

THE
INDIAN LADIES'
MAGAZINE

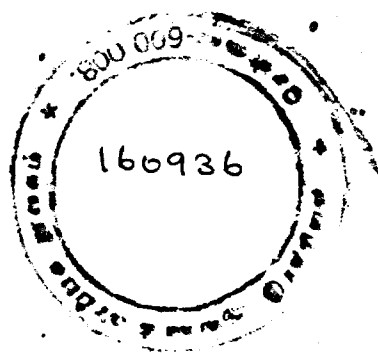
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July 1909 to June 1910

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INDEX
TO THE
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July 1909 to June 1910

[The articles contributed by Ladies alone have their writers mentioned.]

	PAGE		PAGE
A		D	
Acknowledgments ... 42, 77, 108, 140, 172, 214, 214, 276, 308, 310, 371, 397		Dawn, The ...	126
Angel of Pain, The ...	79	Dirge in Sorrow for Her Bereavement, A By Sarojini Naidu ...	253
About Some of the King's Orders ...	92	Development of Glass-making in India, The ...	255
Annual Report, Narsapur Ladies' Association. By D. Ramalakshamma ...	91	Dream of Dreams, The ...	285
American Indian—A Woman among Them, The ...	95	Death of the King-Emperor, Edward the Seventh ...	342
Answer, The (A Poem) ...	109	Dushyanta and Sakuntala ...	374
Annual Gathering of the Bazmi Ittihad at Ahmedgunj. By Shahinda ...	378	Domestic Industry among Indian Ladies. By Miss Nilkanta Lakshmi ...	385
Advancement of Female Education in Travancore ...	383	E	
B		Education of Widow Pupils ...	60
Brief Description of the Literary Society of the Ladies' Club, Poona, A ...	25	Education of Women in England ...	146
"Bazmi Ittihad" or Ladies' Union Society ...	53	Experience of a Wizard, The... ...	236
Bachelor's Reflections on Marriage, A ...	54	<i>Editorial Notes</i>	
Bhratri-Ditiya Festival of Bengal, The. By Snehalata Sen ...	201	The Hindu and Mahomedan Hostel in connection with Isabella Thoburn College ...	27
Beauty (A Poem) ...	215	Misses Madhaviah ...	198
C		F	
Catechism upon Tuberculosis, A ...	58	Female Education in Travancore ...	321
Common sense about Nervousness (Sel.) ...	162	G	
Christmas (A Poem) ...	173	Glimpses of a Tour in Japan. By Lady Benson .. 4, 49, 82, 118, 142, 182, 216, 511	
Curious Christmas Laws ...	185	Greatest Thing in the World, The ...	7
Coloured Imitation, A ...	232	Goddess Saraswati's Gift to Valmiki the Poet, The. By Lalita Gupta ...	65
Criticism. By "Diand" ...	236	Girls' College, Trivandram, The ...	199
Car Festival, A ...	90, 322	Grand "Cuttirai" Festival in Madura, The ...	357
Church Army, The. By M. C. Sidgwick. ...	361		
Cometary Bodies ...	379		
Chandri, The Tigress. By F. S. S. ...	386		

	PAGE		PAGE
H			
Heart's Need, The (A Poem) ...	1	News and Notes... 35, 72, 102, 136, 169, 202	
Honourable Tika Sahab Nabha in the Sikh		240, 272, 300, 333, 367, 391	
Kanyau Mahan Vidyala, Ferozepore,	13	Note on the Progress made by the Stanley	
The ...	68	Girls' High School, Hyderabad, Dec-	
Hair-dressing in Japan ...	249	can ...	54
Hindu Ladies' Social and Literary Club...	316	Non-cutting Surgery ...	91
Home Occupations for Hindu Ladies ...	324	National Indian Association, Cuddalore.	
Hindu Widows' Home Association, Poona,	381	By an Indian Lady ...	93
The ...	389		
Hour in the midst of 12,000 Women, A.			
Hydrophobia ...			
I			
Indian Story of Olden Time, An. By an			
Indian Lady... 194			
Industrial and Agricultural Exhibition,			
Punjab, The... 254			
Indian Jewellery: Its Antiquity and His-			
torical Importance ... 294			
India, Past and Present. By Lady Benson.	345		
Inoculation of the Plague ... 384			
Influence of Home on Character, The. By			
"Diana" ... 386			
J			
Jogadhyia Uma, (A Poem by Toru Dutt); A			
Sketch of. By Padmini ... 80			
Japanese Lady Teacher, A ... 382			
K			
Krishnashtami ... 128			
Katbiawar (A Call). By "Student Mila"...	235		
Karumbie ... 291			
L			
Late Miss Lilavati Singh, The. By Mrs.			
J. H. Knowles ... 26			
Lingmalla, The ... 63			
Lecture delivered at the Ladies' Branch			
of the National Indian Association,			
Cuddalore. By Mrs. Hilton ... 129			
Legends of Christmas Bells ... 174			
Lilavati Singh (A Sketch) ... 224			
Late Mrs. A. Govindarajulu Mudaliar, The.	362		
Lakshmi Bhai ... 384			
M			
Marriage Customs in the Travancore Royal			
Family ... 117			
Matthew Arnold ... 175			
Madura ... 219			
Mohurram, The ... 285			
Moon, To The (Selected) ... 143			
My Lady (A Poem) Selected ... 309			
N			
News and Notes... 35, 72, 102, 136, 169, 202			
240, 272, 300, 333, 367, 391			
Note on the Progress made by the Stanley			
Girls' High School, Hyderabad, Dec-			
can ... 54			
Non-cutting Surgery ... 91			
National Indian Association, Cuddalore.			
By an Indian Lady ... 93			
O			
Oolsavam Festival in Trivandram ... 11			
Occupation of Women in Japan ... 15			
Our Children's Page 20, 66, 98, 238, 264			
Our Needle-work Column... 27, 132			
Our Special Indian Lady Contributors'			
column ... 127, 160			
I. Moonlight at Hathab. By "Mila." ... 127			
II. The Life and Character of Queen			
Victoria ... 463			
P			
Pedestrian Tour, A ... 14			
Power Behind the Vote, The. By Mrs. G.			
Hatchell ... 85			
Position of Woman in English Society,			
The ... 120			
Perseus Contrasted with Theseus ... 157			
Power of Love, The (A Poem) ... 245			
"Psalms of the Sisters" (Selected) ... 299			
R			
"Romance of the Ganges," (A. Elizabeth			
Barrett Browning) By "Padmini" ... 2			
Refuge of Rest, A ... 57			
Rappadi or Night Singer in Southern India.	58		
Resume by Lady Benson of the "Life of			
Dorothea Beale." (By Elizabeth			
Raikes) ... 110			
Resurrection (A Poem) ... 141			
Reviews of Books ... 165			
Roses and Mistletoe ... 187			
Romesh Chandra Dutt, C. I. E. ... 293			
S			
Story of Yamato-date, a Hero of old Japan,			
The. By an Indian Lady ... 9			
Sivarathri Festival, The ... 10			
Sudab—The Child-Widow ... 17			
Song of the Sea, The (A Poem) ... 43			
Story of Valmiki's Inspiration, The ... 64			
Sita's Trial. By Padmini ... 150			
Song from the North, A. By Sarojini Naidu	179		
Sociology & Evolution. By M. C. Sidgwick	183		

	PAGE	ILLS.
Sita ... 270		Cherry-blossoms at Ueno Park, Tokyo, Japan;
Silences ... 377		Tosho-Pu at Ueno Park, Tokyo, Japan;
Short Life of King Edward the VII, A ... 343		Four Fashions of Hair-dressing in Japan.
Sree Sankaracharyar Memorial at Kalyadi. 388		
T		
Two Indian Fruits, The Papaw or Papaya		
and The Star Gooseberry ... 19		
Tennyson's Maud ... 44		
Tennyson's Princess Ida ... 216		
Thrift. By Lady Benson ... 278		
Trichur to Trivandram, From ... 282		
Thoughts from Wordsworth's Ode. By		
Padmini ... 310		
Typical Marriage de Convenance, A ... 319		
Teaching of History in Schools & Colleges	357	
Thambool ... 387		
V		
Victory of Love, The. By an Indian Lady... 179		
Visit of His Holiness Sri Sankaracharya		
at Trivandram ... 268		
Valley of Unrest (A Poem) The ... 373		
W		
Waters of Lethe, The ... 24		
What has been done for and by Indian		
Ladies ... 30, 70, 99, 132, 166		
Winifred's, St., A Study. By Miss		
Catherine John ... 191		
Walt Whitman ... 222		
Widow's Wail, The ... 269		
<i>Illustrations.</i>		
July—The Sikh Kanyan Mahan Vidyala,		
Ferozepore.		
August—The "Bazmi-Ittchad" or Ladies' Union		
Society, Murud, Janjira; a Japanese Belle;		
June—A Japanese Lady-teacher.		

September—Sir Ralph and Lady Benson outside the Tombs of the Shoguns in the Shiba Park, Tokio, Japan. The Tombs of the Shoguns (Ancient Prime Ministers) at Tokio; Jeyasu's Temple, Kara-Mon Toshogu, Nikko; Cryptomeria Road, Nikko.

October—Ladies' College, Cheltenham; Great Hall, Ladies' College, Cheltenham, North, View; Chuzenji Sake, Nikko; Kegon Waterfall, Nikko.

November—Picturesque spot near Lake Hakone; Riding Chair, Miyanoshita, Hakone; Jizoson, Stone Temple.

December—The Guiding Star; Misses Madhaviah; Fujiyama Mountain, Japan; Miyako Hotel, Kyoto, Japan.

January—The Widows' Home, Mysore; Miss Lilavati Singh.

February—The Industrial Exhibitions, Punjab; The Golden Pavilion, Kyoto; The Great Pine-tree of Karasaki.

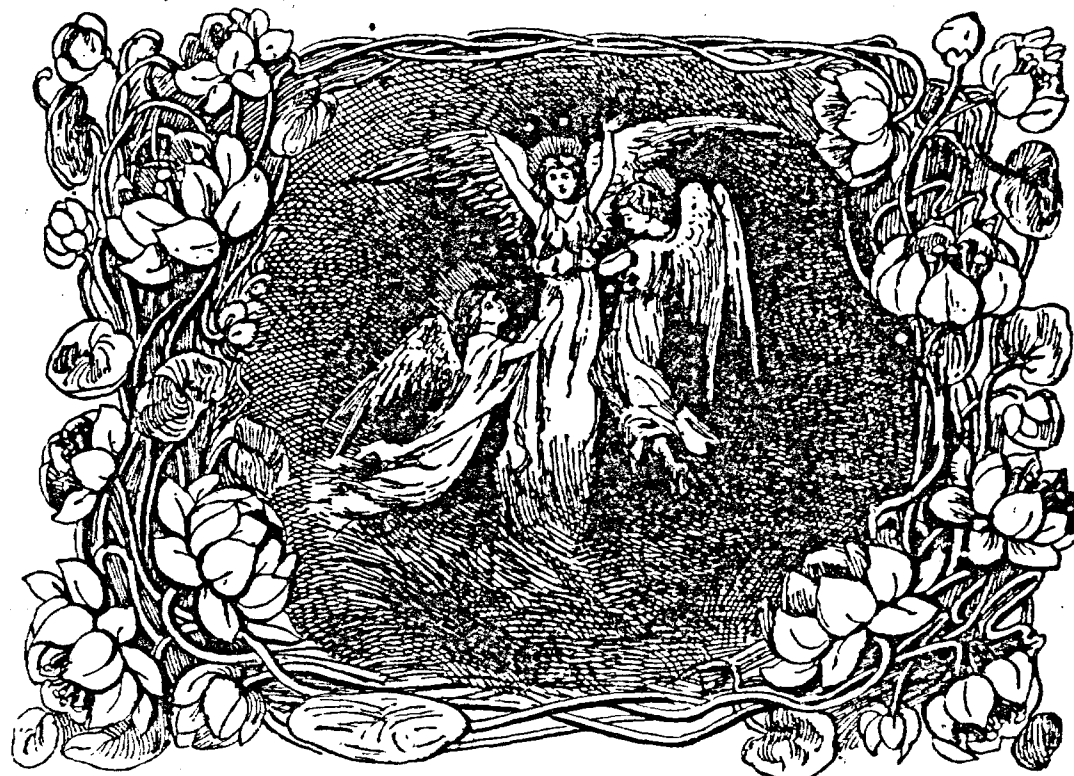
April—Japanese Ladies Greeting one another; Japanese Peasant Woman; Japanese Peasant Man with raincoat made of straw; The three Monkeys of Toshogu; Good-Bye.

May—The late Mrs. Govindarajulu Mudaliar; The High Court and the Law College, Madras; The High Court and the Writers' Buildings and Dalhousie Square, Calcutta; The Victoria Terminus and the Secretariat and Clock Tower, Bombay.

June—A Japanese Lady-teacher.



The Boarding Students of the "Sikh Kanyan Mahan Vidya, Perozepore."
Laying the foundation-stone of the new Boarding House, May 21st, 1908
(See page 13)



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. IX]

JULY, 1909

[No. 1

THE HEART'S NEED

"He lends not, but gives to the end,
As He loves to the end." Comprehend!
"If He seem to take back a gift, 'tis to add to it rather,
Amend, and finish it up to His mind."—R. Browning.

* My God shall supply *all* your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.—Paul iv, 19.

God hears thy fervent prayer, O longing heart,
And yet His love may keep thee waiting still
Until in meekness thou hast said, "Thy Will,
Not mine, be done."

He sees thy silent grief, O breaking heart,
And pitying marks the blinding tear that flows
Behind thy tight-clasped hands, unseen by those
That smile around thee, yes, thy Father knows,
And He alone.

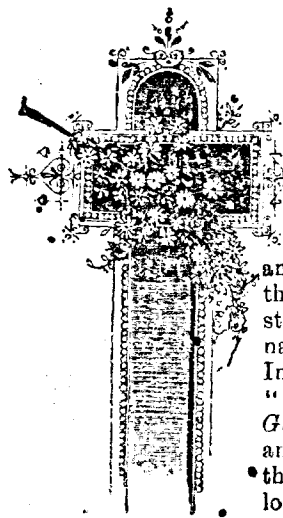
And when through loss and tears, O vanquished heart,
Thou canst look up and say, "Thy Will is best,"
'Tis then God answers with His own sweet rest,
Each bleeding call.

His gift may be what now, despairing heart,
Seems far beyond thee, or, perchance, some bliss
That with great earthly joy thou mightest miss:
Some new unveiling of His love—ah! this
Were best of all.

"A Romance of the Ganges"

(A poem)

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING



IN the last number of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, we tried to study one of the minor poems of this great poetess and—minor poem though it was—found it surpassingly sweet and beautiful. We found that it dealt with that strong elemental force of nature—a mother's love. In the poem before us—"A Romance of the Ganges"—we study yet another characteristic of the human nature—the love of a man and a maid. With the love goes another strong force, jealousy, which is, as I once read somewhere, "as bitter as death, and as strong as a woman's love." The strongest love, we often hear, is capable of the deepest hate; and does not jealousy partake something of the nature of hate? In any case, the results of both are often the same, though perhaps the motive-power is different.

The poem before us deals with a pretty superstition. The maiden in love launches a little boat of carved cocoanut-shell on the river, with a lamp burning inside. If the lamp is unquenched till the boat has sailed out of sight, then love will endure. If not, love will fail.

"Seven maidens 'neath the midnight
Stand near the risen sea
Whose water sweepeth white around
The shadow of the tree;
The moon and earth are face to face,
And earth is slumbering deep;
The wave-voice seems the voice of dreams
That wander through her sleep:
The river floweth on.

"The maidens lean them over
The waters, side by side,
And shun each other's deepening eyes,
And gaze adown the tide;
For each within a little boat
A little lamp hath put,
And heaped for freight some lily's weight
Or scarlet rose half shut:

The river floweth on.
Of shell of cocoa carven
Each little boat is made;
Each carries a lamp, and carries a flower,
And carries a hope unsaid;
And when the boat hath carried the lamp

Unquenched till out of sight,
The maiden is sure that love will endure;
But love will fail with light."
The river floweth on.

What an unrestful thing is the human heart.
It is never quiet, it is seldom calm:

"What bring they 'neath the midnight,
Beside the river-sea?
They bring the human heart wherein
No mighty calm can be—
That droppeth never with the wind,
Nor drieth with the dew:"

But, however unrestful the human heart may be, the peace of God is calm enough and broad enough to overshadow it and bear it on its bosom.

"Oh, calm in God! thy calm is broad
To cover spirits too."

And, as symbolical of this great calm, the great objects of nature are calm also. Lives may come and lives may go, and yet the world goeth on as usual. "The river floweth on." How unsympathetic sometimes does the world of nature seem to us, when we are in sorrow or in trouble. After a night of agony and loss, we open our eyes, perhaps after a fitful sleep, on the dawn; and behold it is as bright and cheerful as heretofore. The sun is as beaming as ever, the grass as green, the flowers as beautiful, and the birds as cheerful as ever. But our hearts, how seared they are with grief, how blighted and sad. They are sore within us and we grumble at the unsympathy of nature. And yet, if we think of it, is not this the best that Mother Nature can do for us? Little by little, stilled by her calm, our own hearts are calmed, and we feel ourselves gradually drawn to rest on her broad bosom, at peace with God, and His holy, inscrutable will, which manifests itself so illimitably in all the world around us.

And, when we come to think of it, what a poor thing the human heart is after all. How satisfied it is with little things, how frightened by little fears, how pleased with little joys. The whole world is before us to choose symbols from,—if we want symbols—; and out of it all, with what low symbols are we satisfied:

"Why, all the stars are ready
To symbolize the soul,
The stars untroubled by the wind,
Unwearied as they roll;
And yet the soul by instinct sad
Reverts to symbols low—
To that small flame, whose very name
Breathed o'er it, shakes it so!
The river floweth on.

There are seven maidens on the shore, and out of them six have launched their little boats and are watching them with eager eyes.

"Go, little boats, go soft and safe,
And guard the symbol spark!"

The boats afloat go safe and bright
Across the waters dark:
The river floweth on."

One maiden there is, Luti, who is watching
her boat with a peculiar anxiety.

"That look in her dilating eyes
Might seem to drive her boat:
Her eyes still mark the constant fire,
And kindling unawares
That hopeful while, she lets a smile
Creep silent through her prayers."

But, within her heart is a foreboding, she knows her dream cannot come true. She knows her lover is faithless. And sure enough the light goes out. And her heart—poor heart that it is, which can still depend on a symbol, though she knows her hope is dead—sinks still deeper within her, all the sorrows of her little life come thronging over her. It was here her dear father had died:

"I do remember watching
Beside this river-bed
When on my childish knee was leaned
My dying father's head;
I turned mine own to keep the tears
From falling on his face:
What doth it prove when Death and Love
Choose out the self-same place?
They say the dead are joyful
The death-change here receiving:
Who say—ah me! who dare to say
Where joy comes to the living?
My heart foretold his falsehood
Ere my little boat grew dim;
And though I closed mine eyes to dream
That one last dream of him,
They shall not now be wet to see
The shining vision go:
From earth's cold love I look above
To the holy house of snow."

Her young heart is dead within her; but gaunt jealousy is waking within it and giving it a semblance of life. How brave women are! When their hearts are breaking, they can smile. And so, Luti forces a smile to her lips and calls her rival to her.

"Nuleeni, launch me thine!
We must have light abroad to-night,
For all the wreck of mine.
The river floweth on.
Thy boat, Nuleeni! look not sad—
Light up the waters rather!
I weep no faithless lover where
I wept a loving father.
Come thou—thou never knewest
A grief, that thou shouldst fear one!
Thou wearest still the happy look
That shines beneath a dear one.
I heard thee sob his name in sleep,
It was a name I knew:
Come, little maid, be not afraid,
But let us prove him true.
The river floweth on."

Then, bravely, the little Nuleeni comes;—she is perfectly pure and innocent.

"The little maiden cometh,
She cometh shy and slow;
I woe she seeth through her lids
They drop adown so low:
Her tresses met her small bare feet,
She stands and speaketh nought,
Yet blushes red as if she said
The name she only thought."

She launches the boat; and, O joy!

"Soft, safe doth float the little boat
Across the waters dark."

But the dark, the silent, the fateful river floweth on!

And Luti's jealousy is strong within her heart. Her wounded love is making her blind to her young rival's happiness. She asks Nuleeni if she will vow a vow to her; and the happy little one answers:

"By loves that last when lights are past,
I vow that vow to thee."

What is this vow?

"The rice is gathered from the plains
To cast upon thine hair:
But when he comes his marriage-land
Around thy neck to throw,
Thy bride-smile raise to meet his gaze,
And whisper—'There is one betrays,
While Luti suffers woe.'
And when in seasons after,
Thy little bright-faced son
Shall lean against thy knee and ask
What deeds his sire hath done,
Press deeper down thy mother-smile
His glossy curls among,
View deep his pretty childish eyes,
And whisper—'There is none denies,
While Luti speaks of wrong.'"

But Nuleeni softly asks, in wonder, why such words of woe should spoil moments of happiness. And Luti—the demon strong within her—answers with "a dread laugh, and dilated eyes,"

"That the fair new love may her bridegroom prove,
And the father shame the child:
Thou flowest still, O river,
Thou flowest 'neath the moon;
Thy lily hath not changed a leaf,
Thy charmed lute a tune:
He mixed his voice with thine, and his
Was all I heard around;
But now, beside his chosen bride,
I hear the river's sound.
I gaze upon her beauty
Through the tresses that enwreath it;
The light above thy wave, is hers—
My rest alone beneath it:
Oh, give me back the dying look
My father gave thy water!
Give back—and let a little love
O'erwatch his weary daughter."

Alas and alas! "She hath departed"

"And the stricken maidens hear afar
The step and cry together."

And Nuleeni, what of her? She is weeping with sorrow. Where is the truth of her symbol now?

"Frail symbols? none are frail enow
For mortal joys to borrow!—
While bright doth float Nuleeni's boat,
She weepeth dark with sorrow."

But the river? "the river floweth on," and
Nuleeni's lover perhaps chooses a new bride.
Such is the world.

PADMINI.

Glimpses of a Tour in Japan

II

(Continued)

BY LADY BENSON



IT is hard to realize at first in Japan how much travellers miss by their ignorance of the history and religious (for they have two, Shinto and Buddhism) of the country. To us at first the names of *Ieyasu*, and *Iemitsu*, conveyed nothing; we had to read, and learn, and do our best to realize, that these names mean to the Japanese as much as Akbar and Jehangir mean to Indians, and as Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth to Englishmen. We had never heard of Hachiman Taro—(literally the first born of the God of War) who was a famous General of the end of the 11th century. He it was who had conquered Northern Japan, and brought those hitherto barbarous provinces into subjection to the Imperial sway, and he created the pre-eminence of the Minamoto or Genji family. The Ashikaga and Tokugawa lines of Shoguns were all of Minamoto blood. We had never heard of the great Goddess Kwannon, the Goddess of mercy, who contemplates the world, and listens to the prayers of the unhappy. We did not know that Kamakura had been the capital of Japan from the end of the 12th to the middle of the 15th century. Its population is believed to have exceeded one million more than (double that of Madras now) in the days of its glory. Here, on the sea-shore, were beheaded the Mongol Ambassadors of Kublai Khan, who had imperiously sent to demand the submission of Japan to his sway.

A trip to see *Kamakura*, and the neighbouring exquisitely beautiful island of *Enoshima*, is the first expedition to be undertaken after a few days spent in Yokohama, and as there one visits the temple of Hachiman, and sees the famous figure of Kwannon in her temple add, above

all, visits the huge world-famous bronze figure of Buddha, one's ignorance of the very A B C of Japanese life and history, is very forcibly brought home to one.

We spent the 2nd of October on this expedition, going by train into the country fifteen miles to the South-east of Yokohama. From the Hotel to the Railway Station we rode in jinrikshas, our first jinriksha ride. It was a delightful sensation starting off at a great pace, and simply rushing through main and bye-streets of Yokohama for some three miles. We had engaged "Harri No. 14, Riksha man" as our cooly and guide for the day, as he knew a little English and had a good character from other tourists. He came with us in the train, and carried the basket containing our lunch.

The manner in which food is arranged and packed up in Japan is an illustration and example of the exquisite neatness, skill, and dainty cleanliness of Japanese methods. They make innumerable little absolutely inexpensive boxes of wood shavings, clean, and thin, and fine. In these are arranged crisp lettuce leaves, in which are placed slices of chicken, ham, tongue, or beef, and also butter, cheese, cakes, and biscuits. Everything is laid in separately, with little folds of rice paper, or lettuce leaves, between. A rice-paper table napkin is folded and laid in each little box. In the lunch basket knives, forks, spoons, and little wee tumblers are provided. If the tourist is Japanese, or Indian, the little wooden boxes would be supplied with boiled rice, and fruits; or boiled rice and fish, and vegetables. After the meal the little boxes are thrown away—they are as inexpensive apparently as leaf plates in India.

"Harri No. 14", who looked the size of a boy of 14, and was as muscular as a miniature Sandow, could "no much speakee English," and we could not make out what he said!! There were several platforms at the station, and he put us into the wrong train to begin with, we were within an ace of being whisked off to Tokio, instead of to Kamakura, in the opposite direction. However the mistake was discovered in time to save the situation. The trains are as small as the people of the country, run on a narrow gauge, and trundle along at a very leisurely pace. This is a good thing for travellers, enabling them to see the country comfortably without fatigue.

We felt quite at home in the scenery, for presently we moved out into green stretches of paddy fields, and found them bordered and bounded with hillocks, which were covered with trees, and rich vegetations everywhere. The whole scene was as like the west coast of India as two peas, the only difference being that the hillocks (paraurbas they are called in Malabar) were crowned with fir trees and pines, instead of

with cocoanut palms as in Calicut and in the Wynad. Then came villages, groups of dark grey wooden cottages, thickly thatched, and crowded together in bunches, the thick thatch covered with green grass, and with what looked like crops of green stuff on the tops and sides. The effect was utterly quaint, but oh! how damp the houses must be, and so cold and comfortless in that low-lying land in the winter! The people must suffer terribly from cold and damp, and rheumatism. They have only ovens, called "Hibachis" to warm themselves by, and with which to do all their cooking. The paddy fields run up between the hillocks, like green rivers, exactly as we saw them both in Ceylon and in Calicut.

The people cultivate every inch of ground, and terrace the land for cultivation most neatly and beautifully. They use such clean bran-new looking wooden buckets and pails in the fields, as clean looking as English milk pails. We never saw one that looked in the least soiled, let alone a dirty one! Kamakura was reached all too soon. From the station we walked to see the "Temple of Hachiman," the God of War, dating from the 12th century. It was a pretty walk, through an avenue of pines which leads up the whole way from the sea-shore. Three stone *Toree* (spelt *Tori*—but pronounced *Toree*) quaint stone pillar erections mark the approach to the temple. These are always placed before Shinto temples, and are never seen near a Buddhist temple. The state religion of Japan is now the Shinto religion. Shinto means "the way of the Gods" and is the name given to the mythology, and vague ancestor and nature worship, which preceded the introduction of Buddhism into Japan. A Shinto temple is plain and empty; while the Buddhist temple is highly decorated, and filled with images and religious properties. A Shinto temple is thatched, whereas the Buddhist temple is tiled. The "Temple of Hachiman," is built on a hillock, and reached by a flight of very broad steep stone steps: On one side of the steps is a very large beautiful old *Ichu* tree, said to be a thousand years old. The leaves are shaped like dainty fans. In the later autumn this tree turns a brilliant gold colour, and we were told that there it is a beautiful sight to see these myriad little golden fans fluttering down on the throng of worshippers on the flight of steps below. However, the fan leaves were green when we saw them, and kept their position overhead, and there were only a few villagers, climbing the steps to the old Pagoda-like building above. Inside the gateway, they mounted more steps again, removed their wooden clogs from off their feet, threw a few copper coins inside a large wooden box provided with V shaped rail openings, mut-

tered a prayer or two, and then clattered down the steps again, stopping to feed the crowds of tame pigeons, hovering and strutting about. The temple was dilapidated looking, and only interesting on account of its situation and age. A further walk, in the broiling sun, between very steep green banks, which might well have been a bit of Wynad, brought us to another quaint temple, sacred to a being called "Emma O"! known as the Regent of the Buddhist bells. In the hall of the temple were figures of "Emma O" and his mymidons, all most appallingly and terrifyingly ugly. Near "Emma O" sits an attendant with a pen in his hand to write down the sins of human beings, while another reads out a list of their offences, from a scroll. "Emma O" is recognized in Japanese pictures by his cap, resembling a Judge's beret, and by a huge mace in his right hand. The hideosity of these figures, with their bulging squinting eyes and contorted features, must be seen to be believed. The steps up to these temples are covered with moss, and sprouting with dainty little ferns.

From this point we got into jinrikshas, passing, for nearly two miles, through village streets and country roads, to the next point of interest, *e.g.*, the huge figure, in bronze, of Buddha, a colossal statue in a beautiful garden—the *Daibutsu* or Great Buddha

"A statue solid set
And moulded in colossal calm."

The figure is supposed to have been founded in 1252 A.D. It certainly is most impressive and simple in the open air, out under the blue sky, in the midst of majestic old gnarled and twisted pines, with the calm face and folded hands, the thumbs touching, and fingers turned up. The dimensions of this huge Buddha are hard to realize.

The eyes are of pure gold and the round white boss on the forehead of silver, and weighs 30 lbs. The image is formed of sheets of bronze, cast separately, brazed together, and finished off on the outside with a chisel. The image is hollow, and inside there is a little temple, and a ladder leads up into the head. The figure used to be enclosed in a temple, whose roof was supported on 63 massive wooden pillars. Many of the stone bases on which they rested are still to be seen, but the temple buildings were twice destroyed by tidal waves in 1369 A.D. and 1494. Since then they have not been rebuilt, and the Great Buddha has ever since remained

	FT.	INS.
It is	49	7 in height.
Circumference	97	2 "
Length of face	8	5 "
" eye	3	11 "
" ear	6	6 "
" nose	3	9 "
Width of mouth	3	2 "
Curls, of which there are 830, each	9	"

unsheltered in the open air. In the spring the effect of the enormous statue embedded in cherry blossoms is very fascinating, if one can judge from the coloured post-cards of the sight which are sold. Another riksha ride brought us to the foot of the hill of the temple of the Goddess of Mercy, Kwannon by name. We climbed up flights of stone moss-grown steps, built in sections and at angles, with slopes of turf, and groups of trees most picturesquely mixed at the sides, till we reached a platform with a tea house on it built in front of the temple. By this time we were too hot and tired for any more gods or goddesses until we had had some lunch. The little ladies of the tea house came out and bowed and bowed, and smiled and smiled, shuffling off their wooden clogs. They carried out two low oblong bench-tables on which they spread red blankets and grass mat cushions, and we produced our own lunch baskets. They were quite amiable about our self-provided provisions, so long as we partook of their dainty little tea arrangements; this it was easy to do as the insipid hot water, coloured like clear mulligatunney is only a mouthful and a small mouthful too. The custom is not to ask what you owe them for the tea, but to put down a small coin on the tray when leaving, over which coin they bow profuse thanks. The view from the temple platform was enchanting, showing us a sudden revelation of a bay of the sea, the blue waves coming in in long ripples on the yellow sand; all around were mountains, with the plain of Kamakura below, thickly covered with houses. The contrast between this thickly populated and elaborately cultivated country and the single farmsteads at huge distances from each other in the immense empty plains and prairies of Canada, through which we had so recently passed, is most striking. The loneliness of farm life in Canada struck one as nothing short of pitiable.

After lunch we entered the temple of Kwannon. It is a great barn-like erection, very old and dilapidated. A Buddhist priest, youthful and clean shaven presented us with a book for subscriptions to restore the temple, as every one gives a few pence. Then we were taken behind huge wooden folding doors into a pitch dark cavity, two rickety candles were lighted, and hoisted up by pulleys, and by this quivering light we were shewn bit by bit the enormous and most hideous lacquer-gilded figure of Kwannon, over 30 ft. high. She is supposed to contemplate the world, and to listen to the prayers of the unhappy. The contrast between the calm, natural figure of Buddha, and this repulsive, contorted figure, shut up in the dark, is very great, and yet they both belong to the Buddhist faith. Miss Scidmore in her delightful

book "Jinriksha Days" says: "In the spring, Kamakura is a delightful resort, on whose dazzling beach climate and weather are altogether different from those of Yokohama or Tokio. In summer time the steady south wind, or monsoon, blows straight from the ocean, and the pine grove between the hotel and shore is musical all day long with the pensive sigh of its branches. In winter it is open and sunny, and the hot sea-water baths, the charming walks and sails, the old temples and old little villages, attract hosts of visitors. On bright spring mornings men, women and children gather sea-weed, and spread it to dry on the sand, after which it is converted into food as delicate as our Iceland moss. Both farmers and fishermen glean this salty harvest, and after a storm, whole families collect the flotsam and jetsam of kelp and sea-fronds. Bare legged fisher-maidens, with blue and white cotton kerchiefs tied over their heads, and baskets on their backs, roam along the shore; children dash in and out of the frothing waves, and babies roll contentedly in the sand; men and boys wade knee-deep in the water, and are drenched by the breakers all day long, with the mercury below 50 in spite of the warm, bright sun. Women separate the heaps of seaweed, and at intervals regale their dripping lords with cups of hot tea, bowls of rice, and shredded fish. It is all so gay and beautiful, everyone is merry and happy, that Kamakura life seems made up of rejoicing and abundance, with no darker side. The poor in Japan are very poor, getting comparative comfort out of smaller means than any other civilized people in the world. A few cotton garments serve for all seasons alike. The cold winds of winter nip their bare limbs, and pierce their few thicknesses of cloth, and the fierce heat of summer torments them; but they endure these extremes with stoical good nature, and enjoy their lovely spring and autumn the more. A thatched roof, a straw mat, and a few cotton-wooded futons or mattresses, afford the Japanese labourers shelter, furniture and bedding; while rice, millet, fish, and sea-weed constitute his food. With three crops a year growing in his fields, the poor farmer supports his family on a patch of land 40 feet square and with 360 varieties of food-fish swimming in Japanese waters, the fishermen need not starve. Perfect cleanliness of person and surroundings is as much an accompaniment of poverty as of riches."

After seeing the temple of Kwannon we dismissed the riksha men, and walked to the little electric tram-station and took our seats for Enoshima. This was such a pretty journey! The little tram cars dashed round corners, and over rickety wooden bridges, and by little ravines, and out on to the sea-shore, then through

the narrowest village streets possible. We could easily have touched the houses on either side with our hands from the windows. Enoshima is a steep hill-island, approached from the sea-shore by a rickety wooden bridge-causeway, about a quarter of a mile long. The island is covered with pine woods, and has a great number of wooden houses on it. The central street goes up a steep, narrow, stone-paved gangway, with stone steps at intervals and in flights, with a continuous line of bazaar-shops on either side, full of shells, and corals, toys, and marine curiosities. Overhead were hung long strips of cloth with the names of the shops printed on them in the ornamental looking Japanese characters, these, with coloured paper lanterns made the whole scene look like a bit of stage scenery. Women carrying gay paper umbrellas, coming up and down the steps, and pausing at the shops, with their brilliantly dressed babies on their backs added to the picturesqueness of the scene, while overhead grew pine trees and ferns amid the rocks, and above these again were quaint pagoda-like temples, and tea-houses. We had seen steep narrow picturesque streets in Malta and Copri in Italy but nothing to compare to the accumulation of quaint picturesqueness and brilliancy of colouring to be seen at Enoshima. It was a great climb to the top of this most beautiful island, and once there we sat in the usual tea house, and sipped the thimbleful of tea, and again bowed and smiled to our howling and smiling hostesses; and departed saying "Sayonara—Sayonara"—Good-bye—good-bye. The view from Enoshima was enchanting; it was a showery afternoon, ridge after ridge of silvery mountains rose on the mainland over the rippling sea, the clouds alas! hiding the crowning glory of the scene, the summit of Fujiyama.

The goddess *Benten*, one of the seven household deities of good fortune, is worshipped in temples and shrines all over the woody summit of the island, and in deep cave-opening from the sea. Unfortunately it was high tide when we visited the island, so we could not go down into this cave. Miss Scidmore writes: "Enoshima's crest is a very Forest of Arden, an enchanted place of lovely shade. The sloping ravine which gives access to it holds only one foot-path, lined with tea houses and shell shops all a-flutter with pilgrim flags and banners. The shells are cut into whistles, spoons, toys, ornaments, and hair-pins; and tiny pink ones of a certain variety form the petals of most perfect cherry blossoms which are fastened to natural branches and twigs. The near shores, the limitless waters of the Pacific, and the grand sweep of Odawara Bay afford the finest setting for Fujiyama anywhere to be enjoyed. When

typhoons rage, or storms sweep in from the ocean, billows ring the island round with foam, spray dashes up to the drooping foliage on the summit, the air is full of the wild breath, and wilder roar of the breakers, while the very ground seems to tremble. The underground shrine of *Benten* is then closed to worshippers, and looking down the sheer 200 ft. of rock one sees only the whirl and rage of waters that hide the entrance. When these storms rage, visitors are sometimes imprisoned for days upon the island." Fortunately for us we were able to re-cross the quarter of a mile of rickety bridge-causeway to the mainland and to return by tram and train to Yokohama, after our most enjoyable trip to Kamakura and Enoshima. I hope in my next letter to tell you about our three-days' visit to Tokio, the capital of Japan.

"The Greatest Thing in the World"



IT is nearly nineteen centuries since a writer whose name was known throughout the civilized world and whose works have been handed down to us with scrupulous accuracy penned the words which have suggested the subject of this article.

This writer was contemplating the deepest things of life and summing up his thoughts wrote thus—"And now there remain Faith, Hope, Love—these three, and of these the greatest is Love."

A more recent writer has made this truth familiar to many of us by his description of what he terms "The greatest thing in the world."

Almost unconsciously we give our assent to these two propositions. We hardly stay to dispute the assertion that the greatest thing in the world is Love, and if we have had brought before us the contrast of Faith, Hope and Love, without much thought we have awarded the highest place to Love.

Have we ever thought, however, why we thus elevate to the supreme position in life this quality or characteristic of Love?

Perhaps one or two suggestions will be helpful to us not only in clearing our mental vision but in bringing us to a still fuller acknowledgment of the supreme place love should occupy in the life of everyone of us. We may take two lines of

thought in striving to attain to a clear vision of this sublime subject. Our first support to the supremacy of love we find in the universal response of the human heart to the call of love. If we take those deeds which have appealed to men of all ages, whose appeal has been most urgent and has lived longest in the hearts of men, we find on examination that they are deeds which were done from the motive of love. Men may do great deeds from other motives. Hope which has risen into faith may exercise a wonderful influence on the life of a man. Columbus of old, strong in his faith in the existence of a new world and in the belief that he could find it, accomplished that journey which has made his name last in the memory of men. His achievement appeals to our enthusiasm, our admiration, but not necessarily to that within us which lies at the deepest roots of our being. There is not necessarily in his action any motive of love toward his fellow-men, and in the midst of all our respect and admiration we are conscious that something is lacking to establish his memory in the supreme seat in our hearts.

To take another illustration, think of parents, who are devoted to their child and who being worldly-wise and ambitious people, spare nothing to secure for him the highest place the world affords. In so far as mere ambition, the thirst for place and power, are the objects they have in view for their child, and in proportion as these displace the desire for the highest things in life suggested by a true love, do we not recognise their duty as parents to have been less fully carried out?

That is we allow to love and the promptings of love the highest place. So it is the world over. Those deeds which appeal most directly and most powerfully to the hearts of men and to the noblest that is in them are the deeds impelled by love.

Again, we may take another line of thought. Of all the qualities or powers of the soul of man, love is the one which is eternal and therefore takes its stand high above all others. The same writer, to whom we have referred already indicates this lasting quality of love for us:

"Love never fails: but if there are prophecies they will be done away with; if there be languages they will cease; if there is knowledge it will be brought to an end. For our knowledge is imperfect and so is our prophesying: but when the perfect state of things is come, all that is imperfect will be brought to an end."

And in order to illustrate this we are made to think of childhood's days with their passing hopes and desires which in the growth to manhood were left behind or filled up by that which is more perfect. We can all remember many of those hopes, which filled our hearts as we looked

forward to the fears of manhood. Some never went beyond the hope stage. They did not rise to faith and so inspire us with the power to achieve. Others did so and as our hopes were realised we passed them by in the eager pursuit of higher and yet higher hopes. Those hopes which yesterday seemed far from being realised have become the common places of to-day. Of all that filled our childhood's days, there is but one thing that remains unchanged to-day unless it be that it has grown deeper and fuller; and however far we gaze into the future, no change in this same thing seems possible. Wherever in childhood we had a true love and an object worthy of that love, our love has remained with us, has grown with our growth and to the end we know it will continue so. Love never fails and so unlike all else in this, love by virtue of its immortality wins for itself the highest place in life. Two thoughts arise from our contemplation of this subject which I would briefly suggest to you.

Love is if anything a quality of the heart. It is an inward spiritual power moving us to action. If this is so and we agree to place love so high, is there not suggested the truth that it is not so much what we do but what we are that counts in life? If the heart is right, if the life is controlled by the highest motive—love, we may safely leave outward appearances to look after themselves. And it is of those motives, to which we allow the control of our life, that character is built up. If we know the character of a man, we know the motives which are allowed to sway his life. If we know the motives which lead a man in all he does we have a sure guide to his character. And love is of the highest. And the second thought is this: if to love we give the supreme place and love is a motive of the heart controlling life or rather to which we allow the control of our life, then that character which is love is not only greatest of all but is eternal. Are we looking for the truth regarding the character of God? Need we look further than this? God is Love. All that He is and does has its rise in this all-pervading power of love, and if we would be like Him then we too must bring our lives under the control of the greatest thing in the world which is Love.



The Story of Yamato Date A hero of old Japan



"THE spirit of self-sacrifice, with fealty and filial piety," this is the spirit of Shinto.

The early legends of the Japanese are still powerful in the land because they serve to create an atmosphere of sacrifice and generosity, heroic conduct and contempt of death, in which the Japanese child moves and has its being. The Japanese worship the spirits of the dead and picture them again and again on their china, lacquer and woodwork. This is an incentive to the child, who we say expects to become an ancestor and be honoured in the same way. I have selected this tale of a hero because in its simplicity it gives us an idea of the life of the people at that remote time. The same passions, the same feelings that are prevalent now were prevalent then. Humanity is the same, whatever the colour, creed or nationality.

Many hundred years ago the Emperor Keiko reigned in Japan. Of all his many sons, Prince Wo-Uu, afterwards known to all men as Yamato-date was the fairest and bravest of them all. It is related that his face was as sudden sunshine and that his eye shone like stars when there is no moon. He was beloved by all for his gallant bearing and behaviour. The prince loved to sit and watch the play of the sunlight on his beautiful sword and dream dreams and long to be a man.

When he was sixteen years old, his father the Emperor called him and asked him what he saw. To which the prince replied that he saw the beauty of his clear land of sunrise and felt the sweetness of the fragrant mountain blossoms and carpets of lilies and iris flowers. The father showed him that beneath all this beauty there lay much misery and wretchedness on account of the robbers that infested the ways and destroyed the homes and the fields of his peaceful people. He also went on to tell him that the chief of them was Kumaso, a strong and powerful man against whom none could dare to stand. The prince at once volunteered to go and rid the land of this robber chief. So the young prince with four chosen men started on his great adventure and the hearts of the young men were high with hope. As they went on and on the land became more and more desolate and as Yamato looked out upon it his heart filled with anger as he saw his father's Empire being wasted.

Kumaso lived in a cave and was surrounded by a threefold wall of warriors where no enemy could hope to pass. So Yamato resorted to stratagem. The four friends hid themselves while the prince disguised himself as a woman. His delicate and handsome face, his gentle and luminous eyes made him as dainty a maiden as could ever be found. Hiding his sword in his inner garment, he shyly craved admittance from the warriors and told them that he could sing and dance. When the feast was prepared Kumaso came out to welcome his friends. Seeing this beautiful maiden, whose shining eyes held him, he brought her and made her sit beside him at the feast. The prince charmed all by his singing and dancing and while the merriment became high, the Yamato waited with fast beating heart for the great movement to come. Suddenly his clear voice rang out, "Behold! I am the son of the Emperor Keiko and am come to punish evildoers." So saying he plunged his sword into the heart of the chief. The company became motionless and dumb with surprise and the dying chief amazed at this dauntless courage, cried out, "Stay thy hand." The prince waited, then Kumaso called to him and said, "Before thou camest hither, brave youth, there was none so valiant as I in all this land. But since thou dost excel me in might, I will give thee a new name—thou shalt be called 'Yamato-date, the hero of Japan'; and so he died.

By this name is Yamato-date known to all ages. With the death of their chief, the band of robbers dispersed and the prince and his four friends returned home in great triumph. The Emperor heaped honours upon them. The people rejoiced greatly. The prince wedded the beautiful princess Adzuma, whose deep love and devotion to him are ever a fragrant memory in the land.

After this the prince had many more adventures, destroying all those who troubled his father's kingdom. He never thought of himself, but was always ready to sacrifice his own pleasures for the sake of duty. The gods seeing his brave and noble conduct were always with him and helped him in various ways.

The Princess Adzuma met with a most sad ending. Once while she and the prince were crossing the sea, there arose a great storm. The waves rose high and dashed them about till there seemed no hope of making a safe landing. At this juncture, the little Princess Adzuma, whom the prince loved, flung herself before him crying, "The sea god calls for a sacrifice! Let my poor life be given for thine!" And before he could answer, she threw herself into the billows. A great cry went up from the heart of the prince for his beloved; while there fell a sudden hush on the sea. The storm abated as the sacrifice was accepted. A little shrine was built to her name

and here the sailors and fishermen bring their offerings before they sail away.

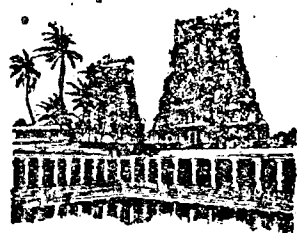
The prince was very lonely and sad after losing his dear little wife, whose love for him had brought her to death. Yet he went on with his travels, ridding the country of many scourges and evil spirits. In his wanderings he came across a huge serpent. He was successful in killing it, but the poison from the breath of the serpent-god entered his veins and he fell sick and with his faithful little band set forth on his homeward travels weary and heart-sick. "On the wings of my heart I was borne through the air," he said sadly "but now I am weighed down and my limbs are too heavy to carry me." He had not the strength to go home and knowing that he would never see his dear valleys and hills again, he became only heart-sick. His mighty spirit passed away in loneliness—"Alone I lay me down on the waste Moor to die and none to say a word to me." Thus died Yamato-daté, the beloved hero of his people and a true child of the sun. "His memory, crowned with courage and splendid deeds, still rests like a sunbeam over the land."

When the Emperor, his father, heard of his son's death, he mourned greatly and could not rest. Night and day he lamented and wept and beat his breast. He ordered a great tomb to be made in his son's honour on the Moor on which Yamato-daté died and he and the Empress made a pilgrimage thither. When they drew near, a beautiful white bird rose from the tomb and flew upwards. Within the tomb were found only his chaplet and robes. The bird flew onward to the shore, and the father and mother followed it, singing the while. "Sorrowfully stumbling we follow thy white soul soaring above us!" Then the bird flew over the sea and they followed through the waves saying, "swaying we pass through the floods like reeds that are taken in water!" The white bird flew on and stopped at Shiki, so they built a great monument there in his honour. It is named the "Mausoleum of the White Bird," but the bird flew up to Heaven and was lost to sight.

AN INDIAN LADY



The Sivarathri Festival



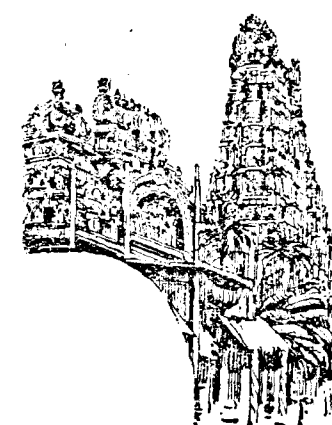
SIVARATHRI comes every year on the 14th day of the dark fortnight of Magha (February), and is connected with the worship of Siva. All pious Hindus keep a fast on this day and keep wake during night. Those who accomplish this are considered to be fit to go to Kylas, the abode of Siva. There are several stories to show the origin of the Sivarathri festival and the following is one of them. Once a Rakshasa (a giant) was walking through a forest in search of food, when a hungry lion came and attacked him. The giant fought for some time, but could not defeat the lion, so he fled from the lion, but the lion also followed him. The giant then climbed up a tree on the way, which the lion could not do. The giant sat on the branches of the tree and the lion watched him from the bottom of the tree. In this manner both the lion and the Rakshasa spent the day without any food whatever. The night came. The lion would not leave him. So the giant thought of keeping awake. The lion also did so. But sleep with its 'leaden wings' began to overpower the giant. But how could he sleep? Impossible; and how could he keep awake without any work? That was also impossible. So to keep himself engaged he devised a plan. He began to pluck one after another the leaves of the tree and threw them down. In this manner he passed the night. The morning came and to his surprise he found that the lion was dead. Then he began to enquire the cause of it. Then Siva, the destroyer, appeared before him and explained to him everything and took him to Kylas, the abode of Siva. It had so happened that the tree on which he had sat was the vilva tree with an image of Siva on the bottom of it. The giant had fasted the whole day for fear of this lion and during the night he had kept awake and threw the leaves of the vilva tree down, which had fallen on the head of the 'Siva image.' This anointing with leaves the whole night (pooja) had pleased the god so very much that he had at once killed the giant's enemy, the lion. That day was the Sivarathri day. Ever after, this day is considered as a very holy day. In all the temples dedicated to Siva, there will be special poojas, sreebali, &c., on this day. At Chenganoor, the Mukkavaras or fishermen of Arattupuzha (these fishermen were Hindus, now converts) come in a body and occupy a prominent place in front of the temple. Almost all the expenses

connected with the celebrations of the day are met by them. They offer to the God much money. This they present in Kuthalas—baskets made of plantain leaf, and this present is called *Kuthalapannam*. In the night there is the special fire-works at their expense. They say they have a right over the *Bhagavathi*, the image of the wife of Siva in the Chenganoor temple. It is said that it was these fishermen who had taken back the image of the goddess from the sea, when it was lost during one Arat festival. So they claim the ownership of Bhagavathi. Sivarathri at Alwaye is a very big function and crowds of people attend the festival. About the tradition at Alwaye, Mr. A. P. Smith in one of his papers says: "In the old days when Sri Rama of immortal and inextinguishable memory, the incarnation of Vishnu, and Rama's brother Lakshmana, were absent from their camp, the ferocious and implacable giant and ravisher Ravana carried away Sri Rama's wife, Sita, and was well on his way to Lanka (Ceylon), Ravana's residence. Jedayu, the sovereign bird, being the friend and faithful ally of Sri Rama opposed and gave battle to Ravana but was defeated and so failed to release Sita from the giant's clutches. In the encounter, Jedayu was seriously injured and breathed his last, but not until Rama saw him on his way to Lanka. Grateful to Jedayu for his heroic but fruitless attempt to rescue Sita, Sri Rama thought himself bound to perform his faithful friend's sacred funeral obsequies. According to recognised Hindu ritual he dedicated a pinnum, a ball of cooked rice, to the departed spirit of Jedayu and this pinnum in some mysterious and inexplicable manner—for in matters of faith probabilities and possibilities are of little consequence—floated down the Alwaye or Periyar river and found a resting place in the form of Siva Lingum on the land between the two streams at Alwaye, on which it is exhibited to pious Hindus during the festival. In later ages it became visible to human eyes and since then has been regarded by the Hindus with a great devotion." There is also a big fair on the sands of the river where assemble many merchants from Cochin, Alleppy and other places. It is indeed an imposing sight to see such a large crowd in the middle of the river, when one travels by the Shornur-Cochin Railway. Such in brief is the importance of the Sivarathri festival. Sivarathri day is a very bad day for a person to die on. It is said that those who die on this day will be taken to hell. The Maharaja Rama Varma who died in 973. M. E. died on a Sivarathri day. Just before his death he called his people to his death-bed and said: "Yes, I know that to-day is *Chathurdasi*, but it is unavoidable, considering the sins of war I have committed with Rama Iyer when we

both conquered and annexed several petty states to Travancore. Going to Hell is unavoidable under the circumstances. I can never forget the horrors to which we have been parties during those wars. How then do you expect me to die on a better day than *Chathurdasi*? May God forgive me, for all my sins." Thus we see that Sivarathri day, though good in one respect, is supposed to be bad in another.

A HINDU.

The Oolsavam Festival in Trivandram



OLSAVAM is an annual festival celebrated in all the Hindu temples of these parts. It continues for 10 days, during which period there are in the temple grand feasts, different kinds of musical entertainments, and a display of several of the national games, besides the religious ceremonies and tamashes. The oolsavam in the Trivandram temple is a very grand affair. His Highness the Maharaja of Travancore, the Dewan and other Hindu officers of the State take part in the conduct of the festival.

There are in this temple two oolsavams. One in the month of March and the other in the month of October; but the oolsavam in the month of March is more important. The first day of the festival is called *Kodiyettu* or the hoisting of the God's flag. This is done by the Head-priest, the *Tharunanalloor Nampoorippad*. The hoisted flag indicates the commencement of the oolsavam festival. From that day till the end of the festival the *Poojas* in the temple commence early in the morning at about 2. At about 8.30 A.M. His Highness the Maharaja visits the temple for worship, when a grand dinner is served to the Brahmins. All classes of people without distinction of caste or creed are fed both day and night during these ten days. People from all the nooks and corners of the State flock to the town to see the tamash of the oolsavam. At about 2 P.M. there is a nautch dance in the

portico of the temple, which attracts one set of people. In another part of the temple is the *Chakkar Kuthu*—a performance by a class of professional people called Chakkyars. After the bustle of the morning pooja, the visitors take their meals and then go to the *Koolhampalam* for rest, where the Chakkar entertains them with the *Koothu*. The theme of his discourse is generally one of the scenes of the Ramayana or the Mahabharatha, such as the birth of Rama, the marriage of Seetha, Panchali-Swayambaram, and the like. This continues for some three or four hours during which he speaks continually without a pause. The performance is a religious one and it contains a great deal of humour. At 4-30 is the Sreebali. The Gods Sri Padmanabha, Narasimha and Krishna are taken out, in gold and silver *Vahanams*, in procession accompanied by his Highness the Maharaja and all the officers of the State. In the night also, at about 8-30, there is a similar Sreebali, after which the religious part of the oolsavam of the day is over.

During day time there are *Thullas* and *Kaya-thattams* which have a particular interest. *Kaya-thattam* or "Rope-dancing, partakes more of military games than civil, involving as it does several of the physical feats pertaining to the former. It would have been classed as such, had it not been for the purely civil purpose of diversion for which it has ever been practised and exhibited. A strong thick rope is tied tight end to end on the ground and raised by propping it on cross bamboos at both ends to not less than eight feet above the ground or even higher when experts play. The play begins with the beating of the drum and clanging of cymbals, which supply music to the game. The dancer is attired in tight trousers and a waist cloth with a number of superfluous ball-thread hangings reaching to the knee, a decorated tie at the lower end of each of the legs and a head-dress similar to that of the *Veela-Kalikaram*. After paying reverence to the power above, the melakkar or the drummer and the cymbal sounder, who represent his gurus and also the audience, the performer jumps upon the rope and perching thereon as on horse-back tries the strength of the rope by swinging up and down, to and fro. This done the real game commences. The *Melakkas* ask him a number of questions as to whether he is capable of performing certain feats. He answers them, first pointing out the dire consequences of falling down, and the easy way in which those who stand on safe *terra firma* can ask one on a flimsy small rope to perform break-neck feats. These questions and answers are often full of wit and humour and afford food for laughter to the audience, besides giving them an idea as to what will be the next item of the performance.

After some argument, the performer consents to show a feat by crying out *Thithai* or "here-goes" and he does it to the astonishment of the spectators. High jumping, walking, somersaults on the rope, jumping through rings and on swords from the rope, mounting with loads on a pole supported on the rope, sword play and a number of other feats are shown." Some expert performers ride on a bicycle on slender wires instead of these ropes. On the whole it is an interesting performance.

At 4-30 P.M. is the *Veela-Kali* or a mock-fight in imitation of the fight against the Pandavas. In the front of the temple would be placed the images of the Pandavas near which the *Velakalikars* arrange themselves and begin their play to the accompaniment of their tom-tom. The *Velakalikar* wears a peculiar kind of dress. A sheet of long and narrow cloth is tied lightly round the waist in a particular fashion reaching only up to the knee, with a triangular piece of red cloth ornamented with silver knobs and dots hanging in front of the waist cloth. He has a string of golden beads round his neck and caste marks both on his forehead and breast. His head-dress also is peculiar. At the call of the trumpet these people assemble for the *Velakali*. This is a military game and the *Velakalikars* represent the Kauravas who opposed the Pandavas. Their flourish of trumpets and kettle-drums resembles the call at Arms in a Military Cantonment. Since these have no opponents they arrange themselves in lines and show their performance as if they are attacking an enemy. After some time begin the single combats. Two of the young *Velakalikars* step forward and show their skill with the sword and shield and also perform various physical exercises such as jumping, fencing, etc. Then they play round the tank adjoining the temple which represents the bath that the fighting people take after the end of the fight. In this manner the performance is shown all the 10 days of the festival.

After the Sreebali at 9-30, the Eastern Fort Gate is a scene of performances. Different kinds of games are shown here. These are *Ammana Attam*, *Valeru*, *Kolati*, etc. *Ammana Attam* is a play which forms the chief amusement of the *amdalavasis* of Travancore. *Ammana-Attam* means a play with *Ammana*; *Ammana* being a small light ball of metal, hollow inside. The players perform wonderful feats with the *ammanas* by throwing them up and catching them as they come down and again throwing them up in pairs and singles according to the tune of the music. A great deal of practice is required to perform it with success.

Valeru is the game in which small swords are thrown up and caught as is the case with the

Ammanas. Generally the swords taken are three. But experts take a greater number of swords and throw them up and catch them as they come down. They exhibit the methods of wielding and flourishing the swords, jumping in various attitudes, passing through rings and other interesting feats. This is a dangerous feat, but the professional men do it with great ease and grace.

Another amusing performance of the festival is the *Kolati*. It is a game with sticks. Around a lighted lamp a number of persons stand in a circle with small sticks and sing songs in praise of God first in slow and then in rapid measure. The time measured is kept by each one hitting his neighbour's sticks with his own on both sides.

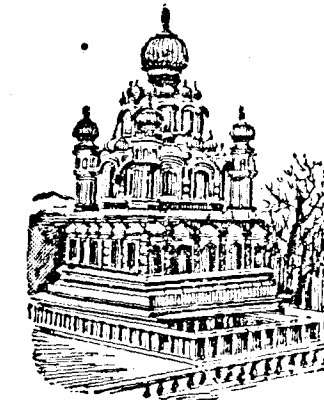
All these performances are exhibited every day without any variety whatever, so that it becomes monotonous and uninteresting after some time.

On the ninth day of the oolsavam is the *Pallivetta* or hunt. The three gods are taken in procession attended by H. H. The Maharaja, the Dewan, and other officers, the Nair-Brigade Sepoys with Band and other ceremonial paraphernalia to a place, which was once a forest infested with wild animals. The Maharaja acts as the huntsman and draws the bow and shoots at 3 cocoanuts placed there amidst green-leaves, etc. These cocoanuts represent wild beasts and the green leaves, etc., the forest. The Maharaja shoots as the representative of the God.

As soon as the arrows are shot, music is sounded and they return in all splendour. The next day is the *Arat* or the bathing of the god in the sea. The *Arat* procession is a very grand sight. The gods are taken in procession headed by the Maharaja with sword in hand walking from the temple to the sea-beach, a distance of three miles. The roads would be decorated with flags, buntings, etc. On reaching the beach, the gods are bathed in the sea and the Maharaja also bathes. After this the gods are taken back to the temple, and the flag that was hoisted on the first day of the oolsavam is lowered in the presence of the Maharaja and this finishes the festival. The lowering of the flag is the last function of the festival. This in brief is an account of the oolsavam festival in Trivandram.

A JOURNALIST.

The Hon'ble Tika Sahab Nabha in the Sikh Kanyan Mahan Vidyala, Ferozepore



IT is with the greatest pleasure that we notice that the popularity of the Sikh Kanyan Mahan Vidyala at Ferozepore, is widely spreading among the public, specially among the Sikhs; and the true devotion and sacrifice of the beloved couple (Bhai Takhat Singh

Zindu Shabid, and his esteemed wife Shri Mali Bibi Harnam Kaurji) is realized so commonly that the institution is becoming a central point for the nation.

The venerable Malwandar Bahadur, Maharaja of Nabha at one time visited the holy institution of the devotees and, pleased much with it, granted an aid of Rs. 200 a month to the institution to place it on a safe footing. In reality that was the day from which the institution began to extend its circumference, with the help of God. Now it is known throughout the Punjab and beyond it, and rich and poor alike prize it very much. H. H. Maharaja of Patiala and H. H. Maharani Ripudaman Kaur of Dhaulpore gave a large donation from their own pockets and Ferozepore State granted Rs. 100 a month. In the same way the general public and the Panth, valuing the work of the institution and helping in every way, made it a unique one.

The 15th April of the current year was a very lucky day for the Vidyala, when the Hon'ble Tika Sahab Nabha together with H. H. the Princess (his wife) graced the Vidyala with their kind visit.

The girls of the high classes of the Vidyala received their Highnesses at the Railway Station and the Princess, who is a well educated lady, was very kind to the girls.

Their Highnesses together with Shrimati Bibi Balwant Kaur of Alypore (the maternal uncle's daughter of Tika Sahab) arrived at 8 A.M. in the Vidyala and stayed the whole day there. They first visited the Girls' Boarding House and were much pleased with the good order, cleanliness and tidiness of the beds and place. Then they came to the Gurdwara Sikh and bowing their heads before the Guru Granth Sahib sat down. The girls recited shabads (hymns) to the accompani-

ment of the harmonium in a very sweet tone.

The Princess very kindly gave her sanction to pay the expenses for the building of the Gurudwara (Sikh Temple) and also of a well in the Boarding House in her name. Bibi Balwant Kaur also donated Rs. 50 from her pocket.

Their Highnesses had brought with them sweatmeat and fruits worth more than one hundred rupees, which were distributed among the girls in their presence, the Princess doing the kindly office to the first five girls with her own hands.

The Princess then advised the girls to take care not to waste their time but to try every possible effort to educate and qualify themselves in every good direction.

Afterwards their Highnesses left the institution to the shouting of "Wahgurujika khalsa Wahgurujiki Fateh" at 6 P.M. for Amritsar.

BIR SINGH,
Editor,
Punjabi Bhain,
Ferozepore City.

"A Pedestrian Tour"



IT was in the middle of autumn 1907, that some of the youths of the Perumkolam village, Palghat, took a walking tour to an adjoining Hill which is known by the name of "The Veellu Malai Hills." The day we chose for the trip was what we call Amavasya—to make it more plain, a new-moon day. We resolved to take a walk to the hill. On that evening at about 4 o'clock, we started. We were ten in number and all of us were of the same community. We had to pass by the side of a tank, whose beauty was and is even to-day appreciated and admired by the passers-by.

This tank is so very beautiful that it cannot but attract the traveller as well as the peasant to itself. Commanding the tank, stands a huge, beautiful banyan tree, whose tender leaves seem to invite, particularly in summer, the shelter-seeking traveller to its shade. Nor does it allow him to pass on without imploring the tribute of a sigh.

We remained there for a short time, after which we began to ascend the hill.

The hill rises from the ground to a height of not less than five hundred feet. We had to climb

up three ascents in order to complete the journey. The tops are called the 'Hill-tops.' Each hill top is a little higher than the other. Some of them appear to be gable-like in form. As we go up, the air grows colder and colder. We climbed up the first top of the hill with vigorous steps and with extreme delight. We had to pass on through various herbs, some of which are used as medicinal plants. A walk through these parts is, I am sure, sufficient to cure the sick and the weak.

On our way to the summit of the first hill-top, we saw some shepherds with their flocks of sheep returning homewards. We heard the lowing of the herd and the barking of the dog. As soon as we reached its summit, we began to make a survey of the picturesque scene. Then began our attempt to ascend the second one.

We had to descend a little to the other side of the first hill-top before we ascended the second one. On our way, we saw a pile of small stones heaped upon the wayside. Each and every one of us were asked to add a fresh stone to it. For it is said in our legends "that if a man passes onwards without adding a stone to that heap, he is considered to be an enemy of the mountain deity." So every one that passes by, used to add a stone to that pile. But none of us did add anything to the pile of stones. We went on climbing to the summit of the second hill-top, where we saw a cluster of trees with its beautiful flowers ranged in a circular form. We saw the flowers falling one by one. The fall of these flowers in regular succession cannot but fascinate the beholder to a great extent. I made a careful scrutiny of the spot, where I saw the image of a god embowered. Images of various description, were seen at the spot—cows, bulls, human forms, hands and legs—everything made either of wood or of earth. The flowers were seen dropping in regular succession upon the head of that 'Deity.' As one of my friends was familiar with the old myths, he was well pleased to narrate the story of the god. He began by saying "that this god was the son of the two Hindu gods, Siva and Vishnu," the destroyer and the preserver. By the side of this god, all way-farers used to halt and break a cocoanut or more, which would please him. Some of them used to set before him dolls of any of the above-said description. The present offered by the maimed, is a wooden leg or a hand. Hands and legs made of earth, are also offered. Those that are unable to do any of these, make a very low bow before him. Each and every one look at him with a reverential awe."

Surrounding this spot, where the image of the god is set, we saw a level ground extending to a few feet. Nor is the place devoid of rocks. Rocks of immense size are seen there. They are so

wide that not less than fifty persons can lie down upon them. We sat there for some time enjoying the beautiful scenery. We saw below us lands and fields, tanks of small dimensions, cottages and hamlets, small rivers with their various windings—in a word, everything that an observer could picture.

Then we resumed our journey without paying any homage to the mountain deity. At last we reached the topmost hill, where we sat for a while. Suddenly we heard the jackals howling. This distracted our attention and we looked upwards. We saw the birds retiring to their nests. Then we also thought of returning home. And so we commenced our retreat.

Occupations of women in Japan



Of what class of women shall I write? For evidently there are two classes—the high and the low—I mean those who could command a vast amount of wealth and are thus able to be without any occupation; and those who are not such favored children of fortune and

hence court her hand-maid industry. Unlike India, every town and even most villages are canopied with cloudy smoke rising from tall chimneys. There is enough work to those who are willing to work and earn. One cannot die of no employment and starvation, unless he be resolved to do so. I have not yet heard of one so resolved.

Even the high class ladies are not without occupation. They work as though they do not get their living without it. I once asked a friend why she should so labour when she could afford to live happy without working. "What should I do without working? you do not mean to say that I should idle away my life in sleep and gossip. How silly you are! your ladies don't work?" "No, I don't mean that our women...." This was the last time I was silly. And I am sure I will not be so again...until I ask somebody something again like this.

Most women help their husbands in their vocations. Photography, lithography, printing, etc., etc., are not beyond their capability. In most barber shops we find women wielding the facile razor.

Of the factory hands, of shop girls, of agricultural laborers I don't write much. They are like what they are in other countries. Yet there is a difference. They are all educated, i.e., they all have finished their lower elementary education at least. For this is compulsory as well as free to every child in Japan, male or female, high or low, rich or poor. This course extends over six years, i.e., one year less than our primary and middle school together. But I can assure you they are taught and know at least as much as an average matriculate in India knows. An average girl in these professions earns some twenty-five sen (six annas) a day. As they are so far educated it needs no saying that they do their work efficiently. Among the factory hands, there are those who do the head-work. In an organ factory there are those who test the quality of the piano or the harmonium. Generally these girls are graduates of some music school. They earn not less than a yen (1½ rupees) a day. Then there are those who are engaged in embroidery, knitting, sewing, artificial flower and fruit making and such arts. These generally take fifty sen (twelve annas) a day, but good hands can earn one yen. There are many in our country too that are employed in some of these trades. But then there is a difference. These are trained up in arts schools in the particular trade they take up. There are thousands of arts schools—private and public—where girls learn these and other trades. I lived many years in India, but could not see one such school nor could I hear of one.

Girls are excellent typists. They are faster and neater than "boys" and at the same time cheaper. So in big firms more than two-thirds the number of typists are girl. Accountants and treasurers too are sometimes girls. In Japan as elsewhere the type of the type-writer are Roman characters. It is these machines that the girls wield. Some of them know English and can speak, read and write fluently. But it does not matter if they do not. They know the Roman characters and copy the originals right as they are.

In the streets are seen girls four to five feet high, dressed in pure white gowns down to half way between (perhaps two-thirds or three-fourths down to) the ankle and the knee. That portion which this gown does not cover is bare. They move about on their wooden clogs. These are Japanese nurses. These joined some school for nurses or learnt the business as apprentices at some doctor's. They hold the certificate.

Else they cannot carry on the profession. These seek employment at hospitals—, or have independent practice.

In the railway stations as booking clerks, in the post offices as subordinate clerks in every branch, in the telephone exchange office as exchange girls, we find girls. Here I admit with honest frankness that once more I was silly. In the post office here three girls have recently given farewell addresses to three young men. Here it is often the case that where girls are available for the work they can do, "boys" will have to bid good-bye; for they are not economical. Two were in the money orders department and one in the registration department. I asked them why they should have got into such dangerous positions. They might make mistakes and that would ruin them. Silly boy that I was. But I am not responsible for this. For when I was at home a young man, a friend of mine was complaining of the dangers of being in these departments. He wanted to leave his post at the earliest opportunity. But, poor creature, he could not. Because.

These offices are no doubt the most tiresome. And the holders thereof get irritated at the impertinent queries of the public. But the girls here have all the information necessary and give it patiently. These are proof against all irritation. Else they would not have been where they are.

Culture and enlightenment have scope to shine here. There are many women, who were graduates of the Girls' University here and who travelled abroad, on the editorial staffs, of some of the first class political dailies—and there are some monthlies managed and edited entirely by women.

There is one large class of women that shapes the future of the nation. It trains up the hand; develops the head; straightens the character. It is the teacher class. I wish to take up this particular class separate on another occasion.

One of the occupations of women of rank is public work. They organise associations and work through them. There are associations for religious, social and general patriotic work. There are Buddhist and Christian Mission women who carry peace and blessing with them to every family. There are many who spend much money for this work. They do educational work too.

The largest association that Japan has is the Ladies' patriotic association. From the lowest to the highest every one who has a will to work for the country is a member of that association. The main association being in Tokio there are branches of it in every town of any importance. From the head association a magazine is issued every month. In ordinary times these associations

do general social work. In war times they look after the welfare of the men in the fight. They send them what they want to the extent they can. Mittens, socks, undershirts, etc., etc., worked at midnight hours go through these associations to comfort and cheer up the fighting man. These look after the fighting men from a distance. But there are those more patriotic still, more courageous still, who go to the battle-field, undergo the hardships with the sturdy men, expose themselves to the roughest weathers or hottest climes. These go to nurse the sick and the wounded. These are the Red Cross society. Most ladies, from Marchioness Oyama to the humblest nurse, are members of this society. Thus every one in her own way is doing what she can for the well-being—social, religious, economical—of her country. That is for her own well-being.

Daughters of India, When do you take up your long neglected task? When do you rise up to look after the interests of your country? When do you prove equal to the sisters gone before you and prove true to the traditions they handed down to you? Shortly? But, why not now? Why not get up right as you are, walk straight where you are wanted and take up the work in hand? Why do you not shun that ugly, unbecoming bashfulness and false modesty and walk to work by the side of your brother? Then you will have the floral crown adorn your head. You often complained that man restrained woman from undertaking bold enterprises. I grant it. If he did it he was inconsiderate. But just remember; did you never disobey man; did you never overrule him? And why not in this case? If you did it in a case not of much consequence, why not here in a case which is full of consequence for the country and for humanity?

S. R. MALLADY.

HAMAMATEN, JAPAN,
17th April, 1909.



Sudab—the Child-widow



IN the hazy twilight of a November evening in 1896, a person walking through the village of Hospur might have seen a grey-haired man and a little girl of five walking together along the village green. They were Sudab and her aged father Hari Singh.

"What is marriage, Papa," she was asking him, "is it to lock me up in a dark room?"

"Nonsense, child. What all queer things is my little girl thinking of! Whoever heard of a girl speaking so dismally of marriage? Haven't you seen Loti Lal, dear, the rich banker of Ludhiana? of course, you have. He is past 60. But what of that? He is worth lakhs of rupees. Well, Sudab, he will tie the blessed string round your throat, and then there will be a big feast, and all sorts of fine things. You are a lucky girl indeed!"

Preparations for the marriage went on merrily. Relatives, even to cousins of the 40th remove, began to pour in singly or in groups. Then there were the neighbours who added to their number. And Sudab's home truly presented a lively scene. At last, the important day drew near. The people were up and astir long before the dawn, like a disturbed nest of hornets, and like them made a good deal of unnecessary noise and bustle. The priests then appeared with dried sticks and grass in their hands, and were welcomed at the doorstep, by some of the men. The holy fire was lit, and the priests began to chant "the mantras," in their proverbial manner. The piper, with the drummer to assist him, piped away right merrily. The guests began to gather in the hall and the verandahs, some laughing, some staring at their neighbour's fingers, some with the air of a Nestor, while the major portion marked time to the music outside with their hands and feet. All at once the priests raised their voices to the highest pitch, and a loud uproar arose round the holy fire. Perhaps this had some meaning. For the piper appeared to burst, and the drummer's hands went right and left like the arms of a windmill—then a deep silence—The bride is married; away to the feast.—Exeunt the guests.

Where was Sudab now? Away in one of the innermost chambers of the house, she was lying fatigued on a sofa, with the female portion of

the guests pouring down congratulations upon her. But she heeded not, for she heard them not. She was dead-tired—that was one fact. And in after days, she had a dim and not an altogether pleasant recollection of her marriage.

The big fire in the middle of the room, the white-robed priests, the twinkling lamps, the dense smoke almost stifling her, the heat as the guests closed round—somebody tying something to her throat—a noise like the roar of a thousand cataracts, and then a whirl as she was led away. This was all she remembered of this day.

CHAPTER II

It was the first of January, 1900. The 19th century, a splendid epoch in the history of the world had passed away. So too had an epoch in the life of little Sudab—the child-wife, soon to be known as the child-widow.

It was terribly hot this January noon. Not a soul was seen stirring in the little village of Hospur, which lay embosomed amidst gigantic sals. There was not a breath of wind. The leaves hung limp and motionless. Even the buffaloes on the village green stood still, lazily whisking off flies with their tails.

Sudab was sitting with her father in his study. He was glancing over a periodical, while his daughter was occupied with some needle-work. Chick! Chick! went her thimble fingers. There was no other work to do. She was not much changed since we last saw her. She had grown a little taller, a little more serious. But that was all.

Rip! rap! rip! rap! It was the telegraph-peon. "Sudab, see who it is."

The girl went out and soon returned with an unopened telegram in her hand. "It is Ram Dass, father, and this he gave me."

With trembling fingers; which he could not well account for, he tore it open, and then dropped it down in dismay. He became deadly pale; his senses were leaving him. Sudab saw that something was wrong with her father, and at once ran to his help.

His first act at feeling his daughter near him was to throw his arms round her, and strain her to his breast. Then he suddenly burst into tears. It was a grievous sight, that the old man crying, and the little girl trying to soothe him.

When he was a little calm, he ejaculated, "Oh my God! Oh my fate! Oh my daughter." And these were the last words he uttered. For he fell into a deep swoon, and notwithstanding all the efforts made by physicians died that very night.

"Misfortunes never come single." And Sudah found that this was truth with a vengeance. First, she had lost her father, the one being whom she had ever loved. Then came the news that her husband was dead—that she was a widow. The poor girl could not know what this meant. She had but once seen her husband, and that was nearly 4 years ago. And so, she never shed a tear over the affair. Now came the climax. Her mother, never a refined woman, and now made coarse by selfishness and the thought that she could no more indulge in elegant expenses, left Sudah to a sister of hers, and went to her own relations. And when the curfew rises again, we find Sudah with Kamala, already established in her sister's love and Hem Chandra, her husband's.

CHAPTER III

"Sudah my little woman, I have brought you a playmate." These were the words with which she was greeted one evening by Hem Chandra, as she was going in with the milk-pail. She set her burden down on the door steps and ran towards the place whence the voice came. And by the northern bend of the house was the party she was in search of. There stood her brother-in-law, holding by the hand a queer figure. "So this is my playmate," thought Sudah as she scanned him closely. And seemingly she was prepossessed in his favour, for in a few moments, they were chatting away merrily, as if they had known each other for the whole of their lives.

Ganesh Chunder Dass was a small boy of 12 with a good deal of pluck in him. He was not strictly handsome, but certainly had a pleasant face with a pair of roguish eyes. And he had a way of looking at you through the corner of his eyes, which somehow told you that he had a fund of rollicking humour in him. He was the son of a clothier, who, on his death-bed, had placed him under Hem Chandra, a friend of his. And so we find him in his new home. Ganesh and Sudah soon became fast friends. Ganesh climbed many a garden wall and many a mango-tree for Sudah, while she saved him from many a thrashing which would have resulted from his numerous escapades. Thus grew up a friendship which ever increased as time went on.

So, it was a very black day for them both, when Ganesh had to leave Sudah, his home and his friends for Calcutta to prosecute his education there. Before he left, however, he and Sudah vowed eternal friendship to each other under the very same mango-trees—the scene of his former exploits. And as they were parting, Ganesh kissed his friend. It was a very bold step. But Sudah did not resent it. She only fled toward the house to hide her blushes.

Some six years have passed since that day. Sudah is a beautiful girl of 16, just budding into womanhood. Ganesh, where was he? Away in Calcutta, he lived his student's life—a dreary one indeed. He was now nearly 19 and had taken his degree. The young people had incessantly thought of each other, and distance had only increased their mutual affection. His name was in the papers. And so, she knew that he had done something great. This evening she was standing under the same trees which had witnessed their parting 6 years ago, and was thinking of him. He was expected home very soon. Then came a letter that he had been appointed to a high post in Mymensingh. But she was not thinking of that. Somehow or other, she thought of his kiss, and felt it burning on her lips. She trembled violently. Was it for joy?

Hark! the rattling of wheels, and a cheery voice from the coach. He was come home. All at once, a maidenly reserve came over her, and she walked home with the resolute thought of behaving like a lady.

Poor Sudah, her troubles were not over yet. That night they all met in the big hall, and talked of the old days. And if Sudah thought that Ganesh was grown into a very big man, he likewise thought that she was grown into the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. And the clock chimed 12 before they parted. Sudah took a lamp, and went towards her room. Half way she became conscious that somebody was following her. She turned back and faced Ganesh. They were both embarrassed at first. Then, seeing a tender look coming into his eyes, she extinguished her lamp and fled to her room.

CHAPTER IV

The next morning Hem saw that Ganesh looked careworn and troubled in mind, and like the sympathetic man that he was, he inquired after his health. "What's the matter with you, my boy? You look dismal to-day." A wan smile crept over Ganesh's features at his friend's question.

He solemnly took Hem to his room and there laid open his whole heart. He said that he had been loving Sudah all along and that he wished to marry her. Hem was aghast at the proposal, and as he came out of his friend's room he looked as if he had seen a ghost. He at once went to his loving wife, and asked her advice.

"Is he sincere, husband?"

"I think so. Ganesh was always frank with us. I know the boy."

"Do they love each other?"

"Ganesh seems to think so, Kamala. And he doesn't appear to be wrong."

Two Indian Fruits

I.—THE PAPAW OR PAPAYA



WHO has not seen this tall and stately tree, growing in almost every garden throughout India, with a soft herbaceous stem, naked nearly to the top like the palm tree, with leaves, 20 to 30 inches long issuing on every side on long foot-stalks? One in India has become so accustomed to the existence of the tree, one is apt to fancy that it is indigenous to this country. On the other hand, it was originally introduced from South America or the West Indies by the Portuguese, the nation to whom we are greatly indebted for several other fruit trees now growing in India.

The tree belongs to the natural order *Papa Yacaea*, of which order about 30 species are known, and which has now been introduced into many tropical and sub-tropical countries. The fruit which is of a green colour, with tints of yellow when fully ripe, grows between the leaves; it varies in size from a mango to a melon and contains one mighty cluster of hundreds of round black seeds of the size of a pepper corn. The fruit when ripe has a pleasant flavour and is sweet and edible. It is said to be a cure for indigestion, if taken either in the morning or immediately before meals. The ripe fruit can be made into tarts or stewed like pears and apples. The green fruit makes very fine pickle—it is cut up into thin slices longitudinally and put into a jar with plenty of salt; after a day or two strong vinegar is poured in. It can also be eaten with meat when boiled and sprinkled over with a little pepper powder and salt to taste.

The seeds when chewed have in a high degree the pungency of cresses. The powdered seeds and the juice of the unripe fruit form a most powerful vermifuge, said to be more efficacious than the worm-powder of British Pharmacopœia. The juice of the tree or its fruit is milky and acrid; it has the singular property of rendering the toughest meat tender, and this can also be effected by hanging the meat or fowl among the branches or wrapping it up overnight in the leaves. The sap of the tree when worked into pills with bread is a rapid and unfailing antidote for enlargement of the spleen. Edward's essence of papaya is a capital remedy for indigestion and diseases arising therefrom. The leaves are often used instead of soap to wash clothes.

The tree is easily grown from the seed. It

"But what will mother say? what will the people say?"

"Ganesh is not the man to care for the public opinion. He has told me so a thousand times. I think, Kamala, that your mother's consent alone is required for the marriage. I shall write to her."

A letter was duly sent to her, and the lady was soon at the house. She was, at first, quite enraged on hearing the proposal, and affected sentimentalism—quoted from the old sastras and said that she would be blasted than be privy to such a disgraceful procedure.

Hem saw that his friend was pained and his ire was roused. "Woman, are you not ashamed to call yourself Sudah's mother,—you, who for the last 7 years has not ever wasted a thought on her existence?" he thundered. She was beaten and had to give way. And before her departure, she had given her consent to her daughter's marriage. "Sudah, I was a fool to think that I could prevent your marriage. I cannot. For it is the new order that I am fighting with. I am still more to blame, daughter," she continued, "for bringing about all this trouble. For, was it not I who arranged for your child-marriage?"

"Alas! who could have thought of its baneful effects? But I have learnt. And I hope, my sisters too, will, in a short time. Now adieu. Be happy with your husband. I wish you joy."

The rest of the story is soon told. How Ganesh and Sudah were married in the presence of a large number of educated people, how the bride was admired by everybody, how the couple triumphed over the prejudices of their neighbours, and how they inaugurated a new era in social life, all this is already known to the public—we have only to add that they were very happy.

T. S. RENGANATHAN.



requires rich soil, well manured and well watered. It is of rapid growth and bears fruit throughout the year, and is exceedingly prolific. Seeds of the best variety should be obtained. When fruit and vegetables fail, the papaw is to be had everywhere, and a little care and attention paid to the tree while growing will certainly improve the fruit in size, taste and flavour. The fruit can be exported to places where the tree will not grow on account of the absence of moisture in the air.

We give below a recipe for making papaya preserve. It is worthwhile trying.

PAPAYA PRESERVE

Six lbs. green fruit, peel and cut into strips, 6 lbs. sugar, 6 limes, 3 tea cups water, parboil fruit, take out, drain and prick with a fork, make a thick syrup with the sugar and water, put in fruit and boil till transparent and the syrup a proper thickness. Half the lime juice must be put first to clarify the sugar, the rest when preserve is nearly ready.

II.—THE STAR GOOSEBERRY

The star gooseberry, known in Telugu as *Rasamisari-pandu*, in Hindustani as *Harf levidi* is now strongly in evidence. The tree is full of green leaves with an endless number of yellow cherries attached to the stalks and branches. Why this berry is called *gooseberry* is a mystery to us for in no way does it resemble the real gooseberry that comes out from foreign lands preserved in bottles to be used for tarts. The Indian gooseberry is a yellow fruit, the best variety exceeding an inch in diameter, with a small seed; it is slightly acid in taste, but when fully ripe, it is pleasant in flavour and quite sweet. Many are the preparations made from this fruit, such as preserves, jams, jellies, and syrups.

In these various forms it is made and sold locally by unless it is a profitable concern it is not likely that these ladies will engage in the manufacture. We should however like to see our Indian friends, especially ladies, take to manufacturing these preparations. We know Hindu ladies are clever at making *chatnies* and *pachodies* of the fruit.

A drink made of the fruit will be most acceptable to the men who have to toil hard in this hot weather, and to those desirous of making this we give the following recipe:—

Wash the fruit, weigh it and take exactly a similar weight of sugar, the best procurable. To every pound of the fruit add the juice of two ordinary limes. Put the fruit and juice into a copper vessel that had been well tinned or *kala-sid*, and pour upon it as much water as will more than cover the fruit and let it boil till the

fruit becomes quite soft. After cooling the juice should be pressed through a piece of coarse cloth. Add the sugar and a little more water, and take it down when the syrup is of the usual consistency. A table-spoonful of this syrup added to a tumbler of water makes a beautiful drink.

Our Children's Page



Back of Number 15

(continued from the last issue)

CHAPTER X

SCHOOL

It was not the beginning of a term. Indeed, it was almost the very end of it. The Easter holidays would begin in about a fortnight. But Aunt Alison had arranged it all. And the headmistress said she understood.

We had never been to school before—so Aunt Alison told her. I don't know whether she hinted we were *jungly-wallas*. Mother had taught us, she explained. Up to the last six weeks our education had been entirely neglected. The fortnight before the breaking-up would be "an initiation"—so she said.

It certainly was. They began with prayers. And the whole of the hundred pairs of eyes were fixed on us—or so I thought. I felt I couldn't breathe. Maddie looked serene. But serenity was her nature. Dot looked bewildered, poor thing!

And I thought of the verandah in our jungle home—lovely jungle that we'd never see again—and the hot sun shining through the chicks, and the wicker chairs and teapots scattered about, and Dot and Philly sitting on a rug at Mother's feet.

And the pigeons were cooing on the thatch, and the monkeys were chattering in the trees, and there was a buzzing in the servants' quarter, and Ayah was crooning Baby to sleep. And Mother was saying, "Geography, Josie, darling—clean and clift. You mustn't say geographee again."

And a weight seemed on my head as well as in my heart. As I said before, I felt I couldn't breathe. All those girls! And in that stuffy schoolroom! And those ugly, ink-splashed desks! And then I found Miss Bertram talking to me. She was the headmistress of the school.

She said, "I think you know Lal?"

And I murmured something about "The Simpsons."

Then she called "Lal!"

And a chirpy voice answered, "Yes, Miss Bertram?"

And she said, "Josie is your next-door neighbour, I think."

"Y-yes," replied Lal. "We live behind each other."

Miss Bertram smiled. She said, "Lal will look after you, Josie, for a day or two. You will soon get used to our ways." Then she said to me again—perhaps she thought I looked confused, and I was, indeed, still dreaming of the jungle—"You do know Lal, my dear?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "I know the Simpsons."

But Lal frowned at me. "My name is Everill," she said.

A kind of whispered titter ran round the room. Miss Bertram didn't check it—indeed, she smiled herself.

Lal tossed her head, and held it up in a very aristocratic fashion, while Lydia's freckled face popped over somebody's shoulder with a grin.

And it dawned on me that they all knew the Everills' objection to be bunched up as "the Simpson children," and how Dulcie thought Simpson was a very common name.

"Josie will be in your form," Miss Bertram was saying. "You will befriend her a little, won't you, Lal? And make her feel at home?"

Lal said she would. And gave me a chirpy smile. "Come, Josie," she said. So I went with her. And I was put into her form. And school that I had dreaded in those free, wild, jungle days—school had begun at last.

It was not a successful morning, for I couldn't get mother out of my head. And, somehow, I had a feeling that mother was thinking of me. Once the teacher had to call me twice, and Lal gave me a nudge, and I wondered whether the girls thought I looked a *jungly walla*. And I kept on wondering how Maddie was getting on, and poor little Dot, who was not even in the same room.

"You are not attending, Josie," said the teacher, pulling me up. And I gave a little jump and got uncomfortably red.

It made the girls snigger.

She said, "Try and give your attention to the lesson we have in hand. When school is over," she added severely, "you can indulge in your own thoughts."

I didn't care for her much.

However, Miss Bertram took the class when the first teacher had done, and things seemed to go a little better. She didn't notice me, and she didn't worry at all. She didn't seem to care even if I did indulge in my thoughts. Only, now and again, she covered my hand with her own, and I think she thought then that I wasn't very happy. And I felt she was a person who understood people, you know; but all the same I was very wretched.

Maddie didn't say much on our way home; but Dot chattered all the time. She seemed to like school. As for me, I wanted what I couldn't have—I wanted my tat. I wanted to canter away—away out of England, if I could!

But Maddie said, "England's an island, Josie."

"So much the worse," I said.

And Dot said, "Aunt Alison told me we couldn't keep ponies here. Ponies cost more in England than in India."

I felt as cross as two sticks. I said, "England's not a patch on India." And banged the front door.

Aunt Mary complained. "It shook the whole house," she said.

Aunt Alison didn't look at me approvingly. And when she said, "How did you get on at school to day, Josie?"

I answered crossly, "I didn't get on at all. School is a beastly place, Aunt Alison! And," I added, "England's only just a trifle beastlier!"

She was greatly shocked.

She said, "You are not a good example to the little ones."

"I never was," I said.

Maddie was horrified. "Oh! Josie!" she said.

Aunt Alison looked surprised. She said, "Beastly is not a word that ladies use. You must never let me hear that word again. And if you have never been an example to the little ones, you must begin to be one now." She spoke like father, and she looked like father, too. "Go and take off your jacket," she added coldly. And I felt that she was displeased.

Maddie followed me. We shared the same room. Poor Maddie was rather upset. "Oh, Josie!" she began, but I stopped her short. "I'm tired, oh, Josie!" I said. And I looked out of the window into the Simpsons' back, and longed for our jungle home.

This was so cramped. And what a horrid little garden it was! That long stretch of narrow, smooth green lawn! That narrow footpath, too, on either side of it, and the dried-up looking rose-bushes that were to burst into leaf in the Spring!

Spring! Was the spring really as beautiful as everybody said it was? "I do not believe it," I said.

At dinner Aunt Alison didn't address me at all. But she kept on asking the others about school. Denzil had been for the first time, too, that morning, and also Philly. And, like Dot, Philly had a lot to say. Somebody or other—one of the teachers, I s'pose, had taken to Philly, it seemed. But then, everybody always took to little Philly.

Denzil said, "Philly got on like a house on fire!" and laughed.

And Philly added, "Ernie Simpson and I are in the same class, and Ernie's eight and I am seven, Aunt Alison," and he looked as proud as punch.

So did Aunt Alison, I thought, "Why, Philly, that's capital," she said. "I must write and tell father, I declare."

And I thought of the "excellent foundation." Mother had given us all. And when I thought of mother I felt my heart would burst. And she seemed to be saying, "We must be very brave, my Josie, you and I." And I hadn't been brave at all, and I hadn't been an example either to the little ones.

If mother had been here, you know—But oh! Mother was very far away. And after dinner I would not go out with the others for a walk, but went and poked about among the leafless rose trees.

Gallagher was talking on the other side of the wall. "That's true, bedad!" I heard him say. And then something about, "The Meejer," and "a marthinet."

And another voice answered, "Verra weel!" It belonged to the Scotch gardener.

The Simpsons said Gallagher had a great contempt for him. And he had a contempt for Gallagher. And when Gallagher said, "'Tis the Oirish foight England's battles, MacLeod," MacLeod only chuckled. He was chuckling now. And a very dry chuckle it was.

I wished, however, that some of the Simpsons would come. They were all such a jolly family. I had half hoped to find them in the garden, perhaps, and—I pricked up my ears. I heard voices. Only the voices were not coming from the Simpsons' house; they were coming, indeed, from our own dining-room.

Aunt Alison's voice first, and then another. And the other voice was a very cheerful one. "Josie!" I thought I heard it say once. It was clearer and louder than Aunt Alison's. And I fancied I heard Aunt Alison say, "Josie," too. And something about, "In the garden."

And then a little lady came flying out of the house, and as she flew she stretched out her arms to me. "Is this my darling Josie?" I heard her say. But I hadn't the faintest notion who she was.

And next she was hugging me round the waist and kissing my cheek. "I'm Auntie Lettice, Josie, my darling," she said.

And I was so surprised, I could only echo "Auntie Lettice!"

And she said, "I s'pose you never heard of Auntie Lettice in your life!"

And then she thrilled with laughter, and I laughed too, and then she gave me another squeeze. I said, "I've never heard of Edenvale either, Auntie Lettice. And I've never heard of honey, nor of bees."

"You'll hear of them in a fortnight then, you little fibber. Did Mother tell you, Josie, about the bees?"

"And about the orchard, too, behind the house, Aunt Lettice. And—and why shall I hear in a fortnight about the bees?"

"Ah!" she said. And she looked very solemn. "The Easter holidays come in a fortnight, I believe. And Auntie Lettice, whom you may have heard about, but had quite forgotten, has come to ask you all to spend a week at Edenvale."

I gave a gasp. And then a little jump for joy. "Oh! Auntie Lettice!" I cried. Then I added, "Why, you are so different from the other aunts. You're not a bit like Aunt Mary or Aunt Alison."

"How am I different?" she asked. "In the first place you are such a little person" and I laughed. "But, oh! Aunt Lettice, you are a darling!" I said. And then I gave her a hug, and she hugged me. And we were the greatest chums in the world.

And in a minute I had told her all about the school that morning, and how Aunt Alison wasn't very pleased with me, and how I thought England was a poor sort of place. And she understood quite well and sympathised with me.

Then the others came in from their walk, at last, and I introduced them one by one to Auntie Lettice. And she was so merry that she made us merry, too. We were all as merry as crickets.

She had a knack, mother would have said, "of brushing the cobwebs away." Not spiders' cobwebs in the corner of a room, you know; but little troubles out of a troubled people's minds. For the fortnight seemed to slip by easily after that. And I didn't manage so very badly at school.

The Simpsons were sorry—sorry that we were going away for a week. We all felt rather flattered. Lydia said, "We were going to do such *scrumptious* things!" *Scrumptious* was a tremendous word of hers.

And Lal said, "Shem and Ham are going to give a tea party! What a shame!"

Denzil said, "It was an awful sell for Dot."

Shem and Ham were the two Miss Pratts—the elderly ladies who lived in front of us; whose clothes, Ted said, "Mrs. Noah had left in her will."

It was Bob and Ted who had dubbed them Shem and Ham. Ham was the one with the long red nose. Shem had the flabby cheeks. The Simpsons said they gave some lovely parties.

Carline said, "My, ave they fixed a day at last! Pity they didn't hurry up a bit."

"Dot's longing to taste their muffins!" Philly said.

"No, I'm not," said Dot. And added that she'd "rather go to Edenvale."

We were very sorry; but we had to decline with thanks. I, as the eldest, had to write the letter.

Denzil said, "Maddie writes a better fist."

"Josie must write the letter," Aunt Alison said.

The Simpsons said, "They won't invite us all again till summer." And Lydia said once more it was a shame.

It couldn't be helped. We all wanted to go to Edenvale. But *what* we should do without the Simpsons I could hardly say. They were always climbing the wall to have a chat with us, and sometimes we returned the compliment by climbing theirs. Aunt Mary fussed a little in her stodgy way. Aunt Alison took no notice.

"Children will be children," I heard her say. "You cannot expect old heads on young shoulders."

And somehow I seemed to understand why father respected her so, and why he always said, "They will be safe in Alison's hands."

The Simpsons—but I haven't time to tell about the Simpsons any more. They had bewitched us, Aunt Alison said. I do believe they had. To use Lydia's favourite word, they were simply *scrumptious*!

We were to go by coach. There was no railroad up to Edenvale. It was quite a countrified place. In winter the coach ran from Edenvale twice a week; in summer every day. Already the lime trees were putting out tiny leaves. It was spring coming they said.

The coach started from "The King's Arms" at two o'clock. We would be an hour and a half on the way. We wanted to sit on the roof of the coach; but Carline wouldn't let us. "The wind's too cold," she said.

Denzil said, "It's not too cold for me." He could, "please hisself," she said.

So Denzil got on top; and we got inside. And a wheezing, fat old farmer followed us. There were two women already seated in the further corners, and we took our places in the middle.

One of them said, "Ow's yer 'ealth, Muster Rogers?"

And the farmer wheezed—he had a very short breath—"Middlin," thank ye, Mrs. Tozer." And spat out of the coach door.

Then a man blew a horn and leapt upon the step, and the coach began to rattle out of Riversmouth.

We passed houses—nothing but houses at first—some of them had pretty little gardens. Once a man put up his hand and the coach stopped, and we took up another passenger. After that we took up two more. It made the coach quite full—so full, indeed, that Carline had to take Philly on her knee.

It began to smell rather stuffy.

I said, "I wish I were sitting with Denzil on the roof."

And Maddie whispered back, "He's got the best of it, I think." He certainly had.

However, it was pleasant looking out of the rattling windows, for by and by, we left the houses all behind. The hedges were bursting into a tender green—very pale and very dainty-looking. And then we ran along beside a wood. And then through open country that they called a moor. And the coach dragged heavily up a long hill, and pulled up creaking at a wayside inn. It was called "The Bachelor's Buttons."

Some of the passengers on the roof got down, and others who were waiting climbed up in their places. A stout woman opened the door of the coach and looked inside; but the wheezy farmer shook his head at her.

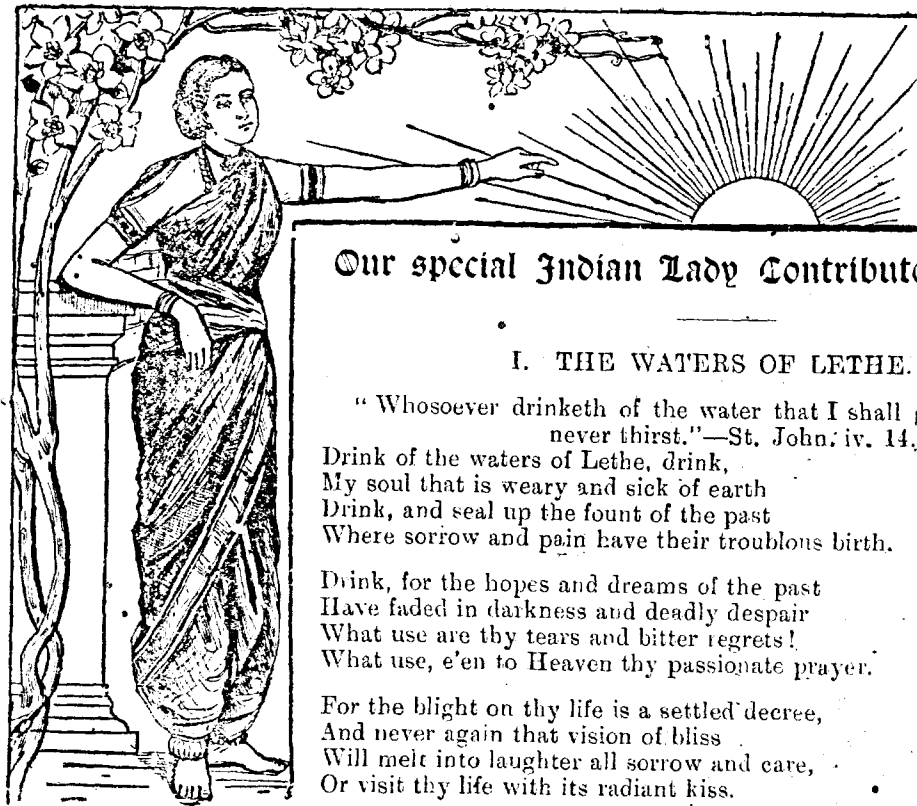
"No room here, mawther," he said; "you must go a-top."

"Go a-top yerself," she answered. She had a big basket on her arm; but she squeezed past him with a snort. "Little gel theer kin sit on me lap," she said. She was looking at Dot.

Poor Dot got very red; she didn't like it at all. But I suppose it couldn't be helped. In a trice she had hoisted her on to her knee; and Philly giggled.

I made a sign to Dot to come and sit with me. But the old women saw it. "Naw," she said, "let the little gel a-be." And then she wiped her nose on the back of her hand—not Dot's hand, you know; her own hand, I mean. And Philly giggled again.





Our special Indian Lady Contributors' Columns

I. THE WATERS OF LETHE.

"Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."—St. John: iv. 14.

Drink of the waters of Lethe, drink,
My soul that is weary and sick of earth
Drink, and seal up the fount of the past
Where sorrow and pain have their troublous birth.

Drink, for the hopes and dreams of the past
Have faded in darkness and deadly despair
What use are thy tears and bitter regrets!
What use, e'en to Heaven thy passionate prayer.

For the blight on thy life is a settled decree,
And never again that vision of bliss
Will melt into laughter all sorrow and care,
Or visit thy life with its radiant kiss.

The dirge of the past its moan and its prayer,
The echo of things long laid in their grave,
Will haunt thy whole life with its ominous wail,
Beat with healing the waters of Lethe would love.

Oh waters of Lethe, oh fount of the blest,
On earth can such waters be granted our quest
For the tomb of the past is memory's shrine
And mocks at our efforts for peace and for rest.

Oh, earth-ridden soul which only canst gaze
On fountains which mock they unsatisfied thirst,
No waters of Lethe e'er sprang from this world
From above do its life-saving waters still burst.

They're easy to find if there only wilt look
Away from the dazzle and glare of this life
To a fountain so calm and so still in its depths,
It never is stirred by tumultuous strife.

And over its portals are written these words,
"No man ever thirsteth which drinks of this stream."
Drink full, and drink deep of tempest-tossed soul
They live on rejoicing 'neath Heaven's glad beam.

T. BOSE.

II.—A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY OF THE LADIES' CLUB, POONA

The existence of the Ladies' Club at Poona must have been a fact patent to the readers of this magazine. But few can be aware of the factors constituting this club. The Literary Society, which rightly looks upon the club as its alma-mater, is perhaps its most useful constituent and to a great extent may rightly be regarded as its corner-stone.

It would not be amiss if we view the club from its various aspects, which may conveniently be divided into the social, the physical and the intellectual. The physical aspect comprises the various games which are meant to develop the system and to invigorate the mind; the social aspect comprehends the free intercourse between the various sects and consists truly speaking of the various social gatherings which often take the form of teaparties; were the club to comprise these two factors only, it would remind us of the famous aphorism in Bacon who would compare it to 'the statue of polyphe-mus with his eye out.'

The intellectual aspect may fairly be represented by the Literary Society. It would exceed my powers to echo the universal sentiments of gratitude which all the members of the society naturally feel towards the patron and founder of this Literary Union. But for the energetic industry and the social excellence of Mrs. Stephen, the union would have been a mere flickering shadow, lacking life.

It were tedious to pen down the causes why such institutions generally prove failures; but it were fair to assert that the causes, far from being laid at the doors of the secretaries, fall straight on the heads of the members themselves. For aught we know it may be that our light and gentle minds are more prone to be attracted by sports or gatherings and are so to say chemically repelled by the stagnant stains of oft repeated dissertations on hackneyed topics; and the argumentative thoughts evolved therein and poured out in volumes as it were by speaker after speaker are a little too onerous for those of us who are deemed the gayer folk.

Be it said, to the credit of Mrs. Stephen, that during her stay in Poona she sought to overcome and cope with the various conflicting difficulties which usually thwart the endeavours of the conductors of such institutions. It was Mrs. Stephen who first suggested the idea of reading Shakespeare and Sheridan, and reciting comic eclogues of famous authors and actors; usually the members read papers on instructive subjects and often interesting discussions ensue.

From what I have said above, my readers will have already formed a cursory idea of the

'proceedings of this union; but let me go on to the details. The object of the Literary Society, as far as I can comprehend, is to cultivate the elocutionary powers of the members; to oblige them to speak out boldly, freely and thoughtfully, what they think and feel and to make them reflect on grave and important themes. The meeting of the members is convened only once a week at a convenient time in the evenings; generally papers are read by the more advanced members; occasionally a distinguished visitor imparts his thoughts on an instructive subject or enlivens the members with descriptions of an amusing type. It was only a few weeks ago that we were entertained by professor Rawlinson of the Deccan College with a most instructive lecture on "The Romance of Ancient Greek Literature." By far the most delightful feature of the meetings consists in reading and discussing Shakespeare and Sheridan.

Mrs. Stephen always took a peculiar interest in all sorts of recitations, which occasionally took the form of comic or humorous eclogues recited either in the form of a soliloquy or in the shape of a dialogue. The recitation meetings were usually well attended and very many European lady visitors enlivened the Union by their cheerful presence.

Such, in brief is the account of our Literary Society and I would be failing in duty were I not to mention the universal feelings of regret which clouded the otherwise joyous spirit of the members, when Mrs. Stephen some two weeks back declared her intention of leaving us, as she was to proceed Home. A farewell party was readily arranged by the members. Mr. Jehangir, a prominent member of the Society, while delivering an address, spoke of the very many excellent qualities which characterised Mrs. Stephen and made her so very popular amongst her friends and the many members of the society of which she had the honour to be the founder and president. He then requested Mrs. Swann to present a silver cup, on behalf of the members, to Mrs. Stephen as a humble tribute of their appreciation of her kindly feelings. Mrs. Stephen delivered a touching and suitable reply, thanking the members for ever seconding her efforts. Mrs. Swann was then elected as President amidst universal cheers. Mrs. Stephen bade good-bye to all the members present, who appeared visibly touched at her departure.

We welcome Mrs. Swann as our new President and we have not the slightest hesitation in expressing our hope that she will ever zealously carry through with the same inspiration the glorious work of her predecessor, which will ever serve as a fitting monument of Mrs. Stephen's sweet personality.

FRANKY.

The late Miss Lilavati Singh

BY MRS. J. H. KNOWLES

(Selected)

We speak this distinguished name, the pride and joy of Christian women in many lands, today with softened breath. She who bore it so nobly here bears now the new name of the over-comer with the secret written in the pure white stone which no one knoweth saving she that received it.

On Sunday, May 9th, in Augustana Hospital, Chicago, in the prime of womanhood, this beautiful daughter of India passed from earth to heaven.

Miss Singh's ancestors were of the Rajputs and Gurkhas, high-caste men of character. She was the grand-daughter of a Hindu who was converted through a Christian missionary. Her father and mother were Christians and placed their daughter when ten years old in Isabella Thoburn's school in Lucknow. Happy for her was this association with that wise, strong, loving woman. Miss Singh says, "She opened to me a new world." In those days it was most unusual and remarkable for a girl in India to learn to read. But the thirst for knowledge grew so strong that this young woman in her early teens, with two others in the school, entreated Miss Thoburn to give them the opportunity of higher training, and so it came to pass that the first college classes for Christian girls in Asia were opened and have grown to the present Isabella Thoburn College at Lucknow.

Miss Singh received her degree of A. B. from Calcutta University, and several years later, while doing full work as a teacher, she took the degree of A.M. with honors from the University of Allahabad. She had a love of independence and a strong instinct for truth and honor, so that although she often had not sufficient warm clothing and worked far beyond her strength, her indomitable spirit held her up without accepting a mission scholarship until her high-grade attainments won for her a yearly stipend from the government.

For a year she taught in a government school, but returned to Miss Thoburn on a much smaller salary, discarding the prospect of promotion, so that she might give back some of the blessings she had received to the woman and the school that started her on the quest for life's best things. She sold some cherished personal possessions so that she might help others to the same advantages. "What does jewelry mean to me," she said, "when these girls need educating?" She was educating six. In 1900 Miss Singh visited America with Miss Thoburn and carried captive many hearts. President Harrison's remark after hearing her speak at a meeting in Carnegie Hall, where he presided, has been often repeated. "If

I had given a million dollars to missions, and the result had been only the culture of this one woman, I would consider the money well spent."

For seventeen years she had taught in Lucknow College, impressing upon the students by word and life the high ideals she herself received from Miss Thoburn. Honors fell upon her abundantly. She was sent as the one Indian woman delegate to the World's Student Christian Federation Meeting in Tokyo, Japan, in 1907, and was there appointed chairman of the woman's section of the Federation. Last summer she spent a month at Student Conferences in England and on the Continent. The coming summer she was to have gone to Oxford to a Federation Council Meeting, and to the Students' Conference at Baslow. She came to America last August with the single purpose of benefiting the college of her love at Lucknow. Government requirements for colleges in India have advanced. To fit herself for these higher standards, and because a Harvard degree is looked upon with most favor in India, she proposed to take a post-graduate course in Radcliffe College.

Better buildings are also required by government, so that our buildings of former years do not meet present demands. The government offered to give Rs. 45,000 if Rs. 60,000 could be raised, and with full faith that American friends of Christian education for oriental woman would give this sum. Miss Singh, by public lectures and interviews with individuals, set herself to the task of raising it. It was heavy work, not so successful as her sanguine belief had promised, although a few responded liberally. Not long ago she said with pathetic eagerness, "I would be willing to leave my body in America if I could do this thing for the women of India," and only a few days before her sudden departure she said sadly, "I do not seem to accomplish this by my life, perhaps it may come by my death." There seemed to be a premonition. She was with the committee on Foreign Affairs of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society which met in Evanston, April 24 to May 6, and was bright and hopeful, but it is recalled that when making plans she said more than once, "We will do that, unless I should go to heaven." There was an unusual tenderness in her manner, and a desire to nestle close to her friends as if she felt the need of their strength and sympathy. On Thursday she enjoyed a social luncheon with a few friends, and when they parted she said, playfully, and yet as with a shadow on her heart, "The banquet before the guillotine," and went directly to the hospital. Through the best medical advice and the loving provision of a friend, she placed herself there under the highest surgical skill. But on Sunday evening, with her dear

associate in the college, Miss Florence L. Nichols, by her side, conscious to the last, she peacefully let go of earthly ties and service, and, leaving wistful, wondering, breaking hearts behind her. Radiant with love and love's unending power, Hence on a new quest starts an eager spirit.

Our Needle-work Column.

This sketch illustrates a design which will please the busy housewife, as this shows an admirable style for a morning gown, combining the essentials of neatness, utility, and suitability. The blouse is tucked at the shoulder from the



front to the armhole, the pleat in the centre being a double one, whilst the sleeves are small bishop ones, set with straight cuffs, and can be rolled up as required when engaged in culinary or other domestic work.

The skirt is a three-piece one, with a narrow front width, stitched on to the side seams, which gives the effect of a broad box-pleat; and, as it is of walking length, and not overfull, it is a most useful model. Both skirt and blouse may be made of the same material, or in different fabrics, as may be most convenient. About 3½ yards of 44-inch goods are required for the skirt, and 2 yards for the blouse.

This pattern can be used and adapted by our Indian housewives for use under the graceful sari.

Editorial Note

We have received the following pamphlet from the Isabella Thoburn College, and we are glad to recommend this hostel to our readers. It seems to be under very good management, and seems partly to fulfil one of the many needs of India and thus deserves to be encouraged.

ADMISSION.

This hostel is for unmarried girls and widows.* Only Hindus of higher castes and Mahomedans of respectable families will be admitted.

Each application should be accompanied with a letter of reference with regard to the parent's or guardian's occupation from a missionary or a member of the Civil Service in the district in which the applicant resides.

No student will be admitted for less than three months. In case of withdrawal, a month's notice or a month's payment is required.

Pupils are required to bring with them annually the certificate of a doctor that they are in good health, and have not, so far as can be ascertained, been in contact with infectious diseases. In case the certificate cannot be obtained, the pupil may be examined by the lady doctor attending the College.

Special arrangements will be made for Hindu and Mahomedan ladies living in Lucknow who wish to attend as day-scholars.

ACCOMMODATIONS.

The hostel is built around three sides of the compound, and the whole is enclosed with high walls.

The Preceptress and the Housekeeper have rooms in the hostel.

All cases of illness will be attended by a lady doctor, and the College nurse will have general charge of the health of the pupils.

Purdah is strictly observed. No men are allowed to enter the compound. Only women are employed as servants.

The grounds are tastefully laid out in lawns and flower-beds, with seats under the shade-trees, and swings and a badminton court in the playground.

* In another year it is expected that a hostel will be opened for married ladies.

The dormitory accommodations are of two kinds. For those who pay Rs. 30 a month, single rooms are provided. Each room has a box-room and a verandah adjoining, and is furnished with matting, a durree, a punkah, a bed, a chair, a table, a book-case, a mirror, a row of pegs, a lamp and a flower-vase.

Those who pay Rs. 20 a month room in a large, bright, airy dormitory which is furnished with matting, a durree, lamps, punkahs, and flower-vases. Each pupil will be provided with a bed, a chair, a table, a mirror, a book-case and a row of pegs. A large box-room adjoins this dormitory.

The drawing-room is attractively furnished with books, pictures, and a piano. Each evening the Preceptress or the Principal and the House Mother will spend a social hour here with the students.

Two kitchens are provided, in one of which a Mahommedan woman is employed as cook for Mahommedan boarders, and a high caste Brahmin woman for Hindu boarders.

Two large bathing-rooms are provided.

The buildings are supplied with water from the Lucknow Water-Works.

COURSES OF STUDY.

Those who wish to prepare for the Middle Anglo-Vernacular or the Matriculation examinations, will be admitted to the classes of the Isabella Thoburn High School.

For all others a two years' course in domestic science will be given, on the satisfactory completion of which a certificate will be granted by the Isabella Thoburn College. For this Rs. 5 per mensem will be charged.

In either course half-an-hour's study of the Bible is required as a part of each day's work.

Once a month a lecture illustrated by stereopticon views will be given in the hall of the Isabella Thoburn College. The students of this hostel will be seated in the screened gallery of the hall.

Daily gymnastic exercise under the supervision of teachers is required of all students.

The students will occasionally be taken on excursions and out-door picnics. Closed carriages will be used on such occasions and careful *purdah* arrangements made.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

Housekeeping and Cooking—Miss Singh. Two hours a week in the first year.

This includes instruction in the sanitation, lighting, and ventilation of houses, and the keeping of the rooms in order; also in ordering meals and taking servants' accounts. Lessons will be given in the cooking of both Indian and English dishes.

Plain and Fancy Sewing—Miss Basten. Two hours a week in the first year.

Each pupil will be required to be able to make her own clothes, and also to learn drawn thread work, silk embroidery, and other fancy-work.

Home Nursing—Miss Williams, Miss Singh. Two hours a week in the first year.

Lessons will be given in the preparation and care of the sick-room, use of disinfectants, making of bandages and poultices, use of the clinical thermometer, treatment of simple ailments, and preparation of simple remedies.

Music—Miss Martin. Two hours a week.

Lessons on the pianoforte or the harmonium, or in singing, will be given twice a week to classes of four each. Those wishing individual instruction may obtain it at the usual rates. Pupils will, if they wish, be prepared for the Trinity College examinations in Music.

Gardening—Miss Maya Das. One hour a week.

The laying out of a garden and its proper care, the season for planting flower and vegetable seeds, the cultivation of roses, the use of fertilizers, and pruning and grafting, will be taught in this course.

Arithmetic and Bank Accounts—Miss Vincent. Two and a half hours a week.

Arithmetic in its more practical forms will be taught. The Preceptress will have charge of a bank in which the students will be shown how to deposit their money, to draw cheques, and to keep accounts.

English. Three hours a week.

Besides conversation and the reading of stories, instruction will be given in the writing of telegrams, money-orders, and the forms of business letters. Special attention will be given to composition, both oral and written.

Urdu and Hindi—Miss Singh. Two hours a week.

