god of innocence and light. His snowy brow from which sunshine seemed to radiate and his golden locks gladdened the heart of god and man and he was beloved by all for his goodness and purity. His palace was of silver and gold and of such purity that nothing unclean was ever allowed within its precincts. He lived there with his beautiful and charming wife Nanna (blossom).

Once upon a time the gods were at play in the green fields of Ida. Their favourite game was the throwing of their golden discs

which they could cast with great skill. While going on with their usual sport they suddenly bethought themselves of a new game. They had learnt that no missile would harm Bolder, and so they amused themselves by casting all manners of weapons, stones, etc. at him, but nothing harmed him, because all things had sworn not to harm him. This caused much amusement to the gods. Their shouts and laughter excited the curiosity of Frigga as she sat at the spinning. Seeing an old woman pass by, she asked her to come in and tell her the cause of this hilarity. The old woman was no other than Loki, the god of fire, in disguise, the god who always had some mischief or evil brewing in his mind. He was very jealous of Bolder, because the Sun-god had so completely eclipsed him. From Frigga he heard the story of how every thing had sworn not to hurt Bolder, except a harmless little parasite, the mistletoe, which grew on the oak near Valhalla's gate, but which was not to be feared because it was so weak and small. Frigga was not aware that she was bringing on her beloved son a terrible fate by revealing this little secret. Loki, on hearing this, resumed his own form as soon as he was out of sight, repaired to Valhalla, got the mistletoe and imparting by his magic arts considerable strength and hardness to it, he fashioned a shaft out of it, and with it sped back to the fields of Ida. The sport was still being continued and all were taking part, except Hodur, who leant mournfully against a tree, because he was blind and so could not take part in this new game. Loki came to the blind god and putting this shaft into his hand, playfully directed him to throw it at Bolder. Then to the dismay of all and of Hodur himself, Bolder, the beautiful, fell lifeless to the ground. The gods in dire anxiety crowded round him, but all efforts were of no avail, life was quite extinct. In their anger they would have torn Hodur to pieces, but they were restrained by the law of the gods that no deeds of violence should desecrate their peaceful homesteads. Their loud lamentations brought Odin and Frigga, who were stricken with grief when they saw their beloved son dead. Frigga passionately implored the gods to go and beg Hela to relax her victim because the earth could not be happy without Bolder, but as the way was rough and painful in the extreme, none of the gods volunteered to go. At last Hermod, the messenger of the gods, promised to go and bring him back from Hela. Odin lent him his own noble steed, and Hermod departed on his errand.

Meanwhile Odin had the body of Bolder brought to his own palace and then the gods constructed a gigantic funeral pyre, which they

did upon Bolder's dragon-ship, the 'Ringhorn.' "According to custom this was decorated with tapestry hangings, garlands of flowers, vessels and weapons of all kinds, golden rings and countless objects of value, ere the immaculate corpse, richly-attired, was brought and laid upon it." In token of affection and sorrow for the dead, each lay on the pyre his most precious possession, Odin giving his magic ring. One by one the gods drew near to take their farewell of their beloved friend and companion, and as Nanna also came to take a last look, her heart broke and she fell dead at their feet. They reverently bore her up and put her beside Bolder, so that she may accompany him on his death journey. Bolder's horse and hounds were slain, the pyre was twined round with thorns, the emblems of sleep. After everything was finished, Odin drew near and took his farewell and it was noted that he whispered something in his dead son's ear, and none knew what, because they were too far away to hear. The preliminaries being over, efforts were made to launch the ship, but the load was too great even for the strength of the gods. They had to call in the help of a mighty giantess, who succeeded in launching the ship. The god of Thunder then consecrated the funeral pyre with his hammer and lighted it. "The great ship now drifted out to sea and the flames from the pyre presented a magnificent spectacle, which assumed a greater glory with every passing moment, until, when the vessel neared the western horizon, it seemed as if sea and sky were on fire. Sadly the gods watched the flowing ship and its precious freight, until suddenly it plunged into the waves and disappeared; nor did they turn aside and return to their homes until the last spark of light had vanished and the world in token of mourning for Bolder the good, was enveloped in a mantle of darkness.

Meanwhile Hermod pursued his terrible journey—nine days and nights were spent in the gloomy valleys. On the tenth night he crossed the river and leaping over Hel gate came at last to Hela's banqueting-hall, where he found Bolder pale and dejected, lying upon a couch, with Nanna beside him. Hermod informed him that he had come to take him home, but nothing would convince Bolder and he said that he must remain there till the last day. At last, Hermod presented himself before Hela and implored her to release Bolder. The churlish goddess listened silently to this request and finally declared that she would allow her victim to return, only on condition that all things animate and inanimate would show their sorrow for his loss by shedding tears:—

"Come then! if Bolder was so dear beloved, And this is true, and such a loss is Heaven's—"

Hear, how to Heaven may Bolder be restored. Show me through all the world the signs of grief!

Falls but one thing to grieve, here Bolder stops! Let all that lives and moves upon the earth Weep him, and all that is without life weep; Let gods, men, brutes, bewep him; plants and stones.

So shall I know the lost was dear indeed And bend my heart, and give him back to Heaven."

(MATTHEW ARNOLD.)

A hard condition surely, but Hermod was confident and he rode back in hot haste to convey the news to the gods. Bolder had sent back the magic ring to Odin and Nanna an embroidered carpet to Frigga. On the news being told, heralds were sent North, South, East and West and as they passed tears fell from every plant and tree, so that the ground was saturated with moisture and metals and stones, in spite of their hard hearts, wept also. On their return way the heralds saw a dark cave in which they saw the crouching form of a giantess named Thok, whom some mythologists suppose to have been Loki in disguise. When she was asked to mourn Bolder's loss, she mocked the messengers and fled into the dark recesses of her cave and declared she would shed no tear, that for all she cared Hela might keep her victim. Sadly the heralds returned to the gods and on hearing about Thok, the gods were plunged in gloom and despair.

"Bolder, the Beautiful, shall ne'er! From Hel return to upper air! Betrayed by Loki, twice betrayed! The prisoner of death is made!"

Thus ended the story of Bolder, but the real ending of the myth is with the slaying of Hodur by Vali the avenger. Thus the murderer of Bolder, unconscious instrument though he was, atoned for the crime with his blood, according to the code of honour of the Norsemen.

The physical explanation may be found either in the daily setting of the sun (Bolder) which is driven away by darkness (Hodur), or in the ending of the short Northern Summer and the long reign of gloomy Winter. Bolder represents the bright and clear Summer, when twilight and daylight kiss each other and go hand in hand in these northern latitudes. His death by Hodur is the victory of darkness over light, the darkness of Winter over the light of Summer and the revenge of Vali is the breaking forth of new light after the wintry darkness. "Loki, the fire, is jealous of Bolder, the pure light of Heaven, who alone among the northern gods never fought, but was always ready with words of reconciliation and peace." Loki was at first just the personification of the hearth fire and the spirit of life. At first he is represented as a god, but he is so full of evil and mischief, that

(Continued on page 335.)

A REQUIEM

He watched the dawn in brighter climes afar,
The dipping of the sun in purple seas;
Gazed wakeful where each iridescent star
Shone up from depths undimmed by any breeze.

He knew the fragrance of the tropic night;
The tropic sunshine lighted half his days:
But not in these he found his chief delight,
And not for these his clear-toned songs of praise.

A northern land his banished Muse beguiled;
He sang of pearly mists, the shrouded form
Of rain-washed hills where faint the rainbow smiled,
Of iron shores that curbed the foam-flecked storm.

And now at last in native soil he rests
Near the cliff's edge:—untroubled be his sleep
Where rolling sea-waves rear their hissing crests,
Or cool winds come, untainted, from the deep.

at last he comes to be held in general abhorrence, like the mediæval Lucifer, the Prince of lies. To continue the explanation, the tears shed by all things for the beloved Bolder are symbolical of the Spring thaw, setting in after the hardness and blackness of winter, when every tree and twig and even the stones drip with moisture. Thok, who would not weep, is supposed to be coal within the dark earth, and which needs not the light of the sun from the depths of hell, Bolder sent back the magic ring and Nanna the carpet, which seemed to foretell that darkness was not for ever, that fertility of which the ring was an emblem, and verdure, of which the tapestry was a symbol would again deck and beautify the earth.

The moral signification is also beautiful. Bolder and Hodur are symbols of the conflicting sources of good and evil. Loki is the tempter. For a while, evil may be triumphant and goodness may succumb, but a time will come when evil will be slain and good reign supreme.

AN INDIAN LADY.

Tennyson's "Enoch Arden"



TENNYSON'S

"Enoch Arden" is an idyll complete in itself. Its simple and common-place characters possess a naturalness, beauty, and moral excellence, which testify to the poet's true artistic skill, high taste, and nobility of character. Moreover there is seen in the chastened reserve and delicacy of touch with which he describes the pathetic incidents in the story, his deep sympathy for human life, and his keen perception of the unaccountableness of some of life's common experiences. One cannot, however, fail to notice that Love is the ruling emotion in all the chief characters. The poet's highest ideal of love, as found in "Enoch Arden," is the pure unselfish passion of wedded life; it can exist only under the sanction of duty, and of reverence for womanhood and one's higher self, and such love is the source of man's loftiest ideas and the inspiration of his noblest deeds.

The scene of the poem is laid in a small secluded sea-port in the East Coast of England. Here a hundred years ago, among the lumber of the shore, three children, Annie Lee, the

prettiest little damsel in the port, Philip Ray, the Miller's son, and Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's orphan lad, played daily at building castles of sand and at keeping house, when the boys each in turn would call Annie his little wife. The dissolving house of sand, the strivings of Enoch and Philip for Annie, her sorrows on their account, and her promise to be a little wife to both are but mimic symbols of their future life, which the poet makes them play out in a most exquisite and significant manner.

Enoch, thrown upon his own resources from his childhood grew up to be strong and self-reliant, and

"Where he giv't his heart he set his hand
To do the thing he will'd and bore it thro'."

Philip, well-to-do and not driven to a strenuous life by want, began life with a kind disposition and delicate reserve, which involuntarily shrank from the unpleasantness involved in the competition of life.

"When the dawn of rosy childhood past
And the new warmth of life's ascending sun
Was felt by either, either giv't his heart,
On that one girl."

Enoch spoke out his love to Annie, and with the set purpose of making her his wife he worked and hoarded all his savings. Before he was twentyone years old he had established the reputation of being the strongest and bravest sailor in the port, bought a boat for himself, and made a home for Annie.

But Philip loved in silence. One autumn evening, when the people of the village went nutting to the neighbouring hazel-wood, Philip, delayed at home by the illness of his father, was the last to climb up the hill that sloped down to the wood. The beautiful valley alive with the merry voices of the young, was the scene of his severest affliction—that of renouncing his hope in love. He saw Enoch and Annie sitting hand in hand, and the large grey eyes of Enoch glowing with a sacred fire.

"Philip looked

And in their eyes and faces read his doom
Then as their faces drew together groan'd
And slapt aside and like a wounded life
Crept down into the hollows of the wood,
There while the rest were loud in merry-making
Had his dark hour unseen and rose and past,
Bearing a life-long hunger in his heart."

Enoch and Annie were soon married, and lived together seven happy years of health, mutual love, competence and honourable toil. They had first a daughter, and then a boy, and with their birth there rose in Enoch a desire to give them a better training than what his or hers had been.

But the sunshine of happiness and prosperity which Enoch enjoyed was soon clouded by misfortunes. One day, clambering on a mast in a

neighbouring port he fell and broke his limb. While he lay there recovering, his wife bore him another son, a sickly one. Poverty and misery began to stare Annie and her children in the face; and Enoch, though a God-fearing man, gave room to gloomy thoughts and doubts. But his sinking hopes revived when he was offered the place of a boatsman in a ship bound for China. Annie, though obedient and submissive, for the first time opposed his wish, and with many tears and entreaties begged him not to leave her and the children alone.

"He not for his own self caring, but her
Her and her children let her plead in vain,
So grieving held his will and bore it thro'."

To keep them above want in his absence he sold his boat, his only and favourite possession, and set Annie in trade. He who would work for his Annie to the last, toiled at making the necessary arrangements to the last day. When the day of departure came he faced it boldly and brightly.

No description of human life from which the religious element is eliminated is complete. The artistic skill with which the supernatural is woven into this poem invests it with a moral grandeur. Enoch's firm faith stands in striking contrast to Annie's superstitious religion. Enoch's faith helped him to crown his life with a victory over the world and self, but Annie's religious superstition led her into the saddest of blunders from the painful consequences of which she was saved only by the noble self-sacrifice of Enoch.

"Enoch as a God-fearing man
Bowed himself down and in that mystery
Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God
Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes
Whatever came to him."

He dwelt hopefully on the blessings that would accrue to them all from this voyage, and began to sermonise in rough sailor fashion on Providence and trust in Heaven. But Annie, whose heart had already begun to be filled with sad presentiments of her future trials,

"heard,
Heard, and not heard him; as the village girl
Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring
Musing on him that used to fill it for her
Heaps and not hears and lets it overflow."

When the last of the last moments came, Enoch cast his strong arms around his wife, kissed his children and departed, taking a tiny curl from the sleeping infant's head which the mother put into his hand to be the memento of his child through all his wanderings. Little did he know when he kissed the sleeping babe that the sleep was but the symbol of that sleep of Death which was soon to overtake it and of all that he was leaving behind the tiny curl would be the only thing he would be allowed to call his own.

With the departure of Enoch all joy and happiness left his home.

"Not being bred
To barter, nor compensating the want
By shrewdness, neither capable of lies
Nor asking overmuch taking less,"

She did not thrive in trade but dragged on a life of silent melancholy. The last child grew weaker and sicker day by day and

"Here she was aware,
Like the caged bird escaping suddenly
The little innocent soul had flitted away"

We now see Philip stepping into the scene again and being drawn slowly into action by the strength of other's needs. He gains our admiration by the constancy of his silent devotion to the object of his love. He, who was "ever hungering for her peace," heard of her desolation and bereavement, visited her, spoke to her words of comfort, and obtained her consent to send the children to school. For he knew it was Enoch's dearest wish that "the precious morning hours of the children's life" should not be wasted. Accordingly he put them to school and acted the part of a good parent. Philip slowly gained on their affections, and became their all in all, and Enoch became as uncertain as dream.

The children going to the wood one evening, persuaded Philip whom they found in his factory, "like the working bee in blossom dust," to accompany them and their mother. As they were half way down the slope of the hill, Annie's strength failed her and she sat down overwhelmed with a feeling of helplessness and sorrow. Philip, sitting by her side, at once remembered the dark hour when years ago like a "wounded life he crept into the hollows of the wood." It was Philip's hour of weakness. Overpowered with emotion, he eased his heart of the oppressive burden of his life-long love. He told her that he had loved her longer than she knew; it was beyond all hope that Enoch, who had left her ten years ago, should still be living, and if she should become his wife he would gladly prove a father to her children, and be as happy as God grants to any of his creatures. But Annie tenderly replied

"You have been as God's good angel in our house!
God bless you for it, God reward you for it,
Philip, with something happier than myself;
Can one love twice? can you be ever loved as Enoch
was?"

Philip, realising the full force of that simple and innocent question, answered, "I am content to be loved a little after Enoch." But she begged him to wait awhile—a year, and bound herself to him with a promise. Philip, who perceived at once the extremely difficult situation in which his request had placed her, gently said,

"Annie, when I spoke to you
That was your hour of weakness, I was wrong
I am always bound to you, but you are free."

Then Annie, weeping, answered, "I am bound."

Here we have the pathetic picture of human constancy and fidelity giving way under a help-less feeling of gratitude. Annie loved Enoch, but the absence of the object of her love for a considerable period of time, and more than that, the presence of new sympathy and kindness had robbed her passion of all its strength. But the memory of Enoch's love and the yet unbroken moral law that bound her to him prevented her from coming to the decision her heart inclined to, or seeking the help and consolation she was in need of. "Their voices make me feel solitary"—the unconscious remark that dropped from her lips when sitting by the side of Philip on the slope of the hill—is the language not of desolation of faithful love but of the longing for some new interest and sympathy. In this painful conflict of emotions; she had recourse to the natural expedient of most of us in similar situations. She identified God with chance, and expected Him to reveal the truth she wanted in ways ungodly and irrational. One night after tossing sleeplessly on her bed for hours, she desperately seized her Bible and suddenly set it open in the hope of finding a text that would guide her. Though the words she came upon were too plain, and detached to give any intelligible meaning, a subsequent dream interpreted the simple words in a way which relieved her mind of the burden of the moral obligation, and paved the way for an act which rendered the happy years she had spent with Enoch, and his passionate love for her, a haunting torture.

Annie and Philip were soon married;

"But never merrily beat Annie's heart:
A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path
She knew not whence; a whisper on her ear
She knew not what; nor loved she to be left
Alone at home, nor ventured out alone."

There is grace for the worst of us. To Annie also who is certainly not the worst, comfort was given. With the birth of a child, the good Philip became her all-in-all and that mysterious instinct wholly died away.