Study of the text-books, required in these subjects in the Government School curriculum, is required of all pupils.

Drawing and Brush-work—Miss Evans and Miss Maya Das. Two and a half hours a week in the second year.

This work includes easy drawing from nature, imaginative drawing, work with type solids, and study in colour. Simple work in nature study about flowers, fruits, and animals, suited to the seasons, will be given in connection with this course. Some time will also be devoted to the study of pictures and the masterpieces of painting.

Elementary History—Miss Paul. Two hours a week in the second year.

The beginning of history study is made by stories and myths, and by interesting stories of

great men. Pictures of noted characters are collected, which are placed in blank books with short written descriptions.

Elementary Geography—Miss Paul. Two hours a week in the second year.

Elementary geography is introduced by teaching land and water forms, by map-modelling and map-drawing, and the use of pictures. The customs, occupations, and manner of life of the different nations of the world will be studied.

Physiology. One hour a week in the second year.

Elementary physiology is taught with special training as to the care of the body.

GENERAL REGULATIONS.

No student may leave the school without special permission from the Principal.

No student will be allowed to bring servants with her.

Students may see visitors on Saturday afternoons; but only those visitors will be admitted who bring letters of introduction from the parents or guardians.

Every student will be required to write to her home once a week. All letters received and sent will be read by the Principal.

Students will be required to mend their own clothing.

Students may observe the usual hours for private devotions in their own rooms, but no gatherings for either Mahommedan or Hindu religious services will be permitted.

No idols or pictures of idols will be allowed in the rooms.

Students may absent themselves from classes only when permission is given by the Preceptress.

OUTFIT.

All students should be provided with the full outfit. A list of each student's clothes will be taken on her arrival, and all deficiencies will be supplied by the College and charged as extras in the bill.

Each garment should be plainly marked with the owner's name in full.

Each student will be required to keep her own dhobi account, which will be checked by the Matron.

OUTFIT FOR MAHOMMEDAN STUDENTS.

Summer Clothing.—12 Pajamas, 12 Kurtas, 12 Dupattas, 6 Night Gowns, 6 Towels, 12 Handkerchiefs.

Warm Clothing.—3 Warm Pajamas, 3 Warm Kurtas, 3 Baniyas, 2 Warm Chudders.

Miscellaneous.—1 Mattress, 6 x 2½ ft., 1 Pillow, 4 Sheets, 4 Pillow-cases, 2 Blankets (no *rezais* allowed), 1 Box with strong Lock, 1 Wash Basin, 1 Comb, 1 Fine Tooth-comb, 1 Laundry Bag.

OUTFIT FOR HINDU STUDENTS.

Summer Clothing.—12 Saris (or 12 Pajamas with Chudders), 12 Kurtas, 6 Petticoats, 6 Under Bodices, 6 Night Gowns, 6 Towels, 12 Handkerchiefs.

Warm Clothing.—2 Warm Saris (or 3 Warm Pajamas and Chudders, 3 Warm Kurtas, 3 Baniyas.

Miscellaneous.—1 Mattress 6 x 2½ ft., 1 Pillow, 4 Sheets, 4 Pillow-cases, 2 Blankets (no *rezais* allowed), 1 Box with strong Lock, 1 Set of Brass cooking vessels, 1 Wash Basin, 1 Comb, 1 Fine Tooth-comb, 1 Laundry Bag.

EXPENSES.

Annual admission fees, Rs. 2.

Board, Single rooms, Rs. 30 per mensem; Dormitory, Rs. 20.

Tuition Fees, Domestic Science Course, Rs. 5 per mensem.

		Rs. A.	
High School Fees, Pre. A and B,		per mensem	
Class I	"	0	6
" II	"	0	6
" III	"	0	8
" IV	"	0	8
" V	"	0	12
" VII-A	"	1	0
" VII-B	"	1	8
" VIII	"	2	0
" IX	"	2	8
" X	"	3	0

Music.—Music lessons and use of organ for practice Rs. 4 per mensem. Piano instruction and use of instrument for practice Rs. 8. Use of piano for practice Rs. 3.

For further information, address—The Principal, Isabella Thoburn College, Lucknow.

APPLICATION BLANK.

Hindu and Mahommedan Hostel, Isabella Thoburn College.

Name of Pupil.

Address.

Age.

Caste or Religion.

Parent's or Guardian's Occupation.

In what school previously educated.

Rate of board desired.

Course of study desired (High School or Domestic Science).

Names and addresses of friends who may visit the pupil.



What has been done for and by Indian Ladies

We deeply sympathise with our friend Babu Sasipada Banerjee in the loss he has sustained by the death of his youngest daughter Srimati Santimayee Sen. The deceased was a young lady of great promise. At the time of her death which took place at Giridih on the 2nd instant she was only twenty-three. She was the wife of Babu Bisweswar Sen, Asstt. Secretary to the Bengal National Chamber of Commerce. "A poet of no mean order," writes a correspondent of her, "she published in her early teens a booklet containing mostly her beautiful devotional poems. One could count upon her sympathy in a good work. Even in her failing health she for some years zealously acted as Hony. Secretary to the Balya Samaj, an Association for the moral education of children. Following in the footsteps of her elder sister, the late lamented Mrs. Bonalata Debi, she started in the autumn before last a monthly magazine called *Griha Lakshmi* conducted solely by ladies. By her frank manners and amiableness she won the affection and respect of all who came in contact with her. She leaves behind two children and many friends and relations to mourn her loss."

HINDU WIDOWS' HOME ASSOCIATION, POONA.

MONTHLY REPORT FOR MARCH, 1909.

1. Mrs. Athavale did a little work at Upper Mahim and in the health camps near Bombay. One meeting was held at Mahim and two in the health camps.
2. The Weaving and the Knitting Departments are being worked satisfactorily. The Sewing Department is also established. All the clothes for the inmates of the Home are now sewn in this department. Simple clothes, such as sadras and shirts, for people outside are also sewn.
3. Mr. G. M. Duple of Bombay presented a sewing machine worth about Rs. 125.
4. There were 74 visitors during the month, of whom 14 were ladies, 47 gentlemen and 13 advanced students. Of these 32 came from Poona, 11 from the Deccan, 7 from Sindh, 6 from Bombay, 4 from Konkan, 3 each from the Carnatic and the Madras Presidency, 2 each from Berars and the Central Provinces and one each from Bengal, Central India Southern Maratha States and Mysore State. Among the visitors may be mentioned Dr. B. P. Chandanani of Sewhan, Babu Satyendra Nath Aditya of Lucknow and Dr. P. S. Achyut Rao of Bangalore.

5. During the month, the number of subscribers was 138 and their subscriptions amounted to Rs. 646.

Hingne Budruk, }
Poona City. } VENSABAI NAMJOSHI,
22nd April, 1909. } Secretary.

A WIDOW'S RE-MARRIAGE.

A Rai Bareilli correspondent of the *Pioneer* telegraphs:—Babu Kunj Behari Seth, B. A., Subordinate Judge of this place and a member of the well-known Khatri family of Biswan in the Sitapore District, is a practical reformer of the highest courage. He performed the marriage ceremony of his widowed daughter, aged 22, with a member of his community, according to true Vedic rights, in the presence of some select friends, amongst whom were present Pandit Ram Prasad, Munsif of this place, Babus Badrinath and Gauri Shankar, Pandits Gurudayal Tiwari and Biharilal Nehru, Members of the local Bar. Four Pandits, including Shivcharan Lal Jetli, a priest of the Khatri, officiated at the ceremony, which lasted from 8 to 11 p. m. The bridegroom, Lala Ramprasad, B.A., LL.B., is a promising young lawyer practising in the Umballa District. This is the first marriage of its kind amongst the important and respectable Khatri in this part of the country. The bride, bridegroom and the bride's father were heartily congratulated by the assembly at the conclusion of the ceremony.

FEMALE EDUCATION IN POONA.

There was a time when the question of female education met with considerable opposition, both covert and open, from several influential quarters. This was succeeded by a period when the opposition having been abandoned, the movement had largely to depend upon the support accorded to it by the male section of the population. Another and more encouraging sign of the times and one which is a guarantee of the stability of the movement for the advancement of ladies is reported from Poona. In that historic and ancient city of the Peishwas who is also the stronghold of Hindu orthodoxy, an important movement has just been inaugurated by some of the leading Hindu ladies for the mental advancement of their less favoured sisters. It is needless to state that in this as in so many other useful movements Mrs. Ramabhai Ranade, the venerable lady, who is ever on the alert for the uplifting of her countrywomen, is one of the leading figures. With her are associated several prominent ladies such as Mrs. Paranjpe, Mr. Bhamibhai, Bhat, &c., while at the same time the sympathy and co-operation of several leading

AN INTERESTING MARRIAGE

The news of a marriage celebrated on Saturday at Bombay between Syed Abdul Kadir, a worker in the cause of the depressed classes, and Srimati Kalyanibai, of Brahmin parentage, well known for her work in connection with both the Pandharpur Orphanage and the Depressed Classes Mission Society, will be read with some interest. The *Indian Social Reformer* draws some lesson from the incident: "The Muhammadan and the Hindu find common ground for union not in the noisy controversies of politics, but in the beneficent service to the poor and for God."

LADY MINTO VISITS VICTORIA MAY SCHOOL.

On Saturday evening, on the way to Government House from the University Hall, Lady Minto visited the Victoria May Girls' High School. This institution which has not long been opened owes its existence to the desire of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales to impart education to Hindu and Musalman girls. On Her Excellency's arrival a song of welcome, in the vernacular, was sung by one of the pupils, while a procession of children welcomed her. A recitation in Urdu was delivered by another pupil and Her Excellency was garlanded. Lady Minto was then conducted to the main hall, where two pictures of the Prince and Princess of Wales were unveiled by Her Excellency. The Principal read her report and some of the ladies present were introduced to Her Excellency. The school then saluted Her Excellency and an address was read in Urdu by the Malikani Sahiba of Malik Umar Hayat Khan, to which Lady Minto replied. An inspection of the school rooms concluded the visit. Lady Minto's speech is given below:

LADY MINTO'S SPEECH.

"Ladies,—I am very glad to have this opportunity of meeting you here and telling you how sincerely I sympathise with the cause of the education of Indian ladies who cannot attend public schools. I am sure that you all now realise that education is essential for the well-born classes in the Punjab, both men and women, if they are not only to hold their own with their educated fellow-countrymen and countrywomen, but also to play that part in the development of their motherland to which their birth and status call them. The Sardars and gentlemen of the Punjab are freely taking advantage of the excellent education which the Aitchison College and other superior schools and colleges provide. It is imperative, therefore, that their wives that are to be should be able to enter fully into and sympathise with their ambitions and ideals. This they cannot do without being themselves

gentlemen have been enlisted towards ensuring the success of the undertaking.

In this unique organization which is one founded by ladies and conducted by ladies' provision has been made for imparting useful instruction in several subjects. We are told that lessons are given in Arithmetic, English and Marathi (elementary and advanced) while suitable arrangements have been made for teaching knitting, sewing and other useful accomplishments. Nor has the religious side of education been lost sight of. Religious discourses are delivered at regular intervals, texts from Hindu Sacred books are expounded and lives of great men studied carefully and critically.

It is interesting to learn from a letter of a correspondent to the *Indian Social Reformer* which appears in our contemporary's issue of the 21st March 1909 that the ladies attending the classes being conscious of the paucity of competent female lecturers do not fight shy of gentlemen in whom they have confidence and that there are a number of cultured young men who are quite ready to serve their sisters in this respect. It also appears that the meetings are held regularly in the house belonging to Mrs. Ranade who is also defraying a substantial portion of the expenditure incurred. All honour to this truly noble daughter of India who has evidently learned the luxury of doing good!

Such in brief is an account of the latest development of the problem of female education. That it will contribute in a material degree to the advancement of Hindu ladies in Western India goes without saying. The movement is also an interesting object lesson as it demonstrates what can be accomplished in this good cause by the resolute efforts of a handful of ladies, seconded by the sympathy and support of the leaders of Indian Society. It cannot be doubted that if in future, work is carried on in the same sustained and earnest manner which is a pleasing characteristic of the new movement during the short period it has been in existence, the cause of female education in the Bombay Presidency will advance to an extent not yet fully realized. There is no reason to fear, we are thankful to say, that the ardour of the present workers will be relaxed or that adequate precautions will not be taken to ensure the permanence and continuity of the work which has begun so well and under such promising auspices. The names of the ladies already mentioned as well as those of the gentlemen who are cheerfully rendering all the assistance that lies in their power, men like Kolhatkar, Kanitkar, Kelkar, and others are a sure guarantee that the work cannot be in better hands.

* *

educated, and an ill-assorted union cannot make a happy home, which is the greatest blessing that we have. It is true that education can be given at home, but this is expensive and the number of really competent lady teachers in India is, and for some time to come must be very limited. Further, the education imparted by a good school is better than what any one governess can give, and the friendships formed at school often last a lifetime and in India will tend to mitigate that isolation which often hems in a lady's life. For those who desire the education and elevation of their daughters this school offers a great opportunity. It has been founded in commemoration of the visit of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales and was specially selected by Her Royal Highness as the most suitable memorial of her stay in the Punjab. It has the good wishes of the Sikh States, whose generosity enabled a start to be made, and I am glad to see from the paper placed in my hands that other nobles and gentlemen of the Punjab have combined to help. The premises now occupied, though convenient, are not perhaps all that such a royal memorial should be, but it was well to begin in a modest way and so to test the demand for such an education as is contemplated. The results show that the demand exists, and I trust that men of birth and means in the Province will come forward to support the movement liberally, so that as fine a school and college may be opened for the gently-born girls of the Punjab as exists in the Aitchison College for the boys. You have the nucleus of a good teaching staff, and your thanks are due to Miss Western who without remuneration has nursed the school into existence. I know that you have the full sympathy of Lady Dane, and that the Punjab Government is prepared to provide the necessary establishment when the school has once been started and equipped upon a proper footing. It also agrees with you that as in the case of the Aitchison College the course of instruction should be specially fitted to meet the special requirements of your classes. You will I am sure see that this National Memorial is not allowed to become narrowed or sectarian in its views but that it is kept freely open to girls of all creeds provided only that they belong to the classes for which it was intended. Thus and thus only can it grow and flourish. But money is wanted to build and properly equip the school. I appeal to you to see that the money is forthcoming, so that I may be able to tell Her Royal Highness that the memorial of her visit to the Punjab is a splendid success and worthy of the Royal lady whose name it bears and of the generous sympathy which led her to ask that the memorial should be one which would benefit the *purdah* ladies of the Province,

in a way which would not only render their own lives happier but would make them fitter wives and mothers of the leaders of the Punjab, whose bravery and loyalty we all recognise, and whose influence we all desire should in the future, as ever in the past, be marked and predominant in the loyal land of the Five Rivers. I shall have much pleasure in telling Her Royal Highness of my visit to the Victoria May School to-day. I now will perform my pleasant duty of unveiling the two beautiful portraits of them.

A correspondent writes from Cooch Behar—
“The annual distribution of prizes to the girls of the Trinity College came off at 9-30 A.M. on Wednesday the 28th April at the Lansdowne Hall. His Highness the Maharaja of Cooch Behar, C. B., gave away the prizes. Her Highness the Maharani of Cooch Behar, C. I. E., the Maharaj-Kumaris and several respectable ladies were present on the occasion. Besides the ladies, Babus Brojendra Nath Seal, M. A., Amrita Lal Sen, Secretary to the College, Rai Calicadas Dutt Bahadur, the veteran Dewan of the State and Dr. P. K. Roy who had come from Calcutta, were invited on the occasion. Babu Brojendra Nath Seal, M. A., read the annual Report of the College and thanked Their Highnesses for what they were doing to promote female education and congratulated Mrs. Mozoomdar and other lady teachers of the school on the brilliant results shewn by them in the last Middle English, Upper Primary and Lower Primary Examinations. Miss Charu Bala Ghosh who passed the last Upper Primary and Lower Primary Examination and stood first in order of merit in competition with the boys in the whole of Cooch Behar was awarded a gold medal. His Highness made a short speech. He said that girls should learn to love one another as sisters irrespective of caste and creed and have such education as would make them good sisters, good wives and good mothers.”

A FASHIONABLE NAIR MARRIAGE—The marriage of Mr. Ambat Eachara Menon, of Palghat, with the amiable sister of Mr. U. Sankunni Menon, was solemnized at Tiruvannoor, on a grand scale in the presence of a large and select gathering. The arrangements made for the convenience of the guests were very successful in spite of the heavy rain. Important features of the ceremony were the exchange of rings and the garlanding of the bride. The garland was made of gold instead of scented flowers. The bride was the recipient of valuable jewels from the relations of the bridegroom. The newly-married couple have proceeded to Palghat for the honeymoon.

On the 7th March, 1909, was celebrated with great enthusiasm at Lakhimpur, a widow marriage which will mark an era in the conservative Vaish community of Delhi. The bridegroom Munshi Ram Chand comes of a highly respectable family, his father, Mashir-ul-dowla Rai Bahadur Nanak Chand, C. I. E., holding the exalted office of the Prime Minister of the important Native State of Indore. The bridegroom is about 27 years of age and holds the responsible position of Deputy Treasurer, Indore State. The marriage party consisted of over 50 persons belonging to the community, besides many of other communities. The bride aged 14 years is the daughter of Babu Bateswar Nath, head clerk, Treasury Office of Lakhimpur. Her first marriage took place about three years ago, but she became a widow after a few months.

A LADY APOTHECARY:—Miss V. V. Jadaki, a niece of the late Mr. V. V. Kunhi Raman, Sub-Magistrate, has returned to Calicut after passing the L.M.S. from the Madras Medical College. She intends settling down here as a private practitioner. Her enterprise and her success reflect the highest credit on herself and the community to which she belongs, the Medical profession and the lay community will join in wishing her a successful career.

Five Indian lady candidates have passed the First Preliminary and Scientific Examination of Calcutta University under the new regulations. Indian ladies have always taken kindly to medicine, the first batch of Bengali lady graduates being Miss Chandra Mukhi Bose and Mrs. Kadambeni Ganguli, who passed their M.B. with great credit.

The Princess Indiraja of Baroda and her companion, Miss Shantadar Herlekar, are going to appear at the Matriculation Examination of the Bombay University this year.

An attempt is about to be made to send Indian ladies to Japan to learn and introduce domestic industries in Indian homes.

THE GOVT. GIRLS' SCHOOL, PUTHUR (S. CANARA).

The new magnificent building of the Government Girls' School here was completed a few days ago and was handed over to the staff on the 2nd instant and the opening ceremony took place with all grandeur the same evening. The spacious hall was artistically and beautifully decorated by the Mistresses. Numerous Hindu and Christian ladies and the *elite* of the town were present.

Mr. Sitharamaya, M.A., P.C.S., the Deputy Collector, was proposed to the Chair and was garlanded by one of the school pupils.

First, over a dozen girls appeared on the stage and sang the 'Welcome Song,' the front row consisting of seven girls each holding one of the letters of the word 'Welcome' successively and waving the letters (made of roses) and singing and gently dancing in a graceful way. Then followed a varied and interesting programme, each item being more pleasing than the preceding one. The rope-twisting, kolatum, little boys' dance, drill with action songs, and finally a little farce called "The Frog and the Mouse"—all these were performed by the school-children with such a dexterity, skill and gracefulness as to remind the spectators of a "fairy dance" in a Parsee opera. At every step the little children were cheered and applauded by the appreciative audience.

In the end sweetmeats were distributed to the children, and as soon as the reading of the Report by the Headmistress was over, Mr. Sitharamaya made a speech in which he highly eulogised the Headmistress and her assistants both as regards their perseverance and the trouble they had taken in training the little ones, and also as regards the admirable way in which the Mistresses enforced discipline among the children and induced them to work without recourse to the rod.

THE LATE MISS CLARKE.

A public meeting of ladies representing the different Indian communities of Bombay was held in the Town Hall on Monday evening, to record their sense of sorrow at the death of Miss Clarke, the daughter of His Excellency the Governor. The meeting was very largely attended, the hall being filled with ladies, who were for the most part dressed in deep black as a mark of mourning. The front part of the platform was draped in black, and so were the massive pillars supporting the roof. On the platform were seated the promoters of the meeting among whom were: Lady Jehangir, Lady Jamsedjee, Lady Mehta, Mrs. Davar, Mrs. Bomonjee Petit, Mrs. F.S. Taliarkhan, Mrs. R.J. Tata, Mrs. P.N. Patell, Mrs. N.M. Patell, Mrs. Jehangir Petit, Lady Currimbhay, Mrs. Amroodin Tyabjee, Dilshad Begum, Mrs. Moochoolshah, Miss Kumlabai P. Mangaldass, Mrs. Mrs. Rogay Mahamudbhay Currimbhay, Mrs. Noormahomed Jerajbhay, Mrs. Fazulbhay Currimbhay, Ramee Laxmeebai Malha Dwarkadas Dharamsy, Mrs. Chandawarker Rao, Mrs. Lady Vithaldas Thakersey, Mrs. Tri-

bhovanadas Vurjiwandas, Mrs. Nabur, Mrs. Kothare, Mrs. Nanade, Mrs. Rao, Mrs. Lookhmani, and Mrs. Bahadurjee.

On the motion of Mrs. Tribhovardas Vurjiwandas, seconded by Miss Faiz B. Tyabji, Lady Jamsetji Jijibhoy was voted to the chair.

Lady Jehangir stated that numerous telegrams and letters had been received from prominent Indian ladies expressing sympathy with the object of the meeting. Resolution passed at similar meetings held in the city as well as in the Presidency had also been communicated to the promoters of the Bombay ladies' meeting. Her Highness the Maharani of Bhavnagar had sent the following telegraphic message through Mr. Stanley Reed, editor of the "Times of India": "Pray convey my hearty sympathy with the object of to-day's ladies' meeting *re* Miss Clarke's memorial." Mrs. D. J. Tata, Mrs. Mulraj Khatau, Mrs. Hussein B. Tyabji, Mrs. Rustomji Byramji Jijibhoy and others, who were unavoidably absent, also forwarded letters of sympathy.

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH.

Lady Jamsetji in addressing the meeting said: A public meeting of ladies is a very unusual event in the history of Bombay. But, the event that has called us together in this Hall to-day is equally unusual and unusually sad. To be deprived not only of the company, but of the help, sympathy and encouragement of one, to whom we all looked as a friend, is in itself sad. But the thought that the one whose loss we all bemoan has been taken away from us in the very bloom of her life, adds to the sadness of our grief. The death of Miss Clarke has cast a gloom but only among many of us who knew her personally but among all the women of this great Presidency, who had begun to see that in the daughter of the Governor of this Presidency they had found a real friend of the womanhood of this country. It is often said, that a touch of sympathy towards the people of the country is what is sadly wanted among some of our administrators to make their administration more successful. Nobody has said that with better grace than the son of our beloved Sovereign, the Prince of Wales. We all know how eminently and how abundantly that good quality of sympathy is possessed by our esteemed Governor. His heart is overflowing with sincere sympathy for the teeming millions whom Providence has placed under his charge. He looks with sympathy, not only towards the noble aspirations of the articulate select and elect of the soil, but also towards the wants and sufferings of the inarticulate mute mass of the country at large. But however noble and heroic the effort of our Governors and of other members of

the administration in this direction may be, it can be safely said at least, it can be safely said by us, women, that the influence excited by the ladies of their families is far-reaching. It is, as it were, the influence of the home of a Governor upon the homes of hundreds and thousands of his subjects. The chord of sympathy in such a case rings inside an Indian home as beautifully as outside it.

SCHOOL PRIZE-DISTRIBUTION AT HYDERABAD.

On Wednesday there was a prize distribution of the Municipal girls' schools at the Gidumal Sanskrit Patshala. The hall was prettily decorated for the occasion and a large number of ladies and a few gentlemen were present. Just before 6-30 p.m. Mrs. Hamidali accompanied by her husband and another lady arrived. The programme opened with a hymn by some four school girls accompanied on the harmonium by Miss Sarasvati Khanchand. After another hymn the Secretary of the Hyderabad Municipality read the report in Sindhi of the six schools, three for Hindu and three for Muslim girls which exist in Hyderabad. After another hymn, Mrs. Hamidali distributed prizes to various girls of the different schools; some of the prizes were very good, consisting of gold or silver articles, cash books, toys and embroidered work done by the girls themselves. At the end of the distribution of prizes some girls sang the national anthem. Mrs. Hamidali made the following remarks:—Ladies and Gentlemen,—“I consider it a great honour to be asked to preside at this gathering. I sincerely thank the Municipal School Board and desire to express my pleasure at seeing you all here to-day. The question of women's education is becoming of more and more importance every day and everywhere and nowhere does it loom as large in the horizon as it does in new India at the present time. It is a very hopeful sign that educated women also are waking up and realising their share and responsibilities in helping this movement which is of such vital interest to themselves and to the coming generation. There is an old and oft repeated saying, but nevertheless true, that “the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.” It is absolutely essential for a nation, if it is to be strong and well equipped for the battle of life, that the hand which rocks its cradle should be a hand which has a heart as well as a mind to guide it. I am proud to lay claim on the heart on behalf of Indian womanhood, but for the mind, alas! That is another story. It is with a feeling of gratitude (which means an eager anticipation for more favours to come) and hopefulness that we look on such work as has

been done and is being done by the Municipal School Board. The opening of schools for girls—Hindus and Mussulmans—must in these days be considered almost as a charitable work. There is such a dearth of them. I am very glad to hear of the progress made by the Hindu Girls' Schools and I trust that next year's report will contain as good an account of the Mussulman schools as well. At present I am sorry to see that the number of Muslim girls attending the schools is very small. I know it is an uphill work inducing children to come to school or rather getting their parents to send them to school, and it is even more difficult to get good reliable teachers. It is a matter of congratulation for the School Board that they have in a great measure got over both their difficulties. In conclusion I will wish all the children joy and usefulness in their future lives, and I trust they will take full advantage of the education which has been provided for them by their well wishers.”

After a vote of thanks proposed by Mr. Premchand Awatrai and Mai Thabai, the oldest lady teacher in the Province, the gathering dispersed.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN INDIAN WOMEN'S PROTEST. The Johannesburg ladies have contributed the following pathetic letter to the Press, which speaks for itself:—

Sir,—A meeting of Indian women recently held in Johannesburg has desired us, on their behalf, as well as on our own, to write to the Transvaal papers.

This meeting consisted of women of all ages, classes and religions, many of whom are at the present time without their husbands and sons, who are serving terms of imprisonment for the right to live and be free.

Women everywhere and at all times have had to suffer in this way, that their children may live upright, honest and free lives; and we will suffer and endure for our children in like manner.

There cannot be any possibility of happiness or comfort or security for us, unless this cause wins, and so we must help to fight in the only way we can, by uncomplainingly enduring and encouraging our sons and husbands to continue till the end.

Nearly all of us wish most devoutly that we could be with our husbands in gaol, we have no joy outside. And for those of us who have not enough to eat for ourselves and children, can we not look to British women for a little sympathy? Women in England are suffering imprisonment for the right to vote; we are enduring much greater sorrow for the simplest of all rights, the right to live as we believe our religions teach us to do.

We are, etc.,

(Sd.) Mrs. Imam A.K. Rawazeer,

(Sd.) Mrs. M. K. Gandhi,
,, Mrs. D. N. Cama,
,, Mrs. D. Ernest,
,, Mrs. T. Naidoo.

News and Notes.

THE LIFE OF JAPAN'S COURT LADIES.—A most interesting description of the life of the ladies about the Japanese Court is given by the "Jogaku Sekai."

"There are more than 300 Court ladies in the Imperial Court. They are divided into five ranks—to wit "Tenji, Gon, Tenji Shoji, Gon-shoji, and Myofu" and their duties consist in looking after the Imperial wardrobes and furniture. The ladies of the higher ranks are called "Danna-san" (Master) by their subordinates, who in turn are given the common appellation "Shimmyo," or "needle girl." The 'Danna' have their own apartments of five or eight rooms, and are usually attended by four subordinates or 'Shimmyo.'

LONG HOURS AND STRICTNESS.

"Some of the 'Danna' are in attendance on the Imperial Majesties from 8 A.M. until 10 P.M., others in turn being occupied from 10 P.M. till 10 A.M. The strictness and severity practised by these ladies who serve the Imperial personages are beyond imagination. Even when they are nominally at liberty they are hedged round by all sorts of restrictions. Indeed, in their sleep they must never lie flat on their backs, never stretch out their hands, and must lie 'like a twisted skein.'

"The daily tasks of the 'Shimmyo' who serve the 'Danna' are by no means light. They get up at five and clean the rooms, arrange the toilet articles in their allotted place, the hair-dressing requisites, looking glass, powder, red and white paint, brushes, wash bowls, and tubs. When the 'Danna' wakes up and takes her seat on the silk crepe cushion, the 'Shimmyo' courteously wishes her 'good morning.'

BREAKFAST FOOL.

"After the lapse of one hour, which is spent in the toilet, breakfast is served. The tray is full of small dishes most tastefully arranged. Court ladies place more importance on the neat arrangement of the table than on the actual taste of the dishes. Several kinds of pickles, edible seaweed, heated salt, and sour plums always embellish the tray. The chop-sticks are usually of ivory or of silver, but the ladies have three sets, one for vegetarian food, one for meat and

fish eating, and the third to be used only for food presented by the Imperial personages. Court ladies are allowed to eat anything according to their taste with the one exception of onions. The smell of onions is abhorred by Court ladies, and should any one partake of the obnoxious bulb she is certain to be in bad odour with her colleagues for a long time.

WOMAN'S HEROISM—One of the most courageous acts of self-sacrifice and heroism that has ever been reported to the Royal Humane Society of Australasia came under the notice of the Court of Directors at the last meeting at Melbourne. The story bristles with sensation.

The Goulburn Valley train, which left Seymour at 9:20 A.M. on December 4th last, had almost reached the level crossing about two miles south of Warring Station, when the engine-driver (Michael Keane) and the fireman (Arthur A. Siedel) noticed a little child aged 3½ years on the line a short distance ahead. The driver promptly opened the throttle of the engine as a warning. The screech of the whistle attracted the attention of Mrs. Lavinia Kennedy, the wife of Thos. Kennedy, a fine repairer, who on looking out of the door of her gatekeeper's cottage saw the little girl, Eileen Keane, on the rail at the cattle-pit by the crossing. The train was travelling at the rate of 25 miles an hour, and was within 15 yards of the child. She made a dash forward, and heedless of the risk to herself sprang in front of the approaching train. She jumped on to the cattle-pit, and throwing her body across one of the logs seized the child, snatched it almost from under the wheels of the engine, and dropped with it on to the bars of the pit. Even then her position was most hazardous, for she was lying partly in the cattle-pit and partly across the log, and wedged therein by the barbed wire protecting the pit. Her head was within nine inches of the rail, and the wheels were sweeping her hair as the train passed over her. The engine was pulled up, and the fireman went back to see how the woman and child had fared. In the statutory declaration furnished to the Society the fireman said: "To my great and glad surprise I found that both were uninjured. A brave and heroic deed it was, for an instant's hesitation or a slip of any sort would have meant certain death to both, as the train was travelling over 20 miles an hour."

The Directors were unanimous in granting the first gold medal they have ever awarded to a woman.

LORD CURZON AND WOMEN VOTERS.—At a meeting at Ashbourne, Derbyshire, held to form a local branch of the Women's National Anti-Suffrage League, a letter was read from Lord

Curzon, who said, "I believe that a large majority of educated and thoughtful women in England, and probably also a majority of all adult women in the country, are opposed to the grant of the Parliamentary vote to their sex. The question is whether it is desirable for the Empire or the country, or for men or for women in general, that the political disqualification should be removed from the female sex. I should emphatically say that it is undesirable. If the vote is given to them the time must come when the predominant political force in the British Empire will be wielded by women. I am not prepared for this. I am not prepared that the destinies of India and the Colonies or, for matter of that, of the United Kingdom, should, in the last resort, be swayed by the feminine vote. Men have to fight the battles, extend the frontiers, conduct the administration, and bear the burdens of Empire. Woman's sphere lies elsewhere."

Some years ago, when Queen Maud of Norway—who celebrated her birthday recently—was still a Princess, and was staying with Queen Victoria at Osborne, she visited a bazaar at Shanklin, where she assisted at one of the stalls. Presently a young military officer walked up, and, after making some small purchase, tried hard to get into conversation with Her Royal Highness. His efforts failed signally, but he made one last attempt. "I am sure I know you," he said. "Do your people live in this neighbourhood?" No; I am staying with my grandmother" was the Princess's reply. "Oh, then, I dare say I know her—I know most of the people about here," said the officer, rather patronizingly. "What is her name? I will look her up." "Queen Victoria," came the crushing reply. And the importunate officer beat a hasty retreat, while a mischievous smile played round the lips of Princess Maud.

The Women's Medical Society of Pittsburg, Pa., was lately organized at West Liberty. Dr. Adeline M. Watson presided. At its next meeting officers will be chosen.

In Sweden, a bill giving full suffrage to women on the same terms as to men, and making them eligible to office, has been introduced in Parliament by Mr. Staaff, the leader of the Liberal party, and is supported by the whole executive committee of that party. Mr. Staaff, in his speech, reminded Parliament that women had already been given the municipal vote, and had lately been made eligible to important public offices.

A DARING LADY EXPLORER.—Probably no other lady has such a record of exploration as Mrs. French-Seldon, who, amongst other claims to distinction, possesses that of having been the first woman elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. In addition to three journeys round the world, she has personally conducted more than one African expedition and has travelled alone on the Congo. Mrs. Workman, too, has accomplished wonders among the Himalayas, where she and her husband, in 1903, attained an altitude of 23,394 ft., and Miss Gordons Cumming has also climbed many of the almost inaccessible peaks among the mountains of Northern India and Tibet.

"If we judge women capable of being town councillors, university professors, and physicians in the service of the State, there is no sense in pretending that they are too 'immature' to take part in electing members of Parliament, or even to be elected."

The Socialists also have put in a woman suffrage bill and a third bill has been introduced even in the Conservative Upper House by the Hon. Albert Bergstrom. A majority of the members of the Lower House are pledged to vote for women suffrage, and the Committee on Constitutional Amendments has just brought in a report in favor both of Parliamentary suffrage for women and of women's eligibility.

A married woman in Louisiana does not own her own clothes. Judge W. W. Ferguson pointed out this among other legal inequalities, in an address given last week before the Era Club of New Orleans. The late Mrs. Caroline E. Merrick, widow of the Chief Justice of Louisiana, was a strong advocate of votes for women. In commenting upon a married woman's inability to own any apparel, she used to say that the suffragists were often accused of wanting to wear their husband's clothes, but they did not; what they wanted was to wear their own.

A Munich servant girl has given notice because she says her mistress persists in playing classical music for a couple of hours every morning, although she has not the slightest notion how it should be interpreted.

A Dresden girl named Lachmon has broken off her engagement because her 'fiance', who is an engine-driver, refuses to promise that he will never have anything to do with airships.

Twenty-three Massachusetts cities have voted in favor of playgrounds for the children. The average vote stood about five to one.

The women of Deerfield, Mass., took a hand in the recent election for members of the school committee. They cast 107 ballots.

At the reception given by the Professional Women's League of New York in celebration of the organization's sixteenth birthday, one feature was a birthday cake of sixteen layers, each separate, layer baked by a different theatrical star.

Over 1,000 representative women from 26 counties of New York State appeared before the judiciary committee of both Houses of the Legislature at Albany on behalf of the amendment striking the word "male" from the suffrage clause of the State Constitution.

The women of Columbus, Ind., have started a petition to Mrs. Taft to follow the example set by Rutherford B.

GIRL BRIDES IN KOREA.—At a period when girls in Christian lands are in school, the Korean girls are married women; for they usually marry between the ages of fourteen and eighteen years. There is no fixed age for the marriage of either boys or girls, except that they should marry as early as possible. Boys will marry as early as nine years of age, though the rule is for a later age, from twelve to twenty. It is usual for the bride to be older than her husband.

All Korean girls get married; for to them wedding is destiny. There are no old maids in the land.

For the auspicious event of marriage the bride is dressed as she never was before, and never will be again. Her hair and eyebrows, that grew unmolested until this day, are dressed and put up in a new fashion. Her face is covered with rice powder until it is quite white, relieved by a circular red spot on each cheek and on her forehead. Her skirt is flaming red in color, and her jacket green or yellow. Her hands are wrapped in a red napkin, and on her head is placed the crown of nobility. It is not unusual that her eyelids are glued together for the ceremony; so that she does not behold her husband until after she becomes his wife.

The bridegroom appears in court costume, consisting of a robe of dark green silk worn by officials, palace boots and a court hat with wings of horsehair net, a hoop belt of tortoise shell about his waist, and the stock-embroidered squares of silk worn by officials on his back and chest. He

rides on a white horse, among his attendants being one who carries a wild goose, the symbol of faithfulness.

On arriving at the bride's house, the bride and groom are brought into each other's presence, and the bridegroom beholds the bride for the first time. The bride will see him later.—*Rev. George Heber Jones.*

A Woman's Congress was recently held in Bulgaria, at Sofia. Madame Pateva said that thirty years ago there had been no thought of women making any claim to political rights. Now they have attained to greater maturity in political matters than men had at that time. Their model associations and philanthropic institutions bear testimony to the activity of women. Now they must agitate and speak at public meetings on behalf of the communal franchise, and must try to get some women included in the lists drawn up by the Liberal organizations. Above all they must fight for their rights and not beg them as favors. These sentiments were warmly approved by the meeting, which passed the following resolution: "That this Congress approves the proposal to work for the communal franchise, and empowers the committee to organize the agitation in its favor."

THE WOMEN'S VOTE IN DENMARK.—Mrs. Johanne Munter writes from Copenhagen to Women's Franchise:

"Yesterday for the first time women took part in the municipal elections. In Copenhagen 42 members were to be elected on the Citizens' Representatives Board; and of the 126,461 electors of the city, 95,319 recorded their votes. Seven women were elected. Of these two are Socialists; two (Mrs. Thora Knudsen and Mrs. Vibeke Salicath), both very capable women, were on the joint Conservative and Liberal list; two on the Radical list (Mrs. Harbon Hoff, a doctor, and Mrs. Arenholt, an engineer); while one was elected from a list which, in the last few days, had branched out from the Conservative and Liberal list.

"We have done well, though we have not quite taken a fourth part of the seats on the Council, as was done at Reykjavik in Iceland.

"The women were eager electors, and often in the majority. It was a pleasant sight in the early morning hours to see the procession of husbands and wives go side by side to the polls. All seemed so happy to have the women taking their part in the elections.

"As usual, the Socialists had a majority of votes, and won 20 of the 42 seats. Their supremacy was in no way affected by the

women's votes. In the neighboring town, Frederiksberg, the Conservative and Liberal party defeated the Socialists, and the same thing has happened in other town and parish councils. On many of them, no woman gained a seat; on some there are one or two. The political question is considered the essential thing, no matter whether it is men or women who are elected. That, at any rate, shows a unity of standpoint between them."

"TAKES ON VANITY": AMERICAN LADIES' SELF-DENYING ORDINANCE.—The feminine half of America is apparently about to arise in its wrath and smite the unchivalrous authors of the so-called "Fluffy Rules" features of the Payne Tariff Bill. In Chicago members of ladies' clubs have solemnly pledged themselves to discontinue wearing kid gloves if the proposed increase in the tariff on them is enforced. In New York a federation of women's clubs has summoned a mass meeting to protest against the iniquitous burdens about to be imposed on articles of feminine apparel and vanity. What particularly enrages the ladies is the fact that the proposed duty is in proportion to the length of the gloves. At this afternoon's meeting of the Federation one indignant lady orator pointed out that the duty on men's socks was to remain the same. "Why should they victimise us?" she asked. Scores of speakers are already announced for the mass meeting.

The first woman ever elected to any public office in France is Madame Clemence Jusselin, who not long ago was returned as a Parisian "Councillor." She becomes a commercial judge entitled to decide in trade disputes. The lady is a dressmaker, and was put up by the representatives of her profession. Four other women candidates sought election, but were defeated. Madame Jusselin has been elected almost entirely by men. The new law, which came into force only a few weeks ago, both renders women eligible to the "councils of honest men" and extends the franchise to women for elections to those bodies. But the latter privilege was hardly used at all by the thousands of Frenchwomen employed in trade or managing businesses of their own, and had it not been for the male vote not even one of the female candidates would have passed.

POLICE BAN ON BRIDGE PLAYING.—The growth of gambling among women in America (writes a New York correspondent) is greatly exercising the minds of the clergy and university professors of Chicago, who declare that the country "abounds with gambling mothers." Bridge-playing is said

to have invaded the church-going public to an appalling extent.

Women are described as willing rather to abandon the church than to give up card-playing. Many clergymen, rather than lose their congregations, have been forced to compromise, and have proposed to their lady members that they devote their winnings to the church. Ladies are described as going straight from church on Sundays to bridge parties.

A Chicago police edict now places under the ban of the gambling laws "Chinch, whist, and euchre parties at which the trophies are cut glass and chinaware, as well as bridge and poker parties at which high monetary stakes are the prizes."

A lady correspondent writes as follows in a recent issue of this journal announcing that a woman gardener in America claims the credit of succeeding in the cultivation of a thornless rose tree:—"We had several totally thornless rose trees, producing roses of very sweet scent, and of about six inches in diameter, but the last cyclone destroyed all our lovely trees. We managed, however, to preserve two slips, from which we succeeded in raising two trees, one of which is flourishing and produces roses almost the size of those of the parent tree. The second tree so raised is, I regret, not thriving as well as we could wish. A thornless rose tree would therefore appear not to be the phenomenon, it is apparently claimed to be."

Mrs. Russell Sage, with others, has bought forty-eight acres of land to be covered with model tenements.

Mrs. Clara N. Rakestraw is recommended by the Toledo W. S. A. for appointment on the board of visitors to State institutions. They say women are needed on the board.

Rev. Anna H. Shaw will sail on April 10 for London, to attend the meeting of the International Suffrage Alliance. Miss Lucy E. Anthony and Miss Caroline Crossett will accompany her.

Mrs. Florence Howe Hall lately talked to the Swarthmore College students on Whittier. She told of her mother's intimacy with the Quaker poet, and also gave personal recollections of him.

Mrs. Eliza Hall of Melrose, Mass., has become an inventor at the age of 75. Several months ago she fell and broke her ankle, through catching her foot in her underskirt. While confined to her bed, Mrs. Hall began to think of a plan to prevent such accidents. She has devised a skirt-holder, for which she fashioned the model with her own hands. It comprises a

small belt for the waist, with a strong clasp. From it depend four holders, which may be adjusted to any position. At the end of each holder is a clasp which grips the skirt at any desired place, and holds it so securely that the garment cannot escape.

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor is visiting America in the interest of Irish industries. She hopes to open a market for the fine linen, embroideries and other home-made productions that are so much more beautiful and durable than machine-made fabrics. Mrs. O'Connor heartily approves of the militant suffragettes (whose actions are not nearly so absurd as the yellow journals have reported them). She predicts that women will have the full franchise in England within five years. Mrs. O'Connor says Englishmen respect a woman who has the courage to go to prison for her principles. At the suffrage ball, she said, everybody wanted to have the honor of dancing with Christabel Pankhurst. "Men fought and begged for even half a dance on her program."

Princess Eleanor Lazarevich, who has for some years been a leader in many ways in Serbia, recently gave an address in New York regarding the status of women in her country. According to her report, equal education for women was universally established in 1850, and there are now ten colleges in which women receive the baccalaureate degree, and are thus qualified to enter the University. Also there are numerous agricultural and commercial colleges open to women on equal terms with men. All the professions, excepting law, are freely open to women, and so are practically all places in the public service. Women are employed by the government in nearly all capacities. There is a National Women's Federation, which has for its organ a magazine called "The Home Woman."

Mrs. Mary Tierney has been appointed collector of ashes and garbage at Bayside, Long Island, N. Y., in place of her husband, who has lately died.

Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins Freeman is reported as saying that, if the suffrage petition which was lost in the mail had reached her, she would have signed it.

Mrs. Alma V. Lafferty, the only woman in the Colorado Legislature, gives in the N. Y. American of March 24 an entertaining account of her experiences in getting improved legislation for women and children.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, president of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance, has left London for South-eastern Europe on a lecture tour. A Berlin dispatch says that the newspapers of that city express alarm over the coming of Mrs. Catt the last of this month. They declare that she will begin a suffragette crusade and disturb the peace, and they urge the German women to lend no countenance to her agitation.

Mrs. Rose R. Jamieson has applied for appointment as a district water commissioner in Pueblo County, Colorado, and the board of County Commissioners has certified her application to the Governor. Gov. Shafroth was somewhat surprised; but, after thinking the matter over, decided that there was no reason why a woman should not hold the place, and told her he would consider her application. Mrs. Jamieson is a widow. She is running a ranch, and is supporting her two children and her mother.

Mrs. Huntley Russell of Grand Rapids has secured, among other signatures to the national suffrage petition, those of the Governor of Michigan, the Lieutenant-Governor, the Secretary of State, the Auditor General, the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, the State Land Commissioner, the Secretary of the State Board of Health, and the chairman of the Railroad Commission. Michigan last year gave all women who pay taxes a vote on questions of local taxation and the granting of franchises. It is a progressive State on the woman question.

Mrs. Elinor Westcott received the highest number of votes for township tax collector at a recent Republican caucus in Tioga County, Pa. Her eligibility was questioned, and Attorney General Todd has decided that a woman cannot serve, and that Mrs. Westcott's name cannot be placed on the official ballot. It is often said that the lack of a vote is no practical disadvantage to a woman; but every little while the papers tell of a woman's being barred out from some position that she wants to hold, and that the men want to have her hold—barred out simply because non-electors are not legally eligible.

Mrs. Henry C. Townsend, who died recently at her home in Philadelphia, was one of the most remarkable women in the city, being widely known for her patriotic work during the Civil War and her abiding interest in many progressive movements. She was 83 years old. During the Civil War she was very active in the sanitary fairs and Ladies' Aid Societies. She was a prominent member of the various women's committees which helped to make the Centennial

Exposition of 1876 a great success. In 1890 she organized the New Century Stock Company, which raised the money to build the present House of the New Century Club, of which she was an organizer. She also prepared the plans for the building. She assisted in founding the Home for Infants and the Home for Incurables. She was exceedingly benevolent, but performed most of her charitable acts in such a way that they did not become known.

WOMEN AS STREET-CLEANERS.—In Washington, last week, a large number of prominent women, including wives of Representatives and Senators, turned out and supervised a thorough cleaning of the streets. They had vainly called the attention of the authorities to the amount of dirt and litter, so they decided to attend to the matter themselves. So far as possible, one woman was found in each block to enlist the other women in the block, and a notable clearing up was effected.

We do not read of such things happening in any of the equal suffrage States. There, when the women have paid their taxes to have the streets cleaned, they do not have to turn in and do the cleaning themselves.

Miss Mary Lewis of Philadelphia has left \$5,000 to the Hospital of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania.

Mr. George Nicholls, M.P., tells an amusing story about the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. A man wrote to a member of Parliament, asking with much concern, "Now that you have the Deceased Wife's Sister Act passed, is it compulsory? I mean," added the anxious inquirer, "if my wife dies, am I forced to have her sister?" This is commended to women who object to the suffrage bill on the ground that it would impose a burden on them.

Here is something great. Three hundred young women of Chicago who are to be teachers have been examined and found physically perfect. This is a larger proportion than have ever before stood the required test. The New York Normal School conducted a series of inquiries which showed that nineteen-twentieths of girl pupils are taller than their mothers. With our young men deteriorating as they are in size and physique, nothing can save the race but this improving womanhood. But what if they should refuse to marry inferior specimens of men?

AMERICA, the land of surprises, supplies an anomaly in a woman M. F. H., a Miss Mary Page, a young lady of Philadelphia, having assumed that office in a Hunt Club of Chester country. Miss Page is described as an accomplished horse

woman, who has followed the hounds for several seasons and has won several prizes at horse-jumping contests.

Olive Schreiner is about to bring out a book entitled "Closer Union for South Africa." It deals with the political situation.

Mrs. Sallie J. McCall has left 50 shares of Cincinnati Street Railway stock to the National American Woman Suffrage Association.

WOMEN LAWYERS.—Miss Philaethia Stella Michelson, a wealthy young attorney at-law of Los Angeles, Cal., has become associated with William R. George in the work to establish George Junior Republics in every part of the country. Miss Michelson will shortly go to Freeville, N. J., to study the work there, and will then proceed from State to State assisting in organizing the Republics.

Last Sunday's Boston *Globe* had a symposium on "How would woman suffrage affect government?" from four women lawyers—Miss Caroline J. Cook, chairman of the Legislative Committee of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, Miss Amy F. Acton, Mrs. Theresa A. Crowley, chairman of the Legislative Committee of the Massachusetts, U. S. A., and Miss Eliza W. M. Bridges. They contribute four interesting articles, and they all agree in thinking that women, when they wish to influence legislation, are at a disadvantage for want of the ballot. Miss Cook's opinion on this point carries especial weight, in view of her large experience in conducting the legislative work of the federated club women.

Send five cents in stamps to the Boston *Globe* and get the whole symposium.

Mrs. Olive N. Eustaphive, corresponding secretary of the Professional and Business Women's Club of Buffalo, N. Y., stands at the head of the civil service list in that city, and when a clerkship became vacant recently in the city treasurer's office, her friends naturally thought that she ought to be appointed to it. City Treasurer Neil McEachren, however, did not want a woman. He is reported in the Buffalo *Commercial* as saying: "She could do the work all right. In fact, she is an exceptionally bright young woman, is a Smith College graduate, and has had a fine business training. It's my personal feeling in the matter. I'm against having a woman in this office." Mr. McEachren already has a woman in the office as stenographer, but he said a clerk was a very different matter (different in having a higher salary, probably), and he has passed over Mrs. Eustaphive and appointed a

man who ranked lower on the civil service list. And still we are told that "woman suffer no injustice in America."

Mrs. Rheta Childe Dorr was commissioned six months ago by Hammyton's Magazine to investigate infant mortality in this country. The result is an article in the April issue that shows an appalling waste of life. Mrs. Dorr appeals for a better solution of the milk problem, which is one with the problem of infant mortality.

Mrs. Lucy E. Peabody of Denver has been appointed deputy registrar of the Colorado State Board of Land Commissioners. Mrs. Peabody is a trained worker, having held a government position at Washington previous to her marriage. She is widely known through her earnest efforts to have the ancient cliff dwellings in southwestern Colorado preserved by including them in the Mesa Verde National Park.

Miss Martha E. Johnson has just been re-elected for her fourth term as tax-collector of Laconia, N. H. She is the only women tax-collector in New England, and has won the united approval of her fellow-citizens for the efficient way in which she has performed her duties. Miss Johnson is said to be one of Laconia's most popular young women. She is a graduate of the Laconia High School, and an active member of the Laconia Woman's Club.

Miss Ethel M. Arnold, at a lecture given by her recently in Boston, said she had noticed one great difference between the suffrage movement here and in England. Here everybody, whether opposed or in favor, told her that woman suffrage was coming. In England the opposition is much fiercer, and the opponents declare that it never shall come, that they will not let out. She said she had come here with a preconceived idea that in America there was very little interest in the question, but she found everywhere a keen interest and a general opinion that this interest had grown greatly within the past year. "If my sister had made her visit to America now instead of twelve months ago, I do not believe she would have gone back reporting that the movement was dead, and when I get home I shall tell her so," said Miss Arnold.

Mrs. Robley D. Evans, wife of the rear admiral who is affectionately known as "Fighting Bob," accompanies her husband on his lecture tour. In Spokane, Wash., Mrs. Evans was interviewed the other day by a local paper as to her views on woman suffrage. She is reported as saying: "Women should be given the ballot. 'Taxation without representation' was the cry that stirred

the men of 1776, and the same sentiment is applicable to women to-day. When very young I read 'The Subjection of Women,' by John Stuart Mill. The points in favor of suffrage are unanswerable." Mrs. Evans is domestic in her tastes, and spends much time at home with her children. She is a musician and an accomplished linguist. When her children were young, she taught them French, using the language almost entirely at home, in order to help them learn it.

Ida Falbe-Hansen, one of the most brilliant women in Denmark, was shown many honors at the celebration of her sixtieth birthday a short time ago. She was a pioneer in the work of

higher education for women, overcoming innumerable obstacles to gain admission to the university. After years of toil she succeeded and obtained the highest degree. All that she gained she has been using for the reformation of the school system. As teacher in the Normal College of Copenhagen, she has prepared skilled and advanced teachers, and her influence in educational matters is great. Since 1903 she has been General Supervisor of the Public Schools of Denmark, the first woman to hold this position. It is almost needless to add that she is a staunch suffragist. It is pleasant to think that she has lived to see Danish women given a vote for all officers but members of Parliament.

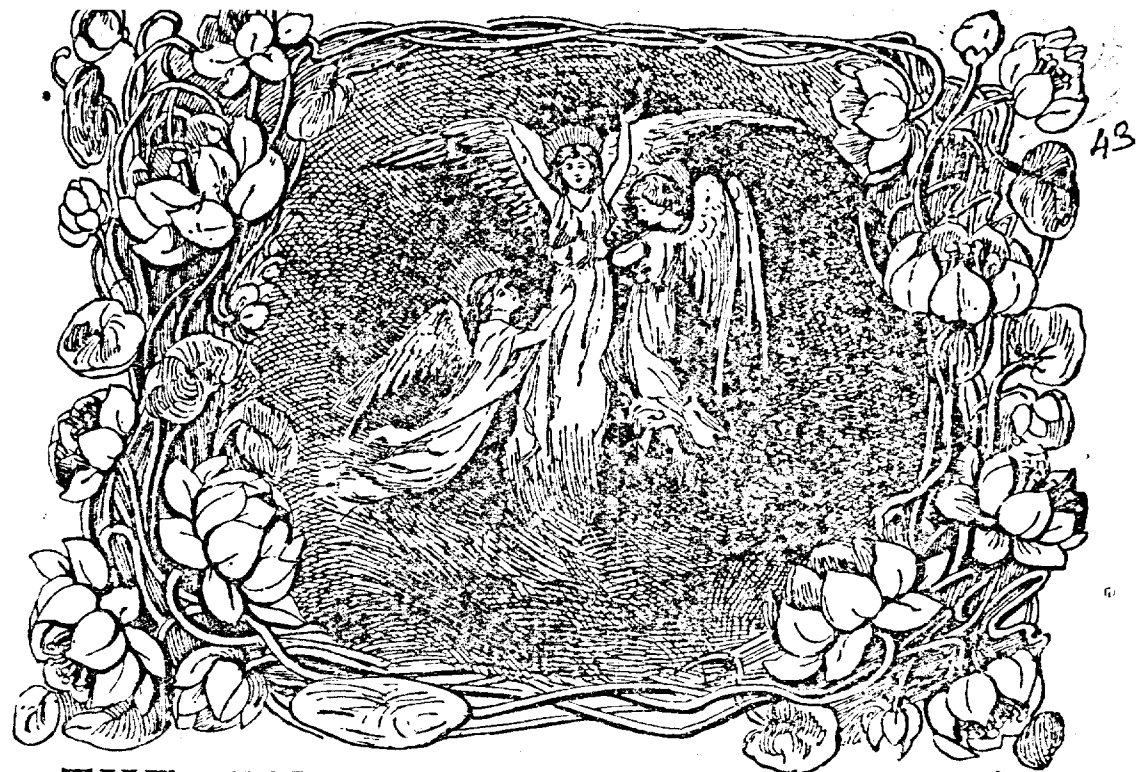
THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

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(See page 53)



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. IX]

AUGUST, 1909

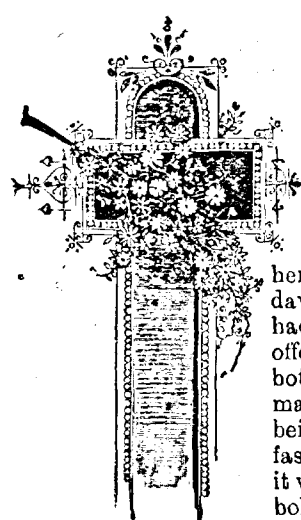
[No. 2

THE SONG OF THE SEA

All round the bay the purple cliffs stand high from time primeval,
As some huge army marshalled forth by Titan's trumpet-blast ;
When gods of old in fury fell, with thunderous upheaval,
Smote with the powers of outraged might the serried ranks aghast.
Hearken ! From chasmed depths that Time hath worn through rocky kernel,
Rises and falls unceasingly, one long, long shuddering moan ;
As if within these fastnesses some spark of life eternal
Yet called upon relentless Jove to break the bonds of stone.
When Ocean, waging ceaseless war, flings challenge up to Heaven,
Whose cloudy legions thunder back the answer of the skies ;
Above the din of elements and waters tempest-driven,
With strange persistent longing do the crooning echoes rise.
And when the world seems all aglow with summer's golden buoyance,
And rippling smiles awake from out the shimmer of the waves ;
When hearts leap out to mingle with the universal joyance,
Go where we may, it follows us, the song of the sounding caves.
For it voices forth the deathless cry of many a mighty nation,
A cry of trembling agony, and strange unknown desire ;
Wild laughter, hidden wailings, and a sound of jubilation,
And over all, the voice that cries, " Higher, and ever higher ! "
And a time must come when cliffs shall fall where foams the brine uproarious,
And Ocean's anger lifeless grow in face of greater might ;
Then long-desired harmonies shall roll in anthems glorious,
And waves of eternal thanksgiving be lost in seas of light !

The fisher guides his laden bark to anchor in the gloaming,
And wanders up the golden sands, content that work should cease ;
The great red sun is sinking fast, the gulls no longer roaming,
And all things slowly merge into the twilight's perfect peace.
But when the starless gloom drops down to veil the sleeping world,
And the cliff's sheer side gleams dripping in the moonbeams' storm-rent light,
From the cavern's weltering blackness comes the wail of the waters swirled,
That is terrible with longing and the weariness of night.

Tennyson's 'Maud'



EVEN prior to the advent of Wordsworth into the realm of poetry, which had degenerated almost into a 'Mechanic art' at the hands of Pope and his adherents, the glorious dawn of a new epoch had commenced. That offensive monotony in both form and subject-matter was gradually being removed by a fascinating variety. But it was Wordsworth who boldly came forward to sound its death-knell

with admirable firmness and tenacity of purpose. As the high priest of Nature he was inalienably associated with it and always delighted to live in it. Nature in short was the very fountain of his joys and the one solace and support in all his sorrows. Moreover, he detested with all his heart all self-imposed conventionalities of diction. In consequence, even the mearest flower was a source of instruction and inspiration to him, and he was not in the least afraid to go resolutely astray from the well-beaten-out paths of poetic composition. By a free and unrestrained invocation of the Muse, he filled the atmosphere surrounding English Poetry with a fresh, almost 'celestial poetic odour, giving life and vigour to all those who came in contact with it and affording a source of perennial happiness to all those who inhaled deep in it.' Keats, whose sense of melody was of the keenest, whose conception of beauty was of the loftiest, with a form of diction a perfect contrast to Wordsworth's and with a theme not of the same essence, had only just entered on his sublime mission. The grand mission of the poet early found expression in verses of the most rapturous melody which have a soothing and vivifying effect on the minds of men, before he was zipped most mercilessly in the bud by the nasty sting of a carping irresponsible critic. His work was taken in hand by Tennyson, to whom was left the most edifying task of effecting a compromise between the rival schools of poetry that preceded him, combining in his precious 'book of song' both the qualities of Pope and Wordsworth, and securing, by his conspicuous success in this direction, a seat where the immortal are.

Thus, of the many luminaries that adorn the firmament of the 19th century English Literature, Tennyson is acceptedly one of the brightest. Among the 'Immortal Dead' whose poetic emanations have succeeded in imparting the profoundest influence to English thought and literature, Tennyson is worthy of occupying a foremost place. The prolific desert of Wordsworth's writings, in spite of the many oases that are scattered densely over its vast expanse, which would assuredly stand the test of all time, and which embraced the high purpose of comforting the weary and consoling the afflicted, has evoked admiration from only the few devotees of his. His weary profusions and 'trivial discursiveness' have tired the patience of many a reader, to whom were, therefore, denied the fruits which can only be derived by an absorbing study of them, the golden particles lying hidden in the huge masses of earthy ores. As the worthy recipient of a laurel,

'Greener from the brows of him
who uttered nothing base.'

Tennyson succeeded in producing a new effect on his readers. In spite of the many unfriendly critics that appeared in those times, as was the hard experience of many a poet before, he fought his way gradually to a high eminence of fame, that grand edifice of which with unanimous consent his memorable 'In Memoriam' forms the corner stone, and from which no one has ever appeared powerful enough to dislodge him. In the artistic perfection of his diction, in the easy, unimpaired flow of his stanzas, conceived and composed in all variety of forms, in his fine, subtle and true perception and delineation of all that is good, noble, elevating and also delightful in nature, in the dexterity of his analysis of diverse passions that cheer up or afflict humanity in general, in the prolific depth of his imagination, in all these and more he stands almost unrivalled among English poets. It is said that he is the greatest master of English melody besides Spencer and Keats.

Maud is a poem that abounds in all these characteristics of really good poetry and yet it is very little appreciated. No doubt in comparison with some of his other poems, such as, *In Memoriam*, *Locksley Hall*, *Ulysses* and his other classical pieces, it suffers much in the estimation of the wide circle of his readers, and is given only a secondary place. Naturally enough the presumption becomes strong that there might be something unwholesome in it or connected with it that does not appeal to the taste of his critics. The opening canto contains a strong tirade against the overzealous commercial spirit and materialistic tendency of the time with which very few will be found to associate, as it is running

counter to the temper of the age. It is, moreover, hereft, according to some critics, notably Mr. Stopford Brock, of much of its charm, since Tennyson in it unrelentingly enters on a loud advocacy of war, 'loud war by land and by sea, war with a hundred battles and shaking a hundred thrones'; a criticism which savours a little of cantankerousness, and which is besides somewhat ungenerous, especially when we see that it is directed against one, who dipping far into the future is exultant over the idea that the battle flags will be furled in the Parliament of Man, in the Federation of the world! Be it also remembered in this connection that he declared most emphatically the view, 'It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill.' In spite of its failure to secure universal approbation, without doubt much has to be gathered by a serious study of it and it is not surely a poem that should be so mercilessly shelved to the dark corners of oblivion.

Maud, according to its author, is a dramatic monologue, like his much familiar 'Locksley Hall' and its famous sequel. As the name itself indicates, it is a drama with only one actor who narrates a story in which several phases of human passion are delineated in the character of a single person. The poem commences with a thrilling description of a tragic scene when the father of the hero has met with an unhappy and unnatural end. The son suspects foul treachery here. As the inevitable outcome of an ignominious failure in a vast speculation, the ill-starred father, in the plenitude of his misery, takes the earliest opportunity to effect a permanent estrangement from the affairs of this world, by flinging himself into a ghastly pit behind the little wood beside which he had set up his habitation. The other party to the transaction is found at the same time to suddenly rise into a wealthy eminence, and become the Lord of the 'Manorial Hall' above, evidently 'Dropt off gorg'd from a scheme that had left us flaccid and drain'd.'

This suspicion of underhand dealing and treachery, the most iniquitous possible, rouses the hero to an uncontrollable rage. In a cynical mood, he gives vent to his strong feelings of hatred and remorse, hatred for all manner of shams, and remorse for the most degrading state of human morals, at a time when the people highly boasted of their superior civilization. A vehement denunciation of these so-called blessings of peace follows. In his eagerness to propitiate Mammon, man is found to indulge as it were, in dastardly crimes. The most anomalous state of affairs prevails in the commercial world, where, in the name of peace, people are daily having recourse to every kind of base and ignoble practices, all prompted by the

devilish desire of gain. Thoughts such as these lead him to a hopeless despair of life on this earth, which appears to him but as 'a seat of desolation, void of delight.' He feels that 'to be direct or honest is not safe' in this world, constituted as it is, and dismayed by such inhuman conduct he seriously contemplates suicide or leading the hard life of a recluse, careless of the world and buried in books.

It is at this time of anxious suspense, as if applying a strong caustic to an already lacerated sore, that the thought of Maud, the fair daughter of that selfsame lord whose diabolical act had cost him the death of his affectionate father, mingles with his deeply-afflicted imagination. In such predicaments,

'The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.'

The thought of Maud, coming as it does at this most unwelcome hour, naturally suggests to him that she would bring him only 'a curse.' This pessimistic disposition creates in him a strong desire for an untroubled calm. Maud who was perfection herself, even perfect to a fault, appeared to him so tainted by a haughty coldness, when he happened to see her as her carriage passed by, that he feels consolation in the idea that he 'escaped heart-free' from her attractively regular features.

The more he thought in his heart of hearts of evading or escaping from a most unpleasant situation such as he was in, the greater he became entangled in its hard and harsh meshes. Besides that constant tendency in him to entertain thoughts of her when wide awake, curiously enough for him he comes face to face with another difficulty. Even in his sleep where alone men enjoy unalloyed rest from all sorts of mental anxieties, peace of mind was cruelly denied him. In the midst of his dreams, not at all unusual with him in these days, he was constantly harrassed by her nocturnal presence. One such night, tormented by all sorts of mental afflictions, he found it unable to endure her presence even though in dreams. Thus disturbed in sleep, he takes refuge, at dead of night, in his garden, to be freed from the influence of this portentous, though meek appearance, only the creature of a deluded imagination.

Morning breaks beautiful and gay. All trees and shrubs are decked with emerald buds, the harbinger of a 'season bland.' For the second time since her return from abroad, he meets her riding on the moor. He makes a bow of recognition to her, and to the utter chagrin of the hero a 'foolish pride' was found passing over her countenance. He thinks that the only possible explanation for such strange behaviour on her part is to be found in his humble lot in

life, which is nothing but poor when compared to hers and wherein he is not guilty, 'since nature cannot choose his origin.'

This burns in him, but now it is not the question of 'to be or not to be' that perplexes him. A philosophic life, free from the poisonous effects of contact with vicious mankind, and immersed in the solemn stillness of the 'quiet woodland ways', would, he thinks, be the best for him under the circumstances. Love to him is beset with numerous obstacles, centred as it is in one 'quite unmeet for a wife.'

This cold resolution born of a transient mental aberration is soon found to melt away at the very first contact with a martial song sung by Maud in her garden in the quiet of the morning which, when it ends, moves him to ecstasy. The once cold misanthropist who a short while ago was inclined to hate the world for its wretched perfidy gradually begins to metamorphose himself into a lover, a process which he finds it quite unable to resist. At eventide when the golden splendour of the setting sun falls on turrets and house tops, he happens again to meet her in the village when she pours forth sweet smiles of recognition, and holds him by the hand, as if to make fitting amends for all her past discourteousness. This sudden change in manners leads him to strongly suspect if it is not some coquettish snare deliberately laid to entangle him, in order to gain her own selfish ends, to secure a vote for that 'daudy-despot' of a brother who has resolved on contesting for a vacant seat in Parliament. Perhaps it may be the natural outcome of that kind regard which she has begun to cherish for him. Her tender feelings may have yielded to all manner of restraints, tenderness and concern for one who is already in a morbid state of mind, who is left solitary in this world with no one dear or near to him to minister to his wants, and with moderate means, only just enough to make both ends meet. Whatever that may be, a being who once definitely shut his heart to prevent any such thoughts entering through its portals, now allows free access to that overwhelming passion, love, persistently trying to find permanent abode there. And why? For, it may be, he also knew,

Of no more noble master under heaven,
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thoughts, amiable words,
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.

Sweet memories of all sorts of infant follies in which both were eager participants, revive with all possible distinctness in his mind, and his only desire at this juncture is that she would prove her constancy in her affections now shown

perhaps as the fruit of early mutual friendship. Again it is at this time that he is dimly reminded of a story of how the two fathers were drinking together just before the birth of Maud, when they exchanged promises that the two children would be joined in wedlock if the child proved to be a girl.

Other incidents of a more or less trivial nature are also related. One is, Maud was kneeling one day before the statue of the Protecting Angel erected above her mother's urn interred in the village church when, happening to lift her eyes, she sees the hero in front of her. Another, she was on a ride to a place a little remote from the sea shore when passing him by, she accosted him with a sudden waving of her hand. What more proofs are needed for a confirmation that his amorous advances are not repelled?

But, as the saying goes, the course of true love never runs smooth. A serious and unforeseen impediment presents itself. A rival suitor, 'rich in the grace that all women adore,' one who is gladly approved of by the brother, now begins to make his grim appearance. This interruption, quite naturally makes him extremely uneasy, especially so at a time when his hand had nearly touched the fruit to be easily plucked as opportunity permitted him. Deeply conscious of womanly frailties, that they are 'like moths ever caught by glare,' he is afraid that she may perchance take him into her head to discard him, to go in pursuit of a 'better game,' who, it is alleged, is one that has chosen to disgrace himself by actually buying a captainship in exchange for a 'commission' and who, therefore, being composed of a baser stuff would not in the least scruple to parade his enormous opulence before her, his only qualification, in order to hoodwink her. After spending many hours of anxious deliberation, he is finally convinced that Maud is not such a fool as to be so easily deluded, and lose her balance of mind by such display of vain pomposity. Such unfounded suspicions are actually falsified by a step which she deliberately takes to cheerfully respond to his invitation to take a walk with him in her garden. This occasion he takes advantage of to imprint many kisses on her delicate hand. No signs of revolt are noticed. He thus becomes confirmed in his convictions that she has become his own.

That 'green-eyed monster,' jealousy, on whose head may be placed the accumulated sins of many a savage coldblooded murder of past ages, now enters on the scene to create discord between the rivals which terminates most disastrously. A hard contest in the field of love is destined to be waged, the new intruder being supported by the self-destructive egoism of the

brother. Hostilities may be said to have commenced with that strange conduct of the brother when, meeting him quite unexpectedly, he, in utter disregard of all formalities, 'gorgonised him from head to foot with a stony British stare.' This is insolence pure and simple, conduct repugnant to the extreme. This is an unmistakable evidence that his amorous advances towards Maud are reprehensible to the brother and that such kind of unwarranted favolities shall cease at once. This urbane and gentlemanly conduct of that 'scape goat of the race' who has inherited all the vices of his father in toto stings him to the quick. Nevertheless he subdues all his passion and is ready to forget all such shortcomings of the brother for the sake of Maud, the prototype of the mother, imbibing all her good qualities.

Her brother is gone abroad and is in the midst of a roistering company. An ardent desire seizes hold of him that he may remain there immersed in the pleasures of the town at least for a time, in order that during that opportune interval he may freely propose to Maud. He is bathed in delight to ponder over the beauty of his love, which is heightened manifold by the fact that she seems quite unconscious of her own angelic beauty. He has begun to think of her as the would-be saviour of his life, the one life buoy that would in future keep him above the turbulent waters of a stormy life. Concerning the beauty of her person he exclaims—

'I know it the one bright thing to save
My yet young life in the wilds of time
Perhaps from madness, perhaps from crime
Perhaps from a selfish grave.'

He is afraid meanwhile of another adverse probability that she may prove inconstant; and concentrate her affections on this new-made lord. In such a case he will not care to impose upon her to retract her word if already given; for that would be contrary to all principles of honour and morality. Neither can he love her so well as before, if she favours this ostentatious fool. To avoid being led into such an undesirable predicament, and aware of the blind futility of wasting inwardly like covered fire, he is resolved to soon approach her with proposals of marriage, or cease to be.

The proposal is at last made and accepted and the word of honour given. In a mood of supreme joy and fervid enthusiasm, he calls upon the whole panorama of nature around to be as witness to it. Satiated with delight he leads her home and takes an unwilling leave of her for the night. He now feels quite a changed man and strongly makes up his mind to drink life to the full, which henceforth is no empty dream for him. Old despondency gives place to a fresh vigour and his heart throbs with a renovated

joy to think that his life is to be closely knit with one for whose sake he is ready to sacrifice even his own life.

But alas! an inexorable fate bade otherwise. His ship of life, after many days of arduous sailing, in the teeth of quite adverse conditions and tossed to and fro on the boisterous waters, was almost within sight of much-longed for land when it was hopelessly caught in a fierce gale and dashed against the fatal shore, there to suffer irreparable wreck in the midst of shoals and rocks. Her brother returned from the short sojourn abroad, and this was the first discernible symptom of a fast-gathering storm.

Let us trace the course of this unhappy voyage. When Maud's mother was about to take leave of this world she had in the hearing of both her children, dwelt on the solemn declarations made by the fathers 'over their wine' to unite the two by the fastest of earthly ties. As her dying wish she requested them to spare no efforts to bring about this consummation most devoutly wished. But in both words and deeds, the narrow-minded brother had repeatedly spurned this death-bed desire of the mother and was ever afterwards bent upon the wicked design of thwarting of this expected union. He proved himself ere long to be the canker in the bud that blighted the very promising flower of this young man's life. He child Maud persecuted her by derisive laughter whenever the name of the hero fell from her lips, and even went to the length of forbidding her to pronounce that much detested name in his hearing. In spite of such open hostility shown by the brother towards such an intended union, she never lost heart, and besought him (the hero) to forget all such follies begotten of ignorance.

Maud, in fulfilment of a promise, appears at the appointed place. She has scarcely commenced speaking when the two miscreants, the brother and the new intruder getting scent of her intentions soon appear at the rendezvous. They meet them in time for the former to administer rebukes on her in abundance, in having a party to this rash and ill-considered conduct. This over, they turn their vocal energies towards the individual who is the prime cause of such unwardness. He remains cool and collected for a time. In the heat of the wordy scuffle, a blow is dealt by him (the brother) in the presence of the other languid fool, which exasperates the hero. A fight ensues in which, to the irredeemable woe of the family, the unfortunate brother falls. Soon as he falls, he atones for his mistake, and in that 'last flare-up in the socket,' has the magnanimity to absolve the other from all blame, taking the whole responsibility for such a direful end on himself. He seriously advises the winner to take refuge in

instant flight from the scene of bloodshed. Maud, who was by all this time, terribly frightened, raises a cry of revenge, and precipitately flees from the place bewildered and like a maddened apparition; this was the last the hero was destined to see of her living person.

Immediate flight was the only source of rescue from the hard clutches of legal retribution. Open murder in broad daylight cannot go unpunished, and to shield himself from the consequences of detection, he flies to the continent. In Brittany he abides for a while. There was a lone and aimless on the vast sea-shore, he feels heartily penitent for the foul deed, and his conscience is greatly pricked. Yet he is determined to live, provided Maud is ready to forgive a deed done under stress of grave provocation, which, he feels assured, she would do. Her good will gained, he is not to be trampled out by any amount of heartache. News of the death of Maud now reaches him. Henceforward all charms of existence vanish, and with a drooping heart he longs for a speedy termination of a life of prolonged distress. Then follows a woeful lamentation to be once more brought to the loving arms of his dear one.

'O that it were possible
After long grief and pain
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again !'

Once again sweet memories of bygone days fit in regular succession before his mind. His sleep is daily broken by dreams, visited by that dread spectre of Maud, who, while living, was the very fountain of inestimable joy to him. Now when dead and compounded with the world of spirits, it becomes a source of incessant worry. Whether in the street or the open plain, or in the seclusion of his sleeping chamber, when awake or asleep, this agonising phantom is ever before him, as if to spoil sweet memories of the past with her hallucinating presence. His brain is worked up to a high pitch of excitement and feverishness, culminating in a short period of insanity. It lasts for a time. One night he dreams that she came and spoke to him that the only salvation for him and for the nation at large lay in an active participation in the coming war, at the same time encouraging him by saying that she is eagerly awaiting his company in the unseen world. This had the effect of finding him very soon restored to perfect sanity. In response to her wishes he mixes himself in the loud clamour for war which was soon to be waged on the bleak shores of the Crimea, so as to be away from the midst of the so-called blessings of peace, which is described as nothing but 'horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told'. He is soon found with others

embarking for the scene of conflict, in great eagerness to fight for the good cause of England, and is supposed to have perished himself in the bloody carnage that ensued.

This is the story of the poem narrated somewhat in detail. The present Lord Tennyson, in the memoirs of his father published by him, mentions, among other things, that of *Maud*, this fact that it was looked upon by its author as his best production. In this view of the poem which from the standpoint of the poet himself may be quite sincere, his critics will not concur. It may be decidedly urged that its importance is much exaggerated. But none the less, no one can candidly go to the other extreme and say that it is a literary trash. It has got its own excellent qualities which cannot be overlooked. It exhibits in a marked degree that 'insight into the scientific method of investigation which is quite equal to the best of scientific experts,' and which is the redeeming feature of 'In Memoriam,' itself. The introduction of this idea of a scientific accuracy into poetry is peculiarly Tennyson's own. According to himself, the whole poem is woven round the four lines beginning with 'oh ! that it were possible,' already quoted as a sentiment, which may be described as one of the grandest in the whole range of English literature. Curiously enough, with this idea as the starting point, the poet worked backwards, each canto suggesting another, till he reached that tragic scene most vividly described at the commencement. And yet the theme of the poem, the tragic end brought about by rivalry and jealousy, and a tragic pathos pervading through it, is not in itself quite original. But there is assuredly a grandeur in the working out of it. An obdurate hatred of mankind in general is gradually replaced by that overwhelming and divine passion, love, in the mind of the hero, until he is laid prostrate under the superior weight of its influence. The successive stages of this transmutation are vividly traced with remarkable skill.

There is another grand truth underlying this poem of which he was perfectly convinced and as a strong exponent of which he always stood. It was his great object in life to forcibly impress it on mankind. His 'In Memoriam' contains a full disquisition on this all-absorbing topic; and the whole story of Maud is illustrative of this sublimest of truths which has not been more felicitously expressed than in the following lines:—

'There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will !'

K. A. MAHAR.

43A

Glimpses of a Tour in Japan

III

(Continued)

By L. V. BENSON



A JAPANESE BELLE



The distance from Yokohama to Tokio is only 13 miles, but the trains run so slowly that the journey occupies nearly an hour. Tokio is on the sea, on Tokio Bay, as is Yokohama, but in the latter place the hotels are right on the water, overlooking the steamers, and junks, and innumerable boats, whereas in Tokio the visitor is not aware that the sea is within twenty miles of him except for an occasional glimpse of it from some rare high point.

Tokio is an enormous town, nearly as big as London, *e.g.*, it measures 10 miles by 9 miles, but it has only 1½ million inhabitants, compared to London's population of over 6 millions. The streets are very wide, and nearly all are thick overhead with telegraph, telephone, and electric tram wires; the air looks like a gigantic spider's web! As in Canada, the telephone and telegraph poles are of gigantic pine tree trunks, used in the rough, neither smoothed, nor painted, but merely barked. The houses of the inhabitants are nearly all built of wood roofed with dark, almost black tiles. The people in the streets are entirely dressed in dark grey, dark purple, or black clothes; the rikisha men wear black mushroom-shaped hats; the school-boys wear black Prussian caps with peaks; the students wear grey felt terai hats, so that the Tokio street crowd looks even blacker and darker than a London or Dublin street crowd! It seems as if in another 20 or 30 years there would be nothing Japanese-looking left in Tokio! Already the public buildings are built, and are being built in Greek, or French chateau style of architecture, and the hotels and many of the shops, and dwelling houses are like the ugliest and plainest of European houses, and with nearly as many storeys. This seems contrary to commonsense, as Tokio is subject to earthquakes, as is indeed the whole of Japan, and it seems like courting the wholesale destruction of Messina to build tall houses, which must entomb their inhabitants in the not unlikely event of an earthquake. As Mr. B. H. Chamberlain writes:—"Japanese history is a concatenation of earthquake disasters, exceeded only by those which have devastated South America.

Three storeyed houses are a dangerous experiment in this earthquake-shaken land." The last great earthquake in Tokio was in 1855. The meaning of Tokio is "Eastern Capital" in contradistinction to "Saikyo or Western Capital, the name by which Kyoto was rechristened. The Emperor's Palace is in the centre of the city, built within a double line of moats. On the tops of the sloping grass mound that surround these moats grow the oldest and most gracefully fantastic of pine trees with branches sweeping to the ground in great bending curves. They are so gnarled and knotted, they look like prehistoric sentinels, keeping guard round the city. The moats used to be filled with thousands of lotus lilies, but alas! these have been cleared away.

It used to be necessary for travellers to engage the services of a guide during their stay in Japan, but, with the spread of the knowledge of English, and with good guide books and means of communication, this is no longer necessary. We found that we were much freer to come and go as we pleased, and to linger as long as we chose in a place without being hampered with the presence of a guide, always wishing us to "move on." However as our stay in Tokio was limited to three days, and as the distances there are so enormous, we thought it better to hire a guide and carriage and pair for the day, and to let him show us as much as possible in the time. We first drove through the "Shiba Park," which to an Englishman is hardly recognizable as a "Park" at all. It has no grassy lawns, or flower beds, but is just a huge enclosure, full of roads lined with fine trees, and with little raised-in pieces of ground, with a few seats dotted about for the public to rest on. In this Park are the celebrated mortuary temples and tombs of seven Shoguns. Of the 15 Shoguns who governed Japan from A.C., 1616—the two most famous Iegasu and Iemitsu, are buried at Nikko, and six Shoguns are buried at Unao at the opposite end of Tokio. The Shoguns were the Prime Ministers and real rulers of Japan from A.C. 1616 to A.C. 1866—the Mikados up to that date being considered so sacred, as to be above mundane affairs; they were supposed to spend their time in prayer and contemplation. In fact they were state prisoners and spent much of their time in elaborate tea ceremonies. In 1866 the present Mikado revolted from this state of bondage, and a civil war resulted in the defeat of the Shogun. He abdicated in A.D., 1868, and the Mikado has reigned ever since.

The temples of the Shoguns in the Shiba Park are marvels of wooden architecture, elaborately carved, and exquisitely painted with brilliant and yet subdued colours; the floors and walls, and doors of the buildings are finely glazed

with red and black lacquer. Each temple stands in a stone paved court yard, in which are rows and rows of huge tall stone carved and bronze lanterns. The temples are approached by a flight of steps, and each temple is like a great oblong hall. The floors are covered with very soft padded fine white matting—the openings (there are no windows) screened with blinds of the finest reed scrolls, fastened with cords and very large tassels. On entering these temples we were obliged to slip on cotton coverings to our shoes, so that we should not soil the beautiful white grass matting, or exquisitely polished lacquer with which the floors are covered. Though about 300 years old the gilding and colouring in the temples is absolutely fresh, and the elaborate carvings are all uninjured. There are screens of birds and flowers, all most elaborately carved and coloured, figures of dragons, and paintings of lions. From the oblong entrance hall one passes into an inner oratory. On the 12th and 13th of each month the abbot of zojoji sits under the canopy, while the priests are ranged round at small lacquer tables. The lacquer boxes on these tables contain Buddhist sutras. Visitors are not admitted to the temples on these days. It is impossible to convey any idea of the elaborate painting, carving, and designs in these temples. Visitors to Madura, Tanjore or Rameswaram can form no idea of them from thinking of the temples there. In Madura the most remarkable features of the temple are their size and the colossal stone carvings of the pillars and figures on these the paint is daubed on, and is extraordinarily crude and elementary in application, while the temples themselves are dark, and kept in a state of disrepair and untidiness, not to say uncleanness. The temples of the Shoguns (like everything else in Japan) are in perfect repair, and absolutely daintily clean, and fresh. The court yards contain well cared for and flourishing trees, of rarity and value. There is not a weed to be seen, not a stray piece of paper to be picked up, not a single plank, or hinge, or mat, or scroll that needs repair. As the temples are wooden structures, in a land of intense moisture, and great extremes of climate, this alone is a wonderful testimony to the efficiency and thoroughness of the Japanese guardianship of their temples. Since the advent of the British rule in India the care and keeping and management of the temples of India have been entirely Swadeshi. What has been the result? Can the English look to the efficiency of this entirely Swadeshi control, financially, and otherwise, as an exhibition and evidence of the fitness of Indians for the further control and management of other departments? For the good of the country it is to be sincerely hoped that any further control that may devolve

upon Indians will be more to their credit than has been the up-keep and care they have bestowed on their temples!

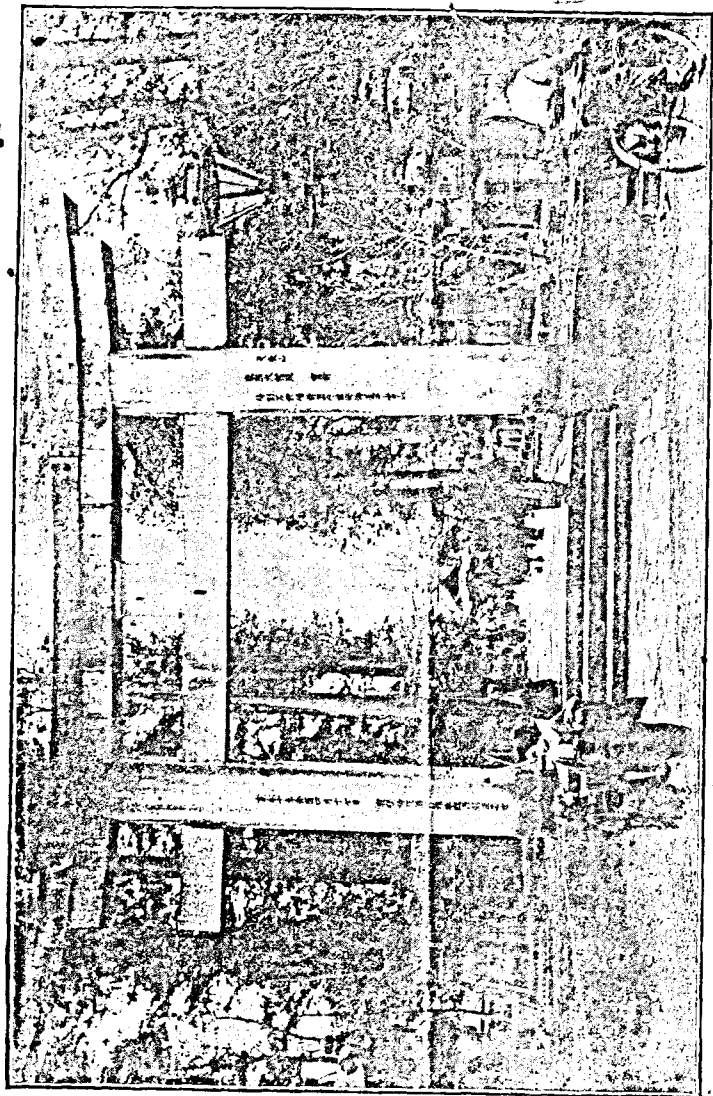
In feudal times, when the Shogun came to worship the spirits of his ancestors, he alone ascended to the inner sanctum of the temple, called the "Honden". It and the gallery and the outer oratory were lavishly decorated with gold, colours, and elaborate arabesques, which dazzle the eye by their brilliancy. When the greater Daimyo or Lords ranged themselves in the corridor below the inner sanctum or "Honden" the sight must have been very gorgeous.

The tombs of the Shoguns are in the same enclosure as the temples, but apart, and approached by a stone staircase. The tombs are of stone, somewhat like a Pagoda, raised on an octagonal granite base, with a stone balustrade; the simplicity of the tombs is in marked contrast to the gorgeousness of the temples. From these few words, how can one hope to convey to our readers the wealth of artistic workmanship and treasures concentrated in the temples and tombs of Shiba Park? The gold lacquer and gilding, the paintings of beasts, and birds, and flowers, the coffered ceilings, the bronze mirrors, the raised designs in splendid gold lacquer, the elaborate double carving of hawks, and birds of paradise, of lions, and unicorns, and peonies, and lotuses; the groups of pines, and bamboos, the landscapes, and dragons. They are all there in bewildering profusion, and astonishing brilliance and perfection. It is hard to realize that while the rest of the world in Europe and Asia were indulging in wars and rumours of wars these little people enjoyed a period of peace for over two hundred years. Thanks to their great general and law giver Teyasu, the first Shogun, and they had employed their time on these, and similar works of art throughout the country. Much as we admired the beauties of the tombs of the Shoguns in the Shiba Park we were warned that we must not say "Kakko" (magnificent!) until we had seen Nikko! In the afternoon we visited a "Girls Industrial School" where we saw about five hundred quaint little Japanese girls hard at work in their various class rooms, some making artificial flowers most exquisitely with real flowers as their models, wielding their paint brushes and colours and scissors and materials with delicate skill. Others were bending over embroidery frames, working swiftly with their little needles at such beautiful designs of flowers and bamboos, that one could hardly believe the work was only of silk, it looked as if living flowers had been transferred to the frames. Others were learning to cut out and make their own Kimonos and out-door coats etc., providing their own materials! Others again were learning to knit and crochet warm



CHERRY BLOSSOMS AT UENO PARK, TOKYO

50A



TOSHOPU AT UYENO PARK, TOKYO

ockets, and vests and caps. At first sight this filled me with regret, as nothing can be uglier than the hideous colouring and designs of the majority of these articles, and both in Japan and India this kind of work seems to pervert the good taste, and ruin the eye for artistic colouring of the inhabitants more than any other western form of work. But in Japan they have at any rate the fact of the necessity for warm clothing to excuse the introduction of knitting and crocheting; and, if only the workers could be persuaded to keep to their own ideas of good colouring, no harm could come of the foreign art; but no! they perversely run riot in Japan, as in India, with all the most incongruous and inartistic mixtures of crude and violent colours in wools, until it is a marvel that the spirits of their ancestors do not rise up and rebuke them for such a perversion of good taste. In India, at any rate in the South of India, the climate is too hot to need any knitted or crocheted articles, and it seems a pity that time, which could be better spent on beautiful embroideries, should be wasted in such inartistic work. The fees paid by the girls in the "Industrial School" were uniform, e.g., 8 yen = Rs 6-a month. Contrast this with the fees paid by girls in Indian Schools, and reflect! But lately I took up the report of a Hindu Girls School in a wealthy part of Madras, and there read:—"The school fee income should be given up as far as possible, if the strength of the school is to increase!" and what is this school fee income? For the highest form (in which there were only two girls) Rs 1-3, = 2 sh; or 1 yen of Japanese money a month; in the next form, (in which also there were only two girls) Rs 1 = 1 sh; in the following classes the fees were 8 annas (8d) each for 16 girls; 4 annas each for 27 girls, and 2 annas a month for 68 girls! A total income of Rs 300 a year for 126 girls which gives an average fee of a little over 2 annas 4 pies a head per month. In this school the holidays number 196 days! I wonder what the Japanese would say to these figures? Why should Hindu girls not pay fees for their Education? The truth is that Hindus do not wish for, or value, Education for their women. There are of course a few, a very few exceptions, but they hardly influence in any way the vast majority. The education of Mahomedan women is practically nil. We were much struck in Japan by the large size, but cheap, light construction of the buildings erected for schools. It seemed to us as if the Japanese thought most of what went on *inside* the buildings, and of what was put inside the pupils' heads, than they did of the cost, and look, and lasting powers of the buildings themselves. In a few more generations, when the whole population of Japan is educated and civilized, those people

can then set to work and build elaborate school-buildings, but what is needed now is the spread of learning, and the clearing away of ignorance and superstition and for that purpose light inexpensive buildings are all that the nation can afford, in addition to the enormous taxation imposed upon the people for the Army and the Navy, for Railroads, and Public buildings, for Engineering works, and the innumerable other works necessitated by modern civilization. I think the Japanese would be astonished if they were told, as we are in India, that it is impossible to build Hostel accommodation for a student under Rs. 100 a year! In that point at any rate India is ahead of Japan for there are in Japan no hostels for students, and they have to live in the town at a cost of Rs. 30 a month; and at what cost can it be computed to their manners and morals?

A visit to the Museum at Tokio is full of interest; there can be seen stuffed cocks with tails 14 ft. long! the "Imperial state bullock cart" and "palanquins," and the model of the "Tenchi Maru" or ships of Heaven and Earth which was the state barge used by the Shogun. There, in large glass cases, are life sized wax figures dressed in the old court dresses used before the unhappy introduction of European clothes. A riksha ride through Ueno Park and a visit to the Tombs and Temples of six more Shoguns which are approached by an avenue of cherry trees, and then through an avenue of cypress trees—occupied the rest of the day. Ueno Park is the most popular resort in Tokyo. Here in April, all Tokyo assembles to admire the wonderful cherry blossom for which it is famous. We visited a famous specimen of a Japanese garden near the present arsenal. It was laid out by Prince Mitsukuni as a place in which to enjoy a calm old age. We expected to see a miniature garden, with toy bridges, and toy lakes, and miniature trees 250 years old; instead of which we found ourselves in a bit of natural forest, under the shade of giant trees, with paths cunningly cut through the glades, so that, though the space was limited, you wandered for apparently miles through lovely foliage, and rockeries, by lakelets, and over rustic bridges, into summer chalets, uphill and down dale, while in the distance could be heard the roar of the arsenal machinery making guns and weapons for the defence of the nation; alas! the smuts and smoke from the furnaces fell silently into the forest glades, bearing a death sentence to the trees and flowers there, for some of the noblest of the trees had already withered at the top, showing that the beautiful garden is doomed.

A visit to the popular temple of Kwannon at Asakusa (pronounced as-sack-ko-sa) was very entertaining. The surrounding grounds are

given up to a permanent Fair, and contain streets of toys for sale, streets of shows and entertainments, extraordinary advertisements, and every kind and conglomeration of a noise and clatter.—In Murray's guide book we read "this popular temple and the surrounding grounds is the great holiday resort of the middle and lower classes, and nothing is more striking than the juxtaposition of piety and pleasure, of gorgeous altars, and grotesque ex-votos, of dainty costumes, and dingy idols, the clatter of the clogs; cocks and hens and pigeons strutting about among the worshippers, children playing, soldiers smoking, balancers chattering with dealers of charms, ancient art, modern advertisements, in fine, a spectacle than which surely nothing more motley was ever witnessed within the precincts of a religious edifice". There is a grotesque but pathetic figure of a deity said to be the "nourisher of little children". To this figure parents bring the playthings of their dead little ones, and the figure is nailed all over with little bibs, and children's garments! Before another shrine are slung up immense sandals, placed there by persons desirous of becoming good walkers. The great hall of the temple is 102 ft. square, the whole is hung with a great number, of lanterns and pictures, the lanterns are of immense size.

It is hard to reconcile the primitive manners and customs of the frequenters of this temple of Kwannon, and its surroundings, with the up-to-dateness, and go-aheadness of other parts of Tokio. But looking at it as a whole, the Europeanised portion of Tokio is comparatively small the vast majority of the streets and houses, included in the 100 square miles of the city, belonging to Old Japan. The people are busy, as of old, with the manufacture of lacquer ware, and metal-ware, of cloisonné, and ivory carving, of paper, and fans, and silks, and embroideries; of silver, and porcelain. They have endless tea-houses and restaurants, Japanese inns, and theatres. Jinrikshas are in universal use still, though tramways, and railways, and steamers fringe the outskirts of the town. Mr. B. A. Chamberlain writes, "After all the chief sight of Tokoyo to one fresh from home is Tokoyo itself—the quaint little wooden houses, which brick structures in foreign style have only partially replaced, the open-air life of the people, the clatter of the clogs, the jinrikshas, the dainty children powdered and rouged for a holiday outing, the graceful Japanese dress, which Western fashions and fabrics have not succeeded in driving out, the indescribably grotesque combinations of this dress with billy cock hats, Inverness capes, and crocheted tippets." Another great and almost unique characteristic of the Japanese is cleanliness. They almost all bathe in very hot water. There are over 1,100 (eleven hundred) Public

baths in Tokio in which it is calculated that half a million persons bathe daily—the usual charge being 9 pies (=2½ Sen—or 3 farthings of English money)—Now-a-days soap is much used, but the original national cleanser was the Bran rag, made by sewing a handful of bran into a small piece of linen, which furnishes a deliciously soft washing material. "Things Japanese" we read: "the national passion for bathing leads all classes to make extensive use of the hot mineral springs in which their volcano-studded land abounds. Sometimes they carry their enjoyment of this simple luxury to an almost incredible extreme. At a tiny Spa not far from Ikao up in the mountains, the bathers stay in the water for a month on end, with a stone on their lap to prevent them floating in their sleep. When we were there some years ago, the caretaker of the establishment, a hale old man of 80, used to stay in the bath during the entire winter. To be sure, the water is, in this particular case, one or two degrees below blood heat. Thus alone is so strange a life rendered possible." In another case, some of the inhabitants of a certain village famed for its hot springs, excused themselves to the present writer for their dirtiness during the busy summer months: "For," said they, "we have only time to bathe twice a day." "How often then do you bathe in winter?" "Oh! about four or five times daily. The children get into the bath whenever they feel cold."

I can imagine a hot weather in Madras being quite bearable and pleasant, if the inhabitants could live in cold baths with floating trays such as the old Romans had in their luxurious baths. Alas! there are no cold springs for Madras as there are hot springs for Japan, so that ideal method of existing through the hot weather is never likely to be realized. Still, life could be made more beautiful in Madras, if the people would follow the example of the Tokio people, and plant avenues of beautiful flowering trees, say laburnums, pagoda trees, flame of the forest and coral trees, and spend more of their life out of doors admiring the beauties of Nature. In Madras, avenues are planted it is true, but the people seem to consider that it is mainly, if not solely, for the benefit of their goats and cattle. How beautiful the streets in Madras could be made if the people could be taught to respect the life and growth of trees and shrubs, and further be taught to enjoy the beauties of foliage and flowers. One of the advantages of travel is in picking up new ideas, and new methods. From Japan was introduced into England the culture of chrysanthemums, and now there are more beautiful chrysanthemums to be seen in England than in Japan itself. From Japan was introduced the Rambler Roses, and now more beautiful

specimens can be seen all over England, in labourer's cottages, and in the gardens of Lords and Ladies, than in Japan itself.

It would be delightful if from Japan could be introduced into India the love and culture of trees, and flowers and gardens, so that in some ten years hence, it could be truly said "Indians cultivate their flowering trees and shrubs and spend their leisure and holidays in admiring them just like the people of Japan."

"Bazmi-Ittihad" or Ladies' Union Society



AT the express desire of Her Highness the Begum Saheba, the ladies of the town of Murud were invited on the 25th March last, by Mrs. Lakshambai Pradhan wife of the Dewan-Saheb of the Janjira State, in order to consider the desir-

ability of having a Society of ladies at Murud principally with a view to increase the social intercourse among the ladies of the town and help the cause of social reform and female education and similar objects.

A large number of ladies kindly responded to the invitation and met in a tent pitched in the compound of the State Hospital Building. Mrs. Pradhan explained to them the object of the meeting and told them how solicitous Her Highness had always been about their interests and about everything that concerned their happiness and well-being. She also reminded them of the numerous occasions on which they were called by Her Highness to attend Garden Parties, at homes and other similar entertainments, and told them that Her Highness's object in doing so was only to form their acquaintance and to know them better and to teach them how to improve their condition by mixing among them freely, regardless of her exalted rank. She then asked them whether they thought it necessary to have such a society as contemplated by her highness established at Murud, and all the ladies, who were present gave their united opinion that

such a society was most desirable and thought that it would help to improve their condition in various ways. They also requested Mrs. Pradhan to convey to Her Highness their heart-felt gratitude for the interest she has been taking in their welfare.

The ladies were then taken to another part of the tent, where refreshments were provided for them and after their partaking of them they dispersed.

Next week Mrs. Lakshambai Pradhan called another meeting of the ladies in a Shamiana specially erected for the transaction of business in connection with the formation of the proposed Society. Her Highness was graciously pleased to attend on that occasion and was requested to preside at the deliberations of the meeting.

The following resolutions were then unanimously passed:—

1. That a Society of ladies be formed and called "Bazmi-Ittihad" or Ladies' Union Society.

2. That the objects of the Society should be social reform, progress and unity, sports and pastimes, philanthropy, advancement of education and similar objects.

3. That the admission fee of the Society may be Rs. 1, and monthly subscription for married ladies Rs. 0-8-0 and for unmarried girls Rs. 0-4-0.

4. That a meeting of the Society should be held weekly on every Friday at 4 P.M.

The following ladies were appointed members of the Managing Committee for the year 1909. President:—Her Highness Nazli Rafiya Begum Saheba.

Vice-Presidents:—Hasibabibi Saheba and Mrs. Lakshambai Pradhan.

Honorary Joint Secretaries:—Mrs. Khadijabibi Buximiya Saheba, and Miss Yesubai Pradhan. Honorary Treasurer:—Mrs. Gangabai Chitnis.

Members:—

1. Miss Attiyabibi H. Fyzee.
2. Mrs. Fatimabibi Shekhani.
3. Mrs. Rahimatbai H. A. Lakhani.
4. Mrs. Saraswatibai Gajanan Vartak.
5. Mrs. Rajasbai Sakharan Kulkarni.
6. Mrs. Radhabai Balkrishna Bhide.

A Committee consisting of the following members:—1. Her Highness Nazli Rafiya Begum Saheba. 2. Mrs. Lakshambai Pradhan. 3. Mrs. Sitabai Rajadhyaksha. 4. Mrs. Khadijabibi Buximiya Saheb, was also appointed to frame rules and regulations of the Society.

Since the time of the formation of the Ladies' Union, Society meetings have regularly been held every Friday and at every meeting some lady member is requested to read a paper on some interesting subject. Janab Zahrabibi Saheb and Attiyabibi Saheb, sisters of Her Highness the Begum Saheba, have been kind enough to un-

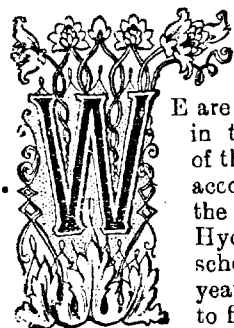
dertake the work of giving instruction in fancy needle-work and embroidery to such of the lady members as have a liking for that sort of work. Towards sun-set the ladies adjourn to the adjoining sea-shore and play some outdoor game. In this manner they spend the evening in the most enjoyable way.

At present, nineteen Mohomedan and twenty-four Hindoo ladies have become members of the Society. Her Highness was graciously pleased to make a donation of Rs. 500 to the Society and has been unanimously made a patroness of the Society. Her Highness's sister, Miss Attiyabibi Sahib also paid a sum of Rs. 100 towards the funds of the Society and has therefore been made a life-member. As the Society has the patronage and whole-hearted sympathy of Her Highness the Begum Sahiba, it bids fair to prosper and to fulfil all the objects with which it has been started.

BY ONE PRESENT.

(See frontispiece for picture)

Note on the progress made by the Stanley Girls' High School, Hyderabad, Deccan



We are extremely gratified to read in the Indian Ladies Magazine of the May issue, an interesting account of the progress made by the Stanley Girls' High School, Hyderabad. Although the school was founded only a few years ago, it is most satisfactory to find that the advancement it has made is most creditable to the Lady Principal in charge, to whose efforts, the excellent results are mainly due.

Miss A. Evans, B. Sc., the Lady Principal, is not only indefatigable in her management, but the keen interest she takes in imparting instruction in the various branches of the Institution is so praiseworthy that few can surpass her in tact, ability and general supervision. In addition to the routine of duties, the Lady Principal manages the Ladies Training School also which was opened recently on her own initiative. The School has been, as already shown above, well managed and conducted on broad European principles in keeping with modern wants. It is intensely pleasing to see the harmony existing between the teacher and the pupils. Suffice

it to say that the school has been brought up to that standard of improvement that it entirely meets the necessities of our Indian girls, without distinction as to caste or creed, which are the special features of the school.

We sincerely congratulate Miss Evans and her assistants on their devoted self-sacrificing and successful career in the past and wish them greater success in future in the interests of female education in India, which is seriously wanting amongst our Indian girls.

The social problem in India is still in its infancy, though many attempts have been made by Missionaries and Pioneers in India to advance it. To remove this appalling want or to alleviate it, should be the watch-word of every Indian or anybody claiming to be the son of India, to educate their daughters freely and bring them up to that social status, which would make them equal to man.

With the opening of the twentieth century, the iron bands of caste and custom are being more and more loosened, and the spell of the immovable slumber which has for long ages held India entranced is being surely and finally broken. The Stanley Girls' School and many other similar Institutions, whose aims are to re-generate our girls, dispelling the superstitions of the time and opening to the dawn of a new day of intellectual and spiritual light, are entitled to receive our India's sincere thanks for the bright and noble future which they open out before us.

A. R. V.

A Bachelor's Reflections on Marriage



stand self-condemned. That the world has been

BEFORE considering the nature of marriage, it will, I think, not be out of place if we take a peep into the nature of the world as a whole. Materialists, who assert that this world of ours, in spite of all its symmetry, regularity and beauty, has been created through an irresponsible conglomeration of inert atoms out of nothing, are refuted by their own arguments and

brought into existence by the Will of an ever-vigilant and ever-benign Almighty does not at this time of day require any very prolonged discussion or exhaustive examination to be proved. All Nature vouches for it in eloquent terms.

The glory of the rising and setting sun, the circuit of the moon in the heavens, and the presence of myriad stars in the firmament, each doing its appointed duties without rest or intermission, and each one of which their loving Father calls by its name; the roar and fury of the tempest, the majesty of thunder and the rapidity and beauty of lightning; the growth of the mighty tree out of a tiny seed; the change of seasons, each in its regular course and with its concomitant variety of hue and beauty;—these and many other phenomena of nature too numerous to catalogue here, but which are plainly discernible to all who keep their hearts, eyes, and ears open,—all alike proclaim loudly to unbelieving humanity the unmistakeable presence of a Being above, who holds the reins of the universe and directs it according to His Will. And Man, being created in His own image, has His especial care and love.

Having, then, established that this universe is God-created and administered on lines formulated by Him, which suffer no variation or exception, let us look at the position occupied therein by woman in relation to man. Some people there are who regard woman as a mere mechanical drudge, sent down into the world only to slave for man, to crouch and grovel before him for her very existence, and to satisfy his personal comforts and lustful desires. According to them, she finds a place for herself on earth only through man's sufferance. These people, whose line of thought in this regard cannot be too highly reprehended, do not fully realize the divine idea underlying creation, nor do they enjoy life as God, their Father, has intended His children to enjoy it, but float through lives after lives driven on helplessly by the current of their selfish thoughts, desires, and interests, as mere straws on a swift-running stream, and are hurled headlong into the abysmal depth which awaits them.

No, the relative positions of man and woman are not to be gauged by these mistaken and false conceptions. The one has qualities which the other has not, the one is the complement of the other. The true conception that can be formed of the relative positions occupied by men and women is not by any degree of comparison, but by contrast. They are like musical notes, created "for one another, though dissimilar." Men and women are the two halves of humanity; one is not complete without the other. Ruskin, one of the most reverent students of feminine humanity, referring to this subject, says, "They

are in nothing alike, and the happiness and perfection of both depends on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give."

II

As everything under the sky is ordained and regulated by the Divine Will, so also is Marriage—that holy tie which joins man and woman together for life,—and it is a very significant warning, albeit trite, which calls upon humanity not to sunder apart those whom God has joined together.

All true marriages are first contracted in heaven before they are consummated on earth. When a man is born into the world, a woman is born at a later date who, before leaving her heavenly home, has already been wedded to him in the presence of the Universal Father. Both the man and the woman are ignorant of this.

God is all good; evil is non-existent in the world. What people call evil is only the result of their perverted vision. It is, therefore, not difficult to realize that God pairs only such together as can be happy in this world, if they care to be so. Nevertheless, we cannot close our eyes to the fact that all marriages do not turn out in the end to be as happy as we could wish them to be—at least not from a worldly point of view. These people blame God for the evils that befall them. This is hardly justifiable; on the other hand,

"Providence for us, high, infinite,
Makes our necessities its watchful task,
Hearkens to all our prayers, helps all our wants,
And even if it denies what seems our right,
Either denies because 'twould have us ask,
Or seems but to deny, and in denying grants."

The evils that people complain about are either only apparently so to their limited vision and may really be "good in disguise," or, if really evils, are self-wrought and would not have happened if they had regulated their thoughts and actions according to divine laws.

Most people, being ignorant of their original heavenly marriage, take their share of its responsibilities and duties but lightly, and are, consequently, rewarded only with worries and heartaches.

Emanuel Swedenborg, the Swedish philosopher, one of the greatest thinkers of the world, and who claimed to have had personal visions of God and His Angels, divides marriages into three classes, according to the decree of love that enters into the union. He classifies them as "the conjugal, the convenient, and the infernal. In the first, the love is perfect and all-absorbing, and the two are one, reckoned indeed in heaven as one angel. In the second, love is a mere incident; not in any way an essential part of the affair. Wealth, social

position, domestic luxury, and other matters of a like order, form the primary considerations. In the third, lust usurps the throne of love, and as long as her beauty lasts, the woman makes the man her slave, dominating him through the strength of his baser passions." We shudder to think of the results of a union entered into under either of the two last-mentioned categories!

A true marriage is not merely the union of two bodies, but it is the blending together of two personalities, the fusion of two divine souls. Such a union "has no parallel among other human relations, however intimate and tender they may be." The poet expresses the most perfect truth when he condemns a union which is the result merely of outward beauty, and rightly prophesies that

"He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from starlike eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must melt away."

The real import of a true marriage is beautifully expressed by F. W. Robertson in the following striking words. He says, "Marriage is not a union merely between two creatures,—it is a union between two spirits; and the intention of that bond is to perfect the nature of both, by supplementing their deficiencies with the force of contrast, giving to each sex those excellences in which it is naturally deficient; to the one, strength of character and firmness of moral will; to the other, sympathy, meekness, tenderness; and just so solemn and just so glorious as these ends are for which the union was contemplated and intended, just so terrible are the consequences if it be perverted and abused: for there is no earthly relationship which has so much power to ennoble and to exalt. There are two rocks in this world of ours on which the soul must either anchor or be wrecked—the one is God and the other is the sex opposite."

III.

Marriage in one life is one of the direct results of our past lives and is a preliminary to our next. There is a sort of pre-affinity between two persons who eventually are to become husband and wife. A lady writer exclaims, "How little stiffness, how little formality there seems to be from the first when two people meet who are going to feel a great passion one for the other, even before the passion can be said to be lighted, and certainly is not recognised!" How can this be explained, except by the fact that these two people meet in their present lives only just as two friends accidentally meet together in a hotel or a *serai* after a long absence, to recognise each

other at first sight, without the intermediary of any formal introductions or stiff ceremonies? For, says the immortal Roman Senator Cicero, speaking of death, "I depart out of life as out of a temporary lodging, not as out of my home. For nature has given it to us as an inn to tarry at by the way, not as a place of abiding." This world of ours, then, is nothing more than a wayside inn, a trysting place, where people in their journey from one life to another meet together to enjoy a short respite.

Another writer, who has studied human life to perfection, says, "That is a mysterious process by which two souls by one exchange of glances have frequently been wedded together as by a lightning flash from heaven. They might have known and loved each other in the past eternity and become separated there, to meet once more and renew their fealty amid the confusions of time." And to the same tune truly does the poet sing, when he avers that.

"Some are never strangers,
But soon as seen, the soul as if by instinct
Springs towards them with resistless force, and owns
Congenial sympathy."

From what has been said above, it is evident that when the marriage call is heard—for marriage is a divine call—our feet are divinely led towards our life-partners. Observe this word "Life-partner." It is certainly a very narrow conception of human nature and of the divine laws governing it to imagine that a "life-partnership" ends with the end of its earthly existence. The same partnership was entered into during lives long gone by and now unknown or forgotten, and will continue in future lives, just as surely as the sun which sets this evening dawns in all his glorious effulgence tomorrow, till, when the rounds of lives are completely run, the couple loses their separate differences of sex and form, and merge one into the other, and live in eternal bliss in the full glow of divine radiance in that heavenly world, where there is "neither marriage, nor giving in marriage."

K. G. MENON.



A Refuge of Rest

[Verses suggested by the eleventh chapter of Matthew]



"We have piped unto you and ye have not danced."

We have mourned unto you and ye have not lamented." At that time Jesus answered and said:—

"I thank Thee Father, Lord of Heaven and Earth, for so it seemed good in Thy sight....."

"Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

"Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me; For I am meek and lowly in heart and ye shall find REST unto your souls."

MATTHEW XI.

1.
Oh wondrous! open Refuge
For those by care oppress;
Whose hearts are filled with yearning,
For deep eternal Rest.

2.
The bosom of the Father;
The Haven of His love;
A Refuge while we sojourn;
The Home, when there above.

3.
Reveal to me the secret,
Refresh me and restore,
The wealth of love unwearied,
Rehearse it o'er and o'er.

4.
Retreat, for those who labour;
Repose, for those who learn;
Relief, for those who're laden;
Release, where bonds had been.

5.
A Rest in household worries,
With all their fretting care;
And Rest in business troubles,
With all their wear and tear?

6.
What! Rest in times of suffering
When racked on bed of pain?
And Rest in times of Triumph,
When love's inclined to wane?

7.
What! Rest when tried and tempted,
By Satan's subtle wile?
And Rest when fickle friendship,
Has frown, instead of smile?

8.
What! Rest when shunned and slighted,
When humbled in the dust,
When every pulse of Nature,
Resents a cruel thrust?

9.
Yes! Rest on sure foundation,
The Will that rules above,
Has planned a perfect pathway,
To prove a perfect love.

10.
"Come Unto Me" saith Jesus,
"And I will give you Rest,"
But see, Rest-seeking reader,
From where the call's address.

11.
From bosom of His Father,
Retreat of all most sweet,
Where love is seen proposing,
And power and purpose meet.

12.
The way looked ne'er so cloudy,
As when He made that cry:
Yet in His Father's bosom,
He found the answer why.

13.
And though our way be likewise,
This invitation's sure,
"Come unto Me" saith Jesus,
"And Rest for evermore."

14.
"Learn ye of Me." Oh! listen,
Yes, hear the message through,
"For I am meek and lowly,"
And this must you be, too.

15.
Yes, here's the blessed secret,
Of overcoming Rest,
Just living near to Jesus,
And leaning on His breast.

16.
There love is known in fulness,
And in its light is seen,
How fruitless and how foolish,
Our former fears had been.

F. HOWARD OAKLEY



A Catechism upon Tuberculosis



TO all in authority; to the religious leaders of the people; to the Members of Municipalities and Local Boards; to the Professors and Teachers of Colleges and Schools:—

It is universally admitted by medical authorities that, while tuberculosis is contagious, the causes of this contagion can readily and easily be avoided by the use of proper means of protection.

The spread of the disease is due very largely to ignorance of the proper means of protection, and there is very little doubt but that a general knowledge and the use of the simple and effective methods known would practically eliminate the disease in one or two generations.

Those who are entrusted with the care of children, are urgently requested to aid in the spreading of the knowledge contained in this catechism by meetings and lectures, by instilling into the young a proper knowledge of the dangers of this disease and of the simple methods by which it can be avoided, those in authority can do very much—in fact, more than even the medical profession—towards its elimination.

The religious leaders of the people will be preventing a terrible amount of *Himsa* by spreading full information as to the real causes of consumption. If we attack a man openly with a sword he may be able to defend himself. The *Himsa* which consists in letting loose the germs of consumption can seldom be guarded against, and is therefore far worse than ordinary *Himsa*.

1. What is Tuberculosis? A very common and often fatal disease, met with in all parts of the world, attacking both man and animals.

2. Where is it most frequently met with? In the crowded parts of cities where the houses are packed together, and the streets narrow; where the air cannot circulate freely, and the sunlight does not enter.

3. What is the cause of this disease? It is due to the presence of tiny living germs or bacilli, visible only by the microscope, which, as they grow and multiply, tend to destroy the affected parts of the body.

How large are these bacilli of Tuberculosis? They are so minute that 400,000,000 placed side by side would be required to cover one square inch; placed end to end it would take 7,000 to make a line an inch long.

5. What parts of the body are the most frequent sites of growth of the tubercle bacilli? First and foremost the lungs; but the bones, the joints, the glands of the neck, the membranes covering the brain, the intestines, and other regions, may be attacked.

6. What is the most rapid and fatal form of tuberculosis? That in which the membranes of the brain are attacked, causing meningitis.

7. What is the most common form? Tuberculosis of the lungs, also known as pulmonary tuberculosis, consumption, and phthisis.

8. What are the ravages of tuberculosis? Besides untold suffering, and great loss from sickness, about two million die from it every year throughout the world.

9. What is the death rate from tuberculosis in India? In the Bombay Presidency alone there were 60,615 deaths, due to consumption and allied diseases, during the year 1906-07. In the Central Provinces the figures have doubled during the last few years, those for 1906-1907 being 16,609. In Madras the ravages seem to be more frightful. In 1902, the figure stood at 5,012; in 1906, it was recorded at 23,378. Five years ago, 584 persons succumbed to affections of the lungs in Eastern Bengal and Assam. During 1906-1907, the number was quadrupled. In Lower Bengal, the figures have risen from 5,666 to 12,825 during this period. In the United Provinces, diseases of the lungs carried off over 20,000 victims in 1906, in the Punjab over 57,000, and in the Frontier Provinces 1,383.

10. At what time of life does consumption most often show itself? Most commonly between fifteen and forty, though it may develop at all times of life from infancy to old age.

11. Are the well-to-do free from this disease? No; it may attack all classes of people, rich as well as poor.

12. Can tuberculosis be passed from one person to another? Yes; it is a contagious disease.

13. What favours the spread of the disease? Impure air and deficient sunlight, which favour the development of the bacilli.

14. Where do the bacilli come from? Being of the nature of plants, they cannot be parts of our bodies; they must come from outside.

15. How, then, do they gain entrance? They are taken into the air passages and the digestive canal through the mouth.

16. Why are the lungs most often affected? Because, in the first place, the bacilli are easily inhaled into the air passages, along with particles of dust; and in the second place, these minute plants find the conditions for growth better in the lungs than in any other parts of the body.

17. Where do the bacilli that are in the air come from? They come from the dried particles

of sputum or spittle of those already suffering from the disease.

18. Does this sputum contain any large number of the bacilli? It has been found that a consumptive may expectorate more than a million bacilli per day.

19. How does this sputum lead to the spread of the disease? If not destroyed, it becomes dried up and converted into dust, and this dust, containing the live bacilli, may be inhaled by others; or, again, flies feeding on the sputum may bacilli to articles of food.

20. Can the disease, then, be introduced along with food? Yes, if that food contains the bacilli. A frequent source of infection is the milk of tuberculous cows.

21. Is there any danger from a consumptive who does not expectorate or from those whose sputum is properly destroyed? None, provided he takes the requisite precautions, and does not sputter into the faces of other people when talking, coughing, or sneezing, for the fine droplets of saliva may also convey infection.

22. Can tuberculosis be avoided by those exposed to infection? Yes; but much depends upon the power of resistance of the individual. Some people are much more resistant than others. The lungs of healthy people can resist or destroy small numbers of bacilli.

23. Are there any causes tending to lower these powers of resistance? An exhausting illness such as typhoid, insufficient or poor food, intemperance, over-work and fatigue, prolonged residence in closed-in and badly lighted rooms, and in workshops where there is poor ventilation and much dust.

24. How does intemperance favour tuberculosis? Not only does it lower the resisting power, but it brings in its train poverty, unhealthy surroundings, and misery.

25. Is consumption hereditary? Strictly speaking, no; but rarely the mother may convey it to her child. Usually the children of tuberculous parents are less resistant to the disease than are the children of healthy parents.

26. Why do we speak of tuberculosis as a family disease? Because several members of one family often fall victims, partly from hereditary low resistance, and partly because careless patients make the home a continual danger.

27. Mention the chief symptoms of the disease? Afternoon fever, continued cough, progressive weakness, loss of appetite.

28. Are there other symptoms? Yes; night sweats, expectoration of blood, loss of voice and acute pain in the chest.

29. Are all these symptoms constant? By no means, although generally several of them are present.

30. May a person be consumptive without the fact being recognized by those around? Yes, particularly in the early stages.

31. What are usually the first symptoms? A persistent cough, fatigue upon slight exertion, and loss in weight.

32. Is there any means of making quite sure that a person has the disease? The discovery of tubercle bacilli in the expectoration is positive proof.

33. Does the disease progress rapidly? Not as a rule.

34. Does his health permit a tuberculous patient to continue at work? Usually it does not; it depends on the stage and severity of the case and the nature of the work.

35. Can the disease be cured? Yes, when not too far advanced. The number of cures is increasing every day, particularly of cases taken in hand at the very start.

36. Can it be cured without treatment? No; cure is a matter of weeks and months of constant carefulness.

37. Is any particular remedy known, which is a sure or recognized cure? No; though possibly the future may furnish such.

38. What, then, is the method of treatment which gives the best results? Life in open air sunlight, strengthening food in abundance, and rest under medical supervision.

39. What is a sanatorium? It is a "place for healing," an establishment devoted to the open-air treatment of tuberculosis under proper medical supervision; where patients are taught proper care of themselves, and how to avoid communicating the disease to their families and friends.

40. How may consumption be guarded against? By avoiding all sources of infection by the microbes and avoiding everything that weakens the body, and lowers the resisting powers.

41. What are the chief measures necessary to stamp out the disease? Stopping the habit of careless spitting, and carefully destroying the sputum of those known to suffer from the disease.

42. How can the sputum be destroyed? It should be burnt. The patient must be provided with a "sputum cup" or failing this, he should expectorate into the folds of a newspaper, or into an ordinary cup containing water, used for this purpose alone, the contents of which, like the sputum cup and the newspaper, are thrown into the fire after use.

43. Is there any danger in a patient swallowing his sputum? Certainly there is; for the contained bacilli may plant themselves in the intestines or elsewhere, and set up new spots of disease.

41. What are the precautions which a patient should take when he coughs? He should cover his mouth with a piece of paper, or a clean rag, which should then be burnt.

43. Are there any other ways by which a patient can transmit the disease? Everything that comes in contact with his mouth is a possible carrier for the microbe—spoon, fork, cup, glass, etc.

46. What are the necessary precautions to take against infection by those means? The patient should, if possible, have his own set of utensils, and everything put to his mouth should regularly be boiled after use.

47. Is it dangerous to kiss a tuberculous patient? The tuberculous patient should not kiss others, and should never be kissed on the lips.

48. What rules should be observed regarding the patient's bedroom? The window should be open day and night; no one else should occupy the same room; the window curtains should be of washing material; the floor should have no carpet, at most a small rug; sheets and body linen should be often and well boiled.

49. How should the room be dusted? With a damp cloth or damp broom in order to prevent dust from rising.

50. What to sum up, are the most powerful enemies of tuberculosis? Through cleanliness, care of the health, temperance in all things, sunlight, fresh air, and abundance of good food.

51. What are the best districts and surroundings for the tuberculous patient? The country, specially the mountains, where the air is of great purity. He should not live beside dusty roads, because dust irritates the lungs.

52. What should be done when the disease comes to an end? The house, or at least those rooms which the patient has occupied, should be disinfected, along with every thing which the patient has used; articles that can be destroyed should be burnt.

53. What should school children more especially keep in mind so as to protect themselves, and those around from possible infection?

They should not expectorate either on the floor or on the pavement.

They should not spit on their slates.

They should not lick or suck their fingers.

They should not stick odds and ends in their mouths; pencils, pens, and so on, which may have been lying about.

They should not "swop" chewing things with their school friends, or eat things which another has already bitten.

They should not use things touched by the mouths of others.

They should not lick things in order to gum them; there is plenty of water about.

They should make a habit of guarding their mouth with a handkerchief when they cough or sneeze.

They should get into the habit of never taking food without first washing their hands with soap and water.

They should keep body and hands as clean as they reasonably can.

Education of Widow Pupils



PROGRESS in the Mysore State, Under the Patronage of the Devaraj Bahadur Charity Education Fund.

From Rai Bahadur, Rajakarya Prasakta A. Narasim Iyengar, Esq., Honorary Secretary, Devaraj Bahadur Charity Education Fund, To C. Ananda Rao, Esq., B. A., Dewan to His Highness the Maharaja of Mysore:

Sir—On behalf of the Trustees of the Devaraj Bahadur Charity Education Fund, I beg to forward, for submission to His Highness the Maharaja, the report of the administration of the said Fund for the years 1907 and 1908.

1. During the period under report one of the Trustees, Mr. B. Mallappa, an eminent Kanarese scholar and an esteemed citizen, died. His death has added a fourth vacancy to the three already existing in the body of the Trustees. The late Mr. Mallappa, by his knowledge of men and things, and with his sympathetic and enlightened views, greatly helped in the administration of this Fund.

2. The Board of Trustees, as originally appointed by His Highness the late Maharaja, consisted of the following gentlemen:—

1. Mr. T. R. A. Thamboo Chettiyar,
2. Mr. A. Narasim Iyengar,
3. Mr. E. Chidambaram Iyer,
4. Mr. A. Narain Sastri,
5. Mr. S. Malhari Row,
6. Mr. B. Mallappa,
7. Mr. S. Rangachar,
8. Mr. Nanjundaraj Urs.

And the order of this appointment is dated

Mysore, 26th June, 1883. So long ago as 19th July 1901, I requested the then Dewan to appoint successors to the places vacated by the late Messrs. Thamboo Chettiyar, Chidambaram Iyer and Narain Sastri. Now that there arrive only four out of the eight Trustees originally appointed, I think that no further time ought to be lost in filling up all the vacant seats.

4. I therefore beg to propose for His Highness' gracious consideration the names of the following gentlemen to fill up the four vacancies:—

1. Mr. V. N. Narasimangar, Retired Palace Controller.
2. Mr. A. Mahadeva Sastriyar, B.A., Curator, Oriental Library, Mysore.
3. Mr. M. Shama Rao, M.A., Registrar of Co-operative Societies.
4. Mr. B. Ramakrishna Row, Palace Officer.

5. During each of the years 1907 and 1908 about 43 widow pupils were aided with scholarships from the Fund. Appendices A and B contain the particulars of students who received scholarships in the month of October. This month has been chosen for the reason that in that month the list of recipients was generally full. Appendix C contains the statement of account relating to those years. Appendix D is a copy of correspondence between the Honorary Secretary of the Fund and the Government regarding the administration of the charity. The pupils were spread over all the Districts of the State, except Hassan. Of these pupils one was learning compounding work preparatory to her training as a midwife. Another was pursuing her studies in the Oriental side of the Maharani's College in the Sanskrit course. The rest were receiving a general education, and were in various Standards from II to V.

6. The good work done during the period under report has been as satisfactory as in previous years. The encouragement given to girl widows from this Fund as well as from the State Widow Scholars has popularised the education of such widows all over the State, so much so that several of them, after finishing their course in the mofussil girls' schools, come to Mysore to join the Maharani's College either to undergo training for the Teacher's Examination, or for pursuing the higher courses of study in English, or the Oriental course in Sanskrit and Kanarese. And this is a real advancement in Female Education.

7. About three years ago a Widows' Home (Ananta Balikasram) who also established in Mysore, and in it orphan widow pupils from distant parts of the Province, such as Sagar, Molakalmura and Bagepalli, have sought admission. Past experience shows that in quiet out-of-the-way places, such as Srinivasapur and Gudibandai in Kolar District, and Tirthahalli and Sagar in Shimoga District, the system of award-

ing scholarships to the widow pupils in the girls' schools there is not likely to work satisfactorily; either there is no efficient teaching as one teacher alone has to teach several classes, or the scholarship money is not properly distributed. For these reasons it seems best to confine these scholarships to girls' schools in big centres where the management is satisfactory and the object of the scholarship is better fulfilled.

8. It may be of interest to note how the movement for the education of the unfortunate girl widows is receiving attention in different parts of India.

9. The Poona Widows' Home, Sarada Sadan, started and worked by Pandita Ramabai, was the first in the field. But Ramabai's strong tendencies for Christian evangelical work interfered with the Hindu religious life of the inmates, and estranged from her the leaders of Poona Society. This led Professor Karve to take up the good work, and his Widows' Home (Ananta Balikasram) at Higne, near Poona, is now well established and appreciated all over India as preserving among its inmates the best traditions of Hindu life and character, and educating them for useful occupations. The leaders of Poona have been evincing commendable spirit in the movement from its very commencement.

10. In Surat the Hindu ladies, led by Sri-mathi Siva Gowri, have a separate section for the education of widows in their Vanitha Visram a school for women.

11. In the Panjab the Arya Samajists are carrying on this good work in their Kanya Maha Vidyalaya at Jalandhar.

12. In the Madras Presidency a large number of scholarships are offered to encourage girl widows to receive education in the girls' schools.

13. In Mysore this movement, begun nearly a quarter of a century ago, has progressed step by step, being encouraged in all the girls' schools of the State. Nearly twenty years ago a Widows' Home, Sadhu Sadan, was started at Melkote, an orthodox centre, and it worked for a few years. It sent to the Maharani's College a small number of orthodox widows of respectable families to be trained as school-mistresses; and these, also being elderly have commanded respect, and female education has become popular in the different centres where they are employed. Good work on a similar line was done for a few years in the City of Mysore in a Widows' Home, Savithri Sadan, its inmates having been afterwards trained in the Maharani's College as school-mistresses. These pupils formed the pioneers sent out as school mistresses.

14. In recent years the Plague has unfortunately left a large number of girl widows. A number of these being orphans, an asylum

to give them boarding, lodging and education became very necessary. To provide such an asylum a Widow's Home (Anatha Balikasram) was started in Mysore in the year 1907. Although, as in other new movements, popular prejudice and criticism have had to be faced, the progress made is satisfactory. Distant relations or friends of orphan girl widows visit the Home; and being satisfied with the arrangements in it, they bring their wards of orphan girl widows for admission. Some of the women who thus visited the institution showed remarkable shrewdness in noticing details, appreciating the existing arrangements and making useful suggestions.

15. In conclusion, I beg to accord my hearty thanks to the Trustees for the uniform support they have given me.

I have the honour to be Sir, your most obedient servant.

A. NARASIM IYENGAR, R.B., R.K.P.,
Honorary Secretary.

MYSORE, June 1909.

APPENDIX A.

Devaraj Bahadur Charity Education Fund. Widow Scholarship-Holders During 1907, with standard and monthly scholarships.

I. Nagar Girls' School—Kamalabai, IV, Rs. 7.

II. Mysore Maharani's College—Nagamma Oriental side. Sanskrit (2nd year's course), Rs. 12; B. Seethamma, III, Rs. 3.

III. Mysore Maharani's Hospital—Kaveramma, Learning Compounding Work, Rs. 12.

IV. Mysore Widows' Home—Kalamma V, Rs. 7; Seethamma III, Rs. 7; Puttu Thayamma I, Rs. 4.

V. Chikballapur Girls' School—Savithamma, III, Rs. 5; Gopamma, III, Rs. 5; Sankaramma, III, 5.

VI. Tumkur Girls' School—Subbamma, V, Rs. 6; Maha Lakshamma, II, Rs. 5; Gowramma, II, Rs. 5.

VII. Chitaldrug Girls' School—Achammah, III, Rs. 5; Chayammah, II, Rs. 5; Seshammah, III, Rs. 4.

VIII. Doddballapur Girls' School—Subbammah, II, Rs. 4.

IX. Devanahalli Girls' School—Suramma, IV, Rs. 9; Puttamma II, Rs. 4; Muthamma, II, Rs. 4.

X. Kyathasandra Girls' School—Nagamma, V, Rs. 4; Savithamma, IV, Rs. 4.

XI. Gudibanda Girls' School—Padmammah, Savitrammah, Venkata Subbammah, Lakshammah, being unsatisfactory, no scholarship been given.

XII. Srinivasapur Girls' School—Bhagirathammah III, Rs. 6; Jaya Lakshammah III, Rs. 6.

XIII. Hosdurga Girls' School—Ambabai IV, Rs. 8.

XIV. Closepet Girls' School—Sakubai V, Rs. 9; Savithrammah IV, Rs. 8; Lakshammah III, Rs. 4.

XV. Nanjangud Girls' School—Venkammah IV, Rs. 7; Subbammah Unsatisfactory. Nagammah III.

XVI. Thirthohalli Girls' School—Lakshammamma II, Rs. 4; Sandamma I, Rs. 3.

XVII. Sagar Girls' School—Amba Bai II, Rs. 5.

XVIII. Shimoga Girls' School—Seethammamma II, Rs. 4.

XIX. Magadi Girls' School—Rungamma III, Rs. 5; Rammakka III, Rs. 5; T. Sreerangamma II, Rs. 4; Koil Janakamma (On Trial) Rs. 7.

APPENDIX B.

DEVARAJ BAHADUR CHARITY EDUCATION FUND. WIDOW SCHOLARSHIP-HOLDERS DURING 1908 WITH STANDARD AND MONTHLY SCHOLARSHIP.

I. Nagar Girls' School—Kamalabai V, Rs. 8.

II. Mysore Maharani's College—Nagamma, 3rd year's course, Rs. 7; Subbamma, V, Rs. 10; Gouramma, III, Rs. 5.

III. Mysore Maharani's Hospital—Kaveramma, Midwifery course, Rs. 12.

IV. Mysore Widows' Home—Kalamamma III Form English and Sanskrit Rs. 9; N. Alumelamma, IV, Rs. 7; Kanakamma, IV, Rs. 5; Nagamma, IV Rs. 5; B. Seshamma, IV, Rs. 5; Thylamma, III, Rs. 5; R. Alumelamma, II, Rs. 3; Tirumalamma, II, Rs. 5; Venkata Lakshammamma, II, Rs. 5; Chokkammah, II, Rs. 5; Seethamma, II, Rs. 5; Parvathamma, I, Rs. 3; Puttamma, I, Rs. 3; Seshamma, I, Rs. 3; Anmanniamma, I, Rs. 3; T. Venkata Lakshammamma I, Rs. 3; B. Parvathamma, I, Rs. 3.

V. Govt. Girls' School, Bangalore—Padmavathamma, III, Rs. 5; Savithramma, III, Rs. 5; Gouramma, II, Rs. 4; Nagamma, II, Rs. 4; Subbamma, II, Rs. 4; Lakshammamma, II, Rs. 4; Sesbamma II, Rs. 4; Gangbbai II, Rs. 4.

VI. Chitaldrug Girls' School—Chayamma, III, Rs. 8.

VII. Devankalli Girls' School—Suramma III, Rs. 9; Puttamma II, Rs. 4; Puttamma II Rs. 5.

VIII. Tumkur Girls' School—Bhagirathammamma V, Rs. 5; Gouramma III, Rs. 1; Sundramma V, Rs. 2 8; Yalugiramma V, Rs. 2; Kaveramma III, Form English Rs. 11.

IX. Magadi Girls' School—Rammakka III, Rs. 5.

X. Koratagere Girls' School—Venkata Lakshammamma V, Rs. 7.

XI. Amrutur Girls' School—Gundamma III, Rs. 5.

XII. Sagar Girls' School—Subba Lakshammamma III, Rs. 4.

N.B.—The difference in the amount of Scholarship for the same standard arises by the addition of house rent or guardian allowance.



Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Columns

I. THE LINGMALLA

*It was an evening in The Month of May
When the Sun had Set at the close of day,
We rambled through the green and Shady wood,
Until we reached this place of solitude,
Where we heard in the balmy Summer breeze
The Murmurs of the weeping cypress trees;
How sweet it was to ramble and to wade
Through narrow foot paths' midst the woodland shade;
It was a garden reared by Nature kind
So beauteous as we rarely elsewhere find,
The whispering silver oaks in numbers grew,
And mango trees rich with the blossom new;
The Pisa trees and thorny palms and beds
Of ferns of varied kinds with drooping heads;
The odours of the blooming roses wild
Were wafted by the Summer Zephyrs mild;
The Jasmine creepers to the Jambul clung;
And everywhere their scented fragrance plung;
The Bamboo trees like wounded warriors stood
As guardian angels of this lonesome wood;
The tangling aloes natural bowers made,
And to the wanderers gave delicious shade;
The sylcan birds their evening chorus sang
The whistler in response his whistle rang,
Then to the left a shady bower stood
Where ancient hermits sat in solitude,
Renouncing pleasures and resigned to fate
To practise Yoge and to contemplate;
Right in the front was seen the water fall
Dashing against the rocky mountain wall;
Then we climbed the green hillock on the right,
From where we saw a magnificent sight,
Of valleys, dales and rocks and mountain rills
Of Venna river and the distant hills,
Of the full moon and many a glittering stream,
It was indeed a gorgeous land of dream!*

KSHAMA ROW

II. THE STORY OF VALMIKI'S INSPIRATION

(An old story re-told)

(By SNEHALATA SEN AND LALITA GUPTA)



AGES ago there lived in Bharat a dread robber named Ratnakar. One day in the forest he stood ready to kill two holy hermits who were approaching him. One of them cried out: "Stay thy murderous hand awhile, Ratnakar, dread robber, while I ask thee a question." Thus bidden, Ratnakar lowered his uplifted axe and awaited the words. The Hermit said: "Oh Murderer and Destroyer, wherefore dost thou rob and kill?"

"Wherefore? Land nor riches have I, and to support myself, my wife, and my old parents, I steal and rob, and kill."

"Tell me, Ratnakar, if those for whom thou sin thus will share thy sins and bear with thee the fruits thereof?"

"Those who share the fruits of my sins, shall share too the burden thereof."

The Brahmin laughed and said:

"While I bide here, go thou to thy home Oh, Robber, and ask of all thy family if they are willing to bear with thee the burden of thy sins."

Then Ratnakar, curious to know, went to his home and addressed his parents thus:

"To keep thee in comfort in thy old age, I rob and kill and the burden of my sins is great. Wilt thou, Oh parents, share it with me?"

His parents waxed angry and replied:

"Wherefore, son, should we your aged parents share your sins. We fed and clothed and reared you when you were young, and now thou art in duty bound to do the same to us. What know we how you do it—nor did we bid you kill and rob." Then the Robber went to his wife and said:

"Oh Partner of my life, of my joys and sorrows tell me if thou wilt bear with me the burden of my sins which is heavy on me." But his wife replied:

"Oh Lord of my life, the day thou weddest me thou didst promised to keep me. I never bid thee rob and kill and wherefore should I share thy sins."

With slow steps and thoughtful mein, Ratnakar returned to the Hermit, whom he had intended to kill and spoke thus:

"Holy Hermit, those for whom I sin, and who share my spoils, refuse to share my sins. But at this hour I feel them heavy upon me, and my spirit sinks beneath its load. Oh, Holy Rishi, tell me how I may be freed from them."

Then Brahma, who had thus come in the guise of a Hermit, replied:—

"With a repentant heart invoke the holy name of Ram and thou shalt be purged of thy sins."

Then the dread robber Ratnakar, sat himself down in the forest and without heed of time or the world, he called unceasingly on Ram, Lord of the world. Thus he sat plunged in meditation lost to the world till even the ants ate into his flesh and built a Valmik (ant-hill) on him.

At last Brahma called him forth and said:

"For thy repentance and great faith, thou shalt henceforth, be a holy sage and an inspired bard. The great song of the Ramayan shall flow from thy lips in Divine Music in the Dev-Bhasba—(Language of Gods) and the sons of Bharat shall sing it to the end of the world. Go forth Valmiki—no more the robber Ratnakar—The First Great Poet!"

Then Valmiki wondering replied:

"How shall I, who am an ignorant robber, sing the great song thou speakest of, Oh Holy Hermit."

"Fear not Valmiki—he replied:—the Goddess Saraswati herself will move thee to song."

Valmiki departed with a joyous heart and dwelt in peace and holiness awaiting the hour when the great task assigned to him should be revealed.

One eve he sat by the banks of the Ganges, when a hunter bending his bow pierced the breast of a Crunchea bird and then that of its mate.

At sight of this the heart of Ratnakar who had dealt death to many fellow beings before, was torn with compassion. Suddenly with a divine spontaneity he uttered forth in a thrilling voice his First Sloka. The words burst forth from the mouth of Bharat's First Poet with the majesty of the thunder, the music of the rippling waves and the freedom of the wind and all Nature seemed to harmonise in the metre.

He stood spell-bound, and then exclaimed:

"What said I? whence this wondrous rhythm—this language of the Gods—Oh Saraswati, Goddess of my heart!"

And Lo! there appeared before him the Goddess Saraswati, seated on white Lotuses. A Golden Vina was in her hand, a majestic beauty shone on her face and person. She held out the Vina to him, and while with bended knee Valmiki received it she broke forth thus into a tender song—as a mother to her son—in a voice of wondrous melody and love!

The Goddess Saraswati's Gift to Valmiki the Poet

(From the Bengali of Rabindra Nath Tagore)

I come from far celestial regions,
Valmiki, on thee to shine,
I the Goddess Saraswati
Bringing thee a charm divine.

From thy lips in glorious rapture
Music rare shall so as above,
Melting with its holy fervour
Thousand hearts of Stone to love.

And the ocean's water surging
Wild emotion at thy feet
Shall with all creation's phases
Pour its sorrow rare and sweet.

And the Meteor brightly flashing
Shall a fiery passion weep
As the thunder softly melteth
In a thousand streamlets deep.

Yea, that tide of rare emotion
Which has stirred thy inmost soul,
Thou shalt in a hundred torrents
Over Earth's dominions' roll.

Where the Himalaya riseth
In its proud and lofty frame,
There the fame columns of thy glory
Shall uphold thy loved name.

Where the holy Ganges floweth
Thy poetic streams shall flow,
Cleansing with their sacred water
Hearts of thousands as they go.

Purifying with their sweetness
The corrupted funeral pyre,
Quenching with refreshing rapture
E'er the arid dessert fire.

Yea, that Sun by Heaven's Mandate
Deemed to Earth the very last
Shall in rhythm of thy music
To oblivion deep be passed.

While the Sun upholds its glory,
While the Moon its beams doth shine,
Thou shalt play, oh
Father Poet—Music of the Gods

And thy favoured divine throne of glory
Shall my lotus footstool be,
Thou shalt be enraptured daily
In a rising melody,

While myriad youthful poets
Crouching lowly at thy feet,
Shall from thy celestial accents
Learn their lessons soft and sweet.

Take this Vina as an emblem
Of that heavenly power fair,
Play upon each string of rapture,
It will answer—rich and rare!

LALITA GUPTA

The verses have been rendered into English by Miss Gupta from the Bengali of Rabindra Nath Tagore.

Our Children's Page



Back of Number 15

(Continued from the last issue)

CHAPTER XII.

EDENVALE AND AFTER.

INDEED, the whole coach began to smell very strong. We were all quite glad to reach Edenvale. It was not Edenvale itself. It was a place where four cross roads met. And there we found Aunt Lettice waiting for us.

"Are you all there, chickabiddies?" she said. And Denzil answered, "The whole boiling of us." It reminded me of Vincent Johnson; and how, oh! that long time ago we had gone to meet him and Denzil down the Creek at Panjim Harbour. And yet, you know, it was only three months ago.

Three months! And we wouldn't see Mother again for three whole years! To think of it! But there was no time to think. Aunt Lettice was a person who wouldn't let you think—think of things that wanted to make one cry, I mean. She was such a darling.

She hugged me when the coach had gone. She hugged us all. And I said, "I don't wonder you were Mother's favourite."

"Flatterer!" she said. "Naughty Josie!" But she held my hand. My hand. And I was the eldest, you know. And so we went, hand in hand, down the Devonshire lane—she told us that it was a Devonshire lane; we knew nothing about it of course—just as if I were the youngest of all, and wanted the most comforting. Sometimes.....perhaps.....I did.

There were yellow flowers in the hedges—little star-like things. She called them buttercups. Dot and Philly ran and picked a handful. And Maddie came upon a cluster of tiny purple flowers. They were dog violets, Aunt Lettice said.

Maddie cried, "Oh! Josie, isn't it lovely?" She meant the Devonshire lane. It certainly was.

Denzil said, "I've found something that nobody else has found." And he held up the daintiest flower. It was very delicate with a fluted edge. "What's this, Aunt Lettice?" he asked.

We crowded round. It was the palest yellow. She looked at Carline and laughed. Indeed, they both laughed. Aunt Lettice said, "What ignoramuses you are! That's a p-r-i—" we couldn't guess—"primrose, you goosies!" she said.

"That a primrose!"

"Let me have it in my hand."

"And me!"

"Me next."

"It's Mother's favourite flower."

She called us goosies and ignoramuses again.

"No," I said, "we are only *jungly-wallas*."

"Jungly—what?" Aunt Lettice cried.

"*Jungly-wallas*," repeated Maddie.

She said it had a heathenish sound. "What does it mean?" she asked.

We laughed. Denzil whispered something about "an ignoramus." She ran at him. He ran away. And she ran after him. We all ran. And ran into a lady coming to meet us.

"'Pon my word!" she said. It reminded me of Major Simpson. Only she was not like him at all. She was much more like Aunt Lettice. She cried, "Here he is! I've got him." And held Denzil by the coat. Denzil got frightfully red.

He began to stammer. He raised his cap.

"I b-beg your p-pardon," he said.

"It's granted," said the lady holding him fast. And to show that it was, she . . . kissed him!

And then in a flash, I knew who it was. "It's Aunt Dorothy, Denzil!" I shouted. And then Aunt Dorothy kissed us all. And we had a very merry meeting. She, too, was not a bit like Aunt Alison. And she was almost as nice as Aunt Lettice.

It was a lovely house. A few steps further down the lane we came to it. And it had a thatched roof. I said, "Our jungle home had a thatched roof, Aunt Lettice." She only squeezed my hand. And there were latticed windows under the eaves. And the walls were all covered with creepers.

As for the garden! I don't think I ever saw such a garden in my life. Even Dot and Philly gave a shout at it. There were smooth lawns, and there were grassy banks, and tall trees threw their shadows over them. And clusters of flowers grew straight out of the banks. "Daffodils," Aunt Dorothy called them.

And in the borders there were other flowers that we'd never seen in our lives. Afterwards we learned their names, Jonquils, and wall-flowers and narcissus.

Philly said, "But mother told us there was an orchard behind the house."

"Come and see it," said Aunt Dorothy.

And there the apple blossoms were turning pink and white. And underneath lay a carpet of primroses!

We gasped. We shouted with delight. I had never imagined anything half so beautiful. And I remembered how Mrs. Manners had said, "Wait till Spring!" And so this was Spring at last!

If I had time—but I haven't half the time to tell you all we did that week. It simply fled. Lydia Simpson would have called it scrumptious!

We watched the bees. We fed the fowls. We rambled about the fields and gathered flowers. Dot was perfectly wild about the daisies. When I am grown up I shall never have a house in the town, you know. I shall always live in the country.

And we also went to church. You smile at that, perhaps. But don't forget that we were *jungle-wallas*.

It stood in the village. It was very old and grey. And its square tower cast its shadow on the nearest cottages. Close around it lay the quiet graves—some with tall grand stones, and some with marble crosses, and some only with a simple wreath of flowers.

And engraven on a stone, embedded in the bank, so close to the entrance that you had to read, we read these solemn words: *The place whereon thou standest is holy ground*—so solemn that it made you pause.

Inside it was very solemn too. The very roof looked sacred, for on the beams carved angels folded hands in prayer, and spread their wings, and bent their eyes upon the people. And when the Clergymen said, "Repent ye for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand," and all the people rose, I remembered our Sunday service in the verandah, and a mist came into my eyes—I thought of mother, of course.

The singing was very nice. At least, the people in the choir sang nicely. But, unfortunately, the grave-digger sat immediately behind us, and sang in a loud, coarse voice. He fell asleep during the sermon, and breathed very loud, and woke up presently and coughed hurriedly to pretend he'd been wide awake.

Maddie said, "He spoils it all."

And Denzil said, "He was a regular Eutyechus."

"Who was Eutyechus?" asked Dot.

"The man in the Bible who fell asleep when Paul was preaching," Maddie said. And added severely, "He fell down from the third loft and was taken up for dead."

Dot was greatly concerned. She stared hard at the grave-digger when we went to the churchyard next day. And so did Philly. They were surprised to see him alive. And he was not

only alive, he was digging somebody else's grave. We stood and watched him a little.

Aunt Lettice said, "Would you like to come again for the summer holidays, chickabiddies?"

I only looked at her. The others shouted.

She said, "The time seems to have flown—it had indeed!—" "You must come for a month, I think, in summer." We shouted again.

Aunt Dorothy said, "The strawberries won't be quite over. And . . . the cherries will be ripe!"

"Hurrah!" said Denzil.

I said, "We've never tasted cherries!"

"High time you did," Aunt Lettice said. She was going to add, "Ignoramuses!" But she stopped in time. For if she knew English things that we didn't know, we knew things about India that she'd never heard of in her life.

As Denzil said, "We were quits."

They came to see us off. We all walked together to the cross roads. Aunt Lettice whispered, "Josie is happier, I think."

I said I was. And added, "Summer is only three months off from now. And school isn't quite so dreadful after all. And then, Aunt Lettice, there are the Simpsons?"

She said, "You're devoted to the Simpsons, Josie?"

"We all are," I said.

She smiled. And then she said, "They must come and spend a day with us when you are here in the summer. We won't be able to squeeze into the dining-room, of course. But we'll carry our luncheon out with us, and eat it in the orchard."

"Oh! how scrumptious!" I cried. And ended, as I always did, "You're a darling, Auntie Lettice."

And then we heard the horn, and the coach came rattling up, and in another minute we had said, "Good-bye," and were jogging back to Riversmouth.

"Dot said, 'I wish we lived at Edenvale.'"

And, of course, Philly said so too. Denzil only laughed. Afterwards he said, "Life is not all jam." But they didn't know what he meant. And Carline said she found the country very dull.

Maddie said, "We only came to England to go to school. And —"

"There isn't a school at Edenvale," I said.

"Besides," and Maddie paused. And then she added, "Father wished us to associate with other children—and, we've got the Simpsons to associate with here and —"

"Fet said she wasn't a Simpson," put in Dot. Denzil shouted.

And then two elderly gentlemen put up their hands and stopped the coach, and came inside, and we didn't say any more, till Philly whis-

pered, "I see Aunt Alison waiting at *The King's Arms*." And so she was. And she seemed really glad to see us.

She said, "Well, here you are! Not broken-hearted quite to return, are you, dears?"

"Oh! No, Aunt Alison," I said. For though she said it with a smile, she was a little wistful, too. Somehow I felt sorry for her.

However, Philly gave her a kiss, and Maddie gracefully slipped one arm in hers, and we all jogged homewards very comfortably.

Something was happening in our road. From the distance we could hear a great commotion. Dogs were growling, and we heard a woman scream. And Maddie said she was sure she heard Ted Simpson's voice. Denzil ran on to see what the matter was. And we ran after him. Not Aunt Alison. We left her and Carline behind.

Carline said, "It's one of 'em 'orrid dog fights, ma'am," and caught Philly by the hand. Aunt Alison pounced on Dot.

It was a dog fight, and they were fighting in front of our house, and Ted Simpson was dancing round them with a stick. So were the two Miss Pratts. Not with a stick. Nor were they dancing either. She had a pepper castor in her hand.

"Don't bit them, Ted!" screamed Ham. "It only makes them savager."

"Wait till I pepper their noses," shouted Shem.

"Go ahead, Miss Pratt," yelled Ted.

They were both greatly excited. So was Ted. And the dogs were growling in a terrible fashion. First one got the upper hand, and then the other. They kept tumbling all over the place. Now they rolled to one side of the road, and then to the Miss Pratts' side. And Shem kept following them with the pepperpot.

It was all very well to say, "Wait till I pepper their noses!" She always aimed for their noses, and only peppered their tails. The furious dogs were far too quick for her.

Her intention was to make them sneeze, I suppose. And to sneeze, you know, they'd have to open their mouths. But the pepper, unfortunately, only affected Ted.

Ted sneezed till the tears rolled down his cheeks. And I thought Denzil would have died of laughter. Ham looked at him rather severely, I thought.

And so we came back to Aunt Alison and to our old life, and here we bid farewell to our readers.

(Conclusion).



Hair-dressing in Japan



It is pleasant to know the current fashions in strangelands. Removed six thousand miles from our country is this land, Japan. And evidently the fashions of this country are not those of our land. For the matter of that, the fashions in one province of our country are not quite the same as those in other provinces and those of one locality differ from those of another. So, surely a few moments spent upon writing about the fashions in Japan are not moments wasted.



No. 1

To confine myself at present to hair-dressing: Here are a few samples of the way the women dress their hair there. Nos. 1 and 2 are the modes in which Misses in Japan dress their hair. No. 3 is how married women have to do it.



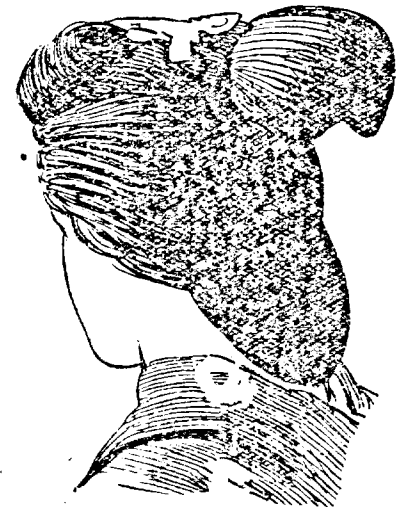
No. 2

In other countries, at least as far as I know, it is not so, but here it is fixed that the married woman shall dress her hair in this particular way. This is the sign by which a wife is distinguished from a miss. But now-a-days this difference is gradually dying out (Japan is progressing).

A new type has come into fashion, this is No. 4. Most school girls dress their hair this way. And also girls that are employed in post offices, railway stations, firms and offices.

No. 4 is usurping the place of all others, because, apart from its being most fashionable in the eyes of young men—is it not to look fashionable in the eyes of young men that young women dress themselves so well?—it is cheap and easy. One can do it for oneself in a few minutes, while the others do take a lot of time. To do these there are professional female hair-dressers i.e. hair-dressers who are women.

Of course they dress women's hair. There are no men, who have their hair dressed, I mean, their long hair. For they have no long hair now, though they had it in the old, old, old days, 40 years ago. But one day the present Emperor—may His influence upon His people reign supreme for ever



No. 3

—said "O, ye my people, our friends and allies the Americans and the English and our future friends and allies all over Europe have their hair cropped, and should we not follow them if we would be civilised too?" (where does civilisation lie?) The wise people took the hint and at once ran to the barber shops.



No. 4

The female hair-dressers have their shops and customers go there, to get their hair done up. It is done in the order in which they go there. Generally it takes over thirty minutes to finish one head. The hair-dresser there are over a

half a dozen combs of different shapes and sizes and all these are used upon every head. She charges ten sen for No. 1 and 2 and eight sen for 3 and 4 (8 sen = 2 annas). There are also wandering hair-dressers. These carry their combs in their satchels and go from door to door to dress the hair—of course these charge dear.

The two classes of them work till 9 in the night. But they make it a holiday on the 17th every month. Nobody can work that day for fear of a fine by the Association of hair-dressers.

S. R. MALLADY.

What has been done for and by Indian Ladies

INDIAN LADIES IN ENGLAND

The London correspondent of the *Parsi* writes under date the 25th June:—

What would your readers say if I told them that there are at this moment in England more than two dozen Hindu ladies—mark the word. But do not suppose that all these *grande dames* are here only on pleasure bent. Of course, they eke out as much innocent pleasure as they can during their sojourn in this tight little island. But they forget neither their country nor the millions of poor sisters they have left behind. In a quiet sort of way, they have set about doing something for them. For instance, an influential committee of Hindu, Parsi and English ladies has been formed with a view to initiating a scheme for the promotion of the education of Indian girls. It is suggested that—after a certain amount of money has been raised—a number of Indian girls should be brought over to England and trained as teachers. Subsequently it is hoped to establish a properly-equipped training college in India itself. A meeting to promote the scheme will be held in the Jhapngir Hall, Imperial Institute, on Monday next. Those in India who are interested in the movement and who wish to obtain further information may get it from Princess Sophia Dhuleep Singh, Faraday House, Hampton Court. So you see the women of India have a Princess to look after their interests. I hope this little bit of information will attract wide attention. For a good deal should be done in India itself to second the efforts these amiable ladies are making here as a labour of love.

HINDU WIDOWS' HOME ASSOCIATION POONA

MONTHLY REPORT FOR JUNE, 1909

Mrs. Parvatibai Athavale worked in Poona visiting several ladies and gentlemen and inducing some to visit the Home.

2. The number of visitors during the month was 126 of whom 27 were ladies, 79 gentlemen and 20 advanced students. Of these 45 came from Poona, 18 from Deccan, 16 from Berars, 10 from Central India, 9 from Bombay, 8 from the Central Provinces, 5 each from Konkan and the Southern Maratha States, 3 from the United Provinces, 2 each from Gujrat and Nizam's Dominions, and 1 each from Rajputana, Mysore State and Madras Presidency. Among them were Mrs. Lakshimbai Chandavakar, Mr. and Mrs. Jahangir B. Petit and Prof. F. M. Dastur of Bombay, the Hon. Prof. G. K. Gokhale of Poona, Rao Sahib Mallappa B. Varad of Sholapur, Rao Bahadur Krishnarao V. Mulye of Indore, Dewan Bahadur V. M. Samarth of Baroda, Mr. M. V. Joshi of Amraoti, and Professor Tarapurwala of Benaras.

3. Mrs. Baiji Pestonji Shapurji Narielvala of Bombay has placed the institution under great obligations by contributing Rs. 300 to the Permanent Fund.

4. The number of contributors during the month was 118 and their contributions amounted to Rs. 878.

HINGNE BUDRUK, } VENUBAI NAMJOSHI,
Poona City, } Secretary.
21st July, 1909.

MRS. WHITEHEAD'S ADDRESS AT THE BANGALORE Y. M. C. A.

Mrs. Whitehead, wife of the Lord Bishop of Madras gave the following address on the evening of the 4th instant at the Central Branch of the Y. M. C. A., Bangalore. Mr. Callan the General Secretary introduced Mrs. Whitehead who addressed the audience in a most powerful language emphasising the grand work carried on by Missions. She mentioned that the proportion of the people in India is 72% Hindus, 21% Mussulmans, 6% Sundry religions, and 1% Christians. She pointed out the difference between *class* in England and *caste* in India. She mentioned also that the work first begun among the higher classes was not a success, and that experience showed that the low classes were readily attracted towards Christianity, and that thousands of them are steadfast Christians today. She refuted the often repeated charge that the low classes came to Christianity for what they could get out of it. The facts she said are against such a charge which she knows personally by coming in contact with them. "If a man,

Mrs. Whitehead said, "come to me with the remark 'I do not see what good Mission Work does to India' she would reply 'Do you believe in God, and the sanctifying of the Holy Spirit?' If so then it is our bounden duty to do everything in our power to diffuse and propagate the grand teaching to those in this great Empire who now are in darkness." "I am persuaded" said Mrs. Whitehead "that the one Christian in every hundred will by God's grace be the means of proselytising in His own time and manner the masses of India, not by preaching only but by precept and good example."

In closing her stirring address, Mrs. Whitehead cordially thanked the soldiers' wives in the name of the Lord Bishop and her own for the monetary contribution made to an appeal for help in a mission cause. Mrs. Whitehead spoke throughout extempore interspersing her address with many interesting anecdotes and personal reminiscences and compared the differences between English and Indian institutions. She was very cordially thanked by Mr. Callan at the conclusion of the address for her able and interesting address which he felt sure had been listened to with as rapt attention by all present as he himself had done, and the singing of a Hymn closed a most instructive evening to the Bangalore Society.

Two young female probationers under training in telegraphy having passed the final test have been appointed day signallers at the Karachi Central Telegraph Office on a salary of Rs. 40 per mensem. Two others are now undergoing instruction in the training class.

Six Indian girls from Eastern Bengal and Assam have been awarded special scholarships for studying in the Calcutta Bethune College.

WIDOW MARRIAGE ACT XV. OF 1856

It is 52 years since Widow Marriage Act was passed. The father of the widow marriage movement was Iswarachendra Vidyasagar of Calcutta, who not only took the trouble of representing to Government grievances of the child-widow but also had the widow marriages legalized and then performed first widow marriage in India in 1856 to the glory of the British rule. The reform gradually spread all over India, and for the last 22 years it has been in the mouths of many a great Indian. The cause of the child-widow is constantly heard on the platform and read in newspapers: and thus the path of the future reformers is paved. The object of the present generation of reformers is merely to educate the general public in social matters, by delivering lectures, and thus to spread the re-

form on the lines of least resistance. This, in the case of all those who cannot jump into the fire of reform all on a sudden and then become victims to the bulls of the head priest, is good and cannot injure them in any way but considering the existing large number of child widows requiring relief at once, and the indefinitely long time and immense sacrifice of labor and money, required on the part of such workers, before any relief is obtained for the child widow, some practical men are now required to sacrifice their interests and relieve the present generation of child widows by performing their marriages as a curative measure, and some to preach and teach and convince people of the necessity of the reform.

Widow marriage reform will gradually discourage child marriages and infant marriages, reduce the number of infant widows and child widows and induce people to have post puberty marriages.

The British Government sympathises with the lot of the Hindu girl and has by legalizing widow marriages, prohibiting nuptials of girls before 12th year, and selling or adoption of any girl for immoral purposes, and by granting scholarships to girls who wish to read in higher classes, laid down lines for our educated countrymen to follow and benefit their country. Those native members who are on Legislative, Local and Municipal Councils, and Union Panchayats, have simply to follow them and use their right influence that their example is followed by others.

INDIAN WIDOWS

(From a Mysore Reformer)

The "Widows' Home" in Mysore, started by that persevering and philanthropic gentleman, Mr. A. Narasimangar, Rai Bahadur, is a unique institution. When first he embarked on this enterprise, some thought he would fail and many hoped that he would be a laughing stock of the public. His persistent efforts in achieving this great object of usefulness in the cause of these neglected women of society, have borne fruit and he has every reason to be proud of the success that has attended him. It is not always and everywhere that men of the calibre of Mr. Narasimangar are to be found who devote themselves to ameliorate the sufferings of the poor and the helpless. Coming to the "Widows' Home" founded by Mr. Narasimangar at great personal inconvenience, and self-sacrifice it is a happy augury, that hereafter the condition of the poor widows will not be as despicable as it hitherto had been. The intellectual and moral training impart to them in the "Home," besides making them better members of society, will enable them to support themselves instead of being a burden on others.

The widow teachers that are now helping the young members of their sex in Schools and Colleges, in addition to helping themselves, are placing the grown-up members under a deep debt of obligation, by imparting such morals as they are in need of. The widows of the "Home" are trained in different branches of learning religion not being relegated to a corner. They are trained as teachers, preachers, nurses and midwives. The necessity of female doctors is very great. Why not some be trained as doctors and physicians? They should be taught the English, Hindu and Unani methods of doctoring. The world is in very great need of these and the "Widows' Home," I hope, will try to train some. I shall revert to this subject in a future issue.

News and Notes

DR. JULIA WARD HOWE

One of the most impressive incidents in the history of Brown University occurred, when, in the old Baptist meeting-house at Providence, in the presence of faculty, graduates, undergraduates and a large commencement audience, President Faunce conferred upon Mrs. Julia Ward Howe the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters. Mrs. Howe, aged 90 years, received the scroll and the insignia of the degree with her own hand, while the band played "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

When the president announced the name "Mrs. Julia Ward Howe," every one arose. Chancellor Arnold P. Chace and Prof. Wilfred Munro assisted Mrs. Howe slowly from the front pew to the foot of the red-covered pulpit steps.

"Doctor of Letters, Julia Ward Howe, Boston, Mass.," said President Faunce, "author, philanthropist, mother, friend of the slave, the prisoner and all who suffer, singer of the battle hymn of freedom, allied with Brown University through her distinguished husband, allied with all educators through her faith that it is, the last of life for which the first was made."

As she received the diploma and the white token of the degree she trembled, and then half-raised the diploma in salute, bowing slightly. At that moment the band began the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and with a smile lighting up her face Mrs. Howe was escorted back to her seat.

At the conclusion of the exercises Mrs. Howe said: "I feel much honoured by this degree. It is doubly precious to me because my grandfather received here his degree of A.B. I cannot tell when, but it was long before I was born. Then, too, my husband, Dr. Howe, was

a graduate. It is a most beautiful occasion, and I was, indeed, much pleased when the band played the 'Battle Hymn.'"

* THE "BORDER-LINE" GIRL

Addressing the National Conference of Charities and Correction, at Buffalo, N. Y., on the education of backward, truant and delinquent children, Mrs. Orphelia L. Amigh, superintendent of the Training School for Girls at Geneva, Ill., made a plea for the "border-line" girl, contending that "when girls of this class come before a judge for commitment to an institution, it seldom occurs to him that they are irresponsible and need constant care to keep them from going wrong. The judge, as well as her parents, calls such a girl wayward, incorrigible and sometimes vicious, but never defective. Such girls are unusually fond of amusement, dress and display and all the faculty and energy they possess are turned in this direction. The power of reasoning out things for their own benefit seems to be an unknown quality, so far as good is concerned, and they are easily turned aside from the right path and into the wrong one. "The border-line" girl is a problem for charity workers and philanthropists that is receiving much attention to-day, and none more merits thoughtful consideration. Too often condemnation is meted out to a girl when help should be given in her pitiful case."

WOMEN PROBATION OFFICERS

Under the provisions of a law passed by the last Pennsylvania Legislature, probation officers are now included as a part of the Juvenile Court system, instead of being supported by charitable organizations, as they have been heretofore in many instances. Under the new order Philadelphia will be divided into 15 districts, with one special probation officer to each, while the five remaining members of the staff will be officers at large, covering the city in general.

Mrs. Jessie L. Pickering has been appointed as head probation officer at a salary of \$85 a month, while the other officers will receive \$65. They will all be reimbursed from the city treasury for expenses incurred for stationery and the like. No probation officers in future will be allowed to maintain any connection with a charitable organization or receive any pay for juvenile work beyond their official salaries. Two physicians, Dr. Anna L. Bacon and Dr. Mary J. Rochelle are on the list of probation officers.

Miss Elizabeth A. Dinan of South Bethlehem, Pa., has been appointed probation officer of the Juvenile Court of Northampton county. Miss Dinan has been teaching in the local public schools for nearly twenty-five years and has

dealt successfully with her pupils. It is believed that she will be equally skilful with delinquent and incorrigible children.

F. M. A.

LADY ABERDEEN

Lady Aberdeen has already accomplished remarkable results in her antituberculosis campaign in Ireland. At the International Antituberculosis Congress last year in Washington, D.C., the Women's Health Association of Ireland, which she organized, was bracketed with the New York Anti-tuberculosis Society for the first prize for the best work done in five years, though the New York society had been at work five years and the Irish society only two.

Lady Aberdeen has found it especially effective to enlist the mothers. Already 173 centres have been established, where treatment and instruction are given. Particular attention is paid to prevention through better care and more wholesome feeding of babies, more cleanliness and fresh air in homes and schools, and a daily disinfection of school rooms. She says that the work against tuberculosis and the work for woman suffrage are all part of the same great movement for human betterment.

Lady Aberdeen has wonderful endurance. Before sailing for America to attend the coming meetings at Toronto, she worked for 48 consecutive hours without lying down, and she often works all day and all night, until she is called to breakfast.

During her years in Canada, although her husband's official position imposed many onerous social duties upon her, she never let a day pass without writing a separate letter to each of her four children, who were absent in school and at college. She is another disproof of the doctrine that a woman cannot be good for much as a mother if she is good for anything else.

This is Lady Aberdeen's 21st visit to America.

The International Woman Suffrage Alliance has adopted as its motto St. Augustine's words; "In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity."

THE FIRST WOMAN PHYSICIAN

When Mrs. Elizabeth Smith Miller the other day presented a portrait of Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, the earliest woman physician, to the Elizabeth Blackwell House—the dormitory of the new college for women affiliated with Hobart College—it showed how comparatively modern is the whole movement for the admission of women to the professions. It is only sixty years since the first woman physician took her degree of M. D. Now there are 7,399 women physicians and surgeons practising in the United States.

Elizabeth Blackwell was born near Bristol, England, in 1821. She was the daughter of Samuel and Hannah Blackwell. Her father was a sugar-refiner, much respected for his high character and integrity. When he met with business losses and determined to emigrate to America, a number of Bristol merchants united in urging him to stay among them, offering to lend him any amount of money that he wished, at very low interest. Elizabeth's father, however, was a man of progressive ideas, and was prepossessed in favour of American institutions, such as he imagined them to be. He persisted in his purpose, and in 1832 sailed for New York with his wife and family.

WOMEN LAWYERS

Miss Cora A. Benneson, M.A., LL.B., of Cambridge, Mass., gave an address before the Illinois State Historical Society last week in the Capitol building at Springfield on "The Quarter-master's Department in Illinois during 1861-62." This week she read a paper before the Historical Society of her old home city, Quincy on "The Quincy Riflemen in the Mormon War in Illinois, 1844-46."

WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS

NOVEL EXHIBITION

Novelty in unlimited quantity is being arranged for the forthcoming Exhibition of Women of All Nations at Olympia. Many Society leaders have given their patronage to the exhibition, these including the Duchesses of Westminster and Grafton, the Marchionesses of Downshire, Donegall, Hertford and Sligo, Dowager Countess of Desborough, Dora Countess of Chesterfield, Viscountess Churchill, Viscountess of Pembroke, Lady Goschen and many others.

Girls will figure prominently in the exhibition. There will be a Girl Servants' Camp as well as shooting contests between the Britannia League and a corps of pressmen while female firemen will also give daily displays and lady doctors will be in regular attendance in case of emergency. Sections will be devoted to that fascinating subject 'Feminine adornment,' and there will be a liberal distribution of bookborders to visitors each containing an initial deposit of one shilling.

The exhibition will be open for one month at Olympia and will then be transferred to Glasgow, Manchester and other places.

WOMEN AS HORTICULTURISTS

When the Imperial Press Conference delegates were at Warwick, at the commencement of their Provincial tour, Mr. F. Crosbie Roles, the delegate from Ceylon, at the luncheon at

which they were entertained in the great Hall of the Castle by the Earl and Countess of Warwick, referred to the part which Lady Warwick had played in establishing the Studley Agricultural and Horticultural College for Women. He said she had initiated in England the first College exclusively occupied by women in the industry of horticulture and agriculture. "Now they saw the movement extending throughout the country. They knew that women trained at Studley would go out to the Dominions across the seas and be able to take their part in those countries which depended so much on agriculture. That was no small share to have taken in the building up of the Empire." The importance of educating their daughters to be able to provide for themselves is widely recognised by parents in these strenuous days, especially by those who are unable to provide their children with handsome dowries. To these the Horticultural College at Studley Castle should specially appeal; for these girls are trained in professions which they can pursue in their own homes, either with a view to increase the comfort of their surroundings, or as a means of livelihood. Even for girls who do not need to earn their own livings, but whose homes are in the country, a knowledge of horticulture, dairy and poultry farming, bee keeping, jam making and fruit bottling cannot fail to be useful, besides supplying occupations which would do much to relieve the monotony of country life. Among the chief advantages held out by the training at this Horticultural College is that it provides an education which tends to lead girls away from the great cities, and to show them how they can earn a healthy and pleasant livelihood in the country, where their bodies, minds and spirits are perpetually drawing in refreshing influences from constant contact with nature; and Anglo-Indians will welcome the provision made for girls whose parents live abroad to remain at the College all the year round. The girls are given a thorough business training so that they can successfully superintend large properties, or become gardeners to institutions or private families or take up market gardening. They have also an excellent chance of studying arboriculture, for very few estates in England have such a collection of trees and shrubs as the College, which has 340 acres of wood and meadow land connected with it. There is, besides, a French garden in which fruit and vegetables are grown on the Marais system of cultures and a large English garden, as well as market houses, hot and green houses, orchards, etc.

GEORGE MEREDITH'S WOMEN

(By EPACRIS)

In George Meredith, the great novelist, whose death was announced the other day, women have lost a great advocate. It is not too much to say that most of us do not realise how much we owe to that writer for spreading, if not in many instances creating, some of the new ideas which are so very violently alive to-day. He was an old man, 81 years of age, but women as a rule don't read Meredith, and those who have taken to him lately fancy him younger by half a century, because he was so far ahead of his time. He was a believer in woman suffrage and other spacious and wide views of life, as it might be enjoyed by women if they were only brave enough or strong enough to take the uplands, leaving the shadow low lands to those too feeble to climb.

Although Meredith is not a "women's novelist" in the sense that Mrs. C.N. Williamson or the late Mr. Marion Crawford enjoys that title, yet he was that in reality more than many of us guess. He is responsible for many more things than appear on the surface. He wrote for other novelists, and types by the score are day after day hewn out of Meredith's quarries.

The beautiful old castle in which the College is housed is most imposing and palatial. The fees are low, but those who require more accommodation or better attendance can obtain these luxuries by paying more; otherwise the food, teaching and everything else are the same for all, and poorer girls are not made to feel their inferior degree, for work and social qualities are the standard of popularity at Studley Castle. The College was founded by the Countess of Warwick but, she has recently, severed her financial responsibility with regard to it, and it is now under the direction of a new Board of Management, composed of business men and those interested in education generally. It is unquestionably a most valuable institution from many points of view, and the successes of its students afford proof of the excellence of the teaching. Unfortunately, however, under the old regime the College was not a financial success and a rumour has been circulated that it would be closed, which naturally has deterred intending students from entering, with disastrous effects on its income. The present Board, however, has no intention of allowing the College to close, but hopes, on the contrary, that a new era of success is about to dawn; and we trust that this hope will soon be fulfilled. In addition to the Imperial influence of the College, as pointed out by Mr. Roles, it may be said to be of real importance also both politically and commercially.

His women are on the grand scale, and they live. Each character is a distinct portraiture, it may not be of an actual woman, but of a type. The claim that Meredith draws the sex better than Shakespeare drew them is one to which some great authorities defer. But they are all intensely modern, and only the nineteenth century could produce them. "Diana of the Crossways" is the one best known to readers. She it was brought her author fame. She is supposed to be Mrs. Norton, one of the beautiful daughters of Thomas Sheridan, and granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who wrote "The School for Scandal." Mrs. Norton and her sisters were all renowned for their loveliness. In weaving a romance about her life, as the novelist did, he eliminated all the petty and mean details which a merely gossiping writer would have dwelt upon, and he showed how modern life can be lived in an exalted and picturesque fashion. One of the best instances of this careful picking out of only the necessary touches for his portrait, giving evidence that Meredith was a great impressionist, is evinced in "The Story of Chloe" a short story. One obtains all the ideas he wishes to convey by the most deftly placed and exquisitely accurate strokes.

The chattering gossiping kind of woman, and she with twittering bird-like ways, found no friend in Meredith. He "had no time for them," as the slang phrase runs. He admired a solitary grandeur. Growing minds require solitude as much as growing timber requires space was one of his beliefs. Old Margaret the Gipsy described in Keat's poem might have been a Meredith woman when—

"Stead of supper, she would stare
Full hard against the moon."

She might have been in a most Meredithian mood. As I said before, many women can't read him. His peculiar and affected style repels them. The company in his books gives them the uncomfortable feeling of associating with folk to whom they feel themselves inferior. There is, of course, no disputing about taste. But if George Meredith had not lived and written the position of woman would not have advanced to what it has become to-day.

TEXAS WOMEN ARE THINKING

It is impossible for a company of tax-paying women to get together without the conversation sooner or later reverting to the injustice to which they are obliged to submit, says the *Passing Show* of San Antonio, Tex. In one of the districts where improvement bonds have been voted there was much consulting of the

men property-owners, but never a word was said to the women, although one-third of the property owners were women. When a new street car track was laid along certain streets, it was not done until the consent of all the men owning property was obtained. Although all of the property on one of the streets was owned by women, they were never consulted as to their wishes, but they were not forgotten when the time for raising the tax assessment came around. A woman who had occasion to go to the collector's office a short time ago says: "You would be surprised to see what a large proportion of the people standing in line are women. To be sure, some of them go to pay the husband's tax, as he has not time to leave his business. For two hours we stood in line with negroes, Mexicans and all sorts that might come. Nothing unpleasant occurred except the tedious waiting, but it shows that men are not so particular about the crowds their wives get mixed up with when it suits their (the men's) convenience to have them do so."

VOLUNTARY MEDICAL SERVICE

WOMEN'S WORK

In the June number of that excellent publication *National Defence*, Miss Haldane, sister of the Secretary of State for War, has an article on the Care of the Sick and Wounded in War. This gifted lady deals with woman's part in the new Home medical service organisation and with the work of the Red Cross Society. Previously it had been thought that the civil hospitals would be adequate for the needs of any Home war, but it has been recognised that the civil establishments would have quite enough to do among a disorganised population suffering from sickness and semi-starvation. Hence the effort to detach a medical and nursing service from the civic numbers for the use of the Home troops. Arrangements have been made for establishing 23 general hospitals in public buildings on the mobilisation of the Territorial Force. Each hospital will have 520 beds, or a provision for 12,000 men. The female staff required is 2,760 and these are being recruited from among the ranks of trained nurses. About 120 matrons, sisters, and nurses are required for each hospital which will be equipped by the Red Cross Society. The centres selected for these hospitals are London (4), Glasgow (2), and one each at Newcastle, Leeds, Sheffield, Liverpool, Manchester, Lincoln, Leicester, Birmingham, Oxford.

Two Boston women just home from England have brought back a funny story about Mr. Asquith. His tribulations at the hands of the

suffragettes are well known. It is reported that on a recent morning he and Mrs. Asquith were awakened by loud and angry voices under their window, rising to occasional shrieks. Mr. Asquith said, "It is those horrible suffragettes!" Mrs. Asquith said, "Let us pour water on them." They got up, and each took a piteber. Stealing to the window, they poured the water suddenly upon the heads of the women below. The disturbers turned out to be not suffragettes, but their own cook and house-maid, both of whom immediately gave warning.

DEATH OF A NOTABLE MAORI LADY

The death is announced at Hastings, New Zealand, in her fifty-fourth year, of Mrs. G. P. Donnelly Arinut Kacauria. She had been an important figure in European and Maori affairs for the last twenty-five years, and was closely allied by blood with the leading chiefs of Ngati Kahungunu, including Tiakitai Temocanana, Renatakawepo, and others, which gave her "mana" prestige, and a standing unique in Maori history. Mrs. Donnelly was noted for her lavish hospitality, and for her keen, able and determined defence of her people's rights, her appearance in the native land courts revealing remarkable knowledge of the art of advocacy. She was a prominent figure on all occasions in the entertainment of illustrious European visitors, the most notable of her guests being the Prince and Princess of Wales, who, with the King and Queen, reciprocated her hospitality most royally when Mrs. Donnelly visited England a few years ago. Her loss will be felt by both races, for she was the essence of charity, while her own people will lose a great champion, and the community at large one of the few Rangatira links binding them with the Maori past, and the early history of Hawkes Bay.

WOMEN AND UNIVERSITY DEGREES

The Council is also in favour of bringing before the congregation the question of admitting women to Academic Degrees, upon the lines laid down in Lord Curzon's memorandum. Three women in England have lately been elected churchwardens at Deeping, West Wycombe and Thornborough.

That tobacco claims votaries among the most notable women of the world, even Queens, is evidenced by Carmen Sylva, the Queen of Roumania, the widowed Queen of Portugal, and the Dowager Empress of Russia, sister to Her Majesty the Queen of England.

A Committee of English and Indian ladies has been formed in London to further the scheme originated in Calcutta for the purpose of helping Indian girls who are preparing for the scholastic profession to receive a training in England with a view to their introducing improved methods of teaching in India.

A HINDU WIDOW'S SUICIDE.—A lamentable case of suicide by a young Hindu widow, named Promilabala Dassi, is reported to have happened at No. 98-1, Machuabazar Street. About two months ago Promila lost her husband, and she believed that, since his death, the spirit of her deceased husband had been haunting the house. The rite known as the *Santi* ceremony was performed on Sunday. This is supposed to keep the spirit from the house. After the ceremony the widow swallowed a quantity of strychnine and died before she could be removed to the hospital.

THEFT IN A MAGISTRATE'S HOUSE.—Meenakshi and Kamakshi, two women of the Korava caste and natives of Palghat, entered the house of Mr. K. Eapen, our Deputy Magistrate, on the 26th instant, in broad daylight, and stole a couple of pewter vessels. They were observed in the act of removing the vessels by a servant of the house, and were arrested and handed over to the Nadakkavu Police.

RIOT BETWEEN TWO RIVAL CANDIDATES FOR A YOUNG HINDU WIDOW.—On Thursday before last before Mr. S. C. Mitter, Senior Deputy Magistrate of Howrah a remarkable story was told by a respectable Hindu widow named Jakhini, aged about 13 years, who preferred charges of trespass, criminal intimidation and assault against Roopa Kulwar and eleven others, under the following alleged circumstances. The girl had lost her husband about a year ago, who bequeathed to her a handsome fortune. She expressed a desire to marry again with the permission of her relatives, which was granted. The first named accused was one of the many suitors, who came forward. Roopa was eventually found to be unsuited and was rejected by the girl and her people. Subsequently Raghu-nandan, a man of substantial means offered to marry the girl and was accepted. The marriage was fixed to take place on the 27th June last. As usual the bridegroom with his party proceeded with great pomp and grandeur to the bride's house at Bhat Bagan. While the marriage ceremony was in progress in the

courtyard of the house, the accused in a body rushed in and falling upon the bridegroom's party severely assaulted them. The accused, it was alleged, then dragged the bride out of the house into a lane close by and also assaulted her and robbed her of all her ornaments. In the course of the affray the bridegroom's party rescued the girl from the hands of the ruffians who finding their position unsafe dispersed making good their escape. The Magistrate granted warrants for the arrest of the accused.

KIDNAPPING OF MINOR GIRLS

FRAUD AND ENTICEMENT

The extent to which the practice of kidnapping minor girls prevails in some of the western districts of the United Provinces for the purposes of selling them elsewhere is illustrated by two cases, recently disposed of by the Assistant Sessions Judge of Meerut. The persons accused in one of the cases were Cohan Rajputs, named Rupa and Dallu, and it appeared that a girl under sixteen years of age was enticed away from the house of her husband and mother-in-law by one of the accused who was her neighbour under the pretence that her father had come to see the Burhen Baba fair, and had sent him to call her as her mother was unwell. The other accused stood at some distance from the place. Not realising the trap the girl followed, and was taken by the accused to a pond outside the village where she enquired where her father was. She was told that she would find him later on.

She was then deprived of such ornaments as she had, which the accused divided between themselves. She protested but was told that if she said anything they would cut her neck and bury her underground. She was then taken to various places where she was offered in marriage to persons living there but these persons insisted on a report being made at the police station to which the accused would not assent. She was eventually taken to a place in the Delhi District and kept in hiding there till she was traced about two months later by the police and restored to her mother-in-law.

PURCHASING A WIFE

A HINDU CASE

A very interesting question has recently been decided by Mr. W. R. G. Moir, District Judge of Jaunpur, as to the liability of a Hindu son to pay the debts of the father incurred in purchasing a wife for himself (the father). The facts were that a Hindu having children wanted to obtain a second wife, his first wife having died. No one was willing to give him a girl in marriage. So he borrowed money from the plaintiff by mortgaging the family property and purchased a wife. The son defended the creditor's suit on the ground that the debt was not incurred for family necessity and he was not liable. The District Judge in overruling the contention of the son held that the debt was a debt for family necessity and the son was liable under the mortgage.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Acknowledgments for July, 1909

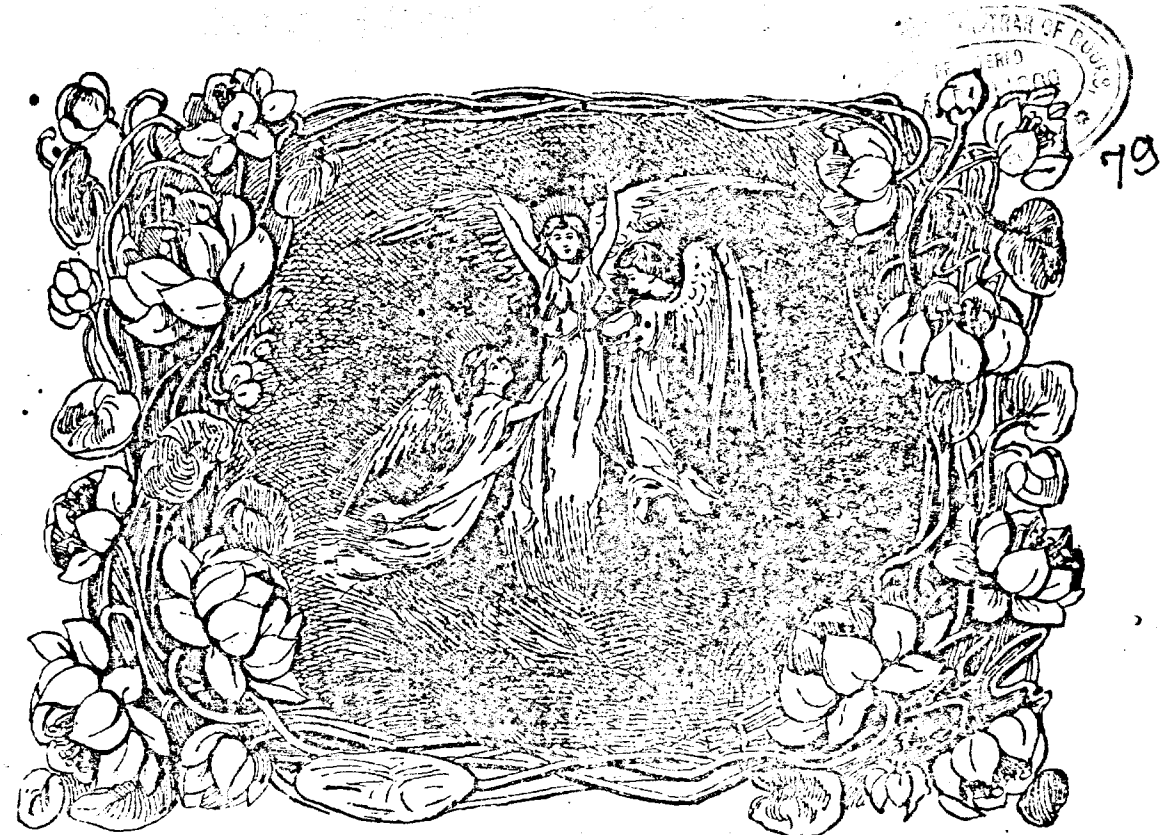
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SIR RALPH AND LADY BENSON OUTSIDE THE TOMBS OF THE SHOGUNS IN THE SHIBA PARK, TOKIO, JAPAN

Lady Benson is the writer of the charming and interesting articles on "Glimpses of a Tour in Japan," the fourth series of which we are printing in the present issue.—(See page 82)



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. IX]

SEPTEMBER, 1909

[No. 3

THE ANGEL OF PAIN

THERE is an Angel, who, unseen,
Is always with us: we in vain
Must ever seek to solve, I ween,
The mystery of human pain.

For Pain's great Angel, calm and fair,
Dwells surely in each hallowed place,
Where patiently our brethren bear
The heritage of Adam's race.

How many homes, all beautiful
Within, without, as heart and hand
By love made wise and pitiful
Can fashion them, around us stand!

But never doth Pain's Angel cease
To tread the wide floors to and fro—
Pray God, beside him walks the peace
That only chastened spirits know.

For whom God loves, He chasteneth,
And oft He leads by thorny ways
His children home, yet comforteth
The soul on which His cross He lays.

Shall we endure because we must,
The while our hearts rebellious swell?
Nay, rather let us calmly trust
The Love that doeth all things well.

How oft in watches of the night,
When all is still, and fires burn dim,
A sense of comfort, peace and light
Reveals the presence sweet of Him.

His gentlest Angels, for love's sake,
Keep watch and ward o'er those who sleep.
But, blessed thought, with those who wake,
The Lord Himself doth vigil keep.

O Friends, who oft through weary years,
By night and day must entertain
With patience, yet with trembling fears,
The presence of God's Angel—Pain.

Take heart of grace, He loves and knows,
And let this truth with you abide,
That wheresoe'er Pain's Angel goes,
He also stands the couch beside.

O weary souls, the cross you bear
But draws you closer to His heart;
O patient souls, His loving care
Pours sweetest balm for every smart.

For you, who can but "stand and wait,"
In His good time the call will come,
And He Who standeth at the gate
Shall bid His children welcome home.

Jogadhyia Uma

A POEM BY TORU DUTT

A Sketch



LIKE a strain of sad, sweet music, which comes floating by us on the wings of night and silence,—like the exhalation of the violet, dying even upon the sense if charms,—like the snow-flake dissolved in air before it has caught a strain of earth, like the light surf severed from the billow, which a breath disperses;—in such words does Mrs. Jameson write of the hapless Ophelia. And even so would I describe the poetry of the not less hapless Toru Dutt. What makes me think so of her, I do not exactly know. Perhaps it is the pathetic character of her poetry itself, perhaps it is the pathetic and early death of so sweet and promising a poetess. I would go even further and describe her poetry in the glowing words of one of Shelley's beautiful comparisons to the sky-lark—though the impression perhaps is too brilliant and not sad enough for the quality of her language

"Like a glow-worm golden in a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden its aerial hue,
Among the flowers and grass,
Which screen it from the view."

If Toru Dutt's poetry, as it was given to us, is not quite like that, I am sure it would have become like it, if only she had lived long enough. If—; Ah! what incomprehensible things some "ifs" are.

Jogadhyia Uma is the name of one of the prettiest poems of this little poetess of our native land. It is the story, in beautiful language, of as pretty and sublime a vision as ever appeared to man. Sweetly and delicately the divine idea appeals to us and we wish we also could be so favoured as to be so blessed as the poor seller of shell bracelets.

"Shell bracelets ho! shell bracelets ho!
Fair maids and matrons come and buy!"
Along the road, in morning glow,
The pedlar raised his wonted cry,
The road ran straight, a red, red line,
To Kherogram, for cream renowned,
Through pasture-meadows where the pine,
In knee-deep grass, stood magic bound,
And half awake, involved in mist,
That floated in dire coils profound.

Till by the sudden sunbeams kist,
Rich rainbow lines broke all around.
'Pellucid spread a lake-like tank,
Beside the road now lonelier still,
High on three sides arose the bank.
Which fruit-trees shadowed at their bill:
Upon the fourth side was the ghat,
With its broad stairs of marble white.

What a charming place it is, and to make it more charming still,

"At the entrance arch there sat,
Full face against the morning light,
A fair young woman with large eyes
And dark hair falling to her zone,
She heard the pedlar's cry arise,
And eager seemed his wares to own."

In glowing terms, the pedlar praises his wares to her; but suddenly, unaccountably,—he does not know the reason for it—his heart and his eyes are dazzled, and he gazes on her with fear. What was it made him afraid of her?

"Oh, she was lovely, but her look
Had something of a high command
That filled with awe.
Not weak she seemed, nor delicate,
Strong was each limb of flexible grace,
And full the bust; the mein elate,
Like her's, the goddess of the chase
On Latino's hill,—and oh, the face
Framed in its cloud of floating hair,
No painter's hand might hope to trace
The beauty and the glory there!
And, though her eyes were soft, a ray
Lit them at times, which kings who saw
Would never dare to disobey."

With dazzled eyes, the pedlar gazes on the fair vision.

"What meant the vision, fair and chaste,
Whose eyes were they—those eyes of flame?"

But the noble woman behaves like any ordinary lady of the land. She shakes aside her curls, which the breeze has fanned across her beautiful face, and asks him the price and "with quiet grace, for payment to her house referred." But, when the pedlar, who thinks that she is the happy wife of a rich lord, asks where her home is, she replies

"Far otherwise, my lord is poor,
And him at home, thou shalt not find;
Ask for my father; at the door
Knock loudly; he is deaf, but kind.
Seest thou that lofty gilded spire
Above those tufts of foliage green?
That is our place; its point of fire
Will guide thee over the tract between."

But that is the temple, says the pedlar.

"Yes, there
We live; my father is the priest,
The mausa is near, a building fair
But lowly, to the temple's east.
When thou hast knocked, and seen him, say,
His daughter, at Dhamaser ghat,
Shell-bracelets bought from thee to-day,
And he must pay so much for that.
If he demur, or cry alas!
No money hath he,—then reveal,

Within the small box, marked with streaks
Of bright vermilion, by the shrine,
The key whereof has lain for weeks
Untouched, he'll find some coin,—'tis mine.
That will enable him to pay
The bracelet's price, now fare thee well."

Charmed with her voice, the dazzled pedlar believes her. This is strange, but how could he have disbelieved such a woman?

"Then the pedlar walks on,
'Till full in front the sunlit spire
Arose before him. Paths which led
To gardens trim in gay attire
Lay all around. And lo! the mausa,
Humble, but neat, with open door!
He paused, and blest the lucky chance
That brought him back to such a shore.
Huge straw racks, log huts full of grain,
Sheep, cattle, flowers, a tinkling bell,
Spoke in a language sweet and plain,
'Here smiling Peace and Plenty dwell'"

Then he unconsciously raises his voice in the old cry of "shell bracelets ho!" A priest looks out, bids him enter, wash his feet and break his fast with him. But the pedlar, intent first on business, tells him of the bracelets sold to his daughter and asks for payment. At that the astonished priest laughs aloud and says that he has no daughter.

"No daughter in the world have I
An only son is all my stay;
Some minx has played a trick, no doubt,
But cheer up, let thy heart be gay,
Be sure that I shall find her out."

Then the pedlar describes the unforgettable face and form of the noble woman he had met and mentions her words to him. To the priest comes a sudden, wonderful thought. He runs to the vermilion-streaked box, opens it, and finds in it the exact price which has to be paid. In his mind now, there is no doubt of who she is:

"How strange! how strange! Oh blest art thou,
To have beheld her, touched her hand,
Before whom Vishnu's self must bow,
And Brahma and his heavenly band!
Here have I worshipped her for years,
And never seen the vision bright;
Vigils and fasts and secret tears,
Have almost quenched my outward sight;
And yet that dazzling form and face
I have not seen, and thou, dear friend,
To thee, unsought for, comes the grace,
What may its purport be, and end?"

They both run to the ghat and cannot find the lady of the noble face.

"The birds were silent in the wood,
The lotus flowers exhaled a small
Faint, over all the solitude;
A heron as a sentinel
Stood by the bank. They called, in vain.
No answer came from hill or fell,
The landscape lay in slumber's chain,
Even echo slept within her cell.
Broad sunshine set a hush profound!
They turned with saddened hearts to go:

Then from afar there came a sound
Of silver bells."

The priest then prays low:

"Oh mother, mother, deign to hear,
The worship-hour has rung; we wait
In meek humility and fear,
Must we return home desolate?
Oh come, as late thou camest unsought,
Or 'was it but an idle dream?
Give us some sign if it was not,
A word, a breath, or passing gleam."

Then—strange and sweet vision!—

"Sudden from out the water sprung
A rounded arm on which they saw,
As high the lotus-buds among
It rose, the bracelet white, with awe.
Then a wide ruffle tost and swung
The blossoms on that liquid plain,
And lo! the arm so fair and young
Sank in the waters down again."

They bowed before the mystic power,
And as they home returned in thought,
Each took from thence a lotus flower,
In memory of the day and spot."

"Years, centuries, have passed away,
And still before the temple shrine
Decendants of the pedlar pay
Shell-bracelets of the old design,
As annual tribute. Much they own,
In lands and gold,—but they confess
From that eventful day alone
Dawned on their industry,—success."

This is only a story, says Toru Dutt:

"Absurd may be the tale I tell,
Ill-suited to the marching times,
I loved the lips from which it fell,
So let it stand among my rhymes."

Yes, it is a beautiful idea, and there are thousands of such ideas about in our India. What wonder then that the simple Indians bow down to stones and idols, which, to their unsophisticated mind, embody in concrete the divine visions of their superstition or imagination or religion—call it what you will.

PADMINI.

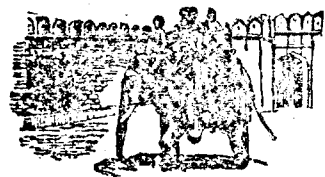


Glimpses of a Tour in Japan

IV

(Continued)

BY LADY BENSON



LEAVING
Tokio for
Nikko is
like leaving
Madras for
Yercaud, except
that Nikko is only

100 miles to the north of Tokio, and is reached in five hours, and is 2,000 ft above the sea level, whereas Yercaud is 200 miles from Madras, and is about 3,500 ft above the sea level.

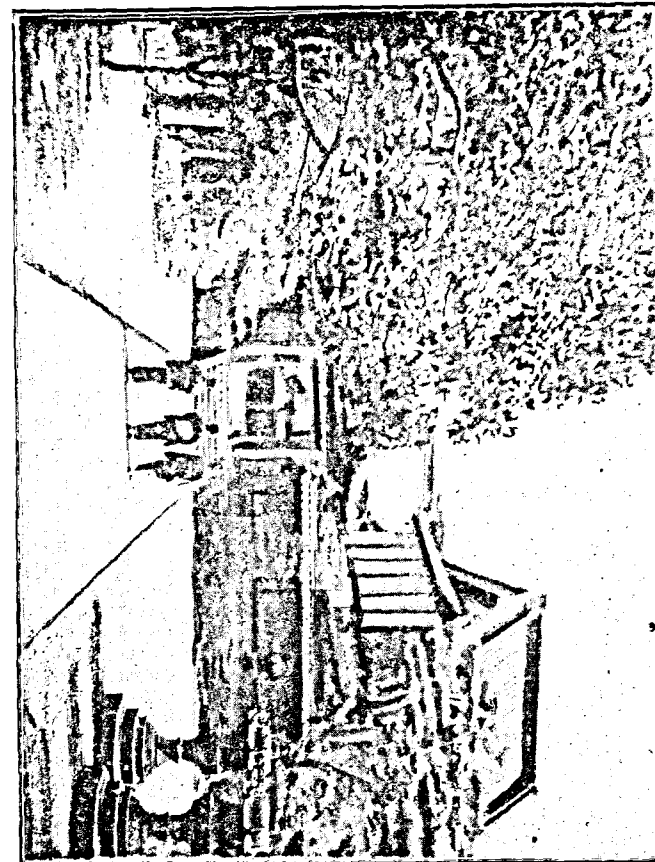
It was delightful to steam away from the smoke and town atmosphere of Tokio, out into the country to the clear air and pure blue skies of the fields and woods. Near Tokio the country consists almost entirely of paddy fields, but gets very pretty, hilly and wooded as Nikko is approached. The railway passes for miles close to the famous avenue of gigantic cryptomeria trees. This avenue used to be 80 miles long, but a great part of it has been destroyed by fire, so that now only 25 miles of it survives, leading up to the sacred tombs and temples of Nikko. The story goes that pilgrims to Nikko, who were too poor to bring other offerings, were considered to have done their duty if they each planted a cryptomeria along the road; and so the glorious avenue was formed. What a splendid thing it would be in India, if the priests would tell the pilgrims to the numerous sacred places of pilgrimage all over India to plant tamarind, or asoka trees along the roads as an offering to the gods. How beautiful would be the approaches to Conjeevaram, and Madurai, and Tanjore, and Trichinopoly, and Rameswaram in the south of India; and how beautiful would be the surroundings of Benares, and Hurdwar, and Poori! Tamarind and asoka trees are about the only trees that would stand any chance of surviving the death-dealing knives of the goat herds, who swarm over the country, and are the despair of Municipal Councillors, and forest officers alike. In America one day is set apart by the nation for tree planting, as a festival, and is called "arbour day." It is the pride of every citizen, and countryman to plant on that day, in chosen spots, some beautiful trees. I do not know if in that way any particular avenues have been planted, but I am sure any one who has visited Japan, and seen the glorious cryptomeria avenue, and admired the enormous trunks, and

spreading branches of that never-to-be-forgotten line of trees must long to go back to his own country, and cause avenues to be planted there, so that the beautiful sight may be re-produced in his own land. The cryptomeria japonica has been introduced into India, and there are plantations of the tree in the neighbourhood of Ootacamund, but at present they are very small. It will be many years before they can be used for timber, and for the production of the many beautiful boxes, and photo frames, trays, and ornaments for which the wood is used by the Japanese.

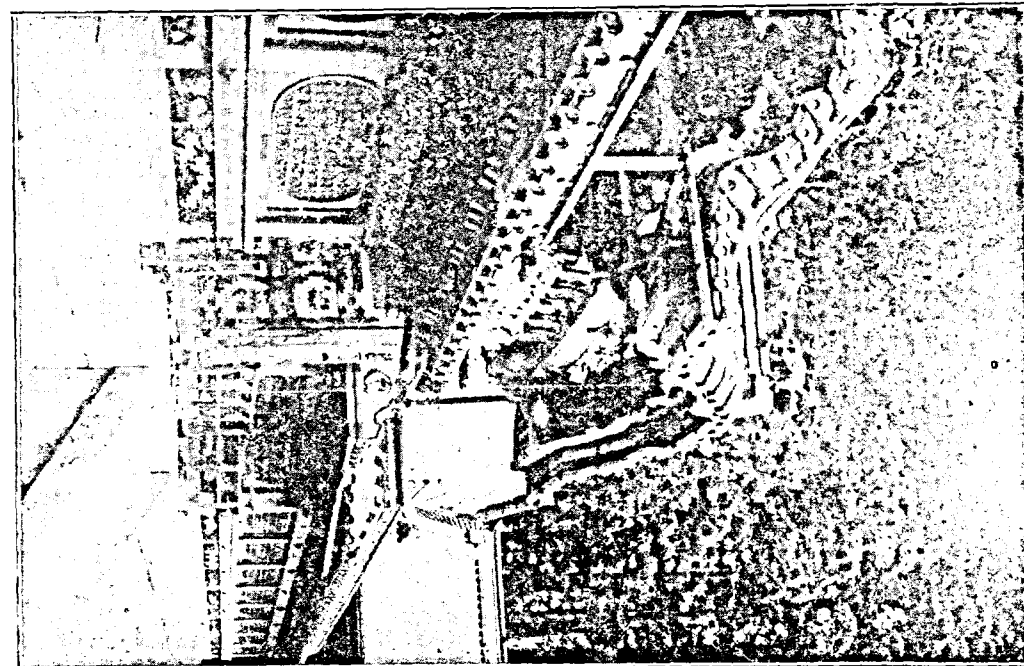
There is a Japanese proverb which says that you must not say "Kekko—(magnificent) until you have seen Nikko"—and this is perfectly true, for Nikko is not only beautiful with its splendid back ground of mountains, its waterfalls (there are 30 within a radius of 15 miles) its monumental forest trees, and rushing river, the Daiyagawa, but it contains the glory of Japanese art, the temples and tombs of Ieyasu and his grandson Iemitsu. These were built when Japanese wood carving and painting on wood were at their best, and the result is the most perfect assemblage of shrines in the whole land.

It is interesting to note that Ieyasu, one of the greatest generals, and altogether the greatest ruler that Japan has ever produced, was born in A.D. 1542 the same year as Akbar, the greatest Mogul Emperor of Northern India; and it is a curious coincidence that Ieyasu abdicated in 1616 the same year that Akbar died and Shakespeare died. This period coincided in England with the reigns of Edward VI, Mary and Elizabeth, and a portion of the reign of James I.—years that witnessed the defeat of the Spanish Armada, the Reformation, the life and writings of Shakespeare, and Spencer and Bacon, years which teemed with celebrated events, and celebrated personages.

It must be remembered that Japan in these days was completely shut off from the rest of the world. Japan was only discovered by the Portuguese in the year that Ieyasu was born. Ieyasu was by birth one of the small Daimyos (or territorial barons of feudal Japan) of the province of Mikawa, and a scion of the noble family of Minamoto. His own surname was Tokugawa. Japan was during his early manhood in a state of utter anarchy and disrule. Each baron in his fastness was a law unto himself. It was in the same condition as the Deccan of India, of which we read. "It is difficult to imagine a more deplorable condition than that of the unhappy provinces of the Deccan during the whole of the sixteenth century. The Kings seem to have had no occupation but war. Scarcely a year passed in which the villages were not subjected to rapine, and the

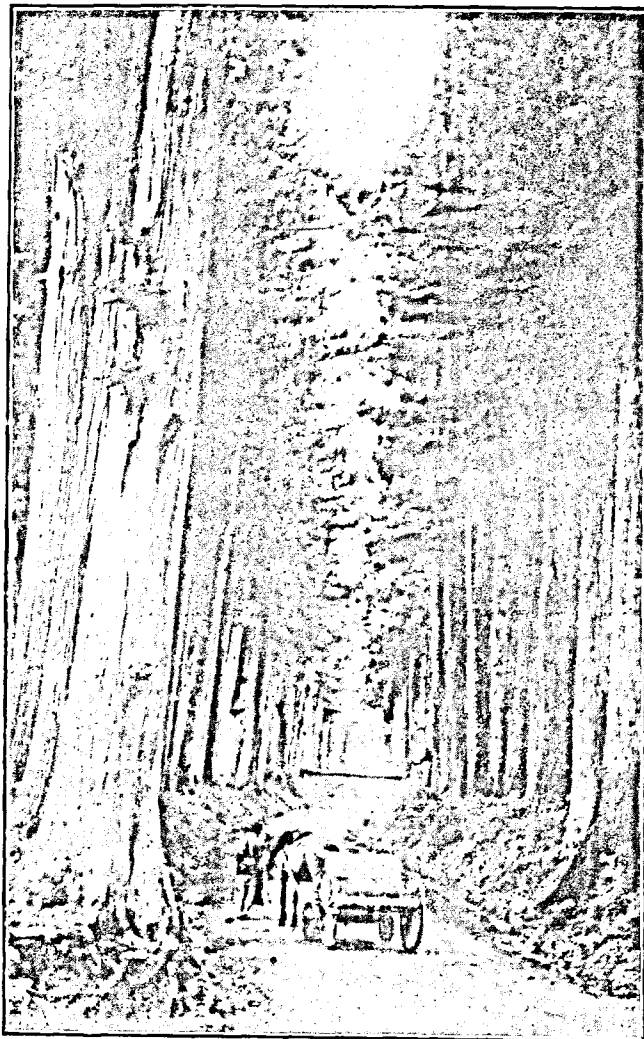


THE TOMBS OF THE SHOGUNS (Ancient Prime Ministers) AT TOKIO
The tree on the left is said to be the only one of its kind—it has no flower and is nameless and evergreen! If you scratch or write on the bark of the tree, the marks turn black immediately and remain permanently. Notice the stone lanterns on the right, a great feature in Japan.



IYEASU'S TEMPLE, KARA-MON TOSHOGU, NIKKO

82A



CRYPTOMERIA ROAD, NIKKO

fair fruits of industry blasted by wanton irruptions. No Government, however tyrannical, could have inflicted anything like the wretchedness occasioned by these ceaseless devastations. So inestimable is the blessing conferred by a strong Government in India, in putting down intestine war, and giving repose and confidence to the people." It was just the task that England has accomplished in India, that Ieyasu set himself to bring about in Japan. He seized the great castle of Osaka, burnt the celebrated palace at Fushimi, and finally in 1600 defeated all his enemies at the battle of Seki-ga-hara. He moved his headquarters to Yedo, (now called Tokio) and in 1603 obtained from the Mikado the title of Shogun, which was borne by his descendants during two and a half centuries of unbroken peace, till Commodore Perry's arrival in 1853 led to the revolution of 1868 and to the break up of Japanese feudalism and dual Government. Ieyasu held in his own hands all the military resources of the country, and annexed to his own domain, or to those of his nearest relatives large strips of territory in all portions of the Empire. He built powerful strongholds, made new highways, established a system of posts, and promulgated laws, which—if we accept the theory of paternal Government alike in politics and in the family—were very wise, and which were in any case far in advance of anything that Japan had previously known. In order to further break the power of the Daimyos, Ieyasu compelled them to pass every alternate year at Yedo, and to establish their wives and families permanently there as hostages. His plan of campaign was carried out and perfected by his grandson Iemitsu, who to prevent complication with the Spaniards and Dutch, closed the country to all foreigners for 250 years. "Old Japan" as we know it from the Dutch accounts, from art, from the stage, remained crystallized—the "Old Japan" of picturesque feudalism, of *harakiri*, of a society ranged in castes, and officered by spies and censors, the "Old Japan" of an ever increasing skill in lacquer and porcelain, of aristocratic punctilio, of supremely exquisite taste.*

On arrival at Nikko, we were trundled up in jinrikshas over a very steep hill to our hotel, Kanaya's Hotel, kept by a Japanese family. Here, for the first time, we were waited on by little Japanese waiting maids. The Hotel, though Japanese in many of its details, was planned on European lines—and European scale. It had, in its very large entrance hall, tables covered with magazines and newspapers, and comfortable chairs, but many of the tables were beautifully carved of cryptomeria, and

cherry wood, while the brass or bronzed bowl-ovens (*hibachis*) filled with charcoal, were also of Japanese make; and the screens, and reed blinds round the rooms were "made in Japan." Nothing could exceed the entire cleanliness of the place, and of all the arrangements inside and outside the Hotel, or the smiling civility, and invariable good humour and obligingness of the hotel officials and servants. It was a never-tiring pleasure to watch the dainty little maids at their work, always prettily dressed, and with their hair elaborately done. They could hardly understand any English, but the dishes on the "Menu" were all numbered so that by saying we would eat Nos. 1, 5 and 8, etc., we were brought the dishes we wanted.

The main street of Nikko is crowded with fascinating shops, containing wood carvings, painted pictures by modern artists educated at the Schools of Art, lacquer ware, bronzes and metal ware, embroideries, and articles made from the skins of the badger, deer, marten, and wild boar. There is also a permanent exhibition of the arts and industries of Japan in a large exhibition building on the same lines as the "Victoria Institute" in Madras, where visitors can purchase, at fixed and moderate prices, the various beautiful articles made by the clever, industrious, and artistic Japanese. The exhibition building, though spacious and handsome, is not for a moment to be compared to the beautiful carved stone edifice erected to Queen Victoria's memory in Madras. The officials at the Japanese building undertake to pack and despatch to your steamer at Yokohama, or Kobe, any articles purchased in the exhibition, and are very obliging in including purchases obtained elsewhere in the town. This enables visitors to buy screens, and tables, and cabinets, and all sorts of things it would be otherwise impossible to buy, and carry about with them while touring. Fascinating as were the shops, and the life of the people in the streets, the artisans, and babies, and school children, still the main reason for coming to Nikko was to see its exquisite temples, shrines, and tombs, and to make excursions to the various pretty water falls, and hills in the neighbourhood, so we had to set to work and begin "sight-seeing" in earnest.

Fortunately the temples were within easy walking distance of the hotel, and the leisurely sauntering past the dashing river, and up the wooded lanes, and stone stairs, all moss grown and heavily shaded by huge trees, added greatly to the pleasure of the expeditions. The first object that strikes one is the sacred red lacquer bridge over the river, said to be on the very spot where the saint Shodo Shonin in 750 A.D.,

* "Things Japanese" B. H. Chamberlain.

was helped across by a divine being, who flung across the river two green and blue snakes, and in an instant a long bridge was seen to span the waters like a rainbow floating among the hills. The sacred red bridge was closed to all persons except the Shogun, except twice a year when pilgrims were allowed to cross it. It has a lovely background of lofty wooded hills, and is a most picturesque object. The hills on the further side of the river are heavily wooded with gigantic cryptomeria trees, and under their spreading branches, approached by very broad stone paved roads, and enclosed in large stone paved courtyards, stand the temples of Ieyasu, Iemitsu, and other minor celebrities including the Abbot's palace, and the Hall of the three Buddhas. On the way to the former, we passed a tall pillar called Sorinto erected in 1643 to avert evil influences. It is of copper, 42 feet high, and ornamented with cups shaped like lotus flowers, from the petals of which hang small bells. The approach to Ieyasu's temple is up broad steps, between two rows of cryptomerias; a huge granite torii stands before the flight of steps leading to the gateway. On the left is a five storied pagoda, all beautifully painted with red, and pale greens, and blue. The gateway on the top of the steps is a large building, with spreading eaves, elaborately painted with elephants' heads, unicorns, peonies, tapers, and elaborately carved. Having passed through this building, visitors find themselves in a huge courtyard, stone paved, containing many buildings, all elaborately carved, all exquisitely painted, all in good repair, and all full of most interesting details. It has been truly said of these buildings that "though there is gorgeousness, there is no gaudiness. That sobriety which is the keynote of Japanese taste, gives to all the elaborate designs and bright colours its own chaste character."—Some of the buildings contain storehouses where various articles employed in religious ceremonies are kept. At one temple sat a priestess, and she performed a quaint and quiet dance, gravely and solemnly; most picturesque she looked in a thick white robe with long waving sleeves, and a head-dress quite like the butterfly caps worn by one kind of Roman Catholic nuns. There were priests seated in some of the temples, writing at their little desks; they wore green satin mantles, and a most curious black transparent head-dress, not unlike a Parsee's. They were most friendly, and not in the least solemn. In Ieyasu's temple itself we were offered little lacquer cups for sale, with the Tokugawa crest painted on them, and tasted in the temple some saki in the cups which we bought as mementos. Saki is the drink of the country, made from fermented rice, and is not unlike sherry and water. Every temple consist-

ed of two or three rooms, beautifully matted, and divided by elaborately painted lacquer screens and which in Japan serve for walls. It is impossible to convey any idea of the elaboration of the carving, the paintings, the ornamentation and decoration of these buildings. They are like magnified, illuminated missals,—so perfectly is every detail designed, worked out and coloured, while the floors and the walls are of highly polished, and apparently indestructible red and black lacquer. It is quite impossible, even when looking and looking at the temples, the stone lanterns, the gigantic bells, and water troughs, to take in the sight in one visit. We came several times to the temples, and did not know which to admire most, the many beautiful temples themselves, or their exquisite surroundings. There they were posed, on the hill side, with the mountains towering above, and on all sides guarded by the huge dark cryptomeria trees standing like sentinels about the sacred spot, soaring high even above the five-storied red pagoda. Near at hand were lovely gardens brightened with brilliant icho trees, as golden as the blazing golden lacquer of the shrines, and contrasting exquisitely with the vivid crimson of the maples. Before leaving the temples we bought from one of the priests a Scroll (Kakemono) for 10 shillings, on which was painted in Japanese the "Precepts of Ieyasu"—the translation runs as follows:—

"Life is like unto a long journey with a heavy load. Let thy steps be slow and steady, that thou stumble not. Persuade thyself that privations are the natural lots of mortals, and there will be no room for discontent, neither for despair. When ambitious desires arise in thy heart, recall the days of extremity thou hast passed through. Forbearance is the root of quietness and assurance for ever. Look upon wrath as thy enemy. If thou knowest only what it is to conquer, and knowest not what it is to be defeated, woe unto thee! It will fare ill with thee. Find fault with thyself rather than with others. Better the less than the more."

Over the doors of one of the temples is a cleverly painted group of three monkeys; the blind monkey, the deaf monkey, and the dumb monkey, and one is covering his eyes with his hands, another covers his mouth, and the other covers his ears. This is to signify that they should neither see, hear, nor speak any evil.

This excellent "sermon in monkeys" is reproduced everywhere and in every way, in wood carving, in ivory carving, painting, on trays, on fans, on vases, and is the most usual object of devotion met with on the roadside in the

* Translated by Professor K. Wadagaki of the Imperial University.

rural districts of Japan. There is one particular day set apart for the deification of these monkeys, called *Koshin*. As in the Shiba Park at Tokio, where the tombs of the Shoguns were in marked simplicity as contrasted with the gorgeousness of the temples, so here in Nikko the tomb of Ieyasu is lovely, apart, simple, and massive. It is approached by a long flight of over two hundred stone steps with lofty cryptomeria trees on either side; there is no attempt at decoration or carving, all is solid and simple. Just before reaching the platform at the top there stands a stone torii. The tomb itself is in a square enclosure, on a square stone platform, and is of bronze, shaped like a small pagoda. In front of the tomb there is a low stone table with an immense bronze stork holding a brass candle in its beak, and a vase with artificial lotus flowers and leaves in brass. It was interesting while resting after the long ascent, to recall the sight of the tombs, we had seen the tombs of Napoleon in Paris, of Wellington, and Nelson at St. Paul's London, of Akbar at Secundra, and Queen Elizabeth in Westminster Abbey. Of all these Ieyasu's is the only one without a roof, open to the blue sky of heaven, to the rain, and to the dew.

In the afternoon, it was a rest after so much sight-seeing to go for a long country walk, and climb the hill of *Toyama*, from whose summit an extensive view is obtained of all the mountain ranges about. It was a lovely afternoon, as we mounted higher and higher, seeing fresh ranges of blue and violet-coloured hills opening out one beyond the other; the view was quite like many of the views at Ootacamund, and Coonoor. When crossing the river, we were struck by the evident devastation caused by floods, from time to time, for the wide river bed was choked and piled with masses of enormous stones and boulders. The indefatigable and industrious Japanese had utilized these by collecting them at the sides of the river, and confining them in enormous open work cages made of rattan, to form break waters and embankments to check the force of the waters on the banks. We were told that these cages or bags last for six or seven years, and prove very effectual for the purpose for which they are made. It is certainly a lesson in using deftly the nearest means to hand, and putting in the "stitch in time to save nine" instead of waiting for some more perfect method, such as making cement blocks, or building embankments of stone. The Japanese seem full of resource and initiative. Another very enjoyable country expedition at Nikko was to the waterfall at *Urami-ga-taki*. We went in jinrikshas, over a moor land, and through funny little villages, in which for the first time we

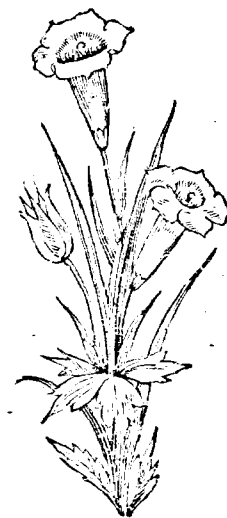
noticed a very tall ladder erected in the main street of the village, at the top of which, hanging out from a bracket to one side, was a large ball. This we were told was the village fire bell, to give the alarm when fire breaks out. As all the houses are built of wood, fires spread very rapidly, and it is most essential that the alarm should be raised without delay. The hedges and fields were full of wild flowers, and our riksha men were most obliging in stopping to gather specimens for us, and were quite as delighted as we were ourselves with all the beautiful varieties. The waterfall is over 50 feet high and is approached by little paths over ravines, several of which are built out from the sides of rocks, and quite formidable to cross, for any one who has not a steady head. The tortuous approach, the lovely colouring of the autumn woods, and the fantastic grouping of rocks, made a most beautiful setting for the "cool silver shock of the plunge of the pool's living water."

I must keep the description of the cream and crown of our Nikko expeditions—the one to Lakes Chusenji and Yumoto for my next paper.

(To be continued).

The power behind the vote

(By MRS. G. HATCHELL)



I have seen many times, in the pages of this Magazine, allusions to the "Suffrage" question, and the doings of women in connection with this in many lands; but I think among the readers of the "Indian Ladies' Magazine," there may be those who perhaps have not had an opportunity of studying the question from within and have only a hazy idea as to what this cry of "Votes for Women" is about, and perhaps wonder why there is all this stir being made about it just now in England. The time

of indifference is fast going by and everyone will soon range themselves on one side or the other. The recent foundation of the "Anti-suffrage League" has done much to strengthen the cause, and it speaks much for the vitality and progress of it, that whereas two years ago even, people would merely shrug their shoulders and

smile at the words "Suffragist" or "Suffragette," they now think it necessary to take active steps in the matter,—even in opposition thereof.

Let us now see on what basis women want to exercise the right of voting, *i. e.*, of having a share in expressing their opinion as to who shall represent them in Parliament. It is a recognised fact that women form the majority of the human race, and yet in England they are unrepresented as a class. Every year Parliament is giving women more and more power in local matters, and giving them the power of voting, in matters affecting the Town and District where they live; they are elected on the Board of Guardians, and it is due to the introduction of this element, that many of the recent reforms in our Workhouses in England have come about. Women can vote as proprietors in the Bank of England Stock, and in many commercial undertakings, and for a century they voted as members of the East India Company, and helped to elect the Directors who controlled our possessions in India; in fact their value as active participators in the privilege of Franchise seems being recognized everywhere short of the Parliamentary Franchise, and there seems to be the hard and fast line.

Woman is considered good enough to educate those who will be our future citizens and lawmakers, but she may not have a voice as to the election of those whom she wishes to represent her views, or opinions, in matters which concern the welfare of her and her sex very nearly. Woman has to obey laws she has no voice in the making of, and many of them bear very hardly on her. Space will not permit me to go into many of the anomalies of the English law as it touches woman; I will merely touch on one or two points. In the eyes of the law, in one case, the word "Parent" is taken to apply to the father only. A short time ago a child had to be brought before the Magistrate by its "Parent" to say why it had not been vaccinated, the father was ill and unable to appear, the Court refused to recognise the word "Parent" as applying equally to the mother, and said the case must stand over until the father could appear. In the eyes of the law it is the unmarried mother who is looked upon as the sole parent. The man has only a slight legal liability. In the case of the legitimate child, the father is the legal parent, and the mother only becomes the legal parent on the father's death. Many a child-mother led into disgrace (often trapped into it) by one much older than herself who ought to be (at least) the equal sharer in her disgrace, becomes mentally deranged and in a moment of hysteria either drowns or deserts the child. A case in England only last year

made a great stir. The poor girl is sentenced to a long period of imprisonment, tried for her life and perhaps sentenced to death, while the man who is the real author of the crime is allowed to go scot free, he is not even summoned to court and made to share the public odium. Many are the "Hetty Sorrels" who go through this, and the "Arthur Donnishornes" who escape absolutely free.

(Of the many anomalies of the Divorce Laws we will not speak here, happily they only effect a small minority of the whole population, so most people are ignorant of their defects, and when they bear especially hardly on women. So there is an attitude of indifference and apathy on the part of many as regards this question. Still it is the less happy women who are among those working hardest for reforms in these matters, and they are the best judges of what is needed.)

Then we have the questions relating to Labour Laws for women and women as wage-earners. Even in this country we know how unequally women are paid as compared with men, although doing exactly the same work. In England this is a very serious evil, and that not merely because of the low wages given to women, making the struggle to live so desperately hard, but it also helps to decrease the chances of employment for men and this is now being realized by very many men. At a Conference held in Bristol, the other day, of the National Union of Clerks, it was unanimously resolved that it would be greatly to the advantage of men that women be given the vote, as then having political status they would be placed on an equal footing with the men as wage-earners, and thus would not deprive men of places, through working for a lower wage. We must remember that there are two classes of wage-earners among women, those who are working for a living wage (more often a starving wage) and those who work merely to supplement what they have already got, and work for a "pocket money" wage. The latter have done much to spoil the labour market for women: 82% of the women in England are wage-earners.

In certain trades the "voteless" woman is the blackleg of the labour market. It is argued by many that the giving of the vote will not mend this, that the regulation of wages does not rest with Parliament but with the Trades Unions. True, but we must remember the power that lies *BEHIND* the VOTE. A voteless woman is looked upon as a thing of no account. I speak not of the individual vote for women, but of women as a class: personally I am not in favour of a Universal Adult Suffrage, but that women should vote on the same qualifications as it is or may be granted to men, thus removing the bar of sex.

In the eyes of an unjust or unthinking employer she can be sweated and squeezed, she is but a "second class citizen" and unrepresented. The male candidate for Parliament leaves the women of the Constituency out of account, all his promises are given to men. When he speaks of Reform, it is only as it affects the male portion of the population, those who have the power of the vote that can win his seat in Parliament. And yet women need reforms, especially as regards their working conditions, far more than men, though it is not worth while making any promises to them to represent their wrongs in Parliament. The conditions under which many women are working are pitiable, they are out of the reach of the Factory Act. If women as a class had the right to Parliamentary Franchise, they would have the "open sesame," which would prepare the way for reform in many of the conditions under which they now work and live. It is not a question of how many women, or what women are enfranchised, but that the womanly mind of the country should be able to express itself in connection with many questions that affect them, their homes, and working conditions so nearly.

Woman asks to be allowed a voice in the making of laws which control her labour.

Now as regards a few general reasons why women are asking for the Power behind the Vote.

We often hear it said by those who are "Anti," that the place of woman is the Home and "The hand that rocks the cradle, rules the world." Query, is that "cradle" always to be rocking? Is that baby never to grow up and become a citizen and take his or her place in the world? But this is only "en passant."

It is because so many questions of the day concern the Home, that we want women to have a voice or vote in the many matters connected therewith that affect her so nearly. To many people the word "Home" as regards the duties of women is limited to House-keeping and Maternity, but even these two important duties are very nearly connected with questions concerning Politics, as regards Reforms and Administration. Does not the question of Tariff Reform, for instance concern her very nearly as regards the prices of Food Stuffs, etc. The working man knows very well that what is £1 to him is 20 shillings to his wife and she can make the wages go much further than he can.

Then we have questions concerning the "Housing of the Poor"—Temperance Legislation—Education—and next year we hope to have a "Woman's Charter" to lay before Parliament. Among other things, this contains clauses referring to such subjects, as Marriage Contracts—Assaults on Wives—Inheritance—Testa-

mentary Powers—Education of girls—Measures for improving the Condition of Married women of the working classes—Factory Acts, etc. As regards questions concerning Factory Acts: men have built Factories and Warehouses, but they call in the women in their thousands to help them. In the Factories of Great Britain the number of women employed is double that of men and these women *HAVE* to work; not merely those who are widows, or alone in the world, but women with husbands who have to supplement their husband's insufficient earnings to keep a roof over their heads. In former days women used to "toil and spin" in the four walls of their own homes: it was simpler then than it is now to locate the sphere of Home, but those were days before machinery drove these industries out of the home to the factory. To-day woman's influence must follow woman's work and their political power must follow their industrial activities. It is the goad of poverty that drives them out, the men cannot keep the homes together without their help. I am speaking now of the working classes and especially those in our busy manufacturing centres. It has been said that the Home as an institution frequently depends for its very existence on the fruits of the labour of its female members. There are questions relating to the hours they shall work, and the nature of their work, interference as to how, when, and where, they shall work. And are these thousands and thousands of women to have no voice in the matter? Even if not qualified to vote themselves, their sex has no representative who may have power in electing who shall bring these grievances before Parliament, or what reforms they will promise to advocate, for this unrepresented class of their constituencies; and an unrepresented class is bound to be at a great disadvantage.

Some of the many critics have pointed out that we Suffragists ignore the condition of the voteless man, but his position differs fundamentally from that of the voteless woman. His votelessness is often only temporary while hers is lifelong. He is not allowed to vote because he cannot fulfil the specific qualifications which enable him to vote, he is not taxed as he is not in a condition to pay those taxes. The woman may be able to fulfil all the conditions, but she is denied the vote, though made to pay her full share of the taxes which her position demands. The voteless man is not branded as being of an inferior sex, neither does the exclusion affect him in other ways, for both his sex and his class are well represented.

Moral questions need the influence of women to bear on them. From the moral point of view we have evidence in the effect on the moral tone and the political atmosphere, of New

Zealand and Australia, where the Parliamentary Franchise has been extended to women.

At the Mass Meeting of the Pan-Anglican Congress in the Albert Hall last year, Mr. William Temple at the end of a brilliant speech, appealed to *women* to abolish "sweating." *THEY ONLY* could do it, but only through the Suffrage, and he concluded by saying "you women must insist on having the vote". (The newspapers did not report that!).

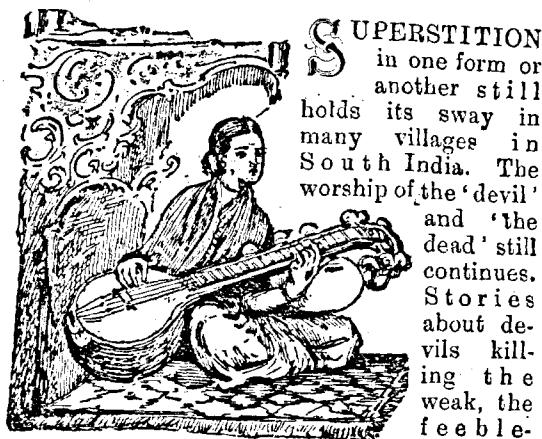
We are constantly confronted with the argument as to women being elected to a seat in Parliament if once they are granted the privilege of exercising the Parliamentary Franchise, but to quote John Stuart Mill "The right to share in the choice of those who are to exercise a public trust, is altogether a distinct thing from that of competing for the trust itself. If no one could vote for a Member of Parliament who was not fit to be a candidate, the government would be a narrow oligarchy indeed." No woman could get into Parliament unless she were elected; and as it is hard enough for a man to get in, what would it be for a woman? Some people imagine, supposing a woman did get into Parliament or have any high administrative power given her, it might be a young girl, or a young woman who would argue accordingly, whereas no man attains those positions until he is well on in life and getting towards the end of his career. However brutal or criminal a man may be, as long as he is qualified to vote in other respects, he can have a voice in electing who shall represent him in Parliament, and to quote John Stuart Mill again, "To have a voice in choosing those by whom one is to be governed, is a means of self-protection to every one, though he were to remain for ever excluded from the function of governing."

Woman asks to be allowed a voice in the making of laws which control her labour and affect her and her children in many other ways. This is not a passing craze, the determined character of the women who are leading the movement is making itself felt slowly but surely (even though we may not approve of all the militant methods used) and the question will have to be faced seriously by Parliament. Even now a change is creeping in, in the attitude of the Press against Mr. Asquith's continued obstinacy in refusing to receive a deputation on the subject, and the "Daily News" in its Parliamentary Notes of July 15th (which have hitherto been bitterly hostile to the Militant Suffragists) says "Looking back upon the drama, there are many who still say Mr. Asquith would have been more wisely advised if at an earlier stage he had seen his way to receive a deputation."

Any movement connected with the advancement of women is always met at first with

Prejudice and Opposition, and in this more than any other we have to fight against the hydra-headed monster of Ignorance, Prejudice, and Misrepresentation.

The Rappadi* or Night-Singer in Southern India



SUPERSTITION in one form or another still holds its sway in many villages in South India. The worship of the 'devil' and 'the dead' still continues. Stories about devils killing the weak, the feeble-minded and the unsteady, and the abduction of young women and even boys by devils, are very often heard. Hysteria and such other fits are taken to be the mischief of the devil. Here and there wander about a few wretched specimens of humanity, but for whom, many woes and fears and superstitions, would have long ago subsided. These claim to have some power or friendship with the devils and so can foretell 'the good or evil' that may befall any one. The *Rappadi* or Night-Singer is the first in this rank. Originally the *Rappadi* came out from the lowest caste amongst the Hindus, i.e., *Paravannan*† or the dhobbie of the Pariahs. As such, he must not be found in any village or public place during the day. He is sure to be beaten black and blue, in case he disobeys this unexceptional rule. Therefore, during the day, he conceals himself somewhere or probably walks out with a different garb, and at or after midnight enters the village as the *Rappadi*, possessing certain wonderful powers and clues. This *Rappadi*, they say, consults with the devil or the dead, in the cremating ground, during the first half of the night, and comes out after that to reveal what he has heard from his brother-devils.

* *Rappadi*—a Tamil word; *Ra*=night, and *padi*=a singer.

† *Paravannan*—a Tamil word; *Para* means a Paria, and *Vannan* is a dhobie.

Wearing a very old cloth for his under-cloth, and putting on a long cloak of the old type to cover his body,—this cloak hangs up to his knees and bears many blotches and mendings—and also some half-a-dozen other old raiments placed over that coat, and having a long bag on his left shoulder and a small bag on his right and with a very big turban of some coloured cloth over his head, he comes out as the *Rappadi*. The big, long bag is for carrying rice or paddy; perhaps there is inside this two separate ones for keeping rice and paddy; the smaller bag on his right, contains a few bones, human probably, the heads of certain birds and animals such as the fox, the dog, the crow, &c. He also holds a small drum in his right hand and has in stock many songs to suit the occasion. In this garb, *Rappadis* frequent many villages in South India, soon after harvest, for a month or so. Where civilization has begun to dawn, they will not step in.