And what of Enoch? He traded successfully and set sail for England. On his homeward voyage, the ship was wrecked, and all were lost except Enoch and two others. These three were thrown upon a rich lonely island, where in the course of a few months the two companions of his solitude died. Enoch built a hut for himself, and in it all alone, reft of his love, forced to a life of wearisome inactivity, he passed months and years. Day after day amidst the oppressive beauty of the Isle he sat looking over the blue deep in hopeless yearning for his Annie.

"Had not his poor heart
Spoke with that, which being everywhere

Lets none who speaks with Him seem all alone,
Surely the man had died of solitude."

Another ship driven near the Island by a strong wind brought his "lonely doom" to an end. Though the dreary place had worked its worst on the man, yet there was in him the sacred fire of love for his Annie still aglow. The voyage was dull and slow,

"But evermore
His fancy fled before the lazy wind
Returning, till beneath a clouded moon
He like a lover down thro' all his blood
Drew in the dewy meadowy morning breath
Of England blown across her ghostly wall."

The officers and men of the vessel taking pity on the lonely man landed him even in the harbour whence he sailed before. Enoch spoke no word to any one, but homeward he walked home? Had he a home? He reached the house where Annie had lived and loved him years ago; but seeing no sign of life in the house he turned aside to find shelter in a well-known tavern in days gone by; and there, we are told, he rested silent many days. The good and garrulous keeper of the tavern, Miriam Lane, not knowing who Enoch was, told him his life history and that of Annie's, which ended in her marriage with Philip. "Over his countenance no shadow past nor motion". However an uncontrollable longing to see her face, and know that she was happy possessed him. As he was sitting one evening on the slope of the hill, the light from Philip's house

"Allured him as the beacon's blaze allures
The bird of passage till he madly strikes
Against it and beats out his weary life."

He stole into the back garden of the house for fear of being noticed, and looked into the house. He saw Philip, Annie and the three children assembled around the hearth, in the enjoyment of the peace and harmony of a happy home it was a picture of domestic happiness. But it was Enoch's hour of weakness. For things seen are mightier than things heard. His wife, yet not his own! His children and not a father's kiss for him! A thousand memories, unspeakable for sadness, rolled upon his mind. His heart longed for the love of his Annie and the happiness of her home, he looked back to all the cheerless years of the wearisome life he had spent in the "hateful beautiful Isle." He began to feel in all its strength the killing loneliness of his life. His was a soul athirst, forbidden to drink of the very fountain which could quench his thirst; a heart, famished, never to be fed by her who alone could satisfy his hunger. In this thrall of agony, which shook him to the very foundations of his being, his first impulse was to seek relief by sending a sharp shrill cry; but it would blast and shatter the happiness of her hearth, and make her life

completely miserable, so he staggered out of the garden, fell flat on the ground and cried to Him who is "our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."

"Too hard to bear! Why did they take me thence?
God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou
That didst uphold me on my lonely Isle,
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer! aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
Help me not to break in upon her peace."

He rose and walked back toward his solitary home "beating on his weary brain" this new purpose of not telling her. He was not all unhappy.

"His resolve
Upheld him, and firm faith and evermore
Prayer from a living source within the will
And beating up thro' all the bitter world
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
Kept him a living soul."

As he was able to turn his hand to anything, he earned a scanty living for himself.

"Yet since he did but labour for himself,
Work without hope, there was no life in it,
Whereby the man could live."

He grew weaker daily, and a languor came upon him followed by a sickness which confined him to bed. On his death-bed he revealed to Miriam Lane the mystery of the life of Enoch Arden, who was cast away and lost. "She, greatly moved, asked him if he would like to see his children. He hung on her words for a moment, and then replied—

"Woman, disturb me not now at the last,
But let me hold my purpose till I die."

And straightway charged her not to tell the matter to any till she saw him dead. He continued—

"When you shall see her, tell her that I died
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;
Save for the bar between us, loving her
As when she laid her head beside my own
And tell my daughter Annie whom I saw;
So like her mother, that my latest breath
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her,
And tell my son that I died blessing him;
And say to Philip that I blest him too;
He never meant us anything but good."

He failed not to remember that there was one of his, who would embrace him in the world to come; then only yielding up that treasured braid of hair he loosed the visible bond in hope of the invisible. In life he was brave and in death he was not found wanting. "So past the strong heroic soul away."

The poem holds up Enoch Arden as the highest type of hero. A man of unconquerable will by the might of love, faith and duty—this is the highest hero and this is Enoch Arden. Through all his simple homely life, the quality of the man is to be seen, but he is proclaimed full hero only when the great ordeal has come. He is great by his indomitable will, yet his

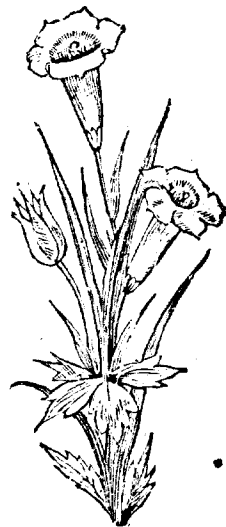
strength is not the strength of dogged resistance, but a conscious and deliberate bowing before love and duty by the underlying might of faith. "When placed in the midst of perverse circumstances, he is not only undaunted by misfortunes but bears them with an unflinching fortitude. His moral triumph becomes complete, when in his self-effacing devotion to what he made the ideal of his life—the happiness of one he loved—he abstains from the satisfaction of his heart's dearest longings. It can be truly said of him that he laid down his life a living sacrifice on the shrine of love. The transcendental duty of his love is seen not so much in the strong young man, in the flush of youth, expectation and hope, as in the disciplined spirit of the perfected man, when broken down and neglected he breathed his last with blessings on his lips.

J. C. CHINNAPPAH.

A Wayside Romance

(An Indian Story)

BY AN INDIAN LADY.



I was feeling fearfully excited and—flattered. The Inspector of Police, an old friend of mine, had just called me aside and spoken to me in a way very pleasing to my sensitive mind. "Here, Ramanathan," he had said, "here is a fine opportunity for you to exercise those restless detective powers of yours. You have heard of this theft, have you not? Then find out the thief, and you will have a big reward. Oh? I forgot, I know you do not want the reward. You want the fame, don't you? Well, don't blush,

man. Try for it. But, mind you, be a Sherlock Holmes, not a Hemlock Jones, who suspected his old friend of theft by following the logical method too much. You know the story, don't you? It appeared in some Magazine, most probably the *Strand*. Well, good-bye for the present." Now, I ask you, my intelligent reader, who would not have felt flattered at such speech?

The theft in question was a big one. Two days ago, late at night, at about 10 P.M. in fact, a rich Chetty-merchant, who was driving through a lonely part of the town, had been assaulted and robbed. Two men had simultaneously jumped into the carriage from either side, while it was in rapid motion. One had gagged his mouth, and the other had pounced upon a big bag of rupees, which he had in his hand. Then both had tied him up securely to the windows of the carriage, and had silently escaped. The coachman, who was a deaf, old man had suspected nothing. If he had felt the carriage shaking with the Chetty's struggles, he must have thought the jolting was due to the bad condition of the road. The noise, if noise there was, could not have been heard by his deaf ears. Perhaps the thieves had been aware of this fact. The Chetty had not seen much of his assaulters. They were both tall and thin, with black gleaming eyes—that was all.

Now, what could I do? First I must travel by the train which was just coming in,—for I was in the railway station of the town of M—and it was there the Inspector had spoken to me. I had to go to the town of L—, where I had to attend to some business. I was a Vakil, but I did not care for the profession, though it did give me some opportunities of exercising the detective powers, which I felt that I possessed. I wanted to be a detective, and I was ever seeking for openings to show that I could be one. Well, here was a promising opportunity.

So I got into the train. There was a long wait before it started, though the time of waiting was announced as only five minutes in the railway guide. The platform was crowded, mostly with policemen and police-officers, all with note-books in their hands and eagerly watching the passengers as they got in and out. I chuckled to myself as I saw this exhibition on their part. "How," I thought to myself, "could such stupidity hope to catch thieves. They are giving themselves away. Surely the thieves will be warned by all this over-activity and will never betray themselves. I must go and speak to that policeman. He is making himself peculiarly obnoxious." But I had no time to put my thought into practice, for at last the train started. There was a hoarse shriek from the engine, a slow rumbling of wheels, a creaking and groaning everywhere through all the joints of the train, a final frenzy of hurry on the part of the passengers, and we were off. After passing the long station-house itself, we passed by the few white-washed buildings belonging to the station-officers; then the town-buildings themselves

appeared, to lessen one by one into the distance, and we were in a long and dry plain, dotted by a few palmyra trees and bamboo clumps here and there. I knew this uninteresting stretch of country would last for a long time, and so, making myself comfortable in the second class compartment, in which, to my great delight, there were none beside myself, I proceeded to absorb myself in an interesting detective novel, of which, in my previous readings, I had nearly come to an end. After half-an-hour's steady reading, during which we had halted at two small stations, I had finished the novel. My thoughts wandered to the clever detective of the story. "Clever enough he was," I thought, "but not so clever as he appeared. Circumstances helped him more than his own acumen. What wonderful chances came in his way, to be sure. Why does no such thing happen to me? How unlucky I am;" and, thus I soliloquized, for a while. Then, tired of my own thoughts, I stood up, stretched myself and leaning out of the window looked out on the bare but arid scene. It was now nearly 10 A.M., and the sun was already getting insufferably hot. None of the passengers in the train had their heads outside on my side; but here and there was the flutter of a cloth or the glimpse of a hand visible. Suddenly a peculiar movement to my left arrested the tail of my eye. I saw a long, slender hand thrust itself out of the train, wave in the air three times and then draw itself inside. There was a short interval and then two hands thrust themselves out and rapidly began to form letters in the "Deaf and Dumb" alphabet. I knew this alphabet, and I made out the words, "Come; safe." I whisked round and just caught a glimpse of a head disappearing to the right. I trembled with excitement; my heart was in my mouth. Was this indeed the chance I had longed for? And yet indeed in my excitement I am proud to say that I took note of the compartment, from which the signs had come and counted how many doors it was from mine.

It is impossible to describe my feelings; but I was sure I had discovered the thieves. I could scarcely contain myself for the next five minutes, after which the train stopped at a station. Then calmly and leisurely—for I must show no hurry—I stepped out of my compartment and got into the one I had marked. There was only one man here—a tall fair man, dressed in clean white Indian clothes and with a turban on his head, from under which a knot of black hair peeped. A minute afterwards, the door opened again, and another man stepped in—a tall man; and—yes, I was sure of it,—started a little when he saw me. However, he was calm again the next minute and seated himself fairly near the other man. No signs passed between the two, but I

was sure they knew each other, as I had observed a glance of recognition passing from one to the other at the very beginning. Then again the door opened and another man stepped in—a short, squat man, dressed also in the Indian style. I cursed the delay at the station, which had given this man time to disturb us. Here was my chance going, but I must do something. Presently the train started. I pretended to be absorbed in a book; the short man and one of the other men opened news-papers. The first occupant of the compartment sat quiet in his corner. It grew insufferably hot in the train; the perspiration was pouring down my face. I glanced up covertly and found this also was the case with the other man. The first occupant of the train wiped his face, and then looked down into his handkerchief, and started. I also started, for I was sure some sort of brown die had come away into the handkerchief. But he quickly hid it and stood up, and in his hurry his turban fell down; his knot of hair was undone and a long mass of beautiful hair came rolling down his shoulders. Also there was a most curious circumstance. The hair on the front of his head was arranged just like a woman's,—parted in the middle and combed down on either side, not like a man's at all, with a kind of tonsure in front. A sudden thrill ran through me, the shock of a sudden thought. The man really was a woman, disguised. And, of course, he must be one of the accomplices of the thieves; and the other tall man must be one of the thieves himself. Was he not tall and fair? and, see!—see! see how they are looking at each other, a glance of intelligence, a look full of fear on one side and of comfort and assurance on the other. Reassured by this look the flurried passenger sat down again and arranged his turban. When the next station was reached, he took up a little bag which was near him and got out of the compartment. Then I stood up, effested to stretch myself lazily and muttering something about a glass of water went into the refreshment room. From there, I had the satisfaction of seeing the disguised woman sitting in another compartment not far away. After a while the train again started and again we pretended to be absorbed in our books and papers. When the next station was reached the tall man got out and went into the station. While I was debating to myself whether I should follow, I felt a touch on my arm. I turned round and saw the short, squat man wishing to talk to me. He had a sly look on his face.

"Are they not suspicious?" he whispered.

"Who are you?" I questioned back.

"Oh, just a man like yourself, who cannot help being attracted by suspicious circumstances. Did you see that man was a woman?"

"Yes," I said sullenly, "Who could help seeing that?" I felt very jealous of this man and determined not to confide in him.

"Well, you know, you must keep an eye on them. I am sure," here he leant close to me and whispered, "I am sure the man is one of the thieves."

"Who are you, then, that you should order me about?" I enquired angrily.

"Did I not see the Inspector whispering to you to exercise your detective powers. I am another would-be detective to whom also he whispered encouragement. Are we not brothers then? Well, I depute my task to you. I have some urgent work to do, and I must go away soon. But shall we meet at the station of L—tomorrow? You see, I am going there also. Do not be afraid, my friend. You will get all the praise, not my unworthy self."

I answered nothing and sat looking out of the window, turning round to see the door opened and the tall man get in. I sank back with a sigh of relief. Here was my quarry safe.

There was only an hour more for the station of L—; but before that came the big junction of S—. Here, as luck would have it, the tall man took up his bag and got out, and walked to the entrance of the station. A few minutes afterwards, I saw the woman, his accomplice, also going out of the station. Then I made up my mind I would also alight here, watch these people, and then go on to L—by jukka. So I took up my bag and was just getting out, when the short man put a friendly hand on my arm and whispered, "Take care of them, my friend. You will get all the praise, you know. Meet me at L—station tomorrow at 10 A.M." I smiled and got out of the carriage. Yes, of course, I would get all the praise, not that smiling fool.

I hurried out of the station as fast as I could, afraid of losing my victims. But I was lucky enough to find them walking away rapidly at the end of the road. There appeared to be no air of concealment about them, and I noticed one or two people salaaming to them. "Just like their brazen effrontery," I said to myself. "They want to put me off the track. But, how is it that he seems a well-known man. But, perhaps he is one of those terrible people, who outside are well-known and respected, but really are thieves. Perhaps, he is one of that celebrated gang we know of. How lucky I shall be if I catch them."

By this time, we had come into the crowded part of the town; and suddenly the two in front of me got into a carriage, which was waiting, and which started at once, and turning a corner disappeared. There was no other carriage or conveyance waiting and so I could not hope to follow them. But I went up to one of the

men, who had appeared to know them and asked him who the man was. "Oh," said the man—he appeared to be a respectable citizen—"that is the reformer—we call him so—Pundit Rama Rao. He is well known here."

"Well known, indeed!" I chuckled to myself. "He will be very well known soon enough."

Then I went off to the Police station, told them my name and that the Inspector of Police of M—was my friend, and intimated my suspicions to them. But they looked doubtful.

"He is a well-known man," they said, "how can he be a thief?"

"But think of the woman disguised," I cried.

"Why should the woman be there?"

At that some of them looked at one another, and shook their heads and smiled. I flattered myself that I had made an impression on them.

"Now, where can I get some food here?" I asked. "After I have eaten something, let us go to the man's house," I said. "You will wait for me, will you not? We must not be in too great a hurry. Give them time to settle down. Perhaps we may catch the whole gang."

The Inspector nodded with, however, a covert smile, which I could not understand. After that, I was taken to a Brahmin *sattram*, where I had a nice meal; and then we started for my thief's house. It was a large one, situated in a clean quarter of the city. When we arrived, there seemed to be a crowd about the house. My heart sank into my shoes with disappointment. "What," I thought to myself, "have the Police acted already? They said they would wait, and now,—wait till I speak to the Inspector of M—"

We pushed through the small crowd, and went upstairs, where a loud quarrel seemed to be in progress. The door of the room where the people seemed to be was half open and through it we saw glimpses of the occupants. My friend, the thief was standing at one end of the room, with his woman accomplice now in woman's clothes, by his side—and a remarkably handsome woman she was. Opposite them were a number of people, excited and wrathful. My friend, the thief, was speaking, and when I heard him, I can only say that I stood literally open mouthed with astonishment.

"Well, my friends," he was saying, "what more need be said? You have discovered us, but you are too late. We do not fear pursuit now. We are married. You ill-treated this woman when she was a widow. You hardly took any notice of her; and now, when I have taken her off your hands, why should you be angry with me? You do not want her; I want her, for I love her and I think her a grand and a good woman. You can excommunicate us, if you like. We do not care for you. Side by side,

we shall happily endeavour to carry on the work of reform before us."

"He ceased, and so great had been the power of his few words that not one had ventured to interrupt him. Now they all began to talk together, and there was a real turmoil, in the midst of which I heard a quiet chuckle from behind me. I turned round and beheld the Inspector laughing. "Well, shall we arrest him?" he asked. "We knew all along it would be something like this."

"Why did you not tell me so then?"

"You were so sure of yourself. Besides, it was best to be sure."

"Well, you will hear more about this. I shall make you respect my powers," And I turned and left the house, holding my head high; but with my heart feeling low enough.