Entering a village soon after midnight, he first takes a round, passing each street or lane, all along singing and sounding the drum to inform the villagers he has come. When he takes a second round, he finds before the street door of every house, some paddy, sometimes even rice, some chillies, tamarind, turmeric, salt, some vegetables also,—the necessities for a good meal. Some people, generally women, place these in some plate or any such thing, and leaving it in the street just before their houses, close their doors, before him. When he is gone, they come to recover their plates. But there are others, the major portion, who wait for and stand before—of course at a good distance—the *Rappadi* for hearing 'Kuri.' By *Kuri** is meant the fore-telling of any good or evil that may befall any. Almost always, it is only females who ask him for any *Kuri*; During his first round, he says, some one in the northern corner or any other corner is to die shortly and that his death can be prevented if such a devil is gifted with a good *Padukkai*† Padappu‡ and goat,§ from funds raised from all the villagers, so that each one of them may be safe and healthy. Again, a boy in the neighbouring village is to die shortly of a terrible malady; but that this village need not have any fear. These are his general remarks on the village.

Then to particular individuals, he says 'your boy is going to fall sick, so he should not leave

this village. Your husband will lose a great deal if he were to take up that business. Your daughter should not marry now. Your house is frequented by such a *madau** or *Esakki*†. In this way he pours forth his songs without music and cheats women. If he is found fault with, he gets the hints of their desires by some crafty questions and finally speaks the truth. For example, a woman wants to know when her son will return from Colombo. First he says, 'your children will keep good health all along your life-time.' She asks, 'when will he come.' He—'I am to tell you all that soon. He is gone north; he is all right there and thriving; he is anxious to see you all; he has written to you lately of his coming.' When he says 'north,' the woman doubts, and when he says that she has received a letter, she laughs, from this he learns more; he continues 'not north, I am mistaken; it is south. The promise in the letter will be fulfilled.' Probably she might have received no letter at all. Then he will say, 'You will soon, in the course of this week, receive the letter.' I need not say he is a cunning wily fellow. His prophecies will be ambiguous without meaning or so very general as not to be feared.

Those women who are unwilling to give a few handfuls of paddy or rice to poor and honest beggars who deserve such help, give one and two *pakkahs*‡ of paddy each, to this vile hypocrite and cheat. For they fear, if he were not given enough, he would instigate the devil to do some mischief. When he tells *kuri*, he sounds the drum and shows them the bones and other things in his small bag. Various are the songs and stories these fellows have, to serve the purpose of cheating. In this way he filches about five or six *marakkals*§ of paddy every day and also a few old clothes from those who heard 'kuri'; while an ordinary honest beggar cannot get even a fourth of this.

Now that this is an easy means of earning money, other caste men have begun to take up this trade and throw dust into the mouths of the *Paravannan*, the original *Rappadi*. In fact, I once found a Mahammedan standing before my house in the garb of a *Rappadi*. Again the *Rappadi* brings an assistant with him, who is probably his son or any other relation that may follow in his footsteps and inherit his cloak, materials and

* *Madau*, a he-devil, the master and commander of the subordinate devils in the cremation ground.

† *Esakki*, the wife of *Madau* and in command of she-devils.

‡ A rice or paddy measure, holding about 36 ounces.

§ *Marakkas*, bigger measures for measuring paddy and other grains, one *marakkal* is equivalent to 8 *pakkahs*, mentioned before.

* *Kuri* in Tamil simply means a sign, but now it has this meaning also

† *Padukkai*=fruits, cocoa-nuts, tender cocoa-nuts, sweets, &c., heaped before an idol.

‡ *Padappu*=Fresh rice cooked, and many luxurious curries, &c., placed before the *Padukkai*.

§ After all this, the goat is sacrificed in front of these.

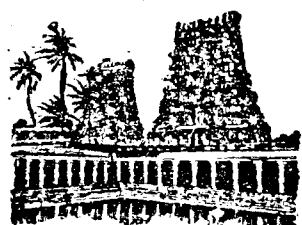
the trade itself, as soon as his master *Rappadi* is called away from the world.

Blessed will be the day when all these cheats and quacks are extinct and the simple village folk are allowed to advance in progress and civilisation.

B. S. KUMARASAWMI PILLAI.

A Car Festival

(A PHILOSOPHICAL VIEW)



I had no great inclination to attend the festival at Kalpathi. And the thought that such an insignificant unit as myself might be crushed under the feet of some rushing crowd, made me the more reluctant to go there. But friendship is stubborn—it would have its way. For some of my friends persuaded me to follow them and I yielded to their will.

This grand festival, which is conducted on a Broddingnagian scale, generally lasts three days. On the second day at about 3 p.m. we started, dressed in the twentieth century fashion, and, after a pleasant walk for about half-an-hour, we found ourselves walking here and there amidst bustling crowds in the streets of Kalpathi.

But the village of Chathapuram was more interesting than the rest of Kalpathi. There, when the huge mobile tower, the car, was being drawn along, the prominent figure that chiefly attracted our attention was the Kariakkar. That grandee of grandees was, on this occasion, attired in the most costly and burdensome clothes that ever man had a fancy to put on.

A 'soman' he had tied round his loins. A long-coat of yellow silk extending to his knees covered his body; a 'sarigai veshti,' folded with great care so as to present all the laces to full view, had a place around his shoulders; and upon his head was a turban of laced cloth. It was so big that it seemed made of cloth sufficient for four or five ordinary turbans. In fact I am unable to describe it. For its form and huge size can more easily be imagined than described. To add to the inconvenience caused by the monstrosity of his own person and the great care demanded by the *sarigai veshti*, which now and then threatened to fall down, the free use of his two hands was arrested by a fan and a cane.

A fancy crimson silk umbrella was held over his head so high that it seemed to be there, not to protect the *poor grandee* from the merciless sun, but to inform the people at a distance that he was below it. Besides it showed, by its backward and forward flight, that he was also running to and fro below between the two rows of men pulling the car, urging them to proceed with his gigantic toy.

He was really in great trouble. He was so hot and there was an absolute wretchedness about him which was painful to see. Indeed, it was at this time that I was able to realize the poet's words "All the world is a stage and all men actors."

The rest of the day and the whole of the next I spent in examining curious specimens of humanity and in watching with interest their puppet show.

Then I saw one who, from his mode of dress and speech, seemed to be a pious and religious man. He was standing in a sweet-meat shop and making purchases and the shop keeper was attending to many purchasers at the same time. The poor man was really busy. He did not know who gave him money and who did not. He trusted his customers. But the saintly figure saw this and drew back without paying the price and disappeared. Then I thought:—"Religion is the best garb for Hypocrisy." And the words of the "Deep Tragedian" came to my memory:—

"But then, I sigh and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil;
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With odd old ends stol'n forth of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil."

Then New Kalpathi was the scene, which, next to the hypocrite, attracted my notice most. In the two rows of verandahs, the fair ones of the eighteen villages in Palghat and of many a distant place had taken up their position. No doubt, a philosophical mind would be busy gathering knowledge at such a place. Nor would it be unable to find amusement.

When I was walking up and down the street observing mankind, of course of both sexes, I happened to pass by one who was full of pride.

He was of a tall stature, so fashionably dressed, so handsome, so gay and so evil-minded, as I knew, that I was obliged to stop and survey him from top to toe.

A piece of fine mull he had worn round his loins very fashionably and with particular care so that he seemed to have had the idea that he appeared more graceful. His upper garment was only a shirt. But the cuffs instead of covering his wrists found their resting place above his elbows. Seeing this I thought:—"Even the shirt-cuffs neglect their duty! Perhaps they think that, by taking up this inappropriate

Items of Interest

I. NON-CUTTING SURGERY



IN one of the July numbers of the *Daily Graphic*, I found a very interesting article titled Non-cutting Surgery. This in itself excited my curiosity and when I had read through it, I thought it would prove of some interest to the readers of this Magazine.

Mr. H.A. Barker of Park Lane, London, is a specialist in the art of bloodless operations and has had with great success cured many

cases of lameness and deformity. He asserts that through the lack of knowledge of manipulative surgery on the average surgeon's part, many cases of crippled and deformed people are set aside as incurable. An eye-witness gives accounts of Mr. Barker's treatment of various cases of this kind. One patient, a doctor had met, with some injury to the shoulder which had resulted in an useless arm. He had endured months of suffering all to no account. Having heard of Mr. Barker he had come to him for treatment. A few minutes under gas and then the specialist by a few quick manipulations, set the shoulder right, and the patient after a day or two could use his arm naturally as before. The cause was said to be some muscular displacement in the shoulder. Other cures of knee injuries, of flat foot and others were diagnosed and treated by Mr. Barker and in nearly all he was successful. The most remarkable account given is the curing of a person with spinal deformity. Having found out that there was no disease whatever, he commenced to straighten the spine by a series of masterly manipulations, and it is told by the witness that he could see the difference in the contour of the back in a few minutes. Account of other wonderful recoveries are given, but one and all show that such a thing as non-cutting surgery is possible. It is said that Mr. Barker's whole energy and ambition are in his great work and that his one hope is to see it taught in every surgical school throughout the world. We wish him every success in the same.

P. R. CHIDAMBARAM IYER.



II. ABOUT SOME OF THE KING'S ORDERS

In almost every photograph of His Majesty King Edward VII, we find a number of decorations and to the uninitiated they are a source of curiosity. In the August number of the Strand Magazine an illustrated account is given of the origin, romance and etiquette of the King's orders. It is very interesting to read about them all, but I have only taken a few of them. These four senior British orders are that of the Garter, the Thistle, the St. Patrick and the Bath. The first is the order of greatest distinction; it consists of a habit, collar, badge, star and a garter. From the collar is suspended what is called the "George," a gold enamelled representation of St. George and the Dragon. The full chapter of the order, that is, all belonging to it is, worn only on certain days, known as "collar days"—The star is worn on the left shoulder. The garter which is worn only with breeches and bears the motto of the order—"Honi soit qui maly pense"—is worn below the knee on the left leg. Except on special occasions, only one of these emblems is worn. Most of these orders are but symbols of a world of chivalry and romance, of valour and poetry and of piety. The founding of the order of the garter is full of interest—many have heard how, at the court of Edward III, a lady chanced to drop her garter, which was picked up by the King. Observing the spectators smiling significantly, Edward exclaimed in a tone of rebuke "Honi soit qui maly pense," which means "evil be to him who evil thinks." And to prevent further blâme, he tied the garter round his own knee. This was in accordance with the age, when the Knights deemed it the greatest honor to wear a lady's favour, a glove or ribbon or some personal article.

The order of the Thistle was supposed to have its origin in the Scottish legend, which tells how an angel plucked a thistle and placed it on the hair of a sleeping Scottish Monarch, who thereupon founded this order according to a passage in the archives of the order, "Achain, King of Scots, did institute the most ancient and most noble order of the Thistle under the Protection of St. Andrew in commemoration of a signal victory obtained by the King of the Saxons, after a bloody battle, in the time of which there appeared in the heaven a white cross in the form of that upon which the Apostle St. Andrew suffered martyrdom"—The order consists of the sovereign and sixteen Knights. The order of St. Patrick is of recent origin. George IV to show his regard for Ireland founded this in 1783. The badge of Order of the Bath is a gold Maltese cross of eight points enamelled argent, worn on state occasions,

pendent from a broad red ribbon across the right shoulder. Froissait gives an account of the bath that had to be undertaken by the Knights before the Kings invested them with it.—

There is the Victorian Order which Her Majesty the late Queen Victoria founded and awarded for any *Personal* service to the Sovereign and thus it is the private order of the Sovereign. There are Indian Orders, such as the Star of India, the Order of the Indian Empire, which was instituted on 1st January 1878, to reward services, rendered to her late Majesty Queen Victoria and her Indian Empire and to commemorate the proclamation of her style and title of Empress of India. There are other Indian decorations such as the Jubilee medal, the Coronation medal and the Imperial Service order.

Coming to foreign orders, one of the most frequently worn by His Majesty is the Black Eagle of Prussia founded in 1691 by Frederick I. The badge is an eight pointed cross, blue enamelled, with initials F.R. in monogram and a black eagle with expanded wings between each of the arms of the cross. There are others the Order of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, St. Olaf of Norway, Omar of Turkey and so on. One of the most famous and ancient orders is that of Christ of Portugal which is lineally descended from the templars. When it was abolished in France it was revived in Portugal. The order grew very wealthy, so the kings of Portugal, in order to protect themselves bound the members to take the three vows of chastity, poverty and obedience. It is told of one Manuel Brigs, a Knight, that losing the badge of the order at sea, he immediately leaped overboard after it.—He did not return, but next day when his body was found, the order of Christ was seen fastened round his neck! The badge is a white cross on a red ground. The Order of Dannebrog, the family order of Denmark is highly prized by His Majesty. Tradition ascribes its origin to a miracle. It is related that when in 1219 the Knights of the Sword became hard pressed by the Esthonians, Waldemar of Denmark came to their assistance. In the battle against the Esthonians and Russians the ranks of his own troops became sadly thinned. They had lost their standard and were on the point of flight, when lo! a red flag bearing a white cross appeared in the heavens. At this sight the Danes rallied and defeated the foe. Henceforward the heavenly flag became an ensign and the order of the Dannebrog was founded by Waldemar II. There are numerous other orders, each interesting in itself. But a detailed account of these is impossible in this small article, still to the lovers of romance and chivalry, a study of the same would be full of interest and charm.

The Ladies' Branch National Indian Association Cuddalore



It is very encouraging to point out that a Ladies' Branch of the above association has been opened at Cuddalore. I believe this is the first Branch of its kind in South India and as such deserves encouragement and attention. The Hindu ladies of the town have taken up the movement with much zest and it remains for them to make it more popular and permanent. About a month ago, a meeting of Hindu, Eurasian and Indian Christian ladies was held at which it was decided that such a branch should be opened in order to promote the growth of friendly acquaintance with each other by means of constant meetings, lectures, parties and by providing a reading room supplied with a few English and vernacular papers to begin with. A few of the ladies present spoke about the advantages of opening such a branch. The idea was taken up with enthusiasm and arrangements were very quickly made to begin it. A committee of English and Indian ladies was formed and it was arranged that a room should be rented in a central locality and that amusements and instruction be provided in the shape of outdoor and indoor games, music, papers and lectures. The membership fee is very small and so the money collected is not adequate enough for the expenses of furnishing a room and so on. But many of the Hindu ladies have very generously come forward with donations and gifts of furniture, while others have promised magazines and papers. The Women's Indian Association Branch in Cuddalore has given a donation of Rs. 100 to meet the expenses of buying the necessary articles of furniture. Under such favourable auspices, the Ladies' Branch was set on foot. There are now about thirty members. Every Monday evening about twenty of the members accompanied by their friends and

relations meet and spend a very pleasant evening. Badminton and indoor games have just been introduced and the ladies seem to enjoy them very much. Informal talks on useful and interesting subjects are often introduced and discussed. Also, suggestions of a fancy work class, a lending library on a small scale, and other means of imparting information and instruction are being put forward. It is a pleasure to think that ladies who have been living side by side, perhaps for years, and who had not the opportunity of knowing each other, should now meet and become friends. They themselves enjoy it very much indeed. This forming of acquaintance will help to clear away misapprehensions to widen one's views and to create new sympathies. There will be a common platform on which the ladies of this town both Indian and English can meet and thus find means of helping one another. So far the meetings have been a success and week by week they seem to be getting more in favour with the people. On the 9th instant after Badminton and games were over, Mrs. Kite very kindly gave an informal lecture on Australia. Mrs. Nery translated the same into Tamil. A picture of the life of the aborigines, their customs, and their habits and a description of the busy life of the people of Australia served to interest the members much.

On Monday the 16th instant Mrs. Kite had a social at her own house for all the members. More than twenty-five ladies were present. It was interesting to see how they claimed acquaintance with one another, though but three weeks ago they had not met or perhaps so much as seen each other. The spacious drawing room and inner verandah presented quite a lively and picturesque scene. Mrs. Kite was untiring in her efforts to make every one feel at home and very soon the genial hum of conversation shewed that her efforts were successful. Items of English and Indian music were contributed by Mrs. Kite and some of the guests. Games and views of Australia and other interesting places were provided. The guests thoroughly enjoyed themselves. As it began to grow dark, the party came to a close with a short farewell to Mrs. R. A. Srinivasa Iyengar, the Secretary, who has had to resign on account of her leaving the town. Mrs. Kite made a little speech in which she thanked the Secretary for the energetic and admirable way in which she had conducted her work and regretted her sudden departure from Cuddalore. Mrs. R. A. Srinivasa Iyengar was then garlanded amid hearty applause, and she in return thanked all their members for their help and for the keen interest they had shown on its behalf. She wished the branch all success and regretted her

leaving behind all her kind friends. The usual *pan supari*, flowers and sandalwood were then handed round, and the guests left after having warmly thanked their hostess for giving them such a pleasant evening.

This is but the beginning of the movement. It is the earnest hope of all those interested in this that it will continue to develop and become a permanent institution.

In conclusion, I should like to bring this association to the notice of the conveners or secretaries of other associations in India. If at any time they will help us with suggestions or send us any of their papers or lectures, I am sure the members of the association will accept the same with gratitude and pleasure. I would also ask the Editors of Tamil and Telugu papers and journals to send us free copies of the same, if it is possible, because this association is yet in its infancy and cannot yet afford to get many papers for itself. All papers or letters may be addressed to the Secretary, Ladies' Branch, National Indian Association, Cuddalore, N.T.

AN INDIAN LADY.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE NARSAPUR LADIES' ASSOCIATION

BELOVED PRESIDENT AND SISTERS,

The most pleasant duty of laying before you a brief account of the work done by our association during the past one year of its existence has been entrusted to me and I have gladly undertaken it without demur, solely relying upon your indulgence and good will, though I am aware there are others better qualified for the work.

It is needless for me to remind you who the noble creator of our little association is. She is now in your midst as our beloved President. Providence has prompted her to design means to elevate our condition and to dispel our ignorance of the enlightened life of civilized societies. Her gentle heart has reflected why she should not help her sisters, educate their minds and cultivate good manners and mutual love among them. Thus maturing a plan, which was all her own, she called us together on the 6th May '08 and blended us into this harmonious association teaching us, by personal example, how to forget conceit and differences and foster gentleness and good understanding for the mutual happiness and well being of us all. She spared no pains in building up this edifice and adorning it with art, amusement and edification. What sisterly love and coaxing, what tact and skill she has needed to weld all this rough material into a solid mass, is a fact too well known to us all to need any further description. Strangers as we are to such associations, with little education and knowledge, we are all made to understand and feel

that there is a world of beauty and knowledge in store for us and that life has charms above the domestic routine.

I beg the President's pardon for this transgression in expressing my own sincere sentiments in her presence and wish I were not thus fettered on this occasion. But you will all agree with me on this point, that, but for our beloved President, ourselves and Narsapur would have ever lived in their arcadian simplicity and blissful ignorance of social life and its eternal charms.

Craving your indulgence for this necessary digression, I now plunge at once into my proper subject.

The association, as stated above, came into being on 6-5-08 with about 20 ladies. Mrs. Roy gave it the necessary form and shape, herself consenting to be its President, with Mrs. Gopala Rao, the wife of our popular District Munsiff, as Vice-President and my humble self as Secretary. I easily accepted the honour to bear the title but not the burden of duty which practically fell upon others' shoulders.

Since May '08 meetings were regularly held once a month and the attendance of members was not indifferent. The members were at the beginning, divided into three classes paying a subscription of 8, 4 or 2 annas each, and these differences were eventually rounded off into one class, each member paying 2 annas only. In some of the meetings intelligent addresses were delivered in Telugu by various ladies, including myself. In one of its earliest meetings the association was entertained with delightful music and singing, and in another a steamer trip to the sea was arranged by the President to the benefit and amusement of all the ladies. From the early part of April last, weekly meetings were also arranged to teach needle-work to ourselves and our daughters, and Mrs. J. N. Roy, the President, has become not only our patron and tutor but also the liberal distributor of the requisite materials. This has created a healthy competition among some of the members not much acquainted before with the work. It is an auspicious sign and if the members continue to develop this interest, the association is sure to progress in other directions also. Mrs. Roy took good care, though I am afraid at some personal inconvenience to herself, to be present and to preside over the majority of our meetings and during her unavoidable absence the chair was occupied by the Vice-President, no less interested in the welfare of our association. The association has continued to maintain its pristine strength and it has now on its rolls the pretty large number of twenty-two respectable ladies.

Taken as a whole, the progress of the association is not discouraging, though its attendance at the meetings is capable of improvement.

Though we have not been able yet to do any substantial work within the short space of one year of the existence of the association, yet if we continue to work with the same spirit and interest with which we are doing now there is good reason to hope that the association is sure to improve and become an ornament of this 'cornered' town.

Money is the sinew of all undertakings and the gentry of the town have readily responded to our call with their liberal donations to supply this want. Added to this the monthly subscriptions are willingly paid by the members. All these collections during the year amounted to Rs. 203-3-9, against Rs. 102-7-0 expended on the purchase of library books, subscription to newspapers, servants' salary, and other contingent charges, leaving a net balance of Rs. 100-12-9 to the credit of the association. Of this, Rs. 130 have been laid out for interest and the small amount of Rs. 0-12-9 has been left in my hands to meet current charges.

The association can now boast of a small library of its own, and it is hoped that it will be soon furnished with a "local habitation" to adorn its name. Our thanks are at present due to the inspectress of girls' schools who has so kindly given us permission to hold our meetings in the local Government Girls' School.

The association now gets the following newspapers which are regularly circulated among the members,—*Andhra Prakashika*, *Andhra Kesari*, *Monorama*, *Hindu Sundari*. It is under contemplation to put the library books also in circulation and I hope that you will all take a real interest in reading them and informing yourself of the current topics and acquiring useful knowledge.

The anniversary of the association was celebrated on 3rd May 1909, when several poor and blind were sumptuously fed, and ladies entertained to a drama, and school girls to a treat with sweets. A group photo of the members then present was also taken. As the anniversary took place during the summer vacation, many ladies were away from the station and we are sorry not to have them in the photo.

It was resolved to make a small present of a decent harmonium to the local girls' school in commemoration of the anniversary and it will be an accomplished fact ere long.

Before concluding my report, I offer my sincere thanks to you all for the trouble and interest you have taken in attending this and the previous meetings and for having evinced so much co-operation and fellow feeling, without which it would have been impossible to accomplish all this success, progress, and advancement in our own way. I hope and pray to God that with your wonted zeal and interest you keep the

association steadily going on in the path so well chalked out by our noble President, so that it may see several years of increasing prosperity.

With your permission, one word more, Ladies, and I have done. A splendid harp is set to proper tune in the hands of an expert musician. Its strings jar when fingered by one inexperienced in the art. Our association has stood fast and developed fairly well, comparatively speaking, tuned to harmony and free from all discord. You are good judges of the hand playing upon this stringed association. Its mature wisdom and skill, sympathy and gentle softness are clearly visible flowing in the vigorous strains of our united action, blessing the receiver largely and thrice blessing the giver divinely. May the all merciful God grant our association and its founder long life and prosperity to ever meet in this happy way several times for a good many years to come!

D. RAMAKRISHNANA,
Secretary, Ladies' Association,
Narsapur.

The American Indian—A Woman Among Them



A FEW days ago, I was reading "The Literature of Philanthropy," a little book, one of a series of collections made up of representative work of the women of the State of New York in periodical literature. It then occurred to me that some of the papers in this book would be interesting to our Indian readers. Accordingly, here I give the paper about "A Woman Among The Indians." The American Indians are far different from our Indian Indians—if I may use such a word. But it will do us

no harm—but on the other hand much good—if we read and digest the many suggestions in this paper. This is what Mrs. Elaine Goodale Eastman writes on the subject:

"I have been asked to present the Indian question from a woman's standpoint—the standpoint of a woman whose knowledge is immediate and personal." Therefore I make

no apology for a recital of personal experience. I have observed also, that most people prefer to hear facts rather than generalizations, and that a story is more interesting than a theory. I have been in the Indian work for nine years, and was during most of that time by my own choice immediately associated with the people for whom I was working. I began as a teacher in an Eastern school, and very soon, desiring a nearer glimpse of Indian life, visited eight Indian Agencies in Dakota during the vacation. Struck by the crying need of more and better workers in the Government schools, especially in the small "camp schools," I chose my new field in a wild Sioux village on the Missouri River where there was a deserted shell of a school-house, but no school for eight years. I went there with a friend, and we worked for two years together with the greatest enthusiasm, actually enjoying the hardships, difficulties, and successes of our pioneer life. We both assiduously studied the Dakota language, and found it an invaluable aid to confidence and success. She assisted me in teaching the school of forty to fifty children, and I helped her in the duties of a missionary, to which she was appointed, holding women's meetings and prayer meetings, teaching Sunday-school, instructing classes for baptism, visiting the sick (and, indeed, visiting everybody), and giving the women such aid and suggestion in house keeping, cooking, sewing, and domestic science generally as is now given by the "field-matrons" appointed by Government. I look back with a great deal of pleasure and satisfaction upon the three years I lived at "White River Lodge," as we called our cosy cabin. (I stayed one year after my friend left me, calling upon a near relative to fill her place.) I became strongly attached to the people there, and I think I won their affection and respect. There were about two hundred men, women, and children in our village, and all except two or three (who had attended the same Eastern school where we had served as teachers) were called wild, or "blanket," Indians. There are no Indians nowadays on the reservations who live a really wild life. These nearly all possessed rude log-cabins, plastered with mud and roofed with sods, upon which flourished the wild sunflower and other weeds; although they wisely improved the hot weather by occupying the cooler and cleaner "teepees" of white cotton cloth.

They drew rations at the Agency once a week and the journey consumed two or three days out of seven. They also eked out their scanty supplies by cultivating small patches of land; indeed, there were some really fine

wheat-fields in the river-bottoms, as well as flourishing gardens of corn, melons, etc. It is true that the Indians worked in a fashion which seems to us like playing at work. A man who wanted his five-acre lot ploughed would call all his neighbours together for a ploughing-bee. After wasting a great deal of time in getting together, in catching the ponies and mending the harness and "preparing to begin," all would toil enthusiastically for an hour or two, then sit down and smoke for another hour, then another spurt of exertion, and, finally, an abundant picnic dinner, at which plenty of boys and idlers appeared, would close the day. And yet, when the small inducement to labor is considered, and the difficulties under which it is performed, and, above all, the fact that it is not really necessary, one may rather wonder that the Indian Agency works at all.

With the women it is quite different. They, too, are cheerful and gregarious, and spend a great deal of time in gossip and visiting, but they are certainly industrious and systematic in comparison with the men. They no longer do the field-work, but may still be seen carrying wood and water and performing other tasks which seem to us to be drudgery but are light to them beside the complex burdens of civilized house keeping. It seemed really unkind to teach them that they must wash dishes and make beds, make white underclothing and keep it clean, and fashion for themselves dresses with superfluous ruffles and unnecessary button-holes. They learn all these details, however, with what seems to us wonderful willingness and facility, and a few months sees starched white skirts, and delicious raised bread in earth-floored cabins which hold forth little promise of such finished products of civilization.

It seems at first as if the women were a little slower of comprehension than the men, and less apt to receive new ideas—in other words, as much more heavily-built mentally as they certainly are physically. Their broad, shapeless figures, clumsy movements, and the deliberation with which they weigh a point which you think demands immediate action, are not at all attractive; but there is a distinctively womanly quality about these Indian wives and mothers which wins your regard upon a nearer acquaintance. I think they are as devoted, as self-forgetful and willing to labor for the good of their households as any of our sex anywhere in the world.

The children are delightful; and the younger and smaller and wilder they are, the more fascinating in their innocent *naïveté*. Only two or three of mine had ever been to

school before or knew a word of English, and every one of them is a distinct personality to me now. I can shut my eyes and see the quaint little figures—the tousled black heads, the sparkling black eyes, the trailing red shawls, and ragged shirts—against a background of sunburnt prairie or the yellow pine walls of my schoolroom. Some of them learned the mysteries of the books and the mischief of the average school boy with about equal rapidity, while others, invariably obedient, were, alas! hopelessly dull.

We taught many industries in our school, albeit it was only a day school. The girls learned to make and mend, to wash and iron, to cook and serve palatable food. The boys cultivated a small garden, and waited upon the girls!

A mid-day lunch was served to all. I am a strong believer in the effectiveness of the industrial day school, when properly managed; and if I could have but one form of distinctively Indian school, I should prefer it to any other. The influence upon the whole village is very great, and the pupil, having completed his primary education there, can enter a more advanced school in wholesome competition with white children and youths. This plan has thus far shown the best results.

The men of our camp were described as unusually stubborn in their resistance to all progress. We were received at the first with a friendly response to our genuine desire to help them, but there was a certain amount of opposition to the school, which had to be gradually overcome. We found that if we could win over the children, their indulgent parents would give us no further trouble. One especially attractive little maid, as shy as she was pretty, whose Roman-nosed father treated our advances with lofty indifference, hovered about the school-house for weeks before we could entice her in. Evidently she could not keep away, and one morning it happened that when she appeared in the neighbourhood all the children were piling into big wagons, with baskets of edibles, and a joyful confusion reigned instead of the usual pleasant order. We were going to celebrate our first school picnic. The ragged red shawl drew nearer, and a longing look came into the big brown eyes. A smile and a nod of invitation, and the maiden skipped into the back of one of the wagons, where she kept her picturesque tatters as much out of sight as possible among the crisp gingham and new straw sailors already assumed by her mates.

They were very good to her, however, and I think she had a thoroughly happy day. At any rate, she came to school bright and early

the next morning and soon proved herself one of our very best scholars.

Not only among the women and children is the influence of a pure woman felt for good. It is equally powerful in its effect upon the undeveloped nature of the Indian young men. Her superior knowledge, her fearlessness, and her goodness seem to fill them with admiration and almost awe, and she can persuade them to study and to think and to give up some of their old bad habits, when an equally good man would not influence them at all.

At one time I had an evening school for a class who were too old for the day school, and whose touching eagerness to learn filled me with a desire to help them.

It was the most interesting part of my work for the time being, because of the zeal and patience of my pupils. I have had all sorts of knotty questions to settle for these tall scholars of mine: I have been asked to advise concerning a trade, a church, a love affair, and have several times attempted to reconcile husband and wife.

While absorbed in this inspiring work, I realized that the teacher or missionary, however hard she tried to enter into their lives, so different from her own, could see only one side of the Indian.

I wanted to look at the world from his standpoint if I could, and with this object in view I obtained permission (not without difficulty) of a party of wild Indians whom I knew to accompany them on a deer hunt.

This was after I had resigned from my school. We were out nine weeks in rain and shine, plenty or scarcity, and I shared the varying fortunes of the party as one of themselves, dressing as much like them as I could, eating their food, sleeping on the ground in my own tent, which they carried for me, and riding an Indian pony all the way. I was treated with kindness and respect which never failed; and although some things about the trip were not pleasant, I have always been glad that I took it, for I am sure that in no other way could I have gained equal insight into the nature and customs of the red man. I can now "put myself in his place" with considerable ease, and am less severe upon his failings, and even his vices, than I used to be.

The experience which I have so slightly outlined covers yet another phase. Soon after General Morgan, the late excellent Commissioner of Indian Affairs, came into office he overstepped precedent by appointing two women to inspect and supervise Indian school-work. One of these women was Mrs. Dorchester, the wife of the Indian School Superintendent, the other was myself. Since

nearly half the pupils and a large majority of the teachers in these schools are women, the plan of putting women in the field as Special Agents, Supervisors, or whatever you choose to call them, seemed a judicious one.

I resigned one year later, to accept the yet more honorable position of wife and mistress of a household, and I regret that a woman was not appointed in my place.

I enjoyed this work thoroughly, although it involved the fatigues of constant travel and open-air life, to which I had become somewhat inured. I visited about fifty schools, widely scattered upon the various Sioux reservations, inspected and reported upon them in detail, and made whatever suggestions to the teachers which seemed to me to be practicable. Often I taught a school for a half day, while the teacher looked on. I found some good work, and much that was unskilled and faulty.

The trained teacher was the exception then in these schools; but the quality is, I think, improving every year, and especially now that the Civil Service rules are in force in this branch of the service.

My knowledge of the Sioux tongue and acquaintance with the people were utilized in every village through which I passed, to inspire the parents, if possible, with greater interest in and comprehension of the work the schools were doing. I also listened to their requests or complaints, and found them usually worthy of attention. I do not believe in the common policy of Indian Agents who suppress every expression of unfavorable opinion on the part of the Indians, and endeavour to prevent their free discussion of matters which interest them more than anybody else, and which ought to be thought of and discussed by them.

In conclusion, I will say that my nine years of work among the Indians has given me a better opinion of their capacity and a worse opinion of the system under which and the men by whom they are managed than a majority of people entertain.

If a number of women, as good and as bright as are so many of our sex, could be put into the field at once as Indian Agents, as Inspectors, as School Superintendents and as Supervisors, with a small army of capable women teachers and field matrons under them, I have no doubt that the day of salvation for the red man would be brought much nearer than it is to-day."

Our Children's Page



THE GIANT AND THE THIEF

(A Story)

IN a small hut in the depths of a wood there once lived a poor young man named Drona. His only property arose from a pair of cows, which were presented him by a rich foreigner for whom he had given shelter on a wintry night. He never enjoyed the comforts arising from valuable cloths, ointments, scents, flowers, etc., but only led a life of a virtuous wild forester. He was of a robust constitution accustomed as he was to the cold, heat, winds and rain.

The two cows were tenderly reared by him. They grew fatter and fatter until at last they became an object of attraction. A thief, who was lurking in the woods for victimising any traveller who passed by, caught sight of the two cows and thought within himself

"I shall steal the two cows of this fellow."

Fixing his resolution to steal the cows he took a rope with his other implements, and no sooner had he proceeded to the hut than he saw, on the way, a figure whose body was covered with stiff hair as yellow as the well-fed fire, whose cheeks were sunken, whose frame was bent down, whose eyes were blood-shot, whose bridge of the nose was elevated, and whose long row of pointed teeth displayed a liking for human flesh. The thief, though frightened at this unique figure, gained his presence of mind, and boldly asked him who he was.

"I am Terrible, the huge giant of the forest; now make me know who you are, else you die."

"I am a thief of the forest and I have come to steal the cows of the yonder fellow."

"I never ate any food for the past six days," roared the giant, "and I am awfully hungry. I am going to eat the very same fellow down there."

"It is really beautiful that we are engaged in the same work" replied the thief.

Drona who never knew of the plots around him—Poor Drona—went to sleep. The thief seeing the giant eager for his prey said:—

"Friend, this is not proper, because you ought to eat Drona after the cows are stolen."

"If somehow the man wakes up by the noise of the cows," protested the giant, "then my attempt will become futile."

"If any impediment happens to you," replied the thief, "I also become unable to steal the cows."

While each was thus disputing over the superior claims of his own self, the two becoming estranged from each, Drona woke up by the noise and looked out by the window.

"Oh, man!" said he seeing Drona, "this giant wishes to devour you."

"No, no, no," roared the giant, "the thief desires to rob you of your cows."

In a moment, Drona understood all. With a shot he blew out the giant's brains, while the thief escaped in the confusion. Even enemies who dispute among themselves do us good.

N. RAMA BHADRAN.

What has been done for and by Indian Ladies

HUMANITARIAN LEAGUE
ANNUAL REPORT FOR 1908-09

Indian Reforms



THE Annual Report of the Indian Humanitarian League, one of the subjects for discussion at a public meeting held at the Westminster Palace, London, S.W., on the 29th instant, "shows a steady improvement in various fields of humanitarian work," to quote the words of Sir

Henry Cotton, M.P., K.C.S.I., C.S.I., who presided. After complimenting the indefatigable Hon. Secretary on the success of his efforts to ameliorate the Indian Penal Laws, the member for Nottingham referred to the Indian Whipping Act, for which humanitarians have to thank Lord Morley, rather than the officials on the spot.

This great measure of reform, said Sir Henry, restricts the power of inflicting corporal punishment to first-class magistrates, and lessens the number of offences which may be so punished; it also limits the number of lashes in the case of

juveniles. But it is clear that nothing would have been done but for the activity of the Indian Humanitarian League and the widespread distribution of Sir Henry Cotton's pamphlet on "Corporal Punishment in India," and other literature on the subject by Mr. Henry S. Salt and Mr. Joseph Collinson, to say nothing of innumerable letters and resolutions published in the Press.

By the death of Sir James Mathew, the great humanitarian Judge, the cause of prison reform has lost one of its most distinguished supporters. New pamphlets on "The Death Penalty," by Mrs. H. Bradlaugh Bonner, and "Whipping in India," by Mr. Hiralal Chakravarti, were published during the year. "The League," says the *Egyptian Standard*, "deserves the hearty support of all human well-wishers." Subscriptions should be made payable to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. Ernest Boll, M.A. For pamphlets, leaflets, and all information apply to Mr. Joseph Collinson, Hon. Secretary, 53 Chancery Lane, W.C.

THE SRINIVASA MANDIRAM

BANGALORE, 9th Aug.—The lady members and their friends (about seventy-five in number), of the Srinivasa Mandiram met on Saturday, the 7th instant, and carried out an interesting programme of music and reading, etc. Mrs. Y. Srinivasa Rao, Kamalaboyamma, read a paper on "Sukannaya," a woman of the Puranic age. Her exemplary conduct, holiness, piety and virtuous life were so vividly portrayed, that she was held up as a brilliant example to her modern sisters. Then a dialogue was given by one of the members, Srimati Mahalakshammah, which was very instructive. At the close of this item, the Secretary, in thanking the two ladies above-named for the pains they had taken in preparing such educative discourses, referred to the acting appointment of Mr. Y. Srinivasa Rao, as Chief Engineer of Mysore; and, in doing so, she described very touchingly of how Captain Bernard Dawes had lost his life, and what a self-sacrifice he had made to save another from death.—(From a correspondent.)

AN INDIAN CHRISTIAN LADY STUDENT FOR ENGLAND

A Trevandrum correspondent telegraphs:—On Tuesday evening last a Public Meeting was held at the Victoria Jubilee Town Hall, to bid God-speed to Miss Mary Poonen, B.A., A.L.C.M., on the eve of her departure to England, to prosecute her medical studies in the London University. Being the first lady from Malabar to leave these shores for foreign countries, a large and representative gathering of ladies and gentlemen was present. Eulogistic speeches

and complimentary references were made to Miss Poonen's brilliant career in the Madras University. She won three medals and several prizes during her College career. She leaves this to-day for England and sails from Colombo on the 18th instant and will join the University. She holds a liberal scholarship from the Travancore Government and will enter the Travancore Medical Department on her return from England.

THE LADIES' ASSOCIATION, TRAVANCORE

On Saturday evening a meeting of the Ladies' Association was held at the Victoria Jubilee Town Hall. About 100 members of the Association were present, among whom were ladies from all sections of the community. Srimati Chellamma Tankachi, of Thumpura House, presided and Srimati Krishnamma read a paper on cookery, which was much appreciated. Srimati Kalyani Amma dwelt on the necessity for a change of the rules regarding the conduct of the business of the Association. At present no fee is charged from members, and when money is required for holding garden parties and other functions, subscriptions are raised. It was resolved at the last meeting that a small fee should be levied from members every month. A desire was expressed that a knowledge of cookery and sewing should be spread among the members of the Association. The best means of attaining this end, in the opinion of the members, was by practising sewing whenever the monthly meetings are held. A resolution was passed to this effect. With a vote of thanks to the President, the meeting broke up.

WIDOW MARRIAGE

The reform party have not unnaturally directed their attention to the amelioration of the condition of widows. According to the latest census there were in 1901, 617 Hindu widows below the age of 5, and 60 Mahomedans; 3,751 Hindu widows between 5 and 10 and 18,078 between 10 and 15. Who is there, gentlemen, so stone-hearted as not to be moved to tears when he is told that the beautiful rosy-cheeked young girl whose lovely face beaming with intelligence smiled up to you only yesterday, a girl who could be hardly expected to understand what is meant by marriage, is a widow to-day condemned to all the sneers, gibes, taunts and privations incidental to widowhood. The mind instinctively revolts against such a picture, and outsiders are apt to think that a community which recognises and tolerates such cruel laws in practice can hardly be said to have strong sound moral feeling. But long habit and the

grossly misunderstood beautiful doctrine of Karma reconcile us to the situation. Long ages of subordination and the doctrine of fatalism which holds us in its firm grip giving to us our proverbial patience under any condition however trying, patience which constitutes the strength and weakness alike of our character, weakened considerably our moral fibre, and we passively look at events and things which would rouse the moral indignation of other communities and rouse them to effectual action. The *Indian Reformer*, religious and social, should take note of these essential defects in our character, teach aright the doctrine of Karma which should enable us to realise that the future both here and elsewhere lies in our own hands. On no question is the Hindu community so sensitive as on the subject of marriage, which is held to be a religious sacrament and not merely a civil tie, and nowhere else can natural prejudices be expected to be so strong as here. The *Reformer* quotes ancient Hindu practice, Hindu Law, the practice of all civilised communities in vain; sentiment and custom are too strong for him and the progress of this particular reform thus far makes a review of our position desirable. It must be admitted that the idea is being made familiar to all and that intellectual recognition if ever it was needed is secured, that it inspires no longer the horror which it did inspire, and even the most orthodox classes are beginning to think whether an exception should not be made in the case of virgin widows. At such a juncture we shall have to be cautious that we may not create a revulsion of feeling, a re-action, and care should be taken to see that the marriages performed under the auspices of any reform association are such as should in the ordinary course of things prove happy, and that parental authority should be respected in the case of young girls. It is public opinion that has to be cultivated and gained, round, the mere number of marriages performed does not tell and is a matter of no great importance when the result is what it has been so far—the creation of a distinct sect.

HINDU WIDOWS' HOME ASSOCIATION POONA

Monthly Report for July 1909

The number of inmates in the Home in December last was 80. Now it is 100. The monthly current expenditure has gone over Rs. 1,000 and we are badly in need of funds. There are Permanent and Endowment Funds but they are not to be encroached upon. Under these circumstances, if help does not come in time, we shall have to reduce the number of inmates.

2. Mrs. Parvatibai Athavale worked partly in Poona and partly in Bombay during the month.

3. There were 68 visitors during the month, there being 24 ladies, 27 gentlemen and 17 advanced students. Of the total number, 20 came from Poona, 10 from Sind, 9 from Gujrat, 7 each from Central Provinces and the Deccan, 6 from Bombay, 2 each from Central India, Kathiwar, S. M. Country and Konkan, and one from the Carnatic. Among the visitors were Her Highness the Maharani of Baroda with the Princess Indira Raja, Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Dyson of Poona, and Mr. Jamiyram Jivanram of Bombay.

4. Special thanks of the Ashram are due for the following donations. Rs. 160 from R.B.S.B. Bapat of Jamkhindi and Rs. 100 each from the Ind. re Durbar, Mrs. Gangubai Joshi of Amraoti and Mr. Jamiyram Jivanram of Bombay.

5. The total number of subscribers during the month was 205 and the total amount of their contributions is Rs. 1,455.

FINAL EXAMINATION FOR WOMEN TELEGRAPHISTS.—At the recent final examination for women telegraphists attending the training class at Madras, 27 probationers appeared and fourteen have come off successful, including Miss Constance de Conceicao, of Tellicherry, who, we understand, is the only probationer in the class from the West Coast.

LADY WYLLIE AND RANGOON MOSLEMS.—A telegram has been received from Lady Wyllie by the President of the Rangoon Moslem Association, conveying her thanks to the Association for their kind condolences in her bereavement.

EDUCATIONAL.—Under the advice of the Inspector of Girls' Schools, the Cannanore Municipal Council is considering the desirability of opening an elementary girls' school in the town, abolishing one of the boys' schools.

A LADIES' ART EXHIBITION.—It has been arranged to hold an annual ladies' art exhibition under the auspices of the All-India Mohamedan Educational Conference in Rangoon in December.

FEMALE EDUCATION IN KARWAR.—The greatest good a man can do to his country is by helping the cause of education. Our liberty, our rights, our emancipation from unjust social conditions, the life-work which each of us has to carry out here depend upon the education we obtain. It is thus the root of all progress. Civilized nations and those in the way to civilization have recognized this, and efforts are being made by them to educate both the males

and females of their country. In India, too, the idea has taken root, but the efforts, so far at least as females are concerned, do not seem to be commensurate with the warmth of feeling on the subject. Lengthy and eloquent speeches are often made, hearts glow warm with sympathy, but somehow or other when the time comes, to translate sympathy into action, things are done in a half-hearted fashion or not done at all. Even in big cities where money flows like water, people think twice before coming forward to help with money in the cause of female education.

We possess a girls' school here at Karwar under the Town Municipality. The school is located by the side of a dirty *nalla*, which sends out noxious gases all the year round, and undermines the physique of the girls who attend there.

The necessity was long felt of having a girls' school, airy and commodious, situated on a healthy site; but no action could be taken in the matter as the Municipality is always short of funds, and people who can afford are always chary of investing in a concern which brings no tangible and immediate return. At such a time, I am glad to inform you, that a generous-hearted Parsee gentleman has come forward with a munificent gift of Rs. 3,125 for a new building for the girls' school. He leaves the school in the hands of the Municipality upon very reasonable and moderate conditions, with a promise to raise the amount of the gift to 4,000 rupees in case of necessity. This gentleman is no other than Mr. Dadaboy Ratanji Bulsarwalla, our well-known Abkari Contractor of Karwar. The school is to be named after his beloved wife, Bai Cooverbai, who is a kind-hearted, philanthropic lady.

We hear his conditions are accepted with thanks by the Commissioner, S. D. The people of Karwar are very much thankful to him for this noble gift and pray God to give him long life and encourage him to help similar causes.

INDIAN LADIES IN ENGLAND.—The London correspondent of the *Parsi* writes:—What would your readers say if I told them that there are at this moment in England more than two dozen Hindu ladies—mark the word. But do not suppose that all these *graceful* dames are here only on pleasure bent. Of course, they eke out as much innocent pleasure as they can during their sojourn in this tight little island. But they forget neither their country nor the millions of poor sisters they have left behind. In a quiet sort of way, they have set about doing something for them. For instance, an influential Committee of Hindu, Parsi and English ladies has been formed

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with a view to initiating a scheme for the promotion of the education of Indian girls. It is suggested that—after a certain amount of money has been raised—a number of Indian girls should be brought over to England and trained as teachers. Subsequently it is hoped to establish a properly-equipped training college in India itself. A meeting to promote the scheme will be held in the Jehangir Hall, Imperial Institute. Those in India who are interested in the movement and who wish to obtain further information may get it from Princess Sophia Dhuleep Singh, Faraday House, Hampton Court.

News and Notes

THE "ETERNAL WOMANLY" PERSISTS

Cornelia Templeton Jewett, who writes entertainingly in the *Union Signal* of her journey from Chicago to Seattle with the suffragists, reaches this conclusion:

"A journey across the continent reveals many things to the close observer of his fellow travellers. In a company of 200 women there is, perhaps, much out of the ordinary to be revealed. In the present case we were impressed anew with the soundness of our personal and official creed; that professional women are, in the main, essentially womanly; that the development of intellect is not detrimental to the house-wifely qualities that characterize the true woman. And when the inimitable Charlotte Perkins Gilman, with whom we do not always agree, but for whose Damascus steel pen we have a keen admiration and a wholesome respect, told us, confidentially, that her bonnet and gown were fashioned by her own fingers; when she commented upon the 'shiftlessness' of the occasional woman whose lack of personal neatness and forethought detract from the comfort of the dressing room, enroute, saying, as she vigorously scrubbed out the lavatory bowl, 'I'm not supposed to be domestic in my tastes; but I am!' and then, when we heard her, a few hours later, deliver from a public platform, a gem of a poem, her own composition, in which the philosophy of sages and the logic of a woman were combined,—we took heart anew for the task of educating the masculine world to a comprehension of the fact that woman is not only half the race, but a half that can ill be spared from the councils of State as well as from those of the home.

The death of Lady Laurie of Maxwellton House, Dumfries, recalls one of the best known Scots songs. Maxwellton House is well known

as the birthplace of Annie Laurie. She was the daughter of the first baronet, and was born in 1682. The words of the song were composed by a youth named Douglas, and the music more than a century afterwards by Lady John Spottiswood. The "promise true" proved a delusion, for the lady threw Douglas over, and married in his place Alexander Fergusson of Craiglaroch. The portraits of both herself and her husband are in the keeping of the baronet who still holds possession where "Maxwellton braes are bonnie."

WOMEN PHYSICIANS.—Dr. Inez Laurell of Stockholm was one of the speakers at the Council of Women in Toronto. She is young, attractive and serene. She explained to an interviewer that there is no necessity for women to fight for recognition in Sweden. There is no bias against the holding of any post their capabilities will merit. In illustration she spoke of the appointment of women doctors on the staffs of hospitals, as medical inspectors of schools and of the employment of women chemists. The latter, Dr. Laurell said, are very numerous, both as clerks and as owners of drug stores, this ownership being the more remarkable from the fact that only a certain number of licences are granted for each municipality, and that selection is made with the aim in view of choosing that chemist who will best serve the needs of the community.

It is proposed that Dr. Augusta Stowe-Gullen be appointed to fill a vacancy on the Toronto school board. Dr. Stowe-Gullen has long been active in all good work in her city and is a strong suffragist.

After having been one of the internes for eighteen months, Dr. Mary Merritt Crawford has left the Williamsburg (N. Y.) Hospital. Dr. Crawford, both as an ambulance surgeon and as head of the house staff, proved herself most efficient, and the work she has done since she became connected with the institution received the highest praise. The staff of the hospital tendered the young woman a farewell banquet and just as it was nearing a close an ambulance call came. Dr. Hughes was getting his coat on to answer the call when Dr. Crawford came down the stairs and for the last time climbed into the vehicle and told the driver to go ahead. Dr. Crawford will spend the remainder of the summer with her parents, in Nyack, N. Y., but will return to New York City in the fall to practise.

"The prayer of the unborn" was voiced in a recent address by Dr. P. M. Townsend of Marshalltown, Ia. She represented the unborn child as asking justice at the hands of its parents

and the State and for a goodly heritage. Dr. Townsend is one of the officers of the Iowa State Medical Society.

TEN DON'TS TO WIVES

BY CAROLINE J. COOK

Mrs. Caroline J. Cook gives the following advice under "Legal Don'ts" in "Good House Keeping." Though the don'ts suit more English wives, many Indian wives and husbands will find several useful hints. . . . They are:

1. Don't sign or endorse a note or agree to be surety for any debt unless you are willing and can afford to pay the amount yourself, never vary from this rule even in the case of your husband, or father, or the dearest woman friend.
2. Don't write your name on a blank piece of paper. Many have done it and bitterly regretted for the rest of their days.
3. Don't give an unlimited power of attorney to any one. If it is absolutely necessary to give one at all, be sure that it is given only for what it is needed and limit the time as much as possible.
4. Don't do anything in business matters "for politeness" which your judgment tells you should not do.
5. Don't give any promise or sign any paper whatever until you are sure you know the legal effect of it upon yourself and your family.
6. Don't write anything even in a friendly letter which you would not be willing to have used as evidence in court. On the other hand, don't destroy any letter or paper which may have a bearing on a business matter.
7. Don't consent to your husband's assigning his wages. Don't make it necessary by extravagant living.
8. Don't buy furniture, books, or anything else for which you cannot afford to pay cash. If you think of buying on the instalment plan, first estimate what the interest will amount to and add it to the price of the goods; then find out the cost of goods of the same quality at a cash store and compare the figures. Realise that you own none of the goods bought on instalments until you have paid for all, and that a failure to keep any portion of your agreement may cause you to lose all that you have paid.
9. Don't keep people, rich or poor, waiting for money you owe them. I could tell you some true and tragic stories which could make an overdue dress-maker's bill a veritable nightmare to you.
10. Don't be penny-wise and pound-foolish. Get good advice when you need it, pay for it and act upon it. Preventive measures, always remember, are the most satisfactory and the cheapest in the end.

ACTIVITIES OF COLLEGE WOMEN

Miss Mari of Talbot, professor of household administration, University of Chicago, was the official representative of that institution at the general reunion this summer of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology graduates.

Miss Jeane Marie Richards, a niece of Mrs. J. R. Day, and professor of English in Syracuse University, has become dean of women in that institution.

Miss Ruth E. Clark, daughter of Rev. A. W. Clark, missionary at Prague, Austria, has taken her degree at the University of Edinburgh with first honors, and by competitive examination she has won a bursary to travel and study in France. She is now at the University of Paris.

The degree of Doctor of Philosophy was conferred this year by the University of Pennsylvania upon Mrs. Robert W. Hall of Bethlehem, Pa. Mrs. Hall is a graduate of Smith College.

Miss Mabel Barnum, an honor graduate of Boston University, completed the library course at Simmons College this year, graduating with high honor. She has just been appointed an assistant librarian in the Boston Athenaeum.

The Board of Trinity College, Dublin, has elected Miss Constantia Elizabeth Maxwell to be an assistant to the professor of modern history. Miss Maxwell graduated a few months ago with a first senior moderatorship and large gold medal in history and political science. She is the first woman who has become a member of the teaching staff of Trinity College since its foundation.

A British Women's Aerial League has been organized to promote aviation by building an all-British airship. The League has in prospect an educational campaign throughout Britain, and it is to collect funds wherewith to build such an airship, by British mechanics, of British materials, to assist in establishing the industry in Great Britain. Writing to the Executive Committee of the movement, over the first meeting of which Lady O'Hagan presided on the 12th ultimo, Admiral Sir Percy Scott declared: "I am sure that your airship will be afloat before we men have moved in the matter."

A young girl in St. Petersburg named Martinovski has lost her sight by going out in the rain with a blue veil, the chemical dye from which, caused blood-poisoning.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE

It was a great occasion and London rose to it. The Congress, which was opened on April 26, was the fifth held by the International Woman Suffrage Alliance. At the second Congress, held in Berlin, there were eight countries represented;

at the third, in Copenhagen, there were thirteen; at the fourth, in Amsterdam, there were sixteen; in London there were twenty-one countries represented. These are their names: Australia, Austria, Belgium, Bohemia, Bulgaria, Canada, Denmark, Finland, France, Germany, Great Britain, Holland, Hungary, Italy, Norway, New Zealand, Russia, Switzerland, South Africa, Sweden, United States. As at Amsterdam last year, the Governments of two of the countries where Woman Suffrage is the law of the land—Australia and Norway—sent official delegates and paid their expenses. Each country was entitled to send six delegates and six alternates, and Denmark, Germany, Great Britain, Norway, Sweden, the Netherlands, and the United States sent full delegations.

Some very interesting personalities took part in the daily discussions at St. James's Hall and in the various evening functions. The latter found their apotheosis in the Albert Hall Pageant, the responsibility for which lay with the London Society and the success of which redounds to their everlasting credit.

Mrs. Chapman Catt, the President of the Alliance, belongs to the State of Iowa. She has been head of an intermediate school, educational inspector, reporter and co-editor of a daily paper, and Mr. George Catt, an engineer and a suffragist, is her second husband. As chairman at most of the meetings, Mrs. Catt always steered a steady and equable course, despite the confusion of tongues, the clash of nationalities, and very decided differences of opinion as to methods. Many letters reached her, some of them begging for blessings, others for anathemas, on the militant movement. Mrs. Catt declared in public that it was not the business of the Alliance to interfere in the Suffrage organization of the affiliated countries. To do so would be antagonistic to the spirit of internationalism. Mrs. Catt's presidential address was a magnificent oration of over an hour.

For a short time before the Congress Mrs. Catt had been on a speaking tour in Hungary with Miss Rosika Schwimmer, who interpreted for Mrs. Catt, besides stirring her compatriots by her own fiery eloquence. She is sufficiently acquainted with English to have translated Mrs. Perkins Gilman's "Women and Economics" into Hungarian, but preferred to address the Congress in German. This limited the number of those who understood what she said, but did not prevent her being one of the most popular and brilliant of the foreign delegates.

Dr. Anita Augsborg (Germany) is another of those attractive personalities it is impossible to forget. In her own country she is one of the

most courageous and eloquent advocates of the Woman Cause.

Among 116 delegates and alternates it is impossible to go on individualizing. The English delegates it is only necessary to name: Miss Margaret Ashton, Lady Frances Balfour, Miss I. O. Ford, Miss Bertha Mason, Miss F. Sterling, Lady Strachey. The alternates were Miss Edith Dimock, Miss Agnes Garrett, Miss McKee, Dr. Mary Murdoch, Miss Edith Palliser and Mrs. Rackham.

Dr. Anna Shaw, a Tynesider, by birth now an ordained minister of the Methodist Church in America, preached to men only at Whitefield's Tabernacle on the Sunday afternoon before the Congress opened. Over 800 men listened with profound attention, and applauded loudly when Dr. Shaw said it was impossible that women should be content to remain as they had been—"that you might as well expect to be able to put a full-grown chick back into its egg as to put women back into their former position."

To come to business. On the first two days a good deal of time was necessarily occupied with formal arrangements, greetings, reports, finances, and one afternoon was well devoted to ten-minute addresses from the delegates of auxiliary associations not represented on the evening programme. The result was much information, brightly and pointedly conveyed. Mrs. Chapman Catt presided, and said they would begin with the biggest victory of the year, and perhaps the greatest gain to the cause. This was that Victoria had now fallen into line with the other States. Mrs. Madge Donohoe (Australia), speaking on this, "The Latest Victory," said that she represented 900,000 qualified women voters. "The Latest Victory" was the "coping stone" which completed the building, every State in the Australian Federation now having Woman Suffrage. Over a million women were at present voting at the Antipodes. No ill-clad children were there; it was the working men's and working women's paradise.

Belgium was represented by Mdlle. Dongotti, who thought her countrywomen had been very unready for the vote, but believed that its possession would make them capable.

In excellent English, Miss T. H. Dangaard showed how the legal position of the wife and mother in Denmark was gradually improving. Danish women were more than ever in earnest in claiming the vote.

France, Italy, the Netherlands, Norway, Russia, South Africa and Sweden all had their spokeswomen. Greetings from Queen Maud of Norway closed the meeting.

On Thursday morning there was another Convention Session for the Reports of Auxiliary Associations from fourteen countries. At this the time limit was five minutes.

The Revision of the Constitution, which consists of ten articles, was, of course, a difficult task, spreading over more than a day. It will only be necessary to give here some of the most important rules as they now stand. A point greatly in discussion was: whether a country possessing more than one National Suffrage Association should have representations for them all in the Alliance. This is now settled as follows:—

Article 3—MEMBERS.

"Section 1.—One National Woman Suffrage Association, or one Federation of National Woman Suffrage Associations, belonging to a country possessing the authority to enfranchise its own women, may become auxiliary to the Alliance, and thus secure representation by twelve delegates in all international meetings. Each auxiliary National Association having 2,500 members or under shall pay £1 annually, but the Associations forming a Federation shall pay at the rate of a national auxiliary. National Woman Suffrage Associations having more than 2,500 members must pay £2 annually to secure the same representation.

"Section 2.—To gain admission into the Alliance, applicants must be National Associations which possess the following qualifications:—

(1) "They must make the demand for the enfranchisement of women their sole object, except where local circumstances prevent such organization, or where woman suffrage already is granted.

(2) "They must either have local branches or admit individual members all over the country.

(3) "They must have a membership of at least two-thirds of the number of the original society at the time the application is made.

(4) "They must differ from the original society in politics or religion or the sex of their members, or in important distinctions of constitutions and tactics.

"Section 3.—If two or more National Woman Suffrage Associations in the same country desire to become affiliated with the Alliance, they shall apply for affiliation to the permanent Committee on Admissions, which shall test the applications and decide upon them. If they comply with the regulations for auxiliaries, this Committee shall notify the existing National Society (or Societies) of the application with a view to joint representation in the Alliance by means of a National Federation for international purposes. If after notification by the Committee on Admissions the original society (or societies) shall fail to form a National Federation, the Executive Board of the Alliance, after having tested their reasons, shall, if necessary, at once call a meeting of the societies in question, and any society which shall fail to respond to the call shall not be affiliated with the Alliance. The number of delegates to the Alliance shall be divided amongst the associations composing the National Federation in proportion to their membership, such membership to be reckoned on the basis of an individual annual contribution paid directly or indirectly to the central funds and their National Society."

In spite of what the President had said as to it not being the function of the Alliance to discuss the differences of method in particular

countries, it was hardly to be expected that the Council would go over without some reference to *militancy*. It was sought to pass a resolution recording "with pride the fact that 381 women in England had gone to prison for the cause." But this was ruled out of order as a violation of the neutral attitude of the Alliance.

It is impossible to set forth at length the twenty resolutions finally carried. It must suffice to give the chief point of each. The first was one of congratulation over the two great victories achieved since the first meeting of the Alliance five years ago, viz., the granting of Woman Suffrage in Finland and Norway. The second congratulated the Women of Denmark in gaining the municipal franchise and on 70 per cent. of them using the vote at the last municipal election in Copenhagen. The third resolution congratulated the women of France and Belgium on having been made eligible to sit on Boards of Trade, which carried with it the right to vote for Tribunals of Commerce. The women of Italy were congratulated on the proposals of their Government in the same direction. The fourth resolution congratulated the women of Sweden that the municipal suffrage exercised by single women for fifty years had now been extended to married women, and that the Lower House had just passed by a unanimous vote a Bill to confer the Parliamentary Suffrage upon women. The fifth congratulated the women of Bohemia on exercising their old constitutional right of voting for some Town Councils and for the Bohemian Diet; also on having women put up for the Diet in some constituencies. The sixth congratulated the women of the Netherlands that in 1905 a State Committee of seven had by six to one recommended removing the ineligibility of women to vote. The seventh congratulated the women of Iceland on having been made eligible for municipal office, and that their Parliament had promised to grant Woman Suffrage in a very short time. The eighth congratulated the women of Germany on having by law secured the right to join political associations in all but three States, and on having organized Woman Suffrage Societies. The ninth congratulated the women of Italy on the success of their first Congress of Women. It also congratulated the women of Italy, Switzerland, France, Belgium, Hungary and Servia on the formation of National Woman Suffrage Associations.

The next two resolutions expressed sympathy with the Russian women, and pleasure at the general movement towards freedom in Turkey. The twelfth resolution congratulated the women of South Africa that there is ground for hope that the first Parliament of a United South

Africa will grant to women the Parliamentary vote. The thirteenth rejoiced in the completion of the enfranchisement of the women of Australia, and noted with satisfaction the wise and faithful performance of their duties as voters by the women of New Zealand for the last sixteen years. The fourteenth rejoiced with the women of the United States on the great awakening during the last few years, and that within the last two months 1,000, 1,600, and 2,000 women respectively appeared before the Legislature of New York, Illinois and Massachusetts on behalf of the Suffrage. The fifteenth heard with pleasure of a recent action of the City Council of Toronto in petitioning the Dominion Parliament for the full enfranchisement of women.

The women of Great Britain were congratulated in the sixteenth resolution on having been made eligible to act as County and Borough Councillors, and on one having been elected Mayor. The seventeenth welcomed the foundation in various countries of Men's Leagues for Women's Suffrage. The eighteenth reaffirmed the resolution passed at Amsterdam, namely: "That the plain duty of women at the present hour is to secure the support and co-operation of all the forces favourable to woman suffrage, without question as to their political or religious affiliations; to avoid any entanglement with outside matters; to ask for the franchise on the same terms as it is now or may be exercised by men, leaving any required extension to be decided by men and women together."

The nineteenth urged the National Societies not to be betrayed into postponing their claim for the Suffrage for any other object. The last resolution observed with heartfelt thankfulness the new spirit of comradeship and mutual understanding which has grown up through this International Alliance, binding together the women of all nations.

THE WOMEN'S CHARTER.

A further piece of work of the Congress was the decision to present simultaneously to all the Parliaments of the civilized world in 1910 a comprehensive statement or charter, detailing the legal injustices and legislative needs of women. This action, which is in accordance with many ancient declarations of rights, is taken in order to direct public attention to the actual conditions of the law with regard to women, and thus to demonstrate the pressing need of granting to women the Parliamentary Franchise.

The Women's Charter of Rights and Liberties is embodied in a pamphlet printed by Lady McLaren for private circulation. It has already been discussed at some meetings, and its various

"points" will probably be well threshed out during the autumn and winter. Indeed, Lady McLaren invites "the co-operation and suggestions of women, not only in this country, but in all others where there are women who have thought upon this subject. . . . It is evident that this draft is tentative, that it touches on much debatable ground, and that it may have to be widely modified before it can secure general approval." The points in discussion are: Coverture, Rights of Maintenance, Earnings, the Wife as Partner, Marriage Contracts, Assaults on Wives, Divorce, Children, Domicile, Marriage Service, Inheritance, Testamentary Power, Education of Girls, Immorality, Measures for Improving the Condition of Married Women of the Working Classes, Factory Acts and Economics, Political Rights.

A WOMAN SCIENTIST IN JAPAN.

The name of Dr. Marie Stopes, whose work on "The Study of Plant-Life for Young People" was noticed by us in the April number of this Review for 1908, has been lately associated with a series of original discoveries, whose full results are yet waiting to be known; but which are remarkable for their future importance to science, and for the almost phenomenal record of talent and enterprise connected with the making of them. The whole of Miss Stopes' student and professional career alike may be comprised well within the last ten years; yet in that time she has already scored successes, and attained a position in the scientific world, that might well crown the learned labours of a long life-time, even without the most recent of these.

She may be said to have a hereditary claim to genius, her father having been a geologist and archaeologist of no mean repute, whose name is familiar to most Hampstead residents at least by reason of a singularly fine and quite unique collection of prehistoric flint weapons and instruments, on view at the Central Public Library in the Finchley Road; while her mother, Mrs. Charlotte Carmichael Stopes, certainly needs no introduction to readers of the *Englishwomen's Review*. Another daughter of Mrs. Stopes, we may mention in passing, is distinguished in the craft of ornamental and artistic book-binding of a high order.

We have received from Dr. Marie Stopes herself the outline, or, as she phrases it, the "skeleton" of her career. She was educated at home till the age of 13; after that having two years' schooling at St. George's, Edinburgh, and another year or two at the North London Collegiate School, which she left with a scholarship in Chemistry, held at University College. She there gained the gold medal in Junior and in

Senior Botany successively, and on passing the Intermediate of London, with first-class honours, an exhibition in Botany. On attaining the London Degree of B.Sc. she proceeded, in 1892, to Munich, where she was the first woman to take a Doctor's degree in Botany; and after returning to England was also the first woman appointed to the scientific staff of Manchester University in 1894.

In 1907 Miss Stopes undertook to proceed to Japan for the further investigation of a geologic and botanic problem, regarding certain calcareous concretions, known as "coal-balls," found in the coal-bearing strata of England, and peculiarly rich in plant-remains. From certain specimens sent from Japan, it was concluded that much light would be thrown upon the nature of these accretions, and their relation to the science of fossil botany in general, by personal investigation on the spot. Aided therefore by a grant from the Royal Society, she travelled for several months through not only those better known and more civilized regions of Japan, accessible to the ordinary tourist or globetrotter, but through wild and untrodden regions, where the ordinary Japanese language was scarcely understood, common words, even numerals, being radically different. The country in which many of the coalmines it was necessary to visit in quest of the precious nodules were situated was often as remote from and untouched by civilization as any South American wilderness. In the immediate neighbourhood of the mines themselves were clearings, roads, and even railways, for the transport of the coal; but away from their immediate neighbourhood was trackless forest, with thick-growing trees, and the ground covered by an impenetrable tangle of bamboo grasses 6 feet high, and prickly shrubs, through which it required great labour even to force a pathway. The only places where the ground could be studied geologically were in the bed of a river. "The rivers were generally too strong to admit of boating, and the sides often too steep to allow of walking along them; but by frequent crossings through the water it was possible," says Miss Stopes, "to navigate them on foot."

Under such difficulties, when the tents and specimens, varying from mere pebbles to slabs of stone 5 to 6 feet long, have to be carried all the way by coolies, the objects were collected and studied. She travelled practically alone—in some cases being furnished with an escort, amounting sometimes to ten or a dozen persons, representatives of various Japanese learned societies, or of mining companies, all generally covetous of the honour of accompanying her;

but whose presence seems to have been rather of the nature of a responsibility than a protection. Her wanderings led her into the midst of the singular aborigines of the northern island, the hairy Ainu, and, like the late Mrs. Bishop (Miss Isabella Bird), she seems to have found these so-called savages invariably pleasant, courteous and kindly. Indeed, through all her journey Miss Stopes declares that she never experienced the least rudeness, even when travelling on foot, among Japanese crowds, and "was never once reminded of being a woman." She indeed attributes her freedom from being remarked or molested as a foreigner to being of dark, "or at least not of aggressively fair complexion;" but considers that in matters of courtesy and good treatment of a solitary woman many of our Western folk might have much to learn from the Japanese.

In one respect at least Japanese custom differs notably from our own. A Japanese will often fail to keep an appointment, even of the most pressing scientific or business importance, and when reminded of this afterwards will reply, as quite sufficient excuse, that he had visitors at that time. Etiquette so absolutely forbids the dismissing or hurrying away from callers, on any consideration whatever, and visits of mere ceremony are so pre-eminently the important business of life, that all other, certainly mere "business," must always give way to them.

The object of the journey seems to have been entirely successful, and much light has been thrown incidentally on the study of the Mesozoic flora from the petrified plant-remains discovered in the nodules from the Japanese coal-mines of that age. These, we understand, are, generally speaking, of somewhat later age than the corresponding specimens from English mines, and include several types of plant-life, previously quite unknown, and furnishing many important "missing links" between the cryptogamic flora of the carboniferous era and the flowering plants of succeeding times. These are to be fully described in a paper written in conjunction with a Japanese professor, which it is hoped will be ready for publication in a few months.

Since returning, Dr. Marie Stopes has received the appointment in the University of Manchester of Lecturer on Fossil Botany, in which she has proved herself so able a specialist. We may add as a conclusion that she is the author of about fifteen special scientific papers, published in the *Transactions of the Royal Society*, the *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society*, and other scientific periodicals, as well as the elementary book for young students already noticed. We hope, however, that she will find, and at no very

distant date, space from these more learned labours to give to the public some more detailed account of her travels than we have hitherto had in such tantalizing glimpses, of a period

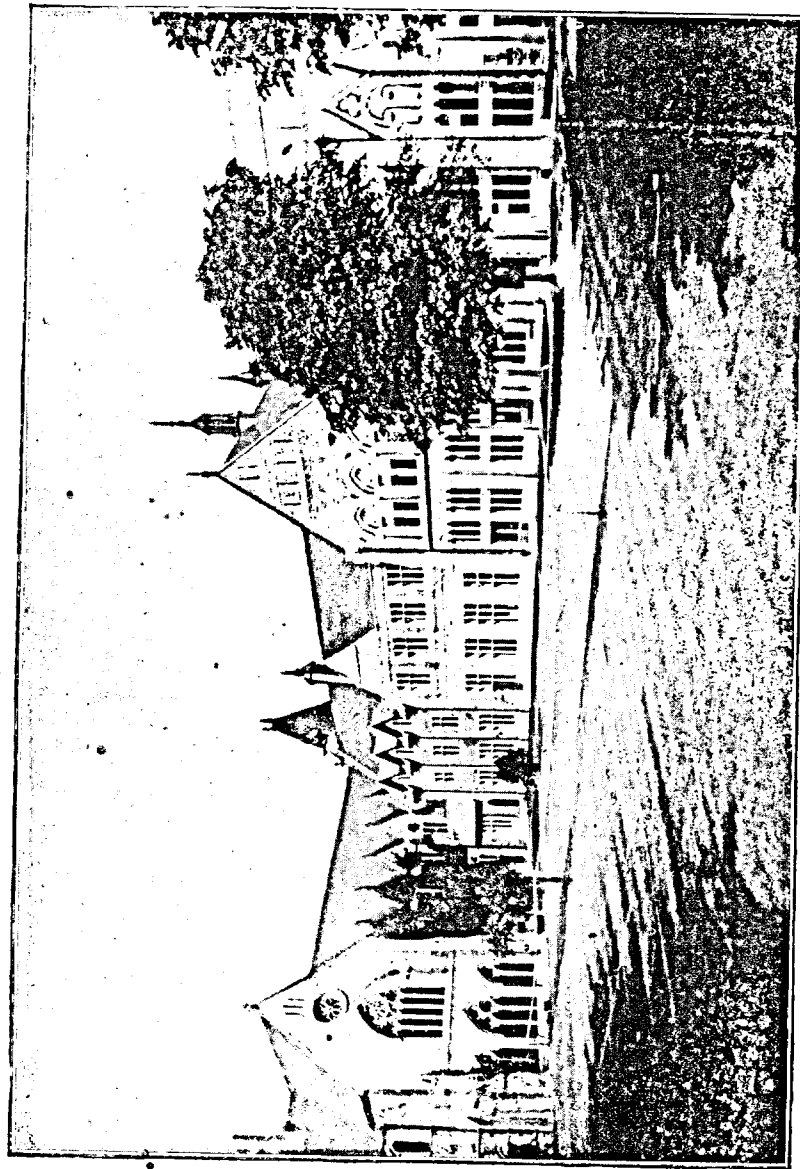
replete in varying incident, novel interest, and exhibiting at once such pluck, spirit, and adventure in the cause of science.

MAUDE A. BIGGS.

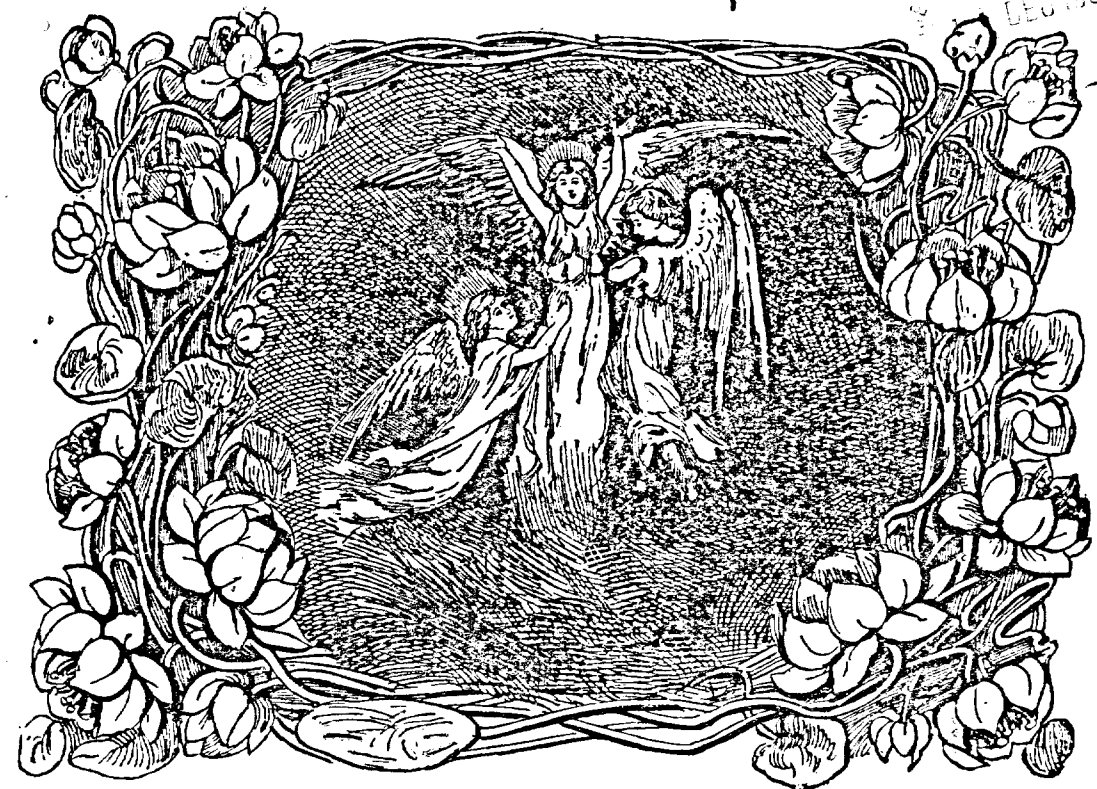
THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

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LADIES' COLLEGE, CHELTENHAM



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

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THE ANSWER *

From the German of Friedrich Ruckert.

WHEN upon the upland way
Ladies came with tidings grey
Of the little sister's death,
Straight she spake as with one breath,
On her cheeks while paled the red—
'Tis not true—she is not dead!

Pale the bright young faces grew
With a touch of death's own hue,
As outflashed the words of light
On the glooms of death's dark night,
And reversed the verdict dread—
'Tis not true—she is not dead!

Father, mother weep anew,
For to them the tale is true,
But the children hold their ground:
Signs of death are all around,
Silent form on shrouded bed—
'Tis not true—she is not dead!

And when 'neath the coffin lid
She in earth's cold breast was hid,
When they left her in the grave,
Still the lie to death they gave,
And in passionate protest said—
'Tis not true—she is not dead!

Children with your living band
She is linked thus hand in hand:
Fairer, dearer, grows each day,
E'en as earth to Heaven gives way.
Children, ye have rightly read—
'Tis not true—she is not dead!

* It is of his own children that the poet tells this story, a German version it might be called, of Wordsworth's "We are Seven."

Resume by Lady Benson of the "Life of Dorothea Beale"

By ELIZABETH RAIKES

Principal, Ladies' College, Cheltenham



IN India, where the education of women is still looked upon by the vast majority of Indian men and women as so unnecessary, but where the few who value the inestimable food for themselves are striving to rouse the many to a realization of the same, the perusal of the "Life of Dorothea Beale," who did so much in England to secure sound education for her sex, will be an inspiration and encouragement. Apart from education, it is the life of a great and good woman, one who from her earliest childhood to the grave "set God always before her," and who, before all earthly knowledge, valued the training and culture of the inner life. In her dying message to the thousand pupils at the Ladies' College, she wrote:—"Will you see that the sunshine of Heaven, the love and holiness which can dwell only in souls, may light up the school-rooms, and boarding houses, and kindle hearts, and send forth many light-bearers." She valued education for her sex, not as a means for training so many teachers to earn livelihoods for themselves, not for the passing of examinations, and gaining of prizes, but for the light which true education throws on the value and responsibilities of life, the greater possibilities for help to others which a good education affords, and the deepening of the spiritual life. Before her was constantly the thought:—

"Not many lives but one, only one have we
How sacred should that one life ever be."

It was to rouse women to a sense of the value, importance, and sacredness of life, that Dorothea Beale spent her time, for her belonged specially the duty of crying to the careless daughters of England "Rise up, ye women, that are at ease."

To read about her will be specially interesting to Indian ladies, as the greatest woman that India has in recent years produced was a pupil of Dorothea Beale's. Pundita Ramabai was received by her with the utmost warmth and friendship. She made every possible arrangement for her health and protection; she not only

put at her disposal every advantage the College could offer, but gave up a large portion of her own valuable time in order to help her personally. She welcomed Ramabai's long letters on religious questions and difficulties, answering them at equal length. Ramabai's "appetite for philosophy" (to quote Miss Beale) her enthusiasm and unsparing devotion to the cause of her unhappy sisters in India, touched her deeply, and when the "Home for widows" was established, Miss Beale became a large and regular subscriber to it.

On hearing of Miss Beale's death Ramabai wrote:—"It is over 21 years since I saw Miss Beale for the last time. But her sacred memory is quite fresh, and I seem to hear her pray and give Bible instruction. Her love and influence, her words of encouragement and her prayers on my behalf, have helped me much in my life and work."

It was of Pundita Ramabai that Professor Max Müller wrote to Mr. Malabari:—"I quite agree with what you say about Ramabai. There you see what an Indian woman can be. Most Indian women can talk about nothing but their trinkets, their clothes, and their family affairs. With Ramabai you can talk about anything. And what is more important still, you can perfectly trust her—and what a blessing that is! Ramabai had twice stayed at his house. He calls her "the truly heroic Hindu lady, in appearance small, delicate, and timid, but in reality strong, and bold as a lioness. To his daughter he wrote "Ramabai knows Sanskrit splendidly. She knows books as large as Home by heart; speaks Sanskrit correctly, and writes Sanskrit poetry."

Dorothea, born in 1831, was one of a large family, with more than 20 years between the eldest and youngest children. Her parents found time from their very busy lives, to lead out the mental abilities of their children, by reading aloud to them, giving verses of Scripture and poetry to be learned by heart, and finding time to hear them repeated. This should be specially noted by Indian parents. A cry has been raised that under British rule faith in the Hindu religion has been undermined, and nothing substituted in its place; and this is all the gratitude for the strict neutrality, and absolute freedom given by Government to the peoples of this land in religious matters! Their temples and priests have never been interfered with, their family life is safeguarded; what is to prevent each father of a family from instructing his children in his own faith? What but carelessness and neglect? To others who say that children cannot be made good by moral precepts, the influence for good that verses and hymns

exercised in her life acknowledged by such a strong woman as Dorothea Beale, should be taken into consideration. Matthew Arnold says: "as to knowledge, a single line of poetry working in the mind may produce more thoughts, and lead to more light, which is what man wants, than the fullest acquaintance with the processes of digestion." "A single line of poetry"—or a single line of "precept upon precept"—here a little, and there a little, how these may flash on the brain in moments of temptation and difficulty, and alter the whole course of a life. Some may remember, in one of Edna Lyal's novels, when the hero is alone and deserted in London, a young man with no one to turn to in his misery, and he is tempted to take his own life; in that worst moment, two lines of a hymn he remembered his mother sing by his bedside flashed on him:—

"Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain."

Surely it was his mother's teaching saved him then. It cannot be useless to store the minds of the young with noble thoughts and wise precepts. And it is mothers, as well as fathers, or even more than fathers, who can so train and care for the moral and spiritual welfare of their children. In Dorothea Beale's family the "home atmosphere was serious and intellectual. Dorothea said she owed much to the literary tastes of her parents. "I shall never forget," she said, "how we learned to love Shakespeare, through my father's reading to us, when we were quite young, selected portions. I still remember the terror, which as a very small child, I felt as I heard Portia pronounce the verdict. I thought Shylock had gained the day."

The elder daughters were at first educated by daily governesses, but the education of governesses themselves was in those days so defective that Mrs. Beale spent half her time in trying to secure the services of an efficient teacher. Finally she gave up the attempt, and sent the girls to school. "It was a school," Miss Beale wrote later on, "considered much above the average for sound instruction; our mistresses were women who had read and thought;—yet what miserable teaching we had in many subjects!" The school days were not prolonged, for "fortunately," she says: "ill-health compelled me to leave at 13, and then began a valuable time of education under the direction of myself." We had access to two large Libraries, besides which the "Medical Book Club" circulated many books of general interest, which were read by all, and talked over at meal times, and in the evening, my father used often to read aloud to us. Novels rarely came our way,

but we found pasturage enough. We read a great deal of history; the works of Froissart, Alison, ** Sir James Stephen's books, Prescott's and Creasy stand out very distinctly to memory." She made elaborate tables on all sorts of subjects, and attended the Gresham, and Literary Institution and lectures at Crosby Hall. In 1847, she went with two elder sisters to a school in Paris; her year in this school, during which she learned to speak French, proved of great value to her, in her intercourse with French Governesses in after life, and in 1899, when she attended the "International Congress of Education" in Paris and was awarded the honour of being made "officer d'academie." Foreign students always received a welcome and constant kindness from Miss Beale. At 17 years of age Dorothea left school. She is then described as a grave and quiet girl, with a sweet earnest expression, and deliberate speech; also with a sunshiny smile, and a merry laugh on occasion. There was plenty to do at home; younger sisters to be taught and schoolboys' lessons to be superintended. She could be what is called *useful* at home; the inevitable sock-dawning which falls to a girl's portion in a family of many boys was not neglected, though carried on simultaneously with the mental exercise of learning German verses. An exquisitely fine piece of tatting remains to testify to skillfulness of fingers, as well as to the perseverance she more gladly devoted to intellectual efforts. But though there was full occupation in the home life, a wider field for her energies was to open with the gates of Queen's College in 1848. This was an epoch in women's education. But the movement which led up to it was "not from beneath but from above." Let Indian gentlemen note this. It was compassion in the hearts of a few good men which moved them to help a forlorn class of solitary and ill-paid workers, that seemed the immediate cause. The Rev. David Laing was Hon. Secretary to the "Governesses' Benevolent Institution" and the lamentable state of women's education, particularly that of professing teachers, was brought forcibly before him. A registry for teachers was established; but the first examination, to test the good from the indifferent, revealed such depths of ignorance, that the further necessity for instructing those who wished to avail themselves of the Society's Diplomas was perceived. The first to think of a College for women was Miss Murray, Maid of Honour to Queen Victoria; she had already received donations of money for the object, these she transferred to Mr. Laing when in 1844, he entered into communication with the Government, respecting the establishment of a College. In 1847 Queen Victoria

graciously gave her permission for the adoption of the title "Queen's College," and a house next to the "Governesses' Benevolent Institution" was taken. The Professors of King's College helped most generously by giving lectures, and by their talent and unwearied kindness the College became rapidly successful.

Of course there was opposition, but both teachers and pupils worked steadily on. Dorothea obtained six certificates from the College, for English Literature and English Grammar, for French, for the Principles and Method of Teaching, for Holy Scripture, for Geography, and for efficiency in Arithmetic, Geometry, Algebra and Trigonometry. In later years she received two other first-class certificates, for German, and for Latin and a second-class one for pianoforte playing signed by W. Sterndale Bennett. In 1856 her connection with Queen's College came to an end, and she accepted the post of headmistress of Casterton, a school for clergy daughters in the north of England. In this school she remained for a year, a year of suffering, in which she learned much, and gained much experience. "Those matters which she longed to re-arrange in the system and time-tables she found existing in Casterton, prepared her for the Organization of the great school to which she was shortly afterwards to be called." She felt acutely the leaving of her home and people, and suffered much from homesickness. Later on when the Cheltenham Council had written for her testimonials, a friend wrote:—"Of her power of teaching others, and making them delight in their studies, there is no doubt. But you do not know her as I do, in her home and daily life; there, all look up to her, and seek her council. She is good-tempered, and has plenty of tact, but shows instantly her dislike to anything untrue in word or act." Between the time Miss Beale left Casterton till she was elected to Cheltenham, is the one period when she could have been called really free, when it became her part to choose what she would do. Though she had inherited her father's antipathy to a "marriage de convenance" she had not made any definite refusal of it. Later on she knew what it was to be admired, loved, even for a short time engaged to be married. She knew also, among other experiences, what it was to sacrifice a girlish romance, because it was right to put away vain regret; to forget the things that are behind, and in this matter as in others, to use any sense of personal loss in such a way that it strengthened character. She was not under the necessity of earning her bread; she loved her power and had a circle of friends and interests about her. While she waited she worked. The great occupation of these months was "The Students'

Text book of English and General History." She had written before a little volume on the Deaconesses' Institution at Kaiserwerth in Germany, the outcome of a visit there during summers passed in Germany for the sake of studying schools and foreign methods of education. A second visit to Kaiserwerth, ten years later, gave Miss Beale great pleasure, she was delighted with the work being done, and the extension of the small beginnings she had seen in 1856.

The "Text book of History" entailed a great deal of labour and study. She threw into the work every hour she could justly secure, striving at the same time not to neglect family claims. In order to secure freedom from interruption both for herself and her books of reference, she worked in a large empty room at the top of the house, in the midst of open volumes spread round her on the floor. "The very large scope of the work, embracing as it does the whole history of the world since the beginning of the Christian era, marks the text book as intended for the teacher rather than the pupil * * its clearness and fullness are not more characteristic of the writer than the dramatic instinct which led her to give such names, titles, and short quotations as tend at once to fix a fact in the memory, and to conjure up visions of the conditions under which such and such events took place." Her third work was a little book entitled "self-examination"; this brings us face to face with that religion which all her life long was the motive power of Dorothea's life. It was so much the dominating force of her mind and life, that, by which every day, as every year, she was controlled and inspired, that it may be regarded as a special gift to one called to a great service. Her diary remains for us as a revelation of the keen self-scrutiny with which she, who had to guide and warn others, was daily searching her own soul. To those in India who are ambitious for a College for Indian ladies in Madras, and who want the building, even before there are students to go into it, the history of the Ladies' College at Cheltenham will be useful. It grew so quietly and silently. The College was 20 years old before it had a building of its own, its first stone was laid by an unknown hand, its opening rite consisted of school prayers in the ordinary way on a Monday morning at 9 A.M., nor did it have any specially distinguished visitor till the Empress Frederick visited it in 1897. The College was not a Government one but was started by a small number of the residents of Cheltenham who resolved:—"That an Institution for the daughters and young children of noblemen and Gentlemen be established in Cheltenham and be entitled 'The Cheltenham College for the education of

young ladies and children.' The College to be established by means of 100 shares of £10 (Rs. 150); the possessor of each share to have the power of nominating a pupil, and a vote at annual and special meetings," etc.

The tuition fees were on a low scale, from 6 guineas to 20 guineas (Rs. 96 to Rs. 300). Shares had been taken up to the number of 157, so the Council had enough money to enable them to rent "Cambray house," a fine old house with a lovely garden, for £200 (Rs. 3,000) a year. The College was actually opened in 1854 with 83 pupils. Cambray house was Miss Beale's house for 15 years. She found no system of rules and penalties. She did not wish to introduce one, but she made real and abiding the rule introduced by her predecessor, by which no pupil might speak to another without leave. With regard to this rule, it at once taught self-control and produced order, the "quietness which minimises irritability." There was however a good deal of speaking without leave when Miss Beale first came. This disobedience, with other irregularities, she gradually overcame, not by an overawing personality alone, but with the "quiet" ways, and the word in season, of which more than one old pupil speaks. The College had its ups and downs at the beginning. In 1859 there were only 65 pupils and but a few pounds in the boat. Miss Beale wrote: "How often I was full of discouragement. It was not so much the want of money as the want of ideals which depressed me. If I went into society, I heard it said, 'What is the good of education for our girls? They have not to earn their living.' Those who spoke did not see that for women, as for men, it is a sin to bury the talents God has given." Just then a helper arose. A Mr. Brancker, became auditor of the accounts, and brought to the service of the College his great knowledge of business and enthusiastic interest in education. He made out a new scheme by which the ordinary fees were lowered, but music and drawing became extras. The number of pupils went up, and Mr. Brancker went so far as to order "seven new benches, three of them with backs!" This act of extravagance was followed by an enlargement of the school-room, making it 70 feet long. He breathed the suggestion for a building of its own for the College, but his dream was destined to be deferred for 10 years. By 1864 all pressing anxiety for the existence of the College was over. Miss Beale introduced a change in school hours, longer morning hours were substituted for morning and afternoon school each day. The parents raised a great outcry against this, so the change was put on trial for two months, at the end of which time it was finally adopted. "It was found" says Miss Beale "that

more work was done in less time, for attention was closer * * teachers and children had been able to get some afternoon exercise." What was then thought so extraordinary has since become the order of the day for Girls' Schools. Miss Beale hailed the "Schools Inquiry Commission" in 1864 as a means of bringing the thousand inefficiencies of girls' education to the light. She maintained that Girls' education had been made showy, rather than real and useful. They were taught with a view to increasing their attractiveness before marriage, rather than with that of increasing their happiness and usefulness after. It was not till eight years later that John Ruskin's Manchester lectures, in which he made a passionate appeal to rich women to claim their right to serve—and reign—was published under the title of "Queen's Gardens" in "Sesame and Lilies." The result of the Commission led to the "Girls' Public Day School Company;" by this agency High Schools were established in most of the important towns of England.

The beautiful new Ladies' College School buildings were quietly opened in 1873, and very beautiful the new surroundings seemed to the 150 girls who came to them from the square unadorned rooms of Cambray House. "Some say," said Miss Beale on that first morning, "that our school is Church-like. I am glad, for Churches are built to remind that God is not far away, but very near to us, and this is the thought that should keep us from evil and fill us with gladness."

It is a question if even Miss Beale herself dreamed of all the extensions and expansions that were to follow. A house was built for the Lady Principal, and two years later the College had to be enlarged, as the 250 pupils for whom it was first designed had become 300. A second large hall, and more class rooms were added. In seven years the College had doubled its members. In 1892 were built the art and music wings and the Kindergarten rooms, followed almost immediately by science rooms, and laboratories. This constant expansion—as funds permitted, was entirely after Miss Beale's heart. In 1891 she wrote to Miss Arnold:—"Yes I do hope you will build; a good building is the best investment for money, if you have it. Let it be done gradually as ours was. Plan for more than you can do at first, and build only what you can afford at the time. Don't beg; it is much better to earn one's living." This was a great principle with Miss Beale. She was much averse to the usual method of charity-giving money. She herself was most generous, but preferred to lend money for educational purposes, as less pauperising and enervating to the recipients. She was very particular that such

loans should be strictly returned, only that they might be lent to other deserving cases. She was much averse to the system of scholarships, and thought education should be paid for by those who received it. Also she was averse to the system of Prize-giving, thinking that subjects should be studied for the love of them, not for reward. There were no Prize-giving days at the Cheltenham Ladies' College; if girls gained prizes they had to go to the Principal's room to fetch them! "Shall we try to deserve more rather than to win more?" Miss Beale was always glad when her successful girls in examinations excelled also in domestic duties. She would show with pride a letter she received from one of whose ability and success she had great reason to be proud, signed "Yours in flour and dripping." When people complained of the girls being overworked, she would point out that idleness and *ennui* have more and sadder victims than even misdirected energy and overwork.

In 1880 the "College Magazine" was started, definitely widening Miss Beale's circle of influence beyond the College itself. The Magazine keeping in touch, as it did, old pupils with the College led in 1883 to the establishment of an association of old pupils, and the "Cheltenham Guild" was formed. The daisy was chosen as an emblem for the Guild, from it was gathered many a lesson, the Daisy, "Lover of the Earth and sky making common pathways bright. Towards the sun a steadfast eye, unto men a heart of light."

Miss Beale told the Guild Members "We have a picture which gives the ideal of a College—the Golden Staircase—whence each should go forth into the great world carrying some beautiful instrument with which to utter the music which is in her heart." Each member of the Guild undertook to do some work or play to help to sweeten and uplift herself and the place where she lived. So zealously did the girls throw themselves into this work, that the Secretary wrote of the reports sent in during the next few years, "It almost gives one a headache to read this long list of occupations; and when we come to 'an odd minute society, one begins to wish for a 'Sit-down-in-peace-and-calm-yourself society'!"—The advantage of co-operation both as regards work and funds was shown in the members being able to undertake a large settlement work in London, to which Miss Beale gave the title of "St. Hilda's," in memory of the great abbess in Northumbria, Hilda the earnest student, who "had been diligently instructed by learned men, who so loved order that she immediately began to reduce things to a regular system; Hilda who obliged those under her to attend much to the reading of the Holy Scriptures;

who taught the strict observance of justice and other virtues, particulars of peace and charity." This great Hilda and her work were to Dorothea Beale an ideal and an inspiration:—"St. Hilda's", East, became less a centre of help for the poor than a place for training workers. There were altogether three St. Hilda Colleges founded under the auspices of Miss Beale. One was in Cheltenham itself, when in 1885 a residential College for training teachers was opened for those who could not afford to pay the terms of the Ladies' College. It was constituted into a separate college, with a council of its own. The following year a statue of "St. Hilda" was presented, and placed in the hall. On unveiling it Miss Beale spoke of the saint's life, and especially of her work as a teacher.

Miss Beale next planned for a St. Hilda's College at Oxford for her pupils. She valued the atmosphere of Oxford and felt that the students of St. Hilda's, Cheltenham missed this. To supply this want she purchased 3 acres of ground in Oxford and in October 1893 seven students took up their residence at "St. Hilda's, Oxford." At the opening ceremony the Dean of Winchester said "This is the crown and highest result of all that work for women's education which has been carried on under Miss Beale's wise rule at Cheltenham these many years past; the college there and its 800 students, justly claims to be represented here in the home of highest education. "As a teacher Miss Beale's definite aim was to inspire, she sought but little to inform, but much to kindle a thirst for knowledge, a love of good and beautiful things, and to awaken thinking power. She held that the influence of the Principal on the school should be through the teachers. "If you want a thing done, do not do it yourself" should be the motto of a ruler for everyday use. Act through others, educate them thereby to independence, and reserve your strength for things that none but a Head can do." Her literature lessons had many functions. She sought to interest her class in books, in reading, in noble thoughts, in fine prose and poetry. She sought to give views of life, conduct, and character such as would enable her hearers to go from school into a larger world, already prepared to know what to find. Knowledge of character, she would often say, is so important for women. But the subject her name will always be specially associated with is that of Holy Scripture. For this her greatest force was reserved. This was the soul of her work. Great reverence marked the behaviour of her class. She prepared not only the lesson, but herself to give it. Friday evening was strictly kept for the final preparation of the lesson and all ordinary details of business were put aside on the day it was given.

Writing to a young teacher in 1880 she said: "I used to prepare my lessons on my knees (don't say this to others); you would find it a help, I think, to do this sometimes." In dealing with individual character Miss Beale never showed annoyance with the errors and mistakes of her children. It is impossible even to think of her being satirical, or sarcastic in dealing with faults of manner or character. She would have considered it unpardonable in an under teacher to be so, almost as reprehensible as to treat or speak of a child as stupid. * * * The slightest suspicion of dishonesty was always followed up at once, but the act was never brought home to the offender until there was positive proof. Then the way would be made easy for her, the lie prevented by some thing like this: "My child, I am sure you have too good a conscience to rest with such a thing as this upon it." Conviction and confession of a fault made it immediately possible to show how it came about, how it might be prevented in the future. A girl whose influence was seen to be a source of evil—a single act or conversation might be enough to prove it—was instantly removed. She said "I always feel that the school is at the mercy of one naughty girl—we must never relax our vigilance." But the order and conduct of the Ladies of Cheltenham College were singularly good, the sense of duty was fostered in the girls; the authority of parents was upheld; and, supremely, it was through Miss Beale's own personal influence upon her teachers, her example always before them that the spirit of the college came to be what it was. She did not neglect details, she often quoted at a teachers' meeting the example of the great general who, on taking over a command, first paid attention to the boots of his men. But it was never necessary for her to harp upon little things, or to go personally to see if her wishes had been carried out.

I think the chief thought that the consideration of Miss Beale's life brings home to one is that her own character was "founded upon a Rock." As she was, so she taught. As Emerson puts it "That which we are, we shall teach, not voluntarily but involuntarily. Thoughts come into our minds by avenues which we never left open, and thoughts go out of our minds through avenues which we never voluntarily opened. Character teaches over our head." Stopford Brooke also writes: "The inner life reveals itself not in detail, but in its spirit. What is in us is found out, and it is this which most tells for good or evil on those who know us. We are, for the most part, wholly unconscious of it, but, for that very reason, how watchful we should be to make our inner life holy, harmless, undefiled, the friend of justice, pity and peace, true and free, so that these things

may stream from us unconsciously. For when we look it in the face, it is an awful thought that we cannot prevent our real character from doing its work among men, that what we are not what we seem is that which is really influencing others."

There is not time or space to relate much more. Dorothea Beale received the Honours bestowed upon her gladly for the sake of the College, and still more for the sake of that work for Women and the race which the College represented. In 1902 she was offered the LL.D. by the Edinburgh University in recognition of her services to education. Her loyal staff presented her with her robes, which were made as costly and beautiful as possible. Only once before had the University conferred this degree on a woman. In the same year she was co-opted a member of the Advisory Board of the University of London. In the previous year the Mayor and Corporation had bestowed on Miss Beale the freedom of the borough "In recognition of the great work she has done for the education of women in England, and especially of the unique position to which under her direction the Cheltenham Ladies' College has attained." Miss Beale always considered it a special honour that John Ruskin presented the College with two valuable manuscripts and that he took a personal interest in the use of the College.

In her personal life Miss Beale adopted a very simple mode of living. She was consistent also in preferring for those she loved a simple personal life, which would have mind and time free for thought, and the needs of others. At the age of 70 she would even help to lay her own table for the frugal midday meal, if the general servant had been delayed by household work in the morning. It will be interesting for those who have read Miss Mason's "Home Education" to know that Miss Beale paid a visit to Miss Mason's "House of Education" at Ambleside, and was in full sympathy with Miss Mason's work. In 1897, the Empress Frederick of Germany visited the Ladies' College, and went with Miss Beale from one room to another while the actual teaching was going on. Two years later the Princess Henry of Battenberg came to unveil a marble bust of Queen Victoria.

It must not be supposed that Miss Beale's sympathies were confined to educational matters only, though naturally she became associated to some extent with every educational movement made during the last 50 years in the direction of progress. She gave warm support to the Teachers' Guild founded by Miss Buss in 1883, and used her influence with her own teachers to join the Guild and frequently addressed the meetings. She was always

much interested in Sunday School teaching, and wrote many articles upon it.

In addition to her interest in Ramabai's work in India, Miss Beale was much interested in two schools in S. Africa, at Bloemfontein and Graham towns, as many teachers there were drawn from Cheltenham. Other old pupils went to India, China and Japan, as Missionaries or teachers, or married women and the interest evoked by their work led to the formation of a Missionary study circle within the Cheltenham Guild. But one work in special, outside her own sphere of activity, appealed to Miss Beale, and that was the "Home for friendless girls," and the rescue of the fallen. As time went on, she felt less inclined to seek remedies for evil, than to prevent its beginning, and she was enthusiastic for a Union of Women which should embrace the existing organization of the Girls' Friendly, the Y. W. C. A., etc., which should strengthen their hands to roll back the flood of sin. Much evil she considered came from want of proper interests, and from deficient knowledge of life, such as even good reading could to some extent supply. Miss Beale extended her sympathies and charity to the needs of discharged prisoners, and to Miss Agnes Weston's Work for sailors.

The end came in 1906 while in the full swing of college life and work. The autumn term was her last. Those who knew her best saw that it was only by a stern effort of will that she nerved herself to begin her work in the ordinary way in October. Her doctor, Miss Aldrick Blake, an old pupil, advised an immediate operation and this verdict was confirmed by another doctor. Miss Beale quietly made preparations to leave the College for three weeks, not allowing any one to know the real cause of her absence. On Monday 22nd she read prayers as usual, choosing the hymn,

"All the way our Father leadeth
Whether dark or bright."

She then gave her last Scripture lesson—the subject was the Healing of the Body. It was a remarkable lesson and afterwards every one was talking of Miss Beale's wonderful Scripture lesson. She concluded with the words "The Body of our Lord Jesus Christ preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life". After school was over that morning she lingered in the Hall, and said wistfully to one of the teachers, "Perhaps I may never come back." The operation took place next day. At first all went well, but a change for the worse set in after a few days, and on Friday, November 9th, she passed away.

When the girls were told of the great loss which had befallen them and the College, the

Vice-Principal said to them: "Let us bear our grief with calmness and dignity. We know that it would be her wish that work should go on as usual. We believe that love lasts on, and that the noble work she did for 50 years has done much for England, and for womanhood, and that, not only we who have been blessed by her gracious presence, but generations also to come shall reap the fruit of her toil, and rise up and call her blessed."

Miss Beale left written directions that her body should be cremated, saying "It seems so wrong to place in the ground the disease germs which may injure others, when they could be destroyed." In accordance with this wish her body was cremated on November 12th; and on the 16th the urn containing the ashes, was entombed in Gloucester Cathedral. Everything that could lend dignity and honour to the occasion was done. It was a most impressive sight to see 800 young girls file past, walking in grave silence from the station to the Cathedral, and then after the Burial service, past the open grave.

One of the Head Mistresses received a letter from a lady in Gloucester saying: "I think the authorities of the College will like to know how very much struck people were by the beautifully quiet, restrained, reverent and orderly behaviour of the College girls on Friday last. It seemed to me such a tribute to the training given by Miss Beale and her assistants, that I thought you would like to know how it impressed on-lookers."

At the same time a memorial service was held in St. Paul's, London. "A memorial service in St. Paul's Cathedral is an honour accorded to very few women—but Miss Beale's 'greatness,' that quality so rare in her sex, gave her a right to be commemorated there, at the very heart of the world of the living, in presence of the memorials of the nation's mighty dead."

In summing up her impressions of Miss Beale, an old pupil writes:—"The real success, her power of inspiring others, was due to her greatness of character." The Guild Meetings, at which there was often an attendance of some hundreds of girls, were the source of inspiration to many. "I came back, feeling a poor thing, but feeling that great things are possible," was the feeling of many.

If this small notice of a great woman has in any way roused the same feeling in ourselves, it will not have been written in vain.



Marriage Customs in The Travancore Royal Family



AMMACHI, literally mother, is the honorific appellation given to the wives of the members of the Royal family of Travancore and pre-eminently to the Maharaja's wife. One would ordinarily expect the Maharaja's wife to be called "the Maharanee" as is the case in other parts of India, excepting perhaps in the sister state of Cochin. In Travancore, however, she is no more a Maharanee than she is a member of the Royal family. For here the Maharaja's family is governed by the *Marumakkathiyom law*, according to which the wife lives, moves and has her being beyond the pale of his family circle. She is not a member of his Royal house nor are her sons entitled to succeed to his *gadi*. But notwithstanding all these, the Maharaja's wife is an important factor in the economy of his household; she is entitled to innumerable privileges and precedents and occupies a very high position among the aristocracy of the land. She lives in a magnificent mansion called *Lakshmi Vilas* adjoining the Maharaja's palace. From the day of her wedding she gets a decent monthly allowance, besides being provided with all comforts and conveniences out of the palace funds: a large retinue of servants and menials she has at her command; sepoy of the Nair Brigade keep guard at her mansion-gates; within the state, wherever she travels she is received and respected by the Sirkar Officials as a royal personage, and in short the *Ammachi* enjoys all pomp, power and comforts, that become the partner-in-life of a Maharaja. But with all this, she has no legal status in the Maharaja's family. After her lord's death though she is entitled still to her monthly allowance and all other monthly allowance and all other privileges and prerequisites, she leaves *Lakshmi Vilas* and returns to her own family house, which is known by the distinguishing name of *Ammaveetu*. Here it must be noticed that though there have been many Maharajas and perhaps as many *Ammachis*, the latter have always belonged to one or other of the five *Ammaveetus*, viz., Nagercoil, Aramanay, Tanjavore, Thiruvattar and Vattasseril. From this fact it might be concluded that each Maharaja happened to choose his wife from one or other of

these *Ammaveetus*. But this is not so. The Maharaja marries any girl he likes, but the invariable practice is to adopt the bride to one of the above mentioned five *Ammaveetus* before he marries her. This practice dates from a very ancient period and owes its origin to a certain Maharaja, who as he happened to be an ultra lover of beauty, married as many as five wives. After marriage he built five separate mansions for them and richly endowed each of them with money, lands, and jewels. To these five houses he gave the five names noticed above. The Rajas' prodigality aroused the attention of his faithful minister, who fearing that his conduct might set a bad example to his successors, who might by following it impoverish the country, prevailed upon his royal master to make it a rule of Court Etiquette that all his successors should confine their choice of wives to one or other of the five *Ammaveetus*. For a long time the successors of this polygamous Raja respected his behest. But in the nature of things it was impossible that such a practice could continue for ever. The rigidity of the custom was keenly felt by its victims. But those were days of ancestor worship and the sentiments of respect and veneration paid to the memory of departed *Karanavams* were so great, that none, however bold, had the audacity to set at naught their solemn behests. A device was therefore hit upon by one Raja, which, while not seriously offending against this time-honored practice, secured practical immunity from its rigour and influence. This device was one which has saved the vedic Hindu from many a spiritual difficulty, to wit, adoption. A bride having been chosen, she was to be adopted to one of the five *Ammaveetus* before her marriage. This is observed even to the present day. Sometimes it undergoes a further modification, as it often happens that the members of the Royal family marry before they ascend the *gadi*. In such cases, therefore, the wife is adopted as soon as the husband becomes a Maharaja. The weddings are attended with certain quaint old ceremonies which are scrupulously followed even now. The bride is almost invariably chosen from the Nair Community. Having settled the bride, negotiations are entered into with the head of one or other of the five *ammaveetus* for her adoption; sometimes large sums of money have to be given to the heads of their houses before they give their consent. But very often they consent readily as it is an honor to their house to be related to the wife of the reigning Raja. As soon as the adoption is over, a day is fixed for the wedding. At the appointed hour, usually night, the bride is conducted in procession to *Lakshmi vilas*, the Maharaja's Zenana. An inner hall is especially decorated for the occasion; the bride is seated on a snow-

white cloth spread on the floor facing eastward, a brass oil lamp with two wicks burning in opposite directions is placed before her. Then a Kurup, the family priest, reverently and ceremoniously advances a few steps and addresses the bride as *Panapillay*. Thrice he calls her by this name, which is a title of honor conferred on the Maharaja's wife alone. Soon after this ceremony is over, the Maharaja makes his appearance and presents her with a set of silk cloths. Having received this present from her sovereign lord, she is presented to the Senior Rane, (the senior female member of the Raja's family, usually his sister) who receives her with due ceremonies, and gives her by way of congratulation a pair of gold bracelets and addresses her by her new title of *Panapillay*. This concludes the ceremonies and the humble bride, from whatever station in life she may have been chosen, becomes the all-respected *ammachee*. It must be noticed here that while the *ammachee*, i.e., the wife of the Raja is *ghosha*, his sisters and nieces, who alone are the members of his family, do not observe the *pardah*. The members of the five *ammaveetus* constitute the highest order of aristocracy in the land and they form a society as it were of their own.

As the Maharaja's wife is known by the distinguishing name of *ammachi*, his sons are given the title of *Thambi* and his daughters that of *Thakkai*. Besides the mother, all the children also get monthly allowances. The eldest son generally gets between three and four hundred rupees a month, besides a good many perquisites. The Thambi is entitled to certain established precedents at State ceremonies, *darbars* and other public functions. His peculiar relation with the Raja, constituting as it does a sort of connecting link between Royalty and Commoners, often insures him the popularity and confidence of his countrymen.

K. P. V. MENON.

Glimpses of a Tour in Japan

IV

BY LADY BENSON



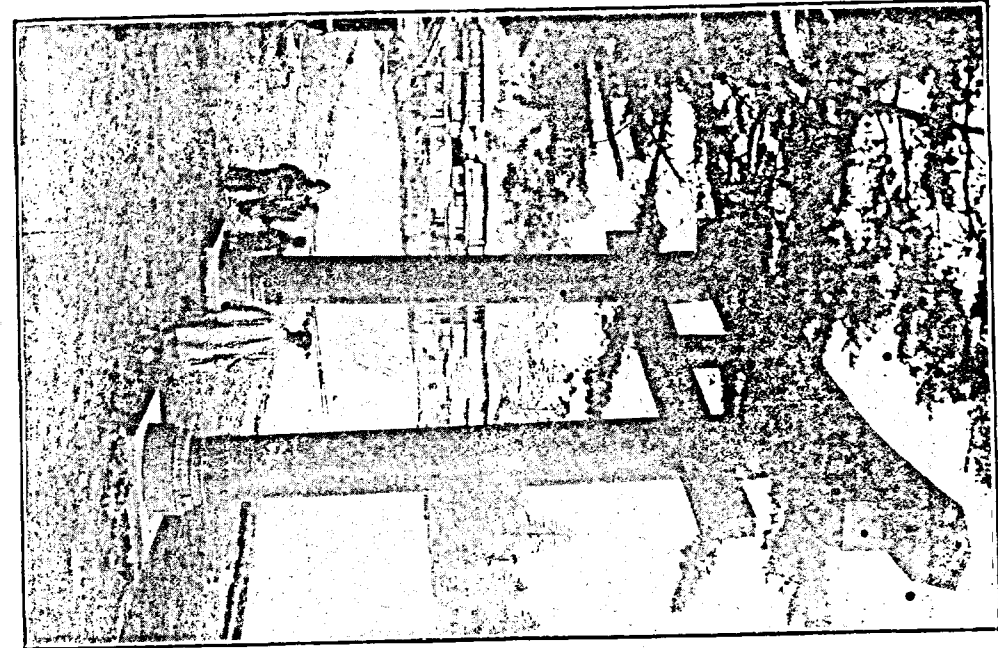
the distance is not so great. The way

at first is level, or on a gentle slope by the banks of a turbulent river, and then, after a couple of miles, it suddenly enters a mountain gorge, with steep overhanging cliffs, and lofty mountains towering overhead, covered with forests. This is the crown and glory of the lovely sights and views in Japan. The guide book says that it is seen at its best late in May, or early in June, when the azalea trees, some of which are from 10 ft. to 25 ft. high, display their red, white, and purple blossoms, and the wisterias too are coming into bloom. But we saw it in October, and can testify that the gorgeous colouring of the autumn tints of the maple and cherry trees defy description. Whole mountain sides were ablaze with crimson and gold, the wildness and precipitousness of the mountains exceeded that of the Nilgiris, or even the Himalayas, and clothed with brilliant foliage made a most entrancing and bewitching scene.

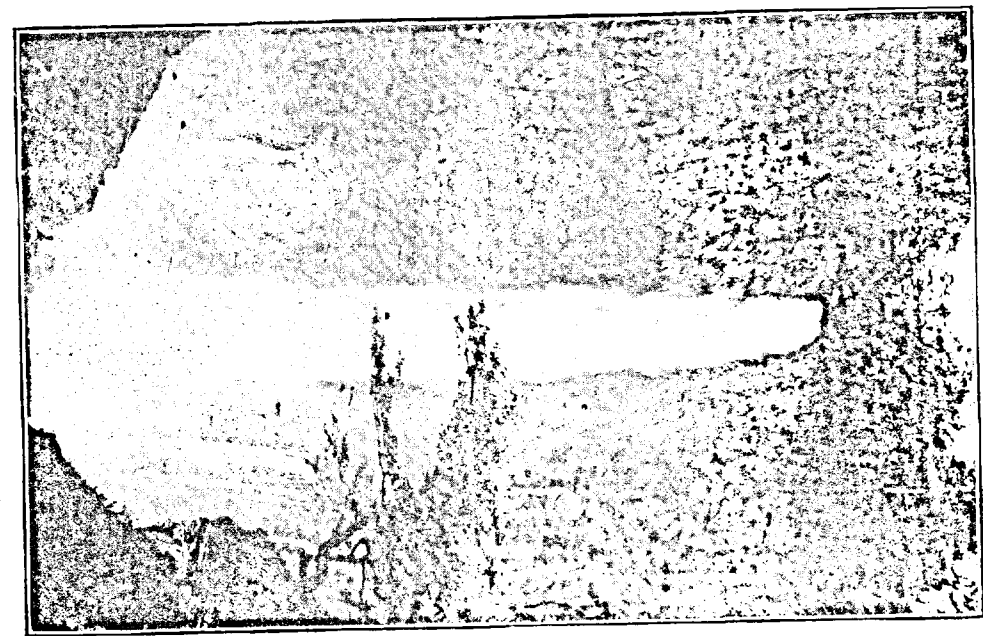
The journey is usually undertaken in either rikshas, or carrying chairs, called *Kagos*—but all, but invalids, prefer to walk up the lovely ghat, in the cool exhilarating mountain air, stopping frequently at the ubiquitous tea houses, (always placed at some specially beautiful view point) to rest and refresh with little cups of tea. Every step of the route is delightful and enjoyable, and is one continued feast of beauty. On the summit is a wood of oak, birch, and other trees, the cool green of their leaves coming almost as a relief after the blaze of gold and crimson foliage on the ghat. Our rikshas and coolies, our luggage followed us (the luggage, by the way, consisted of those convenient expanding Japanese baskets, covered with waterproof canvas, for the road is too steep and rugged for the conveyance of ordinary cabin trunks). We soon found our way to the Lakeside Hotel.

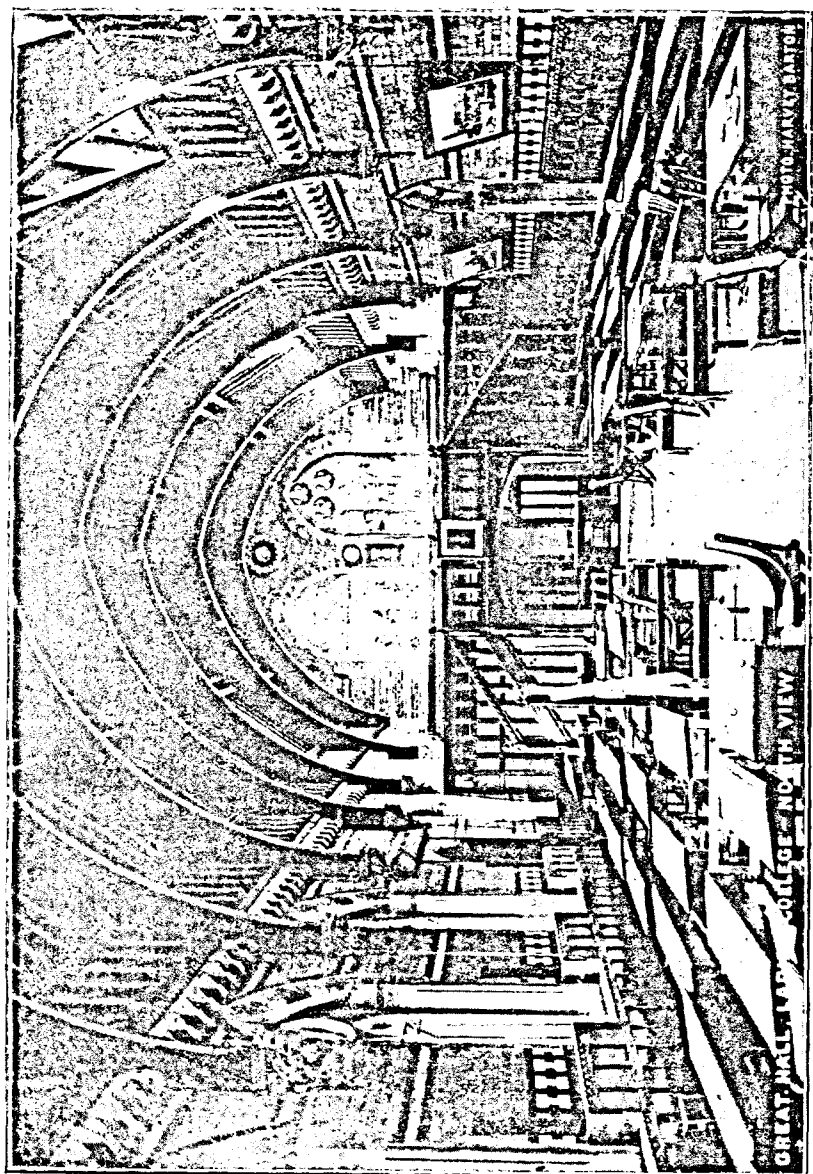
Chuzenji is just a little village on the Lake at the foot of the great volcano *Nantai zan*, 8,150 ft. high. This mountain is sacred, and the priests of the temple at its base, do not allow women to make the ascent. Tourist ladies however can do so, provided they do not pass through the main gate. The lake is surrounded by comparatively low hills, covered with trees to the very summit. These were all ablaze with colour when we saw them, and when reflected in the blue-green waters of the lake, and illuminated with a gorgeous sunset glow, the effect was nothing short of heavenly. We came up to Chuzenji, prepared to stay for a couple of days, but the extraordinary coolness of the place, the beautiful walks and expeditions, the fascination of the village and its occupants, and the comfort of the pretty Japanese hotel with its artistic woodwork screens, and painted panels, its embroidered coverlets, and

CHUZENJI LAKE, NIKKO



KEGON WATERFALL, NIKKO





GREAT HALL, LADIES' COLLEGE, CHELTENHAM, NORTH VIEW

exquisite views, kept us willing prisoners for a week. Indeed we should have been glad could that week have been a month. The scenery must be always beautiful there in spring, summer, or winter, but the winter must be too cold for comfort, without European fireplaces, and with only wooden houses; and the spring perhaps too wet, but we were fortunate in arriving just as the first frosts had touched with fiery finger the glorious forests, and nothing could exceed the beauty of the place. The Japanese are such a nation of artists, and lovers of beauty, that they arrange each year that their school children all see and admire the beauty spots of their country. Accordingly, while we were at Chusenji every day great crowds of school children marched up, by hundreds, to see Chusenji in its glory; each carried a little bundle. We were much struck by the complete orderliness and excellent demeanour of these hundreds of children. The boys marched along with swinging steps to the time of patriotic songs, the girls were chatting and laughing among themselves, but there was no noise, no shouting, and we never once heard a teacher give an order, or raise the voice when speaking to the pupils. They were all evidently enjoying themselves thoroughly. No school child, or teacher, pilgrim or traveller, is allowed to pluck branches of trees, or sprays of foliage; this law is strictly observed, or otherwise the woodland walks would soon be denuded of the brightest sprays. The village street on the shores of the beautiful lake is wide and clean. Every house being open to view right through made a saunter down the street a most interesting study of the life of the people. All were busy, women serving, or working clothes, ironing, or cooking, carpenters, at work making fascinating toys, boxes, or photo frames. No one seemed to mind our scrutiny, and admiring glances.

One day I was trying to sketch the projecting verandahs and eaves of a house against the blue hills and blue green Lake, in the village street, and was surrounded by a crowd of the itinerant school children. They behaved most considerately, neither talking nor pushing, but watching with absorbed interest and curiosity my very poor attempt at a picture. Presently a little Japanese lady appeared on the balcony of the top story of the house, and hung out a bright red garment to dry. I at once tried to put her into the sketch with a few touches. This was too much for the children! They all burst out into the merriest laughter, immensely tickled at the incident, and to my amusement, one of the boys took off his cap, and bowed, and said to me in English "Will you permit me, madam, to say that I think you are splendid!"

The walk from Chusenji to Yumoto is

unanimously considered the most beautiful in Japan. Good pedestrians make light of the eight miles there, and eight miles back, but ladies generally go in rikshas. For four miles the lustrous little Japanese trundle,—one mile through woodland paths by the side of the bluest of blue lakes. Overhead, underfoot, and away over the mountains and hills, all was one golden shimmer, and fiery flashes of crimson and yellow, so vivid and intense that the air was literally quivering and palpitating with colour. Then we rested by a waterfall—the Dragon's head waterfall—and our riksha men, as well as ourselves, had tea, and they smoked their wonderful little pipes, which look as if they must be used for opium, or something stronger than tobacco; but the Japanese are frugal folk, and content with very little, and after a few whiffs are keen and ready to go on again. Still another exquisite waterfall is visited after crossing the "Moor of the Battlefield" or the "Moor of the red swamp" where in 1389 A.D. a great battle took place between the partisans of two rival Shoguns. It is called the "Moor of the red swamp" from the colour of the tall dying sedges in autumn. It was weird and sad to pass over the deserted lonely ground, as silent as death, surrounded on all sides by forests, over which rose the peaks of volcanic mountains. The waterfall gushes over a smooth black rock at an angle of 60 down 200 feet and is overarched and festooned with the most exquisite foliage in, when we saw it, brilliant autumn colouring. The ascent to the Lake above is very steep, but well rewards the visitor. The Lake of Yumoto rivals Chusenji Lake in beauty, with its forests of lofty cryptomerias and pines, as well as the more dainty maple and cherry. The hotel is at the far end of the Lake, and every step of the way along the shores reveals new combinations of beauty and colouring reflected in the Lake. By the Hotel the water is partially discoloured by the sulphur springs, whose source is just behind the village. The earth's crust appears very thin in this neighbourhood, little steam clouds issue from many apertures, and the fumes of the sulphur are most disagreeable. It was specially amusing to see the public hot baths, all down the village street, and to see the heads of men and women appearing above the tubs (which are sunk into the ground). They sit for hours in these baths, which are found as cures for rheumatism. There are hot sulphur baths to be had in the hotel.

Near Chusenji itself is the highest and most famous waterfall in the neighbourhood called the "Kegon-no-taki"—height about 250 ft. There is an extremely steep little path which runs down the side of the cliff into the gorge, almost

to the torrent bed. When we descended this somewhat break-neck place, crossing over several very rickety wooden bridges, we did so in the company of a hundred young men and school-boys—also intent like ourselves on seeing the Falls to the best advantage. They clambered about, and slid from rock to rock, and enjoyed themselves in a thoroughly adventurous, boyish manner, full of life and spirits. Many had note books, and some sketch books, and they made their notes, and worked at their sketches in the simple, unself-conscious manner that seems universal in Japan. However crude or elementary their attempts, no boy seems ashamed to show what he has done—all are kind and sympathetic, and no one seemed to laugh, or make unkind remarks. The waterfall has some sad associations, for not unfrequently, students who have been over-worked at school, or who have failed to pass some examination—come here and commit suicide, by jumping down into the tremendous abyss. It is notorious that Japanese School-boys are terribly overworked. Their own language is most difficult and complicated, and in addition they are bound to learn Chinese, which is as difficult and complicated again as Japanese itself. In modern days, they are also expected to master English, and either German or French. No wonder the poor boys find life not worth living, and that the tale of suicides among them is a heavy one.

The universal use of English in Japan is very striking. At every railway station along the line, all directions and information as to the sights to be seen, the distances, and fares, are printed up on large boards in English, and English seems to be as much, or more, used in Japan than in India.

Our week at Chusenji passed all too rapidly, taking walks through the woods, boating in Saumpan on the Lake, photographing, and trying to sketch, or wandering through the villages, watching the life of the country folk.

They are so smiling and friendly, and seem quite pleased to be watched, no matter what they are doing, whether eating, working, or amusing themselves. The little houses are all open to the street. In the day-time the partitions between the rooms are slid aside so that pedestrians can see straight through from end to end of the house. The inhabitants are so industrious; one never sees them standing around idly; the women are always at needlework or some domestic employment, and the men, if not at work, are reading newspapers. The houses and the streets are beautifully clean and well kept.

The Position of Woman in English Society.

A LECTURE BY N. G. WELINKAR, ESQ.

From his "English Impressions."



THOSE of you who were present at the last lecture will remember my saying that no apology was needed for introducing the subject of that evening before these audiences. But to-night I feel that I must speak in a severely apologetic strain, the reason being that it might almost seem to show lack of humility or good taste for an Indian who has only stayed in England for a few months to venture to speak about a subject so delicate and difficult. My only excuse for bringing it before you in this course is that I consider a knowledge of it to be of very great importance to my fellow countrymen and countrywomen. And if in anything I should make mistakes, as I am fully prepared to believe that I may, I hope my English hearers will overlook those and put them down to ignorance and to the lack of opportunity which a stranger always suffers from in a strange country. And I have also our fair president to look to for correcting any serious misstatements or omissions that there may be. And so, on the whole, I feel fairly comforted. Considering the importance of bringing such a subject before my countrymen and considering also that after this explanation my position cannot fail to be understood by the English part of my hearers, I think I may take heart of grace and begin.

I should like to say at the very commencement, why I consider it a matter of very great importance that a subject like this should be brought to the notice of a mixed Indian audience. My creed as a social reformer may be summed up in one brief sentence: "Take care of your women and the race will take care of itself." Holding this faith and feeling convinced by study and reflection that the key to the solution of the social problem in India lies in securing for woman her right and legitimate place in society, I felt that I should be doing you a real, if only a small, service if I put before you the results of my observation and inquiry regarding the position that has been

accorded to women in England, or to put it more correctly, the position which they largely by their own efforts have won for themselves.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I think it would be a libel to say that India has never shown any care for its women. Anyone who knows the social history of India will have to admit that whatever the errors and sins of the Indian might have been in his treatment of women, callousness to woman's claims cannot be counted as one of them. It is a matter of history that according to his lights the Indian has been solicitous to do everything in his power to care for his womankind. However, having said this, I must go on to indicate the difference between the Indian and the Western thought of what is due to women. The Indian Idea is that woman is best cared for by her being protected in the seclusion and segregation of the home, that society does its best for her when it protects her from contact with the world outside, when it keeps her from being exposed to the full attack of the environment, that is to say, when it makes the struggle for existence as easy for her as possible. And I think it is also perfectly correct to say that for many centuries, indeed until the second half of the last century, the thought of the English nation—and of the Western nations generally—as to women was essentially the same. The scope allowed to the English woman of the first quarter or even the first half of the nineteenth century is well illustrated by the prayer which I have somewhere seen attributed to her:—

"Spare me, oh Lord, the crowded way
The busy mart where men contend;
For me the home, the tranquil day,
A little sock to mend."

I wonder how many English women there are to-day whose ambitions do not extend beyond "a little sock to mend!" But it is only within the last thirty or forty years that the change came over English ideals on this subject. The change has, however, been of a very radical character. It is a change which has covered the whole of English life and entirely altered its complexion.

The new ideal considers that the best thing for woman is to give her the largest possible interest in life and to widen her sphere of activity as much as as possible. The old ideal held that the tussle of life was essentially bad and injurious to woman. The new ideal holds that the possibilities of woman can never be fully developed until she is exposed to the full play of the social environment, until life in its fullness is made available to her, with its opportunities, joys and pleasures, with its trials and temptations too. The aim of social endeavour now is to make woman really and truly the partner of man in the business of life. We

know, of course, that every partnership is not necessarily on equal terms. There are senior partners and junior partners; but then, a partner is a partner and is on a different footing from a servant, however highly paid the latter may be.

Now before I proceed to illustrate what the new view of woman's claim implies, I want to clearly impress upon you the fact that in bringing about the great expansion that has taken place in woman's sphere, the women of England have played a leading part, that although they may have (and have as a matter of fact) got help from men, yet the main work—both in the conception of new ideals, and in the struggle to realise them—has been chiefly their own. It is they who have borne the brunt of the battle and therefore the victory that has been achieved belongs to them in the strictest sense. This is an important fact to note; its plain meaning is that the position that women enjoy to-day in England has not been a gift, but an acquisition. It has not been something which has been bestowed upon English women by English men as a favour; but it has been achieved by the thought and energy of English women themselves. Let us reflect for a few moments on the significance of this fact from a sociological point of view. It is one of the fundamental truths of sociology that no achievements which have not been won by the persons concerned as the result of their own efforts can possibly be lasting and fruitful. Thus the fact that the women of England have made for themselves the position which is now undoubtedly enjoyed by them is one of great importance for the future of their cause.

I shall now give a brief description of the opportunities which are open to English women. These are very extensive. In many departments of activity and in nearly all departments of social enjoyment and pleasure, women are practically on a footing of perfect equality with men. Let us consider the opportunities of travel and exploration, first. These are entirely modern, but there need be no hesitation in asserting that the English woman has now exactly the same freedom of going about and seeing the world as the Englishman, and when travelling in England I was struck by the extent to which women avail themselves of this freedom. The English woman is no longer a home-staying creature; she wants to get about, to observe nature, to breathe the free air of the outward environment. She wants to see the world, to have large opportunities of social intercourse with men and with women. It is impossible in a brief address to indicate how much this habit of going out has done to enlarge the horizon of the English woman; how much it has helped to widen her sympathies and

broaden her outlook. Her interests are no longer confined to the fireside; she is interested in a hundred intellectual and social pursuits in art, in literature, in philanthropy, in public life, in business, in travel. In literature, she claims our attention chiefly as the producer of fiction. It is the habit with some people to laugh at fiction or to be little it as a peculiarly feminine occupation. I am not ashamed to confess that I have been for so long as I remember a habitual reader of fiction and I have the courage to confess that it has done as much as any other line of study to fix my views of things in general and the best things in particular. To my mind there is no question that the best fiction of the day is suggestive, stimulating and correct in its appreciation of the forces that are working in contemporary life, and in this department I can say without hesitation that women hold a position of complete equality with men. You do not expect me here to analyse the characteristics of women novelists. As a class they have a peculiar vein of observation, reflection and suggestion, which you miss entirely in the productions of men whatever their excellences in other respects. The difference in style is also marked and unmistakable.

In the different professions, women are getting considerable opportunities which as time goes on are bound to increase still. They have now an honourable career open to them in the medical profession and every year sends forth numbers of highly qualified medical women to responsible positions not only in England but in all parts of the world. In nursing, woman has found a peculiarly congenial and appropriate sphere. And luckily nursing has now become the special and peculiar domain of woman. In woman's hand it has become a noble and beneficent art. Every year sees new refinements and developments in that art, and to-day there is no man who dare suggest that there is anything in the calling of a nurse which is unworthy of a woman of the noblest talents. In education too, woman has acquired a great and honourable position; but as I am going to devote a special lecture to this topic, I consider it unnecessary to dwell on it here.

Women have come to hold an increasingly important position in philanthropy. This may seem to you to be a small thing, because no one who has not had opportunities of observing the philanthropic activities of the West can quite understand the progress that has been made in the conceptions and methods of philanthropy. In England it is now no longer a pastime or a pleasant occupation with no special responsibility attaching to it. It is now a vast and a very highly organized department of work. "Philanthropy in the present day makes great

demands upon the worker. It is not enough to be in earnest, to be self-sacrificing, to have money and to be willing to spend it. All these things are desirable, but they are only a part of the qualification necessary. The philanthropists must also have business talents, enthusiasm tempered by a finely balanced judgment, and an omniscience which can avoid the mistake of giving in the wrong place, of committing the evil of *over-lapping*.* Thousands of English women in high social positions have made this a labour of love. They are not only the inspiring geniuses, but the guiding spirits in the great movement of modern philanthropy.

In public life, English women are taking a position which, if not quite equal to that of men, tends to become more and more so. I have no doubt that though it may take long, woman is bound to get an influential position in the parliamentary life of England. The struggle has only just begun; it will pass through many phases; it will bring into requisition many forms of talent on the part of women; it will call forth many acts characterised by daring which some may miscall folly; but to my mind its ultimate success is certain; and even though it should provoke adverse criticism I would venture on this prophecy.

I must now turn your thoughts to the qualities by which English women have reached their present position. And by way of illustration, I shall mention the struggle that the women of England had to face in order to acquire medical education and to make good their claim to the qualification that now puts them on a footing of complete equality with medical men. It was in the year 1869 that a small knot of women conceived the desire of pursuing medical study. They applied to the University of London which at that time was an examining body, pure and simple, to examine them for its medical degrees. The answer was that the charter of the University had been deliberately so framed as to make it impossible for the Syndicate to examine women for any medical degree. Finding their hopes thus thwarted by the most progressive of English universities, these valiant women turned their eyes to the North and knocked at the door of the Edinburgh University. Here they obtained the sympathy and co-operation of some of the leaders at the University, men like Sir James Simpson, Dr. David Masson and others. But when they approached the medical authorities, the answer that they got from one of the foremost of them may be quoted as typical of the attitude of the Medical Faculty towards the fair aspirants to medical honours. This authority

* Georgiana Hill, *Women in English Life*, Vol. II, pp. 227-8.

declared that he could not imagine "any decent woman wishing to study medicine; as for any lady that was altogether out of the question." However, these women were not daunted by the repulse. They appealed to the University Court and the Court decided to admit them to the study of medicine in the University.

They were five in the beginning and were afterwards joined by two more; these seven were some times ironically described as the "septem contra Edinam." They launched on their career with fearless hearts and before a year was over, one of them whose name is well-known in Bombay, I mean the late Dr. Peachy Phipson, took the first place in a competitive examination in chemistry and claimed a certain prize that was open to competition. She was refused on the ground that although she had stood first she had not attended at the hours at which the male candidates were taught. But a still greater discouragement was in store for them. Two years after they had commenced, and I want you to note that they were obliged to pay their years' fee in advance,—the University Court passed a resolution that they could not be allowed to enter upon their third year's course with the view of admission to a degree; they might complete the three years if they liked, but they must be satisfied with a simple certificate. As no one would put a certificate on the same footing as a degree, these women had no alternative but to appeal to law. They went to law and asked for a decree declaring that it was the duty of the University Court to examine them and to confer on them a degree if they were successful in the examination. They won their case in the Court, but the university authorities appealed to the Court of Session which reversed the decree of the Lower Court. This litigation cost the ladies concerned £318; but they were not to be so discouraged. They turned next to Parliament and after they had received one rebuff in the year 1875, they induced Parliament to pass an Act enabling all examining bodies to extend their examinations and qualifications to women. After this Act of Parliament school after school and college after college opened its doors to women students; curiously, Edinburgh, which was among the first places where they looked out for sympathy, was among the last to throw its doors open to women and it was not until 1886 that the Edinburgh University put it within the power of the women students to get medical degrees. My object in detailing these facts is to show you that it was not any "charity" on the part of men that opened this honourable career to women but that the result was strictly the fruit of their sustained activity and enterprise. This is typical of the endeavour by which women

have opened for themselves important avenues of social usefulness and service.

I will now turn to the last and the most general, perhaps also the most risky, part of my undertaking this evening and will try to form an estimate of the characteristics by which the women of England have gained this position which I have endeavoured to bring before you. If they had reached it simply through the gift of men I would not have thought it worth while to take up the subject of women's position in English life; it is because I know that it is women's own effort that has made all these things possible that I think that we are likely to derive inspiration from the consideration of this subject.

The first characteristic that you cannot fail to note about the English woman as you study her is her steadfastness of purpose, her capacity for sustained effort. The English woman is very slow to give up, she almost never tires out; she is capable, to use a homely expression, of "pegging away" at her purpose, for long months and years, if necessary. This capacity for persevering effort has been perhaps the greatest factor in the phenomenal success which she has achieved in the direction of opening out careers and outlooks for herself.

Her next characteristic is a clear and quick perception of the realities of life, what may be described by a well-known phrase as "saving commonsense." If you want to get a working commonsense view of a subject, go to the English woman and before you have talked to her for fifteen minutes she will tell you exactly what common sense suggests about the matter. Now, of course, if you are a philosopher, you are bound to laugh at a "woman's opinion" and moralise on its conventional shallowness. But I have frequently had cause to realise that the English woman's seemingly superficial view was in reality the outcome of a clear and quick perception of fact. The English woman is not metaphysical, she is not argumentative, she hates discussion; but she has by nature a balanced judgment which enables her to understand the true perspective of a situation; and so to the practical man her conversation is usefully suggestive.

Another characteristic of the English woman is her faculty of what may be called *imaginative sympathy*. Please do not misunderstand me. By imaginative sympathy I do not mean fancifulness; I do not mean imaginary or dreamy sympathy either. Every one, man or woman, in every country can sympathise with the things and interests that lie close, to use the language of Bacon, to his or her "business and bosom." That is the case all the world over. The Indian woman quite as much the English woman

sympathises with troubles and difficulties of her family and relations and caste. *This* sympathy is human, but not imaginative. Imaginative sympathy is that intellectual quality which enables its possessor to understand the difficulties and realise the position of people who have absolutely no connection with themselves, who are in situated circumstances widely different from their own and separated from them very often by vast stretches of land or sea or both. The power to sympathise with the weak, the oppressed, the distressed in other countries and climates than one's own and among alien peoples, the power to feel for the woes of the black negro, the yellow Chinaman or the brown Indian is the gift which I have called imaginative sympathy and this the English woman possesses in a very high degree. Is there anywhere a forlorn cause? You will find its best champions among the educated women of England. Is there anywhere a down-trodden and oppressed nationality struggling for freedom? It will find its warmest friends anywhere among English women. Is there an unfortunate class of human beings that suffers from social ill-usage of centuries? To that class the heart of the English woman goes out in truest compassion. Chiefly through this power of imaginative sympathy the English woman wields her tremendous social power. Here lies her chief social charm. By this faculty the women of England hold and lead the best Englishmen and undoubtedly this capacity has very largely contributed to the remarkable success that they have achieved for their collective cause.

Ladies and gentlemen, it has been very truly said that a grain of example is better than a pound of precept, and I am sure you will permit me at the end of this lecture to glide into a reminiscent mood and narrate a few personal experiences illustrative of the last point I have mentioned. I was in Oxford, attending a course of University Extension Lectures. An English lady student (the word "student" is here used in a very wide sense; many of the "students" were men and women of extensive culture, often university men and women) used to sit next to me. For a long time she appears to have been under the impression that I could not speak English. However, she was somehow led to ask me a question about something and I answered it, with the result that she was satisfied that I could make myself understood in the English tongue. And then that faculty of "imaginative sympathy" began to do its work and she was curious to know about India and what had brought me to Oxford and what I thought about English education and so on. The result was that we established a fairly

good friendship. I left Oxford; months after that the Indian papers were full of complaints against what they called the repressive and "Russian" methods of the British Government in India. This lady who was miles away from me noticed an article containing such allegations and her sympathy was touched. She had read a good deal about Russian methods and she wrote to me a long and touching letter, telling me what Russian methods meant and imploring me to tell her if it was true, that her countrymen were adopting similar methods in India, she told me that if that was true, her heart would bleed and she would pray that the day might not be distant when her countrymen should be driven out of India by any methods whatever that our people might choose to adopt. But she said she could not believe it, that she knew her countrymen and she was sure that Russian methods were so abhorrent to the spirit of England and to the tenour of the history of her nation that Englishmen would shrink with loathing from such a course of action. Now my purpose is not to discuss politics in this lecture. I have only mentioned this case to give you an illustration of the working of imaginative sympathy. How many Indian women would have thought about a stranger with whom they had parted months ago, would have attentively read that article and felt for the real or supposed grievances of a foreign race; how many would have cared to write the long and informing description of "Russian methods" that that woman wrote; how many would have felt the tender touch of compassion that she did at the narrative,—untrue and imaginary though it was,—of the sufferings of an alien people?

In Oxford again I met a lady (she did not belong to Oxford) who had some most curious notions about our people. One of them was that it was impossible for an Indian gentleman even to understand the point of view from which an educated English woman approaches social questions. Another was that the people of India were exceedingly harsh and unkind towards their women. A third notion was that we kept our women literally shut up, and a fourth that all the efforts of the British Government and of the missionaries and of the philanthropists in India had been entirely without result in breaking down ignorance and superstition. It was by mere accident that I made for acquaintance, and I had thus the opportunity of disabusing her mind of these prejudices. I got her without much difficulty to see that there were some men here and there who could not only understand the point of view of an educated English woman but give her theirs in her own language; but it took me some time to convince

her that whatever sins might be justly laid at the door of our people in their treatment of women, cruelty and unkindness could not be. I gave her many instances of the kindness,—the sensitive kindness—that we show towards our women, and her mind was at last disabused of this pernicious idea about our natural unkindness to women. Then I told her about what English education had done to introduce some of the finest elements of Western civilization in our midst and I emphasised the efforts of the missionaries to raise the womanhood of India, efforts which had extended nearly over a century and had exemplified some of the most heroic qualities of English and American womanhood and last of all I assured her that India was a great country, that it had a great future, and that any English woman would get more than a proportionate return in culture and breadth of view for the time and study she might bestow on the work of gaining some reliable knowledge of the social conditions in India and of the vast issues of the work that England was doing in our country. Do you know what the result was? She became deeply and practically interested in the problem of India. She made me tell her the topics that she should specially study. She noted them down. She told me that she should like me to send her books on these topics. She made me tell her in what order she should pursue their study, and I am glad to tell you that to-day she is well-informed upon India and its people, that her sympathy to-day with the people of India is wise, real, and active and in some directions her knowledge about things Indian has so advanced that it has now become difficult for me to give her advice.

I must take you now in imagination to Birmingham. There is a lady there who for years has been a friend and helper of Indian missions. No one of her relations has ever been a missionary in India, but she has for many years, carefully followed the progress of mission work, particularly in a certain district in the Punjab, and for fifteen years she and her daughters have worked with their hands every year to send something for sale at the annual bazaar in aid of that particular mission work. She has educated her two sons, one of them a student at Oxford and the other at Cambridge, to take a deep interest in Indian problems. She told me that her eldest son who had been last year four years at Oxford never passed a year during his Oxford career without reading at least one good book on India and it was the same with the second son who was studying at Cambridge. The whole family was deeply interested in understanding the Indian people and their needs. Now, as they had never entertained an Indian in the flesh the mother was most anxious to induce

me to spend a week in their home, because she wanted the opportunity of conversing with an Indian about Indian things, and still more because she wanted her sons to entertain an Indian and to hear what he could tell them about India.

I think W. E. H. Lecky observes somewhere that the difference between the man or woman of culture and the man or woman without culture consists principally in the capacity to understand and sympathise with conditions other than those which they see around themselves and which affect their own lives. Judged by this test, there are thousands of women in England cultured in the true sense, whether they have been or have not been at a college or university, women whom it is a privilege to meet, an inspiration to know, and who by their social work and even more by their silent influence are creating a new England and a nobler race of English men and English women.

LADY CURZON WYLLIE'S ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Sir Louis Dane, Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, has received the following letter, dated London the 29th July 1909, from Lady Curzon Wyllie:—I trust that you will excuse this letter not being in my own handwriting. The number (over 900) of kind and sympathetic letters that I have received and which increase by every post is so great that it is impossible for me at present to cope with the task of answering them in person. I am, therefore, availing myself of the assistance of a friend rather than allow further delay to cause an appearance of ingratitude. I am indeed most grateful to you and to the Punjab Legislative Council for your telegram of condolence. In my deep trouble it does help me to know of the real sympathy which my dear husband's work for India has inspired and which you so kindly express. I should like to add how fully I appreciate the manner in which the Punjab has dissociated itself from the act of the unhappy man who committed the murders and how much I sympathize with the family to which he belonged and which has been so prompt to disavow him. I have had a most touching letter from one of the brothers, to which I hope to reply by this mail. With kind regards.



THE DAWN

*The Sun shall no more go down.
For the Lord shall be thine everlasting light.—Is. LX. 20.*

The sun just tints the east with blush of day,
A thousand birds pour forth their morning lay;
The balmy air, still laden with the dew,
Wafts gently o'er as though just born anew.

On ev'ry hand the sound of wak'ning life,
As light o'er darkness wins its daily strife,
Ah! lovely omen—darkness lost in light;
Forecast of ages—faith is lost in sight.

Some lie a-bed, still lost in slothful sleep,
The magic powers, the hours of dawning keep,
To them, unknown, nor yet e'en dreamed about,
'Tis light they see—they turn, they shut it out.

Oh lovely dawn, so calm, so beauteous fair,
So soft thy breeze, so cool thy scented air,
So full of hope of promise and of praise,
Fit greetings these, that feathered songsters raise.

And, as the sun pursues its golden course,
Its kiss of dawn, becomes the welling source,
Of song, on song, of praise, oh God, to Thee,
Earnest of songs still sweeter yet to be.

And what of man? shall he be silent still,
While, joined as one, Creation does Thy will;
While all the world pours forth its praise anew,
Shall mortal man alone withhold Thy due?

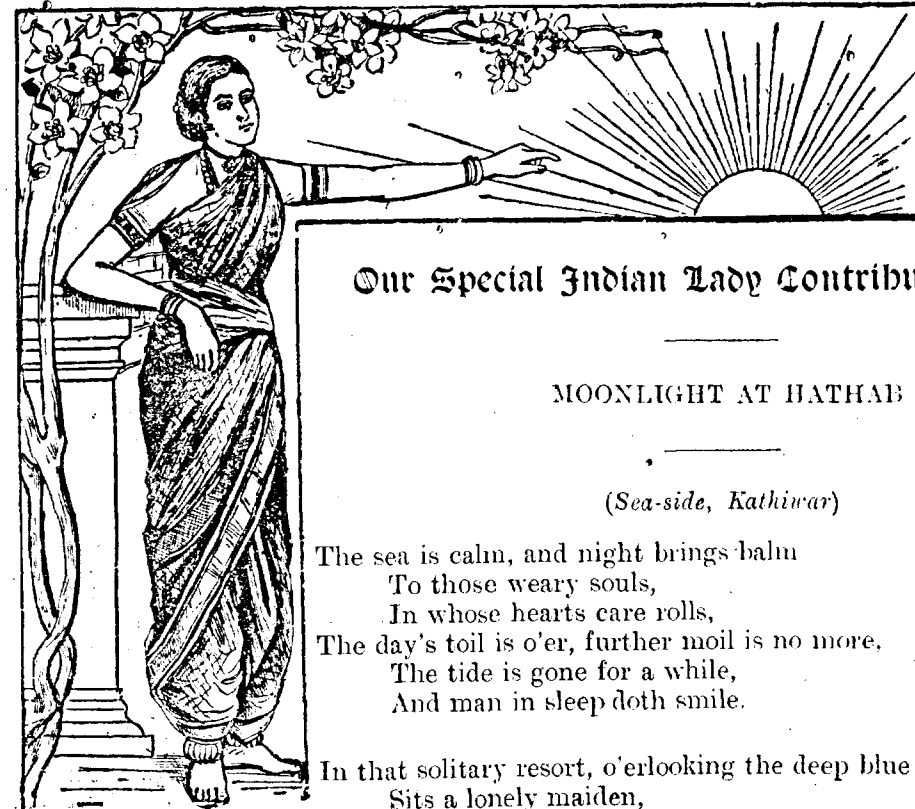
May God forbid, and light each darkened eye,
To pierce the veil, on all, on Earth and sky,
So strangely thin, to some 'tis scarcely there,
God's glory, seen in His Creation fair.

Fairer by far, than dawn of sun-born day,
Will be the dawn, when sun has passed away,
When Christ the Sun of Righteousness and Peace,
Sets it aside, and takes Himself its place.

Then all the world, the bird, the beast, the flow'r,
Will join with man to greet the dawning hour,
And filled with awe our lightened eyes will see,
All was a sign, a setting forth of Thee.

And in that light, the glorious light of God,
Our eyes will see, the path on Earth we trod,
And then will dawn, upon each darkened heart,
Fulness of love, till then, but known in part.

F. HOWARD OAKLEY.



127

Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Column

MOONLIGHT AT HATHAB

(Sea-side, Kathiwar)

The sea is calm, and night brings balm
To those weary souls,
In whose hearts care rolls,
The day's toil is o'er, further moil is no more,
The tide is gone for a while,
And man in sleep doth smile.

In that solitary resort, o'erlooking the deep blue ocean
Sits a lonely maiden,
Gazing at the Orb so leaden,
Rising in its lustre meek, hastening the drops on the mourner's cheek,
Hath Fate the doom so sealed,
The wounds are ne'er to be healed?

The elements are at rest, and on the deep's broad breast
Behold Nature's gracious boon,
The glory of an Eastern Moon,
Its double in the heart of the deep, shows all that's asleep
Shades of darkness on this and that,
Light, full light, right in the heart.

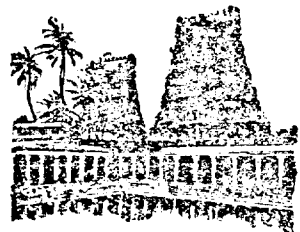
Her heart leaps at the sight, she calls on the light of light,
"O Thou most Merciful One,
Home for refuge have I none,
On the rocking billow, be Thou my pillow,
Tho' shades of Darkness be on either side,
With Light ahead be Thou my Guide,

Lead this pilgrim soul, to the crowing goal,
And in this world of strife,
Be Thou the Light of my life.
When the sojourn is o'er, I may reach the shore, tho' the ocean roar,
And shades of darkness be on either side,
With Thee my Beacon-Light in the tide."

"MILA"

Krishnashtami

A BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL OF S. INDIA



A deep investigation into the origin of the various feasts and fasts of South India cannot fail to reveal to us a curious basis on which rests the

fundamental principles of the so-called *vratas* (days of vow literally), a generic name applicable to the vast number of rituals and ceremonies of common day occurrence in this country. Whatever may be the magnitude of religious importance attached to these festivals, it must be admitted that a certain touch of artificiality, becomes apparent in their arrangement and constitution. The Hindu month is divided into two halves, the dark, and the bright, controlled by the waxing and waning phases of the Moon. As each half consist of fifteen days, these festivals, with few exceptions take the name of the days of the Indian calendar month. To be more explicit, we have *Bhishma Dwadasi* (the twelfth day), *Mukkti Ekadesi* (eleventh), *Sani Thrayodasi* (thirteenth), *Anantha Chathurdasi* (fourteenth), *Vijaya Dasami* (fifth), *Sri Rama Navami* (ninth), *Gokul Ashtami* (eighth), *Ratha Saptami* (seventh), *Skanda Shashthi* (sixth), *Nagapanchami* (the Dragon's fifth), *Ganesh Chaturthi* (four), the first part of the word signifying the designation of the chief deity, and the second part referring to the name of the particular day.

Though the primitive Hindu festivals are mainly based on the idea of mimetic magic, as Mr. Crooks remarks, yet the present day feasts have undoubtedly evolved from a variety of sources, most of them being social, religious, agricultural or symbolistic of the expulsion of evil influences, such as devils. Some of the religious festivals are again sub-divided into two types purely orthodox, and quasi-orthodox, and curiously enough *Krishnashtami*, though it originally belonged to the first group, now partakes of the nature of quasi-orthodox, owing to the sign of the times. It is one of the three important birthdays of Vishnu, the other two being *Sree Rama Navami* and *Narasimha Jayanti*, Rama's day and Lion god's day. It marks the day on which Krishna saw day-light, not only as an incarnation of Vishnu, but as a great national hero of India. Apparently sectarian, it is universally observed by all the Hindus, Saivites, and Vaishnavites, though it is

surcharged with ideas, thoughts, cults and creeds of Krishna-worship, which forms an essential feature of modern Hinduism, especially in Bengal, though not so professedly in South India. It is not so popular with the lower classes, as it is with Brahmins, and is practically unknown among the non-Aryan tribes who pay more veneration to animal deities than to the higher gods.

The traditional account of this festival is very commonplace, and may as well be narrated in brief. It is the story of Krishna and his mission, related in the well-known work *Bhagavata*. To the Hindu the day is very important, in that it glorifies the advent of Krishna into the world to free it from the clutches of the demon, *Kalanemi*. Here is a short account of the objects of this incarnation of Vishnu, from Miss Margaret Noble's Cradle Tales of Hinduism. *Kamsa*, the tyrant King of Mattura (Muttara) was wicked and oppressive beyond the power of men to bear. An illegitimate son, as he was, he had great love for his sister *Devaki* and her husband *Vasudeva* one of the nobles of his court. One day, while they were being driven by King *Kamsa* in a chariot, a "voice in the sky sounding loud and deep like thunder" addressing *Kamsa* said, "the eighth child of this couple, O Tyrant, shall be a boy who, in his twelfth year, shall slay thee with his own hands." At these words, all *Kamsa's* love for his sister and his brother-in-law vanished and at once he drew his sword to slay the newly-wedded pair. But being quickly appeased by *Vasudeva* with a promise that he would deliver unto him every child that she would bring forth he just pleased himself by casting *Devaki* and her consort into the dungeons underneath his palace, there to endure imprisonment for life. And now this had happened seven times,—that a child had been born and *Kamsa* had destroyed it—save indeed once. For one child, the boy *Balarama*, had been carried away secretly, and the King had been told that the babe was already dead. Now it was time for the prophecy to fulfil. And *Devaki* and her husband waited in their prison for the coming of their child, who should be the deliverer of his people.

Outside, the wind wailed, and the rain fell, and the waters of the *Jamna* rose, as if in flood. The night was wild, whereon would come to earth, Krishna the Holy Child. Slowly, slowly, the hours went by, till midnight. It was twelve by the great water-clock of the palace, and the peals of joyous bells announced the auspicious moment. The babe had seen daylight. There was a deep silence everywhere, and suddenly there arose a mysterious sound, at first indistinct, but becoming clearer when listened to with rapt attention, "Arise, take the babe

and leave him in the house of *Nada*, the chief of the cow-herds in the village of *Gokul*":—

The day which has become holy by the birth of Krishna is the eight of the dark half in the month of *Shravan* corresponding to the sixth day of September of this year of Christ. The fact that this festival is celebrated during a month of floods and rain; devastation and destitution, is suggestive more of a thanksgiving rural feast than of a strictly religious occasion. An account of the *modus operandi* of this festival, will not fail to interest our readers.

It usually lasts for two days, the first being set apart for the Saivites, and the second for the Vaishnavites. To the former, the day *Ashtami* (the eighth), is more important than the natal star *Rohini* attending Krishna's birth, which is essential to the latter for observing the festival. To the one it is a day of solemn devotion and fasting, and to the other it is an occasion of feasting and jubilation. On the festive day, the *yajamana* (householder) takes a purificatory bath in water, in which is soaked the *Kusa* grass (*Poa cynosuroides*), and after performing his daily ablutions, he fasts the whole day. In the evening, just before sunset, the central part of the house is chosen as the place of worship, and the floor is well-washed, and decorated with certain figures drawn with rice powder, the process being called *Kolam* in Tamil, and *Muggu* in Telugu. A beautifully carved *pitam* (wooden plank) is laid on the floor, and on it stands a little tripod. A new metallic pot which may be of gold, silver, or copper, according as the means of the devotee permit him, is then placed on the tripod, filled with a full measure of rice or paddy and a piece of newly procured cloth is tied round the pot's neck. It is then covered with a disc, or a copper plate on which is mounted a tiny image of the infant Krishna, made of a precious metal. When the preliminary functions are over, the worship proper commences, which partakes of the forms of devotion in vogue, daily, in Hindu households. With money-presents to the *Acharya* (priest), and offerings of coconuts, flowers, and especially of *Naval pazam* (the fruits of the tree known as *Jambu-calyptanthus caryophyllifolia*) which Krishna was said to be very fond of, the festival comes to a close. It is a common belief, with us Hindus, that the birth of a child on this day, with the star *Rohini* in the ascendancy, is ruinous to the welfare of the uncle (mother's brother), because Krishna killed his uncle *Kamsa*.

The social aspect of this festival manifests itself in *Kalakshepams* (socio-religious parties), and *Tharangam*, recitals of love-songs in which Krishna is praised by the *Gopis* (maidens) who pour forth in melodious airs, their yearnings after their god *Gopal*. The *Tharangam* is a blend of

song, action, and time, and requires great skill, in its performance.

T. M. SUNDARAM AIYAR.

A lecture delivered at the Ladies' Branch of the National Indian Association, Cuddalore

By Mrs. HILTON, HEAD-MISTRESS OF THE HOME EDUCATION CLASSES OF THE NATIONAL INDIAN ASSOCIATION.



PLEASE do not expect anything in the shape of a Lecture from me, as I have no time for preparing anything deserving the title of "lecture" or "Discourse."

Our very popular Secretary having asked me to say something

of what I know of convict life at the Andamans from my residence at the Penal Settlement extending over 11 years, I hope that my little "talkee talkee" will prove of some interest to my good friends assembled here this evening.

If you do not know it already, you will I am sure, be glad to learn that, except to a very small fraction of the convicts undergoing transportation at Port Blair, (which, by the way, is the name by which the Penal Settlement is better known) life is altogether attended with more enjoyable conditions than is enjoyed previous to transportation.

The convicts are better housed, they are certain of a wholesome meal, in sufficient quantity, twice a day, besides a bowl of 'Conjee,' before they are required to start work for the day, they are cleanly and sufficiently clothed, they are not allowed to work, except under cover, when it rains, and when ill they are well cared for in comfortable Hospitals which command all the medical skill and appliances obtainable in most of the Hospitals throughout India.

To most of the convicts who enjoy all these advantages at Port Blair life previous to transportation was burdened with the daily recurring problem of securing even one meagre meal.

To a certain extent the same may doubtless be said of the convicts in District Jails, but the out-door work and the comparative freedom from restraint, which is inseparable from the conditions attending their work, make it less burdensome to the convicts at Port Blair. Some idea of what the convicts themselves thought of life at Port Blair, may be gathered from the fact that about 40 years ago a large number of letters from convicts at Port Blair to their friends in India, fell into the hands of the Police. In these letters the friends of the convicts were told of all the comforts and freedom enjoyed at Port Blair and advised to "do something" which would transport them. But at that time, it must be mentioned, discipline at Port Blair was comparatively lax.

As soon as a batch of convicts landed at Port Blair their fetters were removed, they bathed in the sea and the older convict residents were ready with suits of clean clothing which were distributed amongst the new comers. The wearing of Jail clothing was not insisted upon, although 2 suits were supplied to each new comer on landing and every half year thereafter. Each convict was paid 2 annas a day from the day he landed and he was allowed to cater for himself.

The letters already mentioned brought the existing laxity to the notice of Government and a strict inquiry was instituted which resulted in greater restrictions, those which are the most felt being (1) having to eat cooked food in mere gimp until the prescribed term (3 years I think it is) has been passed with good conduct, and (2) having to wear convict clothing until a "Self Supporters" Ticket is obtained. This requires 10 years at Port Blair with uniform good conduct.

A 'Lifer,' that is a convict transported for the rest of his natural life, can, if he is not a Dacoit, or habitual offender, obtain his release at the end of 20 years with a good record. In the interim he may obtain domestic service with the officials residing at Port Blair. I must mention that only those holding Government appointments (superior or subordinate) are permitted to live at Port Blair. Even to land as a visitor a 'pass' has to be first obtained from the Chief Commissioner, as the Governor of the Settlement is called.

The convicts work under "Petty Officers" or Warders selected by the authorities from the labouring convicts for good conduct and fitness to control.

These Petty Officers are under the immediate supervision of a European Overseer who has charge of a Station or Division which may contain 2,000 convicts.

Even the European Overseer has not the power to inflict the lightest punishment on a convict under his charge. If an offender is reported to him by a convict Petty Officer, the European Overseer enquires into the matter immediately and on the spot if possible and after taking notes of this case orders the offender to be brought before the Magistrate (there are about a dozen or more of these Settlement and Departmental Officers) who enquires into the case with the same care and observance of details as are given to a free person in Indian Courts. Of course, if the offence is a serious one, the offender is locked up until he is brought before the Magistrate so that it will be seen that the convicts at Port Blair are not only well fed, properly clothed, and taken care of in every way, but they are most effectually protected from cruel or unjust treatment.

Skilled labourers, such as Carpenters, Smiths, etc., are readily employed in the Workshops, or by the Public Works, Marine, and other Departments where many of them continue to serve even after they have obtained a self-supporter's Ticket and sometimes even after they are released, from which it is evident that they are fairly treated and reasonably paid.

After 5 or 6 years service a life convict may enter domestic service or be employed as a Peon or in any other capacity (Clerk or Printer) in any of the Government Offices at the Settlement.

After 10 years, as I said before, a life convict is eligible for a Ticket of Leave. He is then called a self-supporter. He has to satisfy the authorities that he is really in a position to maintain himself in some legitimate calling. If he elects agriculture, he is granted land within certain limits, he must purchase or build a suitable Hut to live in. He elects his own villages amongst the villages allotted to self-supporters, and he cannot change his residence or his mode of livelihood, (both of which are endorsed on his 'Ticket' without the sanction of the authorities. Except for this and some other restrictions of a trivial nature which circumstances have shown to be necessary, the self-supporter is practically a free man within the limits of the Settlement. Whenever, however, he desires to visit another village or station, he has to report his departure from and return to home, to the Head of his village and his arrival at and departure from the village he visits, to the Head of that village. He may not slip away from his village except with the sanction of the Officer in charge of the Division in which his village is located.

The self-supporter is permitted to marry, if

he satisfies the authorities that he can maintain a wife.

If he chooses and can afford the expense entailed in doing so he can send for his wife from India. Only a few do this and in most cases the wife is unwilling to join her husband in transportation.

And now we come to the female convicts of whom there are some 3 or 400 only, while the men are numbered by tens of thousands.

All the convict women at Port Blair were sent there for murder. With very few exceptions indeed they belong to the common labouring classes, and without any education whatever, though many are of high caste, even Brahmins.

Some are quite young women. In the majority of cases their victims have been husband, child, or rival;—jealousy, shame or revenge, being the motive to their crimes.

The women are lodged in comfortable buildings which are situated entirely apart and at a distance from any place where men, whether Convicts, Soldiers, Sepoys, or Policemen are located.

The Female Jail, as it is called, is situated immediately on the sea-shore, it is closed in by a strong palisading of 10 or 12 feet in height and the ground on which it stands has abundance of shady trees and quite a fine garden of flowers and vegetables cultivated exclusively by the women themselves.

The women, like the men, have their Petty Officers from amongst themselves. A European Overseer is in charge of the Female Jail and resides immediately outside the palisading and he has the assistance of a European Matron.

Weaving material for clothing themselves, as well as for the male convict, comprises the greater part of the labour done by the women. Some wheat grinding is also done, and an increase in the task, in either form of labour is the usual mode of punishment for most offences; cutting the hair, or being forced to wear a pair of trousers and man's Jacket, both with large bright coloured stripes, are punishments awarded for very serious offences only.

That the usual every day task allotted to the women is not a very hard one may be gathered from the fact that the majority are able to finish it during the hours fixed for working in the fore noon alone, the afternoon being spent in doing their own sewing, braiding their own or a friend's hair, or roaming about in the garden.

After 3 years with good conduct, a woman may enter domestic service as an Ayah, or be made a Petty Officer; after six years she is allowed to marry if she cares to do so. When a woman is chosen by a self-supporter for a wife, reference is made to the Magistrate of the District

in which she was convicted, to ascertain whether her husband is alive, and whether he is willing to let her marry another man. In most cases where the free husband is alive, the reply is that he is willing, provided the other man pays a certain sum for the woman. In a very few cases an unconditional assent is given. Very seldom is it refused.

There are monthly parades of the women who are eligible for marriage, and self-supporters who have obtained the sanction of the authorities to select a wife are allowed to attend these parades.

The European Overseer and Matron, as well as a proper compliment of Female Petty Officers, are present, at these parades, at which a great deal of chaffing of the prospective husbands and wives takes place, especially where a very old man selects a woman young enough to be his daughter or even grand-daughter; and there are almost always one or two cases of this kind at every parade.

If a woman marries a man who is entitled to his release, under the 20 years rule, say when she has only completed 12 years of her sentence, the man is not permitted to leave Port Blair until his convict wife has completed 16 years. He is required to sign an agreement to such an arrangement, before he is allowed to marry.

Most of those who marry convict wives elect to remain in Port Blair even after their release. A few pay a visit to their homes in India sometimes even accompanied by their convict wives and the children of the latter, usually returning to Port Blair within a year or so.

What better proof is needed of the more enjoyable life at Port Blair in the case of the majority of those sentenced to transportation there?

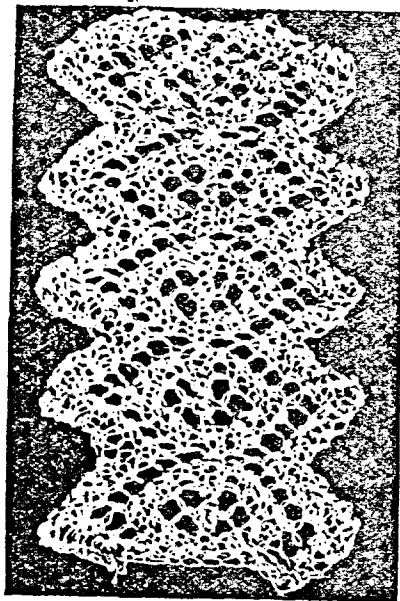


Our Needle-work Column

WAVED INSERTION (KNITTED)



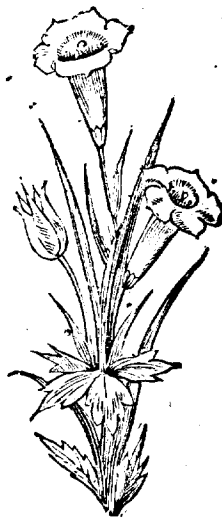
CAST on 11 stitches. Knit one plain row.
1st row of pattern.—Increase by knitting front and back of first stitch, knit 1, knit 2 together, make 1; knit 3, make 1, slip 1, knit 1, pass slipped stitch over, knit 1, knit front and back of last stitch.
2nd row.—Knit 13.
3rd row.—As 1st, but knit 5 instead of 3.
4th row.—Knit 15.
5th row.—As 3rd, but knit 7 instead of 5.



6th row.—Knit 17.
7th row.—Increase, knit 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2 knit 2, together, make 1, knit 1, make 1, slip 1, knit 1, pass slipped stitch over, knit 2, make 1, slip 1, knit 1, pass slipped stitch over, knit 1, increase.
8th row.—Knit 19.
9th row.—As 7th, but knit 3 in centre instead of 1.
10th row.—Knit 21.
11th row.—Slip 1, knit 1, pass slipped stitch over, knit 3, make 1, slip 1, knit 1, pass slipped

stitch over, knit 2, make 1, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass slipped stitch over, make 1, knit 2, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 3, knit 2 together.
12th row.—Knit 19.
13th row.—Slip 1, knit 1, pass slipped stitch over, knit 3, make 1, slip 1, knit 1, pass slipped stitch over, knit 5, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 3, knit 2 together.
14th row.—Knit 17.
15th row.—As 13th, but knit 3 instead of 5.
16th row.—Knit 15.
17th row.—As 15th, but knit 1 instead of 3.
18th row.—Knit 13.
19th row.—Slip 1, knit 1, pass slipped stitch over, knit 3, make 1, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass slipped stitch over, make 1, knit 3, knit 2 together.
20th row.—Knit 11.
Repeat these twenty rows for length required.

What has been done for and by Indian Ladies

A LADY'S LIBERALITY FOR EDUCATION
(Communicated.)

This with great pleasure that we learn about the establishment of a Junior Madrasah in the District of Burdwan. At the instance of Moulvi A. S. H. Hossain, Assistant Inspector of Schools, Burdwan Division, in charge of Mahomedan Education, who fully outlined and explained the new scheme of Mr. Earle, C. I. E., the late Director of Public Instruction, Bengal, in connection with the improvement of Mahomedan education, to Fatimah Khatune Bibi, the lady Zemindar of Kushumgram, the representative of once famous Mussalman Zemindar family of the village, through Moulvi Ziaun Nabi, her nephew and manager, and Moulvi Md. Waju, her eldest son, the lady Zemindar sent an application to the Director of Public Instruction, Bengal, praying for the establishment of a Junior Madrasah at her village. Mr. G. W. Kuchler, M.A., the present Director of Public Instruction, Bengal, lost no time in calling for a report

from Mr. Lambert, C.M.A., I.E.S., the Inspector of Schools of the Burdwan Division, who, we are glad to say, takes a very keen and lively interest in the Educational Advancement of the Mahomedans of the Burdwan Division. Mr. Lambert deputed Moulvi A. S. H. Hossain to hold a preliminary personal enquiry into the matter. The Moulvi reached Kushumgram on the 30th of August last, and in consultation with Moulvi Ziaun Nabi, Moulvi Md. Waju, and other relations of the lady Zemindar, settled the preliminaries, and made necessary arrangements for the establishment of the Madrasah at Kushumgram.

There is no manner of doubt that there is a stir in the Mahomedan world. There is an upheaval everywhere. A strong sense of go-aheadism appears to be visible in the Mahomedan community. A sense of educational backwardness and the consequent downfall, degradation and humiliation brought on by it, has permeated every strata of Mussalman society. There is a desire to take advantage of the blessings of education offered by the Educational Institutions of the country, with a view to regain their lost ground. This is a happy and healthy sign of the time and we hope this new-born spirit should be encouraged to work out the salvation of the Mahomedan community. The example set by Fatimah Khatune Bibi of Kushumgram should be imitated by the other Zemindars of the province who have the amelioration and betterment of the Mahomedan community at heart.

We are extremely glad to hear that the lady is going to create an endowment of landed property yielding an income of about Rs. 1,000 for the maintenance of the proposed Madrasah, which is to be supplemented by more than an equal amount by the benign Government for the proper upkeep of the Institution. She has constructed a decent pacca building at a cost of Rs. 5,000 for the proposed Madrasah. She is about to build a decent house for the accommodation of the boarders and is willing to maintain a number of poor and deserving Mahomedan boys at her cost. She will attach a respectable library to the Institution at a cost of about Rs. 5,000 including Arabic, Persian, Urdu, Bengali and English books. At her own cost she will supply furniture and educational appliances for the use of the teachers and the taught of the school. To crown all she intends to open a reading room for the benefit of the reading public of Kushumgram. The lady, indeed, is highly deserving of the esteem of the public of the province and is entitled to the gratitude of the Mussalman community.

A BHATTIA WIDOW REMARRIAGE.

Shrimati Manekbai the widowed daughter of Rao Bahadur Vissanji Khimji was remarried at the Widow Remarriage Hall, Girgaon, in the presence of a large number of friends, relatives and sympathisers, among whom were the Hon. Mr. G. K. Parekh, Mr. Damodardas Gordhandas Sukhadwala, Mr. Raghavayya, Solicitor, Mr. Bhagwandas Madhavdas, Mr. S. S. Ragnekar and others.—*The Indu Prakash.*

FEMALE EDUCATION AT ALIGARH

A deputation from the Mahomedan College at Aligarh is now visiting Karachi with the object of collecting subscriptions for the establishment of a Female Normal School at Aligarh with the object of giving a thoroughly sound education and preparation for the career of teaching to women who desire to become teachers from all parts of India. Rs. 40,000 has already been collected for the cost of the actual building which is to be equipped with special purdah arrangements and an income of Rs. 525 for the school has been secured. The Begum of Bhopal has further obtained the services of a Mahomedan gentleman on a salary of Rs. 200 a month to prepare special text-books for use in the School. The School will be under the control of the Secretary to the College, Nawab Vikar-ul-Mulk. Female education is of such enormous importance to the progress of any community that great sympathy will be felt in all enlightened circles with this practical effort to encourage it at Aligarh. In Karachi there is a strong feeling already in favour of female education among Mahomedans, and the mission of the young Aligarhians is certain of liberal support. The proposal is one which, when carried out, will benefit the Mahomedan community, not of one place, only, but throughout India.

STANLEY'S GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL

Among the many institutions for the promotion of female education in South India without distinction of caste or creed the Stanley Girls' High School of Hyderabad (Deccan) should take a leading place. Though founded only a few years ago its popularity among the classes for whose special benefit it was established is daily increasing and we are very glad to learn from the *Indian Ladies Magazine* for August 1909 that the School supplies a real local want and that it is being managed efficiently in all departments with the result that it is second to no other similar institution in the Deccan. Miss A. Evans, B.Sc. is the Lady Principal and much of the success of the school is due to her indefatigable labours. We are told that Miss

Evans evinces a praiseworthy interest in the management of the school in all its details and that in addition to her regular duties she manages a Ladies' Training School stated on her own initiative. It would appear that the work of the School in the various branches is well looked after by Miss Evans whose devotion, tact and ability can scarcely be surpassed, that the management is in keeping with modern requirements and the perfect mutual sympathy and harmony exist between Miss Evans and her pupils. We are gratified to observe that the fact of Miss Evans being a European lady is no obstacle to the cultivation of friendship between her and her Indian pupils and in this respect, Miss Evans is following in the footsteps of the professors of the Madras Christian College, who too cultivated friendship with *our boys*. We hope that Miss Evans will long continue in her noble work of dispelling ignorance and uplifting her Indian sisters and that her disinterested labours will bear fruit in the fulness of time when the daughters of India will take their rightful place in virtue of their enlightenment and nobility of character. The labours of Miss Evans and of others working with similar motives ought therefore to be welcomed by all true well-wishers of the country for there can be no doubt that the present condition of Indian women leaves much to be desired. Socially they are a negligible quantity and in all Indian social functions Indian ladies are conspicuous by their absence. Intellectually they are extremely backward for it is a notorious fact that Indian parents fight shy of educating their girl or if they do send them to school their education is confined to the three R's. It is well-known that the community as a whole much less interest in giving suitable education to the girls than to the boys. Any institution therefore which like the Stanley Girls' High School devotes its attention to the cultivation of the intellect of Indian Girls is entitled to our gratitude and it is on this account are welcome the efforts of Miss Evans and those associated with her in the honourable work of enlarging the mental out-look of Indian ladies.

HINDU WIDOWS

The condition of Hindu widows has greatly been misrepresented by interested persons in foreign countries. True, their condition is deplorable, but not so dark as has been printed. The brush of tar has, indeed, been laid very thick. The troubles and hardships under which the Hindu widows labour proceed more from the Hindu's ignorance or wrong conception of the teaching of the Shastras on the subject than from any other cause. Mrs. Bose did well to refer to the condition of Hindu women in her address.

With regard to this question, she says that personally she belongs to a community which has taken up an attitude of protest against the position of the Hindu widow, especially in relation to the child-widow. The Brahmo Samaj has done all that it could to advocate remarriage of the child widow; to postpone the age of betrothal and to mitigate the standards of hardships and asceticism which widows are expected to follow. But at the same time it is well to remember that orthodox Hinduism is a society permeated by monastic ideals and that in the orthodox society, as she points out, the condition of the widow represents holiness and all that is most to be revered. It is among widows that Hinduism finds its saints. And Mrs. Bose in this connection traces the work of the Brahmo Samaj in respect of widows. The Brahmo Samaj has assigned a role of less rigid austerity to the widowed, but it has not been content to rest there. It has attempted to open up wider careers in the professions to all women and has striven to work constructively for the amelioration of the unhealthy. While it has advocated individual choice, the best of the Brahmo Samaj, Mrs. Bose says, "shares to the full the national prejudice against the remarriage of less one who has been a wife." The Brahmo Samaj, no less than the Orthodox Samaj, does not think that the solemn vow of fidelity ceases to bind us at death. It believes that marriage is in the ideal at least between soul and soul and mind and mind.

We are glad to find that Mrs. Bose, though a Brahmo Samajist by faith, has not lost sight of the national ideals which our forefathers the ancient Aryas set up for ourselves and which we are following to-day.

A WIDOW MARRIAGE IN KURNOOL

Mr. M. Venkatakrishnayya, Head Clerk of the Kurnool District Court, is a man of action, fearless in acting as he thinks proper and undeterred by obstacles which would have overwhelmed other men who have not the courage of their convictions. He had a daughter who was so unfortunate as to lose her husband in her tenth year and the sight of his dear child being doomed to life-long widowhood and all the misery it entailed, made a deep impression on his mind. He was an orthodox Brahmin, well versed in the ancient Hindu sacred writings, and after satisfying himself that they did not prohibit the remarriage of virgin widows, he made up his mind to get his daughter remarried. He thereupon consulted several of his friends, who affected to sympathise with him, probably thinking that Mr. Venkatakrishnayya was only discussing the subject as an academic problem and

that he would scarcely have the courage to take the bold step of getting his widowed daughter remarried. After a good deal of trouble he succeeded in selecting a suitable young man of his caste to marry his daughter and the event, we are told, took place on the 26th August last in Kurnool in the presence of a large and distinguished assembly composed of the friends and well-wishers of the reform party. We are grieved to learn that some educated Hindu gentlemen, from whom better things are expected, threw obstacles in the way and that the owner of the building in which Mr. Venkatakrishnayya was living, an ardent Theosophist and a former President of the Ceded District Social Conference asked him to evict the house or to refrain from performing the marriage in his house and that as no local Purohit could be persuaded to officiate at the ceremony one had to be telegraphed for from Rajahmundry through Mr. Veerasalingam Pantulu. These incidents form melancholy reading as they show of what poor stuff some of our educated countrymen are made. They show that the veneer of western civilization of the Indians is in many cases but skin deep and that they do not display the same alacrity in setting our society in order which they evince in what is called political agitation. In pleasing contrast to the shameful action of these few men, stands the behaviour of some of the leading Vakeels and Hindu officials of Kurnool, who not only took part in the celebration but actually took part in the dinner given in honour of the occasion.

This is, indeed, an unique event in the history of this small and out of the way station and Mr. Venkatakrishnayya deserves to be heartily congratulated on his fearless action which involved odium and social ostracism of a kind inconceivable by Western nations. Mr. Venkatakrishnayya is not evidently one of those numerous lip-reformers who grow eloquent about social reform on public platforms and whose courage lamentably fails them when the time for action arrives. He seems to be a man who, though in a humble station in life, possesses great force of character and also a warm heart which made him feel for the misery of his daughter; for had he been one who cared for ease and popular good will, he would have remained indifferent to his daughter's unhappy lot as so many Hindu parents are to-day. It is impossible, in the present state of the country, to exaggerate the significance of the excellent example set by Mr. Venkatakrishnayya. What the country needs at the present day is not mere talkers and empty babblers but men of deeds, men endowed with courage, sympathy and force of character, characteristic of this humble clerk in a moss-fossil station. It only remains for us to commend

once more the excellent precedent of Mr. Venkatakrishnayya to his educated countrymen who we hope, will be profited by his praiseworthy course of action in regard to a matter affecting the best interests of Hindu Society.

WOMEN'S HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY

The third Anniversary Meeting of the "Women's Home Missionary Society" was held at Poona a few days ago. How this Society originated will be interesting to our readers. Five Eurasian and Anglo-Indian girls were having their holidays on the Nilgiris. When they met, they exchanged opinions and as a result induced other young persons to join them in forming a Women's Home Missionary Society. The object of the Society is to rouse Eurasians and Anglo-Indians for the work of Evangelizing India for which purpose (1) the Society aims to arouse the two communities to minister to the social and spiritual needs of the domiciled community and (2) to train and supply workers to Mission Societies who work among the Indian population. The Society has just completed its third year of existence and has been quietly at work. It has already organized eleven auxiliaries, two of which are in Bangalore, and one in each of the following places:—Bombay, Calcutta, Cocanada, Coimbatore, Guntur, Hyderabad (Deccan) Lucknow, Madras, Ootacamund and Poona. During the period under review ending with December 1908 Rs. 4,579.15-3 were contributed. Of this sum, Rs. 460 were lost in the Arbuthnot Bank failure, Rs. 120 were spent in training a student, Rs. 240 were spent in support of two mission agents; Rs. 413 in education scholarships, and Rs. 680 in travelling during the three years. The balance is partly in the Post Office Savings Bank, and partly with the Treasurer of the Society. The amount which is now in the credit of the society up to the 30th of June 1909 is Rs. 3,862. An auxiliary has just been opened at Jabalpur. The membership of the society at present is 370 and the annual subscription per member is Rs. 2. A worker is now being trained in Madras, one in Lucknow, one in Mussoorie and one at Muttra; Bangalore supports a worker; the work in Ooty is among Eurasians and in connection with the C. M. S., a worker is also supported in connection with the Baptist Missionary Society.

At the Poona Meeting Dr. Eva D'Prazer the President of the Society gave a spirited address on the privileges, the motive, spirit and power of the service and was followed by other addresses which were full of ringing truths. The Society is interdenominational and corresponds with the National Missionary Society, with the difference that it is entirely managed by Christian ladies.

The first inaugural conference was held at Richmond Town M. E. Church at Bangalore in 1906, and the next Conference will be held at Lucknow in 1911. The Honorary General Secretary of the Society is Miss Mergler, Cluttor, North Arcot, who will give every information regarding the working of the Society.

A ROMANTIC STORY.

A romantic story was yesterday morning, related to Mr. Walker, Deputy Commissioner, Port Police, by a young Hindu Girl. She said she was residing with her husband at Fyzabad. Her husband had recently married another wife who seemed to be the more favoured of the two, and in consequence began, neglecting his first wife. The latter, finding her life intolerable, decided to abandon her husband and accordingly a few days ago, when her husband had taken his co-wife to an entertainment, the girl left her home taking with her, her son aged about nine months, leaving her daughter behind. The girl made her way towards the Fyzabad Railway Station and took up her seat near the booking office. She had with her about Rs. 6 in cash, and not knowing how to purchase a ticket, and being afraid to ask anyone lest information might be given to her husband. She decided to watch the first person who bought a ticket so that she might do the same. The girl eventually heard an intending passenger ask for a ticket for Howrah. So she did the same. On arrival at Howrah, the girl made her way blindly towards Calcutta, followed by some people. The girl asked several questions to the people who followed her, but not being able to get a satisfactory reply, she made her way to No. 4 Jetty in Strand Road where a kind Bengalee took charge of her. The girl carried on her person a large amount of jewellery such as a gold nose-ring and several large silver *ballas* amounting in all to about Rs. 500. One of the disappointed crowd, who had followed the girl from Howrah Station and who saw the girl being taken charge of by the Bengalee, gave information to the beat constable who demanded the release of the girl. After some little trouble, the girl was released and made over to the Second Division Port Police. The Deputy Commissioner ordered the Police to enquire if the girl could be admitted into any charitable institution for the present, and her husband will be communicated with accordingly.



News and Notes.

SCOTTISH WOMEN AND SUFFRAGE.—Scottish women are taking an active and courageous part in the suffrage movement. Miss Wallace Dunlop, who began the recent hunger strike, is Scotch, and the woman who fasted longest—six days and seven hours—was a Miss Mackenzie. The young woman of St. Margaret's College in Glasgow and those of Edinburgh University have started college papers devoted to woman suffrage. They are the first college girls in the world to do so. The Misses Scott, who were arrested the other day for standing in silence in the street outside of Mr. Asquith's house with suffrage petitions and were sentenced to prison for three weeks, are graduates of Edinburgh University. Lady Jane Steel, the widow of a Provost of Edinburgh, let her goods be sold for taxes not long ago, as a protest against taxation without representation. Miss Chrystal Macmillan's address before the House of Lords, in defence of the right of women graduates of Scottish Universities to vote, has become famous. Edinburgh had a woman suffrage procession some little time ago, and a great Scottish demonstration is in preparation, to be held there on Oct. 9.

So far as we are aware, the only Scottish Society in America to take action either for or against suffrage is the Daughters of the Heather in Rhode Island. They petitioned for it.

WITH WOMEN'S CLUBS.—Some of the women's clubs have grown so attractive that the men want to join, and the women are not showing themselves so obdurate about letting them in as some of our legislators have been about admitting women to the ballot. The Toledo City Federation of Women's Clubs at its recent convention made a new departure by enrolling twenty-five "club husbands" as honorary members. This ceremony took place on "men's night." The husbands who wished to join formed a procession, headed by ten clubwomen, and marched into music, surrounding the platform where Mrs. W. A. Humphrey, the president, laid down the rules and regulations, and administered the oath of fealty. "You have promised to cherish and support us as long as we live," she said, "and the small membership fee is but a part of the obligation. You will be expected to keep the telephone lines free for our use. You will be given opportunity to join any of our classes. In the psychology class you may learn to know yourselves and better understand us. In the art classes you will learn how to choose pictures for our Christmas gifts. But the most advantages to you will be

found in the domestic science classes. You will have free use of the kitchen, classes will convene at noon for your convenience, and you will be dismissed at an early hour, so that you may have dinner waiting for us upon our return.

WOMEN OF THE PRESS.—Among the press women who "covered" the meetings of the International Council of Women at Toronto was Mrs. Evelyn Gough, delegate from Melbourne, Australia. For a number of years Mrs. Gough was joint proprietor and editor of the Sun, a weekly newspaper in Melbourne. Always intensely interested in woman suffrage she freely preached through her paper, largely a society organ. According to Mrs. Gough, journalism is clean in Australia, and the press takes a great part in public and reform movements. Women on newspapers there receive about \$750 for unimportant positions, to \$1500 for the best.

Miss Bertha Damaris Knobe, well known some years ago as one of the most capable newspapers women in the mid-West, is now a resident of New York City and an extensive contributor to magazines. During her summer rest at Battle Creek, Mich., she has undertaken to secure a thousand signatures to the national petition for woman suffrage.

Beau Monde of Dallas, Tex., is a breezy weekly paper, now in its fourteenth year, that has reached a distinct financial success through the energy and perseverance of its founder, publisher, manager and editor, Mrs. Hugh N. Fitzgerald.

"The Home Alliance," a weekly local paper of Woodland, Calif., has entered upon its nineteenth year with the good record not having missed an issue. Its editor, Mrs. S. A., keeps it true to its motto, "Good, the True, the Tender: these form the Wealth of Home."

The Southern Scribe, the new weekly from New Orleans, has its twenty pages filled with news and matters of interest to the extreme Southland, and in part to the general reader. It is the exponent of the wholesome life and endeavour of the city; no scandals, "family skeleton," or exploitation of crimes and the underworld are permitted to mire its columns. Its purpose is to become what the great, moneyed press of the country has declared an impossibility—an interesting and successful clean newspaper. The editor of the Southern Scribe, Mrs. Alice K. Saint Martin (Margery Dare) is a member of the Era Club, and a strong suffragist. As state chairman of the Child Hygiene Department of the National Congress of Mothers, and state organizer for the Delineator Mothers' Conference, now running through the pages of that magazine, Mrs. Saint Martin has been visiting the cities of Louisiana this summer, giving lec-

tures on the care of children and the education of mothers. In combining the two, she has met with unusual success. Everywhere she has had eager audiences, and her appeals to the mothers have resulted in many strong organizations for the welfare of the child.

Miss Edith Minitier of Boston has just been elected president of the National Amateur Press Association. This is the first time in its nearly forty years of existence that a woman has been chosen president of that organization. Miss Minitier edits and publishes the *Aftermath*, a periodical devoted to history, and contributes to magazines.

A woman journalist, Mme. Flamonkova, has just been allowed to sit in the press gallery and report the proceedings of the Berlin Landtag. Never before, it is said, has a woman had this privilege in Germany.

E. M. A.

WOMEN PHYSICIANS

Last month when a passenger train plunged into the Missouri river, thirty miles from Kansas City, Dr. Turner Lohveck, a woman physician of St. Louis, was the heroine of the wreck, according to railroad officials and passengers. In thirty minutes she gave temporary treatment to twenty-seven injured persons, several women passengers assisting her by preparing bandages.

Led by Dr. Lenora E. Kibbe, the women of San Francisco, Cal., have recently made an active crusade for pure milk.

Dr. Mary Wolfe has resigned her position as superintendent of the women's department of the State Hospital at Norristown, Pa., and will open a private sanitarium in Philadelphia.

Dr. Matilda A. Evans, a colored woman, founder of the hospital and training school for nurses for the colored people of Columbia, S. C., is visiting in the North in the interests of her work. She is a graduate of the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia. "She began practice about ten years ago, the first licensed woman physician in the State of South Carolina. Dr. Evans is recognized in her city and State as a sincere, capable leader of her race. She has the confidence of the white people, and the white physicians of Columbia co-operate with her in conducting her hospital. She is now striving to collect sufficient funds to put up a suitable hospital building with modern conveniences.

"FOOCHOW, CHINA, YOUNG WOMAN CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION"

"Heretofore, the Young Women's Christian Association has developed only the religious department, but this term we are endeavouring to carry out the four fold aim of the Young

Women's Christian Association to develop its members spiritually, socially, intellectually and physically. We have a literary and social evening once a month, and in the physical department we are planning an innovation in the shape of basket ball. In our Mission Study we are reading 'Pioneers of the Cross.' Our Young Women's Christian Association is conducted entirely in Chinese, but this term a literary society has been organized which is conducted in English, and promises to be a very helpful factor in making our girls lose this fear of speaking in a foreign tongue."

WOMEN IN THE CHURCHES.—"Municipal Housekeeping" was the topic dealt with by the Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane at the Summer School of Ethics, which has just closed its second session at Madison, Wis. Mrs. Crane was well qualified to treat of her subject. In addition to the remarkable work that she has done in her own city of Kalamazoo, she has made herself so great an authority on the best methods of municipal housekeeping that other cities now send her official invitations to come and study their conditions and advise them as to where they can introduce improvements. One reform recommended by Mrs. Crane will appeal to all housekeepers. This is that the street sweepings, instead of being left in piles till the carts can call for them, shall immediately be enclosed in bags. Otherwise much of the lighter rubbish blows away before the carts get there.

THE VALUE OF COLLEGE LIFE FOR WOMEN.—In the current number of the *Madras Christian College Magazine*, Miss Maida Lenwood writes an interesting article on this subject. She traces the gradual change in the conception of women's education in Great Britain and proceeds to give an account of college life for women at the present day and to estimate its value she writes:

At the age of eighteen or nineteen a girl who intends to go on to the university leaves school, where she has studied up to the Matriculation standard. The more modern Universities of Great Britain are non-residential, and the women who attend classes there live either at home or in private lodgings. In the older Universities of Oxford and Cambridge the residential system for women students is followed as for the men, whilst in some of the other Universities the advantage of the residential system has been so far recognised that hostels are being introduced. The advantage of a residential college life as compared with a non-residential life is so great that a description of the former will alone be given. The main features here described are true of all resi-

dential colleges, but some of the details are characteristic only of women's colleges, in Oxford.

As soon as a girl goes to college she finds herself with some hundred or two hundred students, who are divided up into "years" according to the length of time that they have been in college. The course generally lasts for three or four years, and the first and second years are roughly classed as Juniors, the third and fourth years as Seniors. Her life now falls into two main divisions, the intellectual life and the social life of the college.

The new student must decide what course of study she intends to pursue. Her work is then arranged by the tutor responsible for those taking up that particular branch of study, and before many days have passed a time-table of lectures has been drawn up. The student's work now comprises lectures and private study. During her college course she attends an average of some eight lectures per week. These are arranged primarily for the students of the men's colleges, but women students are also admitted. Thus the women now have access to the very best lectures given in the University. Her reading is directed by her tutor, and the main part of her time is spent in studying the books thus suggested. Twice a week she goes to her tutor either with an essay upon the subject she has been reading up or to discuss with him the difficulties and problems arising out of it. This system of private tuition coupled with public lectures, though it is not followed in all Universities, is of the utmost value. It means not only that the student is brought into contact with some of the keenest intellects (for many of the leading men in the University are willing to take women as pupils), but that in individual work she is compelled not merely to acquire knowledge but to think for herself and to learn how to work. Every student would admit that the real advantage of her college course has not been the amount of knowledge of facts that she has gained, but the discipline that has taught her to think and which in proportion as she has profited by it enables her to grasp facts and principles with greater effectiveness in other spheres.

But whilst the intellectual advantages are of so great value the social life of a residential college is of equal importance. There are societies and clubs of all kinds. The debating society is an excellent training ground in hard, logical reasoning and in self-control. The afternoons spent in games, either on the hockey field, on the river, in the gymnasium or on the tennis court, are times never to be forgotten. In all these sports one learns that each one is but a unit in a whole and yet that the whole is ineffective unless each part

does its work. In a hockey or a tennis match the whole college becomes one and there is no need to talk of *esprit de corps* for it is there, and many a student is encouraged to do her best for the honour of her college, when she cares little for her own distinction. Moreover, in the daily life with a hundred or more students there is the contact of women of very different natures. Originality is encouraged, eccentricities are modified, and in the give and take of daily life, in the modification of one's own plans to suit those of others and the demand to subordinate self-interest to the interest of the whole, there is the life of a society in miniature, and many a student who in her first term was shy and unable to fit in with her companions develops into a strong and useful member of the community whose influence would be of value in any sphere of service.

But though there is so much to be gained from contact with others, community life has its dangers unless there is ample opportunity for private study and thought. This also is provided for in the arrangement of the college buildings. Each student has a room to herself, which she uses as a private study where she may be quite undisturbed and to which she may invite her friends. This opportunity of privacy is one which a girl rarely secures in home life, where her help is so constantly in demand that she cannot count upon definite time for private reading and thought, and the undisturbed hours that she has been able to secure are reckoned as one of the great benefits of college life and one which contributes greatly to the growth of character.

But that which gives college life its lasting value is its religious side. Only a few of the women's colleges are on a religious basis, but in all of them there is a strong religious influence. How can it be excluded when many a student comes to college hard hit by the realities of life and striving to find a faith which will satisfy her religious consciousness? Many and many a time friend has helped friend to break through the clouds of doubt to a strong faith. But this intercourse has only been possible because of the close bond of friendship which grows up with one or two in college life. Such friendship is not mere flattery aping friendship. The real friend does not scruple to criticize, and many an old student, who is out in the world, where so often criticism is cruel and secret, looks back with thankfulness to the courage of a college friend who dared to make friendship real by unsparingly condemning what was wrong and untrue, or who gave her the courage and determination to fight through doubt and indecision to a faith which has made her strong to help others.

And what of all this? Are women any the better for college life? Is not woman's real place in the home, and should she continue her education at so great expenditure of time and money unless she is to have some direct use for it? Whatever her sphere of life may be, every woman who has been privileged to spend three or four years at college will gladly admit that her life there has added immeasurably to her breadth of outlook. College life is not merely an interval of happiness with no bearing upon future life. The discipline of thought and regular study, the development of mind, the training in community life, the warmth of true friendship, are all qualities which are useful to any woman after college life is over, whether she is called to the management of a home, to the profession of teaching or to any other work. Break into a group of fourth year students just drawing to the close of their college life as they are discussing what their life is to be in the future. The prevailing tone is not a desire for the sphere where the greatest amount of pleasure is to be obtained but a desire to spend life where it can be best used for the service of others. Isolated as college life is in many ways from the realities of life, especially from its sadder aspects, yet these very realities, the sorrows and sufferings of the poor, the misery of life in the slums of our great cities, call loudly for attention even during college days. It is not at all an infrequent thing for a student to devote one or two evenings a week during term time to bringing happiness into the lives of those who are less fortunate than herself, and to give up part of her vacation to help in work in the slums of some great city and to bring of the joy of her own life to others. And after college what persists is this same spirit of service, the same compelling thought that life is real and that every life has some service to give.

Many students marry after leaving college and use what they have gained in training their children and in helping in a quiet way those to whom their help is of value. Some take up teaching, and all over the world in colleges and schools are to be found those whose inspiration to serve and give of their best to the younger generation came to them in their college days. Others again are doing hard and strenuous work, having sacrificed the ease which might have been theirs, in the service of those who are poorer than themselves not only in money, but in love and happiness and ideals. In the control of institutions such as hospitals and workhouses for alleviating the sufferings of the poor and destitute, in looking after the training of orphans and the children of paupers, and in bringing their influence to bear upon the improvement of the regulations under which

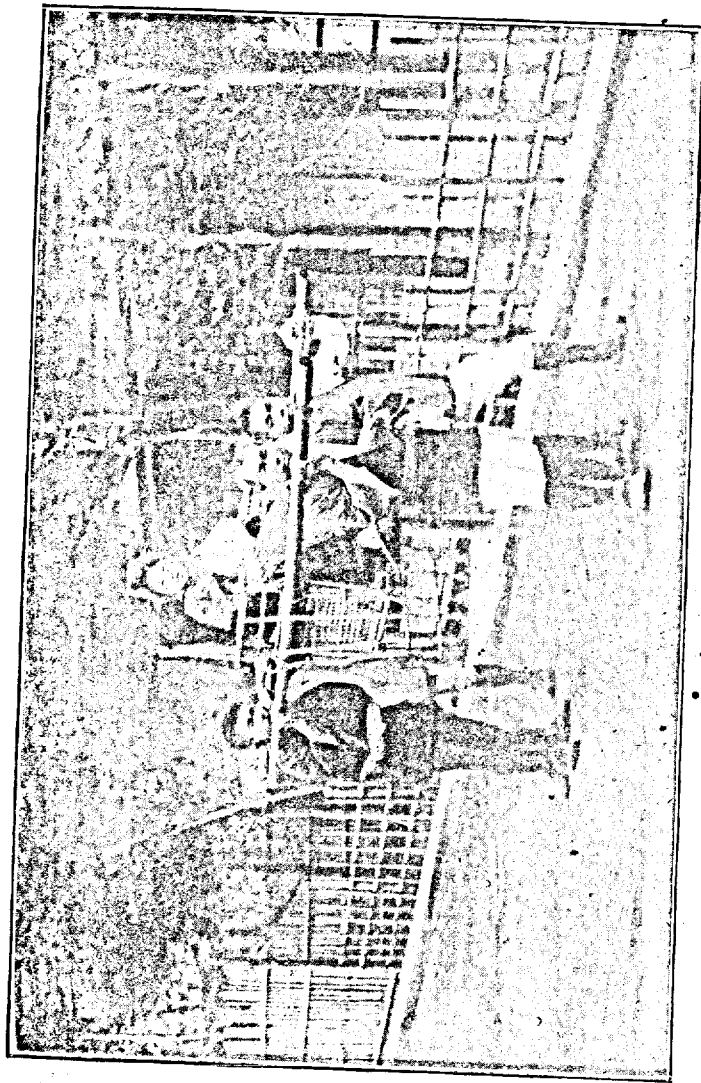
women work in our large factories and of the conditions in which so many of the poor live, the value of women's sympathy and help has come to be more and more acknowledged. There is no reason now-a-days why a woman's life should be without outlook, since public opinion has recognised that her influence may be exercised in so many spheres without loss of womanliness and the truest education of her powers is now open to her. But if it is only the road to brilliant intellectual attainment which has been opened to women, the result

is not worthy of the struggle which has secured it. Fortunately the higher education of women has not stopped short at this result. This movement would have been a failure had it meant the gift of greater intellectual power to women unaccompanied by a sense that greater privileges bring with them greater responsibility. To give of one's best to others where and how and when possible is the aim which has dominated the higher education of women, and it has not been altogether unfulfilled in the lives of those to whom this boon has been granted.

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RIDING CHAIR, MIYANOSHITA, HAKONE, JAPAN
(See Lady Benson's article on Japan)



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

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[No. 5

RESURRECTION

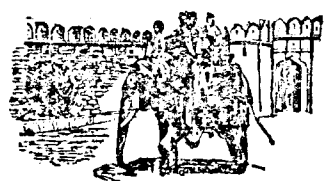
*The nightingale pauses in her trill
Of melody and delight;
The sounds of the day are hushed and still
In the calm of the summer night.
The sun goes down, and across the sky
The shadows swiftly roll;
The stars come out, and alone am I
With Nature and my soul.*

*Then my soul it speaks as the night descends
Tenderly, still, and deep,
And says, "What shall be when Life's day ends?
Just Death and a dreamless sleep?"
Not alone, for as morn with her glory wakes
The Earth back to life and light,
So the dawn of the Resurrection breaks
On the slumber of Death's dark night.*

Glimpses of a Tour in Japan

VI

(By Lady Benson)



JAPAN is rich in hill resorts, and the dwellers in the large towns of Tokio and Yokohama are lucky in having two beautiful hill stations, within a few hours' reach of them by train. I have already described one of them, Nikko, to the north of Tokio, and will now tell you about our visit to the other, Mi-yan-csh-i-ta, to the south-west of Yokohama. We had to retrace our steps from Nikko back to Tokio, and on to Yokohama. There we were in luck to come in for the decorations in honour of the visit of the American fleet, and to see in the Harbour all ships of the American fleet, and nearly the same number of the Japanese fleet. The decoration of the streets was carried out in the same thorough, well organized manner which the Japanese seem to apply to everything they undertake. Special paper lanterns had been designed and made for the occasion, each bearing the flags of Japan and America—these were hung from red and white venetian poles, and from dainty double-storied paper umbrellas, hoisted on the tops of the poles, with gaily coloured paper chains slung from post to post. The whole scheme was gay and symmetrical, at various cross-roads special triumphal arches of greenery had been erected by the different guilds and societies of the town, by Bankers, Merchants, etc., with appropriate mottoes and dates.

Hundreds of people had come up from the country to see the Fleet, and Government had issued printed instructions as to their behaviour! e.g., "they were not to stare at foreigners, they were not to show any astonishment if they saw a man and woman holding each other by the arm, they were not to be cruel to animals before foreigners, as they much disliked that," and so on, through a very extraordinary list! Of course these instructions were not for the town folk of Japan, nor for the educated, but for the country pumpkins, to whom "foreigners" with their queer looks, dress, and incomprehensible ways, are still a matter of wonder and amazement.

We unfortunately missed seeing the procession of 10,000 Japanese each carrying aloft a paper lantern. A lady describing to me the fairy-

like scene, said that apart from the beauty of the dancing lights, the fact that not one of them caught fire struck her as being so remarkable; almost any other nation would have been bound to set a lantern or two on fire, and the spread of fire in such a dense crowd, carrying so much inflammable matter, must have been rapid, but in a Japanese crowd no one seems to think of such a possibility. Albeit fires, if not connected with paper lantern processions, used to be terribly common in Japan's towns of wood and paper-built houses; so much so that "Yedo blossoms" was the nickname given to the flames which used almost nightly, in winter, to light up the chief town. The Japanese language has special terms for different kinds of fires, for an incendiary fire, an accidental fire, a fire starting from one's own house, a fire caught from next door, a fire which one shares with others, a visit of condolence after a fire, and so on. Every year on the 4th of January the firemen parade the streets with their tall light ladders, and give a gymnastic performance gratis. The most famous of all the many great Yedo fires was that of 1657 when nearly half the city was destroyed, and over 107,000 persons are said to have perished in the flames. It will be remembered that the Great Fire of London took place in 1666 and that 1,300 houses and 90 churches were then destroyed.

Having had a letter of introduction to the Admiral of the Japanese Fleet, he very kindly sent one of his officers—to call and accompany us on our visit to Admiral Togo's Flagship the "Fuji." He was a cheery young fellow most anxious to talk and improve his knowledge of English. He amused us greatly by saying "You English, some of you say things one way and some another way"; seeing that we did not quite understand what he meant, he went on to explain "Some of you pronounce the word 'p-a-p-e-r' (spelling it) 'piper,' and others 'paper' which is the right way?" Then he said "What is it you call the London?" I suggested the city, but that was not what he wanted; after many guesses we arrived at "metropolis." Then for about ten minutes he set to work to learn this word—its spelling, correct pronunciation and exact meaning. His intense earnestness, and serious purposeful determination to acquire knowledge and conquer difficulty struck us very much, and we thought how very characteristic it was of the Japanese nation. About ten minutes in the steam launch brought us to the side of the "Fuji;" several polite Japanese Officers he'ped us up on board. We were first shown into the saloon, where we sat and awaited the Captain. It was distinctly awkward

* "Things Japanese." B. H. Chamberlain.

when he arrived, for, unlike most Japanese, he had practically no knowledge of English, and we, like most English, had absolutely no grasp of Japanese. However, we shook hands, and he tried to show by bows and smiles that he was very pleased to see us, and offered us tea and smokes, and then detailed the young officer who was with us on the launch to show us over the ship. I am afraid I am not "up" in battleships, so the fewer remarks made about the "Fuji" comparing her with other battleships the better!

From the bridge we had a magnificent view of the combined American and Japanese fleets drawn up in two double lines. The American ships looked very smart, painted white with yellow funnels, glistening and sparkling in the sunlight, but the Japanese looked much more business-like, painted slate-gray all over, almost invisible against the gray sea. The young officer took great pride in showing us where the "Fuji" had been struck by a shell from the Russian fleet in the Russo-Japanese War, and also a fragment of the actual shell by which she had been struck. Having been all over the ship, we were again taken to the Saloon where the Captain joined us, and we carried on a pleasant, though very halting conversation with the young officer as interpreter; and, having been refreshed with tea, we said goodbye with many bows and smiles, and were soon on terra firma again.

Before leaving Yokohama we visited the beautiful cemetery on the Bluff for the purpose of seeing and photographing the grave of the late Doctor S. Sattianadhan, our friend and fellow townsman of Madras. The country is beautifully kept, and is the resting-place of men and women of many nations—English, French, Germans, Swedes and Danes, Russians and Americans. Many epitaphs are written in strange languages, some even in Greek. We found the grave we were looking for on the slope of the hill, surrounded by beautiful crosses. The epitaph was printed in gold, on a plain granite slab and ran as follows:—

IN LOVING MEMORY OF
SAMUEL SATTIANADHAN, M.A. LL.D.,
CANTAB.

Madras, South India,
Fellow of the University of Madras,
Professor of Mental and Moral Science in the
Government Presidency College,
and for some time
Acting Deputy Director of Public Instruction,
Madras;
who died on the 4th April, 1906, aged 45 years,
at Yokohama,
where he had gone with a view of studying

the educational systems of Japan, after completing a lecturing tour in the American Universities on the Indian Systems of Philosophies. His profound scholarship combined with true Christian humility, his high ideals of life, his deep devotion to duty, his gentle and manly manners, and his untiring efforts for the social, moral, and spiritual welfare of his countrymen won for him the sincere love of all who knew him—both Europeans and Indians. His death was mourned all over India.

"Looking unto Jesus the Author and Perfector of our faith." Heb. 2.

Erected by his bereaved wife, to perpetuate his memory in a foreign land.

Mi-yan-osh-ita is in the mountainous district or, as we should call it, the "County" of Hakone. It is reached by an easy journey from Yokohama, first by train to Kozu on the beautiful Odawara Bay, then by electric tram for ten miles to Yumoto, and after that by rikshas for four miles up a steep mountain gorge. The railway journey passes through beautiful country with varying views of the mountains, and sea, with the unending interest of watching the people working in the fields. They use such clean white wood buckets and hoes, treble, the length of Indian mamoties, and clean white wooden rakes. They bestow minute care and attention to every available inch of ground. Mulberry shrubs are planted around plots of rice or millet; the women in blue cotton trousers and blouses, and three-cornered white and blue cotton 'kerchiefs tied round their heads, go about with baskets full of manure and drop it over the ground hoed up by the long hoes of the men. All seem to be at work always, and to be always laughing and smiling.

Miyaroshita answers to Coonoor, and is situated in a gorge up a mountain valley. The scenery is grander, but more shut in than Coonoor, until the summits are climbed, and then the views are extensive and magnificent. The hill sides spurt with boiling mineral water, and there are hot wayside baths, and dainty bamboo fountains, and Japanese tea houses embowered in masses of vari-coloured dahlias, and kosmias over 7ft. high. The little village streets are crammed full of lovely little shops open to the road and right through to the other side. These shops are full of inlaid wood work, boxes, trays, photo-frames and toys all beautifully made. We have known Coonoor for 36 years, and in that time no Indian has opened an hotel there, or done anything to "make" the place. There is water power, but no electric light; there are numerous artisans, excellent at wood-work, mat-making, cloth-weaving, and pottery, but there is no shop in Coonoor at which visitors can buy Indian curios and

manufactures; there is timber, but no chalets are built. In Japan's but lately awakened land there are not only industrious artisans, but there are intelligent energetic *individuals*, full of character and go, able and willing to make use of the artisans, who go ahead full of enterprise and endeavour. Our "Host of the Inn" and his wife are an example. They are the daintiest little couple. He dressed in European cloths looking like a Frenchman, and she in pretty Japanese costume. They have created the beautiful Hotel by their own initiative and capital. It holds 100 people, is lighted with electricity, supplied with hot and cold mineral baths, free at all times of the day, in a series of white marble baths in white pine wood bath-rooms. The hall, drawing-rooms, writing rooms and dining-room would grace a Paris or West End of London hotel; the furniture, colouring, pictures, etc., are in such good taste. Everything is Japanese except where it cannot be, i.e., the Japanese (like Indians of old) use no chairs, or bedsteads, or tables, so these necessarily have to be "European," but the floors are matted with Japanese mats, and the chairs and sofas are covered with Japanese cotton crepe, and the pictures on the walls are painted by Japanese artists. The little Japanese women who wait at table are so sweet and gentle and smiling. It would delight an English housewife to see the thoroughness of all that they do and the cleanliness of their ways. After breakfast, every white table cloth is folded up (the dining room is full of little round tables), every vase of flowers removed, till the next meal at 12-30 and the floor is swept after every meal.

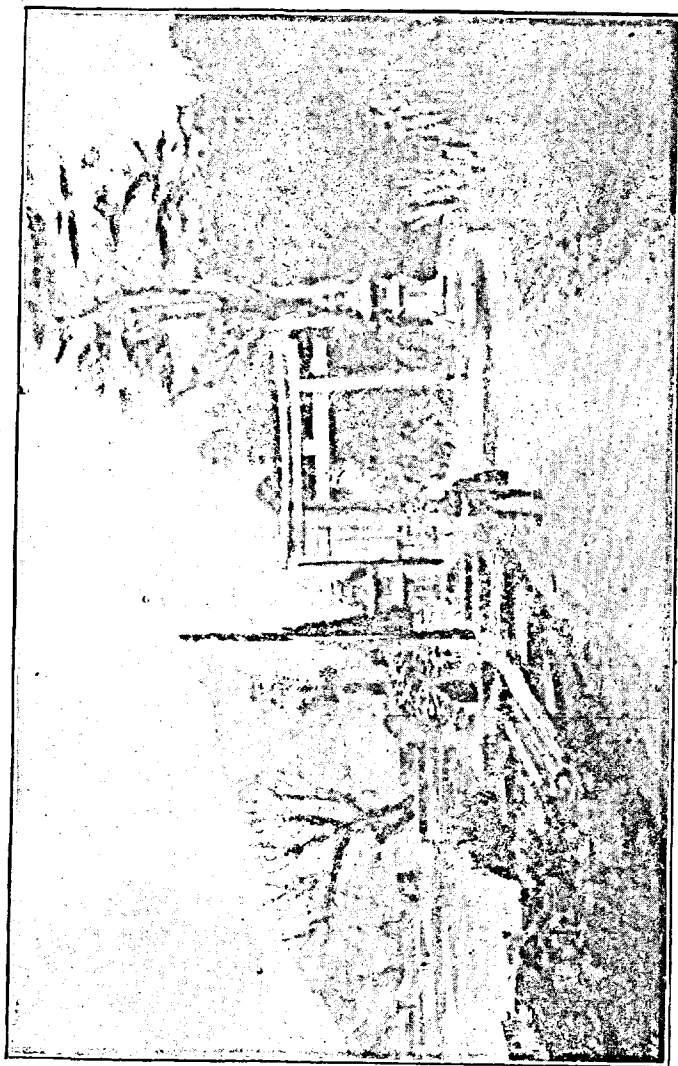
The front hall, a large wooden floored room, with tables covered with newspapers and magazines, and used as a smoking room, was washed out three times every day with hot water! I passed through their corridors of pantries and kitchens at all hours of the day, and till 9 o'clock at night. There were the little maids, beautifully dressed, all hard at work, several using knife machines, cleaning the dinner knives, another group on their knees polishing the silver spoons and forks; others arranging all the dainty red lacquer trays, and pretty sets of tea cups and saucers. There was no smoke, no dirt, no noise or clatter. Their English stools, and sinks for washing up were all sweet and clean, inside and outside. I never saw, on the three weeks we spent in the hotel, any "mess" of any kind, no egg shells, or potato peels, straw, no bits of paper lying about. There was no European supervision in the hotel, all was Japanese, and most excellently was everything done. A stroll through the village street is a delightful experience. Not only are the little village shops full of ex-

quisitely fitted and made wood work, but there are enough embroideries, pottery, porcelain, pictures, bronzes, lacquer, postcards, toys, etc., etc., to stock the main street of a good English town! It is wonderful to see the frail little wooden shanties in which these masses of art materials are kept! One feels as if a breath of wind would sweep through and swirl them away; or a match thrown would burn them up like hay; and yet they withstand torrents of rain without a leak, and howling winds without a misplaced timber, and shocks of earthquakes, and there they stand as before! On our return from our stroll we found two of the little waiting maids, in their kimonos, and clogs, polishing away at a long shutter of glass, which they had slipped out of the verandah (all windows slip out like screens); they were simply doubled up with laughter, cackling like school girls. As soon as their work is done, they take out their knitting or crochet and work away most industriously at some jacket or cap, or comforter. I never saw one idle, or sleeping, or "simply sitting." They were much interested in a piece of double knitting I was doing, and asked, by signs, if I would show them how to do it; so they brought their needles and knelt down one on either side of me and I was again struck by the earnest undivided attention they gave to the task. Though rings and brooches are a curiosity and novelty to them, they never took their eyes off the knitting to see what I had on, but kept uninterruptedly to the work in hand. In about a quarter of an hour they had learned the stitch, and it was pretty to see their pleasure, and the pride with which, later on, they showed me the work they had done, without a single mistake. It was always a pleasure to me to watch the dainty way in which these little maids cleaned out the ashes from the bedroom fireplace every morning. An English maid is so vigorous and strong, she rattles out the ashes in no time, sweeps up, and finishes off her work quickly, but she has raised a cloud of dust, and made a good deal of noise! The little Japanese maid kneels down and ties a pretty little blue and white kerchief over the hair, very quietly she inserts a shovel into the grate, and slowly removes the ashes, and pops them into a tin pan *with a lid* to it, which she instantly closes down after each shoveful of ashes, so that the whole operation is done without noise, or dust, or personal soil to herself.

One thing Japanese we did not like at all and that was—their food and chop-sticks! The latter are impossible to handle, and the former is indescribably queer and unsatisfying, the only redeeming points in it being boiled rice and eggs, and—for those who like it—fish. But many of the dishes are preparations of *raw* fish! and



JIZOSON, STONE TEMPLE



PICTURESQUE SPOT BY LAKE HAKONE

include sea-slugs served with vinegar and preparations of sea-weed! Meals are served in small portions, each person has a tiny tray-table to himself, in front of which he squats on the floor. The courses consist of soups and rice and fish and vegetable, served in a great variety of ways. There are no such things as "puddings," but many of the Japanese cakes and sugar-plums are pleasant eating. No wonder Japanese dishes fail to satisfy European appetites. As Mr. B. C. Hall writes:—"Imagine a diet without meat, without milk, without bread, without butter, without jam, without coffee, without salad, or any sufficient quantity of nicely cooked vegetable, without puddings of any sort, without stewed fruit, and with comparatively little fresh fruit." The only praise-worthy point about chop-sticks is their noiselessness. A hundred people may be feeding themselves with the help of chop-sticks and yet complete silence may reign in the room. One of England's most appetising sauces emanates from Japan! Large quantities of "Soy," the sauce with which the Japanese flavour nearly all their dishes, is exported every year to England, and forms the foundation of Lea-Perrin's Worcester Sauce. Soy is made from a kind of green bean, soaked for a long time in vinegar and strong salt. The mixture becomes very black, and has the familiar flavour of Worcester Sauce. The Japanese have the bad habit of eating their food very quickly, this combined with an inordinate use of pickles and green tea probably accounts for the Japanese equivalent for what English children call a "Sash pain" being one of the commonest phrases in the language.

We learned during our three weeks' stay at Miyanoshta to realize what a very damp country Japan is! What else can be expected from long narrow islands, with huge mountains, lakes, torrents, and rivers, the Pacific Ocean on one side, and the snows of Siberia on the other? We had fortunately chosen what was said to be the driest time of the year for our visit, but even so "Things Japanese" gives the average of rainy days in October as 13! One could realize how damp it was by seeing *Osmunda* ferns growing on the banks by the roadside, whereas at Ootacamund they only grow in the streams. At Miyanoshta there are numerous delightful excursions in every direction up over the mountains to visit choice views of Fuji, as some special Lake, or the sulphur quarries. Ladies, and even men, are carried on these expeditions by stalwart Japanese men, in light bamboo chairs called "Kagos"—there again Japanese ingenuity is apparent, for the space under the chair is converted into a cupboard in which is stowed the luncheon basket, sketching

things, camera, and wraps. In this way we visited Ha-ko-ne Lake. Our bearers were midgets in size, but immensely firm and muscular in frame. They carried us up-up-up the mountains, by steep short cuts, past waterfalls, and through cherry tree avenues, and by fir plantations, right up the steep hill sides. We were hoping to see Fujiyama reflected in the waters of Hakone Lake, but alas! the clouds came down, and we never saw a glint of her snowy mantle. Our bearers laughed and chatted away, as they trudged with us up slippery muddy paths, and over great boulders, and by precipices just as if we were of no account at all. However, after an hour and half of this, they plumped us down, with many a laugh, by a little tea-house commanding a lovely view, mopped their foreheads and necks, and took out their long wee pipes and had a rest, while, as a matter of course, the little tea-house lady bowed and smiled, and brought us a red lacquer tray with a tiny tea-pot and tinier tea-cups, with a little dish of biscuits and peppermints. The water was boiled in the most exquisite old bronze kettle, with quaint lettering on it, and raised birds and chrysanthemums. We asked what they would sell it for, and were told "This not sell, this old," after a bit they said they would give it for 10 yen (Rs. 15)—not at all dear, as a block made brass kettle in England costs Rs. 17. However we did not buy it, it would have been really a pity to take it away from them—the whole scene was such a picture—these refined little people, kneeling on their snowy white mats, bending over this beautiful kettle—hung by chains over a fire which was placed in a square hole in the platform; an old man with a wrinkled face of ivory-like hue, smiling benevolently at us. They were greatly delighted with the poor contents of my sketch book, specially with an English sketch:—"Oh England! good! pretty country, pine tree—like Japan!" After this rest our bearers carried us off like happy school boys, laughing, and apparently hugely delighted all the time, though of course we could not understand a word they said. At the top of the pass we came to a townlet, where there are hot sulphur baths, and, an hotel. The sulphur fumes were quite enough to knock you down! They carried us through avenues of maple trees, and cherry trees, and then down hill through a country of great grassy hills, and huge boulders, which reminded us greatly of the west of Ireland. Suddenly our men plumped us down, and said "Go—see" We looked up a huge hill, but could see nothing but pampas, and grass and wild flowers. However a little path was indicated, and some 20 yards up this we came upon an enormous figure of Buddha, carved out of the solid rock. The

bearers said it was the tomb of a dainio (nobleman). The path down to Hakone Lake was uncomfortably steep, so we left our "Kagos" and walked $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles, till we reached the Lake, which looked like a great Scottish tarn, surrounded by hills, covered with low lying clouds, which alas! hid Fujiyama, whose glittering cone should have been seen towering above the surrounding mountains, and reflected in the waters below. A magnificent avenue of cryptomerias led in stately progression to a wooded promontory, which jotted out into the Lake, and on the summit of which was built yet another Imperial Palace. The people in the village looked very poor, but still there were no beggars, and not a single ragged or dirty person, they all seemed respectable, and warmly dressed. The houses all look alike and clean, little wooden oblong buildings, with raised platforms, sliding screens, and matted platform, and the matting is quite clean! The village streets and town streets are absolutely clean, and well swept, one constantly sees folk sweeping—not only municipal sweepers but the people themselves—every one is bent on keeping the place clean. Men with hand carts, on which are three very large and coarsely woven baskets, go round to each house and collect waste paper, and this is carried off to the paper factory, and there never is a stray bit to be seen anywhere about the streets!

The walks about Miyanoshta are most beautiful. It was interesting to see often a group of students, or a solitary student, seated on the rocks, in the ravine of the picturesque river, making sketches. These they were never ashamed of showing, however elementary they might be. One village we passed looked as if it were decorated for a festival, rows of bright orange coloured cones were suspended round every house. These proved to be strings and strings of Indian corn (mukacholam) hung up to dry, and ripen. The effect was most artistic, the bright yellow colouring of the corn against the brown wood work of the houses. All along the banks of the brawling rock-strewn river are little wooden floor mills for pounding flour, the wheels turned by water. They are such simple little mills, made entirely of wood, and by the local country carpenters, but they accomplish the work effectively, and save an immense amount of labour to the "two women grinding at a mill," which is the usual oriental method of pounding corn.



Education of Women in England

A LECTURE BY N. G. WELINKAR, ESQ.
From his "English Impressions"



I SHOULD have preferred making this a companion lecture to the one on the Education of Men as that would have made it much more convenient for purposes of reference and comparison; but the exigencies of practical details in connection with the arrangement of the

course have made it impossible to do so and I have therefore to ask your indulgence if I should be obliged to repeat some of the things that were said at the other lecture by way of refreshing the memory of my hearers.

Those of you who were present at that lecture will remember that I spoke there of the extraordinary amount of interest that is evinced in England by all classes of people in connection with the education of men. Now it is strictly accurate to say that the interest displayed on all hands in the education of women is still greater. This is due among other causes chiefly to the fact that the new movement of female education is part of a large and more general movement which aims at the elevation of womanhood all along the line. Those of you who heard me last will remember how I pointed out that society in England, and in fact in all the European countries, in greater or smaller measure, has entered upon a new conception of what it owes to woman. The more thoughtful and advanced minds in the West are now not only prepared to accept but even to emphasize the maxim that if you take care of the women, the race will take care of itself. Under the constraining power of the conviction that the welfare of the race is bound up in a vital manner with the cause of woman, with her progress in all that makes for real advance, the thoughts and activities of men in every department of social life have been simply revolutionised. The education of women is now going forward in England and in other countries of the West under the pressure of this compelling conviction.

The subject, as we all know, is very large. The difficulty of anyone dealing with so extensive a topic is to know from which side to approach it. I propose adopting the method—if method it can be called—which I did in connection with

the lecture on the Education of Men, that is to say, without attempting any systematic treatment at all, to put before you a few thoughts in a more or less disconnected and discursive way. I have already said that the ideas of society as regards its duty towards woman have of late years undergone a profound change in the West. The "woman's question," as it is popularly called, is to-day attracting a vast amount of interest from the best minds in England. It is no longer considered a "fad," or a matter of mere academic interest. It is regarded on all hands as a vital question of present insistence, a question with which the welfare of the state is closely bound up. Now, this transformation in the general attitude of society towards all problems relating to woman has brought with it a very important change of ideas as regards the functions and purposes of the Education of Women. If I was required to contrast in a broad and general way the underlying idea in English female education three-quarters of a century ago with that in it to-day, I should say that the older view was to regard the education of women as an accomplishment, while the modern view is to regard it as equipment for the business of life.

There was an observation, attributed to me, but as a matter of fact not actually made by me in the last lecture (one however which I certainly would have made if I had not forgotten to do so), to which our able President at that meeting took exception. It was, that previous to the middle of the nineteenth century women were brought up like hot-house plants, trained for narrow duties pertaining exclusively to the domain of home. Turning over the point in my mind and looking at it in the light that is thrown on it by contemporary literature about English society, I find that there is really no cause to modify and much less to withdraw the remark. I do still think that the aim of the education of women previous to the middle of the nineteenth century was to fit them for a very narrow sphere. All that has disappeared now. Society in England has risen to-day—there are those who would say "fallen"—to the conception that a true education for women must be a preparation for the work of life. That suggests a question which I have no doubt is rising in your minds,—how much is to be included in the expression "preparation for the work of life." There is perhaps no truer index of the civilization of a people than the way in which its thinkers interpret life; the wider their conception of the range of its interests, the wider is the civilization. Similarly the manner in which the thinkers conceive that the duties of life should be performed also gives the measure of the civilization attained. Where

society is content with the duties of life being performed in a crude unscientific unskilled sort of way, the level of civilization has not risen very high, one of the most significant characteristics of an advanced and advancing civilization being the desire to do the work of life in as trained and organised a fashion as possible. Now, society in England interprets life in an exceedingly wide sense. Its leaders make it cover a very wide range of interests, duties, pursuits and pleasures, and they consider that the work of life cannot be said to be properly done unless it is done in an organized and scientific manner. Society in England is educating its women for entering on the work of life, as interpreted in this comprehensive sense. Previous to the middle of the nineteenth century the life of a woman might be summed up by a single word—"home." All the duties that woman was supposed to perform, all the interests it was considered proper for her to have, all the responsibilities that it was considered becoming for her to undertake were restricted to the home. Outside the home a woman had very little if any sphere. In our generation there has been a vast change in men's thoughts concerning these matters. And yet in describing that change it would be incorrect to say that the thought of home as a principal factor in the life of woman had been eliminated. However, to-day home is considered only one factor among others in the life and interests of a woman. No doubt it is regarded, and rightly so, as in every case a most important and necessary factor; but when the claims of the home are very fully recognised, society has come to see that there are many things for women to interest themselves in beyond the home. While therefore, for centuries before, home and its interests, occupied the entire horizon of a woman's life, to-day those subjects occupy only a portion, though certainly a very prominent portion, of it.

Let us now endeavour to realise in some detail how the education of women is directed to preparation for the work of life. I think I have said enough to show that in the conception of life the home and its duties and tasks are not ignored by any means, and therefore in the education of women both in its lower and middle stages, we find ample provision made for training girls and young women for the duties of home. One of the things that struck me most in the course of my inspection of girls' schools was the care and attention which are being bestowed on their training for these duties. In nearly all girls' schools such subjects as domestic economy, cooking, house-keeping, nursing are carefully taught and in many instances the instruction in these subjects

is not confined only to school time, but a matron is appointed specially to form a home and to conduct it with the help of pupils who are being put through a course in such instruction. So, the instruction given in these subjects is not only theoretical, but also and mainly practical. Now you will not expect me to go into the details of this instruction. But I was very much struck with the skill and cleverness with which women who in the course of their ordinary school work read advanced Classics and tackled the study of physical science with great ability were able to manage the details of cookery and marketing and such other things pertaining to household economy, showing that there is no necessary antagonism between the higher studies of the intellect and the more practical but none the less important concerns of daily life.

We may now turn to other interests which lie, we may say, outside the sphere and domain of home. After the last lecture, an esteemed friend of mine asked me this question: Do you consider it to be the true interest of society that woman should be taken out of the sphere of home, and her interests widened in such a way as to make her transcend its bounds? I admit at once that it is a very difficult question to answer; the answer I then made was that whether this was good or bad, it had actually happened in England; marriage as a career was practically closed to a vast number of English women, probably the majority. It is not my business to discuss whether such social conditions are ideally good, but to-day there are tens of thousands of women in England to whom marriage is not a possible career, and society is obliged to provide for their training for other careers. In England at the present day there is a very wide range of occupations—professional, official, domestic—open to women. Those of you who remember the interesting enumeration that was given by our President on the last occasion of the occupations that were represented at the recent demonstration of suffragettes at the Hyde Park will realise what a vast range of occupation society has opened out to women. In public life, too, although the membership of Parliament is still closed to women, there are many other careers open to them. Now the education of women has to be so directed as to make them fit for intelligently pursuing these numerous public and private, official and non-official careers which are now open to them. How is this achieved? It is a question which it would take me a long time to answer in detail. But I shall endeavour to place before you a few leading educational ideas by the application of which English society is solving the problem. I think these ideas are four, speaking broadly.

I shall characterise the first as "humanism," that is to say, the view that education is not an artificial process but that it is a natural human process, a "life." If you visit the girls' schools of England, particularly the high schools at the culmination of which the education of women is supposed to be ordinarily finished, you will be struck by the freedom of student life, and also by its variety of interests. That life, to begin with, is thoroughly social. There are so many things that the girls do together. There are so many occupations and so many subjects of study too that the girls are allowed to attempt together. That struck me rather forcibly. Co-operation appears to be the leading note of modern female education in England. Competition plays a very subordinate part. This is exactly as it should be.

Let me in passing explain why I attach so much importance to "humanism" in education. Ideas of education are apt to be so narrow, so *doctrinaire*, so one-sided that what education requires for its true advancement is the realization that in its essence it is not an artificial process at all; not the laying on of any kind of veneer. In the life of boy or girl the years of education are those in which the entire area of life is covered by educational activity, interests and enjoyment.

The next feature I should characterize as "athleticism." As applied to women it has a not very pleasant sound perhaps, but I think that anyone who has been lately in England and seen what is being done for the physical training of women will agree with me in thinking that athleticism really is the word that best describes it. It would, of course, be quite incorrect to say that at an earlier period the girl scholars of England got no physical education but what is peculiar to our times is that the training of muscle and limb is now a *conscious aim*. The schools are not content with giving girls mere physical exercise but they aim at developing their physical frame and in most schools a well considered programme is adopted to this end. The work is done scientifically. First of all the girls are examined medically, their constitution, their peculiarities and idiosyncrasies are carefully noted and the system of gymnastics suitable to different varieties of health and constitution is very carefully determined. I was once visiting a large high school near Blackheath and I found that a small set of girls were being put through very peculiar exercises. On enquiring of the head of the institution what those exercises aimed at, I was told this girl was weak in the ankles and they were trying to strengthen the ankles; another was weak in the spine and they were trying to strengthen the spine and so forth.

You see then that the development of a strong, healthy and beautiful bodily system is now a constant and deliberate aim in Women's Education in Great Britain.