When I was some yards from the house, a sudden thought struck me, and I stood stock still in the road. Ah! that was it. Who was the short, squat man in the train? Why, he must have been the thief or one of the accomplices. Had he not helped to put me off the scent? Yes, of course, it was he. What a fool I was to have allowed him to slip from me! But then, who would have suspected him? and, Oh yes! I was to meet him tomorrow at L—station. Would he be there? I could try the chance.

So, the next day found me at L—station, a little before 10 A.M. I looked anxiously about, and sure enough there was my friend. He beckoned me to him, and I went willingly.

"Well, have you been able to get hold of the thieves?" he asked jestingly.

"Oh, yes, I have; that is to say, I nearly have. I know where they are, and I want you to help me. Will you come with me?"

"Where? and, look here, my friend, I have something to tell you, something which will help both you and me. I—"; here he suddenly turned round, gave a low cry and rushed from my side. A goods-train had just started, and the next moment my friend was inside one of the waggons. Then, there was another rush in front of me, and somebody else had jumped into the same goods-waggon. I looked closely, and found that it was the Inspector of M—. Meanwhile, the Stationmaster and the porters had been shouting and yelling at this flagrant breaking of their rules; but the goods-train was far away now, and the last glimpse I had of my friends was of the two close together, and hand-in-hand, like any two friendly children.

"Well, you see, you were a bit too late here, Mr. Ramanathan," said a well-known voice behind me. I turned and found that it was the Inspector of Police, who had laughed at me at

S—; "We have been on the man's track for some time now. Thanks to his appointment with you, we have caught him. I think he wanted to tell you about the theft and get you to help him to turn Queen's evidence. Well, good-bye. Do not

be down-hearted. Did not the Inspector of M— tell you to be a Sherlock Holmes, no a Hemlock Jones?"

As for me, what did I do? I stood figuratively "scratching my head."



Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Column

I. NARASAPUR LADIES' ASSOCIATION

A PURDAH MEETING.

A Purdah meeting, under the auspices of the Narasapur Ladies' Association, was held in the premises of the Government Girls' School to welcome Mrs. Mitra of Kashmir. Mrs. Mitra is one of that brilliant band of cultured Indian ladies, who have contributed to the advancement of Indian women. Mrs. Mitra does her work silently and unostentatiously, work that appeals at once to the heart and the conscience of the Indian patriot: her scholarship in English is of a very high order. She has translated some Bengali novels into English. She is courteous itself and it is really a treat to talk to the lady, so wide and varied is her reading and so great are her conversational powers.

The Ladies' Association, which started under the kind patronage and encouragement of Mrs. Roy, the wife of our popular Sub-Collector, is catering for the intellectual needs of our women. Here we have a platform on which our wives and sisters meet after the day's toil is over and where they discuss many of those questions which so vitally concern the welfare of the fair sex. Mrs. Roy herself represents all that is best and noblest in Indian womanhood. She lives and has her being among books; and consequently, under the control and guidance of that enlight-

ened lady, if we have not arrived at the millennium, we are making rapid strides towards the goal.

That evening the school premises put on a gay and festive appearance, decorated as they were with flags, festoons and evergreens and lighted by Washington lights. The proceedings commenced with a prayer after which there were *kummi* and *kolattam*. The Gramophone played some choice airs at intervals. Professor Ramalingam of Hyderabad entertained the audience with his sleight-of-hand tricks and legerdemain. An address in English was read on behalf of the Association by Mrs. Sadasiva Rao, wife of our Assistant Surgeon. The address set forth all that the Association had done and hoped to do in the task which it had set before itself of introducing our women folk to all those ideas and sentiments on which Mrs. Sarojini Naidu laid such special stress at Bombay.

Mrs. Mitra made a suitable reply. She expressed her gratification and satisfaction at the progress the society had made. She was alive to the many prejudices the society had to contend against, but if they were true to themselves and had faith in their mission, they may be sure of turning out some substantial work. There were many traits in the character of the Indian woman which were conspicuous by her absence elsewhere; her modesty and her good sense, the subordination of her will to the will of those better than herself, her endurance and her patience under trial,—all these and many more did honour to her heart and these certainly were assets in favour of the India that is coming. But at the same time, she must take her stand on a higher platform than one of mere drudgery and work unrelieved by those intellectual exercises which are her due and to which she was of right entitled. New forces were at work; there was a great awakening, and in the coming years it was the woman and woman alone that must make her influence felt in rightly shaping and moulding the coming generation. Speaking of the work of the Association, Mrs. Mitra remarked that provision might be made for im-

parting instruction in music, which was the exclusive province of women. In a purdah meeting it was a pity that male musicians had to be introduced and by the time that she next visited the Association, she hoped that some of the members themselves would treat them to choice airs.

Mrs. Roy followed with an eloquent speech and the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks and the distribution of flowers and *pan-supari*. It is impossible not to admire the excellent work which is being done by the Ladies' Association. In a place not bigger than one of the principal thoroughfares of Madras, that there should be a well arranged Association of ladies is indeed a marvel. It must be admitted, however, that at the beginning much prejudice had to be overcome. It was a novel institution and members were openly flouted as wanting in feminine modesty. But those prejudices have become things of the past. The Ladies' Association has become as essential to our women as the Town Hall for our men. Indeed, if gratitude be any part of human nature, and there is no reason to presume to the contrary, the one personage to whom all this gratitude is due for this splendid work is Mrs. Roy, whose towering genius for organisation and practical work is beyond all praise. Nor should I omit to mention the name of Mrs. Gopala Rao, the wife of our worthy District Munsiff to whose hearty co-operation, the success of the meeting, and indeed, of the many meetings of the Association is in no small part due.

II. PROGRESS DONE BY THE STANLEY GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL, HYDERABAD, DECCAN.

THE Stanley Girls' High School, located in the great city of Hyderabad, meets a long-felt need. Since its very inception, its portals have been thrown open to the rich and poor, the high and low, without distinction as to caste or creed. Fortunate it is that the barriers of caste and creed have been set aside, and that they do not exist on the intellectual arena. It not unfrequently happens that the child of poverty is richly endowed mentally.

A nation impoverishes itself, when it fails to provide for the intellectual development of its subjects. A better, brighter

day for the world is dawning, in that the world's powers are seriously considering universal education and in many places compulsory education. This is both feasible and practicable as demonstrated by the work of the Stanley Girls' School.

In 1906, this school sent up a class of 6 girls, 3 of whom were Eurasians, 2 Mahratas and 1 Telugu. All the candidates displayed their intellectual acumen by passing the Government examination, in which we should like to add, young men of high social standing, supposed to possess a monopoly of brains, ingloriously failed.

In 1907, out of 5 successful candidates in His Highness' Dominions, 4 candidates belonged to this school. One of them who was a Eurasian, secured the scholarship awarded to a female candidate, passing highest in the State. Another was a Mahrata Kshatriya, the first lady of this caste in the Dominions to pass. Of the other two, one was a Hindustani, and the other a Telugu. Thus the four great classes which the great population of India comprises were sitting in this Institution shoulder to shoulder and learnt the same lessons and received the same instructions. Last year the successful candidate was a high caste Hindu widow.

The school is under the management of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America. It owns a fine property and a beautiful building, not the gift of the rich, as many suppose; but thousands of Christian women in America have given their mite, and the result has been that this large school is well housed and maintained,—supported as it is by a substantial grant from the munificence of H. H. the Nizam's Government.

Let the East and West clasp hands and work together in a beautiful sisterhood for the building up the nations for the betterment of the world.

L. K. P.



My Mother's Ring

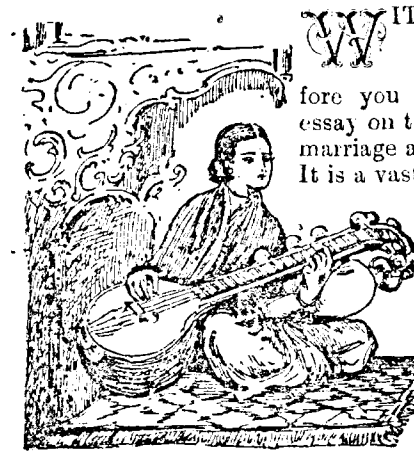
'Tis an old worn ring whose praises I sing,
'Tis truly a poor little simple thing;
A plain little circlet of virgin gold,
That these trembling fingers so fondly hold;
Yet I prize it beyond all the gems of Earth,
Crown jewels beside it are nothing worth.
'Tis an old worn ring, whose praises I sing,
You wonder perhaps why this simple thing
Is so valu'd by me, and so priceless can be?
Ah! when I have told you, I'm sure you will see
Why I prize this dear circlet beyond its real worth
Why I prize it beyond all the jewels of Earth.

'Tis my Mother's own ring, whose praises I sing,
'Twas her beautiful hand once wore this ring;
I behold once more that angelic face
Once more it seems that I stand in th' place
Where our homestead stood, and behold her there,
On her shapely hand, sits this jewel rare;
I feel her soft touch on my throbbing brow,
Oh Mother! dear Mother! come bless me now!
Bless your loving child, as in those sweet days of old,
When your loving arms did your darling enfold:
Once once in th' echoes of th' past let me hear
Those sweet accents I lov'd, while I shed a fond tear.

'Tis an old worn ring; yet nor Earl nor King
Could tempt me to part with this simple thing,
Not for mines of gold, not for wealth untold
Could this plain gold circlet by me be sold.
'Tis as sacred to me as a temple Fane
'Tis as sacred to me as my Mother's Name!
Yes, I prize it above the rarest of rare,
For my Mother's finger once rested there.
This ring is a talisman, guiding and leading,
It has a voice that is tender and pleading;
Mother's voice, that still chides me,
Mother's voice, that directs me when I stray out of the way.

M. TINDALE.

III. AN ADDRESS TO THE LADIES AND DAUGHTERS OF OUR BELOVED INDIA. *



WITH extreme diffidence I stand up before you to read this essay on the subject of marriage after puberty. It is a vast one. People, more learned than I am, should handle it, but for reasons which I assign below I have been compelled to take it up.

1. Marriage of girls after puberty is a subject which pertains to our sex; our sisters feel the evils of early marriage, and I believe that we have therefore a right to speak about it.

2. Till recently we have not had gatherings of enlightened ladies such as we are now having, and there was no opportunity given to us to put forth our views on this important subject.

3. If we (women) do not complain of the evils resulting from marriage of girls before puberty, if we do not sympathise with our suffering sisters, I ask who else can do so with propriety and justice?

The learned reformers of our country whose names are familiar to us, such as Dewan Bahadur K. Veerasalingam Puntulu Garu, Dewan Bahadur R. Ragoonatha Row, Messrs. Malabari and V. S. Sreeivasa Sastriar Avergal, and several others have ventilated the subject, but no Hindu lady of whom I have known has ever spoken about it.

Please imagine for a few minutes the feelings of extreme sorrow of a mother whose infant daughter is hastily carried to the marriage ceremony, to be given away to a boy of tender age, and bound down all their life time without their consent to a married life, and should the boy die, the girl is left a child-widow.

In such cases, the child-wife knows little or nothing as to what the marriage ceremonies mean, beyond a dreamy recollection of festivities, sumptuous meals, or singing and gathering of several relations. When she grows into girl-

hood, suppose she is told that her husband is dead, and that she is compelled to be a widow the rest of her life!

I ask you, does this not move your heart? Is there nothing in our hands to avoid such a calamity? Supposing the mother had withheld her consent, she could have stayed for sometime the hurried marriage of her daughter. At all events she could have postponed it for some time longer, say, until after puberty had been attained.

Now one may say that we must yield to custom, prevailing in India, and another might say that it is her fate. To the former, I say that the custom has lost its usefulness and it is a grave mistake to perpetrate it any longer, and to the latter, I would reply that the faculties which God has given to us ought to be used. Highly educated men assure us that good and evil are not a matter of chance, but they are determined by our own actions. Every thing in this life obeys laws.

If we look into the Vedas and consult learned persons and their writings on this subject and look back to the customs that prevailed in ancient days we will find that—

1. Rama married Seetha
2. Krishna married Rukmani
3. Arjuna married Droupathi and
4. Nala married Damayanti

not during infancy, but after puberty as grown-up maidens. These marriages were unions of mature youths with mature maidens who fully understood the obligations which they took upon themselves.

I do not wish to trouble you with quotations from the Vedas, for it would take up much of your valuable time. It is enough to state that most of the *Mantras* used in the marriage ceremony furnish unambiguous evidence of the maturity of both parties.

While such was the custom prevailing, why was it then that our forefathers introduced the change to early marriage or marriage before puberty which has proved to be so pernicious. For all that we know they might have brought it about then with the best of intentions, but unfortunately the change has proved to be baneful.

The reasons that are assigned for early marriage are thus noted:

1. Owing to invasions by foreigners and consequent disorder in the Hindu community which prevailed for centuries it was thought desirable to place every young Hindu woman under the protection of some young man and his parents as early as possible, so that her life and property may be safeguarded. At this period when the Hindu community was much disturbed, the

* A free translation in English of an essay in Tamil on "Marriage after Puberty," read by Mrs. Visvanatha at the Bharatha Mahila Parishad, on 30th December 1908, in the Victoria Public Hall, Madras.

priests were not slow to frame formidable religious laws to enforce the new custom.

2. It was laid down by priests that a man who has no son to make offerings to his soul after his death would fall into hell. Thus religion contributed not a little to the notion that must have tended in the same direction. Priests and *purohīts* were under a necessity to marry early, as they could not otherwise officiate at religious ceremonies. Their example was soon followed by other Brahmins. Thus marriage became compulsory for young girls and optional for boys. Fathers of girls would naturally compete for eligible bridegrooms and try to be beforehand with one another.

One more reason which presses itself upon the minds of thoughtful men is the scantiness of bridegrooms in a limited community. By this time the caste sub-divisions having become so numerous that marriage in a community other than their own was looked upon with disfavour; hence no available opportunity was allowed to pass by without making the utmost endeavour to lay hold of a boy, however young he may be, and that as early as possible for the purpose of marriage.

According to the Report of the Social Reform Association of 1907 there were 5,742 young virgin-widows in India, of course all of whom married during childhood. It is admitted by all learned men and borne out by the Census Report that the death-rate in childhood is much greater than in mature youth. If children or young girls are married, it is plain that a number of boys, several amongst whom may be husbands must die before attaining the age of mature youth.

The evils of marriage before puberty are numerous. I know that all my sister's present here are aware of them. I shall enumerate only a few of them:

1. In premature marriage, if the boy-husband dies, the child-wife is condemned to widowhood for the rest of her life, and we are taught to avoid looking at her face early in the mornings. She is not allowed to mix in social gatherings or to be present during auspicious ceremonies. Adding insult to injury, her head is shaved and she is condemned to a long life of misery and servitude.

2. At the age of puberty properly speaking a young girl is not fit to be a mother. There may be exceptions to this, but experienced and learned people point out these facts as general truths.

Premature marriage leads to weak, sickly, disfigured and deformed children.

Early child-birth brings many a young girl to a painful death or what is worse to a long lingering life of suffering and misery—a life without

hope, without any of the charms and pleasures which make life worth living. Young women without resources of mental and bodily strength fare ill. The demands of motherhood are so large upon the young woman and are made so long before her bodily strength and growth have arrived to fulness that they inevitably tell very much upon her health.

Our girls' education also suffers by early and premature marriage. At that age when education should be imparted at school and growth advanced unchecked by, open air exercise, both are brought to a stand-still. Their going to school is prevented and the little that they might have learnt at school is forgotten. In course of time, married as children, they generally remain in intellect as children all the rest of their days.

It needs no argument to show that such a mother can give no good home training to her own children. The children in consequence of failure of duty on the part of the mother, generally become spoiled. Early home-training and discipline of children can hardly be expected of a mother who is herself little more than a child. She is perfectly incapable of training her children at home, for it is not such an easy task as some may suppose to bring up a child in the right way.

Another source of misery in general is the increase of members in the little family where the means of income happens to be small. It is there the struggle for existence prevails. Pressure on population for food becomes great. Poverty always looks one in the face; with thousands of our countrymen one meal a day is the rule. Ill-fed, ill-clad and ill-trained are the men of our village communities whom disease and scarcity of food sweep away by millions year after year.

In consequence of this evil custom of early marriage, the Hindus as a race are degenerated. For want of energy and physical strength they have come to occupy a lower place in the scale of nations. This condition will continue to last so long as the mothers remain the victims of this wicked and unjust system of early marriage.

Looking at other countries of the world nowhere do we find an infant-wife or a child-widow.

In every other country women are married only when they are mature and of proper age.

Is there nothing in our own hands that we could apply to remedy it or at least to modify the prevailing custom?

Let us pause to consider.

If all the mothers in the land raise their voice, however feeble it may be, against this custom, and use their influence or desist, if need be, from becoming a party to it, or withhold their wilful

consent to such a practice of sinful crime, it will assuredly lead to a wholesome result.

We ought to use our influence in our own family and with our own people to prevent haste over the marriage of our little girls.

We ought to explain to our ignorant sisters the appalling evils of such marriages and in whatever circle it may be, either amongst our own relations or our neighbours to hold up the picture of misery and suffering with a view to remove from their minds the mistaken idea of urging early union.

Our educated men will no doubt be by our side ever ready to help us.

This is all the more incumbent upon you—my dear sisters, being enlightened as you are to always do your utmost to remove this blot from our homes and from our beloved mother land.

Mine is not the only mouth that speaks to you or beseeches you to action, but believe me that there are thousands of those young sufferers of early widowhood at my back on whose behalf I plead.

It is only then that we may be said to properly fulfil the duties of sisterhood and to elevate ourselves to the rank of builders of strong and healthy nation of Hindus.

Our Children's Page



CHAPTER IX

TEA AT THE SIMPSONS'

THEY were. But there was something very delightful, too—so taking! And they were the first real English boys and girls we'd ever known.

Denzil said they had some funny notions about an Indian. They certainly had.

And he said, "Who ever saw a jet black Indian in his life?"

"Or with rolling eyes?" laughed Maddie.

"Or with tight little curls?" I said.

"He meant a *Siddee*," said Maddie.

A *Siddee*, you know, is Hindustanee for a negro; we have lots of them in India. But a negro is an African, of course. He is no more Indian than Denzil or I, or, for the matter of that, Ted himself. "Niggers," I've heard you

English people call them; and niggers they are, of course. But then you call the natives of India *niggers*, too. And they're as different as cheese from chalk. You might just as well call a Russian Paddy.

Aunt Alison said, "What were the Simpsons doing upon the wall?"

"They were introducing themselves, Aunt Alison."

Aunt Alison smiled.

Aunt Mary said, "They will come into the garden next. They will climb the wall," and, looked agitated, I was going to say, only it's far too active a word. They are—Goths and Vandals, Alison." She gave a sigh. "Oh, dear!" she said.

A little pucker came upon Aunt Alison's brow. She didn't reply at first. Then she said, I couldn't hear it all, but something about "duty" first, and she laid a great stress upon the word. And "isolated," and "playmates," and "their only brother's children," and "duty," very strong again.

And I remembered what father always said about her excellent management; and I felt that if I could not love her very dearly, I could certainly respect Aunt Alison.

Aunt Mary sighed again. But she was soon engrossed in her knitting. And then she went to call upon the ladies opposite, and quite forgot the Simpsons.

Dulcie was lovely. The Major was as proud as Punch of her. He said, "She'll make the Riversmouth girls sit up in three years' time."

She wasn't his daughter, you know. He made more of her than he did of Lydia, who was his very own child. But Lydia didn't mind.

Then, on the other hand, Dulcie was as proud as Punch of him. She always called him, "The Major."

Lydia, you know, called Mrs. Simpson mother. And then the Everill children fell on her—that is, if they had a quarrel. "She's rot your mother!" they would say. Though they hadn't the slightest objection, it seemed, to Kid Ernie's calling her so. Perhaps because he was "a little chappie," as Lal explained, "and rather frail."

As for Ted, Ted persisted in calling his step-mother "Mrs. Simpson." Not because he didn't care for her, of course—he was always hugging her round the waist. He said himself that it was to remind the Everills that she wasn't an Everill any more.

And when the two families took sides—and their quarrels were very funny—his trump-card always was, "Your mother's a Simpson, you know." It silenced the Everills directly.

We were to go to tea. Dulcie came herself and gave the invitation—not over the wall. She came in decently by the front door.

The servant brought her into the room and said, "Miss Simpson." Afterwards we knew how much it must have annoyed Dulcie.

Proud as she was of the Major, and much as she loved him, she couldn't bear to be called "Miss Simpson." She thought it a very common name. "Everill," all the Everill children thought, was more aristocratic, especially Dulcie.

"Why people will persist in calling me Simpson, I can't imagine. We have no individuality left," she said, "since mother married the Major."

"And never will," said Ted. "The Simpsons have swallowed you up." And Lydia laughed.

And in a way they had. Everybody bunched them up as "the Simpson children," or "those dreadful Simpson boys!" For though they'd been at Riversmouth barely six months their pranks—and some of them were very peculiar—were known all over the place.

One was to throw a basin of water out of their bedroom window, on Sunday evenings, on lovers who were about to kiss. Ted said, "It wasn't modest."

And Bob said, "They should kiss at home."

Ted said, "They had too many lovers in their road on Sunday evenings."

And Bob said, "They did it for the public good."

The houses in their road hadn't much of a garden in front—a few feet of ground and then an iron railing, and that was all. And it was behind a lime tree at their gate that the lovers used to kiss.

The dustman said, "E'd 'ave 'em summoned," which means that he'd go for the police. He was a very ferocious man. He used to walk, on Sunday evenings, with the next-door neighbour Jabe, and he had very angry little eyes and very rotten teeth.

The water spoilt his necktie—it was his Sunday necktie, too. And Ted said, while Bob exploded, that, "It also spoilt a kiss."

He rang the bell and was very angry, and had to be pacified with eighteenpence, for his necktie had cost him that sum, he said, "An' 'twas h'eighteenpence chucked away!"

The Major bawled out, "Pon my soul, those boys are going to the dogs!" And for discipline's sake he caned them both. But he roared with laughter himself.

Another of their pranks was to put percussion caps under the knockers of all the doors. Sometimes they did it in our road, at other times they did it in their own. And then—especially

if the postman happened to be going his round,—it sounded like Guy Fawkes' day.

Down would come the knocker and off would go a report. The elderly ladies, sitting in the windows, would scream and jump out of their seats.

Ted said, "It enlivens them up!"

"Gives them something to talk of," said Bob.

Ted said, "They've a humdrum life."

"It must cheer them up," said Bob.

"It's those dreadful Simpson boys!" the ladies cried. And sometimes they wrote to the Major.

But Ted said, "It was worth a caning to see the old ladies jump."

We were to go to tea. As I said before, Dulcie had come herself and given the invitation; it made us rather excited. Dot, however, was very much afraid of the Major. She hadn't forgotten his bawl.

But Carline said, "His bark is worse than his bite," and then she laughed. And she was quite right.

Mrs. Simpson—I didn't wonder that Lydia insisted on calling her 'Mother'; she had such a motherly face—Mrs. Simpson said to me, "And how do you like England, Josie?"

I said, "I'd like it better if mother were here, thank you. I think I like India best."

The Major put his freckled hand upon my head—and a very large hand it was—but the touch of it was very tender indeed. And he said, curiously the very thing that mother had often said to me, "You'll be thankful for an English bringing-up."

"Is England then such a very wonderful place?" I asked.

He answered with a strange light leaping in his eyes, "It's the most wonderful place in the world! And I've lived!" he added, "in your India, Josie, and India is a glorious place; but I went to India to fight for England, as an English soldier does."

"And so did Gallagher," said Bob.

And Ted added, "An' f'what wud England be widout Oireland? 'Tis Oireland does the foighting, bedad! The Oirish walked through thim blessed naygurs as the devil he walked through Athlone!"

It made the Simpsons roar. And the Major joined in with his, "Ha! ha! ha!" It seemed to shake the room.

They were a family with whom it was not possible to be shy. And Dot forgot her terror of the Major. He made her sit at the foot of the table with him, and had Philly on his other side, and looked dreadfully big in the middle; for he was a very broad-shouldered man, you know, and he was more than six-feet high.

He kept on piling their plates with cake, and patted them on the head.

Dot told Carline afterwards that she liked the Major best. "He's such a nice man," she said.

And I wondered whether he threw water on dustman when he was a boy, and—I rather think he did.

He asked Denzil if he was going to be a soldier.

"No, sir," said Denzil, "a civil engineer."

"Chut!" said the Major to that. And then he added, "You must join the volunteers, boy. A man's not worth a rap if he's not a soldier."

Denzil's eyes twinkled. "I'll make the railway, Major," he said, "to take you to the front. The Russians would be over the Indian frontier if you'd got to march every step."

"True," returned the Major, and he gave his "Ha! ha! ha! 'Pon my soul!" he said. And then he bawled, "Dulcie, cut the boy another slice of cake." And patted Philly on the head.

"And you, little man?" he asked.

And Philly said, "I'm going to be a hunter."

"Splendid!" said the Major. "Ha! ha! ha!" And all the Simpsons laughed.

Philly said, "Denzil shot a panther!"

"What!" said the Major in a roar.

"Shot a panther!" Dot and Philly said together.

And the boys burst out, "Great Scott!"

"So you know how to handle a rifle, eh, my railway engineer?"

"Yes, sir," said Denzil. But he got red to the tips of his ears.

I said, "Father taught him to shoot before he was eleven years old. Father's such a sportsman himself."

"Capital!" said the Major to that.

And Maddie added, "We lived in the jungle, you know. It was infested with wild beasts, of course—a rather dangerous place!"

"Great Scott!" cried Bob and Ted. And looked, I thought, with some respect at Denzil.

Lydia said, "Tell us about the panther. Do."

And even Dulcie looked at him with interest.

Denzil looked at me; and I looked at Maddie; so Maddie told. Maddie always told a story very nicely.

They listened breathlessly. The Major exclaimed, "Well done!"

"By Jingo!" cried the boys.

"Weren't you frightened, Josie?" Lydia asked.

I laughed. "Yes, when the panther roared."

"Father said Josie was a tomboy," put in Dot.

"That Vincent Johnson must have been a rattling chap," said Ted.

"He was. He was like you," I said. "I thought of him the minute I saw you. He had red—" Maddie kicked me under the table.

The Everills screamed. Ted didn't care a bit.

"Poor old carrots!" said Dulcie.

I blushed.

"If you find it rather warm by Ted, I'll change with you," said Lal.

"Who put Josie between Ted and Ernie? Josie, you must be hot."

My cheeks were burning.

"Her face is scorching," said Bob.

"Red as fire," said Pet.

"It's the glow from the carrots," said Dulcie. Jackie Dear nearly choked from laughing.

"Choke up, chicken. Any more a hatchin'?" said Ernie.

It was a regular babel. And the dog—the little Irish terrier of the name of Kitty, who wouldn't let us touch her when we came into the house, but who graciously accepted a piece of cake and retired again—wagged her little tail and scrambled on the Simpsons' knees, and whimpered with delight, and added to the din. She was so pretty that we longed to touch her. But Kitty would not let us have the chance.

She seemed to say—so Philly said, "A cat may look at a queen. Keep your distance, please."

You never heard such a noise. Lydia said something which it was impossible to hear, for Ted was shouting at the same time. And at the head of the table Mrs. Simpson sat smiling, with the Major all serene at the foot.

"Aren't they funny?" Dot looked as if she were thinking.

They were tremendously jolly, I thought.

Presently Bob said, "I believe I'll chuck the Army, Major. Engineering's the thing for me."

The Major simply glared. "Not if I know it!" And he banged the table. "'Pon my soul!" he said.

Bob winked. He was to be a soldier; and so was Ted; and so were the two little boys. The Everills' father had been in the Army, too. Both families were families of soldiers.

Said Jackie Dear, "I'd like to be a hunter. And I'd like to shoot a panther, too."

"And so should I," said Ernie.

The Major laughed. But his laugh was very grim. He said, "A soldier, or I'll eat my head."

And Bob gave another wink.

Then somebody said, "What's the matter with Lily?"

Lily was the servant's name—very inappropriate, I thought. She had black hair, and a pasty face, with a myriad of little black specks upon

her nose—and a very large nose it was—as if the bad fairy, at her birth, had shaken the pepper-caster over it. I dubbed her the "Spotted Lily." And I found out afterwards that the Simpsons called her "Spots."

She was the servant who had waited at the table, and she had just gone out of the room with another sniff. I say *another* sniff, because she had sniffed two or three times before, and her eyes looked as if she had been crying.

Lal said, "She's done herself out of tuppence."

And Lydia said, "She's been crying all day."

"Did herself out of tuppence?" echoed the Major.

And Ted said, "What a lark!"

• "Spots doesn't look as if she thought it so," said Bob.

• "It was all through the postman," said Lal.

Lydia said, "The postman brought her a letter; but he didn't throw it into the box. He said she had eightpence to pay; he would not even let her have it in her hand; there was coin in it, he said. And you know you've always got to pay eightpence if the postman feels there's coin."

"And she recognized her brother's writing," put in Lal. "And his ship's just come into port; and she thought he had sent her a sovereign. So she ran to Cook. And Cook thought it was a sovereign, too, and offered to lend her the money there and then. So Spots borrowed the eightpence, and paid the postman at once, and when she opened the letter—" Lal paused.

"Sixpence fell out of it!" said Dulcie in a tone of withering scorn.

"And," added Lydia, "she's been crying ever since."

"What a nincompoop!" bawled the Major. "Pshaw!"

• "Do you mean the sailor brother, or poor old Spots?" asked Ted.

The Major didn't reply.

And Lydia said, "So she had to hand her brother's sixpence to Cook, of course. And she still owes her tuppence, poor thing!"

We played skittles after tea; it seemed a favourite game of theirs. And we played it in the large roomy hall. Dulcie was umpire, and sat upon the stairs, and settled any disputes off hand.

Spots passed backwards and forwards, clearing the tea things away. Her eyes were very red.

Maddie said, "Perhaps the Cook will let her off the tuppence."

But Lydia shook her head. She said, "Cook's been having some heavy expense of late. She couldn't afford to lose tuppence. She's just lent her brother £10 to set him up in a coal business."

And Lal said, "All her savings, you know. The Major says she'll never see her money again. And I don't believe she will. Though he gave her a feather muff as a guarantee and half a bottle of eau-de-cologne."

"But the muff's moulting!" cried Pet. "A tuft of feathers fell out of it only last Sunday evening. But," and she gave a screw to her little nose, "her handkerchief had a lovely smell of scent."

"Aren't they nice?" said Maddie when we came away.

We all agreed.

But Denzil said, "Dulcie thinks a mighty deal of herself."

"But, oh! Denzil, she's fifteen!" I said. "And isn't she simply lovely?"

"She's got a lot of nice long hair. But she needn't be so stuck up," said Denzil.

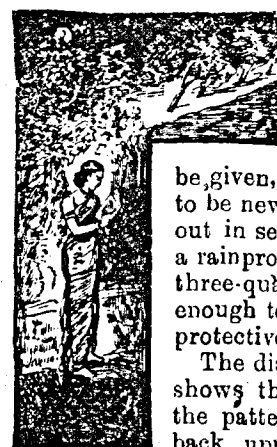
Perhaps she was—a teeny, weeny bit. But if I were as pretty as that—!

Maddie said, "How nice to have them living so close. And—" her voice dropped—"they go to Miss Bertram's school."

My heart sank. Not at the thought of *their* going to the school. *We* were to begin school to-morrow.

Our Needle-work Column

HOME DRESSMAKING.

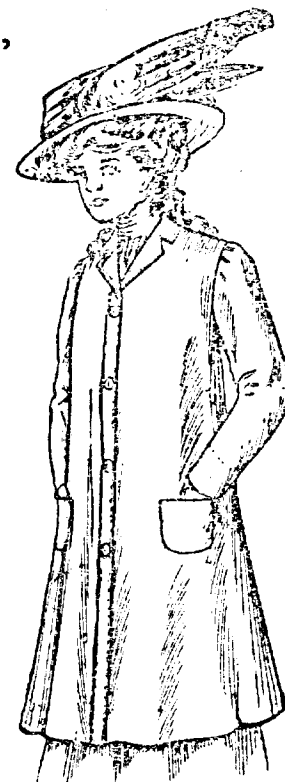


NO. 1 depicts a plain sacque coat affair, to which the welcome accorded to an old friend will doubtless be given, as it does not pretend to be new. It should be carried out in serge, or any material of a rainproof variety. As being of three-quarter length, it is long enough to do duty as a really protective wrap for business use. The diagram on the next page shows the various portions of the pattern, consisting of front, back, upper and under parts of sleeve, half of collar, and pocket, placed on

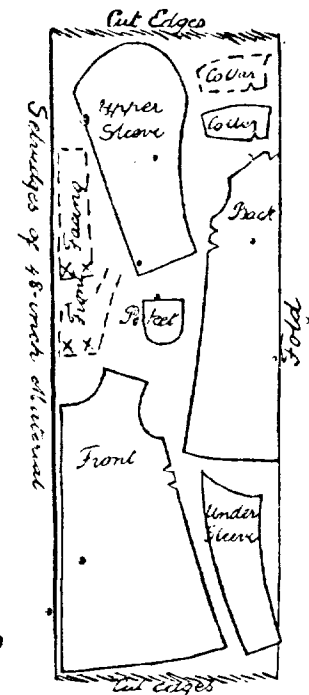
48-inch cloth, of which 2½ yards will be required for a girl of twelve to fourteen years of age.

Unless the material be very thick a lining will be necessary, and this had better be Italian cloth, as it wears so much better than anything else. About two yards should suffice.

To cut out the coat, place the various portions of the pattern on the material as shown; pin carefully in place, then chalk mark round the outline, and allow good inlays of the turnings at front, under-arm, and shoulder-seams, lower edges of coat and sleeve, half an inch at arm-hole, and three-eighths of an inch elsewhere.



collar, stitch at edge, secure to neck of coat, making it quite neat where it joins at the point, then press well, turn in the lower edges, and also stitch these.