I shall next mention a feature which I shall name *aestheticism*, i.e., the conscious aim of teaching the appreciation of beauty. In all girls' schools in England drawing and painting have, in recent years, been developed to a high degree. In one school which I visited, not exactly a high school, but a school between the middle and the high stage, I was shown the drawings of a class of girls whose average age was eight. They were all illustrative of ideas suggested by a certain scene in the Merchant of Venice which the girls had been reading. I was struck by the cleverness and fertility of resource which was displayed in those drawings. These were only girls of eight. When I reflected to what extent imagination and taste and feeling must have been trained for them to produce those sketches, I could not but wonder at the progress that has been made in the development of aesthetic taste among England school-going girls.

One more feature of English women's education. That is self-government. Those of you who heard the lecture on the education of men will remember that I stated in it that one of the most striking features in the work and conduct of educational institutions in England was the rooted capacity for self-government displayed by all concerned. That is illustrated in a striking manner in girls' schools and colleges. I visited colleges where the range of education extended from the elementary stage right up to the graduation stage of the university, colleges which were attended by as many as a thousand or fifteen hundred pupils, and what struck me most there was the extraordinary capacity of the students to govern one another and themselves. In these big institutions attended by girls from the age of five to ladies of the age of twenty-five or thirty, there was absolutely no trouble or difficulty about discipline. The elder girls took care of the younger girls and of themselves and of the organization and discipline of the school, so that trouble in regard to discipline was a thing unknown. In London I met a lady from Hungary who had been deputed by the government there to make a study of girls' high school education in England; she went and lived for many months in Bedford College, which is one of the celebrated ladies' colleges in London. She told me that the contrast that most struck her, and as it were haunted her, between the life of the schools and colleges in her own country and those in England was the extraordinary capacity of the girls in England to govern themselves. She said that an insti-

tution of the dimensions of Bedford College it would require in Hungary at least four or five principals to manage; that in her own school which contained about three hundred girls and which was only a high school, the noise and disorder was so considerable as to be a cause of constant annoyance to the principal and to herself as vice-principal. She said that on watching the quiet precision of the life at Bedford College her first thought was that there was no life in those English girls, but she soon had to revise that impression and found that while order, self-government and self-control in that institution were perfect, the girls were capable of entering heartily into all harmless pleasures of life and into every womanly enjoyment. My experience was exactly the same. There is no doubt that one of the most healthy and educative features in the life of the girls' schools and colleges in England is the large opportunity which the system affords for self-government. This is really the best part of the training for the duties of home and also for those outside home and for public life as well. And if I have since my return been an advocate of the claim of the women of England to participate in public life in general and to exercise the right of Parliamentary suffrage in particular it is because in the education of English women I have seen elements which make for the developing of those habits of self-control and self-government which are the surest guarantee of good conduct and successful behaviour in public life. I do not sympathise with the view that the women of England are not fit for exercising the right of Parliamentary suffrage and I do not share the apprehensions of those who think that it spells danger to the state. However, these are topics which we in India can afford to discuss in the calm atmosphere of the library or the literary club and over which it is not necessary to enter into heated controversy.

In closing this address, ladies and gentlemen, I desire to throw out a few practical suggestions having reference to our problem of female education in Bombay. The subject of women's education is to-day awakening an amount of interest in Bombay which it has never done in the past. I look upon this with unmixed joy. I welcome it as a happy augury for the progress of our Indian communities and therefore I consider it well to make to this meeting a few suggestions of a practical character founded on my observation of English methods of female education.

The first suggestion I would make to workers in the field of female education is that there is one very undesirable feature of the education of Indian girls which requires their earnest and

immediate attention. Our education of women and girls' is dominated at the present time by two most undesirable features—intellectualism and the examination craze. Our ambition for the girls whom we are sending to our high schools and colleges is that they should be able to impress people by their academic degrees and book learning. Now what struck me about highly educated English ladies was their entire freedom from anything like artificiality or intellectualism. The cultured English woman is fully and completely womanly. The aim of so many of our social reformers is to see girls distinguishing themselves at the University. This is a mistake which tends greatly to lower and to obscure the true ideal of female education.

The next suggestion that I want to put before you is that we must give to the physical culture of our girls a much greater degree of attention and care than we are doing. My observation as a teacher and also as superintendent of a large number of schools points distinctly to the conclusion that the present system of higher education tends to deteriorate the physique of the girls. In case after case I have observed that even where there is no marked deterioration there is still a certain impairment of energy and activity and a lowering of that zest for living which is the best part of health. In regard to this matter we should not be content merely with safeguarding the physique of our girls. We should attempt not only to safeguard but to improve and develop it, and that requires that attention should be directed not only to what goes on in the school but also to what goes on in the home. Our system will never be put on a sound basis until the schools are brought into close touch with the homes of the girls. The school brings under our control only a very small portion of a girl's time and until school and home agree to co-operate the problem of educating the women of India will never be solved in any true sense.

And lastly, we should attempt the emancipation of the mothers from the evil of seclusion. I think that until we adopt measures by which the mothers of the present generation are able to get out of the confining atmosphere of the home into the wider world of society we shall not be able to forward the education of our girls much. It is only when the mothers are interested in the problem of education that we can give to our female education that humanizing and emancipating aspect without which it must remain but vexation and weariness to the rising generation of Indian women.

Sita's Trial

(AN INDIAN STORY)

CHAPTER I



It was one night walking out with my friends in the village of M—. It was a cool, dark night with plenty of stars about,

which gave a faint pale light. We had dined and drunk, not wisely but too well, and we had just a little unnecessary swagger—not stagger, mind you—in our walk, and our heads felt just a little thicker than usual, which was thick enough, in all conscience. We were talking, I mean arguing together—talking is too mild a word—on all sorts of subjects. Suddenly a curious sort of silence fell on my friends. I shook myself metaphorically, as well as literally, for I was in a kind of dream, and looked around. We were just entering a thick dark tope of casuarina trees. There was a light wind blowing and the grey ghost-like branches, with their feathery fingers, waved about and sighed mournfully. One of my friends spoke to me in rather a tremulous tone:

"Do you believe in ghosts, Krishna?"

"Well, no," I said, with a swagger. "Why should I? When I see a ghost, I will believe in it."

"That means that you do think they exist."

"What do you mean by ghosts, Rama? Do you think they are the imaginary creations of an omnipotent but somnolent brain, or the restless, tears-oozing spirits of our dead friends and relations, longing to come back to our loving arms, or the never-ceasing ebullitions of the devils and evil spirits, which are supposed to be the bane of our existence—or,—or—" I stammered, seeking in vain for some more eloquence.

"Oh, stop that rot, Krishna, and talk sensibly," grumbled my friend. "Do you, or do you not, believe in ghosts?"

"Show me one and I will welcome it with open arms and cherish it in my bosom as an—as an—adder."

"Well, you may have an opportunity now. Do you see the end of the tope round the corner? There is an old temple there, half in ruins, and there is supposed to be a ghost there. Hush,

hush," falling back and clutching my arm convulsively. "What—what is that? Oh God, help us. It is the ghost."

I felt the hair rising on my head, but tried to laugh.

"Don't be idiotic, Rama," I cried. "Where is the ghost? Show it to me."

"There, there," cried my other hitherto silent friend. "There it is, white among the dark trees. Don't you see it? Come away, let us go home."

But I hung back. My friends tried to drag me away, but I stood firm, trying to see the something white, which was undeniably at the end of the tope. Then a funny thing happened. My friends softly and quickly wished me 'goodnight,' and in less time than it takes to tell, had turned back, taken to their heels, and were soon far, far away. I laughed silently to myself and thought of the trite saying about friends, about how they desert one at a critical time.

"Those friends thou hast," and their adoption tried, buckle them to thyself with hoops of steels,—what is it, what did that old Polonius tell Laertes? Ah!....., and then with all the swagger knocked out of me, I stood tongue-tied and literally rooted to the spot.

The something white was softly, yet quickly, walking down the tope, and soon it would be on me. God in Heaven! What was I to do? Was it a ghost? I must move. What was the matter with my legs? They would not move. But I forced my brain to work and slowly slipped behind a group of trees, and, as much as my dazed eyes would allow me, watched what was happening in front.

The figure in white slowly continued to advance. It seemed to be that of a tall, slight woman with black hair above a pale face and dark eyes gleaming brightly out of that pale face. Slowly she advanced, looking to right and left, as if in fear. Then suddenly another figure,—this time that of a man—advanced to meet her from behind a tree. The woman gave a stifled scream, but soon seemed to recognise the man and was quiet. "Aha!" I thought to myself, these are not ghosts, but human beings. "Perhaps a pair of lovers. Is it a woman escaping from her husband's house? Shame! that such a thing should happen. But let me hear what they are saying; for they had just started talking."

"Sita," cried the man, "what are you doing here?"

"O" she answered, "Have you found me out. So often I have come here, and I thought I was safe."

"What, come here all alone? Are you not afraid? And why do you come here? Have I been mistaken in you? Are you not my true wife?"

"Oh," she cried, "Can you not guess why I come here. You know—you know—your mother wanted you to marry another wife, because I had not a child, and I used to pray to the heavenly mother to help me. Then, a year ago, when we came to this village, some one told me of this temple and of how childless women go there to pray. So I came, and now, now—" I could not see her clearly, but I could imagine the divine expression of love, shyness and delight, which her tones seemed to hint at.

"Yes, I have hopes," the woman answered, with head hanging low, "but—"

"But me no buts," he said gaily.

"Let us be happy without any doubts."

The man caught her words up in ecstasy. "What, Sita," he cried. "Have you hopes at last? Are you at last fulfilling my hope? Oh, thank God! Then I can be true to you. I need not marry again."

Hand in hand, they started forward. I followed them slowly, slipping from tree to tree. But, before we reached the end of the tope, something strange happened. Out of the shelter of the tress, a man broke out and ran in haste down the road and was soon lost to sight. His face had all along been turned away and we had not been able to recognise him. But the husband stopped short and looked sternly at his wife.

"Sita," he said, "By God, if you have played me false, if all your sweet looks and words are but a mask to a wicked nature I'll—"

"Oh, husband, do you not know me enough by this time? We have been married three years."

"Yes, it is true. But you are so young and it is so easy to mislead the young. Yet I love you; but through that very love, I am jealous of your every look and word. You will be careful, will you not?"

"Yes, my lord," the woman answered low, and they walked on.

I followed them, my brain, sober enough now, all the while busy with the story I had just learnt. Was the woman guilty? If not, why was she so sad, so—as it were—holding herself in? She was keeping something back from her husband. What was it? I was determined to find it out.

CHAPTER II

The next day my friends tried to join me as usual after dinner, for a walk, for we were all clerks in a Government office, out upon our holiday. But I put them off with an excuse—and, indeed, I was never very friendly with them afterwards; and I went to the tope early with a view to watch what would happen there. The moon rose in a cloudless sky and all was fairly silent and quiet. I waited long and wished I could smoke a cigar. I had

come at eight o'clock. Nine struck and then ten, and I was nearly asleep. Suddenly, the noise of light, soft footsteps was heard and I straightened myself to a sitting posture behind the trees I had been lying against. Yes, it was the woman again. What was her object in coming here so often? Was it only to pray? She had attained her desire. What more did she need?

I allowed her to turn the corner, and, as silently as I could, followed her. She arrived at the ruined temple, she went in and there was silence for a few minutes. Though outside the temple, I was very close to her, for the building was like a little hut and consisted of but one roofless room. Presently I heard a sound like a gasp, and then a low monotonous voice—the voice of a man in a *falsetto* key—saying something. I listened and I heard this: "Yes, your prayers have been heard, your desire will be gratified. You will have a child, a son. And yet, my daughter, beware. There are many dangers in front of you and your child. And, sad as I am to say it, I must tell you that there will come a time when, either your life or your child's must be forfeited. Which will you choose, my child? But, whichever it is, be assured that the lost life will rest softly on my bosom in peace. I am the goddess mother of all." There was silence for a few seconds, and then a low heart-rending sobbing filled the air, the voice of a woman crying her heart out.

After a moment of hesitation, I formed my plan. I knew everything now. Some one was trying to frighten the woman and she thought the goddess was appearing to her. Foolish girl! But I must catch the villain, whoever he was. The woman was helpless for the moment. So in less time than it takes to tell, I rushed behind the temple and was just in time to see a white cloth disappearing behind a tree. I heard flying footsteps in front of me, and I rushed behind them as fast as I could. I was a fleet runner, and, almost at the entrance of the *tope*, I was fortunate enough to catch the man. I had the wicked one in my grasp, his frightened eyes were starting out of his head, and clenching my teeth with rage, I shook him fiercely up and down. Oh! How I wished I could kill him, the villain, who could frighten a weak woman so. But I am ever a temperate man and I soon calmed myself and confronted the trembling wretch.

"Now tell me, what is your object?" I asked him.

He could hardly speak through his chattering teeth, but he made shift to say a few intelligible words. "Speak up, you wicked creature," I shouted. "What do you want with the woman?"

Bit by bit, the story came out. He was the cousin of the woman's husband, who was really a very rich man. He wanted his cousin's money and had been sure of it, so long as his cousin had been childless. But now that there was the promise of a child, why, where was he? So, he was trying to frighten the woman, to make her think that, when the child was born, either its life or her life would be in danger.

"And what would be the object of so frightening her?"

"Oh, if anything happened to them, nobody would suspect me," said the unblushing villain. He was now fearless and smiling. I think that he must have read my mind and knew I could not make up my mind to do him harm. "Besides," he continued, "she is a very superstitious creature, and I knew I could gradually work in her to do herself some harm, in order to sacrifice herself for her child's sake. Either its life or hers, you see. And when the mother is safely out of the way, there is no fear about the child. What chances has a motherless baby in the world? And there is my sister, whom we have been already trying to marry to him. Once she is my cousin's wife, I will get half the money, and—"

"Oh, stop, stop," I cried, clutching my head in despair. "And now, will you promise me not to do anything more to harm your cousin's wife? If you do not, I shall go to your cousin at once and tell him about you."

"Oh, of course, I am not intending to do any more harm. Otherwise, I would never have told you all my plans, you see. I thought frankness was the best policy. I knew you would make enquiries in the village. You surely know now that I would do nothing more wrong, after I have told you everything. I am not such a fool. I know you are a noble man and have a good heart. Don't you believe me? You tell nothing to my cousin, and I will do nothing to harm the woman. But, if he suspects even the least little bit, I swear I shall kill the woman, even if I am to be hanged myself for it. Do you understand me? Besides, my uncle likes me and will need good proofs to believe anything against me. I shall keep my promise, if you keep yours."

What could I do? After threatening him well again, I gave him the required promise and walked back to the temple, as I wished to speak to the woman.

CHAPTER III

I waited for her at the corner of the *tope*, and soon she came there, white and frail-looking in the pale moonlight and sobbing quietly to herself. Silently I stepped out before her.

She gave a stifled scream and clasped her hands. But I calmed her:

"Do not be frightened, lady. I am not a thief, but a man who only wishes you good." I waited for her to say something, but she was silent.

"I have seen you coming here for two nights," I went on, "and yesterday I heard your conversation with your husband. I know why you come here so regularly. But you must be happy. Tell me, then, why you are sad, and why you weep."

She silently shook her head.

"I only wish to do you good," I pleaded. I am a bit of a doctor and know both English and Indian medicines. If there is any case of sickness, which you would rather not tell your husband—See here," I went on, breaking off short. "I do not wish to force your confidence. I only wish to help you. I heard some one speaking with you in the temple. Who was he, may I ask?"

"It was the—goddess," she stammered.

"The goddess," I cried. "Pardon me—I do not believe in goddesses. And there was something said about somebody dying. Did the goddess predict that? and what kind of death?"

"Of snake-bite," she murmured.

"Well, I have a medicine for snake-bite. Shall I send it to you? Then you and your child will be quite safe. Shall I send it to your husband?"

"Yes," she whispered, with a kind of light breaking over her face.

I felt happy. Perhaps the reader will think me to have been presumptuous and inquisitive to have worried the woman like that! I myself afterwards wondered at my own boldness. But my desire was a sincere one. I wanted to relieve the poor lady's mind, and I think I succeeded for the moment.

"Yes," I began again. "I shall send it to your husband. You keep it carefully, and"—

But here there was a sudden interruption, a heavy hand was laid on my shoulder and forcibly turned me round to look into an angry face, in which there blazed two fierce eyes. I knew the man; he was the lady's husband.

"Well," he said in a deep voice,—he seemed hardly able to speak. "Now I understand it all. So this is why you come here, my lady?"

I stared at him for a moment, then understood what he meant. My heart burned with shame.

"O, believe me," I cried, "this is the first time I have met her, and that only by accident."

But he had turned to his wife, and the usually silent woman had fallen at his feet and was pouring out a volume of words, which I could not understand.

"Well," he said at length, his face softening a very little. "I will not say that I quite believe you. You are my wife and you have been true to me. If you wish to convince me of your innocence, you must not come here again. If you do—"

"But I must—I must," she stammered.

"Then you are no wife of mine," he cried.

"But come home now, it is very late." And so saying, he turned without a word to me and strode away, followed by his shrinking wife.

CHAPTER IV

The next day I sent the snake-medicine to the husband of 'my lady'—as I liked to call her to myself—though I very much doubted whether he would give it to her. Still I had promised to send it, and I sent it. After that a year passed and again I went for my holidays to the village of M—. And one night, when the moon was half-full, after my dinner, I repaired to that memorable *tope*. Would she come, my lady with the sad eyes and the weeping heart? Was it wrong of me to be here in wait for her. Perhaps it was, but I did want to see how life had fared with her. Was her sadness gone or was it but increasing? And, yes—she must have become a mother by this time. Was the child well, or was it dead? What was the wicked cousin doing?

Such and many other thoughts passed through my head and I was half-asleep, leaning against a tree. Suddenly my heart gave a bound. I had not heard any steps, but now I saw a glimmer of white disappearing on the road in front of me. Was it she? It must be.

I arose and went swiftly after her and gained her side. She stopped short, stifling a scream, and turned her affrighted eyes on me. Oh, how sad my heart grew when I saw her. She had become so thin and dark; such large eyes shone sadly from her face. Where was the joy of motherhood?

"Do not be afraid," I said, sadly. "I just came to see how you were. I see it is not well with you. How is your child?"

"Oh, go away," she cried, "he may see you."

"Is he here?"

"He may be. He is always watching me."

"He does not trust you then?"

"No—Yes—no. Oh, how can I say it," and her head drooped with shame. "He thinks I am not—not true to him and now—"

"And now—" I asked her gently.

"Now he has heard that you are here and he keeps a stricter watch over me. He may be here at any moment."

"The brute," I murmured.

CHAPTER V

"Oh, do not call him that. He is a good man, a great man. It is only that I am not worthy of him. I cannot keep away from the goddess here, and you know he said that—that—"

"Yes, yes, I understand. But do you still believe in the goddess? What does she say now?"

"She says—she says", she murmured, looking fearfully this side and that, "she says either I or my child must die soon."

"Of snake-bite?"

"Most probably. And oh! I am so afraid. If I go, who will look after my child? And if the child goes, what shall I do?" And she burst into bitter tears.

"So the goddess is still about. The villain—I muttered to myself, and then turned to her and tried to comfort her.

"Do not believe too much in goddesses," I said. "Or if you must believe, have also faith in her mercy. Let what she says happen. You have the medicine?"

"No, my husband never gave it to me."

"Is that so? Why not ask him for it?"

"Oh, I must not tell my husband anything about this. The goddess specially told me so. Besides he would not believe me. He does not love me any more, I think. Oh", she cried suddenly, "There he is. Hide, hide. Oh, what shall I do?"

It was too late for me to hide. He was there beside us. His fine face—for he did have a fine face,—worked with contempt and anger. He threw a withering glance at us.

"So you are at it again," he cried. "What can I say after this?"

"Oh," I cried to him. "I swear to you we are perfectly innocent. Before God, I look upon her as my own sister. I only wish to make her happy. I knew she was sad and—"

"Sad! why should she be sad? Let her tell me and I will believe her."

"Oh, I cannot, cannot tell you", she cried. "There it is, you see. It is always like that. What can I do?"

"You can do one thing", I cried eagerly. "Give her the medicine I sent to you."

"What is it for?"

"Snake-bite."

"Nonsense. Most probably it is to poison me. Well, let her have it. She can kill me if she likes. Life is not so happy for me that I should grudge to leave it. But one thing I tell you, Lakshmi", he cried, turning to his wife. "You are no more wife of mine, hereafter. Of course you can stay in my house. After these three years of ours, I cannot bring public disgrace on you. But do not speak to me again. Oh, woman, woman!" he cried. "Could not even you be free from sin? Is there no faith in this world?"

The next thing which I knew about this affair was ten days after, when the wicked cousin, the villain of the place, came to pay me a visit. I felt very angry with him and showed him, I am afraid, very scant courtesy. But he was very plausible and very polite, so much so indeed that I was forced to thaw to him.

"You know," he smirked, "that I promised you to do nothing to my cousin's wife. Well, I have been true to my promise."

"True to your promise? Why, the goddess has appeared to her again."

"Again? How do you know that?"

"She—she told me."

"She told you, did she? Then you have met her again."

"Yes, what of that?" I felt as if I were being drawn into a trap.

"You know, my friend, that was very wrong of you. I must tell you that my cousin has asked me to—well—look after his wife."

"He did that, did he? The brute!"

"You had better not call him names. I shall be forced to tell it to him, you know. Well, I am afraid I must tell him that you have again met his wife."

"Well, you need not," I exploded. "He saw me himself."

"That makes matters worse, you know. I might have softened the facts, but if he saw it himself" he paused and shook his head.

"What is there to hide?" I burst out. "I am perfectly innocent. I look upon her as a sister?"

"Yes, but he does not think so. In fact, he hates his wife now. So that, you see, if I like, I can get him separated from her. In that way my object can be accomplished. If she goes from him, what will he care for the child? The money will come to me. But you know I promised you to turn over a new leaf. So I will explain why I have come here. I wish to help her."

"Help her. You—?"

"Yes, even I. Now, please listen and do not interrupt. You know she has an idea that a snake will kill either her or the child."

"Who put that idea into her head?"

"I must admit it was I. But now I am trying to get her out of it. And about the further visions of the goddess she told you about, I happen to know that she dreamt dreams, not actually saw the goddess. She told me this herself, because you know I am her friend and advise her. So that puts me out of blame. Well, I am going to tell you what I propose. There is a famous juggler in this place, who has beautiful cobras with him."

Two of them have had their fangs taken out. What I propose is this. Let the juggler do his performance before my cousin's wife. I know what she will do then; or, at any rate, the idea can be suggested to her indirectly. She will throw herself in front of the snake, because, in any case, she wishes to save her child. If she dies, her idea is that her child will go free and she thinks that her husband will forgive her when she is dead and take care of the child. Let her throw herself in front of the snake then. It will be a poisonless one. So she will think that the goddess has relented, because she will not die, and she will then be happy. You see my idea?

"Yes," I was forced to admit. "But suppose anything goes wrong?"

"Nothing will go wrong. Why do you not come and speak to the juggler yourself?"

"All right. Let us go to him."

So we went to the juggler, a stately, tall, long-bearded Mahomedan. He consented to show us his snakes and drew them out of their basket. Beautiful, treacherous things they looked, as their long sinuous bodies undulated in graceful play to the seductive strains of the charmer. He even consented to get bitten by the fangless snake. Blood came out of the puncture, but no bad effects appeared. So presently we proposed and explained our plan to the Mahomedan, saw that he understood, and promised him a large reward. "The non-poisonous snake, remember," were our last words to him. "Do not bring the poisonous reptiles."

He solemnly nodded his head, and we departed each to our own home.

But, after I went home, many misgivings assailed me. Suppose anything went wrong. Could I believe the deceitful cousin? Oh, no. Suppose the lady died? Would I not be her murderer, by implication, at least? No, I must do something. Now, what could I do? I sat and considered, till suddenly a bright idea struck me. Yes, I would go to the Mahomedan, bribe him, and make him take me as his attendant, dressed of course, as the latter would be addressed.

But, just as I had formed this resolution, some visitors—relatives of mine—came to see me. They had breakfast with me and stayed for hours. So that, when I was at last free, it was about 4 P. M., just about the time that the juggler would go to the lady's house. In a great hurry I went to the Mahomedan, only to hear that he had just started. I ran after him and caught him on the way and explained my object to him. After much persuasion, he consented and went back to the house to disguise me as his attendant!

"Let the other man go on with the snakes," he said, "It is getting late. I shall take you as my second servant."

"Are you sure that you have taken the right snakes?"

"Oh yes."

So I browned my face, hands and feet, dressed myself like a Mahomedan and went with the juggler to our rendezvous. There we found the cousin waiting.

"How late you are," he cried to the Mahomedan. "Come on, there is no time. And, who is this?" as his eye fell on me. "Another attendant? Oh! is it you, my friend? Why are you here?"

"I only came to see that everything goes on well."

"Oh," he sneered, "and suppose I betray you to my cousin?"

"In that case, I shall tell him how you deceived and frightened his wife."

"Oh, very well. Come on. My cousin is busy in his room. I have his permission to show the juggler's tricks to his wife, as she has long been anxious to see them. Only a few other women will be present."

CHAPTER VI

By this, it will be understood that my lady was not *goshia*. Indeed, there are few Brahmin ladies now, who are secluded. They are fast getting out of the habit. But to return to our subject.

Solemnly we proceeded to the inner apartments and after salaaming sat ourselves down. My lady was there, dressed in a plain white sari—so delicate and sweet, like a white flower. But her face was so sad and yet there was a high light shining in her eyes as if she had strung herself up to some resolution. I trembled to think of what she intended doing. In the arms of a woman-attendant, there was the child, a sturdy beautiful boy, dancing about and crowing lustily. More than once, the mother's eyes were turned on him with a sort of longing in their depths. My heart bled for her agony.

The juggler began his tricks with the usual jargon. He produced three little balls, placed them under three metallic cups and proceeded to change the positions of the balls without removing the cups. The presiding deity over all the tricks seemed to be his long rag-doll, which he waved about with many a charm. "One, two, three, *okoti, rendu, mudu, ek, do, teen*," and so on he went on. He produced a long string, cut it into little bits and made it all one again. He brought out rupees from his mouth. From inanimate objects, he pretended to make parrots and other birds

which nodded their heads and squeaked in his hands. Then he put a stone in the hands of a child sitting near, and bade him shut and open his hand, when behold there was a scorpion in it. The child threw it down with a shriek. The juggler soothed him and again bade him hold another stone. This time there was a snake and a bigger shriek than before from the boy. Then the juggler took a ring from one of the ladies, put it on to a thin stick, made two people hold the ends of the stick and covered the ring in the middle of it with a handkerchief. He muttered something, and took away the handkerchief. Hey, Presto! where was the ring? In the juggler's hands to be sure, though the stick was still held securely at either end. After this, the juggler proceeded to produce fire from his mouth. Then he produced four huge rabbits out of a basket, which he had previously shown to be empty. Then he did the famous mango trick, and so on till about two hours had passed. All this time, I could see my lady grow paler and paler. She bit her lips hard and clenched her hands and altogether appeared very distraught and impatient.

At last, a large space was cleared in front of the lady and the snake-baskets were produced. An audible sign of excitement went up from all present, and all strained their heads to see better. I saw my lady draw a long breath. The juggler removed the covers from the two baskets and showed the glistening folds of the snakes within. He produced his conch and began to blow on it. A soothing peace fell on the room. Outside, it was getting dark; the crows were harshly cawing and the birds twittering. My skin tingled with excitement and yet I felt inclined to sleep. Slowly the shining folds of the snakes crept out of the basket; the hoods straightened up on the long necks; the malignant unwinking eyes stared at the juggler; the tongue began to dart in and out of the flat heads as they swayed about gently. Oh! it was a wonderful sight. I held my breath. What would happen! Suddenly, there was a rustle at the door. I almost leaped up with the start I gave. What was it? Oh! it was the husband. He had evidently come in to see the juggler. He stood near the door, with his eyes fixed, now on the snakes, now on his wife. I felt strangely glad to see him; but the cousin looked frightened and bit his lips. The lady also looked frightened and sank into a more huddled posture on the carpet on which she was sitting.

The juggler went on as if he had seen nothing. He swayed his head from side to side, puffed his cheeks and blew on the conch and the snakes swayed their fearsome heads in unison with him. I felt petrified with excitement. Sud-

denly, there was a shriek; my lady sprang up from the carpet and rushed forward. I do not know then exactly what happened. Everything seemed to happen together. I rushed forward and caught at the lady's hand. She struggled, but before I could do anything, there was a loud shout and the husband precipitated himself in front of us and on to the snake. And oh! horrors of horrors! the snake had darted forward and bitten him. The lady stood petrified for a moment and then screaming flung herself on her husband. The juggler darted forward and caught the snake and threw it and the other one into the basket. And the husband, what did he do? He just put his arm round his wife, stood quiet and only said "It is over. I am glad it is finished." She threw herself incoherently on his arm, caught the wrist and put the wound to her lips. In the midst of all the noise—for everyone was screaming—I stood fairly quiet—after the first minute; for was not the snake harmless? But suddenly I happened to glance at the cousin. His face was covered with his hands and he stood actually trembling. The juggler also looked very frightened and was muttering into his beard. What did it all mean? I caught at the juggler's hand and shook it hard.

"Is it poisonous?"

"Yes, yes. He bribed me, and—I—"

"Oh good God! what could be done?"

I snatched at a string, which was hanging out of the juggler's bag, rushed to the wounded man and tore his arm from his wife's mouth. I tied up the wrist just above the wound, tightly with the string, then took a pen-knife from my pocket and cut freely into the wound. I felt the man's arm quiver with the pain. But he stood bravely. Oh! I admired his courage then, I could tell you. Even in the face of death, he was brave. Oh, he was a fit husband for my lady. But, in the meanwhile,—

"The medicine, the medicine," I cried to him.

"Where is it?"

"Which medicine?"

"The snake-medicine, which Rama Row—my own name—sent to you."

"In the right-hand drawer of my office-table."

I did not know the rooms in the house. So I rushed to the cousin, shook him fiercely and told him to get the medicine. He looked up with dazed eyes. "Get it, man, get it," I cried.

"Before God, I never meant to hurt him," he whispered. "It was the woman. But, even then, I was hesitating—I—"

"Oh d—you—" I cried, "get the medicine at once. In the right-hand drawer of his office-table. Quick, or I will set the snake on you." And I looked at him so fiercely that he vanished.

as it were, from the room, and was back in a moment with the medicine.

Quickly I applied the medicine to the wound and went on rubbing it for ten minutes. At the end of that time, I felt that the danger had passed, for no bad signs had appeared.

It was then I ventured to draw a free breath and looked at my patient. He was still standing with pale face and compressed lips. The wife had fallen in a heap on the floor and was sobbing bitterly.

"It is all right now," I said to him. "You are safe. There is no fear."

"Who are you?"

"I am Rama Rao, whom you suspected. Now do you believe me? I could have allowed you to die."

"Yes, I do believe you. Forgive me, friend. How can I thank you?"

The brave man's lips quivered and he shook my hand in a fierce clasp. Then he turned to his wife and whispering some words into her ear, raised her from the ground. I did not wait to see what happened. The cousin and the juggler had already gone from the room. So I went away too and left them alone.

Perseus contrasted with Theseus



THE 'Heroes' is one of the best books among the prose works of Charles Kingsley, whose richness of imagination and faithfulness to Nature and description of human emotions and sentiments excite the admiration of us all. The subject of this book has for its aim that children should cultivate the spirit of heroism. And so full of tender emotions, indeed, are certain portions of it that the reader while going through them invariably feels himself like one in a fairy-land to which he has been transported in the course of a happy dream. A brief sketch of the plot of this subject is attempted here, clearly bringing out the similarity and dissimilarity between the two great Greek heroes—Perseus and Theseus, whose names have found a deathless page in the annals of Greece.

Perseus was the son of Danae—the daughter of Acrisius—the King of Argos. Some circumstances compelled the King to feel a spirit of hostility towards his own daughter and grandson. So the hard-hearted King took Danae and her babe down to the seashore, and put them into a great chest and thrust them out to

sea for the winds to carry them, whithersoever they would. Such were the difficulties which Perseus met with in the early part of his life. This reminds us of the fact that it is suffering that brings on happiness. From their voyage they were saved by Dictys—a good fisherman of Seriphos.

Perseus was in the island of Seriphos till he was sixteen years old. All the people of the island thought that his powers were superhuman, because none were able to equal him in running, wrestling and boxing and in all that befits a man. Now Perseus, being prompted by some unknown superior agency to leave the island so that he might illumine the world by his brilliant heroic deeds, went away at sea. On his return he slept under a shady tree where he dreamt a dream in which he saw Athene—the Goddess of Wisdom, who infused into him the noble spirit of heroism by citing examples of how heroes of antiquity had been adorned with the wreath of immortality because they had rid the country of cruel monsters, who were constantly giving trouble to humanity.

Thus a desire was kindled in his breast to perform the noble deed of killing Medusa—the Gorgon—a cruel monster that appeared to him in her mirror. But, being told by Athene that a great work was awaiting him at Seriphos in which he must first distinguish himself before he undertook to risk his life in an expedition involving serious danger, he quickly returned home, where, he, understanding the miserable plight of his mother, rescued her from the bondage which for a long time had made her life a misery in the house of Polydictis. But after a time it so happened that Perseus promised to present Polydictis with the head of Medusa—the Gorgon. To fulfil this promise, he prayed for the blessings of Athene, who gave him strict injunctions that he had to follow on his way and equipped him with all the necessaries for the journey. On his way he saw fair nymphs who were merrily engaged in dancing and in pouring forth their sweetest songs. They asked him to stay with them and enjoy the pleasures of life. But Perseus with his iron will rejected the offer and went on his way.

At last he reached the spot where lay the three Gorgons and was successful in bringing away the Gorgon's head. On his return a series of mishaps befell him, but he looked upon these misfortunes as blessings in disguise. Such was his prophetic vision. Having learnt from Andromeda, who was bound in chains to a ledge of rock, that there was a sea monster, who doomed fair maidens to death, he determined to kill the monster. And when the monster came, he killed him with the Gorgon's head, and thus secured peace in the land of Egypt. As a re-

ward for his noble act of generosity, Andromeda was given to him in marriage. He was all the while fully conscious that he owed a deep sense of devotion and gratitude for these heroic achievements and happiness to Athene and Zeus, for whom he built a gorgeous temple in Egypt. Such was his unswerving devotion to God. With Andromeda Perseus alighted on the shore of Seriphos and went to his mother. With the Gorgon's head he stepped into the hall of Polydictis who was changed to stone at seeing it. Thus he fulfilled his rash vow. He made Dictys the King of Seriphos and thus discharged his deep sense of duty towards him, who was kind and hospitable to him at a time when he was on all sides surrounded by the mist of misery. Finally, he offered burnt offerings to Zeus and Athene and placed the Gorgon's head in the temple of Athene. He sailed with his wife and mother to Argos and from thence to Larissa. In that town he distinguished himself in the sports. But when he threw the quoit it fell upon the foot of his own grandfather and he swooned away with the pain. Thus a prophecy uttered long before also came to pass. He went to Argos and reigned there well with the fair Andromeda, and died in a good old age. The ancients say that after his death he was carried into heaven by Athene, and now shines in the sky for a beacon to wandering sailors.

Theseus was the son of Aithra—the daughter of Pitheus. He was deserted by his father while young. When Theseus was full fifteen years old, his mother led him to a mountain and asked him to lift up a huge stone overgrown with ivy and weeds. But all his attempts to lift it were in vain. He could not lift it the two successive years even. He said to himself 'The day shall surely come when I will lift that stone though no man in Trozene can!' With this iron will of determination—a trait not uncommon among the valiant heroes, he engaged himself in boxing, wrestling and hunting so that his physical constitution might improve.

When his 18th year was past, Aithra led him again to the mountain. This time he worked hard to lift it. His spirit swelled within him and said 'If I break my heart in my body, it shall lift up?' With this unflinching courage and resolution he tugged at it and succeeded at last in lifting it up. Beneath it he found golden sandals and a sword of bronze with a hilt of glittering gold. With these he went to his mother. The sandals and the sword, instead of creating in her a feeling of joy, only augmented her sorrow. Without disclosing her sorrow, she led Theseus to a place where he could command the best view of the surrounding

scenery. Then she showed to him the land of Attica and asked him what he would do if he were the King of such a land. Theseus said "If I were King of such a land," I would rule it well, in wisdom and in might, that when I die all men may weep over my tomb and cry 'Alas for the shepherd of his people.' This bold and praiseworthy reply is a clear manifestation of his latent heroic spirit.

Then his mother asked him to go to Aegeus the King of Attica and to show him the sandals, and the sword. He went by land and away into the mountains with his father's sword on his thigh into the Spider mountains, over which he walked with great difficulty until he came to the pile of stones on which Periphetus—the club-bearer, was sitting. His strange and gigantic form and his mode of behaviour towards strangers made Theseus understand that he was a cruel monster. A contest arose between the two and at last the monster was killed. He took his club and bear-skin and went on his journey till he came to a broad green valley and saw flocks and herds sleeping beneath the trees. By the side of a clear fountain he saw fair nymphs and shepherds, who were engaged in dancing. These nymphs dived into the fountain thinking that he was Periphetus—the club-bearer. But Theseus slept under a shady tree and when he woke up they understood that he was not Periphetus. Then they were very pleased. He was asked to stay. But he said 'I have greater work to do. I must be away toward the Isthmus that I may go to Athens.' The nymphs gave him directions as to how he should go and also as to the nature of the cruel monsters whom he was to meet with on his way.

On he went with greater rapidity, for his heart burned to meet Sinis—the Pine-binder. At last he saw him sitting upon a stone by the wayside. Theseus with his club humbled his pride, and put an end to his life.

When he went further on he saw Scirion—the Tortoise feeder. A hard contest ensued. Soon the monster lost all his energy and he was thrown into the Sea. Then Theseus went to Eleusis where Kerkuon the King lived. He went to the door of Kerkuon's hall. He saw Kerkuon sitting at the table in the hall. He expressed his desire of wrestling a fall with him—Kerkuon consented. But being hospitable he asked Theseus to eat and drink. After they finished eating and drinking, Kerkuon rose up and asked him to wrestle a fall. They both wrestled to the astonishment of the lookers on. In the end Kerkuon lost his life and all the people were very pleased. The people asked him to be their King. In response to this

Theseus said 'I will be your King in Eleusis and I will rule you right and well; for this cause I have slain all evil doers.'

But being told that Scirion, whom he killed, was one of his blood relations, he wanted to purify himself from the sin. On his way he met Procrustus, the stretcher, and killed him.

Having thus killed him, he distributed the wealth, which Procrustus had obtained by his cruel deeds, among the people of the country. This noble act of Theseus clearly shows his generosity. Straight up he went to Athens and entered the hall of Aegeus. Theseus spoke to Aegeus thus—'I have delivered the King's realm from many monsters, therefore I am come to ask a reward of the King.' The King expressed his inability to give a reward worthy of Theseus. Then Theseus replied that his only desire was to eat and drink at his table. Accordingly his desire was fulfilled. Medeia, a witch woman of the court of Aegeus, brought a cup of wine and asked Theseus to drink it. But he, by the colour and various other tests, understood that it was a mixture of poison. He asked her to drink it. She refused to do so. Theseus was very angry at her behaviour and drew his club, when she fled away. After this he showed the sandals and the sword to Aegeus and told him the words which his mother had said. Then Aegeus recognised him as his son. For a time Theseus spent his life with his father. But, one day a herald from Minos came and demanded the tribute. All the people were very sorrowful. Theseus, having learnt that seven youths and seven maidens should be sent to Athens every year to be mercilessly exposed to the Minotaur—a monster who fed on men, determined to kill the latter. But his father did not consent to his going, for he was sure that it was difficult to return in safety. But his burning desire to kill monsters was so great that he persisted in going. Then his father also yielded. He asked his son to hoist a white sail in case he returned in safety. To this he consented and with seven youths and seven maidens, Theseus and the herald left for Athens. They reached their destination. When Minos saw them he ordered that the seven youths and seven maids should be thrown before the monster. But Theseus requested that he should be thrown first. Ariadne, the daughter of Minos, loved Theseus for his courage and majesty. According to his request, he was cast into the prison. But by night the King's daughter came to him and made known her heart, and asked him to escape from the prison along with her. He said, that after killing the monster he would marry her. She gave him a sword and a clue of thread so that he might come easily from the labyrinth.

When the evening came, he was taken into the labyrinth and he tied the thread to a stone and unrolled it as he went on. He saw the monster. With him he fought most vigorously and finally the monster was killed. The very same night he sailed with Ariadne to Athens. But she never came to Athens. Why this was so, none say certainly. Theseus, in his sorrow, had forgotten to remove the black sail. Aegeus, seeing no white sail thought that his son was in danger, threw himself into the sea and, henceforward the sea was called 'The Aegian Sea.' Theseus became the King of Athens. He married Hippolite—the queen of the famous Amazons. With his friend Feirithoos, Theseus went down to carry off Peresphone—the wife of Pluto. His friend was killed and he himself was bound in chains to a rock and was released by Hercules in one of his twelve labours. During the interim, Aithra was carried away. Athens was wasted. Another King who ruled over it drove out Theseus, who fled to Scyros where he was murdered. Thus ends the life of Theseus. His bones were then brought over, and over them, a great temple was raised.

COMPARISON

Both belonged to a Royal family
Both were neglected by their fathers
Both loved good deeds
Both did noble deeds
Both loved virtue and hated evil

CONTRAST

Perseus

His early life was spent in adversity which moulded his character. He was truthful, courteous and gentle and so was chosen by the Gods.

Theseus

He lived with his own mother and in his own country.

He began his life without any experience of hardship.

His life was one of adventure, only to win his father's love and to gain a kingdom for himself.

Therefore we see that one was godly and the other ungodly.

They differed in their temperaments and lives

They differed in their aims

Since Perseus was a man of God, he was loved by God

But Theseus being ungodly he was hated by God and hence his close of life was wretched.





Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Column

SHAKESPEARE'S ROMEO AND JULIET

THE scene of the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet is laid at Verona in Italy. The chief events of the play are said to have actually taken place at Verona in the

early part of the 14th century. The story had been dramatized by many a writer before Shakespeare. But there can be no doubt that it could not have developed into such a degree of dramatic perfection in the hands of any dramatist except Shakespeare.

The tragedy opens with a quarrel between the members of two households of distinction, Montague and Capulet, whose "ancient grudge" towards each other often burst itself out into "new mutiny." Romeo, the hero of the play and the only son of Montague, is introduced to the readers, moping under the effects of an unrequited love for fair Rosaline. He thinks that he is quite overpowered by this disappointment and sorrow, and tells his friends so. Benvolio, Romeo's cousin and friend, advises him to "forget to think of her," and persuades him to go to a masked ball held at the house of the Capulets on the occasion of an ancient feast of theirs. There Romeo sees Juliet, the only daughter of Capulet, and at once forgets all about Rosaline and falls violently in love with Juliet. Juliet, in turn, conceives an equally strong passion for Romeo. The next night Romeo, impelled by the force of love, betakes himself to Capulet's garden by scaling over its wall. There he unexpectedly sees Juliet and

overhears the declaration of her passionate love for him; and in spite of their hereditary enmity, they exchange vows of love. Then Romeo hastens to his spiritual adviser, Friar Lawrence, who privately joins his hand with that of his lady-love in holy wedlock.

While returning home after his marriage, Romeo encounters Tybalt, who resents the injuries, as he says, done to him by Romeo, and challenges him to fight. Romeo, out of consideration for his Juliet, whose near relative Tybalt is, tries to pacify him. Mercutio, Romeo's true friend, who was by listening to the passage-at-arms between Romeo and Tybalt, considers Romeo's conduct dishonourable and closes with Tybalt, and they fight. Romeo tries to separate them; but, notwithstanding his efforts, Tybalt inflicts a mortal wound on Mercutio and flees with his followers. The brave Mercutio dies. Mercutio's death infuriates Romeo, who now resolves to revenge the death of his friend. Just then Tybalt returns. Immediately Romeo rushes on him and kills him. And in order to escape the clutches of the law, he hides himself in Friar Lawrence's cell. The matter is reported to the Prince of Verona, who sentences Romeo to be banished from the city.

All this time, in Capulet's orchard, Juliet is eagerly awaiting Romeo. But then, alas! to dispel all her joyful expectations, she is informed of the woeful news that her cousin fell by the hand of Romeo and that her lord was therefore banished. The news, of course, completely overcomes her and throws her into a paroxysm of grief. Her nurse, then, offers her consolation by promising that she would find Romeo out and send him to her to comfort her. Accordingly the nurse goes to Friar Lawrence's cell in search of Romeo.

In the meantime, Romeo receives the tidings of the prince's decree and bemoans to Friar Lawrence that death would have been far sweeter to him than banishment, which would compel him to forego even the pleasure of being near his dear Juliet. At that moment Juliet's nurse enters the monastery. The sight of her puts him in mind of the shock, which his beloved would feel at the recent occurrences, and he becomes so devoid of self-control that he tries

to stab himself with his dagger. The good old Friar, who, till now, had spoken to him as a sympathetic friend, now severely reproaches him for trying to commit such a foul deed. He then consoles the poor sinner, telling him to sojourn in Mantua until he (the Friar) can find an opportunity to make known their marriage, reconcile both the parties concerned, obtain the prince's pardon, and bring Romeo back. The Friar also bids him to hasten to Juliet and to comfort her. Romeo, accordingly, spends the night with her. Early in the morning, after a most pathetic farewell, they separate, and Romeo goes to Mantua.

Juliet's parents ascribe her intense sorrow to the death of her cousin, and in order to assuage it, hasten her marriage with one Count Paris, whom they had arbitrarily chosen for her. When Juliet is informed of this, she refuses to marry Paris and begins to make excuses. But her parents, maddened by opposition, severely scold her and threaten to turn her out of doors. Her loyal heart, however, revolts against the proposed alliance, and she determines to die rather than renounce her faith and honour. On the pretence of going to confession, she goes to Friar Lawrence and entreats him to devise some means, whereby she may save herself from this ignominy; and she threatens to kill herself there and then, if no remedy is forthcoming. So Friar Lawrence gives her, as the only possible remedy, a sleeping potion, which, when drunk, would make her look just like a dead person for 42 hours, after which she would "wake as from a pleasant sleep." The Friar then advises her to go home and consent to marry Paris, and to drink the potion on the night before her wedding day. He tells her that, when the bridegroom comes in the morning to take her to church, she will be found dead, and that she will then be buried in the burial-place of the Capulets. He also tells her that he will, in the meantime, communicate to Romeo all about their intentions, that he and Romeo will be present at her tomb at the prescribed hour of her waking, and that Romeo will then take her with him to Mantua. So Juliet returns home with a light heart and does as she is bid, and is buried the next day.

In accordance with his promise to Juliet, Friar Lawrence sends a messenger with a letter to Romeo. But, as fate would have it, the messenger is detained on his way to Mantua, and being unable to send the letter to Romeo, brings it back to its author. On the other hand, Romeo's servant informs his master of the sad news of Juliet's (supposed) death. The news makes him desperate, and he, with fierce determination, buys some poison of a poor Apothecary, and makes his way straight to Juliet's grave. Then he gives his servant a

letter, asking him to deliver it to his father, and orders him to quit the place at once. At the entrance to the tomb Romeo meets Paris, who is gone there to strew his lady's grave with flowers. Paris, fearing that Romeo will do some violence on the dead body of Juliet, fights with Romeo and is killed by him. After this, Romeo drinks the poison and dies.

Meanwhile, Friar Lawrence, fearing that the non-delivery of his letter might lead to disastrous consequences, hastens to Juliet's grave. There he finds, to his horror and surprise, the dead bodies of Romeo and Paris. Immediately after, Juliet wakes and asks for her lord. Then the Friar briefly explains the circumstances to her and offers to put her in a nunnery, but is soon scared away from the place by some noise. Juliet, unwilling to outlive her lord, kills herself with Romeo's dagger. Soon after Count Paris's page, who had gone to raise the watch as soon as his master and Romeo began to fight, arrives at the place accompanied by the guards. A search is made all over the churchyard. Romeo's servant and Friar Lawrence are arrested. The Prince is awakened. The Montagues and the Capulets are raised up. And the whole city is in uproar and confusion. Then Friar Lawrence gives out, in the presence of the Prince, Capulet, Montague and all the other people, the sad story of the two unfortunate lovers, whom their doom in so strange a fashion. Romeo's letter to his father proves the truth of the friar's story. Instantly, both Capulet and Montague throw off their hate, which they had paid for so dearly, and are made friends by their common woe on account of the loss of their only children. Moreover, Montague promises to perpetuate the name of the "true and faithful Juliet" by raising her statue in pure gold. In return, Capulet promises to raise an equally rich memorial for Romeo.

The foregoing is a brief summary of one of the most beautiful and pathetic love stories ever written in any language. "Romeo and Juliet" is one of the early plays of Shakespeare; so that it is not without defects. But against its defects may be set off the beauty of composition of the play in general and the exquisite perfection of certain scenes and passages. The moonlight scene between Romeo and Juliet on the night preceding their marriage is, without any exception, the most beautiful love scene ever written. In this excellent scene itself, the three lines

"Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frow, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world"

have been declared to have been never equalled in any love poem ever written. They are characterized by a beautiful blending of innocence

and passion, which are wonderfully true to nature. There are also some very fine dramatic touches in the play, which reveal the genius of the author in a most remarkable manner. From the very beginning of the play the author prepares our mind for a tragedy. For, just when he is going to the Capulets' ball, Romeo feels that that night's revels will lead him on to an untimely death. So too, Juliet feels a foreboding of evil, when she says,

"I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say, 'It lightens.'"

Again, when Romeo takes his last leave of Juliet before he leaves for Mantua, Juliet's mind mis-gives her much, and she says,

"Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb."

And Romeo replies in the same strain.

None of the characters in the play can be said to be uninteresting. Each has got an individuality of its own and can be easily distinguished from the others. The characters of the hero and the heroine are alike in many respects. Both Romeo and Juliet are, when we first see them, mere passionate children. But the natures of both are strengthened and purified by adversity. Under the chastening influence of adversity, Romeo becomes a resolute man, and Juliet, a heroic woman. Juliet's innate purity and strength of character, which impelled her to prefer death to dishonour, are excellent traits in her character. Again, when she says to Romeo,

"And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world"

she sets a most beautiful example for all women of all nations and of all ages to follow.

There is not a play of Shakespeare, which does not give us some kind of moral lesson or other. And indeed, Romeo and Juliet gives us some very good lessons, which it will do good to us to bear in mind. The main lesson, which, in my opinion, it inculcates, is that violent and irrational affections almost always have an equally violent and sudden end. This truth is expressed in the course of the play as follows—

"These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume; the sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite."

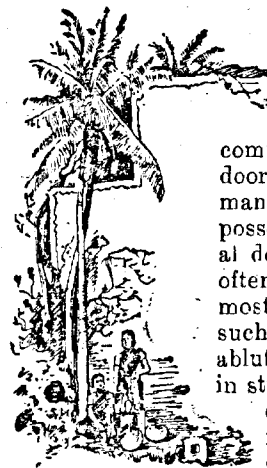
The play also contains a beautiful illustration of the well-known proverb "Man proposes, God disposes." Lastly, I think, the play

exemplifies in a remarkable degree the truth, which all great teachers of mankind have tried to inculcate, viz., that love is stronger and more enduring than hate.

MRS. P. K. RAMUNNI MENON.

Common Sense About Nervousness

(Selected)



GIRLS, I am quite well aware, would each and all conduct themselves with becoming propriety both indoors and out, if they could manage always to be self-possessed. From constitutional defects and probably as often as not from neglect of the most ordinary rules of health, such as daily and perfect ablution of the body, sleeping in stuffy rooms, want of outdoor exercise, and errors in eating, many live constantly on the borderland of nervousness. They are too easily carried away, easily influenced by the speech and manners of those they talk to, and so they forget themselves, and may do or say things—little things—that they are angry with themselves next moment for saying or doing. This breeds discomfort and causes them to be in the fidgets whenever they are in company.

Is it a disease then? it may be asked. Most assuredly, and it is partly mental, partly corporeal. The mind and the body are so intimately connected that we feel inclined to forgive those who believe there is no mind, that it is all matter, and that what is called the soul could no more exist without the body than the flame of a lighted candle could without the wax and the wick.

GREATER IRRITABILITY

There is in a case of nervousness, whether temporary or constant, a greater degree of irritability of the nerves and the blood-vessels which supply them with nutrition. There is a greater waste, therefore, of the powers of life than the food eaten can make up for. There is no reserve fund of vital energy, nothing to fall back upon, and so when the stimulus that induced the extra waste no longer acts, when the girl is alone, for example, she is dull and depressed

and not at all on good terms with herself. The worst of it is that she keeps wondering all the time what other people think of her, while very likely no one on earth is thinking about her at all.

People, however, in whose company she may have been may have considered her a very silly little girl, rather green, and none too well brought up. That would be horrible, wouldn't it?

Well, these nervous girls are not only very likely to get excited easily in company, but they constantly keep worrying about how they look. They make friends with the mirror, and there is no more false and lying friend in the world than that. It never by any chance tells the truth; it is a deceitful flatterer and always tries to make the most of you and send you away contented.

"Could you see yourself as others see ye,
It would frae mony a faulzie free ye."

But it isn't always the mirror's fault, you know, for it is usually placed in a bad light, and if it were out of doors it would probably show you up in a very different light. And it is in this light that others see and criticise you, remember.

CAN NERVOUSNESS BE CURED?

Can you become self-possessed? On good terms with yourself and the world around you? Contented and happy ever? Although you are not a bright star in the firmament of beauty? Yes, if you go the right way to work.

Perhaps up to this day and date, my dear young lady, you have been living under the impression that you had only one brain. Don't be surprised when I tell you that you have a whole lot, and two distinct sets of nerves. You possess not only a main brain and spinal cord—the nervous system of animal life—but a chain of smaller brains running in front of your spinal cord. They are called ganglia, and there are other ganglia with which these communicate and from a system, the nerves proceeding therefrom being called the Sympathetics, controlling the organs of digestion and secretion, the respiration and heart and blood-vessels—the whole forms the nervous system of organic life.

Now these are beyond your control. They act independently of your will-power. You can will to use your pen, or play the piano, or sky a ball with a club, but you cannot by will-power influence digestion, nor cause the heart to beat quicker or slower, as you choose.

But you feel and know all too often the power and action of these extra brains and nerves. Bad news will banish all your appetite, and turn you pale, and a sudden start of any kind will

cause the ganglia to lose control for a moment over the facial capillaries, and you turn red. But under their blessed guidance, breathing goes quietly on during sleep, and so too does digestion. I hope I don't seem to obsess you with my physiology. It is very plain and not at all like that, which you were supposed to learn at school—but didn't.

INDIRECT CONTROL OF THE SYMPATHETICS

We have indirect control over these nerves, else we could not cure nervousness. We can feed them well, and by taking plenty of exercise and breathing fresh air night and day we can supply them with pure rich new blood. A well-fed ganglion is a strong one, and will not easily respond to outward influence. If you have well-fed ganglia, I can assure you that your cheeks will not blanch in danger nor turn red when you receive a little shock, surprise or start. With ganglia such as these you are better able to think and to act, to breathe with comfort, to digest your food and to sleep better at night. With healthful ganglia, you are never conscious of having a liver, you are not even sure you have a heart, you are delightfully calm and self-possessed, and the fact that you are so gives you a power over your own fortunes and a command over even your companions' actions and language that nothing else on earth could bestow.

And ah! how rosy and bright the world appears to you if your ganglia are healthy! You have the power of coming up out of yourself as it were, and living for those around you, you are *en rapport* with all nature, and even to live is a joy.

COMMON SENSE TREATMENT.—I believe I have cured many many thousands by the simple plan I wish now to propose to you. Not by medicine alone, mind you. Indeed, that is but a secondary consideration. But were a case to come before me at this moment, after a brief examination to show me that there was no organic disease and that the system was working fairly well, though altogether weak and under par, I should put questions in order to find out the patient's life and habits. And these questions would be based generally upon those that follow, which, if you are a nervous girl you will do well to ask yourself, and if the answers are unfavourable change your mode of life entirely.

1. Do I eat too much?
2. Do I eat too quickly?
3. Do I hurry and worry too much?
4. Am I intemperate in thought, word and deed?
5. Do I take sufficient exercise?
6. Is that exercise suited to lungs and heart?
7. Is it pleasant and recreative?
8. Do I clothe according to the weather?

9. Are my ablutions properly performed?
10. Have my organs overmuch work to do?
11. Or the liver?
12. Is the system dry and constipation present?
13. Do I work in a stuffy room by day?
14. Or sleep in a stuffy room at night?
15. Do I retire betimes?
16. And rise sufficiently early?
17. Have I contracted the habit of pill-bolting?
18. Can I call to mind any excess or habit that may tend to injure health?

YOU WILL BE SURPRISED

to find how soon good habits once adopted become second nature with you, and you will be still more surprised to find in, say, a couple of weeks how completely you have changed for the better. You may then shudder when you think of your old ways and your old methods, and your silliness and your nasty nerves, fits of melancholy, and all the rest of it.

Well, moderate eating is a *sine qua non* of my cure. Eat slowly—very, and you will be unlikely to eat too much. Have a care of the food or fruits or sweets that are too inviting. The Scriptures tell us to resist the devil and he will flee from us. And if our resistance cannot be made stubborn enough we must flee from him. I am unable to say what your pet temptation may be, but you must steer clear of it. That is the easiest plan and the safest. In nervousness it is absolutely necessary that the clothing should not be heavy nor too warm. Indeed, if almost too light you would be erring on the right side. If you wear weighty over-warm clothing in the house, or if the bed-clothing be too heavy, believe me, you will never get well.

Beware of the fire. However cosy the ingle-nook may seem, it usually means irregular distribution of heat to the body, and this is highly dangerous even to life itself. Hugging the fire means having the front of your body in the torrid zone, and your back in the Arctic regions. Don't do it. And people who hug the fire never can have healthy feet and ankles. If your feet are not always comfortable, or if they assert themselves when walking or sitting, your health must suffer. There is more in this than is usually imagined.

Avoid tonics as a general rule. The only one that will do good is phosferine. The course is three weeks; you must not exceed. And no tonic must be taken if the system is not kept fairly open. The longer I live the more am I convinced that a costive or confined system is a most dangerous condition. All kinds of troubles arise from this, and nervousness is but one, albeit one of the worst.

But the habit of pill-swallowing—so much approved of by the proprietors of patent pills—is most ruinous to the constitution, and spells early death. Be warned. Fruit alone is safe. All kinds of soft fruit, especially that of our own country. Prunes may be used every day, stewed. Apples and oranges, figs and lemons.

Listen—if inclined to rheumatism the juice of from one to five good lemons may be taken in water every day.

Commune with yourself when alone, and if you have any bad habits give them up. If you do not, the chances are they will get firmer and firmer hold, as coil the arms of an octopus around its prey, and finally they will sink you.

All bad habits shorten life, and don't you forget it. All good habits and freedom from excess of every sort tend to lengthen life. You are young at present, and the prospect of an additional ten years of life may not possess much attraction for you, but if you reach the age of fifty or sixty your thoughts will play a different tune.

The morning tub has a marvellous effect in the curing of nervousness. By its means the whole system is toned, the nerves braced, the muscles hardened, skin troubles banished, and every internal organ as well as the brain kept up to the mark. The warm bath at night about once a week, but always with a cold sponge down to follow.

GOOD LITERATURE AND THE NERVES

I cannot too strongly condemn the use of exciting fiction for young girls. Especially the serial stories of the ordinary penny periodicals with thrills all through them and a sensational ending for every weekly instalment to cause you to long for the next. They are most unhealthy, enervating as well as immodestly suggestive. No pure-minded girl would read them, and they are not even fit for the servants' hall. There are many excellent books written by modern authors, but if still in your teens they may not be so suitable. But you have only to inquire at any library in order to obtain good school stories by women authors. Then there are the classics of the century so recently closed. Dickens should always delight a girl if she is not too impatient for *dénouements*. Thackeray is always readable, and a host of others. But this is not a literary article. I only pray you for dear health's sake to avoid the penny dreadful and shilling or sixpenny shocker. While steering clear of Scylla however, you must take care not to fall on to Charybdis. Goody-goody books and the stories that preach are bad for the nervous system and the health generally. To give a girl books like these to read is on a par with feeding her on pap flavoured with cinnamon.

when she is longing for a good British beef-steak and a wholesome onion.

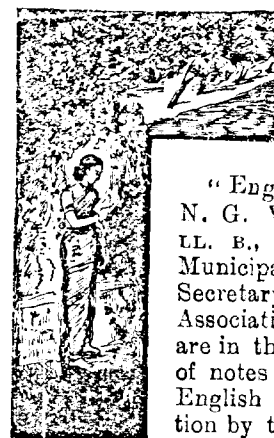
OBESITY AND NERVOUSNESS

Obesity is a disease that afflicts but few young girls, but a medical man can often observe a tendency to it even in those under twenty. They are generally what the Scotch call "sonsy lasses"; well made, rather inclined to be tall, rather square in shoulders and broad across the hips. Now, as fatness is such a fearful calamity, girls of this build would do well not to use too much sugar or pudding or flour food of any sort. Even the fat of meat, bacon that is too rich and the oilier fishes such as salmon, mackerel, plaice and herrings, should be avoided. Potatoes sparingly and butter even more so. Obesity or fat shortens life, and even while the patient is alive she is miserable. Nervous and timid too, as a rule, she generally is, although apparently happy and free from care. There is no safe cure by drugs of this state, only a dieting.

SOME BEAUTY HINTS

Thus far have you read with considerable patience, and now having taken your physic, having swallowed your physiology, it is but right you should have your sugar plum. Here it is. If you wish to be beautiful keep in mind the following "don'ts": (1) Don't use hot water to wash the face, but cold. Hot water roughens the skin and causes superfluous hair to grow. (2) Don't go to bed without washing the face with soft water and a mild soap. (3) Don't leave any soap on the face. A clean face to sleep in keeps blackheads and pimples at bay. (4) Don't drink with meals if you wish to be bonnie. Drink after or between meals only. (5) Don't forget your morning tub. It will make you as sweet as a gowan wet with dew, and as active and caller as a mountain trout. (6) Don't forget your large glass of water after it. Hot or cold, but preferable with a good squeeze of lemon in it. (7) Don't forget that an orange eaten before breakfast is worth its weight in gold. (8) Don't forget your teeth, else by and by you won't have any. (9) Don't forget to keep brushes—tooth, nail, hair and clothes-brushes—always clean. (10) Don't forget that green vegetables keep the skin pure and white. (11) Don't forget the care and attention that your nails need. A manicure box is a capital thing to make yourself a present of. (12) Don't neglect your hair at night. Brush, but not too harshly, and lightly braid it to prevent its becoming tangled. If you want extra pretty hair, wear it loose of an evening and let the wind of heaven blow through it. (13) Don't peep into every shop window or mirror you pass to see how you look. Worrying about it banishes beauty. That is all, I think.

Reviews of Books



I HAVE before me a number of books sent for review in the Indian Ladies' Magazine. One of the best is:

"English Impressions," by N. G. Welinkar, Esq., M.A., LL.B., Superintendent of the Municipal School, Bombay, and Secretary of the Teachers' Association, Bombay. There are in the book seven lectures of notes on certain aspects of English life, with an introduction by the Rev. N. Macnicol,

M.A., and there are besides several portraits in the book, chiefly of the ladies and gentlemen who presided when the lectures delivered in Bombay under the auspices of the Students' Brotherhood. In the first lecture, "What England taught me about Nationality," the writer testifies to the deep hold which England had taken hold of his affections. "I have felt for that country an attachment to which it is difficult to give a fitting name. It is like the loving reverence that a man of mature years feels for an old tutor who has been his friend and guide in student days, who has formed his intellect, who has had a great share in the moulding of his character and motives." The lecture concludes with a message for India about Nationality. "Nationality is a very great idea; it is a very noble idea. It is the end and crown of social endeavour. It is the summit of human attainment by organized effort. But just because it is so great and so noble, just because it is so infinitely valuable it necessarily demands the long and patient labour of ages. The building up of nationality resolves itself into the work of unification and social regeneration. In the present conditions of India this demands infinite patience, infinite wisdom, infinite generosity, infinite self-sacrifice. The message of England, then, for all of us who desire nationality—and there is no nobler object of desire—comes to this: That we should learn to think rightly, to labour patiently, and to suffer unselfishly and sincerely desire the regeneration of our country."

The other six lectures all express this generous and noble sentiment, and beside give us many valuable impressions of England, English society and English education, and also make many instructive suggestions. Especially will

the two lectures on Women in England be of value to the readers of the Indian Ladies' Magazine. The book is a comprehensive and instructive one and well deserves reading. It is published by N. M. Tirupathi & Co., Kalbadevi Road, Princess Street, Bombay.

Miss Florence L. Nichol's sketch of *Lilavati Singh* deserves mention, both on account of the revered memory of the subject of the sketch, and also on account of the clear and sympathetic way in which the book is written. An interesting account of the life of Lilavati Singh is given, interspersed with her views on many subjects. There are besides many charming portraits of Miss Singh. The book is published by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, Methodist Episcopal Church, 36, Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

In the *Message of the East* by Dr. Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, published by Ganesh & Co., Madras, the writer shows how Indian thought and culture have been gradually transferring European thought and culture and how the East has revealed a new world to the West. The writer advocates *Swadeshi* more as a religious artistic ideal than as a political weapon. He concludes with saying: "But let us not love art because it will bring to us prosperity, rather because it is a high function of our being, a door for thoughts to pass from the unseen to the seen, the source of those high dreams and the embodiment of that enduring vision that is to be the Indian nation; not less but more strong and more beautiful than ever before, and the gracious giver of beauty to all the nations of the earth."

We have also received the Revised edition of the *Kanya Sukamu*, a Telugu Comedy by G. V. Appa Row, B.A., who is in the staff of Her Highness the Maharani Kumari Sahiba of Vizianagram. Mr. Appa Row defends the merits of spoken Telugu, its softness and its range of expression; "at this moment," he says, "the best prose in the language is in the spoken dialect." The Press opinions on the first edition are eulogistic. "The play has been acted several times," says one, "and judging by the large audience which crowded the theatre on each occasion, the author must be congratulated on the success, which the exhibition of his work produced." "Kanya Sukamu thought to be widely read. It is very agreeable reading and we read it almost at one setting. But the naturalness of the expression and the skill of plot are the least of its merits. It holds the mirror up to nature." The book is to be had at Messrs. V. Ramaswami Sastrulu & Sons, 193, Esplanade, Madras.

Satyananda is an interesting and well-written novel by A. Madhaviah, author of

"Thillai Govindan." It gives a charming account of a Hindoo family and brings the hero, through many troubles, to the very prime of his life—an earnest high-souled man, who does much good to the people around him and yet does it not for reward or titles; a man on whose lips are often the noble words, which close the book:

"He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast;
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small:
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all."

What has been done for and by Indian Ladies

THE WORK OF NON-CHRISTIAN WOMEN IN THE BOMBAY PRESIDENCY

By MRS. F. P. HORNE

A Paper read at the Annual Conference of the Christian Women Workers' Union, held in Bombay, as reported last week.

"Before attempting an examination of the work of Indian non-Christian women, let us first consider what has made it possible for them in the Twentieth Century to do what their fore-mothers did not do; who has given them the ideal, and how the ideal has been evolved."

Firstly, I think that no educated Hindu or Mohammedan, however attached to his religion, would fail to admit that the Christian religion, through the means of foreign lady missionaries, has mainly given to India's women their education and their possibilities for service. When Margaret Wilson, the wife of the famous Dr. Wilson, came to Bombay in 1829, nothing was being done for the education of girls in the city. Through her efforts six girls' schools were established, and, though her life was cut short, she thus laid the foundations of educational work for women in Bombay. A similar commencement was made in Calcutta where Miss Cooke (later known as Mrs. Isaac Wilson of the C.M.S.) succeeded in starting thirty schools for girls, with an attendance of 600. Her effort commenced in 1821. From that time lady missionaries have spent themselves in the effort to aid women and girls, hitherto oppressed, secluded and kept in ignorance, into the mental light and freedom they themselves enjoy.

Could an inquiry be made, I believe it will be found that a considerable proportion of the Indian ladies now holding high positions in society received their education in mission schools. Thus

to Christian women missionaries attaches the high honour of inaugurating the movement in favour of the education of Indian women and of taking part in the actual education of not a few of those now labouring in the same cause.

Secondly, There seems little doubt that the foreign missionary teacher who has for years endeavoured to instil into the minds of her school-children the beauty and joy of self-sacrifice—a lesson she has striven to exemplify in her own life—has given to her pupils the ideal which many still outside the fold of Christ are trying to attain. The Hindu religion gives no such ideal. It has provided hospitals for sick animals and given indiscriminate doles to beggars, but until recent years has done little for humanity. Christianity has shown the value of human life, and now we witness Hindu hospitals, Hindu orphanages, Hindu schools and Hindu missions.

Thirdly, The present ideals of educated Indian women have been evolved through the knowledge of what Christians have done. In the appeals issued before the Seva Sadan was started the example of several Christian workers and the extent and value of their work were quoted, no reference being made to philanthropists of the Hindu or Mohammedan faiths.

I have said all this before reaching my subject with the intention of showing that, perhaps indirectly yet none the less truly, Christianity has evolved the educated Indian woman, and that her ideals and aspirations, unconscious as she may be of the fact, are the result of contact with Christianity. This knowledge should give us encouragement and a warm sympathy with the efforts now being made to help the poor and oppressed; and a feeling not wholly of regret that so much is being attempted without the name of Christ, but of joy that His impress through the example of His disciples is the starting point of the Indian woman's recognition of her own responsibility to aid in the uplifting of the race.

I will now give some details of the various kinds of work undertaken by women for women in the Western Presidency.

I have not obtained the full statistics of the *Arya Mahila Samaj*, a Society formed among Hindu women in the Maratha country by Pandita Ramabai when a non-Christian in the early eighties. Ramabai organised the Society for the purposes of increasing knowledge amongst women. When a Commission on Education visited Poona, in 1882, it was invited to a reception by over three hundred Brahmin women connected with a branch of the *Arya Mahila Samaj* in that city. The organisation was then very popular, being one of the first, if not the first, attempt to unite women for a common object in this Presidency. It still exists, but its object is educational rather than

philanthropic, and its chief efforts seem to be confined to its own membership. The branch in Bombay has thirty-two members, and meetings are held weekly.

The Bombay Ladies' Branch of the *National Indian Association* is English in its origin, but I think this paper would be incomplete without a reference to it. It was started in 1890, and has always had the co-operation of European ladies but Indian ladies of high social standing have been by far the more numerous in its membership. Although the Association was primarily started to promote social intercourse it has a distinctly practical side. Its latest Report shows that beside the "At Homes" and lectures arranged by the Branch nearly sixteen hundred rupees have this year been carefully distributed in scholarships for girls and in aiding women of all nationalities to complete or undertake courses of education and training.

So far as I have been able to ascertain the first among institutions started in this Presidency after the pattern of a Christian Home is the Hindu Widows' Home Association at Poona. Pandita Ramabai's Home for Widows was opened in 1889, and until 1893 she had several Hindu gentlemen on her Advisory Board. When, however, one of the inmates wished to be baptised into the Christian faith the Board resigned, and in 1896, three years afterwards, these gentlemen started a Hindu institution. The work was commenced by an effort at maintaining, both for boarding and instruction, a few widows at the Female High School and the Female Training College at Poona. The Widows' Home proper was started in January, 1899, and was located and worked in the city of Poona till January, 1900, when it was removed to its permanent home in the village of Hingne Budruk about three miles from Poona. The site which extends over nearly seven acres of land was the gift of Rao Bahadur Ganesh Govind Gokhale. The inmates have gradually increased in numbers. In 1903 there were 21 inmates, in 1908 there were 80. Of this number 71 were widows and the remaining 9 married or unmarried girls. They come from all over India, but are mainly from the Maratha country; their castes are various, but Brahmins preponderate.

The Ashram, or Home, is under the direct supervision of the Honorary Secretary, Professor Karve, who resides on the premises; for some years the internal management was in the hands of Mrs. Kashabai Devdhar, who after a successful course of instruction at the Female Training College, joined the Widows' Home with the intention of devoting her life to its service. This lady has, however, left the Home for a time with the intention of

studying for her B. A. degree. She hopes to return, if successful, in 1910.

The inmates attend school daily. The classes range from the first to the seventh standards. A few of the more advanced pupils attend the Poona Training College. Two lady students, having passed the final College Examinations, have returned to the Ashrama as teachers. Like its prototype, which is now at Khedgaon, this institution has started a weaving industry, and five widows have been engaged in making cloth; two students have also been apprenticed to a firm in Bombay to learn machine knitting. Small progress is made in sewing.

The support of the Home is derived from endowments and subscriptions. For some years an energetic Hindu lady, Mrs. Parvatibai Athavale, has travelled in the interests of the Home; and through her efforts alone last year the Institution benefited to the amount of Rs. 3,000. The cost of each inmate, including a share of the cost of the teaching staff, is, roughly speaking, Rs. 20 per month. The Hindu religion is zealously taught through the Hindu shastras and through the hymns of "Medieval and modern Hindu saints."

This Home has proved a door of hope to many a young widow and, following its lead, Widows' Homes have sprung up in Mysore, Surat and the Panjab, under the Arya Samajists; while in the Madras Presidency numerous scholarships are reserved exclusively for widows. It is hoped that another such Home will be started in Bombay city.

Another institution in Western India which is educational and benevolent in its tendencies is the *Hindu Ladies' Social and Literary Club*. Founded sixteen years ago by the late Mr. Justice Ranade, the Club has worked steadily, trying to promote "Friendly feelings, to encourage an interest in moral and intellectual culture, to create social, intellectual and moral activity amongst the members, and to advance educational and benevolent projects."

The Club is presided over by a lady, Mrs. Kothare; the Executive Committee consists of a Vice-President, an Honorary Secretary, Treasurer and Librarian and twelve Members. The annual meeting is held on January 16th, the anniversary of the death of the founder, Mr. Ranade.

There are 160 members, and meetings are held weekly. One week an essay is read and a general discussion follows; on the alternate week a needle-work and cutting-out class is held. Every Wednesday an art class interests the members, and painting and drawing are taught.

At a recent meeting the subject of a Gujarathi paper was "The obligations of Motherhood."

Eighteen ladies were present and a lively discussion ensued.

The clothing made by the ladies of the Club is either sold and the proceeds credited to the Benevolent Fund, or the garments are distributed among the inmates of the Widows' Home or the Lady Northcote Orphanage. A library in the Marathi and Gujarathi languages is attached to the Club.

The *Gujarathi Stree Mandal* or Women's Association, founded in 1903, is a Society with much the same objects as the Hindu Ladies' Club. Mrs. Jannabai Nagindas Sakkar is the President. It has a membership of 240. Lectures, social and classical, constitute the greater part of its activities. The ladies have had a sale of work, and have helped persons who suffered in the riots. They have also visited the Northcote Orphanage, and have held a very successful annual meeting.

H. E. THE GOVERNOR AT THE POONA WIDOWS' HOME

Sir George Clarke presided at the annual prize distribution at the Poona Widows' Home and gave away the prizes. We print below His Excellency's speech on the occasion:

"Dr. Bhandarkar, Mrs. Ranade, ladies and gentlemen—It was my great hope to have come here this year accompanied by those who would have taken the keenest and most practical interest in the good work that is being carried on. That hope has been destroyed, and I know well that a man is powerless to do what falls naturally to the sphere of women's gentle influence and intuitive sympathy. The interesting statement that has been read shows the striking growth of this valuable institution. In ten years the number of inmates of the Home has increased from 4 to 100 and this fact proves that the need for an association which makes the Hindu widows the object of its care is widely recognised.

This is an encouraging sign, and we may hope that it means that a gradual removal of one of the saddest blot on the life of India is in progress. The treatment of widows is an instance of what Lord Bacon called the "tyranny of custom" which in this case is of ancient origin, which has outlived the purposes that it may have been intended to serve, and which is now a bar to the progress of India.

Sati has happily disappeared long ago and though Government exerted pressure in this instance I believe that all that was best in Indian opinion acquiesced in the abolition of that barbaric institution, and now it is pleasant to note that enlightened Hindus are pleading for mercy to the widows and are realizing that

while a section of their womanhood remains under a ban almost something to that of slavery, national aspirations can have no reality.

This Home owes its existence, its maintenance and its management to Hindus, who are thus showing in the most practical form their desire to raise the lives of the poor widows by giving them education and fitting them for the many duties which woman can best perform. Apart therefore from the work which it is carrying out the Home must be regarded as a factor in a growing movement which will in good time uplift the womanhood of India and effect a social reform of a far reaching character for the great benefit of the people.

In all countries and at all times the treatment accorded to women has been the measure of the civilization attained. You will find in the laws of Manu these significant words: "where women are honoured there the gods are pleased, but where they are not honoured no sacred rite yields rewards."

The efforts which are now being made to educate the girls indicate a return to this precept of Manu and are full of hope for the progress of India. We have seen the good work that is being carried on in this Home, and I hope, as I said last year, that amusements are not forgotten and that the girls learn to play as well as to study and to work. I am sure that recreation is necessary both for the mind and the body and the gentle exercises which are easily taught may do much to promote health and strength.

As has been said it is a very encouraging fact that a band of lady workers has joined the Association. The kindly help that they are rendering in brightening the lives of their sister will, I am certain, bring the best kind of happiness into their own lives. I hope that many other ladies will come forward to give their service to the poor widows and earn the reward that falls to all who seek to make the world better for others.

I notice that in most cases the parents and guardians of the girls in the Home do not contribute towards the expense.

Where there is real poverty this cannot be expected, but I agree with you that, wherever means permit the moral obligation of helping towards the maintenance and the education of the poor young widows should be brought home to those who are responsible for them. As you say this must be "a work of time" but in the awakening of India we hear so much, I believe that a new tenderness for the forlorn and helpless widows will spring up and that duties towards them will at length be recognised.

As regards the road, which you certainly need, I hope that you will approach the Taluka and District Local Boards, and if they are unable to help I will undertake that your wants are sym-

pathetically considered. The question of a site is more difficult and I am not sure whether Government could acquire land for such a purpose as yours under the Act or whether, if we could, you would gain much in the reduction of cost. I should hope that the adjoining landowners would be willing to sell at a fair market price such an area as you require, if it were such as could not be used for irrigation. By so doing they would lose nothing and they would have the satisfaction of aiding a cause which should appeal to all Hindus.

This gathering to-day shows the interest that is felt in the labour of love on which the Association is engaged. I wish the good work that is being done here could be widely known throughout the Presidency, and then, I am sure, you would no longer complain of the want of support. There is a short passage in the "Bhagavad Gita" which I commend to the many charitable members of the great Hindu community: "That gift is said to be good which is given because it ought to be given to one, who can do no service in return, at a proper place and time and to a proper person." I think that the support of the Widows' Home exactly fulfils all these conditions and that no better object can be found than that of bringing brightness and usefulness into the lives of a helpless and too often hopeless class.

And now I wish to thank all those who have provided the prizes which I have presented. Next year, if I am in India, I shall be happy to offer a prize. I hope that the girls who won the distinctions will be encouraged to carry on their work and studies later to help others in the many ways that are open only to women. I shall continue to take a warm interest on this Home and I cordially wish it continued and increasing success in solving one of the many social problems which have a most important bearing upon the life and the progress of India."

News and Notes

LADIES' HEROISM.—A patriotic excitement roused the ladies of Turkey to rise in arms against Greece during the Cretan dispute between the two countries and the following letter was addressed by Fatama Jahina, of the Bairat Ladies' Association, to the Turkish Parliament, "I have the honour to inform you that we ladies are prepared to sacrifice our lives, if necessary, for the preservation of Turkish interests in Crete and will gladly send out our children to the field of battle"—*Sultan*.

THE BEST WOMEN VOTE.—"All of the best women in Idaho take an active part and their influence is effective and wholesome for the purity of politics and the good of the community. The women do not often appear at the primaries, and their activity is not felt as much in making up the tickets as after the nominations are announced, and then they work through their clubs rather than the regular organization."

WOMEN PHYSICIANS.—Dr. Harriet C. Alexander of Chicago read a paper a few days ago before the sixteenth International Medical Congress in Buda Pesth, on "The Clinical and Forensic Aspects of Transitory Frenzy." The political campaigns, said Governor Brady, and paper was eminently scientific, and was well received. Dr. Alexander called attention to the phases of such forms of dementia as are now grounds of legal defence for prisoners in the courts of the United States.

ACTIVITIES OF COLLEGE WOMEN.—A St. Louis girl, Miss Eva Hirdler, is the only woman student at the Missouri School of Mines, in Rolla, this year. After taking two years' work in chemical engineering at Washington University, Miss Hirdler entered as a junior in the course of mining engineering at the School of Mines, and will continue her studies until she receives the mining engineering degree from that institution.

A WOMAN'S CAREER.—The name of Dorcas has been adopted by thousands of organizations of helpful women. Her example is a good one to meditate upon in this day when there is such widespread discussion of woman's sphere. Some of us are uneasy as we see that woman is made the commonest "problem" of the novel, the play, the essay and the lecture. The sign is not a wholesome one. For when men begin to regard a woman as a curious and complex social enigma, and try to analyze and dissect her, they cease to pay her the old-fashioned deference which we like to regard as her unquestioned right. The less woman is considered as a "question" the surer she will be to fulfil her natural destiny.

Old fashioned indeed was Dorcas. She had no other thought of a career for herself than to be helpful up to the limit of her powers. She was not a famous "church worker," nor had she the gift of prophecy. Her office was the simple, lowly one of helping the poor, who blessed her upon every remembrance of that name. She could not teach to edification, perhaps, but she could demonstrate her faith

by her works. Many were the new babies whose first wardrobes came from her deft fingers. And ever the praiseful lips of the friends who gathered about her bier could not call the roll of all the sick and aged and poor whom she had clothed. All the while doubtless, Dorcas looked with admiration upon such a "superior" woman as Mary of Bethany. Little did she dream that her swift needle was stitching her own name in letters of fadeless gold upon the world's brief roll of immortals. —*Exchange.*

WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS NOVEL EXHIBITION.—Novelty in unlimited quantity is being arranged for the forthcoming Exhibition of Women of All Nations at Olympia. Many Society leaders have given their patronage to the exhibitions—those including the Duchesses of Westminster and Grafton, the Marchioness of Downshire, Donegall, Hertford and Sligo, the Dowager Countess of Desbrough, Dora, Countess of Chesterfield, Viscountess Churchill, Viscountess of Pembroke, Lady Goschen, and many others.

Girls will figure prominently in the exhibition. There will be a Girl Servants' Camp as well as shooting contests between the Britannia League and a corps of pressmen, while female firemen will also give daily displays, and lady doctors will be in regular attendance in case of emergency. Sections will be devoted to that fascinating subject Feminine adornment, and there will be a liberal distribution of bank-books to visitors, each containing an initial deposit of one shilling.

The exhibition will be open for one month at Olympia and will then be transferred to Glasgow, Manchester and other places.

CALIFORNIA LAWS FOR WOMEN.—In California women who are not married suffer no injustice as to property. But a wife owns her separate property only. This has long been the only right she has had. The last Legislature amended this, so that now her separate property is liable for community debts.

The so-called community property is under absolute control of the husband. One lawyer calls it a gold brick. It sounds as if it belonged to husband and wife. The wife is even asked for her signature when community real estate is sold. Many wives think this an evidence that the signature is necessary and valuable. Really, it is only a precaution, intended to prevent the delay and expense caused by proving that the property was sold for a "valuable consideration." A husband is forbidden to give away property without the wife's consent in writing, though he can sell it as he pleases.

A wife's earnings are not hers, because earnings are community property, and that is only a name; that means the husband's property as to control.

A wife cannot even will away any part of community property to her children. After a long life of work and economy on her part, her husband may spend or give to a second wife the money she intended for her children.

A wife has no legal right to her children, unless she is separated from her husband and the courts have awarded the children to her. Even his death does not give her this right. She has to beg the court for it.

A woman has all rights over an illegitimate child.

A WOMAN JUDGE.—A woman has lately been made a Judge in Denmark, and the Danish women are reported to be much excited, as they think it is the first and only case of the kind in the world.

To say nothing of Mrs. Esther Morris of Wyoming, Mrs. Catherine Waugh McCulloch of Illinois, and Mrs. Mary Cooper of Kansas, do not our Danish sisters read their Bibles? Have they forgotten Deborah, the wife of Lapidath, who judged Israel for forty years, sitting under a palm tree, and led out the forces of the chosen people to battle, because the general refused to march without her? Mr. Blackwell was very fond of quoting Deborah to those who claimed that the Bible teaches the subjection of women; and he emphasized the fact that Deborah was a married woman. Years ago, during one of the many disputes that have raged in different States over the right of women to practise law, a Jewish editor boasted that a woman could be "a fighting judge in a thousand years before she would be an attorney in the United States."

SOME MORE NEWS CONCERNING WOMEN

Miss Helen Gould has given \$150,000 to the American College for Girls at Constantinople, to erect a new building. The college is about to move from Scutari to the European side of the Bosphorus, where it has secured a magnificent new site, beautified by a fine grove of chestnut trees.

Miss Kate Barnard, State Commissioner of Charities and Correction for Oklahoma, has been lecturing in Boston, New York and other Eastern cities. She is reported in the New York papers as saying that two years ago she was bitterly opposed to woman suffrage, but that she is now a convert. Observation and practical experience have brought about her change of mind.

Miss Annie Peck and Mrs. Fanny Bullock Workman, the two famous mountain-climbers, have lately had a little difference of opinion as to the heights to which they had respectively climbed. Miss Peck has just closed the discussion by a letter the gracious candor of which is generally praised by the press. Several editors call attention to the contrast between Miss Peck's amiable attitude toward Mrs. Workman and the acrimonious contest between Peary and Cook.

Miss Rebecca Brickell Holmes, for sixteen years Assistant General Superintendent of the Chicago Bureau of Charities, left that city this week to assume similar duties in Providence, R. I. Miss Holmes, who is a niece of Dr. Julia Holmes Smith, was born in New Orleans and has spent the most of her life in the South. From youth she has been interested in philanthropic work, and shortly after going to Chicago she decided upon the line of activity which later became her profession.

Miss Helen Donovan, who during the past few years has been teaching dressmaking in the State Agricultural School at Ames, Iowa, has been selected by the Milwaukee Board of Education to be the head of the new Trade School for Girls to be opened there this Fall. Miss Donovan was at one time at the head of the dressmaking department of the Mechanics' Institute, Rochester, N. Y. Later she took courses in designing and practical work at Teachers' College, Columbia University. Her salary in her new position will be \$2,000.

Mrs. Jennie Arms Sheldon, of Deerfield, Mass. lately wrote for a local society a most interesting paper on the original research work in American history done by Miss C. Alice Baker, with a beautiful and appreciative tribute to her life and services. It is by far the most adequate and satisfactory account of this remarkable woman that we have seen anywhere. Mrs. Sheldon's paper has been published in full in the Greenfield Recorder. The many friends of Miss Baker would do well to send three cents in stamps to the Recorder for the number containing it.

Mrs. Ella Flagg Young has given a fresh proof of her tact and good sense in declining the invitation to attend the banquet offered by the Chicago Commercial Club to President Taft, at which she would have been the only woman. Her presence would have caused discomfort to a great many men who wanted to smoke, and her attendance would have brought no benefit whatever to the schools. If it would, Mrs. Young would not have hesitated to face a phalanx of lions, to say nothing of smokers. Her refusal has been absurdly spoken of as a blow to the suffragists. Mrs.

Young is a suffragist. If she had been the ambitious and notoriety-loving sort of person that suffragists are falsely represented to be, she would have jumped at the chance to be the only woman at a great masculine banquet. But if she had been a woman of that kind she would never have been unanimously chosen as the head of the Chicago schools.

A PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.—The prize distribution of the Roman Catholic Convent Girls' School, Cannanore, now known as the St. Teresa's

European Girls' School, come off on Monday with great *eclat*. The leading ladies and gentlemen of the station, both Indian and European were present. Mr. A. Mayhew, Inspector of European Schools and Mr. P. P. Braithwaite, Inspector of Hindu Schools, were also present. An interesting and varied programme was gone through, and Mrs. Dallas gave away the prizes. Speeches were made by Mr. Mayhew and Mr. Kunhiraman the latter devoting his speech to the praise of Mrs. Dallas.

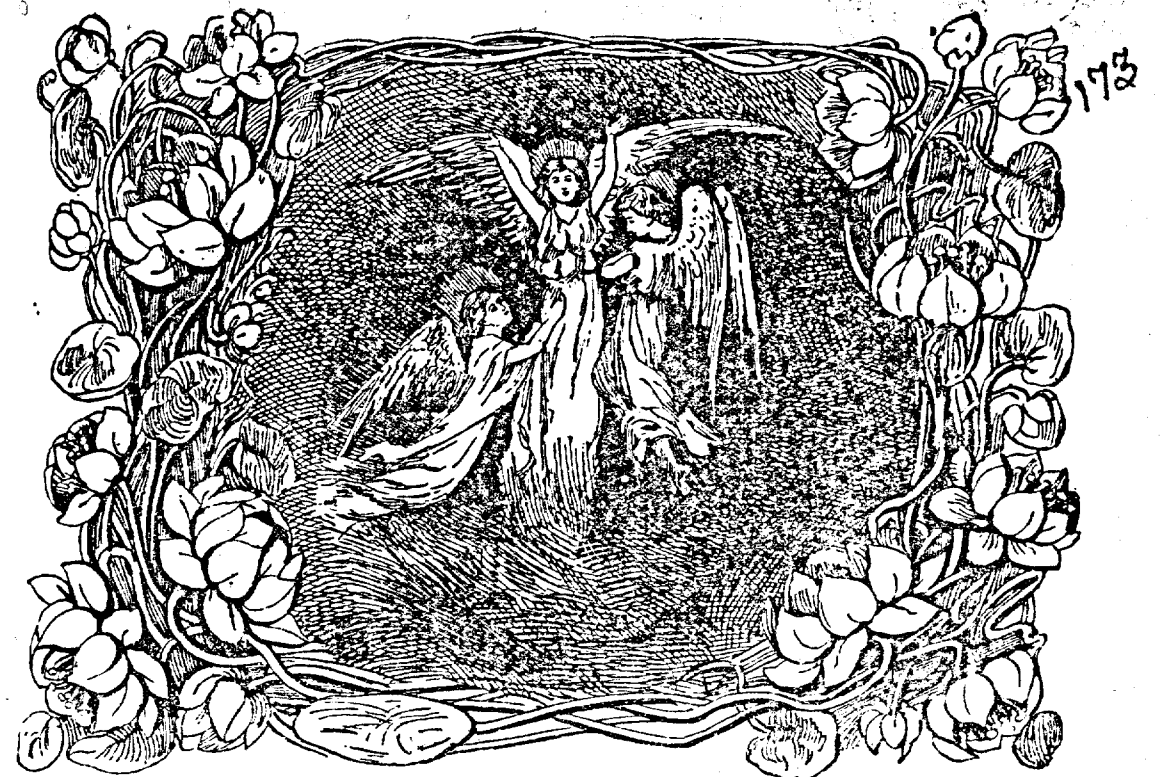
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• THE GUIDING STAR
(From a well-known picture)



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

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CHRISTMAS

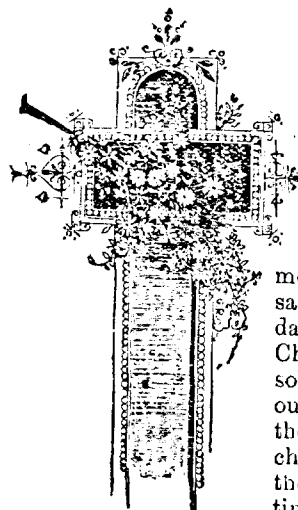
I saw the eternal God in robes of light,
Rise from his throne,—to judgment forth He came;
His presence passed before me, like the flame
That fires the forest in the depth of night;
Whirlwind and storm, amazement and affright,
Compassed his path, and shook all Nature's frame,
When from the heaven of heavens, with loud acclaim,
To earth he winged his instantaneous flight.
As some triumphal orb, whose boughs have spread
Their changing foliage through a thousand years,
Bows to the rushing wind its glorious head,
The universal arch of yonder spheres
Sunk with the pressure of its Maker's tread,
And earth's foundations quaked with mortal fears.

While war on earth suspended
His mad career of woes,
The Prince of Life descended,
A deadlier strife to close.

Vain battle storms were waging,
Against their Creator, God;
He came, and wrath assuaging,
'Made peace with His own blood.

The storm that flamed and lowered,
Was calm at His command;
The rod of justice flourished,
• Like Aaron's in His hand.

Legends of Christmas Bells



There is no more common tradition on the shores of Old England than that the bells of churches buried beneath the waves may still be heard pealing forth their mournful dirges. On saints' days and feast days, but especially on Christmas Day, these solemn melodies ring out, to be caught by the ear of anyone who chances to listen for the music at the right time and place. Thus does the past, known only perhaps to tradition, reveal itself to the present, and the voice of a bygone age speaks unto modern man.

The legend—call it superstition if you will—is not a matter for surprise, when one considers the intimate association which for centuries has existed between the people and their bells—calling them to church, ringing out glad peals at birth or wedding, or tolling sadly when the hand of death has lain heavy on the household.

THE BOTTREAUX BELLS

Away on the wild rock-bound coast of Cornwall stands the parish church of Bottreaux, or Forrabury, from which, tradition says, the bells have never sounded. When the church was built, the people, envious of the musical chimes that rang out across the water from the neighbouring church of Tintagel, determined to have a peal of their own, and the order was given to a London foundry. The bells, after being cast, were sent off by sea, and as they neared Boscastle the pilot heard the bells of his native Tintagel.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, in anticipation of a safe anchorage.

"Thank the ship and the canvas," retorted the captain, with a round of oaths.

But scarce had the impious words been uttered, when a furious storm arose and the ship became unmanageable. The howling wind drove the vessel towards the coast, where it was wrecked on the rocks, and every soul aboard, except the pious pilot, was drowned. The bells of Bottreaux also sank beneath the waves, and to this day, especially if it be Christmas Day,

their solemn tolling may be heard in the pines of the gale.

"Still when the storm of Bottreaux's waves
Is waking in his weedy caves,
Those bells, that sullen surges hide,
Peal their deep notes beneath the tide:
'Come to thy God in time!'
Thus with the ocean chime;
Storm billow, whirlwind past,
'Come to thy God at last!'"

BLACKPOOL'S LEGEND

Even Blackpool—modern, unromantic Blackpool—has a similar legend. More years ago than the oldest inhabitant can remember, there stood two miles from the present shore line the village church of Kilgrimol. It has long since disappeared—how, no man can say, but when the wild storms sweep across the waters they carry the mournful chimes from the sunken hills of Kilgrimol, and carry the warning reminder of human mortality to the affrighted folk who listen.

RAVENSERRE THE WICKED

If we turn to the east coast, where the sea has eaten great slices out of the land, and submerged many a prosperous town, we find the legend of the buried bells survives in many forms. There was the town of Ravenser Odd, "an exceedingly famous borough, devoted to merchandise, as well as many fisheries, most abundantly furnished with shops and burgesses amongst the boroughs of that sea-coast." But wicked works and piracies were so frequent that Providence in its wrath engulfed the town, and the bells, tradition and old fishermen tell you, may still be heard pealing when the waters are calm.

THE WHITBY PEALS

When Whitby Abbey was suppressed and dismantled, its bells were sold and placed aboard ship to be taken to London. But although the wind was fair and the sea was calm, the vessel could not be induced to move a cable's length. As the good folk of Whitby stood weeping on the shore for the loss of their bells, the ship and its sacred treasure suddenly sank beneath the waves. Nearly four centuries ago did this happen, and yet on the sacred days, especially on Christmas Day, the Whitby bells are still said to ring out their mournful chime. One variant of the legend has it that the man who listens on Hallowe'en, and breathes his sweetheart's name o'er the waters as he hears the bells, will be married before another year has gone by.

CHURCHES THAT WERE BURIED

It is not only on sea but on land also that these buried bells may be heard. Go to Fishery

Brow, near Kirkby Lonsdale, and place your ear to the ground in the natural hollow to be found there. If it be Sunday morning, especially a Sunday that is also Christmas Day, you will hear the sound of church bells, bells that long ages ago were swallowed up when the earth opened, and church, parson, and congregation disappeared.

At Raleigh, in Nottinghamshire, a similar legend is told. There, too, was a disappearance, and the whole village was swallowed by an earthquake. But the sound of the bells remains, and any villager who puts his ear to the ground where the church formerly stood, may hear their mournful summons to a ghostly service.

Matthew Arnold

By M. F. GILBERT-COOPER



THE poetry of Matthew Arnold is the outpouring of a lonely soul.

A soul eager, restless, yearning, longing for rest, for peace, for calm. Above all for calm; but calm to be attained not through *Sturm und Drang*, not through self-conquest, but through self-knowledge.

"Resolve to be thyself, and know that he,
Who finds himself, loses his misery."

Surely this must depend on the sort of self one finds! Would a state of calm be to many the result of the process of "finding themselves?"

There is certainly the Prodigal Son, who, when he came to himself, said: "I will arise etc.," but then he had recourse to prompt action and to confession: much had to be done before there was any calm for him. Then there is Polonius' advice to Laertes:

"To thine own self be true and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

Polonius was a courtier, a shrewd man of the world. Did he say more than he knew? Had he a glimpse of the Divine spark in each human entity?

The poet sends a look of "passionate desire" o'er the sea and to the stars and asks the secret of their joy? And the answer is:

"Why? self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul!"

"Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
In what state God's other words may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see."

This view of the lesson the great powers of Nature have to teach, though perhaps poetical, is scientifically false, as Nature is a great whole, who is made up of myriads of parts, not one of which is independent of the other, from the atom to the sun itself, which feels the attraction of the Pleiades and is being drawn towards that Constellation. And the Pleiades themselves—what are they? A mere drop in the vast scheme of Creation—so vast, that we, with all our wisdom, can but be aware of an infinitesimal part of it. Kepler says: "There are more comets in the sky than fishes in the sea", or rather our Solar system is being whirled round the central Sun of our system *i.e.*, *Alcyon* in the Pleiades. But how many do we see from our little Earth? We cannot surely reach to Calm or Peace by reading Nature thus, Matthew Arnold must have been a deeply sensitive man: very tender-hearted, very intuitive, intellectual and keen—he had moreover a poet-soul. But I wonder if he was as complex as he seemed. His father, Dr. Arnold, was one of the pioneers of Liberal Theology, of which Maurice was the leader. Dr. Arnold was a stronger man than his son, more a leader of men, not so sensitive and intuitive.

His son Matthew was brought up to question truth which had hitherto been taken for granted:

"For rigorous teachers seized my youth
And purged its faith, and trimm'd its fire,
Shew'd me the high white star of Truth,
There bade me gaze, and there aspire."
.... "masters of the mind!
At whose behest I long ago
So much unlearn'd, so much resign'd!"

He was flung into the then seething cauldron of Oxford life.

It proved totally uncongenial to him. He could not join heart and soul in the fray, nor had he sufficient force to stand wholly outside the clash of life as did Goethe always, and Wordsworth after his disillusionment. Arnold, therefore, was worried, sorely shaken and depressed. (He took a pessimistic view of the present, a somewhat hopeless one of the future, and turned to the past, and that mostly a Greek past). He became what is called a spiritual Agnostic.

An Agnostic is one who frankly says he does "not know" is quite satisfied with his position, and feels himself superior in it.

A Spiritual Agnostic is, I take it, one, who, whilst declaring also, he does "not know", is by no means satisfied with his position, but has spiritual regrets, yearnings, cries, outbursts of desolation, sometimes even of a sort of Faith, and a general sense of loneliness.

To this last modern (not so modern though!) definition of religious doubt, Matthew Arnold

belonged, and, as this attitude of mind is not that of a poet, his poetry suffered, and he wrote too much of himself and the various perturbations of his feelings.

He is lovely in his poems. He loved Nature with depth and delicacy, exquisite are some of his descriptions; he believed in her "calm" but it was a calm apart. She followed Law, self-poised, relentless, quite unbecoming of humanity. He drew no human Analogy from Nature, from bird or flower; to him, a lily was a lily, a sparrow, a sparrow. To an Agnostic, Nature, though beautiful, is relentless, cruel, or, at the best, indifferent.

Instead of saying with the Psalmist "The Lord is King, be the people never so impatient: He sitteth between the Cherubims; be the Earth never so unquiet" he points to Earthquakes, Shipwrecks, rigours of Climate, and so forth to prove a God, if there be a God at all, of cruel indifference to human suffering.

When a poet takes up this line of thought his wings are maimed. He fain would soar, but whither can he soar? With a cry he flutters to earth again, and bewails his hard lot that ever he was born at such a time into the world.

The Greater Poets may enter into the arena of religious doubt, but I have read somewhere that the *discussion* of doubt is a very different thing from the *profession* of denial.

Every Poet must feel, and with more poignancy than ordinary mortals, the sadness and the mystery of our Earth:

"Our sweetest songs are those
That tell of saddest thought."

But the greatest soar through the gloom and mist to the Light beyond. As has been well said "the true poet is":

"One in whom persuasion and belief
Have ripened into faith, and faith become
A passionate intuition."

Matthew Arnold was *not* one of the Greater Poets; had he been so, he *could* not have left off creating and taken to prose.

But he was a Great, surely a very Great, Lesser Poet. The Elegies are some of the best of his poems; in them he shewed that intuitive sympathy which afterwards made him such a wide and sympathetic critic. "Rugby Chapel"—verses on his father,—is fine; with a noble peroration, he apostrophises the Spirits of great leaders of men:

"Then, in such hour of need
Of your fainting, dispirited race
Ye, like angels, appear,
Radiant with ardour divine,
Beacons of hope ye appear!"

Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,

Stablish, continue our march,
On, to the bound of the waste,
On, to the City of God!"

How touching are the lines on Edward Quillinan:

"Alive, we would have changed his lot!
We would not change it now!"

The best perhaps of the Memorial verses, is written on Wordsworth in 1850. Let us compare his influence with that of Byron and Goethe. Of Byron:—

"He taught us little; but our soul
Had felt him like the thunder's roll."

What a true criticism!

We mourned Goethe with our intellect:

"When Goethe's death was told, we said:
Sunk, then, is Europe's sagest head!"

But of Wordsworth he strikes a higher key.

"And Wordsworth!—Ah, pale ghosts, rejoice!
For never has such soothing voice
Been to your shadowy world convey'd,
Since erst, at morn, some wandering shade
Heard the clear song of Orpheus come
Through Hades, and the mournful gloom."

Time may restore us in his course
Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force;
But where will Europe's later hour
Again find Wordsworth's healing power."

His elegy on Heine's grave, though fine, is inadequate, and does not do Heine justice. The Critical Essay that he wrote on him in later life is more to the point, though even then one feels Arnold did not fully understand him. Perhaps the reason is that though the fairies showered many gifts on Matthew Arnold at his birth, the fairies of Wit and Humour, of "Mirth and Youthful Jollity" were not present.

Hence his inability to comprehend the curious paradoxes in Heine's nature. Surely when he wrote "Heine's Grave", he had not read his lyrics, of which George Eliot writes thus:—

"Short swallow-flights of song that dip
Their wings in tears, and skim away."

Was it true what Goethe said of him that he "Had every other gift but wanted love." Goethe, also, had not humour. Heine might well have replied to them in the words of the witty Clergyman, who was reproved by his Bishop for having made the congregation laugh at something he had said in his sermon.

"I would *never* do such a thing!" said the Bishop.

"Perhaps not" replied the clergyman; "but what would you do, my lord, if the Almighty had given you wit?"

Those lines of the world's momentary "sardonic smile. That smile was Heine" are said to be celebrated.

I am sorry for it!
Was the idea of the smile taken from Dante:
"Cio ch'io vedeva mi sembiava un riso Dell'
universo;"

The third part (the tomb) of that lovely poem "The Church of Beon" is exquisite. The young Prince and his Duchess rest alone.

"In your high Church, mid the still mountain air
Where horn, and hound, and vassals, never come!"

But the feeling you have on reading the poem is not that of loneliness but of rest in the spiritual company of:

"Prophets, transfigured Saints and Martyrs brave,
In the vast western window of the nave."

If they awake—it is to the sights and sounds of Heaven. The pavement round the tomb glitters in tints of sapphire, amethyst, and ruby. They say—

"What is this? We are in bliss, forgiven,
Behold the pavement of the courts of Heaven.
The Moon shines through the clere-stormy window,
The wind washes mid the mountain pines;
The wind washes mid the mountain pines;
Hush—ye will say—it is Eternity!
This is the glimmering verge of heaven."

"And in the sweeping of the wind your ear
The passage of the Angel's wings will hear
And on the lichen-crustled leads above
The rustle of the Eternal rain of love."

"The Buried Life" is a poem touching on what is so true of each individual in the world, but of which only some are conscious, that is our *Soul-Aloneness*.

There is a depth which lies perhaps deep below the often light, laughing surface, and which only one, here and there, occasionally has the power to stir. Not necessarily a lover or a friend—sometimes a stranger with a look, a word, can unlock this hidden reservoir of thought and feeling, and—

"What we mean, we say, and what we would, we know!
A man becomes aware of his life's flow,
And hears its winding murmur and he sees
The meadows where it glides, the sun, the breeze."

....."an unwonted calm pervades his heart.
And then he thinks he knows
The hills where his life rose,
And the sea where it goes."

Clifford Harrison used to recite this poem to music with all his soul, his listeners loved it. It is always so satisfactory to have our own feelings put into beautiful words and then beautifully expressed! You somehow feel as if you had helped the poet and artist!

"Dover Beach" is a grand poem, though written in one of his most pessimistic moods. Arnold is at his best when writing about the sea.

"The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled;
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar
Retreating to the breath
Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world."

A short poem of real genius is, I have always thought, "The Forsaken Merman."

Its imagination, fancy, pictorial description, and delicate pathos are marvellous, so *inhuman and so human*. A very masterpiece of imagination and description. Always one feels sad for the tender faithful Merman, sad for Margate who had to leave her, comparatively innocent, "Venusberg" drawn irresistibly upwards by "the far-off sound of a silver bell" to her kinsfolk and her little grey church.

Her conscious self sings with joy "For the humming street...the blessed light of the sun." But her subconscious self would not be silenced—her heart is often "Sorrow laden."

"For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaid.
And the gleam of her golden hair."

Is this poem meant to portray what Haweis calls:

"The Tremendous Empire of the Senses
The Immense Supremacy of the Soul?"

I do not know. I have never been able to moralise over it. But now I come to question it I believe that is what it does mean.

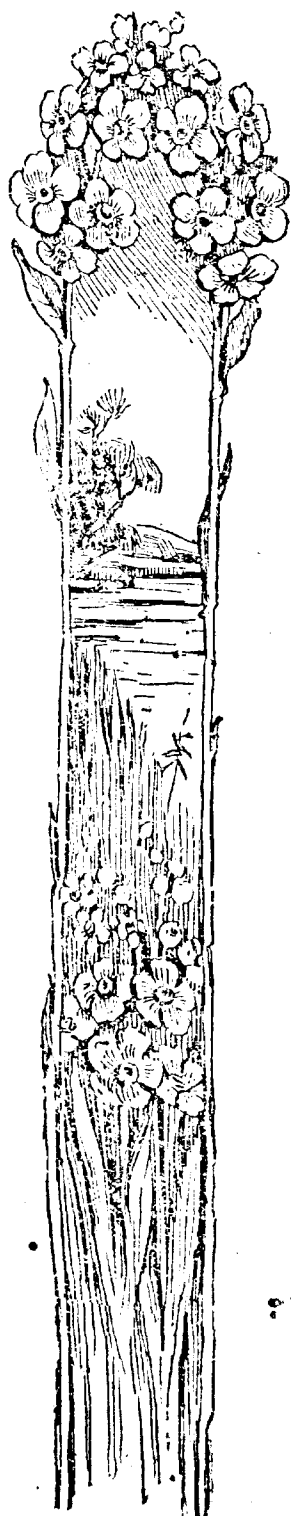
I have heard the Orthodox disapprove of its "teaching" as "against the Church and quite Anti-Christian" and the prosaic pass it over with a shrug as a fairy-tale; "There are no such people as Mermen and a woman could not live at the bottom of the sea!"

But of all Arnold's poems this one perhaps shews the most of that intangible something that is called *genius*. I remember saying so directly I read it, and was delighted to have my amateur opinion confirmed years afterwards in an article of some first-class Magazine, the "Fortnightly" or "Nineteenth Century."

However I suppose Stopford Brooke does not agree with this criticism as he says "The Scholar Gipsy" and "Thyrses" are Arnold's best poems. That may be, but "The Forsaken Merman" has the divine spark of genius.

It is impossible in a short sketch to express half one thinks and feels about Matthew Arnold and his poems. One rises from studying them with a feeling of pity and love for the author, and with gratitude for his, often deep, and beautiful Poetry.





A New Song from Sarojini Naidu

A SONG FROM THE NORTH

TELL me no more of thy love, Pappya!
 Wouldst thou recall to my heart, Pappya,
 Dreams of delights that are gone?
 When swift to my side came the feet of my lover
 With stars of the dusk and the dawn
 I see the soft wings of the clouds o'er the river,
 And jewelled with raindrops the mango leaves quiver,
 And tender boughs flower on the plain
 But what is their beauty to me, Pappya,
 Beauty of blossom and shower, Pappya,
 That brings not my lover again?
 Tell me no more of thy love, Pappya!
 Wouldst thou revive in my heart, Pappya,
 Grief for the joys that are gone?
 I hear the bright peacock in glimmering woodlands
 Cry to its mate in the dawn;
 I hear the black koel's sweet, tremulous wooing,
 And sweet in the gardens the calling and cooing
 Of passionate bulbul and dove,
 But what is their music to me, Pappya—
 Songs of their laughter and love, Pappya—
 To me forsaken of Love?

Sarojini Naidu.

Hyderabad, 1909

N. B.—Pappya is a bird that calls "Peekahan, Peekahan," where is my love?

The Victory of Love

(A Fancy)

CHAPTER I



CUPID and his beautiful mother basked in the morning sunshine of a beautiful summer day, on the bank of a little stream, which gurgled and laughed between its thick fringes of rushes and long grass and flowers. All around, the birds sang their joyous morning chorus, the water shimmered and sparkled before their eyes and the soft morning air blew freshly on their fair white faces. Companions as they always were, Cupid and his mother enjoyed together the loveliness of the scene, with an occasional comment on the beauty of life. It was a moment for sheer laziness and content. Suddenly Cupid's mother sat up laughing and shaking back her beautiful black hair which rippled in soft curls round her still young, fair brow.

"Oh, Cupid," she said, "what is this lazy life you are leading here? Why do you not go to finish your conquests?"

Cupid merely murmured something drowsy in answer. Venus bent over him and shook him.

"Wake up, Cupid. I want to tell you something. What do you think I heard to-day? That Death is boasting of his victory over you. Ah! you are awake now? I thought so."

With a bound, Cupid, a lovely boy of fifteen years, was on his feet. He shook his curls and sparkled with all the fire of his young youth.

"What did you say, mother? That Death was laughing at me? Well, I go to conquer him now. Goodbye, mother." And, with scarce a look at her laughing face, the young boy snatched up his slender bow of gold and his dew-tipped arrows, which were lying on the grass beside him, and was off. But, as he dashed away, a few yards further, something suddenly stopped him. A young girl, but a few years older than he, was sitting, quietly reading a book.

"Hello, sister Patience," he cried. "What do you do here? I vow I had quite forgotten you. I am away now to conquer Death."

The girl looked up, anxiety and fear shining in the large black eyes, which strangely illumined a too pale face.

"O brother," she cried, "Death is so strong."

"What! stronger than I?" he cried, "Can I not conquer it?"

"I do not know, brother; who knows—"

"Oh, do be quiet, Patience," he cried petulantly, "You are always like that. I wonder how you come to be my mother's child and my sister. Goodbye now. I leave you to your sad musings." And with a laugh and a grimace at her, he was off again, while Patience laid down her book and stared sadly out at the water and now and again a tear coursed down her pale cheek.

CHAPTER II

Love stood on the edge of a gently-heaving sea, a lonely figure in a wide waste of water and sand, and yet, scintillating with light and beauty and glorious youth. Far below him was a dark rolling mass which he knew was Earth. Far away in the sky he saw a group of flying clouds. Was that Death, whom he had come to see? Death, with his dark attendants, trooping away on some new errand of destruction? Oh, would he could be destroyed! And, with a spasm of anger distorting his beautiful face, Love spread out his silver wings and flew straight, as an arrow across the sky to meet Death.

"Halt, Death," he cried, "Halt, I wish to speak to you."

Slowly, ponderously, with a deep rumbling of black wings, Death and his attendants came to the ground; and the tall haughty form of that fell destroyer confronted with sombre eyes the ethereal figure of Love.

"Death," cried the boy with flashing eyes, "I have come to conquer you. I am the conqueror of the world. Come out and fight."

Long and loud rang out the grim laugh of Lord Death.

"Conquer me?" he cried. "You little boy. Well, you can try. But I warn you, your arrows have no power over me. Come now, let us talk. I have no wish to destroy such a lovely child as you. Let us make a compromise. I go to kill and to bereave. You come to save and to comfort. Well, save those whom I destroy and I will make terms with you. Will you do it?"

Love stood, quivering with anger and chagrin. To be called a boy and a child! He, Love, the conqueror of the world! But! even as he thought this, he recognised the wisdom of Death's words. Death was immortal, so was he. They could not kill each other. Well then, let them make peace with each other and perhaps he, Love, could conquer in the end.

With a loud whirring of wings, Death rose into the sky and flew away and after a few minutes, Love also spread out his glorious wings and flew quick as an arrow, and quicker than Death into the dark mystery of the human world.

CHAPTER III

Down in the world, it was the dark hour of midnight. Everywhere was silence and the human world seemed dead. But in the dimly-lighted interior of a little room, the low weeping of a heart-broken woman filled the air. Kneeling by the side of a bed on which lay a silent form, which breathed in long gasps, she lifted eyes and hands of despair to what seemed the cruel God above, and in her heart could no comfort be found. Could nothing save her beloved? Oh, God above! how cruel he was. She did not know, or could not know, that with her in the room were the forms of the Immortals. Grim and silent stood the imperious Death at the head of the bed and the fragile Love stood—a strong contrast—by him. But Love's head was bowed and he was weeping bitter tears of resentment. He could not conquer Death here. Where, then, was the power of Love?

The figure on the bed was gasping its life-breath out; the woman stood in stony-eyed calm and Death grimly advanced between her and the beloved form. In his hand was a flaming fire. Love stood petrified. He saw now, in the light of that fire, what he had not seen before. Radiating from the woman to the dying man was a deep pure ray of silver light. He knew it now, he knew that light. It was a flame from his own Fire, the fire of Love, which he had lit at the beginning of the world, and had scattered so prodigally to mankind. Was it here now, still glowing, though weakly, and was it to be extinguished by Death? With a cry he sprang forward. But Death waved him back.

"Remember our compact," he cried in hollow tones. "Your turn comes after me."

Quietly he held his own strong flame to the silver ray. Paler and paler grew the latter. It was being absorbed into the fire of Death. Ah! God! it is going now, going, going, gone.

With a wild cry the woman clasped her hand to her heart and fell across the bed. Love stood with anguished face raised, and hands clasped. Into his breaking heart had come a new meekness. What could he do now—now—when it was all over. Ah! God help him.

To his startled eyes, the roof of the squalid little room seemed to be riven asunder, and an angelic figure floated down from the sky and stood beside him. A gentle voice spoke in his ear.

"I am Hope," it said, "Why despair? speak to the woman."

To the grief-stricken woman, it seemed as if something wonderful happened. An ethereal hand seemed to be laid over her eyes, and her sight seemed to be opened and her dazed eyes beheld two figures of light standing in the room.