Turn in the edges of the pocket evenly, neaten the top-part inside with binding, tack in place on each front of the coat, stitch round, and finish off the corners with a few threads of buttonholing, taking this through a small square of lining, placed on the wrong side in order to strengthen these and prevent the material from tearing.

Now tack the lining in place inside the coat, pleating it at centre back and also in front, then fell it in place to facings, collar, seams, and lower edgings. Join sleeves by front seam, notch open and press and tack a strip of lining across at cuff-depth, which machine stitch once as sketched. Join up back seam evenly, open, and press, then turn up lower edges, press, make lining a little larger than the sleeve, secure this in place, and fell to cuffs, then arrange and sew sleeves in place in the armhole with the seam as indicated by the notch, press seams, and fell linings over the turnings. Lastly, press all seams and edges where necessary, and secure a hanger to the centre of neck inside.



Correspondence Column

MY DEAR FRIEND,



I was with deep regret that I read in the Editorial of the last issue that, owing to insufficient interest from the public, you are obliged to reduce the publication of the Indian Ladies' Magazine by half the number—that is to say once in two months instead of every month.

I feel as if I am losing a dear personal friend, whose intellectual society meant so much and to whose meeting I looked forward with such keen pleasure. It is a calamity which must be averted, and I am perfectly certain that the readers will feel as I have felt, and will now work earnestly to help to the best of their abilities by co-operating in getting sufficient subscribers.

This Magazine is the only one of its kind in India and it would be a tremendous pity if it were to fall through—I earnestly hope that all the readers have already realized the fact, and anything more that I may say on the matter will be superfluous.

I am sending you by money order Rs. from my sisters, my sister-in-law and myself in the hopes that the career of this dear clever young 'friend' might be uninterrupted and perhaps with similar help from well-wishers things may be able to go on as they have been hitherto. I shall await with great impatience the result. Owing to my continual travels I am exceedingly sorry to say that I have not been able to take an active part and I never realized that my articles were at all likely to be missed until a few friends wrote to me to the effect. I shall now try and send a few articles. Though outwardly I appeared careless, the interest was as dear at heart to me as before; and the issues being directed to me wherever I was, I never missed the pleasure of reading them, and I may tell and assure you, dear Editress, that failing in obtaining more subscribers is certainly not due to the unworthiness of the Magazine, whose intellectual aim and ambition of social reform has never flagged;—on the contrary it has always been what it was, one pleasing reading from beginning to end. In my travels it has been the source of the deepest gratification and pride that I was able to tell my various friends of the existence of such a paper in India, and I cannot reconcile myself to the idea that any hitch is likely to occur in its course. I cannot put it better than

what you have already done, that it is 'a fitting mouthpiece for the advanced womanhood of India,'—a womanhood which has—as I hold and not perhaps wrongly—the hope of becoming the sweetest, brightest and best in the civilization of the world, in course of time.

Yours very sincerely,
SHAHINDA.

II

AHMADGUNJ,
MURUD-JANGIRA.

DEAR EDITRESS,

I have just received a letter from my cousin in Hyderabad giving a detailed account of a most successful prize giving in the new Zenana School in Hyderabad (Deccan.) It is intensely satisfactory to think that a school started so recently has been instrumental in bringing about a result, which must needs necessarily please every Indian. I was much delighted with the arrangement of the well-chosen subjects. The thanks of course for the excellent results obtained are due to Miss Jeffries the Principal who has been in the school ever since it was started. I have heard on good authority that Miss Jeffries is about to exchange single blessedness for matrimonial bliss—to the detriment of the school—but apart from selfishness I think all will join me in wishing her all the joys and good wishes of a very happy married life—most cordially.

Yours etc.,
HALEEMA A. H. FYZER.

Editorial Note

Miss M. C. Poonnen, the daughter of Surgeon E. Poonnen, M.D., of the Travancore Medical Service, has had the distinction of being the first Syrian Christian Lady Graduate. She received her early English education at the Holy Angels Convent, Quilon, and later at St. Joseph's Convent, Trevandrum from which latter institution she passed the Matriculation and F.A. She was the recipient of the Kurpabai Sathianadhan Gold Medal in the former examination, being first in English among the Indian female candidates of the year.

THE FIRST WIDOW MARRIAGE IN

ALLAHABAD

We believe it is for the first time in the annals of Allahabad, that the re-marriage of a Brahman girl-widow was performed in the orthodox Hindu style at Begamserai in the suburbs of the city, on the 1st February 1909. The father of the girl is Pandit Balder Prasad Misra, a Surjuparin Brahman and a priest by profession. The bridegroom's name is Anandi Prasad Tewari, son of Honuman Tewari of Bazar Selemarai. He is about 30 years of age and the girl 16. Her first marriage took place at the age of seven and her first husband died when she was only 11. Her father has been making strenuous efforts for the last three years to induce his own family people and castemen to agree to his giving his daughter in marriage, a second time but without success. It was only lately when some widowed girls of his original place of residence eloped from their homes that he determined to celebrate the re-marriage of his daughter at any cost and in spite of the opposition of his kith and kin. He got his wife's consent to the remarriage and fortunately secured a neighbouring young man as a bridegroom. The zemindars of his village and the neighbouring villagers helped him with their advice and support. The Pandit is a poor orthodox Hindu of ordinary education and a priest by profession and does not know a word of English and has never come in contact with social reformers or preachers—living as he does in a village in the suburbs of the city, and yet he had the moral courage to celebrate the remarriage of his widowed girl in spite of the active opposition of his grown-up son and brothers. The marriage ceremony was performed according to the Hindu system. Two Brahmins officiated as priests and though the castemen of the bride and bridegroom did not muster strong, the gathering at the marriage ceremony was large considering the distance of place from the city, some 6 or 7 miles. The villagers helped the poor Brahman by receiving his guests and providing them with seats, supplying water for drink and doing everything needful for the comfort and convenience of the large number of city people that has collected on the occasion of the marriage. The villagers as well as some zemindars and respectable families of the neighbourhood joined in the Paon Puja ceremony. M. Zainuddin, Mukhtiar and Zemindar, and Babu Salikram and Lala Ganga Prasad Mukhtiar very materially helped the poor Brahman and contributed to the success of the good work. Some people from Allahabad representing all communities were present at the ceremony among whom we noticed the following gentlemen:—Pandit Shiri Ram, Pandit Sudarsahnachari, Pandit Vishnu Datt, Pandit Mahadeo Bhutt, Pandit Kishori Lal, Babu Bhagawan Das Bhargava, Vakil, High Court, Babu Someswar Das, Medical Practitioner, Lala Hira Lal, Manager: Ice Factory, Lala Chui Lal, Hospital Assistant, Lal Sampal Das, merchant, Babu Debender Nath Banerji, Satish Chandra Ghosh, Professor, N.B. Mitra, Professor Kishen Chand, Lala Ganga Prasad, Mukhtiar, Babu Salik Ram, Babu Lachminarayan, banker and zemindar and Honorary Magistrate, Babu Mewa Lal, Zemindar and banker, Lala Shamkishore, and many others. All these people went all the way from Allahabad to be present at the marriage in order to show their sympathy

She passed the A.L.C.M. in Music in 1902 taking a First Class.

She prosecuted her studies for the B.A., in H.H. the Maharajah's College, Trevandrum and took the Degree in 1909, standing a good second class in all the three subjects. We are pleased to hear that Miss Poonnen is soon to proceed to England to further prosecute her studies.

We sincerely congratulate her on her successful career in the past and wish her greater success in the future.

What has been done for and by Indian Ladies

A WIDOWS' HOME AT AMRITSAR

There is no class of human beings so unhappy as the Hindu widows. Deprived of the natural protection of their husbands, forced to lead a life of privation and wretchedness, ill-treated even by their own parents and looked upon as messengers of evil in the family and exposed to all the risks of their situation, their condition is most pitiable indeed. To make the lot of a Hindu widow, therefore, a little better and happier than it is, should be the duty of every philanthropic son and daughter of India.

With this object in view, the Punjab Brahmo Samaj, Lahore, have resolved to open a Widows' Home at Amritsar. A commodious house has been generously placed at the disposal of the Samaj by Lala Sundar Dass Bhalla, Contractor, situated in the centre of the city. Lala Ram Baksha Mal, Retired Inspector of Post Offices, of Punjab Brahmo Samaj and his wife have been put in charge of the Institution. Those who know Lala Ram Baksha Mal will agree with us in thinking that no better choice could be made.

Arrangements for elementary instruction will be made and besides this, sewing, knitting, lace-making, hosiery and other useful work will also be taught. There will be no interference with the caste or other social rules of the widows. No widow will be admitted until proper enquiries have been made regarding her character and antecedents.

It may be mentioned that Bhai Kirpal Singh, B.A., member, Brahmo Samaj, Quetta, has been pleased to place a sum of rupees five hundred for the purpose of the Amritsar Widhwa Bhawan at the disposal of the Punjab Brahmo Samaj, and we look to other equally charitable ladies and gentlemen to help the Institution with the necessary funds for the maintenance of the Bhawan. Above all, we beg our friends to pray for the success of the Institution.

All contributions may be sent to any of the Secretaries:

Yours faithfully,
CHAMAN LAL DHINGRA, KASHI RAM SURI,
Bar-at-Law, DHARM DAS SURI,
Local Secretary, Amritsar. Secretaries, Lahore.

Widows' Home, Amritsar.

with the father of the girl and to express their approval of his conduct.

This indicates that our conservative and backward city is also awaking to the call of times. There were a few ladies of respectable families of the city present at the marriage and they also joined in the Paon Puja ceremony. We wish a happy life to the couple.—*Indian People*, Allahabad.

A PURDAH MEETING

(Specially reported for the "Musalman.")

An unique and interesting party of Muslim ladies given by Mrs. K. A. Zihed Suhrawardy to meet Her Excellency the Countess of Minto came off on the 3rd of March at No. 10, Hungerford Street. The lawn was tastefully decorated and the strictest Purdah arrangements were made, the special feature being that waitresses and *ayas* served the refreshments, and there were lady shorthand writers for the press. The gate-way was mounted with the Union Jack supported on both sides the Crescent and the Lion and Sun of Persia depicting the friendly relations that exist between the three Musalman Powers. In the north of the lawn was a gold embroidered "Shamianah" supported on silver pillars where a dais was constructed with a throne on it for Her Excellency and two chairs on either side for Lady Baker and Lady Eileen Elliot. On the south two "Shamianahs" were pitched with refreshments, one for Europeans and another for non-Muslim ladies, and the other for the Mohammedians. An unique feature of the decoration was a representation in wire fret-work of the sky numerously hung with beautiful imitation flowers, birds, berries, and picturesque art chandelier. The compound walls were covered with beautiful "Kanats" on which were depicted Crescents and various allegorical pictures. The place was lighted with innumerable Chinese lamps and electric lights. The tent in which the seats for Her Excellency Lady Baker and Lady Eileen Elliot were placed was hung with velvet drapage worked in raised gold and the dais was also covered with green "musnads" of a similar pattern. On the right of the dais the seats were reserved for Europeans and other non-Muslim ladies whereas the left was occupied by the Mohammedan guests. Besides the hundred Muslim ladies there was a large and brilliant gathering of Europeans and Indians present, amongst whom were Lady Baker, H. H. the Maharani of Cooch Behar, H. H. the Maharani of Mourbhanj, the Maharani of Nattore, Lady Adamson, Lady Hamilton, Mr. Holmwood, Mrs. Stephen, Mrs. Harrington, Mrs. Chitty, Mrs. and Miss Colleston, Mrs. Duke, Mrs. S. P. Singh, the Miss Dunlop-Smith, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Guise, Mrs. Ghosal, Mrs. Collin, Mrs. Chappan, Mrs. Macpherson, Mrs. Pugh, Mrs. Buller, Mrs. Beachcroft, Mrs. R. N. Mukerji, Miss Bonpas, Mrs. Oldham, Mrs. Mahaland, Mrs. P. K. Ray, Mrs. Chaudhury, Miss Sorabji and Mrs. Moong Bahtoo.

Her Excellency accompanied by Lady Eileen Elliot reached the house punctually at 5.30. On alighting from their carriage Mrs. Holmwood, Mrs. Stephen, Mrs. Collin, and Miss Sorabji kindly received them on behalf of the hostess and led them behind the Purdah where they were met by the seven

princesses of the Oudh family, three of Mysore, two of Nizemat, Mrs. Ariff, Mrs. Shaikh Mahmud Gilani and the hostess, and were led to the lawn. Lady Baker and Lady Eileen Elliot were then presented each with a bouquet by these girl princesses, grand-daughters of Nawab Nazim of Bengal, the Nawab of Chitpore family and of the King of Oudh respectively and were led to the dais where they took their seats.

Mrs. Zihed Suhrawardy, before reading the address, said the following on her own behalf in English:

"A widow re-marriage, the first of its kind according to orthodox rites, was celebrated in Lahore. The marriage took place in a Hindu temple, both parties being orthodox."

A WIDOW'S RIGHT OF DEFENCE IN THE PUNJAB

The Punjab Chief Court, in a recently decided case has held that the money required by a widow to protect her life-interest in litigation is a valid necessity justifying her in alienating her husband's immovable property, particularly when the litigation has been forced upon her by her husband's own reversioners. It has been further held that when an alienation has taken place to liquidate previous *prima facie* necessary debts, the alienee cannot be made responsible for ascertaining how far they were unavoidable, more especially when the widow has died before the items are disputed.

In the opinion of the Chief Court a native woman is always at a disadvantage when forced into Court to defend herself. The facts of the case, which has elicited these decisions, were briefly these: The husband of a Hindu widow, the vendor in the case, was a successful contractor and managed to amass a considerable sum of money. He bought the land in the suit as well as other lands with the sum of his earnings. On his death, which occurred in 1900, his minor nephews, through their mother, sued for a share in this self-acquired property, alleging that it jointly belonged to their father and their deceased uncle. The widow resisted this claim and was eventually successful after incurring a good deal of expenditure. In October 1904 she sold the equity of redemption of the land in dispute a previous mortgage on the land and other small loans, including one for which she has pledged her own ornaments. These were all connected with the expenses of the said suit.

THE SEVA SADAN

WORK DONE WITHOUT THE HOME.

We have now lay-sisters who are doing a good deal of work outside the Sadan. One very tender-hearted lady of the most catholic spirit, has been regularly visiting one of the hospitals, and giving the inmates fruit, flowers, etc., out of a monthly amount spent through her by the Sadan, and added to by her out of her private purse and contributions from friends. She has been winning the confidence of the sick and the poor by her sympathy, and by her 'alms-giving thought and care.'

Another humble sister has been keeping a regular diary in which we catch many a glimpse of the life of the poor.

A third lay sister, Mrs. Laxmibai Ranade, has been doing good work in the J. J. Hospital. She has been visiting the female patients once a week and doing her best to comfort them. On one occasion, humanly speaking, she was able to save a child's life. She also exerted herself in relieving distress in urgent cases.

Mrs. Chandrabai Rajadhyaksh has been visiting the Arthur Road and Mahrath Hospitals, and ministering to the poor. She is a certificd midwife. She brought a case of distress to the notice of one of our Joint Secretaries and was enabled, to give relief. She attended one poor woman at Byculla during the latter's confinement without charging any fee.

Miss Urmila B. Divata has been going to the Cama Hospital and singing devotional songs to the patients. She takes fruit with her, and toys for the children, and sometimes little story books for those who want them.

Mrs. Bhagubai visited the Adams Wyllie Hospital for several months.

The Colaba Lunatic Asylum has been visited and also the Thana Lunatic Asylum. On 5th October 1908 Lieutenant E. George, the Superintendent of the former, wrote to one of our lay sisters: "I must thank you for the fruits and sweets sent on behalf of the Seva Sadan Society. I need hardly say that the inmates greatly appreciate the treat."

Several of the orphanages in the City have been also visited, thanks mainly to the energy and earnestness of Dr. Mrs. Manek Bahadurji, Mrs. Jammaabehn, Mrs. Ratanbai Lakshmidas, and Mrs. Kashibai Gajjar, who are connected both with the Sadan and the Gujarat Stri Mandal, with several other ladies, paid a visit to the Northcote Orphanage and made up a sum of Rs. 500 and paid it to the Institution.

Miss Banaji and Miss Shireen Parekh and Dr. Hirabai, Contractor, and Dr. Miss Bahadurji and Miss Patuck have also done valuable work in relieving distress and securing medical aid to the sick. Every one of our sisters is at liberty to have an auxiliary fund of her own, in addition to the grant from the Sadan, and a gentleman has sent a sum for expenditure through Miss Banaji.

A form for reports by Sevikas has been printed. Mrs. Laxmibai Chandavarkar with Mrs. Laxmibai Ranade, and Mrs. Jammaabehn Sakka with Mrs. Kashigauri Gajjar have kindly offered to examine the weekly Sevika reports of their respective communities. We have now complete lists of our Deccani, Gujarati, Parsi and Mahomedan lay sisters.

Our Mahomedan section have devoted themselves mainly to the organizing of Home classes. They have a home class at Mrs. Fatehali Sheik Ahmed's in Khetwadi and another at Santa Cruz. The former is under the direct supervision of Mrs. Fatehali, the latter under that of Mrs. Nazar Mahmud Fatehali and Mrs. Hussein Badruddin Tyabji. The Khetwadi class is attended by 14 girls, the Santa Cruz by 13. Both were started in October 1908. A Maho-

medan girl has also been sent to Mrs. Patuck's work-room to learn embroidery.

Mrs. Hassanali Fiazali, a trained nurse and midwife, offered to make arrangements to open a class in Cambay and to give instruction in nursing, reading and writing and in needle-work.

The Section has enabled her to open the class and it is attended by 14 girls.

The third object of the Society was to provide facilities for the Sevikas qualifying as lady missionaries for educational, medical and other good work on unsectarian lines. We have at present three Deccani ladies, living in the Sadan. One of them has received two years' training at the Delhi Hospital for Women, and Children and the other two are going through a course of general education at the Chanda Ramji High School and attending the medical and nursing classes in the Sadan. Mrs. Athavale and Behen Girja Behen (of the Vanita Vishram) have been looking after them. We hope that highly educated ladies, not willing to marry, and specially those who have become widowed and have no children, will gradually be attracted to the Sadan and become regular sisters. The Sadan will of course provide for their material wants.

The fourth object of the Society was to found and maintain or affiliate Subsidiary Homes or Branches of the Home and to increase their usefulness. The Council asked the president, Mrs. Ramabai Ranade, to establish a Branch at Poona; Mr. Lalshankar to establish one at Ahmedabad and Behen Shivgauri to found a Branch at Surat. A Branch has been established at Ahmedabad, and the Vanita Vishram at Surat has become a Branch of the Sadan there, but owing to the plague at Poona and other causes, no Branch has yet been established at Poona.

The Vanita Vishram at Surat is located in the Nagarpalium. It was started about two years ago, and has an Endowment Fund of Rs. 25,000, yielding a monthly income of Rs. 125. At present a few widows and an unmarried girl (sent to the Vishram by the District Court, Surat) reside on the premises besides the two lady founders and six girl students who are boarders. The institution is very economically managed and the total expenditure is at present about Rs. 100 a month. The school attached to the Vishram is attended by 80 girls and the number of teachers is seven. Only four of the seven take any remuneration and the total amount paid to them is Rs. 38 a month. Behen Shivgauri and her friend and fellow-worker Behen Bajigauri gave all their money to the Vishram, and the Endowment Fund is composed of it and the contributions of their relations. Both the ladies are

very pious and very earnest and energetic. Both have identified themselves with the Sadan, and Behen Shivgauri has been coming off and on to Bombay and rendering invaluable help. Her stirring discourses at the preliminary meetings held in the Chanda Ramji High School, through the exertions of Professor Gajjar, to popularise the Sadan, are not likely to be forgotten, for the Branch published on the last Diwali day a very useful little diary for the use of Seva Sadan sisters. It contains gems of thought from the Gujarati poets, and a blank space for each day in which the work done by each sister may be noted. Two hundred copies were sent to the Seva Sadan, Bombay, and several hundreds have been sold.

Ratnabhai has been visiting the Government Lunatic Asylum once a week and singing devotional songs to the women there on a harmonium. The harmonium was bought by the Superintendent after the Branch was established, and after Mrs. Ramanbhai kindly agreed to play on it for the benefit of these unfortunates, Mr. Chinubhai gave a donation of Rs. 75 and the Superintendent supplemented it with Rs. 40 from the Government funds in order to buy the harmonium which is like that bought for the Cama Hospital in Bombay by the Sadan. The effect of music is well understood, and the Asylum has already a concertina and used to provide amusements for the lunatics out of a grant of Rs. 300 a year made by Government for that purpose.

Dr. Miss Dhanbai Wadia is also one of the members of the Branch and has been explaining the aims of the Sadan. Mrs. Pitambaras Tribhovandas held a meeting of women in the Sarangpur quarter in October 1908 to popularise the Sadan. In November she gave lectures in the Khadia quarter on the work of the Sadan, and in December she addressed meetings of ladies in the said two quarters. She has been doing her best for the Sadan and we deeply deplore her recent bereavement. Mrs. Gopilal, mother of two lady-graduates, has been visiting the orphanage and reading to the children stories calculated to impress ideals of virtue on their minds.

The Branch has authorized Dr. Miss Kapadia to engage a good midwife and nurse for work among the poor but she has not been able to find one yet. Rs. 40 out of the Rs. 100 promised have been set apart for medical service, Rs. 30 for educational service and Rs. 30 for social service. The Branch hopes to give help to poor pardahnishin ladies by finding work for them and to open a sewing class for other poor women. During the fever season quinine may well be distributed, and during winter warm clothes and blankets to the needy. The Mill Agents can do

a great deal for the poor:—(a) By building suitable and sanitary houses for mill hands. (b) By providing work for the needy. (c) By opening free schools in their factory compounds. (d) By allowing female operatives a few rooms where they can keep their babies while working, and nurse them during their recess.

News and Notes

YEOMANRY NURSING CORPS.

A LADY OFFICER.

Would-be recruits who visited the office of the First Aid Yeomanry Nursing Corps, Gamage Buildings, Holborn, on the 23rd February, found in charge an officer who, though evidently new to the work, was taking the keenest interest in the duties into which she was being initiated. She wore the smart uniform of the Corps—a blue skirt, a red tunic with white facings, and a peaked forage cap—while the star on her shoulder strap indicated that she was a Lieutenant. The Lady in question was, in fact, Lieutenant Lady Ernestine Hunt, eldest daughter of the Marquess of Ailesbury, who is setting a noteworthy example to the women of the country, and especially to those who have means and leisure, by devoting herself seriously to the work of the Nursing Yeomanry. She was the first officer taken on, and will lead one of the troops of which the Corps will be composed. Captain Baker, commanding the Corps, is naturally highly pleased with the way in which such ladies have taken up the work. When approached by a press-representative at the recruiting office, Lady Ernestine at first refused to say anything of a personal nature, stating that her only object was to aid the Nursing Yeomanry in their patriotic work. In fact, the identity of the "daughter of a Marquess" who was to be troop leader had been kept secret, but on it being pointed out that the only result of further publicity would be to stimulate the interest of other ladies in the Corps, Lady Ernestine consented to discuss the step she has taken. "This kind of work has always had the greatest interest for me," she said, "and I think this idea of a nursing yeomanry should appeal to many ladies who have the time and money to go in for it." From further conversation, it appeared that she is well qualified for the work she has undertaken. She was trained at the Royal Southern Hospital, Liverpool, in 1893, and received further instruction in surgical work at Dudley Guest Hospital, two years later. After acting as a private nurse at

Egypt and South Africa, she was staff nurse at Krugersdorp during the Jameson Raid. Lady Ernestine also excels in horsemanship, having been taught riding by the late Mr. Fisher and Corporal Marriat, of the 1st Life Guards, and jumping by the late Major Burt, of the 2nd Life Guards.

The California Club has caused the following joint guardianship bill to be introduced in the California Legislature.

"The father and mother of a legitimate, unmarried minor child are jointly entitled to its custody, services, and earnings; but neither the father nor mother can transfer such custody, services or earnings to any person, save to the other parent, without the written consent of such other parent, unless such parent be guilty of desertion or is living apart by agreement. If either parent be dead, or be unable, or refuse to take the custody, or has abandoned the family, the other parent is entitled thereto."

The chairman of the Humane Education Committee writes:

"According to the law of California at present a minor child has but one parent, the father. To acquire a mother there must be an appeal to the courts, and a decision that it has a mother."

In Colorado, the very first Legislature after women were enfranchised passed an equal guardianship law.

Massachusetts suffragists worked 55 years to get such a measure.

The "Massachusetts association opposed to the further extension of suffrage to women" for years circulated literature against it, but the bill was finally passed by an overwhelming majority of both houses.

Equal guardianship has now been granted to mothers by twelve States and the District of Columbia.

Miss Kate Gilmour, stewardess of the *Sardinia*, which was recently destroyed by fire at Malta, is the first woman to receive a Lloyd's medal for saving life at sea. Miss Gilmour refused to leave the ship until all the women and children had been rescued, and to her coolness and courage is due, it is said, the saving of many lives.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt says of the suffrage petition: "The educational value of a canvass for suffrage signatures is inestimable; the whole town will soon talk of women suffrage; the effect upon public sentiment of the biggest petition ever presented to Congress will be enormous. Our cause may receive these bene-

fits if we will make 'a long pull—a hard pull—and a pull all together.'"

Miss Annie S. Peck of Providence, R. I., has returned from a triumphant tour of the Peruvian Andes, during which she scaled the summit of Mt. Huascaran, one of the highest peaks in the world. This successful ascent was the culmination of two trips she made to South America for that purpose, and it required two attempts on her last trip. The mountain is estimated at from 24,000 to 26,000 feet high.

Mme. Clemence Jussolin, who has just been elected in Paris as a member of the "Conseil des Prudhommes" (council of wise men), is a dress-maker. Four other women were candidates, but were defeated. Mme. Jussolin was elected mainly by the votes of men. A much smaller number of women than of men have a vote in the election of these "Conseils," and a large proportion both of the men and of the women entitled to vote neglect to do so.

Mrs. Nancy C. Bush, postmaster at Charlotte, Vt., has been in the postal service for 38 years, beginning as telegraph operator and assistant. In 1875 she was appointed postmaster by President Grant, in response to a petition almost unanimously signed by the people of Charlotte. Her office is a model of neatness, and her accounts are always accurate to the last cent. She has never had a clerk to help her. She superintends a sub-station, supervises two carriers, attends to an extensive money-order business, and carries on all the work of the office. She is now 78 years old.

Senorita Carolina Huidobro of Boston, the well-known lecturer on South America, is giving a course of six lectures, splendidly illustrated by the stereopticon, before the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, and she will also lecture before Columbia University and at other places in New York. In her lecture on "The Marvels and Wonders of Peru," Senorita Huidobro contrasts ancient and modern civilization by giving a graphic account of the Incas and of the Oroya Railway, "which within a distance of 138 miles, rises to a point fifteen hundred feet higher than Pike's Peak."

Mrs. Eleanor Relyea, a clerk in the signal office of the War Department, will be the next social secretary of the White House, at a salary of \$1,000 a year. Miss Isabelle Hagner who now holds that position, will step back into the ranks of Government clerks, by executive order, and will be given a place in the Surgeon-General's office. The office of social secretary has been

made to include that of companion to the president's wife, since Miss Hagner assumed its duties, and she has proved an invaluable assistant to Mrs. Roosevelt in all her family and State affairs. Mrs. Relyea was appointed to the War Department from Connecticut in July, 1907. She is a woman of culture, and has a wide acquaintance among society people in Washington, New York and Newport.

Mrs. Helen I. Francis received the first medal for artistic pictures of children at the Kansas State Photographers' Convention lately held in Topeka.

Mrs. Helen Woods Miller has left \$20,000 to Brown University, for use in the department of comparative anatomy. The remainder of the estate will go to the Women's College.

The Duchess d'Uzes has organized a campaign against the Directoire gowns, and has instructed her dressmaker to have her new gowns resemble the Directoire style in nothing but the tight sleeves.

Baroness Alexandra Gripenberg, now serving her second term in the Finnish Parliament, has written for the *Woman's Journal* an interesting article on the practical workings of equal suffrage in Finland.

Miss Maud M. Freeman of Chicago, heads the new list of "Leaders on Applications" of the New York Life Insurance Company. There are twenty-three men in various grades below her on the list, and one other woman, Miss Anna W. Hunter, who ranks seventh.

Mrs. William L. Howard has just been appointed the second probation officer for women in Rochester, N. Y. She is a prominent suffragist, president of the City Federation of Women's Clubs, and an active worker in literary and philanthropic organizations. She will serve as probation officer without remuneration.

Mrs. Rose C. Johnson of Gorham has been appointed by Gov. Fernald visitor of the Maine State schools. This office has been held for the past ten years by Mrs. Clark Barker, daughter of ex-Gov. Frederick Robie. She has accomplished much good, and is greatly beloved by the boys at the reform and other institutions.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland has announced that the royal baby, whose birth is expected soon, will be named Orange Nassau. The Queen is now at The Hague palace, and is said to be in the best of health. All the towns and cities of

Holland, through their women, are preparing gifts for the Queen in honor of the approaching event. Amsterdam will contribute a beautiful cradle, which is to be a bit of unexampled Dutch artistic composition. The Dutch are overjoyed at the prospect of an heir to the throne.

Miss Ainslie of Marash-Tinkez, in a letter read at a recent meeting of the Women's Board of Missions in Chicago, gave a graphic account of the rejoicings in Turkey over the opening of the new Parliament. Cannon were being fired and processions passing, made up of Moslems, Jews, Armenians, all classes and religions, exulting together like brothers. Many people did not yet understand what it all meant. One woman came in from the country, looking for "Liberty." She said she had a great kindness in saving her from the tax gatherers who had troubled her in former years, and so she had come to the city to thank him.

Mrs. Harriet Fisher, who lives like a princess during the summer at her Italian villa on Lake Como, is the successful manager and owner of an iron foundry at Trenton, N. J. Probably she is the only woman engaged in such an occupation. She has run the foundry nine years. She tells with pleasure how she learned to temper the metal, mould vises, make rail joints, and do all parts of the business in turn, from melting pig iron to making bids for contracts. Mrs. Fisher directs the bi-weekly castings at the Eagle anvil works. As mistress of the works, she goes about her business dressed in overalls. She is said to be a good friend to the families of the workmen. Amid her various duties, she has found time to study surgery, and she attends herself to injuries such as broken bones, sprains or burns.

Miss Alma Sturtevant, who went from Maine to Boulder, Col., several years ago, has been appointed clerk of courts in Boulder County.

Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mrs. M. G. Fawcett were to have a public debate on woman suffrage in London on Feb. 2nd, the proceeds were to go for the benefit of a London hospital.

Mrs. Nora E. Daniels of Colorado City, Col., has successfully passed an examination for an embalmer's license held by the State Board of Health, and has received a certificate entitling her to practice.

Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, whose tour in the Southern States a year ago awakened much interest in the improvement of prison conditions spoke in New Orleans recently under the auspices of the Prison Reform Association, and visited the Louisiana prisons.

Miss Charlotte Mansfield of London has sailed for Cape Town to take a lonely tramp of 8,000 miles toward Cairo. Two thousand miles of the journey will be through the wilds of Central Africa. Miss Mansfield's only escort will be thirty native carriers. At Nairobi she expects to meet President Roosevelt. Miss Mansfield is a strong, active young woman and has "tramped" alone in several out-of-the-way districts of Europe.

Alice M. Robertson, the only woman in the United States in charge of a postoffice of the first class, has just been re-appointed for a term of four years. The postoffice at Muskogee, Okla., over which Miss Robertson presides, is worth from \$2,800 to 3,000 a year. The local politicians considered it too good a position for a woman, and tried to secure it for some strenuous political worker but the rule of the Postoffice Department to retain all postmasters with good records prevailed against their endeavors.

Queen Alexandra is said to be anxious to establish a sister order to that which her husband founded for the recognition of heroism in civil life. That order, from the conditions associated with it, must be almost entirely restricted to men, and what the queen desires is the establishment of an order which shall recognize the special virtues of women in civil life. She is consulting distinguished women in the matter, and if they agree with her there is little doubt that the king will create an order of the character suggested.

Rev. Anna H. Shaw made several good points in her recent address before the Equal Franchise League at the home of Mrs. Clarence Mackay. In answer to the objection that women must not vote because they do not fight, she said: "I went through the civil war. My father and brothers went to the front, leaving my mother, a little brother and myself at home. I ploughed, hoed and struggled to keep that little Western farm and its log cabin home from the tax collector till they returned. I think my mother and I had a harder time than they did."

Mrs. Catherine B. Bell, editor of the 'Canon,' not only supports her three children by her journalistic work, but serves the community as the only probation officer in her county, is president of the Board of County Visitors, acts as special agent to the County Commissioners in cases of destitution, is a State humane officer and secretary of the Local Humane Society, which she founded, and exerts a strong influence for good over a large Sunday school class of young girls. Mrs. Bell is said to have more in-

fluence in the politics of her party than any other person in Fremont County. In addition to her newspaper work, she is the author of a small volume of stories and verse, entitled "Moods and Tenses." A New York woman by birth and education, she has lived in Colorado only seven years, but has already become a power there. She is said to be a born journalist. The *Modern World* calls her "as business-like as a man and as sympathetic as a woman."

Mrs. Keith Spalding of Chicago has given 40 acres of land and \$18,000 to build a new sanitarium for tuberculosis at Napierville, Ill.

Mrs. W. J. Beggs of Seattle has introduced what is said to be the first rose absolutely without thorns. Mrs. Beggs was at one time next door neighbor to Luther Burbank in California, and studied his methods.

Dr. S. Josephine Baker of New York City is the acting health commissioner when Dr. Thomas Darlington, head of the department, is absent, and she is said to be as thoroughly skilled in the work as he.

Mrs. Olive Brown Saare, the owner of the large estate known as Yama-no-Uchi, near Ithaca, N. Y., is entered at Cornell University as a student of psaltry. She is making a thorough study of every detail of chicken-raising, fitting herself to obtain the best results from the management of her estate.