"Fear not," spoke a silver voice to her. "I

am Love. I am come to save you. How shall I save you? Tell me, you poor woman."

A convulsed cry escaped the woman. "Ah, Love, Love," she cried covering her face, "I do not want any more love. See how Love has torn my heart. Where is the flame of Love now? Where is my beloved? What use that Love should have linked us together with his silver ray? All gone, gone. I do not want any more Love." Then suddenly she raised her face. "Ah, forgive me, I pray you," she cried. "I did not know Love was such as you. But radiant as you are, good as you are, you can do nothing to me. Forgive me and go—go far from me."

Love stood amazed and horror-struck. What! to be repulsed by a human being. Verily his kingdom was coming to an end. Dazed and blinded by bitter tears, he looked above to the star-spangled sky. Oh, what was Love after all? Nothing but empty vanity.

Suddenly he started. What was happening to him? A soft rain seemed to fall on him, enveloping him in its soft close cool folds. Balm fell on his troubled spirit. All around him sounded soft voices.

"Well done, Love," they cried. "You have at last learnt the lesson of Humility. Now there is hope for you."

"Yes, I am here," spoke the voice of Hope. Love turned again to the woman. "Let me help you," he whispered.

"Go away," she cried. "Let me curse God and die."

Curse God! Curse the divine Creator? Love shuddered and the whole heavens seemed to shudder with him.

Then into his heart came an illuminating thought. He fell on his knees in prayer.

"Have you received your lesson now, Love?" asked Hope.

"Yes, sister. I must work for my God. I must think no more of myself. I am God's servant, as every one else is. I must no longer be proud, but must trust in Him."

"Then there is Hope for you."

CHAPTER IV

Love and Wisdom stood talking together, for Love had gone to his old friend for advice. Love's head was bowed in deep dejection, but Wisdom patted him with an encouraging hand.

"Yes, my lad," he said. "There is only one way. You must enter the fire of sacrifice. Then only may you conquer Death."

"Can Immortal love die?"

"Yes, even Love."

"But if I die, how can I conquer Death?"

"The Divine hand of God will arrange everything. It has been so arranged."

"What! sacrifice myself, my young life?"

"Yes, lad, said Wisdom sadly."

Love burst into great sobs and clasped the old man's feet. "Oh father! father," he cried, "Are you not sorry for me? Will you not weep for my lost life?"

Wisdom turned away his head, to hide the tears that had sprung into his eyes.

"Yes, Love," he said, "I am sorry for you. I shall be sorry to lose you. But I shall soon join you, for I am old. And remember this. Through sacrifice alone will come Victory. Goodbye, lad."

Love knelt at the feet of Venus, trying to comfort her. "Ah mother," he cried, "Do not weep. How can I be brave if you weep?"

She raised a beautiful haggard face to him and tore her dishevelled hair.

"Ah, Love, Love, do not go from me. What shall I do without you? Stay here and let us enjoy this beautiful life. Why should you sacrifice yourself for Death?"

Love rose up sadly. "Ah, mother, mother, you were always like that. It was you who kept me back. It was you who taught me selfishness. Oh, forgive me, forgive me," he cried in deep contrition, as the goddess fell weeping at his feet. "I should not speak to you so, for you are my mother. But listen, mother. I have learnt from Wisdom and I tell you this. You are the Goddess of Beauty. But hitherto you have been the Goddess only of material Beauty. Now you must be the Goddess of all Beauty, Beauty of thought, of mind, of spirit, of soul. Do you understand me now, mother?" he asked, raising her weeping face to his and kissing her closed eyes. "Goodbye."

With that, he flew away and all the spirits of the woodland cried "Goodbye" after him.

CHAPTER V

The world seemed hushed to an awful solemn silence. Every heart was filled with mourning, all Humanity wept. For it was the day fixed for the sacrifice of Love. Sacrifice of Love! The very words caused a cold chill in the hearts of men. What would be the world without Love?

Girt by a far away ring of blue hills, stood a vast plain and on the plain a vast concourse of people, hushed to absolute silence. Only the sound of their breath filled the air and it was like the deep sighing of a great sea. In the middle of the plain was a huge furnace of blazing fire.

Suddenly, an audible breath went up from the mouths of the thousands there. From far

above, a group of clouds seemed to approach the earth, came nearer and nearer and finally alighted on the plain and behold a dazzling group of angel figures!—for Immortality was visible to Mortality on this supreme day.

Then, from this group, a single figure detached itself and Love—dear Love—stood alone. Hope advanced to support him, but Love waved her away.

"I can stand alone," he said, "I believe in God."

Slowly, with set face and shining eyes, he advanced to the fire and as slowly stepped into it. The vast multitude fell on its knees and a great moaning filled the air like the moan of a storm-heaving sea.

"Ah Love, Love, gone art thou. Oh beautiful Love, what is the world without thee? Oh Love, come back. Oh Love, gone away forever."

As Love approached the fire, a great peace seemed to settle on his soul. He thought only of his great Purpose. He would conquer Death. He never noticed whether the flames scorched him as he drew nearer. He never felt any pain. Then, still unfeeling, he stepped into the fire. Ah! God! what was happening to him? What was this? The horror of a great darkness, the tearing away of spirit from spirit, the agony of a breaking heart, the agony of dissolution;—then the forcible rending away of a shrouding veil; the infinite weariness of death-closing eyes; then the soul-satisfying peace of a beautiful death, the swooning away of life itself; and then—Ah! then, the dazzling radiance of a new life—a new spirit.

What was this? Love opened his eyes and beheld around him, not the flames of a great fire, but clusters on clusters of beautiful white flowers. He seemed to be buried in flowers. Where was he? Around him, still stood the great multitude, staring with wrapt faces. Before him stood the imperious figure of Death, no longer grim and forbidding, but with a smile softening the stern lips and holding out his hand to him.

"Come, my child," he cried, "come out of the ordeal of sacrifice—no longer a fire to you—but a fragrance of flowers. You have conquered. Hereafter we shall go hand-in-hand. For, know you, Death cannot go out of the world. Death must be there. But if Death goes hand-in-hand with Love, then indeed will Death be welcome to the world."

"See you those flowers?" he continued. "They are the flowers of Resurrection. They are yours for evermore, age, and you can always have them when you will. And look above."

Love looked up and beheld above him a great radiance—a radiance combined of the

interweaving of silver rays of light—thousands and thousands of them. Round him and above him, they extended to the very apex of heaven and from their union there came an exceeding sweet and soft sound of happy singing.

"See you those rays of light?" Death asked. "They are your rays of light. Through your purified eyes, you can now see them. And you can heal them with the flowers of Resurrection. Henceforward when human beings die and the silver cord is broken, you can take up the severed rays and join them again with the white flowers of Resurrection. You can mend the broken hearts and soothe the troubled spirits of bereavement with that same flower. Come, let us go forth to our work."

Glimpses of a Tour in Japan

VII

(By Lady Benson)



ON the 7th November we left Miyashita for Yokohama, which is the central point from which to start for Kyoto. We travelled down the ghat in jinrikshas to Yumoto, at the foot of the hills, skirting a deep ravine, and overshadowed by precipitous cliffs, covered with forests, and ferns and foliage. The halt at Yumoto before entering the little tram line, that runs for 13 miles to the nearest railway station, was very amusing. The little village street was packed with bazaar shops of dainty wood work, but where the buyers were to come from seemed the problem. The streets were full of riksha men, either waiting to trundle more passengers up the ghat or else resting after the downward journey, enjoying their infinitesimal puffs of smoke, and drinking tiny sips of tea. The little tram line runs over stony rivers, and through a long straggling fishing village that seems to extend for miles, a few years ago it was devastated by a tidal wave. We left the hills in mist and clouds, but soon emerged into sunshine by the sea, and thoroughly enjoyed the beautiful journey along the sea coast, looking at the rich vegetation and cultivation, stretching up to the blue mountains; truly Japan is a beautiful country!

November the 9th, our King's birthday, was well recognized and acknowledged by Japan. The streets and houses were gay with Union Jacks flying with the Japanese flag, which is a

white flag with a large red sun on it. At lunch the Hotel Manager provided us all with a little tumbler each of champagne-cup in which to drink His Majesty's health. The English Club, next door to our Hotel, was "At Home" to all residents and Japanese Friends; the Consul made a very excellent speech, referring to the King's popularity and tact, and how he had used these gifts for the good of the world's nations in securing peace and good-will. An American was very eloquent on the point that "Edward the Peacemaker" was the noblest title a King could have earned. As I write these recollections I am reading a book by an American called "England and the English," from an American point of view and have just read this paragraph "Edward the VII. is an ideal Constitutional Ruler. Through his popularity with all classes he is more powerful than any man, any minister, any class, any sect, or either of the Houses of Parliament. His wisdom is not the wisdom of the people, with the knowledge they have; but the wisdom of the people with the knowledge and experience he has. It is the knowledge of many, filtered through an unique experience, and this comes close to being the acme of common-sense. He is the most astute diplomatist, and the most useful and charming gentleman in Europe—so much is the King, King!"

On the following day November 14th, we left Yokohama Kyoto, and had to get up very early in the morning, and riksha to a distant station in the suburbs in order to catch the "Express" train from Tokio. "Express" is only a "*Ficon, de parleur*", as the pace does not exceed 30 miles an hour. The first class carriages are built lengthwise, and are furnished with lavatories, and are designed on the corridor plan, provided with a dining car. This obviated all trouble about refreshments. We spent from 8 in the morning, until 8 at night looking out at the delightful scenery. It was an exquisite clear cold day, with bright sunshine, and a limpid blue sky. We kept for miles and miles along the seacoast, which is very broken and varied, the sea dotted with wooded islands. The mountains, in some places, run quite down to the sea-shore, so every moment the views changed. Towards noon the railway had to pierce the mountains of Hakone. The train passes through many tunnels, and by the side of, and over, very steep ravines, and rushing mountain torrents. On the other side of the Hakone mountains we found ourselves at the foot of Fujiyama, and for the following 5 hours kept its beautiful slopes and snowy cone in view, with an ever-varying foreground of villages, pines, cryptomerias, and blue mountains to show off its lofty summit. We then

read from "jinriksha days" by Miss Seidmore, her account of the ascent and descent of the mountain. The book is well worth reading for, as an American lady said to me; "Why! if you can't go to Japan yourself, the next best thing to do is to sit right down and just read that book through; it's just splendid." We met very interesting fellow-travellers during our journeys from all parts of the world, from the Philippines from Wei-hai-wei, from Australia, California, New York city, Seattle, etc., etc., we enjoyed talks with many of them, which were full of amusement and enlightenment. Nearly 30,000 pilgrims ascend Fujiyama every year. These are mostly from the agricultural class, they join pilgrim associations to which they pay a small yearly subscription, and from these funds each member in turn has his expenses defrayed. They travel in groups, each man furnished with his bit of straw matting, which serves him for bed, rain coat, or shelter. They carry also cotton towels marked with the crest of their pilgrim society. At each new shrine they visit the 'priest's stamp their white cloths,' with the red seal of the temple.

Until 1500 A. D., Fuji wore a perpetual smoke wreath, and there were eruptions every century. The last, in 1707, continued for a month. Ashes were carried 50 miles, and covered the plain at the base of the mountain 6 ft. deep with cinders. In ascending Fuji, there are no dizzy precipices, no dangerous rocks, no hand-over-hand struggles, nor narrow edges, nor patches of slippery stone, only a steadily ascending cinder path to tread. The great thing to pray against is a storm, for Miss Seidmore describes, how, for 3 endless days, and as many nights, a whirling storm kept them prisoners in the dark, smoke-filled rest house, near the summit. Escape was impossible, for, to unbar the door for a momentary outlook threatened the destruction of the shelter, a tempest at sea was not more awful in its fury. On the morning of the third day she writes: "As the clouds lifted we could see for miles down the wet and glistening mountain to a broad green plain sparkling with flashing diamonds of lakes, and gaze down a sheer 10,000 feet to the level of the sea. It was a view worth the 3 days of waiting."

It was quite dark, and bitterly cold when we reached Kyoto. We had to trundle for half an hour in jinrikshas through narrow crowded streets before reaching our hotel. It was a most exciting ride, as if one were in a play on the stage! The black narrow streets were lit by continuous lines of very large round white Chinese lanterns hanging below the broad eaves of the houses, and from the upper story. Each lantern was painted with the broad picturesque

characters of Japanese writing, every letter looked like a mysterious sign. The clatter of the wooden clogs worn by the Japanese and the number of yellow oilpaper umbrellas made a fascinating scene. In our Hotel on a hill-side overlooking the whole town of Kyoto, we occupied regular Japanese rooms, divided by rice paper screens, and with rice paper screens to divide off the recesses for hanging clothes. The floor was covered with pretty white and green matting. The front portion of the room was screened off as a verandah, and furnished with tables and chairs, and from its glass-shutter front, we could survey the whole town below us. Kyoto is built on a plain surrounded by hills and mountains. The houses are all two-storied dark grey wooden houses, a broad, very stony river runs through the plain. The surrounding hills are beautifully wooded. The air was very cold, and the mountains around had a good sprinkling of snow on them. Kyoto itself is indescribably full of interest. It abounds in temples, monasteries, castles, palaces, gardens, and pavilions. It is full of exquisite art-ware, and work in bronze, and silk, in porcelain and metals, embroideries, and lacquer. After a week's hard work in sight-seeing one only realized that "not the half was seen": and as to knowing anything about the sights and beauties one can only appreciate that the depths are unfathomable. One is lost in amazement at the exquisite skill, unending patience and beauty of the work in porcelain painting, in Damascene ware, in lacquer, in painting and in embroideries. Fine workers take 2 years to make 2 vases of cloisonné-ware, firing, enamelling, grinding, polishing; the patterns being most delicate, representing birds, cherry blossoms, wisteria, plum blossoms, etc. The same exquisite care and skill is applied to the Damascene ware. The steel surface has to be scratched with a fine point, hammered bit by bit in four different directions. If this scratching is done by a file, or by machine, the roughness is too symmetrical to retain securely the fine cutting of the sketch into every line of which the purest 24 carat-gold is hammered. Specimens of this Japanese work are more costly than jewels, and really only people who see the work and the workers can realize the value of the results. So many of apparently the same sort of articles are now being cleverly made by machinery, that it takes a connoisseur to detect the difference. We were shewn some exquisite pieces of lacquer work worth £120—(Rs. 1,800) £80 = Rs. 1,200—and £40 = Rs. 600 These were wrapped lovingly in layer after layer of silk. One represented, on a box of black lacquer, a silvery moonlit sea, with waves breaking in a ripple on a sandy shore, and two maidens by the sea with their baskets of fish. You can scarcely imagine any thing more

poetical, lonely, and reposeful than that picture, and the marvellous skill of the work proclaimed refinement and culture. It was not merely a beautiful picture, but illustrated one of the thousand popular legends of the people: the story of a banished Prince, who wandering in his desolation by the sad sea waves, met these fair fisher maidens, and they became his wives. But when he was recalled from banishment and returned to Kyoto they renounced their claims on him and became Nuns and Buddhist priestesses, spending the rest of their lives in devotion and kind deeds, for which they were much beloved by the people. An immensity is lost by ignorance of the legends and poems of fascinating Japan. Everything they paint, and make, and act, and dance, is interwoven with tales, and legends and imagery. If an heroic deed is done, anywhere in Japan, immediately the artists paint it in pictures, and these are at once reproduced in the newspapers on the fans, on the tea cups and saucers, on boxes, and cushions in embroidery, and the good deed is talked about, and explained to the children; and old and young flock to the theatres to see the scene dramatised. It may be a rescue from drowning, or gallant behaviour at a fire, or noble self-sacrifice in war—but wherever a noble deed is done, it is seized upon by the entire nation, and made the theme of art, and the talk of the home, the school, and the town. No wonder the people are a brave and unselfish race. "Was never good work wrought, without beginning of good thought"—and where the thoughts of the people are directed by every avenue to noble deeds and high endeavour, the fruits naturally are good and beautiful.

We visited the School of Arts in Kyoto, several long low series of wooden rooms, very different in appearance to the stately halls of the "School of Arts" in Madras. But the Japanese pay very little heed to external appliances, they are a very poor nation, and just now cannot afford expensive buildings. The training however given in their large airy wooden rooms is of the best. We saw there youths undergoing their 6 years' training, and saw Japan's greatest living artist Say-ho teaching them. There was not a pencil, or piece of india rubber in the whole establishment, but the boys, many of them young men, were standing before huge boards on which were very large pieces of the cheapest rice or mulberry paper, on which they were painting with bold strokes of the brush, birds and flowers, grasses, willow leaves, bamboos, etc. Outside the buildings was a garden for the growth of these flowers as their models, and in the modelling room, in cages, were rabbits, a tortoise, a cock, etc.

Our Hotel proprietor told us with great reverence that Say-ho was his ideal, his greatest admiration, and inspiration, and informed us that he had the honour of possessing one Kakemono (painted scroll) by Say-ho. This he kindly produced, and showed and explained to us with much fervour. It represented the dimmest, palest out-line—with one broad sweep of the brush, of a leafless wintry tree, on which was perched a vivid black crow. "This," he said, showed us a cold winter dawn. "In England" he said, "you would have painted up to all the four corners,—have put in sky—and more branches, and perhaps the whole tree, but in Japan we leave much for you to think, we give only one impression, and you must be quiet yourself to see this picture, must be in a small room, without other objects to distract, you must meditate, must feel the cold, the dawn, the lovely tree without leaves—all dim—then—suddenly! the black crow! an impression—life!—there is life! the leaves will come again"—and so on—and all this understanding appreciative art-talk from a little business man, who arranges hotel accommodation, sees to menus, and lighting and stoves, and accounts, etc.! What is more, you can see that this specimen of a chance conversation is but a specimen of what the people are—it is not only spoken by a cultured individual. The whole people love and appreciate beauty, colour, form, and "composition"—pose, and "values," etc. There literally does not seem to be a limit to their love of art, and their constant expression of that love in their daily surroundings, and lives, and acts. The trees around their temples, their bronze vases, and receptacles for water, the flights of steps to their shrines, you can see that nothing has been built, or made, or placed at hap-hazard but that all is the result of loving "placing" and thought, and realization. This sounds like exaggeration, but you have only to see Japan to realize that it is true. It is like having an added sense to see Japan, its people and ways. The precepts Ruskin preached, and which came as a revelation to the cultured few in his day, these people have been acting on for centuries, and have been known and loved by the masses. All the same, it is disappointing that the result of their picture-painting has been so limited. All the old famous artists confined their skill to the portrayal of birds, bamboos, and Fuji-yama. There is a wearying monotony in their lovely screens, and as you visit temple after temple, castle, and palace after palace, and see an infinite variety of wooden and lacquer painted screens, the general impression is that they might have done more than paint so many storks, pheasants, so many bamboos and pines, and plum trees! The modern artists are

going further a field, and it is now easy to buy lovely little water colour sketches of Japanese scenery, painted by the students of the "Art Schools," and framed in cryptomeria frames, for quite moderate sums. In time it will be possible to have a Japanese academy of landscape and other pictures. Most of their most valued pictures are painted on silk, which has to be carefully prepared with alum and gum before the paint can be applied.

At Kyoto we saw regiment after regiment of Japanese soldiers, on their march back from manoeuvres at Nara. We were much struck by their sturdy healthy look, and by the extraordinary evenness of their height. They were small men, and looked like round faced, sun-burnt, rosy school boys, all being clean shaven made them look very young. They each carried a knapsack, boots, food tin, and cartridge case on their backs, also an axe, and I daresay many other things we could not discriminate. They were evidently coming to Kyoto for a "day off" to visit the Temples, and to see the autumn tints of the maple trees. They marched up to the temple we were at, in companies, piled their accoutrements in companies, and then scattered, to eat their food (seated in groups or in twos and threes on the grass) and to visit the little curio shops, which abound near every temple. There was no talking, or noise, or confusion, but such perfect good-humoured freedom among them, just the same characteristic that struck us so much in the hundreds of school children, and other children we saw in Japan. About the army, B. A. Chamberlain writes in "Things Japanese" . . . "It were probably no exaggeration to assert that Japan now disposes of the best army in the world—for its size. This fact—assuming it to be a fact—is the more remarkable, because the Japanese army is (if we may use the phrase) anonymous. No world-famed specialist—no Frederick, no Napoleon—constructed the splendid machine. It has been built up by men, little heard of beyond a narrow circle—a few French employes, afterwards supplemented by a few Germans, and one or two Italians, and by Japanese possessed, so far as we know, of neither genius nor wide experience. Nevertheless some good fairy has presided over all their acts. Of course it must be allowed that the material they have had to work on is good, a fair physique, a morale beyond all praise, the men though small and nowise handsome being sturdy and intelligently devoted, while the officers obey Milton's precept 'to scorn delight and live laborious days' not dancing attendance on Society, or dissipating time and energy in useless games. . . ."

We noted that the soldiers left not a scrap of any litter behind them when their meal was

over. There was not a shred to show that hundreds of men had wandered over, and fed in the temple gardens. Would that other nations could follow their example! The streets of Madras, for example, are pitifully untidy and disfigured by papers, and refuse and straw thrown out even by the principal shops, as well as by every bazaar shop and individual houseowner. It is true that Municipal carts go round at stated intervals to remove this rubbish; but, in the meantime, the papers, and torn advertisements, the refuse of packing cases, and house waste-paper is the sport of the winds all over the roads, very much to the disfigurement of the town. A Chinese proverb says "If every man would sweep in front of his own door the town would be clean." To this might be added if every one would burn their own waste papers and rubbish, the town would be clean. What a decrease in the distribution and propagation of disease-germs would ensue, if this simple duty were practised by all the citizens of civilized towns!

Curious Christmas Laws

When Pies and Puddings and Holly
and Mistletoe were Forbidden



CHRISTMAS without good cheer, Christmas without plum "porridge," Christmas without mince-pies, or holly or mistletoe, Christmas without morning service at church, and without holiday for the toiling masses! Christmas in such circumstances is almost inconceivable, yet there was a time in so-called merry England when these dismal conditions prevailed, and Christmas celebrations were crimes deserving of punishment.

The Puritans were responsible for this attempt to abolish the greatest and most joyous festival of the year. Macaulay tells us that they abolished bull-baiting, not because the pastime hurt the bull, but because it pleased the people, and the same principle seems to have actuated them in regard to Christmas.

Long before the party of Cromwell attained to full political power the Puritan divines had fulminated against such "superstitious" observances as to keeping of Christmas, and it was a short step, therefore, to the law which prohibited all observance of the festival. So early as 1643 a few shops were opened on Christmas Day in London, and four years later prosecutions were instituted against some parish officers who had "permitted" ministers to preach on Christmas Day and to adorn the church.

WHEN KEEPING CHRISTMAS WAS A CRIME

In 1644 the English Parliament made Christmas a fast-day, instead of a feast-day, "with the more solemn humiliation, because it may call to our remembrance our sins and the sins of our forefathers, who have turned this feast, portending the memory of Christ, into extreme forgetfulness, by giving liberty to carnal and sensual delights."

Scotland was not slow in following suit. Until the time of the Reformation the festival was always observed across the Tweed, but then it came to rack as "superstitious," and passed under the ban of the law, or at any rate, of the church, which was equally powerful. On February 13, 1645, the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland passed an Act which declared that:

"Whatsoever person or persons, after the date of this Act, shall be found guilty of keeping Yule Day and other superstitious days, be proceeded against by kirk censures, and shall make repentance therefor, in the face of the congregation where the offence is committed."

The Act was closely meshed, in order that few could escape from it. Every school-master or college head who gave holiday to his scholars at Christmas was to be censured. But the Act could not crush the instincts of the people, and so, while agreeing to ignore Christmas Day as a holiday, they simply transferred their festivities to the following New Year's Day.

A STOUT PROTESTER

Old John Taylor, the Water Poet, has left us a gloomy picture of Christmas in England, for, writing in 1646, he complains of the extinction of the harmless sports and gambols, "with which the toiling ploughman and labourer once a year were wont to be recreated, and their spirits and hopes revived for a whole twelvemonth. And to roast a sirloin of beef, to touch a collar of brawn, to take a pie, to put a plum in a pottage pot, to burn a great candle, or to lay one block the more in the fire for your sake,

Master Christmas is enough to make a man be suspected and taken for a Christian, for which he shall be apprehended for committing high Parliament Treason and mighty malignancy against the general Council of the Directorian private Presbyterian Conventicle."

It was on June 3, 1647, the Parliament decreed Christmas Day to be no holiday at all. The members had shown their consistency by sitting on two or three previous Christmas Days, and continued the practice until 1656. The newspapers of that time, far different from the huge sheets to which we are accustomed to-day, supported the attitude of the Government. One of them actually declared against the "impiety" of the holiday, as it was more than probable that Christ was born in September, and urged that if apprentices wanted a holiday, "let them keep the fifth of November, and other days of that nature. . . which deserves an especial day of thanksgiving."

Churches were to be closed, shops were to be open, and markets were to be held on Christmas Day. Soldiers were empowered to search private houses, and to carry off all mince-pies—that "invention of the scarlet woman of Babylon, a hodge-podge of superstition, Popery, the devil and all his works"—or plum puddings that they found.

RIOTS IN DEFENCE OF CHRISTMAS

The common people were ill prepared to submit quietly to such a drastic ordinance. It was an insufferable interference with the liberty of the subject, and the subject was not slow in voicing his opinions. At Oxford there was "a world of skull-breaking," at Ipswich many people lost their lives in the attempt to uphold and to suppress the Christmas festivities.

At Canterbury the rioting was on the grand scale, as the Mayor learned at the cost of a bruised head and broken bones. The crier, according to law, had announced that the "superstitious and hurtful custom" should not be observed, but when the Mayor attempted to hold a market, and ordered some of the citizens to be beaten, they rose in revolt. The Mayor himself fled in terror to a friend's house and implored protection. The mob "burnt the stoupes at the coming in of his door," closed all the shops, played football in the streets, and then took possession of the town, "kept guards, stopped passes, and examined passengers." Two days later his worship was expelled, and 3,000 men were required to restore him to authority.

One would have thought that the Government would be too wise to insist on their senseless opposition to a popular festival, but instead of amending the laws they made them more drastic.

On December 24, 1652, the Commons in their "wisdom" decreed that "no observation shall be had of the five-and-twentieth day of December, commonly called Christmas Day; nor any solemnity used or exercised in churches upon that day in respect thereof."

DIVINE SERVICE BROKEN UP

More attention was paid to the law as regards church-going on Christmas Day, and worship was generally held by the people in their own homes. "Christmas Day," writes John Evelyn in his diary, "no Churches or public assembly. I was faine to passe the devotions of that blessed day with my family at home."

A few years later he ventured on a more daring course, and attended Christmas service at Exeter Chapel. As Mr. Gunning was administering the sacrament, "the chapel was surrounded with souldiers, and all the communicants and assembly surpriz'd, and kept prisoners by them. . . In the afternoone came Colonel Whaly, Goffe, and others, from White-hall, to examine us one by one; some they committed to the Marshall, some to prison. When I came before them they took my name and abode, examin'd me why, contrairie to an ordinance made that none should any longer observe the superstitious time of the Nativity (so esteem'd by them), I durst offend, and particularly be at Common Prayers, which they told me was but the masse in English, and particularly pray for Charles Stewart, for which we had no Scripture.

"I told them we did not pray for Charles Stewart, but for all Christian Kings, Princes, and Governors. They replied, in so doing we paid for the King of Spaine too, who was their enemy and a papist, with other frivolous and insinuating questions and much threatening; and finding no colour to detain me, they dismiss'd me with much pity of my ignorance. These were men of high flight and above ordinances, and spake spiteful things of our Lord's Nativity. As we went up to receive the sacrament the miscreants held their muskets against us as if they would have shot us at the altar."

No wonder the people welcomed the Restoration, which broke the harsh Puritan rule, and gave them leave to worship as was their wont, and to rejoice and make merry as their fathers had done before them. The black pall of melancholy was removed, and Father Christmas came into his own again with more than his accustomed splendour. Long may he reign.

Roses and Mistletoe



IT was in June, among the roses, that she was waiting for him.

She was only a peasant's daughter, clad in cotton kirtle and homespun skirt, while he was the Squire of a lordly demesne, courted by the great dames of Society. Yet all the love with which Nature had endowed him was bestowed on this lowly maid.

If thus loving—from the world's point of view—was degrading, it was, the general opinion that there was not a more beautiful maiden in all the country side than Betty Sumner—and she loved him—she loved him. What mattered anything beyond?

She lived with her old grandmother, who was deaf and half blind, but who talked ceaselessly about the old days when she had been house-keeper at Skegness Hall with the Cravens, and Sir Wilfrid was "the bonniest bairn that had ever been born to high estate."

Long before Betty ever saw Sir Wilfrid her thoughts had been filled with him. He was the Prince Charming about whom every maiden dreams, while he never bestowed a thought on lowly Betty. When school and college days were over he came to Skegness to loiter for a while. Then among the roses they met, for Lady Craven, his widowed mother, had not only given old Mrs. Sumner leave to keep a bowl in her cottage window filled from the Hall garden, but had begged that Betty would each day pluck a handful of roses and bring them to the house. Lady Craven, who had educated Betty—made of her a favourite retainer—could scarcely have wondered if Love overtook the child, born of that easy-going encouragement.

Sir Wilfrid went down into the rose garden one sunlit morning, while the dew was still sparkling on the glorious Gloires de Dijon and the delicate Ninons de l'Enclos, and among them he beheld a beauty, before whom even the roses were second.

"My beautiful—my life," was his cry. But great seigneur that he was, he dared not declare himself at once to be a lover.

Subduing his sudden emotion, he raised his hat and spoke of the weather and the loveliness of the flowers, assisted her in filling her basket, even helped to extricate a thorn from a brown

lissom finger, and chattered pleasantly till the breakfast bell at the Hall having been rung twice, he was compelled to leave.

As in a breath, however, love had been awakened, and the sweet dawdling among the roses was of daily recurrence.

Both were young, and she was beautiful. They looked into each other's eyes and saw a future of trust and bliss; no darkening clouds overshadowed the perfect confidence they both had in the long, long life of happiness that lay before them.

What could part them, since he was the possessor of wealth and strong will and loved this beautiful Betty with all the force of newly awakened devotion? She believed fully in her handsome Wilfrid—believed fully in his truth and the promises of the happy future that he sketched for her. Whether he as firmly believed in it himself, when in his solitary hours he was brought face to face with probabilities, who shall say?

His mother!

When her image came into his dreams of Betty, something like a shiver would pass over his stalwart frame. The day must ere long arrive when Lady Craven in the flesh, scorn on her lips, anger in her eyes, would penetrate into their blissful retreat, and a darkening blight would fall on the dream of love.

And almost as the conviction presented itself to his mind the trouble came.

It was one early morning, when they least expected it, that over the roses floated an ominous cloud.

"Go home to your grandmother, Betty. She is waiting for you."

All the colour left Betty's rose-tinted cheeks, as she saw Lady Craven standing before her; as for Sir Wilfrid he seemed to shrivel up.

Betty forthwith disappeared, thankful to be out of that awful presence, while during her flight home a sort of revelation came to her, and for the first time she realised that love-making with Sir Wilfrid "for her was scarcely fitting."

She was not, however, humble before old Mrs. Sumner, being certain that, save for a hint or two she had let drop, her ladyship would have known naught of the matter. That Sir Wilfrid would desert her because his mother was displeased, Betty did not for a moment think, and then believe she had in his staunchness made her so off-hand in her treatment of her grandmother that never before, since they had lived together, had there been such a quarrel. Irritated as she was by the old woman's upbraidings, Betty quite forgot to think what Sir Wilfrid was going through on her behalf.

"That you have condescended to demean yourself by making eyes at Mrs. Sumner's grand-daughter vexes and annoys me," commenced her ladyship, as soon as Betty was dismissed. "Change of air will do you good, my boy. Silliness must not be allowed to become scandal."

"My love for Betty is neither silliness nor scandal, mother. It is as real as any love that was ever felt, and I mean to marry her ere the year grows old."

"Do you? Then you will have a pauper's lot, and be perhaps reduced to digging potatoes in Mrs. Sumner's garden."

"How so? I am rich."

"Not unless I will it so."

"I shall be of age in a month."

She shook her head.

"The money that paid off the mortgages on the encumbered property that came to your father was mine. By his will I have been left in authority. You will attain your majority at twenty-one if I and General Castle, who is your guardian with me, will it so. At our pleasure, if we see cause, we can defer the majority for five years, and even then it is in my power to considerably cripple your income."

Betty was very dear to him; but nothing to live on was a future that Wilfrid could not contemplate with enthusiasm.

That his mother would relent he knew her far too well to suppose. If there was any chance of succeeding in the end he must appear to give in.

"What would you have me do, mother? I have promised the girl," he asked, so humbly that the maternal heart was touched to answering him in a far gentler voice.

"Such a promise is, of course, worthless Betty Sumner cannot become Lady Craven."

"But, mother, you forget that my honour is at stake," and the bright eyes of the boy shone into his mother's heart.

"Leave your honour to me, Wilfrid. I will not allow it to be smirched."

"While I?"

"You will go abroad for a time and forget this folly and this lovesick romance."

"I will go abroad if you wish it—but forget! I doubt if I shall ever forget!"

"Foolish boy! Others have forgotten youthful follies. You are surely not more in love than other silly youths, who have imagined their first love affair is for aye."

He sighed and turned away.

Mother and son went up to the house together and passed into the breakfast-room through the open French window. General

Castle was awaiting them, to Wilfrid's surprise. He had ridden over from his place that morning, have been summoned by Lady Craven.

Sir Wilfrid had no real dislike to General Castle, but at that moment he hated him for being in league with his mother. He felt inclined to resent interference to the utmost, but decided that by open fight he would play a losing game.

To Brussels—yes, he would go to Brussels, and stay with his cousin, who was in the Embassy there. It might do him good. He did not think it would make him forget, but time would show.

The General suggested that he should start that very evening and, much to his mother's surprise, he agreed.

Lady Craven was scarcely satisfied.

Womanlike, she was on the look-out for intrigue, and she could not help seeing a plot in this ready acquiescence with her plans.

Of plot, however, Sir Wilfrid was quite guileless, unless a very vague idea that he might obtain help in Brussels could be called a plot.

So absolutely without guile was he of plots and intrigues, that he wrote a long letter to Betty, assuring her of his unfading love and faith, which letter he put in the post. But it never reached its destination; the purblind old grandmother managed to waylay it and duly transferred it to Lady Craven, who, believing herself to be an honourable high bred woman, locked the letter up without reading it.

Days, even weeks, passed quickly on. The roses had all faded now, and icicles were hanging from the snow-covered roofs, when a bolt from the blue fell suddenly.

Lady Craven, imagining that her boy's horizon was clear, was expecting him home for Christmas. A telegram arrived saying that Sir Wilfrid had met with an accident on the ice—would his mother come at once.

Her journey to the Belgian capital was as unexpected and as rapid as his own had been—her fatigue, too, being intensified by the chill in the Christmas air and the anxiety from which she was suffering.

Sir Wilfrid was in a high fever; delirium had set in, and in his ravings his constant cry was for Betty. It was her name that Lady Craven heard as she entered her sick boy's room.

She stood and looked at him, the tears streaming down her cheeks.

"What can I do to save him?" she murmured.

"Send for Betty Sumner; he is raving for her incessantly," was the cousin's suggestion.

"Nonsense, what has she to do with him?"

A moment's reflection reminded her that the boy was in danger.

"Does he love her so much?" she asked in a softer tone. "Send for her at once—let someone go and fetch her. She, an ignorant girl, cannot come alone."

The office was undertaken and performed. In due course Betty arrived, and Lady Craven positively welcomed her.

The girl herself could not understand it. She did not wholly believe in Sir Wilfrid's illness, since when he had last seen her he had been radiant; nevertheless she curtsied and agreed with her ladyship that he was very bad, thanked her for letting her come to nurse him, said she would be as helpful as she could, and then, if her ladyship would forgive her, she would go right away to South Africa or somewhere abroad, where Sir Wilfrid would never hear of her again.

This last promise ended in a sob.

Lady Craven was touched. Experience of true, devoted, unselfish love had come to her for the first time in her life.

"Had she the right to mar the happiness of these two young hearts?" She made her decision quickly.

The Christmas joy bells were sounding in the crisp, frosty air. "Peace and Love and Goodwill" was the refrain that seemed to echo and re-echo as she heard them, and as she looked on her boy, who, still languid and downhearted, was nevertheless slowly being called back to health by Betty's ministrations, she placed the girl's hand in his as she murmured:

"Be good and faithful to him, Betty, and take him as my Christmas gift."

Sociology and Evolution



IN the following paper we propose to try and trace an analogy between those two great forces. Can the same laws which govern Evolution, be applied to the development of Races and Nations, Social Movements and Institutions?

The first fact that strikes us about Evolution is the immense slowness and sureness of the process. The development of higher and higher forms of life takes place in small and gradual stages. There are no sudden leaps, no violent upsettings of a gradual and

ordered process. It would be well if the Socialists would pause on making their wild leaps to consider how far removed is their method from the trustworthy method of Nature which has found its completion in Man.

There are three great factors at work in the process of Evolution. They are:—(1) Variation. (2) Inheritance. (3) Selection. Let us see whether these can also apply to the process of Sociology.

A word of explanation about each may be necessary.

By Variation we mean the unlikeness that exists between the different members of a species. No two roses on the same tree are *exactly* alike; no two puppies of the same litter; and as we rise on the scale of civilisation, the distinction becomes more greatly marked. Brothers and sisters are often *more* dissimilar in appearance and characteristics than total strangers. This is a most important fact in aiding the process of Evolution. If there were none of these unaccountable varieties, if Nature turned her products out wholesale, as the manufacturer turns out pins or buttons, there would be much less futile ground to work upon, and progress would be immensely retarded.

Now does this law of Variation work in the process of Sociology? Do we see the influence in the development of Races and Nations and in those Social Movements and Institutions which are largely in the hands of Man to make or unmake? Again the Socialist should pause and consider. We have seen the powerful weapon for good that Variation is for Nature. Why should Man throw it aside as he is doing, when he would grind all people down to one level, all beauty of design down to one common form, when he would tell the possibility of that achievement which springs from individuality, and whose value lies in its uniqueness. Who would, in a word, kill the heaven-born gift of Variation?

The second factor in Evolution, that of Inheritance, cannot be said to play any part in Sociology. The part that it plays in Nature, though still important, is now considered much less so, than it was formerly. Heredity determines the bias of our nature, and, given certain opportunities, we may develop inherited talents which would otherwise lie downward within us. Inheritance leaves its mark more in appearance, trick or trait, and this usually from a more remote ancestor than a parent, than in any other way. It is also a well-determined fact that acquired characteristics are not transmissible. If a cat loves its tail or a man his thumb, the offspring are not deprived of theirs. If both parents suddenly take to thieving, the son who is born to them, after their career of sin has begun, is not more addicted to theft than the son who was born before. The

tendency in Heredity is always to avoid extremes, whether of vice or virtue. The children of very bad or very good parents are less bad or less good than their exceptional fathers and mothers. The law seems to work in a contrary direction to the law of Variation.

But in Sociology, Heredity plays no part. For, however far back we peer into the remote beginnings of Races and Nations, we can see nothing akin to a Birth. Their exact origins are shrouded in mystery. The formation of groups and societies of peoples, the rise and fall of different forms of Governments is not touched by the law of Heredity, as that law works in Nature, we are dealing with races not individuals.

The third and most potent factor in Evolution is that of Selection, or the Survival of the Fittest, and this law also strongly influences Sociology. In Nature, it is the main cause of progress. Nature is never checked for fear of an inadequate supply to meet the needs of her offspring, and as the supply is not nearly sufficient, the weakly specimens die and only the strong survive. But civilisation forbids them to fall in with this beneficent arrangement. It says "something more than mere physical form is needed for our healthy development. Disguised in the embryo of a puny baby, might not a Darwin or a Shakespeare be perishing?" Partly for this wise reason and partly, alas! from a mistaken altruism, the apparently unfit are not only kept alive, but every possible means is taken, to bring them up to the normal standard. No doubt Nature's methods are too ruthless and one-sided in their effect, to be allowed wholesale in the case of Man. But there is grave danger in disregarding her rule altogether. We see this danger in the much-vexed question of the disposal of the feeble-minded. The present system is to train these persons, (the majority of whom are girls) to such a point that at the end of the training they are sufficiently like other people to be often asked in marriage. They are often pretty and a kind of helplessness is rather attractive than otherwise. But the children of these marriages often inherit the mother's mental or moral weakness, which is not an acquired defect, and is therefore transmissible. What then ought to be done? We do not advocate Nature's plan in which these unfit members of Society would have had no special care, and being unable to avail themselves of the opportunities provided for the normal, would have quickly descended on the downward grade, towards which their infirmity had tilted them, till they arrived at prison or death. We would not follow Plato's advice: "Let the Doctor and the Judge cure all curable diseases of the body and the mind. Let the incurable be put out of the

way," he said. But for the safety of Society they should not be allowed to mingle freely with the rest of its members. They should be kept apart. Segregation, not extirpation, should be our plan.

Thus, we have seen that the laws which work in Evolution should also be applied to Sociology, and a defiance of these laws will lead to the degeneracy and downfall of the race. We must not close without mentioning the Society of Eugenics, whose work is all in an upward direction. It is doing its best to spread abroad ideas of the responsibilities entailed by marriage, and the importance of well regulated marriages. But of course these tenets have at present had very little, if any effect upon the huge lower strata of the population, for whom they are primarily intended.

M. C. SIDGWICK.

St. Winifred's—a study



in youth and from friends throughout the whole life.

The story of St. Winifred's is a true picture of a school life and gives many striking examples of the formation of character. St. Winifred's was a public school in England which stood by the seaside on the shores of a little bay and was embraced by mountains sweeping in semi-circles.

Many an English boy was sent to take their course of education here and Walter Evson, the chief character of the book, entered it in his fourteenth year. He was the eldest son of Mr. Evson, a country gentleman, who having no regular occupation, had chosen a quiet retreat

near Semlign Lake. This country house of Mr. Evson presented one of the most beautiful scenery to the eyes of those who could appreciate the true beauty of nature. Thus all the children of Mr. Evson who were brought up among this mountainous region naturally found their first teacher in nature, the wisest and kindest of all.

Though young Evson had not much knowledge in books, he was full of intelligent interest in things most worth knowing which is the best and surest guarantee for future progress. When he first entered school, he had many trials and temptations which beset a new boy in a public school.

Walter's class teacher was Mr. Paton, a man of stern character. He had no knowledge of human character, and his rules did not suit the diversities of individual character. But the discipline he established was perfect, though many shrank under it at the time, they were profited by it in later times. Walter met with an undue prejudice at his hands. This led him to give in to many trials, the greatest of which was the burning of Mr. Paton's manuscript.

Fortunately this incident saved Walter from falling into an unfathomable gulf to which he was running. He did not know what a grievous injury he had done, but when he found it out he was very much ashamed of himself and repented of his folly. Mr. Paton forgave him and his future career taught Mr. Paton that he was mistaken in Walter, the noble-minded boy. Though he had fallen very low in the estimation of his school-fellows by this burst of wilfulness, his friends Kenrick and Henderson stood by him and "a friend in need is a friend indeed."

Thenceforth he tried his best to make a firm stand in which he succeeded at last.

Sir Percival who had a liking for Walter at first, hated him for his present misconduct, but on seeing that he was making steady progress forgave him his folly. He was the last person to forgive him and afterwards he knew that his first impression of Walter was the right one. Sir Percival was a man of sympathetic nature and had a perfect knowledge of human characters. He was the most popular teacher in the school and Walter was relieved from a great burden by gaining his confidence again.

Not long afterwards Walter found a noble friend in Power. Power was the only son of Sir Lawrence Power, who was a baronet and owner of many acres of land. This boy was of a noble character and rare abilities but he seemed to many to be self-centred and reserved because of his exclusiveness. After he had become a friend of Walter, this defect vanished away from him like the mist of morning. This proves the truth of the saying, "show me his friend and I shall say who he is."

We have seen that Walter's other friends were Kenrick and Henderson. Kenrick, the first friend of Walter, was the son of a widowed mother, whose husband had been the Curate of Fuzby. The inhabitants of this place were so vulgar-minded that they always tried to browbeat those who were poor. They treated their Curate, the noble and pious-minded Mr. Kenrick, with so much irreverence that they brought him into utter disgrace and after pining away under their atrocious calumny he died broken-hearted. Mr. Kenrick had left his wife only an orphan boy of eight years old, who was her hope and pride. This lady is the person to be admired, if there is any one to have that privilege. Never, I think, did a purer, a fairer, a sweeter soul live on earth or one more like the angels of heaven. She was not ashamed of poverty and after her death Kenrick found in her own handwriting, the following extract from one of her favourite authors: "It has been reserved for this age to perceive the blessedness of another kind of poverty; not voluntary, nor proud, but accepted and submissive; not clear-sighted nor triumphant, but subdued and patient; partly patient in tenderness of God's will; partly patient in blindness of man's oppression; too laborious to be thoughtful, too innocent to be conscious; too much experienced in sorrow to be hopeful—waiting in its peaceful darkness for the unconceived dawn; yet not without its sweet, complete, untainted happiness like intermittent notes of birds before daybreak, or the first gleams of heaven's amber on the eastern grey. Such poverty as this it has been reserved for this age of ours to honour while it afflicted; it is reserved for the age to come, to honour it and to spare."

The winning grace of her manners, the simple sweetness of her address, the pathetic beauty and sadness of her face would have won for her in any other place but Fuzby, the love and admiration which were her due. "She had a mind that envy could not but call fair." She sought every consolation in her son, but it was in vain for, though he had a true heart he was very cold and repellant while at Fuzby. He hated the Fuzbeans for the injuries they had done to his father. Mrs. Kenrick, a friendless widow shut up with the sorrows of her lonely heart, often marvelled at the mystery that man should be to man the sorest, surest ill. In spite of Kenrick's gloominess at Fuzby he was bright and cheerful at school. But a malady had a fast hold on him, "pride," "the selfish pride," "the root of evil." This was the cause of his great misfortune in his school career. This alienated him from his noble friends Walter, Power and Henderson; this found for him friends in Jones and Harper, the worst characters of the school;

this led him to open shame and disgrace; and above all this made him an instrument to ruin the characters of others.

Now comes our Henderson the jolly Flip. He was a merry looking lad with ceaseless wit. Whenever he opened his mouth there fell a shower of witty sayings. He made fun of every one but there was not even a slight touch of envy or jealousy in his nature. He often made fun of Daubeny and Bliss, otherwise called Dubbs and Blissidas by him. This Daubeny was not intelligent but was very industrious and persevering. The lessons which Power mastered in half an hour could only be mastered by him in one or two hours. But his industry and perseverance led him to gain almost the first place in the class. Poor Daubeny, unmindful of his health worked so excessively that he met with an untimely death. Dear young reader, be careful not to overtax your brains with excessive labour. It will create only injurious effects. Work steadily and systematically and you will find yourself higher up in the level.

At times we notice a little boy in the company of our generous-minded Walter. This is Arthur Eden. When Eden first came to St. Winifred's, he was innocent, frank, and intelligent but he was weak in one point, that is he was a timid boy. From the first, he fell among the black sheep, the wretched bullies Jones and Harper. Walter's generosity flowed towards him. He interfered in his cause and saved him from many dangers. Eden looked upon him as his guardian and friend. Even then Jones and Harper led him into such mischief, without the knowledge of Walter that his childish innocence, frankness and guile and quickness in understanding were exchanged for vacant looks, stupid indifference and the cunning expression which are induced by craven fear. Once, these bullies frightened him so much that, but for Walter he would have lost all his senses.

Walter's bravery—"The ascent of Appenfell"

On a holiday Walter resolved to make an expedition among the mountains of Appenfell and induced his friends Power, Kenrick, Henderson and Daubeny to join him (you must remember that this incident took place before the death of Daubeny). The day seemed bright and clear and the friends started off for their excursion. Walter showed much alacrity in ascending the hill, for he had the experience at Semlyn. After a small ascent Daubeny was done up with fatigue and he could go no further. Then Power who was helping him ran up to the other boys and told them that Daubeny being unable to go further must return home and that he would accompany him. But the unselfish comrades would not consent to this and each insisted that he would follow Daubeny. After

much discussion they cast lots; the lot fell on Henderson and he accompanied Daubeny without any ill-will. The other boys started off again but they were soon deceived in their hope. A mist gathered round them and they were in a fearful plight. After strengthening their hand in God, Walter determined to cross the Razor, the most dangerous cliff of Appenfell, the only way to safety. He succeeded in his attempt and thus saved the lives of his friends.

Walter was not only noble, generous, and brave, but he was intelligent also. In most of the examinations he stood first in the class, and gained many honors for himself, his parents and the school.

Kenrick, the eternal friend of Walter as Henderson called him, was going down step by step into a deep pit. He was separated from Walter, because of his rash judgment against him. He thought him to be false and untruthful. But Walter was in every way a true hearted boy.

Alas! how light a cause may move
Discussion between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied
That stood the storm when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off
Like ships that have gone down at sea
When heaven was all tranquillity.

At first he showed indifference to Walter, then he shunned his company and then he joined with Jones and Harper, the former the cause of his alienation from Walter. Though he was a monitor, he, unmindful of his duties, led an unworthy life. But it pleased God to raise him from this depth after many hardships and once more he regained the friendship of his former friends.

Charley, Walter's brother was also studying at St. Winifred's. When he came to the school, he was put under Sir Percival, but not long afterwards this teacher left the school for good and Charley became a pupil under Mr. Noel, a new master who had not much experience. The head of the boys in the house of Mr. Noel was Kenrick, then the companion of the worst boys and his evil example told with extraordinary power through the whole house. The worst part of the characters of these boys acting and reacting on each other leavened the house through and through with all that is least good, or true, or lovely or of a good report. They practised feasting, smoking and even drinking. If any one resisted to follow them, they were bullied and maltreated by the others. Thus Charley who was of a different type from the rest fell a victim to these wicked ones, but he endured them patiently. These boys took every precaution to keep the secrets to themselves and not to spread them among the other school-

fellows. So they drew up a paper and made every boy of the house to sign it. But Charley and Elgwood, who followed the example of the former, refused to sign. They tried Charley at first by kind words, then by abuses and then by bullying. He was bullied with so much severity that he almost signed it but a whisper from Elgwood stopped him. The words were thus: "If young Evson does it I will directly." Charley saw the effect of bad example and the supplication—lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil—rose from his inmost heart. He threw the pencil down and pushed the paper aside. A shower of angry words fell on him and Mackworth, an ill-natured boy brought down a cane (brice) on the back of poor Charley. He gave a loud scream because of the intensity of the pain. On hearing the noise and tumult, Bliss came to the rescue from another room and though he was late, he saved Charley from further ill-treatment.

Follow the example of Charley, stand for truth; do the right and shame the devil, for one victory over sin leads to another.

After the return of Kenrick to the right path he met with an unhappy accident. One day while he was walking among the hills his straw hat was blown away by the wind and rolled down the side of the hill. He went after it but it rolled on and at last he caught it. On trying to ascend he found it very difficult because the chalk under his feet slipped. Now he was in a dangerous position and an idea struck him: he descended the hill in the hope of regaining the school along the bay which was at the foot of the hill. Alas! when he arrived there he found that the tide was up and that he could not get over; seeing his dangerous position he tried to swim across but after making some efforts he found that he was not half the distance, so he turned back and came to the same place from which he started. Then he shouted at his loudest and no reply came to him and he gave himself up for lost. Providence said otherwise, the shouts were heard by Walter and Charley who were returning home after some excursion. They knew that some soul was in distress, they ran at once for help but they could get only an old boat and they tried to make the best of it. These two boys were good rowers, for they had the experience at Semlyn lake. They went in search of the distressed and found to their great surprise their friend Kenrick. They took him into the boat. Yet they were in no way in safety. The sea was rough and stormy, the boat was old, and to add to the general distress Walter's oar was broken. Charley was very frightened and he was very sorry to die in the open sea, far from the loved ones. Even in their misfortune they com-

mended themselves to God for they knew that He is a present help in trouble. Providentially they were saved by the crew of a ship, but they failed to reach St. Winifred's for five days and all grieved for them, thinking that the three boys had found their grave in the sea. Mr. and Mrs. Evson came to St. Winifred's and their grief knew no bounds. After five days the children they thought to be dead, were restored to them. They were very proud of them for they gave up even their lives for a fellow creature. There was nobody to grieve for Kenrick, for his mother was now dead and he had no relations, but the whole school rejoiced at his deliverance. Thenceforth Kenrick kept up his spirits and got on remarkably well. He knew that his life was restored to him to use it well.

Afterwards we see Walter, Power, Henderson and Kenrick in their manhood leading very noble lives, for they had learned at school how to make others useful and happy. Charley alone passed away from this world. He died as a martyr among the barbarians to whom he went to preach the good tidings that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.

MISS CATHERINE JOHN.

An Indian Story of Olden Time



ONCE upon a time, in a certain city, there lived a King who had an only son whom he loved very dearly. Now this young prince was very fond of pictures, so much so that there was not a single picture gallery in the city which the prince had not visited a hundred times, nor any private collection of pictures which he had not ransacked. What is more, when there were no more pictures in the country left for the prince to see, the King, his father, sent for vast collections of the rarest and most beautiful pictures from abroad so that the prince might indulge his favourite passion. Now, one day it

so happened that while the prince was engaged in looking at some very beautiful pictures from a distant country, his eye alighted on the most lovely little miniature portrait of a princess that one could imagine! It was evidently the picture of some foreign princess of extraordinary beauty. So charming, indeed, was the picture that the young prince at once fell deeply in love with the face which it portrayed. From that day forth a great longing to possess the princess came over the prince, and he gave up all his tasks and amusements and he even refused his meat and drink, so mad was his desire.

When it came to the ears of the King that a strange melancholy had come over his son, he was much concerned and he forthwith sent for his trusty counsellor, the Grand Vizier, and asked his advice as to what was to be done. The Vizier said: "Sire, the prince is evidently in love. That is a condition which I have myself experienced in the days of my youth and I know that when that comes upon a young man he is generally very reticent, most unwilling to confide his woes to anybody, unless, indeed, it may be, to a bosom friend of the same age. I would therefore suggest to Your Majesty that my own son, who is of an age with the young prince and his school-fellow, may be sent to the prince to glean the secret of his sorrow, for to no other man is the prince likely to unburden his heart. Once the ill itself is known, it should be easy to find the remedy."

The King, approving of the advice sent the Vizier's son to the prince.

Now the Vizier's son, although young, was yet very wise. He found no difficulty in learning the secret of the prince, and then, counselled him on this wise:—

"It ought to be no difficult matter to seek out the princess you desire if you follow out the plan which I am going to propose. It is this: Let us set out on the quest in great state, taking with us a large retinue and an army of artisans of all kinds, smiths, carpenters, jewellers, stonemasons, and other handicraftsmen of great skill in their various arts. In the course of our progress in state, let us call a halt at every important town and city which may lie in our way, and there let us give a grand banquet to the citizens, laying out the table with gold plate. When the feast is over let us give away to each guest the platter of precious metal out of which he had fed, and let us hang up the portrait of your princess in a prominent place and inquire from each guest whether he can tell us anything about the strange princess and whether he can suggest any means whereby you can obtain her hand in marriage."

This plan pleased the prince and filled him with a ray of hope and he forthwith gave up his

melancholy and ate and drank and was happy once more. A little later, all the arrangements made, the prince and the Vizier's son started on their quest in great state, taking with them a whole army of skilled handicraftsmen.

Accordingly, the prince and the Vizier's son set out on their quest in great state, accompanied by a large number of skilful craftsmen. Whenever they came to any city they always entertained the inhabitants to a great feast at which all the meats were served in golden dishes which were afterwards given away freely to the guests. In this way they earned for themselves a great fame among all the kings and princes for their wealth and generosity. At every feast the guests were shown the picture of the mysterious princess and asked if they knew anything about her; but for a long time the quest proved fruitless. At last one day when they had reached a certain city in Persia and given, as was their wont, a magnificent banquet to the inhabitants, one of the guests, an old man, shrivelled and bent, started on seeing the portrait as if he recognized it and laughed loudly, after which he suddenly burst into tears.

The Vizier's son who had been eagerly watching faces observed this and at once asked the old man the reason for his strange behaviour. The old man then informed him that the portrait was that of none other than the daughter of the King of Persia whom he knew very well, having been in her service when she was a child. He had laughed with joy at being reminded of his sweet mistress but that he had cried to think of the unfortunate turn her mind had lately taken, for she had sworn a solemn oath never to marry or see the face of any man but had shut herself up in a city peopled only by women which she had founded and where no male being, whether man or beast, was allowed to set foot on pain of death. The old man went on to say that so unreasoning was the dislike of the princess for everything of the male sex that she caused to be shot with bows and arrows the very birds of the male sex which crossed her sacred dominions, by skilful archer women stationed on the rampart of the city.

Delighted at having at last found definite news of the object of his quest, the Vizier's son proceeded to form his plans.

That night, disguising himself as a woman, he made his way to the city of the princess and, entering her favourite garden, knocked at the door of the mali woman who was in charge of the garden. On the latter demanding who it was who knocked at such a late hour, the Vizier's son replied that it was a benighted traveller who sought shelter. The mali woman let her in but warned her at the same time that the princess, her royal mistress, did not approve

of strangers intruding in her garden, but the Vizier's son, by means of earnest entreaties prevailed on the woman to take him in and let him live with her for at least a few days.

Whilst staying with the mali woman he made himself so useful and helped her so well in her work, that she looked upon him as a great acquisition and thought no more of sending him away.

In those days, when it was the fashion for princes and noblemen of high birth to learn various useful trades and handicrafts, so that they might be prepared for all eventualities and be able to earn their own living if the worst came to the worst, it should not be wondered at that the Vizier's son had acquired the art of a skilful gardener. When the mali woman sent flowers to her royal mistress in the morning, he would weave them into marvellous wreaths and garlands and pretty bouquets, so that the princess admiring the skill with which these were woven at once guessed that her gardener must have acquired an assistant.

One morning she asked the gardener who was helping her make those pretty designs in flowers. The mali woman said: "It is only a daughter of mine who does these things."

"Bring your daughter to me to-morrow," said the princess, "I shall be very glad to make her acquaintance."

Accordingly, the next morning, the Vizier's son, accompanied by the mali woman, went to the princess's palace. When the Vizier's son saw the princess he became certain that she was no other than the one whose portrait had so infatuated the prince, and wondered much at her marvellous beauty.

The Vizier's son managed to win for himself the favour of the princess to such an extent that he ended by coming to live in the palace as one of the chamber-maids of the princess. There he took special pains to win the confidence of an old nurse who had brought up the princess from her childhood and in whom the princess placed the greatest trust. The Vizier's son knew that if he was ever to gain his object it must be through the means of this nurse.

One day he asked the nurse how it was that the princess had not married and what was the reason for her hating so much the opposite sex.

"Hush," said the nurse, "hold your tongue! do not ask a dangerous question; were the princess to overhear us she would have both of us flayed alive!"

But the Vizier's son begged her hard to put this question to the princess, saying that there would be no danger for the old nurse as the

princess loved her so much and that he could not restrain his curiosity. The old nurse at last gave in and consented to put the dreaded question to the princess the next day, at any moment when she should find her in a happy mood. Accordingly, the next morning, when the princess was laughing and talking gaily with her maidens, the old nurse approached and timidly introduced the subject of marriage.

"My dear," said she, "it grieves my old heart to see you thus wasting your noble youth and beauty in this lonely spot. It has always been the great longing of my heart to see you happily married to some handsome prince, and to see your children playing around you before I die."

The sunshine at once fled from the princess' countenance and her brow darkened. She turned to her attendants in a towering rage and said: "Here, take away this impudent woman from my presence and flog her well so that it will teach her to keep a better control over her tongue."

In spite of her old age and piteous entreaties, the woman was mercilessly beaten and sent away from the palace in disgrace.

The Vizier's son stood quietly watching events. When the princess' anger had cooled down he took the opportunity to say: "poor old nurse! I am sure it was very wrong of her to say what she did, but I hope your Highness will forgive her. She is so old and feeble, and after all she meant well."

The princess, relenting at these words, sent for the old nurse whom she really loved very much and said: "Dear old nurse! Forgive me for my hastiness, but I lost my temper at your words. You know how I hate that subject. Come now I will tell you what you want to know, but promise first never to mention the subject in my presence again."

The nurse promised and the princess then began:

"I clearly remember that, in a former birth, I was a bird and used to live together with my mate in a snug nest on a tall tree in a thick forest. One day, when we were both on the wing in search of food for our young ones, I suddenly perceived that that portion of the forest where stood the tree on which our nest was built, was on fire. As we were flying at a great height, we could clearly see the flames raging round our nest. Of course you can imagine the fear and dismay that took possession of my heart. I said to my mate: 'Fly quick and save the young ones! There is time yet and you are stronger of wing than I. You will get there in time. Speed, for Heaven's sake.' But, to my surprise, my mate hung back. 'Go yourself,' he said, 'You

can fly just as fast I can.' I was in a frenzy of despair, but it was in vain that I begged him to save the young ones. My cruel mate only argued the point instead of taking action. He said they were my young ones no less than his and that therefore it was my duty as well as his to save them, and much else besides, which I did not hear, for just then, to my horror, I saw my beloved home ablaze and my young ones perishing in the flames before my very sight."

Then a deep rooted disgust for my mate and all of his sex took possession of my soul. I thought that they must be all very heartless and unworthy to be loved; and from that moment I abandoned my mate and flew away to pass a lonely life as far away as possible from the scene of my desolation. Ages went by. I was born again, a princess of Iran.

As I grew up, the recollection of that former transmigration seemed to come back to me with a strange and vivid clearness and I remembered how grievously I had been wronged by one of the male sex at the time when I was only a bird and the aversion of that time took such strong possession of me once more that I vowed never to marry or look at the face of a man as long as I lived. This is how I have come to my present resolution to avoid all of the opposite sex."

The old nurse listened with great astonishment to the strange story and the next day she confided it to the Vizier's son who, having now gained the information which he wanted, took the opportunity to leave the city and rejoice his master.

The prince was delighted at the return of his faithful friend and embraced him with joy.

The Vizier's son then told the good news of having found the very princess whom the prince sought. When the prince heard this he showed great eagerness to see the princess and begged the Vizier's son to get him married to her at once.

"Not so fast! Not so fast!" said the Vizier's son, "restrain yourself, my good master. It is by no means easy to secure the princess. But I have a plan in my mind which may answer. There is a well just outside the princess' city from which the drinking water of the princess is drawn. Let us cause a fine city to be built near this well excelling the city of the princess in magnificence, and let us forbid any female being, whether man or beast to enter the city on pain of death, and let us cause to be killed even the female birds that may happen to cross our city. When this is done I will devise some means of attracting the princess' notice."

Accordingly the very next day the army of artisans was set to work building, and in a short time, with great industry they upreared a

magnificent city, and furnished it with every possible comfort and convenience.

The fame of the new city, built so close to hers, and surpassing it in splendour, soon reached the princess and roused her curiosity.

Now when the women came to draw water from the well, the Vizier's son had men stationed there armed with light catapults who broke the earthen jars and pitchers of the water-women and spilled all the water. The women were much alarmed, and when they asked the men the reason why they annoyed them, they simply answered that that was the order of their prince. The women went weeping to the princess with their broken jars and complained of their ill treatment by the people of the neighbouring city. The princess was very angry and she sent one of her women to the princess' city to find out the reason for the attack on her women. The messenger was stopped at the gate of the princess' city and told that no woman was allowed to enter the city. Upon her saying that she was a messenger from the princess, word was sent at once to the Vizier's son who came in person and spoke to her and said, "Rash woman! how dare you attempt to enter this city? Do you not know that you will lose your life if you are found inside?"

The messenger replied that she had been sent by the princess to find out the reason why her water-women had been attacked by the prince's men, and their pitchers and jars broken.

To this the Vizier's son replied saying: "That is because our prince hates the very sight of woman and of all female creatures, so much so that he has ordered to be killed the very birds that fly over here if they happen to be of the female sex. The prince believes that your touch makes the water of the well unclean and that your shadow which falls on the walls of our city is a curse and a blight."

The woman sped back to her mistress and told what she had heard. The princess was utterly taken aback to find that there was actually a man who was so presumptuous as to hate women. She was consumed with curiosity to see the prince who hated women as much as she did men, and she sent word to the Vizier's son to ask how she could see the prince. But the latter at this pretended to be very wroth and sent back word saying it was quite impossible for the prince to see the princess as he would allow no female being to approach him.

On receiving this message the princess' curiosity was doubly excited and she became more than ever desirous of seeing him. She sent another messenger carrying handsome presents for the Vizier's son in order to persuade him to let her have a look at the prince and to find out the cause of his so hating woman-kind.

The Vizier's son at first made many excuses, and then agreed saying that if the princess was so anxious to see the prince, there was only one way. She should come in a closed palanquin to a certain garden at an appointed time and he would take the prince out for a walk in that direction. The princess could then see him through the shutters of her palanquin and he would engage the prince in a conversation at the risk of incurring his displeasure and find out from him the reason for his hatred of women. The princess would thus have an opportunity of overhearing the conversation.

When all was arranged the Vizier's son went to his master and told him all about it. The prince was so pleased that he asked the Vizier's son to let him see the princess at once. "No," said the Vizier's son, "you must be careful and act your part well or everything will be spoiled. I will take you to the garden tomorrow where the princess' palanquin will be placed beforehand and then I will ask you the reason for hating women. You must pretend to be very angry and order me to be taken away from your presence and beaten. But, after a while you must relent and send for me and tell me that the reason for your hating women is that you remember that in your former life you were a bird and that one day, when you were out in search of food with your mate you saw the jungle, in which your nest was, on fire and the nest with your young ones in it was in great danger. Your mate asked you to fly to the rescue of the young ones, but she insisted that you should go alone and, hard as you impressed upon her the necessity of joint action in time of danger, she remained deaf to all reasoning and went into fits of ill-timed anger, and that through her perversity and unreasonable strife you had the unspeakable misfortune of seeing the lives you loved best lost forever, and your home burned to ashes; and thus the companion of your weal and woe instead of sympathizing with you deserted you in your moment of sorrow. Thus forsaken and broken-hearted, you roamed about aimlessly till death released you from the bonds of wretched existence and in the next transmigration you were born a prince of Hindustan and as you grew up a vivid recollection of your former existence dawned on you and you swore an oath never to have anything to do with women, for their folly and obstinacy ruins the heart and home of many an honest man."

The prince rejoicing at the idea of meeting the princess decked himself in his best clothes and perfumed his person with the choicest perfumes, and accompanied by the Vizier's son started for the place where the Vizier's son had caused the palanquin of the princess to be placed.

There the prince and the Vizier's son sat down, pretending not to notice the palanquin and began to talk. In the course of conversation, the Vizier's son asked the prince the reason of his dislike for women, whereupon the former, pretending to be in a great rage, called his attendants and ordered him to be dragged out of his presence and well punished. Then soon relenting, he called him again and said: "My dear Vizier, pardon me for treating you so rudely, but you talked on a subject that I cannot bear to hear, but for the sake of the love you bear me I will open my heart to you and tell you the story of my life". With these words the prince went on to relate the story which the Vizier's son had taught him.

The princess who could hear every word from her palanquin, opened her eyes in surprise and said to herself, "Ah me! Oh, how sad, how sad! after all it was I who was to blame! I admit it now. It was my folly. How he must have suffered when I left him! but thank God! I have got him back again!" With these words, unable to control herself any longer, she rushed out of the palanquin and threw herself down at the feet of the prince, crying, "My Love! my love! forgive me and let me do penance for my past follies!"

The prince, overjoyed to see the princess whom he loved so much at his feet, raised her up at once and held her to his heart with words of love and forgiveness.

Then the princess went home and the prince sent the Vizier's son to the king, her father, with precious gifts, requesting the hand of his daughter in marriage. The king received him with great honour and gave him handsome presents and said, "My daughter hates all men, so much so that she does not even see me, but I will send a woman to her with a message, to her own city which is peopled with women only, and await her answer. But I fear that the errand will be a fruitless one."

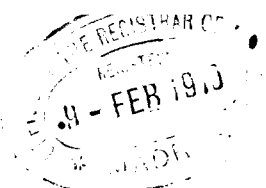
A woman was accordingly despatched with the message and, to the great surprise of the King, a favourable answer was returned by the princess which was received with great joy at the court of the King, and the wedding took place with the greatest pomp and circumstance. After a few months the prince and princess, taking leave of the King, returned to the country of the prince where his father and mother had grown blind through weeping for their absent son. When the tidings of the prince's return reached them, they felt so glad that their eyesight returned to them and they embraced their son and daughter-in-law. And the King said, "My dear son, I am growing old and I should like to see you on the throne of your forefathers before I die." Then sending for

his Grand Vizier he gave orders that his son might be installed on the throne in his place. The coronation was attended with great rejoicings and the whole capital was brilliantly illuminated. The Vizier's son was made the Grand Vizier under the new rule and was loaded with honours, estates and titles. And so they all lived happily ever after.

BY AN INDIAN LADY.

Editorial Note

The photograph represents the eldest two daughters of Mr. A. Madhaviah, the author of "Thillai Govindan," "Poems," "Satyananda" &c., in English, and of "Padmavati Charitram," "Vijayamarthandam," "Muthumeenakshi," &c., in Tamil, and was taken five years ago. The girls were wholly educated at home and possess considerable attainments in English and Tamil, and also know Telugu to some extent. Besides the "Story of Harisebandra" contributed by them jointly to this Magazine, they have also translated some of the farces of Prof. Virasalingam Pantulu's *Vikata Sanjivini* into Tamil for *Sri Vani Vilasini*. They are now engaged in translating into English one of their father's Tamil novels, as an exercise in composition. The girls are only 15 years and 13 years old respectively now and this fact reveals what our Indian women are capable of even with a limited and irregular home education. If early marriages are stopped, and women given university education, there is no doubt that the Indian women will easily take their place by the side of their more advanced European sisters.



193A



1905

Misses Madhaviah

The Girls' College, Trivandram



THE annual distribution of Prizes to the successful students of the institution went off most successfully this year. The Music Hall in which the prize distribution was held was nicely decorated. Her Highness Sethu Lakshmi Bai, the Senior Ranee of Travancore,

presided on the occasion and gave away the prizes. Since it was not a public function very few gentlemen were invited. Mr. R. C. C. Carr, the British Resident in Travancore and Cochin, Mr. Kerala Varma, C. S. I., the guardian to the Raneees, the consorts of the two Raneees and Dr. A. C. Mitchell, the Director of Public Instruction, were all the gentlemen who were present. But there were a number of ladies present. Her Highness the Senior Ranee accompanied by the Junior Ranee and the Amma Thampuran arrived at the College precisely at 4 p. m. and the proceedings began. Miss Watts' report of the College for the year 1084 was a very brilliant record of the good work done in the institution. The following extract from the report will not be uninteresting to your readers:—

STRENGTH.—This year our numbers are 499, where last year they were 473. The Normal Department shows the same number as last year; the College a decrease of 2; the High School an increase of 1, and the Primary School an increase of 27. This year over 50 children had to be refused admission for want of room.

ATTENDANCE.—Normal School 90.2 as compared with 95.6 last year. The fall is due to two of the students having gone on long sick leave; College and High School 91.5; Primary School 83.

CASTES AND CREEDS.—Till 4 years ago we had a greater number of Christians than Hindus. The ratio of Hindu to Christians has year by year been regularly changing in favour of the former. Last year the ratio was as 5.4; this year it is 5.3.

EXAMINATION.—The results for the year have been as follows:—

P. A.	.. 2 out of 5
Matriculation	.. 1 „ 9

Travancore Middle School	.. 4 „ 12
Madras Drawing Examination, Elementary Grade	.. 4 „ 11
Music, Trinity College Theoretical Examination	.. 6 „ 7

The very poor results of the Matriculation are not peculiar to this school. Everywhere the pass have been few. Of the nine we sent in, five passed at the 1st Examination, but only one at the re-examination.

The School Club has prospered both financially and as an entertaining institution. The building going on in the premises has seriously interfered with the tennis and other games usually carried on.

The school has, as usual, had several visitors during the year who invariably spoke very appreciatively of the Institution, but one commented in addition very emphatically on the overcrowding.

My thanks are due to His Highness the Maharaja who has given the prizes for Music and Drawing; to Their Highnesses the Raneees for the Conduct prizes in the Middle and Primary Schools; to the Valia Koil Tampiran for his prizes to successful University candidates and to the best Malayalam student given in memory of H. H. the late Senior Ranee; to Mrs. Carr whose prizes have been awarded for marked regular diligence and conduct, one in the Normal School and one to the girl who, in the whole of the rest of the Institution, takes first place for regularity of attendance and general good behaviour, but of a possible 1,100 conduct marks for the year, she has obtained 1,099, and she has never been late or absent. I may add that she has been "never absent" for 5 consecutive years. Mrs. Carr is also giving packets of sweets to the performers. Other prize donors whom I wish to thank are Mr. C. R. Krishna Pillay, Mr. K. Ramakrishna Pillay, and Mr. S. B. Krishna Aiyar.

After the reading of the report there was a very interesting entertainment by the girls after which Her Highness the Senior Ranee gave away the prizes.

The distribution of prizes being over, Mr. R. C. C. Carr, The British Resident, made the following speech:—

YOUR HIGHNESS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—It is with considerable nervousness I stand up to address an audience among whom I have just seen several lightning Artists who might turn their attention to making a picture or a caricature of me. I hope however they will make as nice a drawing of me as they did of the little model before us just now.

Miss Watts has provided us with a very enjoyable entertainment, and it is now my pleasant duty to thank her on your behalf and on my own, and to congratulate the Lady

Principal, the teachers, and the students under her, upon the success of their endeavours. An institution of this sort can have no better testimonial from the public which it serves, than the fact that year by year it expands in numbers, and the figures given in the report show that His Highness the Maharajah's College and High School for girls is growing like the proverbial green bay tree. The bay is, as you know, the laurel tree, and a laurel wreath has always been the emblem of victory. The prizes which Her Highness has just so gracefully distributed to the successful students and pupils are the wreaths with which this institution crowns the winner of each race. I am sorry that want of accommodation made it necessary to refuse admission last year to some 50 children. Two years ago we were rejoicing at the fact that the Durbar had sanctioned a new building and now it is, I believe, ready for occupation, but Miss Watts tells us that this will not permit an increase in numbers. Nevertheless there will be more room and I have no doubt that growing needs of the school will be met in due course.

It is very satisfactory that the strength of the High School has not been affected by the imposition of fees, or rather that the school has been strengthened by requiring fees. In the first year there was a fall in numbers, but the last two years (1933 and 1934) have belied the fears of those who said that people would not send their children if they had to pay for the privilege. It is also good that the number of Hindu girls in the school has shown such a marked increase. Ten years ago the Hindus were only half as strong as the Christians while to-day the Hindus provide five students for every three Christians.

The Lady Principal very naturally laments the sad result of the Matriculation Examination, but I prefer to look on the bright side of things and I would call special attention to the excellent results in the Trinity College Examination in Music for which six out of seven candidates were successful. This was a great achievement and the school may justly be proud of it. Two years ago I told you of the method adopted by the Chinese of old in writing their musical notes in the form of words and you may be remembered that the 5th note was called the "Mirror of Heaven." Gentlemen, unselfishness, purity, piety, and cheerfulness are the component parts of that beautiful note, and I am sure that Miss Watts and her Assistants endeavour to instil these qualities into the music they teach. It is indeed a true education which teaches notes

"Of linked sweetness long drawn out
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony."

Therefore I would say do not be discouraged by the failure at Matriculation. If teachers and students are confident that they have done their best, their labour has not been in vain. And, after all, the Matriculation Examination is not the aim and object of all education. It may indeed be possible at some future date to set our schools free from the fetters of the "Matric" and to allow a wider liberty in planning courses of study suitable to the aims, abilities, and temperament of the students. Such liberty is especially necessary in girls' schools. A pass in "Matric" may be of use in securing an appointment, or in qualifying the holder for a further course of literary study, or even in raising the price in the marriage market, but it is not the goal which all must strive for. Our system of education ought to educate boys and girls for their duties in life. It should train them so as to strengthen them for the race and not handicap them with weights which will have to be thrown away as the race continues.

But I am getting into difficult subjects and I must get back on to firmer ground. I think I may say on behalf of all here how pleased we are to see your Highness and the Junior Ranees with us to-day. Miss Watts has duties outside the College and High School, and must needs be proud to see how well these outside duties are prospering. I am sure the Ranees will look back with affectionate remembrance on the lessons which Miss Watt has given them, and will always take a keen interest in the school which is now under her charge. For that school there is a bright future as a centre from which good influences may radiate to the women of Travancore and through the women to all His Highness' subjects. I cannot do better in conclusion than quote again from the great poet Milton who speaking of the heavenly music said:—

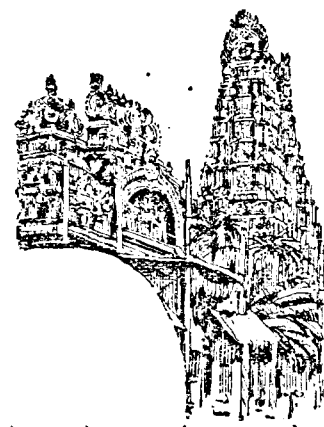
"O may we soon again renew that song
And keep in time with Heaven, till God ere long
To His celestial concert us unite
To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light."

Miss Watts, the able and energetic Lady Principal, deserves to be congratulated on the success of the day's functions.

R. K. A.



The Bhratri-Ditiya Festival of Bengal



THE Bhratri-Ditiya Festival, so dear to the heart of every Bengali girl and woman, is celebrated with great enthusiasm in every homestead, rich or poor, in the month of Kartika. The simple ceremony of this beautiful ancient custom

is not the same in every place and varies slightly in different districts.

I shall describe the ceremony as it is kept in Eastern Bengal.

The word "Bhratri" means "Brother" and "Ditiya"—the second day of the full moon. On this day, early in the morning, before sunrise the Bengali sister rises and goes out into the fields or gardens and collects the dew from the leaves and grass into a little cup. Then she gathers some sweet-scented flowers and makes some garlands, and prepares a paste of the fragrant sandal-wood. These she arranges on a little tray with some blades of corn, a little ghee and a few blades of the holy Durba grass—all symbols of plenty and good luck. After this she cooks with her own hands various kinds of tempting delicacies, at which every Bengali girl is an adept. Her brother or brothers who have been previously invited arrive and assemble in due time. By "brothers" in a Hindu household, is meant cousins too.

When the brothers are seated, the sisters each in her turn performs the simple and touching ceremony of "Bhai-Phota" (Bhai-brother-Phota-anointing.)

She takes the little tray in one hand and dipping the fourth finger of the other into the sandal-wood paste, touches the centre of her brother's forehead three times, repeating some lines which may be rendered thus: "On this Ditiya day, I anoint thee my brother and set thorns at Death's door." Then if she be the younger, she bends her head and takes the dust of his feet to show her respect for him and receives his blessings. If she be the elder, he touches her feet and receives her blessings. A garland of flowers is slipped over his head and he is then asked to sit down to the feast which she serves with her own hands.

Before he touches any other food he is first offered the dew and some new cow's milk. This is a beautiful idea, for, is not the Heaven-sent dew the purest of drinks and the milk of man's faithful nurse, the best of nourishment? The brother after tasting of these partakes of the feast set before him and does full justice to them. When the feast is over he receives any little present that his sister may give him. Then the sister, who has fasted since the morning, her ceremony of Bhratri-Ditiya being over, breaks her fast with a happy heart.

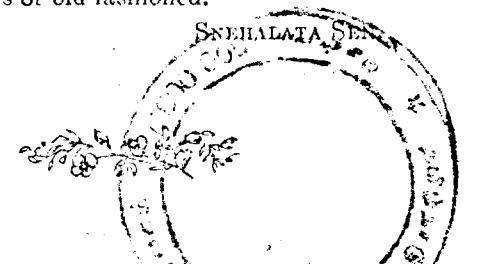
Thus every year at this time the Bengali sister shows her love and respect for her brothers, from whom by the custom of her country, she is parted in childhood by an early marriage. It is a happy day for some, and a sacred day for those who have an absent or departed brother. Many an old woman, soon to leave this world, sheds tears for a long departed deeply mourned brother, as she sees her happier sisters around her.

Thus every year, any estrangement that may have come, is healed up, for there is no sister in Bengal who will not think of her brother on this day, and no brother who will refuse this opportunity of strengthening that bond of love which is one of nature's earliest ties.

It is difficult to say what the origin of this beautiful custom was. Perhaps our Aryan forefathers fearing, that early marriage might estrange and make cold the love of brother and sister, established it. Or perhaps it originated in the loving heart of the Indian girl who separated from the companions of her childhood when yet a girl, yearned for that love amidst her new life and interests. Whatever the origin may be, it is a beautiful custom and perhaps in no other country is the brother so honoured.

With the wave of modern civilisation many a good old custom has drifted away into the past but the Bhratri-Ditiya festival is still fresh in the hearts of the women of Bengal, and as long as it lives in their hearts, let us hope that the men will respond to it and cherish it as one of life's happiest and brightest moments. Lonely indeed is the brother who has no sister to anoint him on this day.

Let us hope that under the influence of Western thought and ideas it will not be thought superstitious or old fashioned.



News and Notes

THE WOMEN SUFFRAGISTS

A PEOPLE'S SUFFRAGE FEDERATION.—A new suffrage society under the title of the People's Suffrage Federation has been formed. In a statement issued by Miss Emily Hobhouse, Chairman of the Executive Committee, and by Miss Margaret L. Davies and Miss Mary R. Macarthur, the Honorary Secretaries, the objects of the society are set forth, which are the vote for every man and woman on a short residential qualification. They proceed to say that if the House of Commons is to represent the people truly every man and woman must have the vote independently of property and tenancy. They recall that the Prime Minister announced last year that he intended to bring in a Reform Bill, and would accept the decision of the House of Commons and the country on an amendment giving votes to women. With a general election expected they urge that all who value representation should do their best to obtain a definite promise before the election that if the present Government returns to power the Reform Bill shall be made a part of its immediate programme, and shall give votes to all men and women. Some preliminary work has, they further assert, shown that the country is riper for adult suffrage than was supposed. The Parliamentary Labour Party has passed a special Resolution of sympathy with the object of the Federation, and their Parliamentary Council already numbers eighty-three, including thirty-five Labour members. They have the support of many Liberal M. P.'s.—including Sir William Collins, Mr. W. H. Dickinson, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. R. D. Holt, the Hon'ble Geoffrey Howard, Mr. Leif Jones, Mr. Norman Lamont, Sir Charles McLaren, Mr. A. Ponsonby, Mr. Russell Rea, and Mr. W. F. Roch.

FEEDING WOMEN IN PRISON

STORY ABOUT A "TORTURE CHAMBER."—Miss Burkitt and Miss Barwell, the two suffragists who were sentenced to a month's hard labour for throwing at the Prime Minister's train as it left Birmingham after his Bingley Hall meeting, were released from Winson Green Jail on the 16th instant. Miss Keevil, the local Secretary of the Women's Social and Political Union, met the two women on their release, and Miss Burkitt made to her a statement of her treatment. She said she had undertaken three hunger strikes, one of eighty-one hours, one of seventy-six, and

the last of twenty-four hours. She commenced her hunger strike as soon as she got to prison. Attempts were made to induce her to take food, but she refused. On the Tuesday she was taken to the hospital kitchen, which she described as the torture chamber, where there were two doctors, four wardresses, and the matron. They forced her to sit in a chair, her head was forced back, and the doctors between them forced her lips open and poured what she believed to be meat-juice and milk through the crevices of her teeth. She did not swallow any, however, and after half an hour's vain attempts they gave up. The prison doctor then forced the nasal tube up her nose, but she struggled and coughed, and they did not succeed. She was taken back to her cell in a very weak condition, but later she was again conveyed to the "torture chamber," where there were three doctors in addition to the nurses and matron. She again protested and resisted, but they forced her head back and used the feeding cup. She refused to swallow, and then the stomach pump was mentioned. One of the doctors pushed a gag into her mouth and forced the tube down her throat. She was utterly terrified and in a cold perspiration, and after a very little time the tube was removed. The feeding cup was again placed to her mouth, and this time she swallowed a good deal of milk and brandy. Every two hours afterwards she was fed by three wardresses with a feeding cup. The Governor came to her and told her that he had received a letter from the Home Secretary in reply to a petition which she had sent, in which he said:—"I cannot interfere with the Magistrate's decision, and have given the prison authorities every power to use what force they think necessary to make you take food." She remained in hospital until her release.

THE LADY NURSE

INCREASING DEMAND.—Among the many doors which have been flung wide open to the onrush of working women of late years that of lady nurse is one of the most important. The increasing demand seems to point to a wholesome, if somewhat belated, recognition on the part of mothers of the importance of having the right woman about their children. In Spain and Portugal, Italy, Chili, Russia, Poland, and indeed in more countries than one can count, the services of the English lady nurse are eagerly sought, and her praises enthusiastically sung. In the Colonies and India she proves of special value, as in some sort a companion as well, to her employer, exiled, it may be in some distant dependency of the Empire, or surrounded by those who are alien to her in race and speech.

Viewed, however, in relation to her undoubted appreciation by those who have the best interests of their children at heart, the lady nurse might well command a higher salary than seems to attach at present to her calling. Advertisements in the papers reveal the fact that from £20 to £30 is the average salary which the lady nurse can expect to gain. For this she is expected to have undergone some training in the care of babies from the month, while they often have to manage single-handed a nursery of three or four children.

Before entering into the question of the qualifications for the post under consideration, that of the cost of training may be first inquired into. For, however many may be the attributes of the ideal nurse which no amount of training can instil into her unless they are a part of herself before she enters on the course, it is certainly true that even the nurse who is best qualified by nature for her calling is not by any means an adept unless she has added to her temperamental abilities a practical knowledge of hygiene, first aid, nursing and invalid cookery, kindergarten, needle, and laundry work. The least time which she should spend in training in the mere elements of these is three months; a year's time will be spent if it can be afforded. Fees vary from three to six guineas a month.

Of the lady nurse who presents herself for a place fully equipped both as regards character and training it may next be inquired, what is her worth, what does she get in return of her presence in and rule over the nursery?

This cannot be settled in mere terms of money when the importance of early influences and the imitative sensitiveness of the child is once admitted. In these days, when so many social and economic causes conspire to divide the vast majority of children more and more from those who should stand nearest to them in the most impressionable year of their lives, it becomes increasingly necessary for the utmost scrutiny and discretion to be exercised in the choice of those to whom such responsibilities are to be delegated. Refinement of speech, of manner, of ideals, all of which the child is quick to appropriate, are worth more than gold.

The work, again, is endless. The ordinary working woman may claim and secure her eight hours' labour. The nurse's work, even when her charge is the healthiest, least troublesome youngster in the world, is never ended, and in the case of a delicate, difficult child, the physical tension of the hourly—often nightly—attention to its wants is of course intensified a thousandfold.

Mrs. May Wright Sewall was re-elected Convener of the "Peace and Arbitration" Committee, Mme. Avril de Ste-Croix of the Committee on "Equal Moral Standard and

Traffic in Women" (formerly "White Slave Traffic"), Dr. Anna Shaw of the Committee of Women's Suffrage, and Mme. d'Abbadie d'Arrast of the Committee on Laws. Three new Standing Committees were appointed—"Public Health," with the President as Convener; "Education," with the first Vice-President as Convener; and "Emigration and Immigration," with Signora Danieli as Convener.

The meetings of the International Congress of Women commenced on Thursday, June 21, and drew large audiences throughout the entire series. Both the Congress and the subsequent tour through Western Canada, with return through the United States, afforded favourable opportunities for full and frank interchange of views between delegates of the International Council of Women, and no one who was present can doubt the benefit of such opportunities, and their value in bringing enlightenment and inspiration to the Council workers in the various countries.

A report of the Congress' portion of the meetings will be found in the September number of the *Scottish Liberal Women's Magazine*.

The Countess of Aberdeen, President of the Council, hopes shortly to bring out the Transactions of the Council Meetings and the Reports from Conveners and Presidents of Councils as one publication.

INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF NURSES.—The International Congress of Nurses which met in July last was well attended, especially by nurses from abroad. Valuable papers were read by the American delegates, and the opportunity for meeting fellow-workers from other lands was (says *Nursing Notes*) greatly valued by all taking part in the Congress. A paper on "Morality in Relation to Health," to which only women were admitted, was, in the opinion of many, the paper of the Congress. It was read by the Hon. Albinia Brodrick, "who grappled with this difficult subject in a manner that made every nurse present proud to be a member of the same profession as the speaker." It is hoped that it may be published in pamphlet form. There were some very interesting exhibits arranged by nurses. The week terminated with a visit to Windsor. A message, conveying the universal gratitude and admiration of the Members of the International Council of Nurses, was sent to Miss Florence Nightingale, O. M., on the proposal of Fraulein Karll.

WOMEN WORKERS IN FACTORIES.—In connection with the movement amongst British manufacturers for the improvement of the general condition of women employed in factories, a

Conference was held at Bournville, Birmingham, on September 11. There were present representatives of Messrs. Wills (Bristol), Colman (Norwich), Rowntree (York), Lever Brothers (Port Sunlight), Crosfields (Warrington), Chivers (Histon), Jacobs (Dublin), Nelson (Edinburgh), Rickett (Hull), Packer (Bristol), Pascall (London), Hudson Scott (Carlisle), Cash (Coventry), Robertson (Edinburgh), and Fox Brothers (Wellington)—firms which employ in the aggregate over 20,000 female hands, and in most of which, if not all, some form of useful work is already being carried on for the benefit of their girls. The object was to exchange views as to the methods of developing the work now being done by the firms represented, and the subject was approached from many standpoints—educational, hygienic, economic, and social. Amongst the contributors of papers were Miss Wood (Rowntree's), Mrs. Gaze (Colman's), and Mr. Edward Cadbury (Cadbury Brothers). The ladies' papers dealt with the aspects of thrift, from the points of view of saving and of spending wisely.

Mr. Cadbury's paper described the principles of "Welfare Work," and showed how by the scheme in force at Bournville the moral and economic efficiency of the workers is increased and discharges reduced to a minimum. In regard to the inefficient he strongly urged that every effort should be made to bring them to the standard of efficiency before the extreme step of discharging them was taken.

Miss Anderson, Principal, Lady Inspector of Factories, read a paper in which she emphasized the great possibilities in the hands of philanthropically-disposed employers for making experiments as to the bearing of education upon the efficiency of workers, and the effect of stress of work and length of hours on the medical aspect of fatigue.

BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.—At the meeting of the British Medical Association held at the end of July at the Queen's University, Belfast, Dr. Owens proposed that her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen be admitted an honorary life member of the Association in recognition of her work as President of the Women's National Health Association of Ireland. This motion was carried.

Her Excellency, in reply, said they had placed upon her a great responsibility, and all she could say was to promise to do her utmost to be faithful to the trust reposed in her. She accepted the honour as a recognition of the splendid labour of her fellow-workers of the Women's National Health Association of Ireland. It was their earnest aim and endeavour in that Association to try and carry to the homes of the people,

the knowledge which the doctors had made certain by their grand work and research.

The Chairman of the Council then requested her Excellency to sign the roll of membership, and when Lady Aberdeen had done so, Dr. Owens handed her the badge of membership.

WOMEN'S AERIAL LEAGUE.—We are informed that the Women's Aerial League has offered a scholarship of £50 a year for three years to the Imperial College of Science and Technology for a student who seriously follows a course of instruction in aviation for three years with the intention of taking it up as a profession.

WHEN HOLLAND'S QUEEN WAS BORN.—In the year 1880 on one August day Holland was thrown into a delirium of delight when Queen Wilhelmina was born. Seldom if ever has a Royal infant been so anxiously awaited or so regally welcomed. King William had already two sons, but one of them was drinking himself to death in the lowest cabarets of Paris; the other was doomed to an early death, and all the hopes of the House of Orange were therefore centred on the little infant which was just born. If the child should be a girl—Luxemburg which could have only a male ruler would be lost, but the Dutch throne would be saved from a German Sovereign. So Holland's eyes were painfully focussed on the coming event. For months before the event all Holland was feverishly debating the probability—whether a boy or girl. Costly presents were poured into the Hague Palace from far and near until the old King declared that there would be no room left for him. And when at last the suspense was ended all Holland actually went off its head; it was frankly mad—mad with delight. Thousands wept for joy; strangers flung themselves on each other's necks in the streets; Cannon boomed and the Church bells sent their jubilant peals a-flying, and the heavens seemed to quiver under the thunder of cheers for "the little Prinsesse."

ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.—The Home Secretary has signified to the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons his decision to approve the by-laws regarding the admission of women to the examinations for the diplomas of the College. He has further expressed his willingness to sign the formal document which is to be submitted after the next meeting of the Council of the College, on October 14. Meanwhile it will be possible to complete the necessary formalities in time for women to enter for the examinations of the Royal College to be held in January next.

WOMEN SUFFRAGE IN AUSTRALIA

The Australasian States, that is, the various States of the Commonwealth of Australia and the Dominion of New Zealand, have given women all kinds of suffrage on the same terms on which they are granted to men. Women have full suffrage in Local, State and Federal elections. As all white men over 21 years of age, so all white women above that age are entitled by the law to vote in the State and Commonwealth elections. Women vote on the same ratepaying and property conditions as men in local government.

The writer took an active part among the active leaders of the movement which brought about the political enfranchisement of the Australian woman, and watched sympathetically the progress of the contemporary efforts in New Zealand to give the women of "God's own country" the rights, powers and duties of putting their votes in the National ballot-boxes. South Australia ran New Zealand a neck and neck race as to which should first enfranchise women in the countries of the Southern Cross. But New Zealand won by a small space. However, South Australia led the van for the States of the Australian Continent, and her representatives in the Federal Convention which formed the constitution of the Commonwealth insisted that the women should have equal voting power with the men given them in the Commonwealth Constitution.

It may interest those who dwell in the mother-country, and even those who dwell in other lands where the political enfranchisement of women is in debate, to hear the reasons and understand the aims of those who have so successfully laboured in this young nation to give the women so exalted a political position as that which they now enjoy.

The Women's Suffrage League of South Australia sprang from the Ladies' Social Purity League, which successfully fought under the revered Lady Colton, with the assistance of various gentlemen, to amend the law with reference to the age of consent, and in various ways to make the laws more protective of young girls. The experience gained in working the purity League led many to see that women received much ill-treatment and became the victims of debauchery, because of the low estimate the average man had of women. It was felt that to effect vital improvement and to obtain that respect and regard from the men which is the woman's God-given due, the laws should give to the woman all her essential rights, and that the law by its inhibitions had done very much to produce in the minds

of the men the opinion and feeling that women as a sex are vastly inferior. The leaders and the more prominent supporters of Women's Suffrage realized the enormous educative power of statutory law upon the average man, and felt that if the law gave the woman the vote it would implant and educate in him a higher conception of woman. It is quite obvious that the suffrage is having that effect, and that the Australians of to-day have a more exalted notion of woman than had their fathers, and more than we see in those who come to us from Europe.

It should be remarked that the labour of creating public opinion in favour of women's vote was chiefly performed by religious persons. The Methodist, Baptist, Congregational, and Presbyterian clergy were all very hearty for it, and so were some of the Anglican clergy. The Church of Rome did not oppose, and since women's enfranchisement the Roman Catholic women go in their full proportion to the ballot-box. The nuns even come forth on the election days. Now these religious persons sought to enfranchise women because they believed that woman is queen-regnant, as man is king-regnant. A queen-consort is a lady who has royal dignity but is in reality a subject; a queen-regnant is not a subject but a sovereign. If, as in the case of William III. and Mary, there be at one and the same time a king and a queen-regnant together, then the government is in their joint names. Now, when we examine the great Charter and deed of gift, Genesis I., we find that God entrusted earth as a kingdom to the joint dominion of the man and the woman. "Male and female created He them, and God blessed them and said unto them: Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth and subdue it and have dominion." This view influenced numbers of devote persons to favour women's suffrage, especially as they realized that women's status in the marriage covenant does not diminish her responsibilities as regards the general government of the world for God and righteousness.

Moreover, the Australians, reviewing the past history of mankind and the present conditions of the nations as governed by male mankind to the practical exclusion of the female, came to the conclusion that government by males alone is a cruel failure. All history proves that man left to himself cannot secure social justice, general health, order, or comfort. By attempting to govern alone without the assistance of his helpmeet he has assumed a responsibility for which all the facts show that he has not the capacity. Men need assistance in the great complex, mysterious business of governing, and who is so able to help them as the women?—who,

though differing from men, have a rational and moral nature similar to that of men, and from their sex look at children, families, and society from quite another point than do men? The woman is differently balanced in spiritual constitution to the man; she has more emotion and her life is more in her affections than in her reason. The woman is more tender and more ready to help infirmities. Then the woman has more direct knowledge of the natures and needs of children, and is much more ready than men to estimate the vast importance of childhood. Hence, if she have the vote, the woman is likely to introduce a more kindly feeling into the laws and their administration, in place of the ignorant harshness of government by men only. The Australians felt these things, and abandoned government by men only and have taken their women into full partnership, with great advantage to the highest interests of the people. The home and the child are much more considered.

The leaders of the successful struggle for granting full citizenship in the States of the Australian Commonwealth took into account various unjust and unequal laws and inhibitions which at that time pressed on women, and desired their removal. Yet the great conception was not the redress of grievances from which women suffered, but the education and development of women that they might render richer service to the nation than could be done if they were left outside the pale of the Constitution. Previous to enfranchisement the women did not feel it a duty to consider and understand political questions. It was felt that, when her country called upon her to vote, the woman would turn her attention to politics, and that thus her mind and interest would be broadened. Moreover, it was thought that her political interest and knowledge would greatly influence and develop political life in her children. These expectations have been attained; the women have given, and are giving, much closer attention to politics than formerly—are studying questions for themselves. In many homes the mother is a political teacher to sons and daughters. In those cases where the wife is mentally the more capable she often instructs and leads her husband in politics. The mass of the people are far better informed on public questions generally because the women have the vote. All the great parties have women societies, women organizers, and hold women's meetings, when the chief politicians speak and also the leading political women. The women are alive to their duty to their country, and the young Australian women just coming forward into life are much more ready than those of the generation passing away. As time passes and the woman gets

thoroughly worked into the political life of this great country, we may confidently expect that Australia will show that she set a good example to all white nations when she enfranchised her women. The moral tone of members of Parliament has been raised; in all debates the legislators feel constrained to remember the women. All measures of moral and social reform receive great support from women; but believe the women, like the men, belong to different parties. Experience in Australia may fairly lead us to that there is no danger in women's suffrage, that women will seek to do their duty if their country calls them to the ballot-box, that they will gain in the respect of the masses of the men, and that the highest interests of the human race will be profited by granting the women full citizenship. It may be as well to state that, though women may sit in the Federal Parliament and that of South Australia, only two women have stood as candidates and neither of them was elected.

THE CHEAPNESS OF WOMEN

ANYONE who has a curiosity for dipping into old files of newspapers and reviews will certainly discover that a good many once "burning questions" have burnt themselves out, but he is more likely to be struck with the fact that so many of the old problems are with us still under slightly altered forms and that *plus la change, plus c'est la même chose*.

The twin questions of Women's Education and Women's Employment, so fiercely debated forty years ago, may seem to have been settled in a sense favourable to the reforming party. With the establishment of the first great girls' day schools, a generation ago, the educational battle was practically won; but the fight for a career in professional and business life was only beginning. A long step was taken on the new road, when women became teachers in the public day schools; later on, the first woman clerk in a business house was looked on as a portent. In the wake of the women of talent like Miss F.P. Cobbe or Miss Martineau, followed a growing army of journalists. And now you may pick up the *Englishwoman's Year Book* for the current year, and find that the average school girl at the end of her course appears to have the choice of between thirty and forty avocations. She may be a teacher of the elementary or secondary type, a nurse, a journalist, a chemist, a doctor, a book-keeper, a teacher of *jiu-jitsu*, a laundry manager, a rent-collector, a hairdresser, a commercial traveller, the keeper of a tea-shop, a sanitary inspector, a Post Office clerk, an actress, or an asylum attendant.

All this has made the lives of many women immensely more interesting. The unmarried

girl who has entered on a profession touches life at more points, sees more of human nature, lives more intensely, and with a richness and variety of experience which was unknown to her maiden aunts—poor ladies, who lived perhaps to old age, enslaved to the etiquette of a country town and the discipline of an old-fashioned household. I remember once seeing three grey-haired women in a carriage with their mother on a country road. For thirty years they had taken the same drive every afternoon at the same hour, and all their lives were ordered with corresponding regularity. Not one of them had ever read a book without her mother's leave, or written a letter that was not open to her inspection.

It is perhaps because the memory of those days is past, or only lingers as a vague tradition, that one detects a note of disillusion in the tone of educated working women. Now that they have vindicated their right to enter the labour market, what does this freedom amount to? The modern paterfamilias feels little more responsibility for his daughters than for his sons. The girls as well as the boys are supposed to be competent to earn their own living. What kind of living is it for most of these women?

The Central Bureau for the Employment of Women issues a publication called *The Fingerpost*, which is made up of essays on various women's occupations, written by experts. In estimating the salaries which may be obtained by women following these pursuits, it must be remembered that the better-paid occupations presuppose a long and expensive training.

We find that a Sanitary Inspector, her training over, may expect to begin with an income of from £80 to £100 a year, an Elementary School Teacher with about £90, and a High School Teacher with from £90 to £100. The Inspector may rise to about £150 a year, which is, generally speaking, the high-water mark for Assistant Mistresses in schools, though in the case of some of the more important Girls' Secondary Schools the salary of a second Mistress may run up to £200.

Probably, of all women's professions, teaching offers the best prospect to majority of its members, considering the short hours and long holidays, as well as the salaries paid. At the Conference on the Work of Educated Women held last year, a lady speaker dwelt on the advantages offered by Post Office work. Women clerks in the Postal Service begin at a salary of £65 per annum, rising by yearly increments of £5 to £100. "This," said the speaker, "is the best paid work any ordinary well-educated woman can expect." First-class clerks, of whom there is one to every twelve or fourteen second-class clerks, begin at £115 a year and rise to £130;

while there are a few principal clerks and senior assistant superintendents with salaries rising to £200, and in a very few cases to £300.

The probable initial salary of the journalist is set down by a writer in the *Fingerpost*—herself a practical journalist—as £1 a week; and she estimates the earnings of an average experienced woman journalist as from £2 to £3 a week.

Now these are the cream of the women workers, the girls for whom their parents have been able to provide a first-class education or special coaching; or who have displayed some particular aptitude that takes them out of the common rut.

But the test of any social movement is what it does, not for picked individuals, but for the mass. What are the chances offered to the average middle-class English girl, who is expected nowadays, equally with her brothers, to feed for herself and make her own way in the world?

The majority of these girls, in the large towns at any rate, become clerks. One meets them by the hundred, pouring into London between 8 and 9 in the morning—a spectacle that would have astonished our grandmothers. In the case of the vast army, £1 a week is quite a usual salary for a trained shorthand typist, and 30s. a week is the highest wage that many competent women ever rise to. In the provinces salaries are even lower. The following is part of an application received recently from "a lady by birth and education":—

"I was educated at a private school and took the Higher Cambridge Local Certificate with honours, including French and German. Since then I have studied shorthand and typewriting, and have had about fifteen months' experience in a large office. I am now receiving £40 per annum. I am the daughter of a late doctor in this town, and can give excellent references."

The case of the librarian is even worse. The greater number of women in public libraries, according to the *Fingerpost*, earn between £10 and £80 per annum. In this connection it is particularly instructive to read that the would-be librarian should have "a reading knowledge of at least three languages and a wide acquaintance with literature," in addition to her technical qualifications. All this for 15s. 6d. a week!

The competent nurse will make £25 when resident in a hospital, or from 30s. a week upwards with private cases.

Assistant dressmakers and milliners begin as "improvers" with a wage of about 10s. a week. A "general assistant" makes from 20s. to 40s. weekly, though of course the earnings of the majority approximate more closely to the lower than to the higher figure. A fitter or head milliner may make £2 10s. a week, but these positions are the plums, and the earnings of the rank

and file average from 25s. to 30s. weekly. Fifteen shillings per week is the usual pay of an assistant hairdresser, and "30s. to £2 is good wages." Photographic retouchers, if competent, make from 30s. to £2 per week.

In fact we may say that a very large proportion of the women whose cases we are considering have to live on a weekly income of 30s., 25s., or even less, and to face on this income not only the risks of illness but also the chance of long spells of non-employment.

Exceptional talent will always command exceptional remuneration. The woman who can do what no one else can, whether it is to design gowns, write stories, or cook dinners, can make her own terms. But these instances, like the case of the headmistress of a big school, or the head of a department in a wealthy and liberal firm, do not affect the lot of the ordinary, fairly capable woman, who has no special talent, and whose destiny it is to be a subordinate, an employee, for all her working life.

The women of whom we are thinking belong to the educated middle class. They have been accustomed to the little comforts and refinements of their class.

Their natural friends and associates are the daughters of men who live in villas at Streatham or Finchley, with incomes of from £500 to £800 a year. Fresh air and cleanliness, pretty clothes, little social pleasures, the small refinements, to the table and the toilet, have come natural to them from their birth. One must remember all this before one can realize what it means for a girl with these habits and this training to live in London, year in and year out, on 25s. a week.

In a very interesting investigation of women's work in Birmingham, conducted by Mr. Edward Cadbury and his coadjutors, and recently published under the title of "Women's Work Wages," the writers instance the case of the high-school teacher who has to pay 30s. a week merely for being housed and fed and carried to and from her work. This leaves her, out of a salary of £100, say £15 a year for dress, and £10 a year for books, presents, charities, amusements, holidays, doctors, and savings for sickness and old age.

It appears then that, even in Birmingham, a woman who wishes to live according to the standard of her class must pay 30s. a week for being "housed and fed and carried to and from her work." It certainly cannot be done for less in London. Hence it follows that the lady clerk at 30s. a week must either consent to live below the standard of her class, or pay away the whole of her salary for board, lodging and travelling. The last is impossible, so she chooses the first.

She may reduce her living expenses if she

devote all her leisure to cleaning out her own room, cooking her own meals, and making her own clothes. If she has not strength to undertake this extra labour in addition to her bread-winning toil, she must stultify herself in food, raiment, and the essentials of refinement to which she is accustomed, or she must accept eleemosynary help in some form or other, either by taking money from her friends, or by living in an institution which is supported, in whole or in part, by charitable contributions.

It is interesting to reflect that the business firms who are piling up dividends by means of the labour of underpaid women are really kept going in part by the relatives of these women, and in part by the contributions of the charitable public.

"How is this anomaly of taking a woman's life, and giving her less than the living wage of her standard, affecting the women of England? We have mentioned the results in the premature narrowing and ageing of many of our educated workers. We could mention more if we could get statistics of nervous collapse or illness, or search the lists of homes and institutions. Some women escape the results of underpayment through their private circumstances. Many quietly shrink out of sight and descend step by step. . . . Take the great crowd of those who just do not make enough on which to live, who are always underfed or under-clothed—what of them? To all who have gone in and out among them it must be a continual marvel that so many of them are so good. There is a heroism rarely seen or recognized in the lives of those thousands who keep respectable. For the rest, there is one ghastly investigation still waiting on the economist. It is the aid to wages which is got from 'the oldest trade in the world.' That this is an economic element in the wages question is beyond a doubt. All of us knew it. None of us have yet had the courage to measure it. Not till we do so will the world know the cost of cheap labour."—"Women's Work and Wages."

The original reference of the words in inverted commas was to factory labour in large towns, yet no one who knows the facts would assert that they have no reference to the case of the ordinary women worker.

These girls, who in our great towns are leading stunted, unwholesome lives, underfed and overworked, are many of them quite young. They have the natural love of pleasure that belongs to all healthy young creatures. But their incomes will not admit of parties and picnics, theatres and concerts. They cannot always manage to have sound boots and warm clothing, and the expense of a cab on the wettest day would appear to them almost an immoral extra-

gance. If they appear among their old friends at any social function, they are conscious of the taint of the "shabby gentee." They feel that they are in a class by themselves—*nous autres*—to borrow a phrase from that powerful story, "The Pathway of the Pioneer." They are hopelessly separated from those to whom by birth and breeding they belong.

Of course the exigencies of regular work apart from poverty have something to do with this. You cannot keep up acquaintanceships if you are busy with pupils or office work at a time when other people are playing games or paying calls. Still, it is not so much occupation as poverty which digs the ditch. It is hardly yet realized that the majority of the educated women workers of the large towns are grindingly, horribly poor—and poor at the age when self-denial and economy are least bearable, when the wish to mingle with others, to shine and be admired is most strong.

Must we not say, "It is a continual marvel that so many of them are so good"? And are not those women who spend their respectable lives in untempted serenity bound to ask themselves sometimes if it is just that virtue should be made so difficult for their poorer sisters?

To those who know anything at first hand of the lives of these women, it seems the merest mockery to suggest that they should put anything by for sickness or old age. They walk perpetually on the edge of a precipice and do their best not to think about it.

One hears various causes assigned for the poor salaries paid to women—overcrowding in certain occupations, lack of training, lack of competence, lack of organization. But these reasons do not quite cover the ground. The market is not overcrowded with skilled and trained workers, yet many of these are underpaid.

In more than one occupation the position of working women is worse than it was some years ago. Clerical work is a case in point. Twenty years ago a woman clerk was rather in the position of Dr. Johnson's "dog walking on his hind legs." She might do the work ill; the wonder was she could do it at all. Then it was discovered that she did it, not ill, but at least as well as the men who had previously done it. The next step was that the men found themselves turned adrift in wholesale fashion and replaced by women who did the same work for lower wages.

In the Birmingham industries, Mr. Cadbury's investigators have noticed a tendency which may be observed wherever men and women work together—the tendency for the sexes to separate into non-competing groups, and for the women's wages to be fixed, not by the value of

the work done, not by the women's standard of life—but by "use and wont."

"Women workers usually accept the dependent, inferior position as right and just because they have been used to it, and from want of education on broader lines."

"In the case of a woman's wage the question is not 'What can she live on, but What will she consent to live on?'"

Before any improvement in the industrial position of women can be attained, the women themselves must be aroused from this slavery to "use and wont." For some years past, attempts to improve the position of working women have taken the form of palliatives, such as the provision of cheap dwellings, where scores or hundreds of them could live together with the minimum of expense—a line of action very convenient for the stingy employer.

THE VICEROY'S TOUR

AT BHOPAL.—The Viceroy and Lady Minto had a most enthusiastic reception at Bhopal on Thursday morning. Her Highness had spared no pains to show that she was welcoming not only the representative of the King-Emperor, but also warm personal friends. The station was charmingly decorated, and a distinguished company was assembled on the platform. In the centre stood Her Highness, supported by her sons Nawab Nasrulla Khan, Colonel Nawab Obeidulla Khan, and Nawab Hamidulla Khan. The Rajas of Rajgarh and Narsingarh were also present. After the usual ceremonies, His Excellency drove off with Her Highness, escorted by a regiment of Imperial Service Lancer. The smartness of the escort attracted general admiration and reflected the greatest credit on the Commandant, Colonel Obeidulla Khan, A.D.C. to the Viceroy. The cortege proceeded along a route lavishly decorated to the Residency, where Their Excellencies were staying, while the rest of the party were accommodated in a luxurious camp fitted with every convenience and bright with flowers.

The morning was spent in receiving Her Highness the Begum, the Rajas of Rajgarh and Narsingarh, who had come in from long distances to pay homage to the Viceroy, and in returning the visit of the Begum. Lady Minto also exchanged visits with Her Highness, and at the return visit several ladies of the Begum's family were presented. In the afternoon there was a most successful gymkhana, ending with a sham fight. After the troops who had taken part in the sham fight had marched past, Lady Minto distributed the prizes to the winners of the gymkhana events. In the evening there

was a quiet dinner at the Residency, followed by a small dance at the Guest House.

Next morning Lady Minto visited the Lady Lansdowne Hospital, where she was received by Her Highness the Begum, and conducted over the buildings. Lady Minto showed the keenest interest in all the arrangements. The Begum Sabib expended much time and trouble on the hospital, which is very well equipped and quite up-to-date. The Begum and Her Excellency then drove to the Sultanah Girls' School, a *pardah* institution founded by the Begum, where an address was presented by the principal, Mrs. Baksh. Her Excellency replied as follows:—"Ladies—I am deeply touched by your remarks regarding the pleasure caused by His Excellency's and my visit to Bhopal, and also by the importance you attach to my visit to the Sultanah Girls' School. In no State in India should the condition of its female population be so well considered as here in Bhopal, having, as it has had, a succession of four female rulers. Under such unique circumstances, it is peculiarly fitting that the womanly heart of the ruler of Bhopal should turn in sympathy to female education. The influence of women is as great, as vast, and as beneficial in India, as in the western hemisphere. All over the world it is the mothers who have influenced past generations, and who will still exert that influence over the generations of the present and of the future, but it must be remembered that in order to maintain a healthy influence, the women of all nations must be in sympathy and in touch with the times. I have often heard of Your Highness' endeavours to promote the cause of female education in your State, and I thoroughly agree with the sentiments which Mrs. Baksh has just uttered regarding Your Highness' wise attitude respecting the *pardah* system. Although in many ways this system may have its disadvantages, no real progress can be made if ancient customs are rudely broken in contradiction to the wishes of those by whom that very progress is most desired.

"I am glad to hear that the character of the education given here is of a highly practical nature. I am glad also to note that the list of subjects taught is headed by that of religious instruction. At present female education in India is in its infancy but the strides that it has made during the last few years are enormous. Up to now European models have been taken for text books and subjects but I have no doubt that before long Indian ladies will write their own text books and strike out their own ideas, borrowing the experience and accumulated wisdom of the West to quicken the experience and inherited traditions of the East. I consider

that the growth in your numbers is a most happy augury, and I trust that it will continue in the future. Before closing I should like to quote to you a few words spoken by Sir Charles Wood, who was afterwards Lord Halifax, which I think are particularly appropriate to the present occasion. 'By female education a far greater proportional impulse is imparted to the educational and moral tone of the people than by the education of men.' These words are very true as within a nation as domesticated as the people of India the mother and wife wield real power. If their development is allowed to lag behind that of the men, the country cannot progress.

"I again thank you for the reception you have given me here to-day, and wish this institution all success."

An adjournment was then made to the Princess of Wales' Club for ladies which Lady Minto proceeded to declare open.

Lady Minto said:—"Your Highness and Ladies,—It is with the greatest pleasure that I have heard the remarks just made by Aftab Begum, the Secretary of this Club. I consider that the idea of having a ladies' club here in Bhopal is a striking illustration of the progress that is being made in the State. Such institutions have not existed for so very long in England, and the fact that this club is now being started here shows how thoroughly Your Highness appreciates the importance of moving with the times. After school days are over one's further education is obtained by conversing and mingling with others, and no place could be better suited for this purpose than an institution such as this. Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales will, I am sure, be deeply interested to know that her memory is being perpetuated in the formation of this ladies' club, and I trust that it will add brightness and new interest to the social life of the ladies of Bhopal. And I can offer no better advice to the members than to imitate in their lives and works the virtues of the late Queen Victoria, of the Princess of Wales, and also of Her Highness the Begum. I have now much pleasure in declaring this club open, and in wishing all success to it and its members."

In the afternoon the Viceroy opened the New Alexandra High School building, and the King Edward Museum.