Mrs. George F. Lowell was among the speakers at the meeting of the Massachusetts Press Association in Boston. Mr. Robert Luce, who preceded her, said that women could get the ballot or anything else, if they really wanted it. Mrs. Lowell said that they could, if they waited long enough; and she instanced the fact that it took Massachusetts women 55 years to obtain the equal guardianship law, and more than half a century to get the law to equalize the conditions of inheritance between husband and wife. Mrs. Lowell's address, which was on woman suffrage, won more applause than any of the other speeches and many of the editors congratulated her at the close.

Mrs. Harriet M. Von Der Voort of Chicago is widely known as a friend of the immigrant girl. She is chairman of the investigation committee of the National Woman's Trade Union League, and in that capacity she has helped to put in motion forces which have resulted in the formation of a new organization, with headquarters in Chicago, to serve as a clearinghouse for the immigrant girls bound for Chicago and Western points. Over 1,500 girls have been

aided in the last six months. Mrs. Van Der Voort has her home at present at the Chicago University Settlement, and had previously spent some time at Hull House. Experienced, kindly and full of sympathy, she is the right person in the right place. An earnest believer in women's enfranchisement as one of the best means of helping working-women, she was an interested delegate at the great meeting of the international Woman Suffrage Alliance in Amsterdam, last June.

Mrs. Harriet Paul has been appointed clerk of the committee on Corporations and Railroads in the Colorado Legislature. It is said that the political workers who wanted the office as part of the "spoils" are protesting loudly against her appointment.

Mrs. Norman Mack, wife of the chairman of the Democratic National Campaign Committee has come out for suffrage. She says that after her attendance at the National Democratic Convention in Denver, where she saw and talked with the bright women there she decided where she stood. Voting had only made these women more interesting.

Mrs. Ellen H. Richards of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has gone on a Western trip. She will address the Chicago branch of the Collegiate Alumnae on Science in Education. She will speak to the Ann Arbor branch on Economic Efficiency, and to the Nebraska branch on the living wage. She is to deliver the address on Household Labor in the Twentieth Century at the dedication of the new \$30,000 building for the more economics department or the Nebraska State University and will also speak at Milwaukee Downer College and at Rockford College before she returns.

Mrs. Alma V. Lafferty, the only woman member of the Colorado House of Representatives, is said, since the legislature met, to have received from all parts of the United States about a bushel of "freak" bills, which she is asked to introduce. According to the Denver News, she mildly but firmly declines, and hands the requests for these erratic measures over to some of the ambitious young members, who want to distinguish themselves by introducing something unusual. Mrs. Lafferty says she means to devote herself especially to bills for the benefit of children and to an eight-hour law for the women who work in laundries. This latter measure was passed by a former Legislature, but was pronounced unconstitutional by the State Supreme Court. Now that the U. S. Supreme Court, in the Oregon case, has upheld the constitution-

ality of such legislation, the way is open for its re-enactment.

Mrs. L. Brackett Bishop, of Chicago, who offered the hundred-dollar prize for the best suffrage song continues to be flooded with contributions in poetry and verse—more verse than poetry, as is natural; but some very good songs are said to have been received. Men and women, lawyers, doctors, ministers, teachers, business men and school girls, are trying their hands at song-writing. Mrs. Bishop's offer has been widely noticed in the press, and has been worth much more than the hundred dollars, merely in the advertising that it has given to the Chicago women's effort to obtain the municipal vote. The reporters flocked daily to the head-quarters, and secure specimens of the verses, and published them far and wide. This has stirred up opponents to "drop into poetry" also, and if some of the suffrage attempts are doggerel, the effusions of the anti-woman bards are much worse. General competitors for the prize have sent their contributions to the Woman's Journal Office. They were sent to Mrs. L. B. Bishop, Woman Suffrage Headquarters, 500, Stratford Hotel, Chicago.

Mrs. Catherine Vaughn McCulloch of Evanston, Ill., having given satisfaction as Justice of the Peace, has announced herself a candidate for re-election. As a part of her official duties she has performed seven marriage ceremonies.

Miss Flora Wilson, daughter of the Secretary of Agriculture, has lately returned from a five-years' stay abroad, during which she studied music under the direction of Jean de Keske. She will shortly appear on the concert stage in this country, and has already several professional engagements.

Mrs. Toombs, whose husband, Mr. Frederick R. Toombs, has introduced the women suffrage bill into the New York Legislature, was a speaker at the last meeting of the New York City Equality League. Mrs. Toombs said she had never made a speech before, but she had talked to her husband about women suffrage ever since they were married five years ago.

Mrs. Emma R. Loeb of Los Angeles is doing a successful business making designs for houses and selling them to contractors and property holders. She is reported as saying: "I hope the day will come when, for the sake of the beauty of our entire country, women will take up the designing of houses that shall be

works of art, instead of boxes and conglomerations of every style of architecture."

Miss Emily Balch, professor of Sociology at Wellesley College, was elected president of the Women's Trade Union League at the recent annual meeting. Miss Anne Withington was elected secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Mary Motton-Keheew, Mrs. Mary Brotmerton, Miss Shaide Levy, Miss Mary Wood and Miss Catherine Fay of Boston and Mrs. Nellie Boy of Brockton, executive board, Miss Josephine Casey, former secretary, will go to New York to organize the women in that city.

Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker has been appointed a member of the Civil Service Commission of Colorado by Gov. Shaforth. The *Denver Observer* says: "The appointments of Governor Shaforth have caused much satisfaction, and show that he is looking for the best material, rather than the approval of the upholders of the spoils system. Mr. Van Kleeck has long been one of the best expositors of the advantages of the civil service, and Mr. Brock and he remain upon this board. Mrs. Decker takes the place of Mr. James H. Pershing, the out-going member, to the satisfaction of all good people, especially the women-folks."

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, in her 90th year, read a fine original poem at the celebration of the Lincoln centennial by the city of Boston, and she read it without glasses, while the presiding officer and the orator of the day (Hon. John D. Long), though much younger, were both of them obliged to use theirs. Mrs. Howe was received with enthusiasm, the audience of 2,000 rising to greet her, and applauding her to the echo at the close. The poem is generally praised. Mrs. Howe says she wrote in the same way that she did the "Battle Hymn." After she had made several attempts to compose the verses to Lincoln, without satisfactory results she woke one night in the dark, and the lines began to come to her by flashes. She got up, lit a candle, and jotted them down, and the next day elaborated what she had written. Mrs. Howe is soon to contribute articles on woman suffrage to the *Outlook* and *Harper's Weekly*, and several on other subjects to other magazines. Meanwhile, it is worthy of note that when Boston on a great occasion wants a poem from its most distinguished woman and an address from its finest orator, it has to call upon the president and one of the vice-presidents of the New England, U. S. A.

Mrs. Florence E. Maybrick, whose release from an English prison five years ago was due largely to the efforts of American women, is

devoting herself to prison reform. She has appealed to Congress to provide the national capital prisons with better sanitary facilities.

Mrs. H. L. Tibbet's has just been appointed chairman of the Board of Charities of Lowell, Mass. She has been active in local charity work, and is a woman of wealth and social influence. Mrs. Tibbet's has for years been a vice-president of the Massachusetts Women Suffrage Association. Miss Christabel Pankhurst, the London *Express* says, has invented a "portmanteau word" which is worthy of Lewis Carroll. At a recent meeting, she said, "There is now no Cabinet Minister who dares to say openly that women ought not to vote. There are no open opponents, but there are 'postponents.'"

Miss Ruth Smead of Pasadena, a graduate of Smith College, was the only one of 42 applicants, for teachers' certificates who passed the recent examination at Los Angeles. She attained the average of 85 per cent. required in that county in the 21 branches named by the State law, and gets a grammar school certificate.

Mrs. Ann Anthony, house-keeper at the Putnam hose house in South Norwalk, Conn., recently adjusted the snap harness, drove the spirited fire horses to her home and put out a fire before the department arrived. "Major house is on fire!" exclaimed little Johnny Anthony, as he ran into the fire house. Just then the fire bell rang. The horses came out and took their places, but there was no one to harness and drive them, the drivers having stepped out. Mrs. Anthony had seen the men do it many times, and she was equal to the emergency.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt was among the speakers on ladies' night at the Congregational Club of Brooklyn. She said, "I want to call your attention to the fact that there is no right or privilege which women are asking in any country which has not been granted in some other country. In England a woman cannot practise law; but in the benighted colony or dependency of Egypt women have the right to do so. As Russian women are not admitted to the universities, yet in the little local governments of that country women are permitted to vote; in some parts of Russian women of property have a proxy vote for members of the Duma, and the women of Russia have had the right to own and control their own property longer than the women of any other country in the world." Mrs. Catt went on and multiplied instances from many countries.

Rev. Anna H. Shaw and Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer recently spoke for and against suffrage be-

fore the League for Political Education in New York City, on successive Saturdays. Miss Shaw is our most eloquent speaker, yet, if Mrs. Meyer is correctly reported, her address probably made more converts to suffrage than Miss Shaw's did. She denounced the suffragists, declaring that it was they who ought to be called "Antis," because they were anti-home "anti-men, anti-women," and anti the divine order. After the death to Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi, Mr. Richard Watson Gilder published a tribute to her, in which he said, in substance, that the three American women who had most conspicuously united rare intelligence with rare goodness were Mrs. Josephine Shaw Annwell, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer and Dr. Jacobi. All three happened to be suffragists. Nothing is more amusing than to hear the opponents of equal rights for women abuse the suffragists collectively, while praising them to the skies individually.

Dr. Mary Merrit Crawford is the first woman to become head surgeon and chief of staff in a Brooklyn hospital. This week she entered upon her duties as house surgeon of the Williamsburg Hospital. Dr. Crawford, herself, is inclined to belittle her promotion.

"It is only in line with the regular course of advancement," she is reported as saying.

But members of the hospital staff who have watched Dr. Crawford progress from interne to assistant house surgeon, and finally to house physician, look upon it as remarkable.

As head of the Williamsburg institution, Dr. Crawford will have entire charge for four months and a half, directing the work of four men. After that her term of office will expire, and she then intends to become a practising surgeon in Kings.

Dr. Crawford took her A.B. degree from Cornell in 1904, and then entered the Cornell Medical College. Two years ago she added an M.D. to her B.A. When examinations for hospital service were held, in January, 1908, she and thirty-five men applied for the test. Dr. Crawford and two of the men were the only ones who passed.

Then she entered the Williamsburgh Hospital, where she has worked her way up to the highest position.

Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi used to tell with indignation how a very capable young woman took the examinations for hospital service at two different hospitals, in each case coming out at the head of the list, but was refused by both, because if she kept on in the regular line of advancement for position would put her in charge of the work of several men, and it was held that it would be improper and impossible to ask any

man to serve under a woman. The great majority of hospitals still maintain this attitude, but some breaches are being made in the Chinese wall of exclusion. All our readers will rejoice in Dr. Crawford's success.

Dr. Crawford is an active member of the Collegiate Equal Suffrage League.

The club women of California have been working hard to save Mammoth trees. These wonderful redwoods, thousands of years old, vegetable marvels unique in the world, have come within an inch of being cut down and turned into lumber. Every effort to protect them has been blocked by the political influence of the lumber companies. At last they have been saved, by an arrangement which satisfies all parties. The government gives to the lumber companies, from its forest reservations, as many thousand feet of timber as could be cut from the big trees, and it receives in return these famous groves of giant redwoods, which will be made a reservation and a park. All honor to the California women! Who will say that they do not deserve to vote?

Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett and Mrs. Humphry Ward debated woman suffrage at the Passmore Edwards Settlement. The audience voted in favor of the affirmative.

Miss Bessie Bernstein, who has been appointed a sanitary inspector for Boston, has unusual qualifications for the work. She was born and brought up at the North End, understands the people and their needs, and can speak their languages. She has been for years Mr. Meyer Bloomfield's private secretary at the Civic Service House, and has proved herself exceptionally capable and intelligent.

Mr. Clarence Mackay lately wrote to Judge Lindsey of the Denver Juvenile Court, calling his attention to the false reports that he had come out against woman suffrage. In reply, he writes that woman suffrage has done good in Colorado, but that in his opinion the suffragists should base their argument on the impregnable ground of justice. Judge Lindsey ridiculed in this letter, as he has done over and over in newspaper articles, the claim of the anti-suffragists that, because men have been guilty of political corruption and women have not been able to prevent them, therefore men are fit to vote and women are not.

Mr. Taft and Mrs. Sherman sat in the carriages beside their husbands in the inaugural parade. This was an innovation, but, as our new President? believers in equal suffrage, it was natural that they should like to leave their

wives alone. The press comments are generally favorable; but the incident must have harrowed up the feelings of Prof. William T. Sedgwick. He holds that the more widely the spheres of the sexes are "differentiated," the higher the degree of civilization. On that principle, of course, the action of the President and Vice-President in inviting their wives to accompany them would be classed "a retrogression."

Lady Constance Lytton, sister of Lord Lytton and daughter of a former Viceroy of India; Miss Stratford Dugdale, daughter of Commander Dugdale and cousin of the Hon. William R. W. Peel, a member of the House of Commons; Miss Solomon, daughter of the ex-premier of Cape Colony, and twenty-five other women of high social standing have been arrested for trying to present a resolution to Mr. Asquith. As they refused to give security that they would not do it again, they were all sent to prison for a month except Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, who was given two months because she had been convicted before. All the women took their sentences with dignity and courage. Lady Constance warned her friends that if they tried to obtain her release by giving security for her, she would repeat the offence. The British Government is said to be considerably worried because of the high rank of its last batch of prisoners. It is nothing if not a respecter of persons. When Mrs. Pankhurst and Mrs. Flora Drummond were sentenced to two months in jail for the same offence, Mrs. Drummond who belongs to an old and influential Scotch family, was let out at the end of a fortnight, on the pretext that her health was suffering, although she protested that she was perfectly well able to stand the imprisonment, and that her health was better than Mrs. Pankhurst's. Now a bevy of much more distinguished women have gone to jail; and this will give added force to the protests which have been made all along, in Parliament and elsewhere, against treating the suffragists as common criminals when they are really political offenders, and entitled to the milder prison regime allotted to all other political culprits.

Mrs. Lilian Brown is one of the few women in Maine who has passed an examination before the inspectors at Portland to run a motor boat.

Miss Ida M. Tarbell was the chief speaker at a large meeting held in New York City for the benefit of the Lincoln Memorial University at Cumberland Gap, Tenn.

Mrs. Catherine Waugh McCulloch read to the Chicago Woman's Club on Frances Willard's

birthday one of the best suffrage stories ever written. It was called "A Haunting Dream."

Lady Framton, wife of the distinguished sculptor, is herself an artist, and studied with her husband in the schools of the Royal Academy. She has often exhibited, but always under her maiden name of Christabel Cockerell.

Signora Jacinthe Martina is at the head of the National Women Suffrage Committee at Rome, which is working for the removal of women's disabilities under the law. Signora Martina is a woman of fine culture, and is the wife of one of the most famous deputies.

Miss Mary Fullerton, the favorite niece of J. Pierpont Morgan, said to be worth \$2,000,000 in her own right, has announced her engagement to Paul Bakewell, Jr., a struggling young St. Louis lawyer. Miss Fullerton is the richest girl in St. Louis, and manages her numerous downtown holdings personally.

Miss Winifred Salisbury has been made General Secretary of the newly organized Associated Charities of Calumet, Mich. Miss Salisbury is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, in whose settlement in Milwaukee she held a resident fellowship. Before going to Calumet she was on the staff of the Chicago Bureau of Charities.

Miss Lucy Hale Garlin of Providence, R. I. (sister of Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer), announces a new entertainment, readings accompanied by music fitted by herself to the poems. These are choice selections, including folk songs, poems and songs of motherhood, and especially interesting are some poems of Emily Dickinson, whose rare spirit is too delicate for any but a loving hand. This is a unique opportunity to listen to poetry and music written by descendants of old New England.

Mrs. Russell Sage was eulogized in the United States House of Representatives the other day by Representative Sulzer, during consideration of the fortification bill. Mr. Sulzer deplored the fact that no vote of thanks had been given Mrs. Sage and Mrs. Roberts for the gift of Constitution Island, opposite West Point. He closed his speech by saying: "Mrs. Sage is doing a beneficent work along charitable and humanitarian lines. She is entitled to the thanks of Congress for Constitution Island, and to the thanks of every true American for the noble work she is doing for humanity."

ENGLISH WOMEN AT KABUL

A short time ago we gave some particulars of the singular romance attaching to the death at Kabul of Mrs. Emily Lincoln, an Irish lady, who had become a convert to Mahomedanism and went to Kabul with a young Indian medical student. The "Weekly Dispatch" has been supplied by Mrs. Kate Daly, late Acting Medical Officer to the Government of Afghanistan, with the following further particulars which will be read with interest:

Mrs. Emily Lincoln (says Mrs. Daly) was eighty-two years of age and was an extremely well-educated and accomplished lady, who had spent most of her life in Ireland. Some fifteen years ago, when resident in Dublin, she became acquainted with a young Indian medical student, Dr. Abdul Ghani, and under his influence she embraced Mahomedanism. She had formerly been a Unitarian. From this time it was her fervent desire to live the remainder of her life in a Mahomedan country, and if "God willed it" to die there. In 1897 Dr. Abdul Ghani was appointed English Secretary to the late Ameer Abdur Rahman Khan. Mrs. Lincoln went with Dr. Ghani when he returned to India, in the hope that she would be allowed to accompany her "son" to Kabul, Dr. Ghani having adopted Mrs. Lincoln as his mother, and as such he treated her, and always addressed her by that name.

But the Ameer Abdur Rahman replied that "he could not grant her request. In the first place, he doubted the sincerity of her conversion. In fact, he had never known of a so-called conversion of a Christian to Mahomedanism, where there had not been some ulterior motive. However, if in her case it was a sincere conversion, were there not Mahomedan countries nearer to England to which she could retire? Turkey, for instance!" So alas! Mrs. Lincoln had to wait many years before she obtained the necessary permission to enter that closed country. There are no cheap trips to Afghanistan. No European is allowed to enter without permission from the Amir himself; and a native leaving it without permission may lose his life, as the offence is a capital crime.

Mrs. Lincoln stayed some time in India to prove by her life among the Mahomedans there the sincerity of her conversion. Then she returned to his country, staying in England till her health was fully restored when she again went to India and renewed her application to be allowed to go to Kabul, this time enclosing certificates from some Indian Mahomedan mullas, as a proof of the sincerity of her conversion. Still the Ameer refused his permission. Disheartened, but still hopeful, she returned to

visit her friends in Ireland. In the meantime the Ameer Abdur Rahman died. Then Dr. Ghani left Kabul to become the Principal of the Mahomedan College at Lahore, India, where Mrs. Lincoln joined him.

MRS. LINCOLN IN KABUL.

About two and a half years ago he was invited by the present Amir, Habibullah Khan, to return to Kabul as Director of Education, and a few months afterwards he obtained permission from the Amir to bring his young wife and his mother, Mrs. Lincoln, to Kabul. The journey from Peshawar to Kabul is long and rough; twelve days on horseback or in palanquin is no joke for an old lady of nearly eighty. But at last it was accomplished, and the lady was received with great honour as a British convert to Mahomedanism. Then, as is the custom in the East, she was given a new name and many gifts, paid a salary, and lodged in the guest house—one of the Royal houses built by the late Amir where she received her new friends in great state. After nearly two years' residence among the people of her adopted religion, her wish was granted of dying in a Mahomedan country.

Mrs. Lincoln was the only British woman who has been resident in Kabul during the past few years. Another white woman who had embraced Mahomedanism died there of cholera in 1903. She had been married to an Afghan for nearly thirty years. They had been resident in Australia for most of that time. She told me (adds Mrs. Daly) that she became a Mahomedan of her own free will, but that after that she had never rested till she got her husband to sell all their property and to take her to the land of his people and religion. They went to Kandahar, where the people borrowed and in other ways soon relieved them of their money and goods, and they were left penniless. And so they tramped to Kabul to try to get their case laid before the late Amir. One day I was astonished to be told that "an English-woman wished to see me"—as I knew of no other English-woman living in Kabul at that time—and I was confronted by a woman wearing the regulation dress of the women of the country. But undoubtedly she was an English-woman, with a pale face and hair. She told me she was a native of Redruth, in Cornwall, and had gone to Australia when a young girl of seventeen, and had shortly afterwards met and married her Afghan husband. She said he was a good husband and a good man, and because of that she had adopted his religion. She then told me how they came to be in Kabul, and added, "I am now starving!" Of course, I relieved her

at once and told her how to get her case placed before the Amir, which was done, and she was provided for as an English convert to Mahomedanism. They are not to require this provision long, as the husband afterwards died of cholera.

THE CHETTY GIRLS' SCHOOL
IN MADRAS, INDIA

ANNUAL PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

The annual distribution of prizes to the pupils attending the Kalavalai Tiruvengadathan Chetty School in Georgetown, took place at the Pachaiyappa's Hall, the function being, as usual, conducted under the auspices of the National Indian Association, of the educational work of which the school forms an important branch. Mrs. Hammick, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Association, presided. The President, the Hon'ble Mr. M. Hammick, was unable to be present but sent a message of regret at his inability to do so. Among those present were the Hon'ble Sir Ralph Benson and Lady Benson, Miss Hammick, Mr. C. G. Todhunter, Mr. E. Winckler and Miss Winckler, Dewan Bahadur P. Rajarathna Moodelliar, Pandit D. Gopala Chariu, Mr. K. Kannan Chetty, Rao Bahadur M. Venkatasawmy Naidu, Mr. B. Hanumantha Rao, Mr. V. V. Srinivasa Iyengar, Mr. G. Narayanasawmy Chetty and Mr. S. Venugopal Chetty. There was also a large gathering of Indian ladies interested in the welfare of the school.

The proceedings opened with the singing of a welcome song in Telugu, which took the form of a lyric recounting the advantages of British rule in India and invoking blessings on Their Majesties the King and Queen, on the Viceroy, the Governor and Lady Lawley, and on Lady Benson, Mrs. Hammick and Mrs. J. Brander, who have greatly helped the cause of female education. A number of girls then came up by rotation and each recited some well-known maxim in English. The audience were then treated to some excellent Indian music on the harmonium, violin and *vina*, following which there was some acting by the girls in English and Telugu, a *kollattum* exercise and a drill, all of which they performed creditably.

THE PROGRESS REPORT.

Mr. V. V. Srinivasa Iyengar, the Secretary of the School Committee, then read the Annual Report of the school, from which we take the following:

This school, which is mainly supported by Mr. Kalavalai Tiruvengadathan Chetty and by his nephew, Mr. K. Kannan Chetty, continues to make satisfactory progress. As stated in previous Reports, its great drawback is insufficiency of accommodation, which makes it impossible to admit more than 200 pupils. The school opened with 179 girls. There were 140 additions and 129 withdrawals, leaving the strength at the end of the year at 200 pupils, of whom 24 were reading in the Secondary Department, viz., 2 in Form III, 4 in Form II and 18 in Form I. There has been no change in the staff, which consisted of a Head Mistress on Rs. 60, another Upper Secondary Grade trained female teacher on Rs. 30 and five female assistants, besides an old Pandit and a Needle Work Mistress. Since the appointment of female teachers some three years ago, there has been a growing desire on the part of parents and guardians to allow their girls to continue in the school up to a much longer age than has been the case formerly, when a large portion of the staff was composed of male teachers. Drawing and music are also taught in school. There was a small increase in the fee income of the school (from Rs. 1,014-3-0 to 1,063-11-0) and a slight decrease in the expenditure from Rs. 3,336-2-3 to Rs. 3,298-6-2. The Inspectress of Girls' Schools, Miss Arnold, transferred the school from the Secondary to the Elementary Grade with the III Form as its highest standard.

The pupils were examined by the Assistant Inspectress of Girls' School, Madras, in February, 1903, and by the Inspectress in the following March. One of the best girls in III Form, two in II Form and three in I Form were granted Government Scholarships of Rs. 2, Rs. 1-8-0 and Re. 1-0-0 each, respectively. The Committee of the Association, on the application of the Head Mistress, had also granted small scholarships to fifteen deserving pupils in the several forms amounting to Rs. 138-14-0 during the year. Her Excellency Lady Lawley visited the school twice during the year, once by herself, and a second time accompanied by Miss Lawley and an English Lady visitor, and saw the pupils in the various classes at work both in English and in the Vernaculars. She also inspected the girls' Exercise Books, Map Drawing, Needlework, Kindergarten Work, etc., and was much pleased with the progress made. The Music Class, which was started in July, 1906, with twenty pupils on the roll, continues to be a source of attraction to the pupils, though they are required to pay a separate fee ranging from annas 8 to Rs. 1-8-0. The number of girls undergoing instruction in music has now risen to 37, most of whom are also learning to play on the harmonium and a

few on the violin. To meet the desire of some of the pupils (chiefly *Vaistias*) to be taught to play on the *vina*, a good instrument was purchased about the close of the year out of a donation of Rs. 75 generously given by Mr. P. V. Krishnasawmy Chetty, B.A., formerly of the Accountant General's Office and now Financial Secretary to the Travancore State, who has always taken much interest in the school, which is within a few yards of his family residence in Georgetown. Thirty-seven books were added to the Library, which now contains 235 books. The thanks of the Association are due to Mr. Kalevalai Tiruvengadathan Chetty and his nephew K. Kannan Chetty, and to the Sree Kannika Parameswari Temple Committee and the Trustees of the Eteendralu Chetty's Charities for their contributions and for their continued interest in the school and also to Mr. P. V. Krishnasawmy Chetty for his gift.

Handsome and valuable prizes were then distributed to the successful pupils by Mrs. Hammick, and at the close of this interesting function two little girls came up with garlands and bouquets and sang a farewell song thanking Mrs. Hammick for having presided at the prize-giving and then garlanded her.

SIR RALPH BENSON'S SPEECH.

Before the proceedings terminated, Sir Ralph Benson addressed the audience.

He said that Mrs. Hammick had asked him to express to the teachers and the pundit her congratulations on the work done by the school during the year that had just been brought to a close and to congratulate all those who arranged the afternoon's programme for the very pleasant and successful entertainment which had been given. Mrs. Hammick also desired to thank all those connected with what might be called the superior management of the school and the provision of funds in the good work which had been carried out through their labours, in particular Mr. Tiruvengadathan Chetty and his nephew Mr. Kannan Chetty. In this connection he should not like to forget his old friend Dewan Bahadur P. Rajaratna Moodelliar, who was the Secretary of the Association, and also his friend Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar, who was the Secretary of the School Committee. He congratulated all on the good work done and hoped they would continue to foster and help the school in the future as they had done in the past.

The National Anthem was then sung and the proceedings terminated.

MODERN GERMAN WOMEN

HOW THEY COMPARE WITH THEIR ENGLISH SISTERS.

Whenever comparisons are made between the English and the Germans it is customary to eulogise the German woman as the epitome of thrift and method, the queen of cooks, the most sensible and practical of mothers, and the housewife who bestows on her household maximum of comfort at the minimum of expense. That she has taste in dress, does her hair well, or preserves her figure has not been insisted upon, but that she is a jewel of precious price to the man who marries her is always conceded, and the daughter of Britain has sat down with the feeling that for her to attempt so high an ideal in domesticity would not be possible. Whatever, however, may have been the failings of the English housewife in the past, says a writer in a Home paper, she stands to-day head and shoulders above her German sister in the management of her home, her children, and, incidentally her husband. The English women of observant mind, travelling through Germany, will see much to admire and much to love, but she cannot fail to return to her own land feeling that her home in all its internal arrangements and equipments bears more than happy comparison with those she has seen in Germany.

A ladies' Council has been formed, of the Imperial Maritime League, with Lady St. Helier as president. The Secretary of the League says that naval strength is being subordinated to the interests of Party, as indicated by the policy of starving naval administration and the peremptory dismissal of Lord Charles Beresford, who in the last twenty years has done more for the Navy than anybody else. The League has twenty-four Admirals on its Council. It exists solely for the purpose of impressing on the public its responsibilities in connection with the Navy.

Some people seem to have forgotten that the honour of being the first independent white woman explorer of Central Africa belongs to Mrs. French Sheldon, F. R. G. S., who previous to railroads in either East Africa or in Congo went unaccompanied by any white person beyond the Stanley Falls and through the Kasi district. This remarkable woman who combines the strength and endurance of a man with the tenderness and physical exterior of a very feminine woman, made her first voyage round the world at sixteen years of age. Possessed of

great wealth, she was able to choose her own life, and after three voyages round the world, each time taking three years over it, she decided to specialise in exploration on the African continent.

A local branch of the Women's National Anti-Suffrage League has been formed at Ashbourne, Dorsetshire. A letter from Lord Curzon was read, in which he expressed the belief that the large majority of educated and thoughtful women in England, probably also that a majority of all adult women in the country, were opposed to the grant of the Parliamentary vote to their sex. He holds emphatically to the opinion that women's suffrage is undesirable for the Empire as well as this country. Women should no more share, still more dominate, the natural functions of women, though there should be joint work of the men than should usurp the natural efforts to promote the intellectual emancipation of women.

The Telugu New year is come and gone, and the ladies of Sompeta (Ganjam District) about a hundred in number, including children, have met

together to celebrate this first day of the year. They were entertained by Mrs. Venkateswar Rao, the wife of the District Munsif of the place, to a good lecture reviewing last year's work. She awakened them to a sense of responsibility and explained to them their relative position in the social scale, and impressed upon them their duty of contributing their mite in education and other matters to the regeneration of the country. She deplored the bigotry of the Orthodox, and showed the importance of 'why and wherefore' in all the customs and usages that are blindly followed by most of her sex. She wound up her lecture with a discourse on "Devotion to God" which she said is the first duty of every human being; for it is they, she said, that are endowed with intelligence to comprehend the wisdom and power of the Almighty as observed in the Universe from the stars above to the insects down which we trample upon unknowingly every day and every minute. The meeting terminated with a hope to see her sisters advance a step forward by the next New year's day and with a liberal distribution of fruits and *pansupari* to elders and sweets to children.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Acknowledgments for March and April, 1909

	Rs. A.		Rs. A.
1. Mrs. K. Bose, Poona	4 0	31. Private Secretary to H. H. The Rajah of Cochin	4 0
2. Mrs. Bittman, Madras	4 0	32. K. Sreenivasa Rao, Esq., Tuticorin	4 0
3. Miss Bhoose, Baroda	4 0	33. Mrs. Kundamala S. N. Monghy	4 0
4. Mrs. B. F. Carpenter, America	4 8	34. The Secy., Karwar General Library, Karwar	4 0
5. Mrs. M. E. Edward Cole, Canada	4 8	35. Hon. Secy., Dt. Office Buildings, Bangalore	4 0
6. A. V. Charlu, Esq., Balasore	4 0	36. Secy., Literary Association, Cocanada	4 0
7. P. R. Chidambaram, Esq., Palghat	4 0	37. Secy., Reading Room, Pittapur Rajah's College, Cocanada	4 0
8. A friend	50 0	38. Mrs. H. J. Smith, Madras	4 0
9. A friend	50 0	39. The Secy., Reading Room, Lahore	2 0
10. Mrs. Grigg, England	5 0	40. Miss C. Surabjee, Calcutta	4 3
11. Dayaram Gidumal, Esq., Hyderabad	100 0	41. Miss J. Slosa, Nagpur	4 0
12. Mrs. Hatchell, Madras	4 0	42. Mrs. Fanny Sloam, Nagpur	4 3
13. Jaffer Mohamed Saib, Esq., Madras	4 0	43. K. Sreenivas Rao, Esq., Kurnool	4 0
14. S. Kuppuswamy Iyengar, Esq., Cuddapah	4 0	44. J. T. R. Vethavanam, Esq., Seramban	4 0
15. The Librarian, Imperial Library, Calcutta	4 0	45. G. C. Whitworth, Esq., England	13 8
16. The Maharanee Sahib, Gaekwar of Baroda, Baroda	4 0	46. E. G. Watsa, Esq., Hassan	2 0
17. Mrs. Mallamah, Hyderabad	4 0	47. M. D. Wabad, Esq., Aligarh	4 0
18. Miss Max, Palamcottah	17 8	48. Miss G. P. Walsh, Negapatam	4 0
19. R. Narain Row, Esq., Madras	4 0	49. Miss Williams, Lucknow	4 0
20. Mrs. J. Namberumal Chetty, Chetpet	4 0	50. Mrs. Emily R. Weitkottah, Rajahmundry	4 0
21. Mrs. Pears, Madras	4 0	51. Mr. V. Venkatachary Esq.	4 0
22. Miss R. Paterson, Ajmere	4 0	52. Mrs. Ali Akbar, Bombay	4 0
23. Rev. H. Pakenham Walsh, Trichinopoly	4 0	53. Mrs. D. Kothare, Bombay	4 0
24. Mrs. S. M. Rutnagar, Bombay	4 0	54. Dr. S. C. Paul, Colombo	4 0
25. Mrs. Rajammal, Madras	4 0	55. Paupa Rao, Esq., Nellore	4 0
26. Miss Roy, Calcutta	4 0	56. Mrs. T. Rama Rao, Karimnagar	4 0
27. Ramahan Ranade, Esq., Poona	4 0	57. Mrs. J. F. Wilson, Ooty	4 0
28. S. P. Rungachary, Esq., Guntur	4 0	58. O. H. Hadaway, Esq., Madras	4 0
29. Rangama, Mysore	4 0		
30. Mrs. N. Subramanyam, Madras	4 0		

We guarantee to give you

Sound Everlasting

Clean White Teeth

If you care to try a box of our world-renowned

BOTONS

“The Antiseptic Mouthwash”

An Ideal Dentifrice

Pure, Pleasant and Harmless

Rs. 2 only, Price per Box, Rs. 2 only

Patronized by several Maharajahs, Rajahs, Ladies
and Gentlemen throughout

Try and Convince Yourself. Won't You?

Address—BOTONS DEPÔT

MADURA, S.