In the evening the Viceregal party and the numerous guests drove to the Rabat Munzil for the State banquet. Her Highness the Begum was conducted into the hall and delivered an eloquent speech, welcoming Their Excellencies, and noting the fact that Lord Minto was the direct descendant of the Governor-General who had laid the foundations of the cordial relations

which had ever since subsisted between the British Government and the rulers of Bhopal. Her Highness recalled the fact that the lady rulers of her State had ever been foremost in their loyalty to the British dominion. The devotion of His Majesty's Muhammadan subjects was apparent, and all classes acknowledged the benefit of British rule. The resources of the Bhopal State, and in particular of the Victoria Lancers, were always at the disposal of the British Government. Her Highness was frequently and loudly applauded in the course of her speech, which she delivered in Urdu with marked accentuation.

WOMAN'S JOURNAL BOOTH.—Mrs. George F. Lowell has taken a booth at the Food Fair in Boston, expressly for the purpose of increasing the circulation of the *Woman's Journal*. She has paid the rent of the booth out of her own pocket, and she and her sister are giving their services to distribute the paper and interest people in it. All friends of the cause will join with the editor in gratitude for this uncommon piece of generosity.

The booth is in the Women's Department, just opposite that of the New England Women's Press Association. Do not fail to go and see it when visiting the Fair.

LADY COX ON INDIA

Those who remembered Lady Cox, the wife of Sir E. Cox, of the Police Department, who was with us in Karachi not so very long ago, will be interested in an article from her pen which appears in the November number of the *Nineteenth Century*. Lady Cox, who is as fluent and eloquent with the written as with the spoken word, does not say anything startlingly new or original, but her views are interesting inasmuch as she herself says, as they are "non-official and unbiassed and the opinions of a woman who loves the land and its people and who will ever have their true welfare and advancement at heart." Lady Cox dwells on the unsatisfactory results which have in many instances arisen from modern education in India with regret, especially the absence of reverence for age, which, judging superficially at any rate, seems to be dying out in India. She adds, however, the consoling reflection that the evil has not as yet gone very deep. That according to her observation there is a wonderful peace and unitedness in Hindu home life (and she claims to have known many hundreds of *homés*) since where there is a very deep and real affection between parents and children there cannot be any intentional want of respect, though carelessness in little matters

may be the thin end of the wedge which may eventually weaken the bonds which hold the family together. Lady Cox praises the religious spirit which permeates India and the love of children which is so marked a characteristic of peoples, and she refers with admiration to the magnificent loyalty that has been shown by Indian troops in our many frontier campaigns.

Lady Cox criticises one development which would naturally appeal forcibly to the feminine mind, and that is the growing tendency observable among Indian men to adopt a bastard form of European dress which is both ugly in itself, unbecoming to the wearer and indescribably poor and mean looking in comparison with oriental clothing. European dress is suited to the dull cold European climate and to the hurry and bustle of life which accompanies a low temperature, and in order not to be unnecessarily conspicuous the Indian, while visiting Europe, must perforce temporarily adopt it, but it is greatly to be regretted he should continue to wear it when he is in his own country, for which oriental clothing is infinitely more suitable and pleasing. If, however, European dress is adopted it should be worn in its entirety, as nothing can be more hideous than the mixture of the two which is so constantly seen. We recently had the pleasure of receiving two Indian gentlemen who had come on a special mission to Karachi. They wore the Mahomedan red fez, a European black frock coat with velvet facings and white duck trousers. A more inartistic and unbecoming combination it would be difficult to conceive. Whatever may be the case in other parts of India the dress of men in Karachi is for the most part excessively ugly, and attendance at any large public meeting where there is a considerable number of Indians is, to the artistic eye, painful in the extreme. Lady Cox puts in a plea for the *puggree* which, as she very justly remarks, is the most becoming headdress in the world. In Western literature frequent reference may be found to the "dignified appearance" of Orientals. This dignity is largely due to the effect of the *puggree* which, if properly worn, makes a commonplace man look handsome and adds fifty per cent. to the beauty of a handsome man. It is a thousand pities that it should be discarded by men of good position for the insignificant cap or hat which can add little or nothing of value to the personal appearance.

Lady Cox is on more debatable ground in dealing with Indian art industries. It is no doubt a matter for great regret that the old ivory carving and other arts should decline. Still this is a question of demand which cannot be forced by Government, as Lady Cox would seem to suggest. She talks vaguely about Government encouragement, but the best encouragement

for the supply of artistic, as of other, goods, is a market, and for works of art the market must be necessarily restricted. Government can set Art schools, but it cannot undertake to buy all the articles produced in them. The Indian princes and nobles may buy them to a limited extent, but there is an increasing tendency on the part of the Rulers of Native States to spend money on works of public utility rather than on works of art. The average individual, whether European or Indian, cannot afford to spend large sums on these beautiful luxuries. Lady Cox herself was compelled to refrain from "encouraging" the ivory carving industry when she found that the box she took a fancy to would cost her a thousand rupees. It is very much easier to decant regretfully over declining industries and urge encouragement upon Government than to devise really satisfactory methods of helping those industries without withdrawing money from more urgent needs of the country.

We are glad to see that Lady Cox records a protest against Mrs. F. A. Steele's indictment of European women in India and her belief in the all potent effects of a knowledge of Hindustani. Lady Cox herself could speak Hindustani fluently, but she tells us that in most places where she was stationed she found it of little use for conversation with the inhabitants of the zenana, who were only able to converse in it if it happened to be the language of the district. The language difficulty will continue to be a very considerable obstacle to intercourse between European and Indian women until, as will doubtless come about in due course, English becomes as well known to Indian women as it bids fair to be, in the course of another generation, to Indian men.

SOME BRAVE WOMEN

Superintendent West, of the Metropolitan Police, visited Croydon Police Station on September 22, and in the presence of a large number of officers and men presented to Mrs. Slater, of South Norwood, a marble clock, in recognition of her assistance to the police at Selhurst on July 27. Mrs. Slater made her way through a hostile crowd to a constable in serious difficulties with a violent prisoner, and in attempting to blow his whistle was struck under the chin by one of the man's companions. Blackford, the constable concerned, said that had it not been for Mrs. Slater he might have been disabled for life.

The *Chester Chronicle* of August 13, describes how three Chester young women saved two men from drowning in the Dee. A man bathing in the

river got into difficulties, and another bother, who had just dressed, plunged in, swam to the man, got him on his back, and struck out for the bank. Presently, however, the rescuer himself became exhausted. Three Chester girls who were walking on the bank observed the plight of the two men, ran across a sandbank, waded through the water up to their waists, and, clutching both drowning men, dragged them to land, where one of them applied artificial respiration with complete success.

Ida Lewis, the "Grace Darling of America," who for thirty years has kept the Lime Rock lighthouse, and has saved the lives of eighteen persons, recently added five more to her list. Five girls who were in a boat were upset by the waves caused by the passing of the big steamer "Commonwealth." Miss Lewis from her perch in the lighthouse saw the accident. She jumped into her boat, the Rescue, rowed to the girls and one after another lifted them into the boat.

Another lighthouse-keeper, Miss Laura A. Hecox, has tended the light of the Santa Cruz (Cal.) lighthouse for twenty-seven years. In all that time the light has never gone out at night, and no ship has been wrecked on the Santa Cruz coast.

In addition to her other honours, Miss Kate Gilmour, stewardess of the steamship "Sardinia," of Liverpool, which caught fire on November 25, 1908, when leaving the harbour at Malta, has received the Board of Trade silver medal for gallantry in saving life, and has been presented by the King with the Albert medal. It is the first time that this decoration has been given to a woman.

A few months ago Nurse Murray, employed by the Metropolitan Asylums Board, well knowing that physical effort on her part would result in the re-opening of a dangerous internal wound, carried to the doctor a child requiring immediate tracheotomy, and thereby saved its life, but permanently injured herself. As for some reason she was not eligible for a pension, and had no private resources, an appeal in her behalf was made to the public, which has resulted in raising £600, a sum sufficient to provide her with an annuity which will keep her from want.

Miss COLENSO.—Miss Colenso's life-long work among the Zulus, though less brilliant and arresting than that of the late Mary Kingsley, will, we think, be found fully as important in the long run, if not more so. Those who think of her chiefly as a kind of agitator are quite unawares of the real tenor of her labours. It may be said, broadly, that she has spent her life in representing England to the Zulus and interpreting the Zulus to England; but this fails to give

an idea of the scope and variety of her activities, which range from prescribing for a sick baby to discussing native affairs with the Governor of Natal. By their exertions in connection with Dinuzulu's trial, Miss Colenso and her sister have deprived themselves of the last remnant of their small property, already seriously impaired by similar sacrifices in the past; and their friends in this country are endeavouring to raise a fund which shall at any rate place them beyond the reach of want. Particulars may be obtained from Lady Schwann, 4, Prince's Gardens, S.W.

FRANCE.—Mme. Grunberg, a young Licentiate of Law, who has just been called to the Bar, has declared openly that she wishes to be a magistrate. She defies her opponents to cite an article in the Code forbidding her entrance upon this career, and, recalling the fact that Mme. Miropolsky, the advocate, had recently been called upon to take the place of an absent judge, she asks why women should not permanently be appointed as judges? Is there any reason why this career should be closed to them?

WOMEN IN THE CHURCHES.—An interesting open-air meeting of the People's Church of Washington, D. C., dedicated to "The American Woman and Her Future," was held on a recent Sunday afternoon at Judiciary Square. The new minister, Rev. Georgia Ferguson, presided, and, introducing the three women speakers, took occasion to make some very telling arguments for woman suffrage. Mrs. Ferguson's interest in the cause is expected to give a decided impetus to the suffrage work in the District this coming season. Mrs. Kittie Rose Pepper, president of the District Federation of Clubs, spoke on Federation; Mrs. Mackenzie on the Individual Woman and her work, and Miss Emma Gillette on the mother's interest in civic housekeeping. A considerable crowd of men and women were attracted by the speaking, and after the meeting (Miss Gillette having spoken of the petition and requested people to wait to sign), many signatures were obtained. The regular members of the People's Church are all suffragists and had already signed.

HONOURING LADY MINTO.—The distinction conferred upon Lady Minto by His Majesty the King-Emperor comes as an opportune recognition of the solid work that Her Excellency has done in India and of the gracious interest that Her Ladyship has invariably taken in the welfare of her Indian sisters. Not the

least important feature of Lord Minto's Viceroyalty is his noble Consort's active benevolence in furthering the cause and in elevating the position of Indian womanhood, and grateful as India is to Her Excellency for all this, it rejoices in that an eminently well-deserved honour has been bestowed upon her by the King-Emperor. We take this opportunity of offering our loyal congratulations to Lady Minto and wishing Her Excellency a long lease of life and happiness.

DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN.—The death occurred yesterday at the residence of her son in Palani, of Kurishukulangard Andre Maria, a woman of the Cochikkar section of the Roman Catholic Native Christian community. The deceased had attained her 103rd year and was in full possession of all her faculties until within a few days of her death. Up to a week ago, she moved about freely, attending church regularly every day. She was of a very pious and amiable disposition and was pardonably proud of the venerable age she had been privileged to reach. The funeral took place this morning in the R. C. cemetery, the service being performed by Rev. Fr. Menezes.

THE NEW GIRLS' A.V. SCHOOL AT HYDERABAD has obtained from the Government of India a plot of land measuring 20,000 acres of the value of about as many thousand rupees for a school building. The plot lies within the compound of the Native General Library.

THE SRINIVASA MANDIRAM.—The Ladies' Meeting on Saturday was well attended, there being present a few ladies, representing some well-known families in Bangalore. A mofussil member contributed a paper on "Unity." It was excellently written and was much appreciated. The music and singing were also good. It was almost dark by the time the members dispersed. The next meeting will be held on the 6th November.

HINDU WIDOWS' HOME ASSOCIATION, POONA

Monthly Report for September, 1909.

1. Mrs. Parvatibai Athavale is working at Bombay.
2. Five inmates of the Ashram were sent up for the First Grade Art (Drawing) Examination and four of them have passed.
3. The number of visitors during the month was 63. Of these, 32 came from Poona, 10 from the Deccan, 6 from Punjab, 5 from Central

India, 3 from Gujrat, 2 each from Rajputana, S.M. States and Kenkan, and one from Mysore. Among the visitors were Mr. Polak of South Africa, Mr. Ishwar Das, Advocate and Narayan Das, Sessions Judge of Lahore, Sirdar M. Kanta Raj, Deputy Commissioner of Mysore Dr. Jay Krishna Gupta of Jodhpur and Mrs. Thakar Ram Kapilram of Surat.

4. The following gifts were received during

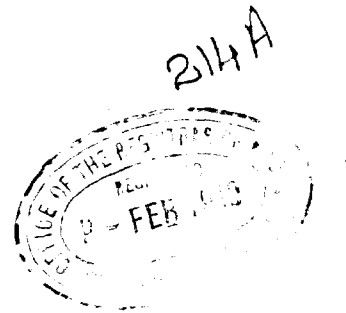
the month. Her Highness the Maharani Sahib of Baroda, Rs. 200; Shrimant Bala Sahib Pant Pratinidhi; Rs. 200; National Indian Association; Poona Branch, Rs. 216; and Mrs. Yamunabai Sardesai, Rs. 100. The Home is greatly obliged to these donors.

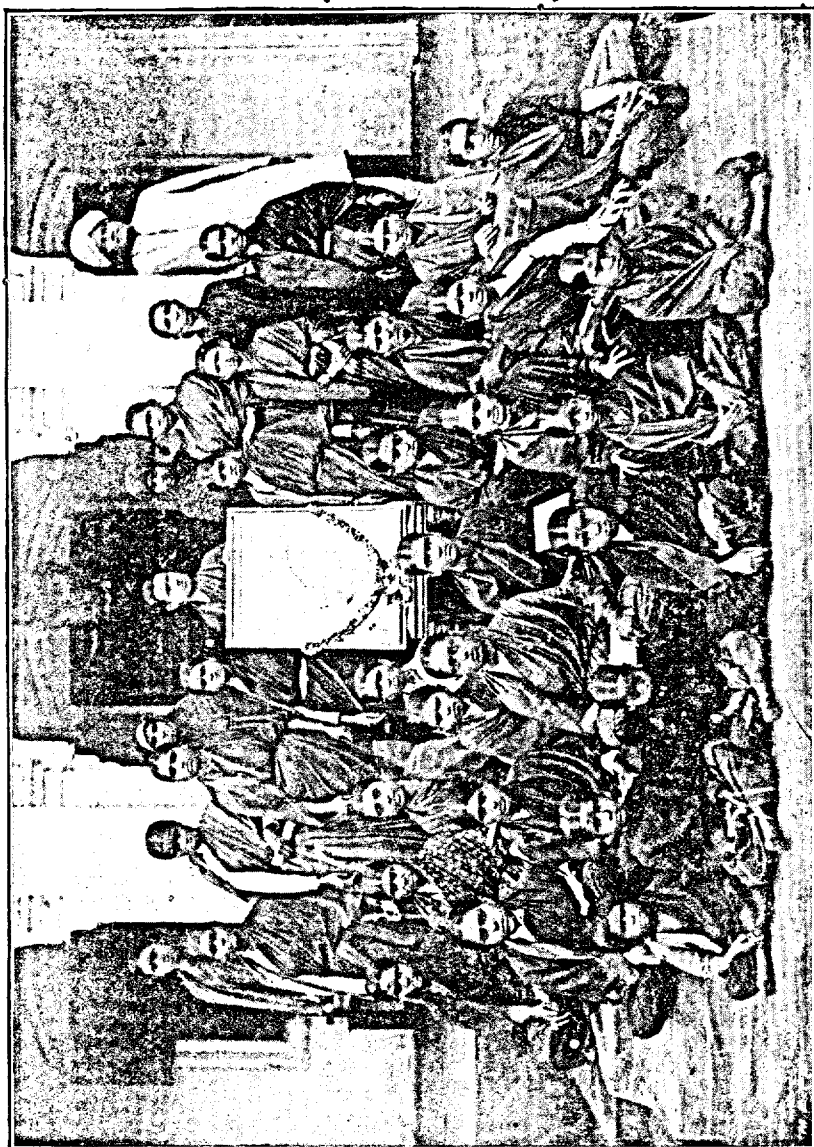
5. The total number of contributors during the month was 61 and their contributions amounted to Rs. 1074.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Acknowledgments for November, 1909

1. Mrs. Amiena Insoon, Madras ...	4 0	21. Ramachandra Naidu, Esq., Periakulam...	4 0
2. Ahmed Shah Esq., Haierpur ...	4 0	22. Mrs. V. Raman Chai, Ahmedabad ...	4 0
3. Rev. A. H. Curtis, Nellore ...	4 0	23. Mrs. Rai, Cocanada ...	4 0
4. Mrs. Gill, Travancore...	4 0	24. Mrs. Ramasawmy Iyengar, Bangalore ...	4 0
5. Mrs. Giffard, Madras...	4 0	25. Mrs. Rajabally Patel, Bombay...	4 0
6. Rev. W. Haner, Palghat ...	4 0	26. Mrs. Raman Tampy, Parur ...	4 0
7. Mrs. John, Ceylon ...	4 0	27. Miss Swinford, England ...	4 8
8. Rev. John Craig, Cocanada ...	4 0	28. Miss A. Shunmugam, Cuddalore ...	4 0
9. Miss Kinnard, England ...	13 8	29. Secretary, Fern Hostel, Madras ...	4 0
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11. Kundi Mala Sen Esq., Simla ...	4 0	ing Room, Tiruvella...	4 0
12. B. Koteswaramma, Nidadavolu ...	4 0	31. Mrs. C. Sankara Nair, Madras ...	4 4
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20. T. A. Ramalingam Chettiar, Esq.,		40. The Zemindar of Punganoor, Punganoor...	4 0
Tirupur ...	4 0		





THE WIDOWS' HOME, MYSORE



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. IX]

JANUARY, 1910

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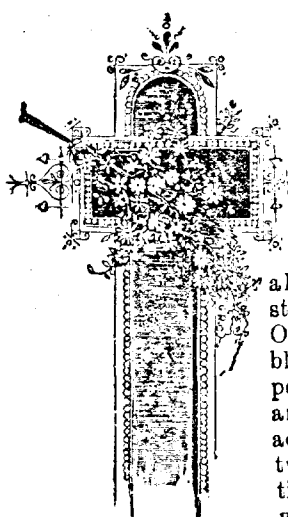
BEAUTY

I have seen dawn and sunset on moors and windy hills,
 Coming in solemn beauty like slow old times of Spain;
 I have seen the lady April bringing the daffodils,
 Bringing the springing grass and the soft warm April rain.

I have heard the song of the blossoms and the old chant of the sea,
 And seen strange lands from under the arched white sails of ships;
 But the loveliest things of beauty God ever has shown to me
 Are her voice, and her hair, and eyes, and the dear red curve of her lips.

Tennyson's Princess Ida

A CHARACTER STUDY



is never quite sure what to expect from them. In the latter category, one must include Tennyson's Princess Ida. The following is but a very brief outline of the plot. Early left motherless, Ida had been badly brought up. She was idolised by her brothers, flattered by her teachers, the Ladies Blanche and Psyche, and allowed to do as she pleased by her father, Gama. In childhood, she is betrothed to a Prince, but when she grows up, she refuses to be bound by the betrothal. Founding a magnificent College for women, to which no men are admitted, Ida reigns there as its Head. After a time, the Prince and two companions gain an entrance, disguised as girls, but are eventually found out, and much trouble follows. In a conflict with Ida's brothers, the Prince and many of his followers are wounded. They are tended in the College which is turned into a hospital for the time being. Eventually the Princess softens and the poem ends happily.

The first impression one receives of the Princess's character is that she is hard, proud, conceited and wanting in womanly tenderness, but on studying the poem more closely, one finds another and more attractive side, hidden, and almost stifled by the lusty growth of the weeds of pride and self-glorification. In appearance she is described as dark and stately, a head above her fellows; with proud lips and a glance which fills the Prince with a desire to kneel before her. To him she seems to have "all beauty compassed in a female form, and to be liker to the inhabitant of some clear planet close upon the sun, than our man's earth; such eyes

were in her head, and so much grace and power breathing down from over her arched brows thro' all her being." While another speaks of her as looking, "as grand as dooms-day and as grave." Her father tells the Prince that "All she is and does is awful!" even her own friend Psyche speaks of "That iron will, that axelike edge unturnable, our Head, The Princess;" and Florian comparing her with the sweet and open-hearted Melissa, describes the Princess as "Cramm'd with erring pride." In her pride and self-sufficiency, she repudiates the obligations of all pre-contracts, and boastfully compares herself to Vashte. When the disguised Prince speaks to her of love, she is very haughty, calls him not over politely, "a young savage of the northern wild" and bids him hold his peace; that she is not to be talked to thus. When the Prince sings, she is rude and unsparing in criticism, calling him a sister to the marsh divers and meadow crakes, and comparing his singing with theirs. Since he was a new comer, if she could not praise, it would have been at least kinder and in better taste, not to ridicule his efforts to comply with her request for a song. Nor was she more sympathetic towards the maiden who sang of the happy days that are no more, but disdainfully bids her cease from brooding o'er the past. Such retrospect does not appeal to Ida, who likes action and that which deals with the distance, and the lines of promise. She is very sarcastic in her judgment of men, and somewhat unjust in classing them all as knaves, "that lute and flute fantastic tenderness, and dress the victim to the offering up, and paint the Gates of Hell with Paradise, and play the slave to gain the tyranny." It irritates her (and not without reason) that men should treat women, either as vassal, or babes to be dawdled. Nor is she less severe on ordinary women, whom she scornfully speaks of as "household stuff, "Live chattels, mincers of each other's fame, for ever slaves at home and fools abroad." She makes other remarks equally cutting and unkind. But her bitterness and sarcasm reach a climax in her onslaught on the Prince, after he has saved her life, where she says "you have done well and like a gentleman, and like a prince. You saved our life, we owe you bitter thanks." She tells him that he is hateful to her and that nothing would induce her to be his bride, his bond slave. She must have known how deeply her stinging words would wound one who loved her so devotedly. But in her rage, she cares not what she says, nor realizes that her conduct is hardly such, as becomes a lady and a Princess. Her passionate temper shews itself in the trial scene after the identity of the men has been discovered: she is simply speechless with rage,

and rudely snatches her father's letter from the Prince, and dashes it unopened on the floor, while a tide of fierce invective seems ready to burst from her lips. Such conduct cannot be considered either ladylike or respectful to her father or the Prince. But Ida, in her stubborn pride and self-will is for the time, blind to everything more gentle. Even the Prince as he sees her watching him fight, has to admit that she is no saint, but is hard, cruel and apparently without tenderness. It does indeed seem strange that she could be so hard-hearted as to stand and to watch the fight and see men slain, and then sing a song of triumph over one whose only crime had been to love her too devotedly. It is a relief to turn to the other side of the Princess's character, the side alluded to by her mother when she says, "our Ida has a heart," though she foresaw at the same time that Ida would need careful training to develop her better nature. Her brothers look upon her as a paragon, and think her the flower of woman-kind, while Arac says—she can indeed be sweet to those she loves. Her love for Psyche and her babe shews that she was naturally affectionate, she herself admits to the Prince that she had her dreams of love, and likes children so well that she wishes they grew like field flowers everywhere.

There seems to have been a nameless charm in her least act which won most hearts. The Prince describes her as an eagle, and says that though "she errs, it is in her own grand way, being herself three times more noble than three-score of men." She is a poet princess, filled with grand imaginations and enthusiasm for the cause of women; their welfare is a passion to her, and she is ready to die any death to prove her devotion.

There is no doubt that she has plenty of pluck and courage and that her words are not merely idle boasts. She declares that she does not wish to work for fame, yet all the while one sees that she believes that "Great deeds cannot die," and wishes that she belonged to a race of giants, living each a thousand years, that she might see her own grand work firmly established. Probably Ida had no idea how much self-interest mixed with her motives. She fancied that she was sacrificing self for the cause of women, but at the bottom, unconsciously, all she did was for her own glory, that her name might be handed down to posterity, as the first to emancipate women from slavery. As pupils poured in from far and near, her pride was gratified, and she tells them that their names will be ranked as noble, mingled up with hers.

For a time fame and the conquests of intellect might have satisfied her, but as age crept on, she would have realised the loneliness of her

solitary position, and have felt the truth of the Prince's words "I dread that you, with only Fame for spouse and your great deeds for issue, yet may live in vain, and miss, meanwhile, what every woman counts her due, Love, children, happiness."

The Princess, like most women, was lacking in a sense of proportion, seeing that most of her sex had erred in neglecting their intellects, and developing only those virtues which are essentially feminine, the care of home and children. She rushed to the other extreme and was inclined to ignore these duties, and cultivate mind alone.

Ida had in her the makings of a fine character, but she was very young, and natures such as hers take longer to develop and find their true sphere. She and her brothers seem to have inherited more from their mother, who must have been a strong woman, than from their father Gama. She had quite realised that Ida would need careful training to develop her better nature, but unfortunately the mother does not seem to have lived long enough to guide and restrain her daughter, until she was old enough to see life in its true proportions. Most of Ida's faults were due to her early training. Her father was a weak good natured man, "swamped in lazy tolerance," anxious to please everyone, and have peace at any price; in fact, quite incapable of managing a girl like Ida. This we see from his message to the Prince where he says of her, "She had a will, and maiden fancies." Indeed he admits that she and her masterpieces quite mastered him. Her brothers too by their unbounded admiration and belief in her helped to foster her naturally self-willed and proud nature, so that it is not to be wondered at if she, by degrees, came to think that all she did and said was right.

Her pride was probably still more inflated by Blanche and Psyche in their desire for power. According to Gama they fed her theories in and out of place, and called her odes masterpieces.

The Lady Blanche's influence probably tended to harden Ida, while her love for Lady Psyche developed her softer side. The great crisis in the Princess's life comes when she is called upon to forgive Psyche. Then one sees the two sides of her character at war over the friend, of whom she had boasted that they two would be faster welded in one love than pairs in wedlock. Yet she hardens her heart like stone, her pride has been wounded, and she cannot bear to yield and forgive her friend. Strange to say it is through pride, and, perhaps, unconsciously love, that her pride is conquered. When the Prince's father says he cannot trust his son to her, lest she might mix his draught

with death, then at last she yields. To some, the change in her character may appear very sudden, if they look upon it as beginning with the forgiveness of Psyche, but in reality the change had begun before this; the real turning point in Ida's character was when she took Psyche's child for an hour in her own bed. "There" she says "the tender orphan hands felt at my heart, and seemed to charm from thence the wrath I nursed against the world. Truly, lioness tho' she seemed, a little child had led and subdued her. Perhaps in those days of turmoil, when all turned traitors, and it seemed that only by bloodshed could her cause be upheld, doubts as to whether her conduct was really justifiable may have begun to undermine her pride, though she would not admit it even to herself, and still triumphs over her fallen foes. But then a gentler mood comes, when she bids her maidens bring the wounded in and tend them, and is shewn in her pity for the Prince's father, and her tender words at parting from Psyche's babe.

As some great dam which has been slowly undermined, suddenly bursts and lets the rushing waters through, so the barriers of Ida's pride are suddenly broken down, though it has not been the work of a moment, for the entreaties of her father, friend and brother, which she seemed not to have heard, had all been influencing her; though she still appeared unmoved, it was because of the fierce struggle between pride and love, which only needed the final appeal to the former to break down that proud barrier. Both natures at last uniting in a common cause overcome her self will, and like a flood her better nature sweeps away the pride and hardness which had marred Ida's character. When she forgives she does it thoroughly. The Princess says "we embrace you yet once more with all forgiveness, all oblivion, and trust," and not only does she do this, but admits that she herself needs to be forgiven. She seems to realize the two sides of her character at war with each other, when she cries; "O Psyche, come quick while I melt, make reconciliation sure."

Having forgiven Psyche, she claims as her reward the care of the Prince. Perhaps, her eagerness to change the old King's purpose was not merely in order that she might pay off her debt to the Prince for saving her life, but her "nightmare weight of gratitude" may also have been increased by the fact that his devotion had opened her eyes to her own self-will and the better gifts which she was spurning in her pride. The Princess's love, like the change in her character, was a thing of slow growth, and had begun years before, the seed germs probably first planted by her mother's words, when she

severed the lock of hair from Ida's head to send it with her portrait to the Prince.

That day flashes back to her memory when she sees these tender tokens held out to her by the Prince's father. Long before this she admits to the Prince that "she had had her dreams, perhaps he mixt with them", she had also dreamt of men and women working side by side as equals.

Then, when all turn traitors, perhaps; her thoughts revert to the one who loves her so devotedly, that in spite of all her cruel treatment he is still ready to die for her: she bids her brother spare his life, and then, as if ashamed of what may seem weakness, she makes the excuse, "He saved my life: his mother lives." Perhaps too; the little child makes her realize her loneliness still more, as a "pledge of a love not to be hers."

When she sees the Prince lying as dead, she shudders and "a twitch of pain tortured her mouth, and o'er her forehead past a shadow, and her hue changed". Had she hated him as an enemy, she would not have shewn such signs of Emotion, and when she sees the painting and tress of hair borne by the Prince, apparently, even to death, she realizes "all the foolish work of Fancy, and the bitter close of all. Her iron will was broken in her mind, her noble heart was mother in her breast," and the words "O Sire, he lives: he is not dead. O let me leave him with my brethren here in our own palace: we will tend on him like one of these" etc., shew an eagerness and warmth which may easily develop into something deeper, as do also the words "and now, O Sire, grant me your son, to nurse, to wait upon him, like mine own brother."

And her entreaties to her father and brothers to make the King grant her prayer, convey the same impression.

Probably, the very fact that there might be some truth in Lady Blanche's taunt, "These men came to woo your Highness—Verily, I think to win," added a thing to the insult which so roused the indignation of the Princess that she flung her doors open to friend and foe alike, that none might accuse her of partiality.

Yet, even after yielding thus, her old nature was not entirely swept away: during the long days of sick-nursing a sadness fell on her soul, due partially, no doubt, to the thought of all the suffering and sorrow which her whim had caused, but also to a hatred of her own weakness. All her old schemes seemed blotted out, and all her world blank and waste and vain, and her use gone: only by tending the sick did peace return to her mind. Through the long days while the Prince lay unconscious, his father and Gama, and Ida's own brothers urged his claims and as she watched by him, fearing

he would lose his reason or die, through long frustration of her care and night-long watches her interest grew, and mingled with memories of her kindlier days, fostered too by seeing his father's grief and listening to the Prince's fevered words which ever spoke of her and love. Seeing his helplessness which she had caused, her pity and womanly tenderness were aroused, and all unconsciously changed to love. It would have been strange indeed, had the Princess not fallen a victim, for the very atmosphere seemed infected with love, all around were happy lovers, heart in heart, and who can doubt that falling in love is infectious?

It was well, however, for the Prince that he remained unconscious so long, for in those protracted hours and days, the Princess had more time to think, and her better nature to grow than when as Head of the Great College her brain had been filled with busy schemes and plans for her own aggrandisement: it also allowed for the slow growth of the seeds of love and tenderness.

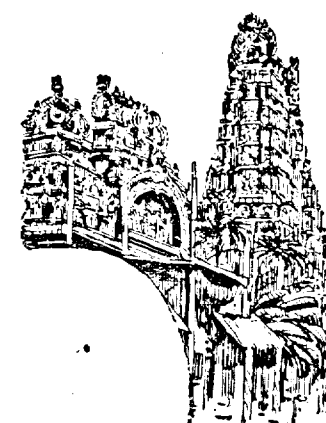
We see how Ida has changed as she sits and reads of love beside the Prince, and admits to herself that she has failed in humility, has failed in all, and owns that she had sought far less for truth than power in knowledge, and prays the Prince not to judge her cause by her. Then, she is humble in accepting his love and says, that he idealizes her with his mother's virtues which she does not possess.

Thus through trouble, her better side has been developed, and she learns that she is not the only one to dream great dreams, or think noble thoughts, and with humility comes a softness and graciousness which makes her far more lovable than the proud self-satisfied Ida of yore, and so we leave her with the Prince.

"To walk their world"

"Yoked in all exercise of noble end."

Madura



MADURA, properly *Madurei*. This is still the name of a district in south India and a city which appears in the Tables of Ptolemy. The name is generally supposed to be the same as that of *Mathura*, the holy and much more ancient

city of Northern India, from which the name was adopted, but modified after Tamil pronunciation. *Madura* was, from a date at least as early as the Christian Era, the seat of the Pandiyan sovereigns. These, according to the Tamil tradition, as stated by Bishop Caldwell, had previously held their residence at *Kajkei* on the Tamaraparni. The name *Madura*, probably as adopted from the holier Northern *Muttra*, seems to have been a favourite among the eastern settlements under Hindu influence. Thus we have *Muttra* in Ceylon; the city and island of *Madura* adjoining Java; and a town of the same name (*Madura*) in Burma, not far north of Mandalai."—*Yule and Burnell*.

The town of *Madura* is oblong as it is now formed, but originally it was a square having the great Sri Menakshi Sundareswaral temple in the centre; close by and through the north of the town flows the sacred river *Vaigai*. In the south flows the *Kritamalai*. The town being built long ago, it has got bad lanes and thickly covered houses. But, after the advent of the British Rule, the town has grown up and is still expanding in all directions. The town has very broad streets. All the streets are quite even, and cross one another. *Madura* is 292 miles by road, and 315 miles by rail from Madras, and is situated in Latitude 9°50' North; Longitude 78°12' east; being 81 miles South-West of Trichinopoly and 96 miles by rail; and is 440 feet above Sea level. The town of *Madura* is second to Madras in every respect with a population of 105,984 according to the census of 1901. The ancient Southern Kingdom of *Madura* so entitled from its principal town, is contained between 8° and 11° of North latitude and 95° to 97° of east longitude; its boundaries are the river Cauveri on the North, the Bay of Bengal and Straits of Mannar on the east, Cape Comorin and the Indian Ocean on the South

and the chain of ghauts or mountains on the west. It is called *Papilionis-regis* by Ptolemy, being a translation of its native-name, and the capital is by him spelt *Modura*, nearly the same with its present appellation. The ancient native designation of the Kingdom is *Pandiya-Mandalam* or the *Pandiya* territory; the name of the capital is *Mathurai*; and it also once bore the name of *Alavayi*, from a particular mythological legend. Madura is within circumscribed boundaries, the seat of an English collectorate; but it once included the present modern kingdom of Tanjore; the independent district of Pudukotta of Tondiman; a portion, if not the whole, of the collectorate of Trichinopoly, together with the collectorates of Coimbatore and Tinnevely. Now the collectorate of Madura comprises the Dindigul Sub-division and the two great permanently settled Zamindaries of Ramnad and Sevaganga, and is one of the most Southern Divisions of the Madras Presidency, being bounded on the north by Coimbatore, Trichinopoly, Pudukotta and Tanjore; on the east by Palk's-strait; on the south by Gulf of Mannar and Tinnevely, and on the west by the Travancore Hills. The greater portion of the eastern half is within the limits of the two Zamindaries, of which the easternmost, that of Ramnad, is washed along its whole length by the Sea and contains the entire coast line of the district. The east coast faces part of the west coast of Ceylon, and at one place all but touches it. This is at the Southern extremity, where the land runs out towards the east in a narrow tongue some fifteen miles long and almost join the footshaped island of Pamban (Rameswaram). Between this island and the island of Mannar there is only a ledge of rocks (the sacred Rama's Bridge) just covered with water, over which the South Indian Railway Company propose running their line to Ceylon from Pamban. Mannar is divided from Ceylon by a very narrow and shallow strait. On the west a portion of the great range of mountains known as the Western ghauts divides the collectorate from the Travancore country, and forms a well-defined natural boundary. The country came into the possession of the British partly in consequence of the struggles with the native *polygars* who were originally feudal chieftains, holding lands, on condition of Military Service from the sovereigns of Madura. More remotely the acquisition of the country is to be traced to the part taken by the English and the French in the wars of the Nabobs of Arcot.

The most illustrious of the rulers of the Carnatic dynasty that succeeded the Pandiyan dynasty was Tirumalai Naik, the great, (1623-59). In the words of Mr. J. H. Nelson, the accom-

plished author of the Madura Country Manual, "the Public Works which principally engaged Tirumala's attention, and which have made his name famous, were huge solidly constructed works of a highly ornamental character, such as could not have been built by any other than a despot possessed of boundless wealth."

It is not quite clear how much Tirumala Naik did for the great pagoda which owes its present grandeur chiefly to him. The great temple within a reach of about a mile from the Railway Station is divided into two parts, the southern dedicated to Minakshi, the consort of Siva, and the northern to Siva himself under the name of Sundareswara. The usual entrance is that leading from the main or Vittavasal Street, popularly known as Amman Sannadhi Street, into the portion dedicated to Minakshi. At the entrance is the Ashta-Lakshmi (the Goddesses presiding over eight sources of wealth) Mantapam, the statues of which support the roof on either side. Above these are depicted scenes from the life of Minakshi representing her birth, war with Siva, marriage with him, the birth of their son Subramanya, and the assumption of the sovereignty by Sundareswara. On either side of the Mantapam, coconuts, fruits, camphors are sold for purposes of worship. At the end of this Mantapam is a doorway on the left of which is Ganesha, and on the right Subramanya, the six-faced deity. Passing through this door a passage is entered, having on the right hand side Siva as a hunter, and on the left his consort Minakshi as a huntress. This passage gives access to a large Mantapam built by Minakshi Naik, a Prime Minister of one of the Naik Kings, in which the temple elephants are stabled, and the bangles, *Vibullu* (sacred ashes), Kunkumam (sacred red powder) and flowers are sold. The exit from this Mantapam is through a handsome brass-faced doorway, a gift of the Sivaganga Zamindar, with receptacles for oil lights known as *Tiruvach* which are lighted every night. Passing through a dark Mantapam, the *Pottamarai* or the golden lotus tank is reached. This is surrounded by an arcade walls of which is depicted the history of the sixty-four miracles wrought by Siva at Madura as well as other mythological stories. Turning to the left, and proceeding along the eastern arcade, we observe over the roof of the opposite side the golden covering or *Vimanam* over the shrine of the goddess, and from near the end of the southern arcade can be similarly observed the golden roof over the shrine of the god. At the end of the arcade is the southern temple gate, a fine workmanship. Turning to the right, the western arcade is now traversed, the first portion being lined with handsome pillars, beyond which is

the entrance to the shrine of Minakshi. In this portion of the arcade, there are the effigies of the five Pandava brothers, the heroes of Mahabharatta. Further on is the shrine of Subramanya, with two effigies on either side of the pathway in front of it, the first being that of Sugriva and his brother Vali, and the two in the next group being of King Harichandra and his queen Chandramathi, the Martyrs of Truth. Passing by this shrine a gateway through the tower dividing the temple of Minakshi from that of Sundareswara is reached. Opposite to this gateway, which gives entrance to a fine corridor encircling the Sundareswara Shrine, is a shrine of Ganesha containing a figure said to have been found when excavating the great tank. This corridor was built by the Pandiyan kings, and along the right hand of the northern corridor will be seen inscriptions in Tamil and Sanskrit giving the history of the temple. At the end of the northern corridor is the hundred-pillared Mantapam, containing a shrine of Sabapathi (Siva) who, instead of being invisible as at Chidambaram, is here represented by a figure. Adjacent to this Mantapam is a small enclosure dedicated to the nine planets. Turning to the right a large hall is entered, a doorway in the centre of its western wall giving access to the shrine of Sundareswara guarded on each side by colossal figures of Divarapalagas or guardians. Opposite to this entrance is a fine Mantapam enclosed by eight pillars ornamented with twenty-five representations of Siva, and containing a figure of the sacred bull, and also a golden-plated flag staff. Opposite to this Mantapam, and on each side of the exit from the hall, are four finely-carved columns, the two on the right representing Siva overcoming Dakshan, a great demon, while on the left are figures of Siva and Kali in dancing attitudes. Behind these four figures are situated the rooms containing the gold and silver plated figures of (various animals and vehicles) *Vahanams* used in processions during the monthly festivals. Passing through this exit and turning to the right, a handsome hall with a wooden ceiling in front called the Wedding Hall, or the *Kalyana* (marriage) Mantapam is entered; traversing this and turning to the left the Veravasan-tharay's Mantapan is reached, in the centre of which is the thousand-pillared Mantapam built by Ariyanayaga Mudaliyar, a Prime Minister of the Naik dynasty, whose statue will be seen on the left mounted on a horse. This Mantapam contains some fine sculptures, and after they have been seen, the temple is left by the road through the large eastern gate or tower which gives access to the same street from which the entrance to the

Minakshi temple is made. Outside the temple and over the other side of the road just opposite to the eastern gate or tower is the Puthuman-tapam, otherwise known as the *Vasantha Mantapam*, a description of which will follow.

The temple is encircled by a street, measuring about 300 yards on each side. The two divisions of the temple is surrounded by another Street within the first separated as it is by high walls known as *Tirumathil* (god's walls or temple walls), each side having a high and large tower of architectural beauty. Then comes within the two divisions encircled also by a street, each of the four sides having towers of smaller height and each having separate *Prakarams*. The great temple and its spacious enclosures, choultries and colossal figures (each of pyramid of ten stories), according to an English writer, cover an extent of ground large enough for a town. The Hindu religion has a stronghold in Madura in spite of many English churches of various faith here. In the words of Mr. Nelson, "Scientifically handled, and attentively read together with the St'hala Puranas of Sriranga, Kanchipura, and other holy places, the Madura St'hala-purana will doubtless furnish the Orientalist with much valuable knowledge. It contains a considerable amount of information touching the primitive doctrines of the Siva faith, and the customs of the inhabitants of the Pandya country. And it unquestionably contains a few historical facts. On the other hand, a mere superficial perusal of an incorrect copy or bad imitation of the work is calculated to lead the reader into the most grievous errors, and to impede in a measure the advance of oriental learning." The Madura St'hala-purana, the authorship of which is ascribed in the preface to the Rishi Vyasa who is declared to have learnt the facts therein set forth from Rishi Agastya, says that Agastya and other Rishis were worshipping the linga one day at Kasi, when he was asked by the company to tell them which was the holiest book in the universe, which the holiest spot, which the holiest water. He said that the Skanda Purana was the holiest of all books, for it told the praises of Sundaralinga, that is of Siva, the Kadamba tree forest (on the site of which Madura is said to have been built) was the holiest of all spots both naturally and because it contained the most holy linga and the most holy water, the holiest water was the *Sivana-push-Karini* or "pool of the golden lilies" in the above said forest. And he added that the Kadamba forest was the place in which the god Siva performed the sixty-four miracles.

Madura is a first class Railway Station on the South Indian Railway line. The town has three Railway Stations, one in the west, known

as the Bridge station, and the other in the east known as the Madura East, with the main station lying between. The line to Rameswaram branches off and at the centre station. You can find many pilgrims and gosains travel every day to Rameswaram. The English and American globe-trotters can be seen in Madura throughout the year. The town which is situated on the river Vaigai was well known to the Greeks and Romans being mentioned by several classical writers. Commercial relations must have existed with western markets as several Roman copper coins have been found, and are found even to this day in the bed of the river.

In the reign of Vamsa Sekhara Pandiyan was established the celebrated Tamil College of poets at Madura, popularly known as *Sangam*, which existed until the eighth century, and Madura is to this day known as the great seat of Tamil learning. Now there are two second grade Colleges affiliated to the Madras University, one maintained by a Native Committee and the other by the American Madura Mission. Female education is slowly progressing.

Muslins of very delicate texture, into which gold lace is interwoven, are made, also turbans and puggrees embroidered with gold thread and silk cloths. Madura is also noted for the manufacture of a celebrated kind of red (dye) cloth, Piece goods, Cotton-twist, earthenware and metal vessels and utensils of good quality are also manufactured. Madura is further noted for its woodcarving and brass work. Handsome tables are carved in blackwood, and in addition to the ordinary brass work, animals, insects, images, etc., are made in that metal. The goldsmiths and silversmiths also do excellent work, and a foreigner will also find in Madura much Indian workmanship of great interest.

P. R. VENKATASALU NAIDU.



Walt Whitman

"The school of these Princes of Poetry
Which eagle-like o'er others take their flight"

DANTE.



DOES Walt Whitman belong to the school of the "altissimo canto?"

According to some he is no poet at all, has neither "rhyme nor reason". *Rhyme* he certainly has not! But reason? Ah yes!

He is a true poet, and takes rank with the "Princes of poetry." As you read him you are thrilled, raised to a higher outlook, and glimpses into the beyond of beyonds. There is always a Faith higher than Faith, a sight further than sight. Now and then one is permitted to have an

inkling of this. Only a truly great man can bestow it. Walt Whitman can. He does not write as an artist, but he writes as a seer.

He often does not write as a poet; for instance, "The interior in the interior, and the interior, and the exterior in the exterior" and many more lines of the same kind, sometimes whole so-called poems, which are not even prose-poetry.

But then it does not do in criticism, or in presenting any author for criticism to quote scattered lines, or without stating the kind of poem it is, or from what part of the poem it is, or from what part of the poem it is taken. One might as well give as a Miltonic specimen the line, "No fear lest dinner cool" from "Paradise Lost" or "Three rosy-cheeked School-boys, the highest not more than the height of a Counselor's bag," as Wordsworth! "I stood on a tower in the wet, New Year and Old Year met; Old Year blowing and roaring, New Year roaring and blowing," etc., as Tennyson.

Would it be fair to give quotations from "Tertius Quid", we will say, as specimens of the "Ring and the Book?"

On the other hand, the best poets are splendid in their single lines; perhaps Wordsworth reaches to the highest rank in this—but Tennyson runs him very closely, especially in "In Memoriam."

In Walt Whitman I have marked single lines and couplets pregnant in matter, and often

beautiful in description—the words so perfectly felicitous; he often shows how much grand eloquence there is in words.

Here are a few quotations taken almost at random.

For description: "the grey smoke lucid and bright"

"the breast of the river, with a wind—dapple here and there" "The sibilant near sea with vistas far and foam"

"And tawny streaks and shades of spreading blue"

"the passionless wet flows on"

So true and yet original is that line, both elevating and comforting:

"Are souls drown'd and destroy'd so

Is only matter triumphant?"

What a really magnificent line is:

"Give me the splendid silent sun with all his beams full dazzling" and many many more of like calibre.

But there are few pretty or graceful lines unless it be "Out of the Cradle endlessly rocking" and "When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd" These two lines, and a few others, are always quoted by any one who wishes to prove that Walt Whitman was a poet after all! But they are not typical and there are many far finer.

To turn from quoting single lines to his poetry in general.

What is Walt Whitman's teaching?

Where does he lead us?

He leads us to Nature and to Man.

To Nature in her grandeur.

The Heavens, the Ocean, the vast prairies, the primeval forests. He is, over and above, a poet of the sea, he had lived near her, he knew her moods, was in full love and sympathy with her and with all water rivers and their highways.

And the Land "the unconscious scenery." En parenthese—I was struck with the expression "unconscious scenery." It satisfied me after reading an account of a rural scene in Japan;—a dark tree, (I forget the name) to bring into greater relief its sombre foliage, a brilliant red-creeper was trained to twine amid its branches, a pond was dug at the foot to reflect the tree and creeper, the water of the pond was filtered

to make it clear, gold fish were put in the water to break up the flat appearance of the pond, a rock-work was erected around it, the stones and rocks brought with labour from some distance, moss and ferns were planted in the crevices to give it an appearance of age and of nature. The effect was lovely, but conscious I should say. It gives one a sense of relief to fly to the vast prairies, to the Song of the Open Road with its "Why are there trees I never walk under but

large and melodious thoughts descend upon me?" It does not enter into his mind to make a pond under one of them and to put gold fish into it!

Whitman's observation of flowers and insect life is minute and deep.

All his teaching points to the Divine in Nature and in Man.

"The earth never tires
The earth is rude, silent, incomprehensible at first,
Nature is rude and incomprehensible at first,
Be not discouraged, keep on, there are divine things well envelop'd.

I swear to you there are divine things more beautiful than words can tell."

And Man? If he is in deep sympathy with the open air, the open road, with Nature, what can we say of his sympathy with Man? And what line does he take where humanity is concerned?

Like our greatest (female) novelist, George Eliot, he does not go in for the hero, for the exception—but for the average and far below the average. But—to prove that there is in reality no average, each man is, as another Poet of the people said "A man's a man for a' that!"

Even in the very scum of humanity there is the Divine Spark, and it is to call out this Divine Spark that he sends forth his clarion poem of song.

The body is to be glorified; every function is sacred, "call nothing common or unclean."

The soul is only imprisoned in the body for a while and leaves it to continue to learn and to live:

"Pleas'd to my Soul at death I cry

Our life is closed, our life begins"

"Much, much there is yet in store"

Therefore Death is grand.

"In the superb vistas of Death"

Death is wonderful,

"Wonderful to depart"

Death is to be loved,

.....pondering the themes thou lovest best

Night, sleep, death, and the Stars."

One of the most perfectly pathetic poems I think ever written is the "Camps of Green"

"...the mighty bivouac field and waiting camp of all."

But not to await in sadness.

The following poem I quote as containing perhaps the quint essence of Walt Whitman's teaching.

"Joy, Shipmate, joy!"

(Pleas'd to my soul at death I cry)
Our life is closed, our life begins,
The long, long anchorage we leave,
The ship is clear at last, she leaps!
She swiftly courses from the shore,
Joy, Shipmate, joy!"

But here, on this earth, we are to use all our powers;—"Pioneers! O! Pioneers."

"We to-day's procession heading, we the route for travel clearing
Pioneers! O! Pioneers."
"Swift! to the head of the army!—Swift!
Spring to your places,
Pioneers!"

Alas! now! What would the poet have said to the young men of the Old Country (in truth there are too many, I fear "flannelled fools!") and the Territorial Army? They have to be bribed (Sandow) cajoled, urged, exhorted, to enrol themselves for the defence of their country! Somewhat roused at last, perhaps, by a realistic patriotic Drama they are slowly coming in, but how slowly! Surely a course of Walt Whitman's Army-poems would instil some warlike ardour into them.

He lived by the sea; he knew the Sea.

He lived with soldiers, he was a soldier himself; he knew Soldiers, their bravery, and their sufferings, for he had nursed them in hospitals.

"The crash'd head I dress, (poor crazed hand tear not the bandage away)

"I am faithful, I do not give out
The fractur'd thigh, the knee, the wound in the abdomen,

These and more I dress with impassive hand, (yet deep in my breast a fire, a burning flame")
Yet, he says "Swift! to the head of the army"

It is not for greed of gold or land for which to fight, but for Freedom, for Liberty, for Honour!

To those who care for nought but peace and quietude at any price (and so surely without honour) and I fear me there are many such in "Little England" he writes:

"What to such as you any how such a poet as I?
Therefore leave my works, and go lull yourself with what you can understand, and with piano-tunes,

For I tell nobody, and you will never understand me."

The "Princess of Poetry" have, I think always been optimistic; none feel so much or knew so much as they of the world's anguish, but they hear through it all "the Angels Singing" (From the "Inferno" to the "Paradiso" from "Paradise Lost" to "Paradise Regained.")

It is, it must be, that God "whispers in their ear,"

What is Genius but Inspiration?

What is Inspiration but the breathing in—of what? Surely of the Divine afflatus? And so they look upon Life as a whole, as a gradual unfolding.

Evil in passing, is as *nought* compared to the wonderful vistas, the wonderful possibilities opened out to us when "the long anchorage we leave."

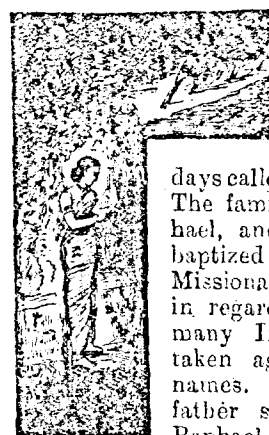
This outward, upward, beyond look; Walt Whitman teaches, with, often inspired fervour.

We rise from reading his poetry strengthened, elevated, braced, and we instinctively call him a Singer of the "Altissimo Canto" one of the "Princes of Poetry."

M. F. GILBERT COOPER.

Lilavati Singh

(A SKETCH)



WHEN Lilavati Singh's grandfather was baptized, his Hindu name was changed to what the missionaries in those days called a "Christian name." The family name became Raphael, and Lilavati Singh was baptized as Ethel Raphael. Missionary thought has changed in regard to this matter, and many Indian Christians have taken again their old family names. While Miss Singh's father still is called Stephen Raphael, she took her family's original name when she became of age.

Born in Gorakhpore, India, December 14, 1868, a third generation Christian, Lilavati Singh was an illustration of the best qualities of the Rajputs and Gurkhas in combination with Christian training. From her father she inherited a strong physical constitution and a love of independence and truth. In her school days the warlike spirit of her people often manifested itself, while in maturer years this same spirit, controlled and trained, carried her through many difficulties. Although her mother died when the little girl was but seven years old, that mother's love seemed to surround her all her life. She traced her love of flowers to the jasmine in her mother's room; the Persian songs and poems of which her mother was so fond gave her an intense love for music and poetry.

When the young mother died the little girl was almost inconsolable. She went to a mission school in the village as a day scholar; seeing, however, that she needed more careful guidance, her father sent her to Lucknow, to Miss Isabella Thoburn's boarding school. How often Miss Singh used to tell the shy country girls, who were spending their first awkward months at Lucknow, of her early experience—a little country girl, coming through the forests in a bullock cart appearing in a city school in expensive but inappropriate clothes.



MISS LILAVATI SINGH

224 A

From the time when, at ten years of age, she came to school, the influence of Miss Thoburn was the dominant human power of her life. She had hard struggles during those school days, trying to control her wilfulness, for, as her sick mother's favorite child, she had had little discipline at home. Bright and ambitious, she enjoyed her studies, getting much real knowledge in spite of poor teachers. In later years she often said that she was self taught, and that is largely true, for, with the exception of Miss Thoburn and and some others, she had few teachers in school or college who knew how to teach. But Miss Thoburn's teaching gave her the key, and she tried to get for herself what others did not give. Boarding-school life was a new world, bringing to the country girl the companionship of girls of her own age, the dawning of intellectual and religious ambition. Intense by nature, she threw all her energies into this new life. It was not difficult for her to take high rank in her classes, but it was difficult for her to restrain her impetuous nature, which was constantly leading her to do daring or forbidden things.

Of her early school days Miss Singh wrote in Bishop Thoburn's life of his sister: "My aunt brought me to school, and I was taken to the office. Miss Thoburn greeted me cordially, but I thought her very reserved. I did not see much of her that year, for I was a little girl, and she taught the higher classes." After a furlough in America, Miss Thoburn returned to Lucknow in 1882. "It was during this year that I became acquainted with her. What a beautiful year that was to me. She taught us literature, and I can never forget how her enthusiasm for heroes and poets kindled a like enthusiasm in us. To-day, as I walk through the beautiful Lal Bagh garden, that she loved and tended so carefully, thoughts of her—blessed, holy, beautiful thoughts—and memories crowd each other. When I first came to school I did not know the name of a single flower, except perhaps the common Edward rose and the various kinds of jasmine that we Indians love so much; to-day as I walk through the garden I say to myself, here she showed me a name of the nasturtium; here she showed me a bird's nest; there she analyzed a hybiscus for me. What a new world was opened to me the day she gave us our first baby lesson in botany! I felt my heart and mind expanding as she told us that leaves were to the trees what our lungs are to us, and how we could find out the age of trees by the rings under the bark. These are simple things to you, but oh, what a world they opened to us!

"I shall never forget her Sunday afternoon prayer meetings with us. How clearly she explained the laws of the spiritual kingdom! Her real, practical, quiet, and beautiful Christian life appealed to us even more than her words.

And because she was always bright and interested in everything, even our pretty clothes and vain ambitions, we learned to admire goodness. It did not seem sober and solemn and sanctimonious. How well I remember one Sunday afternoon, as I stood behind her chair in a pretty European dress, another missionary came into the room and looked at me, and then turned to her and said, 'Miss Thoburn, do you allow your girls to dress in foreign clothes and such fine ones?' She said, 'I don't often interfere with my girls in personal things. I try to mould their characters, and I hope the rest will follow.' One of her favorite verses from the Bible was, 'The letter killeth; the spirit giveth life.' And the result of her patient working from within, instead of without, did not disappoint her. She made me love India; she planted true patriotism in me, so that I gave up the foreign dress.

Miss Singh's father had considerable property and also held a government position. The loss of most of his property came about the time he retired from the service on half salary, so that he was not able to pay for the continued education of his daughter. She was then in the high school, and was not willing to give up her studies. Having heard Miss Thoburn tell of American girls who had worked their way through college, which thought her own sturdy ancestry also prompted, she refused a mission scholarship. She paid all her school fees by teaching, while her aunt helped with personal expenses. This double work was too heavy a drain upon her health. For years she had not sufficiently warm clothing and would not accept presents. Babu Ram Chandra Bose was then living in Lucknow, and being greatly interested in the struggles of the proud girl, would bring her bottles of cod liver oil. She could not refuse gifts from such a man, he was of her own people. When she passed her college entrance examination her record was high enough to win a government scholarship, and after this time she won scholarships in every examination, which paid most of her college fees.

Having obtained a college entrance certificate Miss Singh's family thought that she should marry and be like other Indian women. It was a remarkable achievement, in 1886, for an Indian girl to pass this examination; her family did not dream of higher studies. But during those last years in the high school, in close contact with Miss Thoburn, ambitious thoughts had been growing in her mind and those of her companions. Miss Singh wrote of that time: "Those talks made us ambitious; I remember how Shorah and I would sit beside the dear, saintly Mrs. Chuckerbutty, and talk about passing our F.A. and B.A. I remember thinking to myself that we could never be efficient workers unless we had something of the educational advantages that our

missionaries had received." There was no college for Christian girls in India. Miss Thoburn, however, after much prayer and long consideration, opened, in 1886, the first college classes for Christian girls in Asia. Miss Thoburn was forced by ill health to go again to America; when the college girls had finished the sophomore year, passing the intermediate examination, the acting principal of the college did not venture in her absence to open junior and senior classes. There was a college in Calcutta for Brahmo Somaj girls, and to the Bethune College, Lilavati Singh and her friend Shorati Chuckerbutty went. Miss Singh won many friends among the Brahmo girls; not only was she charmed by their social life, but her thought was influenced by their religion.

After graduation she taught a year in Dacca, in a government school. During this year, as during the two years at the Bethune College, she was separated from missionary influences. She met many educated Indians in Dacca, and made friends with the English residents, enjoying greatly this new life, which was, however, full of subtle temptations. Concerning this period of her life she wrote: "I became very cold and indifferent to my religious life; my ambitions were all for the world, but the memory of Miss Thoburn's life still seemed to have a restraining influence on me. I remember one night particularly, some of my friends had persuaded me to go with them to the theater. They were coming to call for me at eight o'clock that night, but when they came I could not go. Although I was in India and Miss Thoburn thousands of miles away in America, yet I imagined I could see her eyes looking sad and disappointed at me for forgetting the teaching I had from her. That night I began to think more about her life and the teaching I had received from her; finally I wrote and told her I was not satisfied with secular work, but wanted to take up some form of Christian service.

Before receiving this letter, Miss Thoburn had been deeply impressed with the need of securing educated Indian girls for the college work in Lucknow, and naturally her thought had gone out to the few girls from her own school who had graduated from college. Miss Singh's letter seemed an answer to her prayer, and she at once replied, offering her a salary of \$25 a month. She said that she herself should take no more and urged her to accept this opportunity, that they might be co-workers for Christ on the principle of self-denial. Miss Thoburn wrote: "My heart's desire is to keep you in the way and to secure your services for Christ. I have prayed with faith that God would give us college teachers from India, with the spirit as well as the ability of those who come from America, and even in greater measure." As Miss Singh had already

assumed the support of some of her nieces, it seemed impossible for her to take so small a salary. She, however, finally accepted the call to Lucknow as a call to service for her Master, and she never asked or received a larger salary, until she was made a missionary in 1900. "Even Christ pleased not himself," the text that Miss Thoburn gave her at this time, became the ruling motive of her life.

In July, 1892, Miss Singh returned to Lucknow as a teacher. She was the only Indian teacher on the college staff, the only Indian member of the missionary family. While the American missionaries welcomed her as their equal, it was harder for the European and Eurasian teachers. The educated Indian Christian has not gained his rightful place in his own land even yet, and eighteen years ago it was a revolutionary thought that an Indian woman could equal a foreigner in ability and position. The complex social life of India was reflected in the college at Lucknow, where the race question has always been one of great perplexity. It could not be ignored, it could not be settled in any direct way. It was Miss Thoburn's love, for her and confidence in her, that helped her through many a hard place, not only during those first years of teaching, but all through her life. Her dependence on Miss Thoburn led her to depend on the God who ruled supreme in Miss Thoburn's life. The young Christian was discouraged with herself so often, her ideals were so high that she was tempted to think she failed utterly, when she was succeeding, —but she never wavered in her purpose to serve her Saviour.

Of her work as a teacher, she said that in those first years she was so afraid of her students that she rarely had a recitation, depending wholly on written work. As she gradually gave up the old methods of "cram" by which she had been so largely taught, she began to interest her classes by broadening the text-book treatment. She specialized in English, and her excellent memory, added to the love of literature, gave her a genuine mastery of the subject. After two years of private study, during which time she was teaching full hours, she took, in 1895, the A.M. degree in English literature, with honors, from the University of Allahabad. Tennyson, Shakespeare, and George Eliot were real friends; quotations and characters from their writings were woven into her thought. Coming into such a real fellowship with the authors whom she taught, it was inevitable that her classes should catch the enthusiasm. A natural teacher, she combined enthusiasm with thorough, exact work. How often her girls would return from a government examination, rejoicing, because many of the questions asked had been so carefully discussed in class.

Because of the illness of another missionary,

she was obliged to take the philosophy classes. Her own instruction in philosophy had been very poor, a mere cramming of text-books, so she had not the help in this subject, that Miss Thoburn's teaching had given her in literature. She studied during vacations; she read widely, she asked help from other teachers. Her interest increased, especially in psychology, which seemed to have a special fascination for her thought, but she felt that she was still working at a disadvantage. She hoped and planned for a year in an American college, where she might give her whole time to English literature and philosophy.

In 1898 overwork brought on severe headaches with sleeplessness. She could not teach, so Miss Thoburn sent her to the mountains for six months. In spite of the anxiety she felt for Miss Thoburn, who was doing extra work, she gradually regained strength and nervous energy.

With fresh strength and courage, with renewed zeal and devotion, Miss Singh returned to her work. Ambitious as she was to make her teaching successful, she felt that her true work was to help her students to live true Christian lives. Although the few Hindu and Brahmo girls in her classes never accepted Christ, they were strongly influenced by her. The impression made by her on European and Eurasian students, was very remarkable, for those girls generally come from hill schools, where they have never met educated Indians. It was a revelation to them to find in the Lucknow college an Indian professor, whom all admired and respected. Her highest ideal of work was, however, to help the Indian girls to make the most of their opportunities. The many letters she received from girls who had graduated, told her that she had aroused in them ambition, that she had helped them to decide to be missionaries to their own countrywomen.

FIRST VISIT TO AMERICA

Hardly had Miss Singh begun work, before an unexpected change came in her plans. In March, 1899, Miss Thoburn went to America to raise money for the college. She wanted to take Miss Singh with her, thinking that her presence would appeal to the people of America more forcibly than speeches. Permission did not come in time, for Miss Singh to sail with Miss Thoburn, but she went a few months later, arriving at San Francisco in July. Although she was away from India only a year, yet that period was full of new influences that made lasting impressions on her life. She had had no experience in speaking in public, so her very marked success as a speaker was a great surprise and satisfaction to Miss Thoburn and the secretaries of the missionary society. Power in speaking, added to a charming personality, made such an impression, that no audience was unmoved. Bishop Thoburn describes

her first address before a large audience: "Before her sat nearly three hundred ministers, with perhaps a thousand other intelligent hearers. Miss Singh appeared in her graceful and very becoming Indian costume, and when introduced, at once, began in a distinct voice, but a quiet manner, to make her plea for higher education for the women of India. The audience listened, at first with interest, but soon with undisguised amazement. The quiet speaker before them spoke of English literature with an intelligent familiarity that surprised them beyond measure. The address was dignified, but simple; forcible, but modest, and exceedingly strong, without being in the slightest degree pretentious."

Intensely interested, not merely in America, but especially in the missionary workers of the country, Miss Singh was quite unconscious of the admiration she excited in all who met her. In the homes, she visited, her mastery of the English language, her culture of mind and manner, usually made the first vivid impression. But her charming personality, her simple teachableness, her love and appreciation of all goodness, were the more abiding impressions. She had no selfish thoughts: love for her Saviour, love for India, love for her friends, were the dominant feelings of her heart. It is not strange that she was loved by every one! That the children were attracted by her bright winsomeness! Her work was not easy; constant speaking in public, the meeting of new people day by day, are trying experiences for a strong woman, who has had training in public speaking. Miss Singh was not strong, and toward spring it was evident that she was ill. At the Christ Hospital, Cincinnati, in March, an operation was performed successfully. Although her recovery was normal, she was not wholly strong when, two months later, she started on her return journey to India.

A year of work, and then came the great sorrow of Miss Thoburn's death,—very suddenly she was called home, dying of cholera, August 31, 1901. Of this supreme loss Miss Singh wrote: "It is a little over twenty-three years since I came to know her, and I have been with her ever since, and she has become a mother to me, who am motherless. I forgot she was an American woman and I a Hindustani woman: I was as free with her as if she had been my mother." No higher tribute could be paid to any missionary than this. Miss Singh said, in her address at Bishop Thoburn's Jubilee in March, 1903: "You cannot mention the name of Thoburn in India to-day without the hearts of the people being stirred with love. It is because of the confidence and love the Bishop and Miss Thoburn had in us that their work has been such a success. You may die for a people, but if you do not love and trust them, you do not accomplish any

lasting good. Because these two loved us and had faith in us, they have developed leaders."

VICE-PRINCIPAL OF THE ISABELLA THOBURN COLLEGE

After Miss Thoburn's death Miss Singh was called to more responsible leadership. Ranging now as a full missionary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at the Conference of 1902, she was appointed vice-principal of the college. The other missionaries at the college had had little experience in India, and had not shared the responsibility of the work, thinking, that while Miss Thoburn was there, she could do all. The thought of the college without Miss Thoburn had never occurred to them. Miss Singh knew the work, the students, and the parents, so that although an American was appointed principal, the real responsibility fell upon the vice-principal during those difficult months of adjustment. In this new work she showed great executive ability; biding deep in her heart her own sorrow, she devoted herself to the strengthening of a work that seemed almost-ready to fail because of the death of its founder. The influence of Miss Thoburn was as strong after her death as while living; it was the ambition of both missionaries and teachers to carry out her plans even to the smallest details. The greatest pleasure that brightened those dark months for Miss Singh was the care of the garden. She planted and arranged as she had seen Miss Thoburn do for so many years. Later she made some changes, and the beautiful rose arbor will remind the school girls for many years of Miss Singh.

STUDENTS' CHRISTIAN FEDERATION CONFERENCE IN JAPAN

Profoundly interested in the development of India, and especially in the growth of the Christian Church of India, she had carefully studied the problems and successes of other Asiatic countries, especially of Japan. The influence of Japan has naturally been very great in arousing the political ambition of the people of India. In 1907 a very unexpected invitation came to Miss Singh to go to Japan as the Indian delegate of the Young Women's Christian Association, to the Student's Christian Federation Conference at Tokyo. She was always interested in the Y. W. C. A. work, and an active supporter of the Isabella Thoburn College Branch, yet as she held no official connection she was much surprised by this invitation. The Association made no mistake in choosing the woman, whom they thought, best represented the educated woman of India, and this choice showed its broad, catholic management. Miss Singh, in speaking of the Y. W. C.

A. work in India at the Tokyo Conference, said "To me, who has been engaged in mission work for seventeen years, it seems to be one of the strongest factors for the evangelization of India."

The Federation Conference was a revelation to her of the strength of the student movement. The organization of this greatest student body, with a membership of 113,000, including representatives from all civilized nations, not only broadened her outlook, but inspired her with great enthusiasm. College men and women, demonstrating by their oneness in Christ the influence of Christianity upon the educated classes, were gathered at the Tokyo Conference to discuss plans for the evangelization of the world. How suddenly the slow work, of saving India, became glorified, when viewed as a part of this world-wide movement. The prominence of the Oriental delegates at the Tokyo Conference was a revelation of the power of the East to the Orientals: themselves, as well as to the Western delegates. One of the English secretaries writes that Miss Singh, who was very prominent in the women's delegation, made a strong impression on the Japanese. On the journey she had made friends with English, Swedish, and Dutch delegates, and that was by no means the least important part of her work at the Conference. As a result of these friendships, and of the understanding she showed of the problems of students' work in India, she was elected chairman of the Women's Co-operating Committee. Surprised at this appointment and distrustful of her ability, she accepted the position with great reluctance. It was a gratification to the Conference leaders, that Miss Singh so strongly impressed the Japanese. Looking upon the Indians as a subject race, the Japanese have hardly recognized them as their equals. While there were very intelligent Japanese women at the Conference, no woman made the impression that Miss Singh made. The Japanese women were especially delighted with her wonderful English and her powers as a speaker.

Miss Singh was charmed by the beauty of Japan, the cleanliness of the homes and streets, the love of flowers shown by men, women and children; yet, that which interested her most deeply was the independence of the Japanese, as shown in the indigenous character of all their work. A large proportion of the churches self-supporting, one fourth of all the regularly organized benevolent institutions of the empire in the hands of Japanese Christians,—this struck her the more forcibly because of the contrast with her own country. While in Japan she spoke often of her great admiration for the Japanese women, yet there was a touch of sadness because she always bore her own country in mind. "I

is all beautiful here," she said, "but like the mother who loves her sick, delicate, and unhappy child more than the beautiful and happy ones, so the more I see of what the women of Japan have gained and accomplished, the more my heart aches with love for my own poor, beloved India and my own sisters there." At a meeting of the Women's Committee, she pleaded for a larger recognition of Indian women in the Y. W. C. A. work. It is true that it has been difficult to get educated Indian girls for responsible positions, but in some cases the apparently greater efficiency of European and Eurasian workers has kept the Y. W. C. A. and the missionaries from recognizing the ability of the Indian girls. She urged the committee to give opportunity for responsible work to the girls of India, and thus build up a really native Y. W. C. A. In an address at Cincinnati, in 1908, Miss Singh compared Japan and India: "At first I was discouraged over India, for in Japan ninety-one out of a hundred of the women are attending schools, while in India the percentage is seven out of a thousand. But when I stopped to think of Ramabai, the Sorabjies, Miss Chuckerbutty, and scores of others, I took courage. These women can stand beside the women of any country and hold their own. And these have come out of the land that is cursed with child marriage, the zanana system, and other similar evils. Oh, the vast possibilities in the Indian mind and character! India is worth saving. Again, I repeat, India must be saved for her own sake, and for the sake of all she can do for Asia, and she must be saved through her women."

PRECEPTRESS OF SCHOOL DORMITORY

Each new experience brought Miss Singh back to her chosen work with new zeal and greater energy. Although she was not well during her trip to Japan, and she began the college year, July, 1907, under physical disadvantages, still this did not keep her from carrying out a plan that had been developing in her mind. Remembering how much the close, personal touch with Miss Thoburn had influenced her girlhood, she gave up her quiet room in the college building to live in the school dormitory. While keeping her college classes, she took the duties of preceptress of the dormitory. This was a new position, not taking from the matron's duties, but supplementing them. Fortunately the matron was an old friend, so they worked together in the delicate task of adjusting the work of the new office. The interest Miss Singh showed in shoe-strings, house keeping problems, sanitation, and methods of bathing, indicated ingenuity as well as executive ability. The old dormitories, which are badly ventilated, are also in constant need of repairs, as

she compared them with those of other schools, she resolved that a new dormitory must be built. In the meantime she made the most of existing material; vines and plants, a lawn and trees made their appearance, growing in the magical way things grow in the rainy season in India. A sitting-room, with comfortable chairs and books, was arranged for the older girls, and pictures were hung in the dormitories and dining room. But these external changes were not so important as her influence. "Our Miss Singh," the children began to call her, rejoicing that she was living with them. How she loved the little ones! They came to her room for evening prayers, they were always begging flowers from her. The girls from the country schools, who were struggling with the higher requirements of the Lucknow school, appealed to her sympathies. She encouraged them, stimulated their ambition, until after months of what seemed useless work they began to get hold of the new conditions. Sometimes a simple change in dress, or even the recutting of a village-made skirt, would transform the awkward girl into an inconspicuous, self-respecting student. Miss Singh, with the matron's help, watched for these little opportunities.

The older girls came to her for help in religious and moral difficulties; girls who were too shy to confide in a foreigner opened their hearts to this woman, who was one of them, yet far superior to most of the women of India. It is a serious problem, in a land where the influence of Hinduism undermines morality, to teach that religion cannot be separated from morality. Home training and school influences had taught Miss Singh this lesson early in life, and she knew better than most foreigners how to enter into the moral problems of the girls. Ambitious girls, who were planning to earn money and gain social position, found it easier to choose an unselfish life with such an example in their midst. That the unselfish life is not easy to live, Miss Singh knew full well. Many discouragements came to her: girls, for whom she had prayed and worked, disappointed her expectations; helpers failed her at most critical times; special trials, indeed, came to her because she was forced to pioneer the way for other Indian women. "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," was true of her experience to some extent; the friendship and love of the majority of her people, however, made up for the misunderstanding of the few. Not for one moment did her loyalty to India waver, and in spite of the special perplexities of the Lucknow work, she would not have left the college. The love and gratitude she bore to Miss Thoburn, her belief in the need of higher education for Indian girls, would have kept her loyal to the Isabella Thoburn College, had the difficulties of the work

been many times greater. She planned broadly for the future of her college; for more buildings, for first-class equipment, for Indian teachers specially trained in England or America,—for the consecration of all the graduates to the service of India.

STUDENTS' CONFERENCES ON THE CONTINENT

Before leaving India, Miss Singh had been invited by the Students' Movement and the Young Women's Christian Association to spend a couple of months visiting colleges and student Conferences in England and on the continent. It was not possible for her to give so much time, but she gladly accepted the invitation for one month. Having never come into close contact with English women in India, she feared, that the race prejudice so prominent there, might prevent her from having any influence with British students. The welcome, she received, banished all these fears, and she looked back to those weeks in England with the deepest pleasure. One of the British students writes thus of Miss Singh: "I had never met an Indian lady before and was not at all sure what I should say or do while I was with one. When Miss Singh came into the train: she looked so charming in her sari, and spoke to me in such beautiful English, that I was quite captivated by her and when we parted at Utrecht after a crossing (from England), Miss Singh had found rather trying, I found my whole conception of Indian womanhood had been changed. I was henceforward able to appreciate Miss Singh as chairwoman of the Federation, for her own value, as well as for the mere sake of having an Indian in that position." Miss Singh was on her way to the Dutch Student's Conference at Hattem. She gave one important address at this Conference of the effect of which a delegate writes: "Several of the men as well as the women students were very much impressed by both herself and her message. I think she was a revelation to them, too, of what an Indian lady might be." Another Dutch delegate writes of Miss Singh's address at Hattem: "Her deep, true, glorious faith made my soul rejoice. Not at Edinburgh, not at Zeist, did I feel so strongly God's work in Asia, as through Miss Singh's words, which made us European Christians feel ashamed of our little faith. I hear still her voice ring enthusiastically as she described her vision of the future of Asia,—the far East for Christ. She made me feel the prophetic truth of her words."

BRITISH STUDENTS' CONFERENCE AT BASLOW

The British student continues her impressions: "I think—and Miss Singh said it herself—she was almost awed at the opportunity which was given her at Baslow, the British

Students' Conference. She had not realized before, what it would be to speak to a thousand British students, of the claim India had upon them,—as she said, 'Not because you conquered India, but because God gave her to you.' It is impossible to describe the effect of her address,—every one of the thousand who heard it saw visions they had never seen before, and heard a call to consecration which it was impossible to neglect. She stirred the meeting to its depths, and this is the more noteworthy, as the meeting was a morning session,—when the British Movement does not generally expect enthusiasm, and usually has addresses which are directly instructive rather than eloquent. Miss Singh told us that she thought, that the destiny of India lay so much in the hands of the educated men and women of Great Britain, made our Conference a great responsibility to her. It almost seems as if she was specially inspired for the great use she made of her opportunity. I think, too, that she was pleased, perhaps a little surprised, to find the British delegates so eager to meet her and to make friends. I believe it is different in India, and so I am especially glad she really saw the right side of our people before she died."

Several student secretaries, who were at the Baslow Conference, have written that no woman speaker, whether British or foreigner, had ever made a deeper impression at any British Student Conference. One writes: "Off the platform she was very popular with the students; we all admired and we all liked her." A French delegate writes of a young man who volunteered for missionary work because of Miss Singh's address; he was not the only one who told Miss Singh of her influence in leading them to volunteer. The French delegate writes, that she herself volunteered at Baslow and that she believes Miss Singh's influence to have been the strongest factor in her decision. Several of these volunteers told Miss Singh of her help, and the joy of service helped her to keep up in spite of ill-health that was again troubling her. An English secretary writes: "In all the remaining days of the Baslow Conference, Miss Singh was to be found in the midst of eager groups of students, questioning her about India, and gaining from her a wonderful inspiration for service. One student—and one not easily moved—told me lately that when she heard Miss Singh speak she wished she were forty women that she might give every one of her lives to India."

SECOND VISIT TO AMERICA

Miss Singh left England for America directly after the Baslow Conference, landing in Boston, August 9th. The voyage was restful; when, however, she was settled in her friend's home in

Lynn, she realized how very tired she was. Refusing all invitations to speak, she rested until early October, when she began to make addresses for the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Hardly had she begun her work before her health failed again. She made several noteworthy speeches in New York and the Middle West, but soon she had to give up some of her engagements. Late in October she went to Cincinnati for the General Executive Meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

At this meeting Miss Singh made two public addresses, the more important being the anniversary address delivered Sunday evening before a large audience. In this address she spoke of her appreciation of the work of the home authorities: "I see that the work done by the members of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in this country is in some respects even harder than that of the missionaries you send out. You have not seen the actual need of the Christless nations, you have not had the joy of preaching Him to hungry souls, and yet year after year you toil, sometimes with an aching body and a discouraged heart. To you I bring the words of Christ: 'For I was an hungered, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger and ye took me in.' Stranger, yes,—with thousands of miles between us, and yet you had a heart large enough to take us in. To you I bring the loving greeting of the women of India."

After a few weeks' rest Miss Singh returned to New York, where she spoke at two drawing room meetings of the Young Women's Christian Association. While she continued to give addresses for the missionary society, she was also trying to raise money for a dormitory for the school girls at Lucknow. The society, having appropriated money for a recitation building, could do no more, so permission was given Miss Singh to raise money independently. Harder than public speaking was the work with individuals; though some gifts were quickly and cheerfully given, the work dragged; Miss Singh was often very much discouraged. The middle of December she went to her home in Lynn for the holidays, but while resting she was making plans for future work. She often said that she would probably not succeed in raising this \$30,000 because she was not worthy to succeed. She read again and again the little leaflet by Dr. Babcock on "The Success of Defeat," and would say that she feared she was not leading the life she should, because she was not willing to fail in this special work. This dormitory will now be built by Miss Singh's friends as a memorial. She is counted worthy of work in heaven; her friends will finish her work for the college.

During the next four months there was need of all the spiritual strength and courage that

Miss Singh possessed. After ten days' illness in Lynn, the doctor advised a serious operation. This was a surprise to her, for she had never considered her condition critical. She had been tired for so long that these sick spells seemed to her only extreme weariness. With calm foresight, however, she made her will, giving, to her friend, directions about her personal possessions. After careful consideration, she decided to go to Cincinnati, that the same doctor who had operated on her ten years ago might take the case. She was welcomed cordially at the Christ Hospital, but the doctor decided that it would be better to try a minor operation first, before performing one that might have critical results. After three weeks in the hospital she returned to Lynn with renewed courage. She was warned that she must be very careful, and that she could not fully regain her health for months, perhaps years. In March she was again in New York, working both for the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and for her special fund, yet working with moderation.

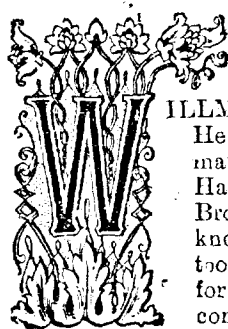
Friday morning, May 7, a serious operation was performed at the Augustana Hospital, Chicago. The operation was successful, but very soon complications developed, which on Saturday night produced critical symptoms. Everything was done that was possible, and Miss Singh longed to live. Once on Sunday she said to her friend, who had arrived before she went to the hospital: "You know that I am not afraid to die, but I have done so little that I want to live." She had no anxieties; her friend knew all about her affairs, and, moreover, knew her thoughts and feelings so well that there was no need of words. This sympathy was a great relief to Miss Singh, for she suffered much, and the last twenty-four hours she had great difficulty in breathing. Much as she depended on friendship, it was very evident that a deeper comfort and strength was hers. She realized that underneath her were "the everlasting arms." Conscious almost to the last moment, she went home Sunday evening, May 9, 1909, just before ten o'clock.

On a beautiful hilltop, with a wide view of hills and river, Miss Singh's body lies in care of a loving friend, and in the care of thousands of loving women, who, for her sake and because of her life, pledge themselves to more devoted service for India. The marker of the grave bears the inscription, "The peace of God was on her face." For years Miss Singh had cared for Miss Thoburn's grave in the Lucknow cemetery; as she tended the plants and vines, she often said that she hoped she would be buried beside her. The women of America hold Miss Singh's grave as a sacred trust, but it is an added grief to the aged father, the devoted aunt, the sister, and

other relatives, that their dear one's body lies in a strange land. The care of her grave would have been an unspeakable comfort to these who have been so suddenly bereaved.

She has found rest and peace and higher service, for to her is now fulfilled the text, which, under a spray of wild flowers from the mountains of India, was written in her Bible: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

A Colourable Imitation.



WILLMOTT Browne was a novelist. He was also an ass, which made matters worse. To quote Fred Hollowell, who had shared Browne's "digs" for goodness knows how long, and who always took up the best possible cudgels for Willmott "Browne is a complete enigma." Fred himself was a solicitor, accounted for his truthfulness; unfortunately it also accounted for a number of other less happy facts. For some unfathomable reason the town's population had never seen its way to overflow into Fred's office, while, on the other hand, no publisher had been found sufficiently generous to jeopardise his business by accepting one of Browne's books. Those, of course, are little details which must not go any further; at least, that's what Fred intimated when he told them to me.

For several months Browne had been perpetrating a novel. Hollowell knew this, but a good many neighbours merely guessed the complaint. He had risen morning after morning with what is figuratively called "the lark," and had meandered over several acres of foolscap. The book had occupied six months of Browne's young life, and, which is still more remarkable, it took him four successive mornings to find a title.

At length he got his inspiration, and with a sob of relief labelled his greatest work "The Halo." With the impulse born of genius, he despatched the novel to a firm of publishers, and took a long walk on the Thames Embankment.

Three mornings later—the New Year was close at hand—Hollowell, who rose at eight,

was investigating the age and merit of his, matutinal egg, when the door suddenly opened and Browne appeared. His hair, which had not been identified with a barber's shop for unconscionable time, rose and fell like an autumn tide, while his sensitive brow was contracted with the burden of a new-born grief.

"Woe is me," he wailed, sliding into the nearest chair.

"Then you and Woe are one and the same," said Fred, with the logic of his calling.

"Idiot!" howled Browne, "if you'd the sense of a pig—"

"Willmott Browne," quoth Hollowell, in his police-court voice, "I cannot listen idly to this defamation of my character. Though I haven't the sense of a pig, you should refrain from mentioning it. You, perhaps, have the sense of a pig—just that amount, and no more. I, on the other hand—"

Browne was measuring the length of the room in yard strides. Eventually he paused, and looked desperately at Hollowell.

"Are you going to help me or not?" he demanded.

"Help you?" Fred repeated. "To bacon? Or perhaps you—"

"Help me in this rotten business!" Browne explained.

"Certainly. What is it?"

Willmott drew from his inner pocket an enormous package.

"My novel," he shouted savagely.

"The Hayloft?"

"The Halo," corrected Browne. "Returned within an inch of success. Before you, Hollowell, you see a man despondent on the brink of fame, dejected on the gangway of success. What's to be done?"

"For a further instalment, buy our next week's issue," quoted Hollowell.

"Read that letter," commanded Browne.

Fred took the sheet of paper that was thrust before him, and, propping it against the teapot, read as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—Of the numerous efforts with which you have favoured us, the enclosed novel is certainly the best. We should have accepted same had it not been for the appalling frailty and lack of realism in Chapter XXXIII. We are compelled to make our publications palatable to the public, and certainly the reading world would not tolerate your idea of a proposal and rejection of marriage. If you think you can sufficiently improve Chapter XXXIII., we shall be pleased to reconsider your book.—Yours faithfully, Clipp, Scann, and File, Ltd."

"Well?" queried Browne.

"Like this morning's egg, it speaks for itself," answered Hollowell.

Browne called loudly upon the gods.

"Don't you understand?" he howled, addressing Hollowell, "Chapter XXXIII., was a constant worry for a whole fortnight. I made several false starts, but finally managed to put together what I considered to be a fine bit of character-sketching. It was the crucial scene—where the heroine rejects the villain's offer of marriage—and I have evidently failed—miserably failed."

"Re-write the thing," suggested Hollowell. "It's what the publishers advise."

"Impossible!" moaned Browne. "I got as near to the real thing as I could ever get. I thought it was a triumph of realism, but evidently the book was read by one of wider experience than myself. After all, what do I know of such scenes? I have never proposed marriage! I have never been rejected!"

Hollowell became sympathetic.

"Are you going to the Hobson's New Year's Eve dance to-night?" he asked.

"If I can't rake up my subscription," growled Browne. "Why?"

"That dance is the very hunting-ground for you," Hollowell remarked. "You can re-write that chapter of yours in the morning by simply reflecting on the doings of the previous night."

"What do you mean?" asked Browne.

"Well, I mean this. All you've got to do is to secure some girl who doesn't care a straw for you. Take your courage into both hands, propose to her, and see how she rejects you. Bind her to secrecy, and the thing's done. What could be simpler?"

Hollowell advanced this theory quite in jest, but, as has been stated previously, Browne was an enigma. He weighed the pros and cons for several moments and the cons lost by a number of votes.

"I'll do it!" Browne cried. "It's the only way!"

Hollowell manifested sudden interest in the coal-scuttle. He had never considered Browne as mad as this. Presently, while Willmott was whispering his determination to the canary, he fled to the hall and buried his head in an overcoat. Then realising the time, he jammed on a hat and sauntered to the office.

A few minutes later he was answering the telephone. It was Browne.

"Are you alone, Hollowell?"

"Quite alone. What's the matter?"

"You remember the subject we were discussing this morning?"

"Yes."

"Whom do you propose I should—er—"

"Victimise?"

"Yes. You know what I mean. Someone who doesn't care a straw for me."

"Wait a minute. What about Miss Plunkett?"

"Too old. I want someone with emotions."

"Daisie Milton, then?"

"Too young. I want someone with a bit of sense."

"I've got it! Maudie Hastings! The very one. She thinks you an awful ass!"

"Do you think—"

"I am sure of it. By-bye, old chap, I'm rottenly busy."

Hollowell hung up the receiver and resigned himself to a morning's undisturbed serenity.

"Maudie Hastings' right," he mused. "Poor old Browne!"

* * * * *

For a subscription dance, the Hobson's affair was entirely successful. Hollowell had "the time of his life." He seemed to be continually in a state of suppressed excitement and would burst into howls of laughter without any obvious provocation. Browne did not look so happy. About half-way through the dance he moored alongside Hollowell and whispered nervously:

"I say!"

Hollowell, who was leaning over a pretty girl in pink, turned inquiringly.

"Well?"

Browne indicated his dance programme.

"I've fixed it up," he murmured behind his glove—"with Miss Hastings, you know. The next waltz—I—"

"That's all right," answered Hollowell cheerfully. "I should dance that waltz out if I were you—she's a ripping dancer. Then take her to a quiet place, and see that you get behind her so you can make notes on your shirt cuff."

"Thanks, I will," said Browne, with a nervous cough; then added: "I suppose it would only be polite of me to look disappointed when she—"

"When she refuses you," Hollowell interposed. "Yes, you'd better try to look the disappointed suitor."

Browne nodded and weighed anchor. Hollowell watched him drifting towards Miss Hastings, and a few minutes later he had that young lady in tow.

Hollowell reached his "digs" at about three, and was not surprised to find Browne in his arm-chair. Hollowell himself was in the best of spirits. Since the last waltz he had not given a moment's thought to Browne's little matter—he had been otherwise engaged. The sight of Willmott, however, recalled the subject, and he slipped into the opposite chair.

"What a coincidence," he commenced, perching his legs on the mantelpiece, "to-night has

been quite a night of proposals. Congratulate me, old chap, I'm walking on air!"

"Hallowell," muttered Browne, "before I proceed to—"

"Hold on," the other interrupted, "I can't stand any speech-making to-night. Just merely wish me luck in so many words."

"I wish you luck," said Browne irritably; "but before you go any further—"

"We don't intend to," Hallowell remarked, "both the girl and myself are well aware of the inadequacy of my income. She is content to wait."

"She'll have a long wait," Browne growled, "but look here, Hallowell—"

"I've loved that girl for many weary weeks, and now she is mine exclusively! Willmott Browne, I'm the happiest man on earth! Shan't you ever marry, old chap?"

Hallowell put the question innocently as it happened, for his thoughts were entirely in his own affairs. Browne, however, rose like Iolanthe from the pond, and with a fierce glare at the questioner, shrieked "Yes!" at the top of his voice.

"Steady, old man," said Hallowell, "the neighbours—"

"I said 'Yes,' which is more important than an army of neighbours," Browne shouted. "I tell you, Hallowell, I don't know whether I'm standing on my head or my heels. It's every bit your fault. All on account of that novel of mine—"

"The Hayloft?"

"The Halo," you fool; all on account of it I've ruined my whole future. I proposed to that Hastings girl, and—"

"And you've lost your notes?"

"No! idiot. Worse than that. To my horror and amazement she's accepted me! Oh, Lord! what's to be done? I'm to see her mother in the morning! I'm burdened with her for life! Something about me has fascinated her, and I don't care if I never see her face again! What on earth's to be done? What—on—earth's—to—be—done?"

Hallowell would have given a fabulous sum for an open space in which to laugh; but, while Browne was holding his head in his hands, a cushion was the only means of mirth suppression. Even a monthful of this failed to do the trick, and Hallowell, who had been a hearty laugh from his youth, broke all previous records. Browne looked disgustedly at him.

"Hallowell," he said, "our friendship had better be at an end."

Fred gradually calmed down.

"It's very rotten of me, I know, old chap," he answered; "but honestly—"

"I require no explanation," said Willmott,

"the situation must, of course, be very amusing to a vulgar mind."

"All right," retorted Hallowell carelessly. "It's no use offering any advice then. Are you coming to bed?"

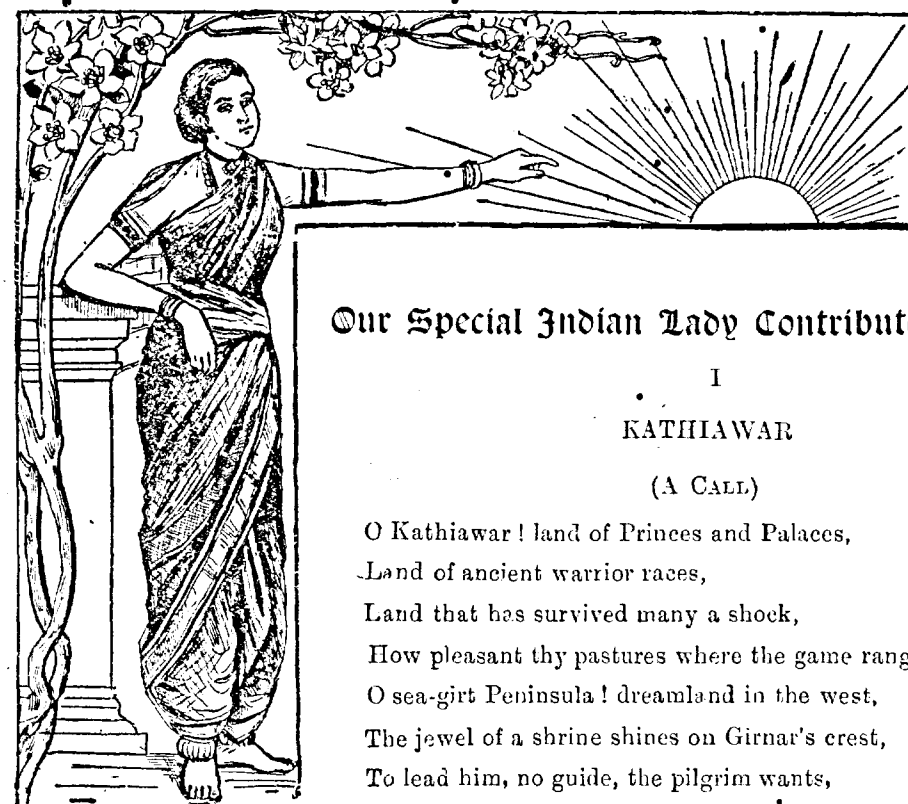
"I shall be going to my room presently, no doubt," said Browne, with the cheerfulness of an iceberg. "For a time I intend to sit here and think."

Hallowell scenting the danger of another outburst, hastily left the room, murmuring "Good-night" with a shakiness which Browne quite misinterpreted.

When, after half an hour had passed, Willmott adjourned to his bedroom, he found a single sheet of paper fastened in a corner of his looking-glass. It bore some words in Hallowell's scrawl, and the following was the subject matter:—

"Dear Old Willmott:—Why! oh! why would you not listen to me? I could so easily have alleviated your sufferings. Know, my gentle friend, that I have been courting 'the Hastings girl' for several weeks. To-night she accepted me. She also accepted you—by an oversight. No, old chap, the fact is, it was a little joke. I couldn't really resist it. You know my buoyant nature. Maudie has promised me it shall none of it go any further, and I promise that too. It was really her idea. She argued that as you were experimenting on her, she had a perfect right to do so on you. See? Rather rich, isn't it? You must try and forgive, and to-morrow morning we'll kiss and make friends if you're not late for breakfast. Maudie also wants to see you. She doesn't think you're such an awful ass after all.—Yours, FRED."

Willmott Browne thought for a long time. He felt that his dignity had been outraged, but he also felt that he, himself, was not entirely removed from blame. In taking a mean advantage of him, Hallowell and his girl had assuredly erred, but "to err is human, to forgive, divine." Early next morning—New Year's Day—Willmott Browne became divine.



Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Column

I KATHIAWAR

(A CALL)

O Kathiawar! land of Princes and Palaces,
Land of ancient warrior races,
Land that has survived many a shock,
How pleasant thy pastures where the game range in flock.
O sea-girt Peninsula! dreamland in the west,
The jewel of a shrine shines on Girnar's crest,
To lead him, no guide, the pilgrim wants,
Step by step, up and up he winds, no danger daunts.
At Girnar's foot, lo, Asoka's stupa, a relic of the past,
Thro' ages and aeons, its engraved letters last,
This deep-embedded stone, in mute silence it cries,
And asks each traveller, will Ind ever rise?
On, the ancient cannon mouldering in the Fort,
Whose romance of historic past, all tourists court.
The King of the forest, in Junagadh's cage,
The Pride of Gir, in vain does rage.
He and his fraternity, in common cause, chafe at the bar,
Sad captives! what made longings for the sylvan wood afar—
O Kathiawar; nymph of the Arabian sea,
Awake, behold, the Dawn on Ind's golden lea.
There's music in the air, how sweetly it does chime
In harmony, symphony, with the spirit of the time.

"STUDENT MILA"

II A Criticism



the words "The Hindu religion gives no such ideal."

"The beauty and joy of self-sacrifice" is one of the roots of the Hindu religion. Nearly in every Hindu home you will see not only the men but the women having an ideal of self-denial at home and also for the community at large. From time immemorial the Hindus have followed the ideals of their religion such as Sita, Draupadi, Rama, Luxman and many many others.

The article again states: "It has given indiscriminate doles to beggars, but until recent years has done little for humanity." Is it not a humanitarian movement to support beggars? On the other hand it ought to become the pride of the present and the future Hindu population! It is not fair to say that "Christianity has shown the value of human life, and now we witness Hindu hospitals, Hindu orphanages, Hindu schools and Hindu missions". Ever since the birth of Adam the Hindus were known to value human life beyond gold and precious stones when needful. Not only did they value the lives of their countrymen but knew also the value of animal life; besides they were known to be merciful to their captured enemies. Now we may be witnessing Hindu hospitals of an English fashion, but in former times there were "ashrams", where the sick and the dying were taken care of. Every Hindu orphan was taken care of by its relative or its neighbour.

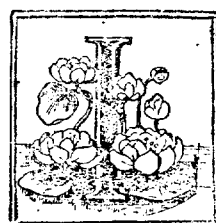
Hindu women were educated to the vast extent that they were able to recite the Mahabharata and the Ramayana; besides they were Sanscrit scholars. It must always be kept in mind that knowledge was first spread from the East to the West; then how can it be said that

"The present ideals of educated Indian women have been evolved through the knowledge of what Christians have done"? Owing to the Mahomedan conquest the Hindu women were kept in seclusion and thus they could not take part in public affairs of which they were capable—they could and did wield Empires!

Time changes and so must our methods. Thus now we have the Seva Sadan, not after "The example of several Christian workers," but a necessity in accordance with the changed times. Philanthropists of the Hindu or Mahomedan faith, who are universally acknowledged, are not wanting. There are some philanthropists, who, when they can do little in money matters, have done and are doing wonders by their self-sacrifice. How often is their existence for their God and their countrymen! We little know what great men and women are among us and it is not possible to count them on the tips of our dainty fingers.

"DIAND."

The Experiences of a Wizard



I BECAME a conjurer chiefly because I was attracted by the art of deception from my earliest years. My parents had different views, and wished me to devote myself to business, with which intent they secured me a position in a store in San Francisco when I was about fifteen years of age. I devoted my time, however, in the store to playing weird tricks with umbrellas, hats, and various other goods that I had to show the customers, the cleverness of which did not at all appeal to my employers. At last the climax came one day when a lady came to try on a bonnet. She liked it well enough, but when she removed it from her head and found that it contained two kittens she gave vent to a scream and left the establishment—and so did I an hour later. I have been practising the art of deception ever since, professionally.

My First Appearance.

I made my first appearance in London some years later with a trick that obtained immense popularity. I allude to the "canary trick," in which my assistant holds a cage containing a live canary. I throw a cloth over the cage for an instant, and when I remove it the bird has disappeared. Sometimes I make the cage vanish also. I performed this trick at Mr. Alfred de

Rothschild's house when the King, then Prince of Wales, was present; there were also a number of well-known people among the audience. I remember one gentleman who held the cage on that occasion asked me afterwards if it really was a trick. "I don't mind a trick," he said, "but this looks like magic, and I don't like that." I assured him, however, that it was a pure and simple piece of deception, and that it had taken me close on five years to learn how to do it.

Victimising "the Cloth."

In private life I have performed some of my tricks under rather amusing circumstances. I remember at one time I was staying at a hotel in Manchester when a clergyman was also a visitor. One morning, in the smoking-room, the reverend gentleman was present, and was declaiming against the evils of gambling. "Well," I remarked, "I daresay all you say is true enough, but may I ask why you carry two packs of cards in your pockets?" He at once declared that he never did such a thing, and that I was talking nonsense, but I insisted that he had two packs of cards in his pockets, and asked him to take them out. I shall never forget the look of astonishment in the poor clergyman's face when he put his hand into his tail-coat pocket and produced two packs of cards, and the shout of laughter that greeted their production. When it subsided I confessed that I had played a little trick on the clergyman, which accounted for the presence of the cards, but I am afraid there were some present who were inclined to think that the reverend gentleman was not all he pretended to be.

A Bogus Priest—

Talking of clergymen reminds me of a bogus one whom I met once, and whom, by the aid of a card trick, I was able to expose as a cheat and a swindler. This happened after I had finished a long tour in the East, and was returning from China to pay a visit to my native town of San Francisco. On the steamer was a gentleman arrayed in the garments of a Roman Catholic priest, but somehow he did not seem to me to be quite the genuine article. He was asked one night to take a hand in a game of poker, and after declaring that he rarely played cards, and that he understood nothing about them, consented to join the game. He held extraordinarily good cards throughout the evening, and won a good deal of money. The same thing happened the next night, and by then I had quite made up my mind that he was cheating, and determined to give him a lesson that he would remember.

And His Exposure.

I confided a little plan I had made up to some of the passengers, among whom I remember was Lord Ranfurly, and with their connivance I carried it out most successfully. I took a hand that night, and dealt the priest the four kings, to another player I dealt four queens, and to myself I dealt four aces. Then the fun began. The "priest" was, of course, absolutely sure that he held the strongest hand, for the chances of four aces being out against him were very small. To cut a long story short he raised the betting to £400, and then put down his four kings, uttering a cry of triumph as he saw the four queens. When, however, I put down my four aces he nearly collapsed. He paid the money, which was handed to the captain of the ship, who subsequently returned it to the reverend gentleman, telling him how it had been won from him, and warning him not to try on any of his tricks again at the card table. The "priest" did not make his appearance any more in the card room, and I trust the lesson he received was not without some good effect.

Exposing a Female Impostor.

The most curious place, by the way, in which I ever gave a performance was in a witness-box. This was in New York, when a lady named Debau was being prosecuted for having obtained large sums of money by trickery from a man named Marsh. It is contrary to etiquette for one conjurer to expose another, but in this particular instance I had no hesitation in doing so, for, in the first place, Miss Debau claimed to be a spiritualist and not a conjurer, and, in the next, she had been guilty of defrauding her victim, in the most heartless manner, of nearly all his money. My evidence consisted in showing that what Miss Debau claimed to have done by spiritualism was, in point of fact, done by trickery. She was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. Before she was convicted she wrote me a letter vowing to devote the rest of her life to revenging herself on me in the most terrible manner, but I have, happily, never heard of her since.

It has, by the way, often amused me, when performing at private houses to observe how many people there are who think that by standing close to a conjurer they will be able to see how he does his tricks. Of course, it is impossible, if a conjurer knows his business properly, for a person to discover how a trick is done, no matter how close he may stand to the conjurer. I did a number of card tricks for a gentleman once, who stood a foot or two from me the whole time. Afterwards, when I showed him how some of these were done, he was amazed. "One would certainly never guess

the way they are done by watching you," he said. "Well," I replied, "if you could do that the trick wouldn't be worth doing."

Trick Thieves.

What the average person does not understand is, that the conjurer's art is to deceive. If you can see how a trick is done by watching a conjurer he must either do it very badly, or it must be a very poor trick. Of course, a professional conjurer can often see how a trick is done by watching the performance closely, and, nowadays, it is extremely hard to guard against one's tricks being stolen. Numbers of tricks that have taken me years to learn have been copied by others, and then they are, of course, no use to me any longer. However, I have a fair number in my repertoire which have defied all the efforts of the trick-thieves so far, and I am continually working out new ones to replace those that will probably sooner or later be discovered by the people who have not the ability to devise any original tricks for themselves. Stealing tricks, I may remark, is a regular business. I know of one man who makes, or was making some years ago, a thousand a year by stealing tricks and selling them to third-rate conjurers. For some tricks he would get as much as £20, which, probably, cost the inventor three or four hundred pounds to learn.

Our Children's Page



"WELL, PERHAPS YOU ARE RIGHT,"
SAID THE SPINET

THE other day I saw the man who made my wardrobe, and I asked him why it makes the cracking noise. He said that it was owing to the moisture in the atmosphere. When this moisture presses into the wood it causes the wood to expand slowly and as a rule, in silence. But when the moisture vanishes the wood flies back into its former state, with an accompanying noise. . . That is what he said! But, after all, there are a good many fathers who know very little about their own sons.

Crack! crack! crack! It was in the music-room of an old castle. As you came up by the winding stair you noticed that the room had not been used for a long time. On everything lay dust—upon the wooden platform by the wall, upon the desk of the conductor, upon the wooden floor and over all the varied instruments. Everywhere the dust—upon the spinet and the lute, which had retired from the profession many years ago, likewise upon the violins, the serious double-bass and the French horn, where the dust appeared to be very much out of place. It was as if a squadron of young soldiers, with plenty of fight left in them, were to be shut up in a Home for Pensioners. One would expect to find the spinet and the lute with dust upon them, like a night shirt, but it gave one quite a shock to see the violins and their young comrades lying in the self-same dust. Perhaps, as you looked at them, thinking of the merry songs they should be singing, you might hear another noise—crack! crack!—What a melancholy room!—the walls were of wood (except one which was of rough stone), and opposite the door by which you had entered was another door which opened to the minstrel's gallery. This music room had been the place where people learnt to play and where they practised, while the gallery was where they played for those who danced in the great ball-room over which it hung. Oh, the ball-room! I think if you leant from the gallery and saw beneath you all the vast expanse of emptiness and silence, you would shrink back to the music-room, where, even if the dust lay strewn on everything, there was at all events, a gathering of instruments instead of emptiness, and instead of silence you would hear from time to time, this cracking noise. And if you listened well, you would perceive that of all these instruments, ancient and modern, it was the spinet which cracked the most. And if you listened better, you might understand what she was cracking about. There are not many people who have learnt to understand the spinet's language; they have learnt, or think they have learnt, the language of a dog, which is spoken with the tail and eyes and back; and although I can't deny that people say to one another—"Come, let us have a crack," when they want to have a little conversation, yet, they do not really talk in cracks, like the violin or my wardrobe, and the reason of it is, that they are ignorant of the crack language. So, for the sake of those who would like to hear what was being said in the music-room, I will translate it into English.

"How she danced with him! There never was a night like that. In all my recollections," quoth she violin, "I never saw such dancing."

"But your recollections are as nothing in comparison with mine," said the spinet, "and I can assure you that in bygone years—long before you were invented—people danced with grace and ceremony. And it was I, who made them dance."

"Well, what if you did?" cried the violin. "I dare say people danced, but those were not fatal dances like that one I am talking of."

"No, thank Heaven," said the spinet, "they were grave and graceful dances. That is the most beautiful thing in the world."

"Oh, what a rash statement!" said the lute, "because the most beautiful thing in the world, is my long neck of tortoise-shell and ivory."

"That fatal dances! At all events it lead to something," said the violin, "and all your graceful sort of dances—what did they lead to? You made a hundred men and women join their hands and bow and separate."

"Of course I did," said the spinet, "and it was very beautiful."

Then the double-bass began to crack. "You have not answered my friend's question," said he; "you have not told us what it leads to."

"Nothing! Isn't it enough to dance? I've told you once that dancing is the most beautiful thing in the world. Surely, you don't deny that?"

"It may be very fine to make people dance," said the violin, "but they cannot always dance."

"So much the worse for them," said the spinet.

"And after the dancing-time there is another time."

"Which has nothing to do with us," said the spinet quickly. "Come now, let us think about the splendid time when people move as we command them. Oh, what faces I have seen!"

"And when the lights are out?" said the persistent violin. I suppose when that occurs you don't trouble about what the people are doing?"

"Ah, the poor people!"

"Well, it's different with me," said the violin.

"At all events, in that one case it was my fault that she ran away with him. I sang as I had never done before, so that the blood sang in her veins. It was the first ball which our lord and lady had given for their grand-daughter. She was the fairest maid in—"

"She'll be lying in her grave by now," remarked the lute.

"And how the courtyard clattered with the steeds of lord and knight! Such a gallant company! And then we set them dancing. 'Twas the finest ball which ever has been witnessed."

"I dare say there have been finer ones in France," said the French horn, which was absurdly proud of its name and lost no opportunity of drawing one's attention to it. There

was a certain need for this, so thought the French horn, as otherwise it might be confused with its humble relative, the fog horn, and that would be an outrage, because the fog horn was merely useful and by no means melodious.

"And half way through the ball the glittering cavalier made entrance. When I gazed at him I knew that he was worthy of my highest, and I played as I have never played—"

"You said that before," quoth the lute in a dull voice.

The violin continued. "As I sang my loveliest the blood sang in her veins and his. Her blood, his blood and I—we sang together! And the maiden and the cavalier were carried by that song, the wild triumphant song, as though they were leaves carried in the wind. On that very night they fled from the castle. Ah, yes, if it had not been for me that would never have happened."

"And we should not have been lying in the dust," said the spinet. "From the day when she fled with him the castle has been like a tomb. No foot has trodden on this floor. I know not if the lord and lady of the castle are here, but if they have not gone away they live in mourning and seclusion. We are living in the dust!"

"I call it absolutely vile," observed the lute, that I should have the dust upon me; and you seem to be proud of what you've done, you violin."

"Yes, that I am!" said he. "There is a flower which blossoms only once in a long, long time—the flower of flawless love, and for the sake of that one flower," he said, "a thousand creatures shall be brought into the dust!"

"How excited you are!" said the spinet. "Can't you utter your extraordinary views more quietly?"

"But they are not extraordinary views," said the violin. "And surely in the bygone years, you likewise, O my friend, have caused the flame of love to leap forth in the heart of lad and lass."

"Do you really think so?" said the spinet.

"Yes, indeed! And if it is good to cause their feet to dance, it is sublime if you can make their hearts to dance."

"Well, perhaps you are right," said the spinet.

HENRY BERNARD.



News and Notes

FEMALE EDUCATION

MADURA, 20th Dec.—The Anniversary of the Government Girls' School was celebrated on Saturday evening, when Mrs. Butterworth, the wife of the Collector, presided. The girls went through a very interesting programme of dialogues, recitations, action songs and drills with great success, giving evidence of the efficiency with which they are taught. It is a complete Elementary school, the Third Form having been opened this year with half a dozen pupils. The school is 200 strong and has a staff of nine teachers, all of them duly qualified under the Government Educational Rules. Though an Elementary school, an attempt has been made, with a fair degree of success, to give instruction in English by means of reading lessons in the higher, and conversation lessons in the lower, classes. This is greatly appreciated both by pupils and parents. A nucleus of a school Museum has been started, and it contains a fair collection of Natural History specimens and models. The tuition fees, which range from half-an-anna in the Infant class to four annas a month in the highest form, yielded a revenue of about Rs. 135; whereas, the expenditure amounted to Rs. 1,745, of which Rs. 240 were spent in giving scholarships to pupils of the three highest Forms. There were ten scholarship-holders this year against six last year. The school was inspected three times in the course of this year—one of the inspections being a surprise visit by Miss Lynch, Inspector, and by Miss Jupe, Sub-Assistant Inspector of Girls' Schools. The results of the inspections were satisfactory. The Headmaster's report, from which I have taken these particulars, complains that the girls are neither punctual nor regular in their attendance, and appeals to the parents to co-operate with the staff to remedy this state of things, which naturally militates against the progress of the girls in their studies.

The prizes having been given away by Mrs. Butterworth, Rao Bahadur G. Srinivasa Rao, in a short speech, proposed a vote of thanks to her for presiding, which was carried with acclamation; and the proceedings of the evening were brought to a close with the singing by the school girls of a Tamil song in praise of Edward VII, followed by "God Save the King."

THE BEGUM OF BHOPAL ON LOYALTY.—Her Highness the Begum of Bhopal held a grand Durbar on the occasion of her birthday on Saturday last. Her Highness made a stirring speech dwelling upon the recent visit of the

Viceroy to Bhopal and urging her people to act up to the advice given them by Their Excellencies the Viceroy and Lady Minto in their various speeches. She drew the attention of the jagirdars to their educational backwardness and urged them to throw off their lethargy and utilise the schools for educating their children. She impressed upon them the fact that only sound education makes a man a good citizen and a loyal subject. She further emphasised the necessity of female education and asked the audience to send their female relations to the Sultanpore Girls' School and the Princess of Wales' Ladies Club, so that they may pick up some useful information and thus become good wives and mothers. Her Highness in the course of her speech expressed her abhorrence at the dastardly attempt made on the person of the Viceroy at Ahmadabad. She dwelt upon the various blessings of the British rule in India and said that any movement against the stability of such a rule, be it ever so little, is nothing short of utter ungratefulness, as the peace and prosperity which India enjoys at present are unparalleled in its history. She emphasised the fact that loyalty to her, means loyalty to the British Government as the interests of both are identical. She said further that their religion, Islam, does not tolerate agitation and denounces it in very strong terms by declaring it to be even worse than murder.

WOMEN IN THE PROFESSIONS.—What we all need, men and women alike, is a higher standard of character. To this end, we call attention to the rights of women. We would awaken loftier conceptions of womanhood. And when we get this better public sentiment; when we recognize in the case of women, as we all do in that of men, that their powers can never be developed except by exercise in the active pursuits of life,—feeling this, we shall be willing to open one door after another, and to see them take their place in all branches of industry, in art, in science, and in the professions. Thank God! we already see her in the pulpit, and we shall shortly see her at the lawyer's bar, and on the judge's bench. We shall see her, to a very great extent in the possession of the profession of medicine. We shall see her in the store, in the counting-house, in the bank, and wherever men may go. Society will eventually recognize the principle that no place is fit for men which is not also fit for women. There will be but one code of morals, and of taste. Women will acquire the mental energy and self-reliance of man, and men will emulate the purity and religious sincerity of women. The woman's rights movement is no abstraction. For not only are the present laws unjust, but public sentiment, the

unwritten law of nations, is more unjust than they. We are content to be called "fanatics." It is necessary that there should be such—people who have a new idea in their heads. The more there are to preach woman's rights and duties, the better for society.

AUSTRALIA is moving as regards medical inspection of schools. Dr. Gertrude Halley who graduated in medicine in the Melbourne University, has been appointed Medical Officer to the public schools of Tasmania. It is found that a woman is much better adapted to this work than a man. Dr. Halley's services are highly praised, and have been of great benefit to the children of Tasmania. In her visits she gives valuable addresses to the elder girls.

Miss JANE ADAMS addressed 5000 persons at the opening of the 1905 Exhibition in this city. She was introduced as the foremost of American women. Yet the very men who pay this tribute to her will often turn around and assure us that "the best women do not want to vote." Rabbi Stephen S. Wise on the same occasion made an eloquent speech, in which he put in a strong plea for equal suffrage. Turning to the Chairman, Mr. Bernard J. Rothwell, he said:—"and I want to tell you, Mr. President, you and your Committee, that you will never have a greater Boston, or even a great Boston, until you take women into full co-partnership in every way, in civil, social and political life." This called out long-continued applause!

Of the three women appointed by the Mayor last week to the New York City Board of Education, Mrs. Post is an Episcopalian, Mrs. Robbins a Catholic, and Miss Leventritt, a Jewess. Mrs. Robbins was reported to be a Member of the Anti-Suffrage Association, but she writes to the 'N. Y. Times' denying this.

Mrs. ANNA G. WILLIAMS, for five years Assistant Secretary of the Colorado State Board of Charities and Correction, and for many years one of the most prominent charity workers in the State, has been elected Secretary of the Associated Charities of Denver. Mrs. Williams succeeds Mrs. Izetta George, who resigned. Mrs. Martha O. Coates will succeed to the position vacated by Mrs. Williams. Mrs. Williams has been a resident of Colorado twenty years. In various public and quasi-public positions she became an expert in charity work, and it is on account of her peculiar fitness and training that she was selected for the position.

Mrs. W. W. ARMSTRONG, of Rochester, has been re-elected for a third term as President of the Board of Managers of the Reformatory for Women at Albion, N. Y. This is a "mixed" Board, and the Secretary and Treasurer are men. Mrs. Armstrong is well versed in reform work for the delinquent, and is a Member of the commission in charge of establishing the State Farm for Women.

Mrs. DAVID E. LUCAS and Mrs. Mary E. Ide are at the head of a movement to have married convicts set to work upon farms, their earnings to be devoted to the support of their families. Mrs. Lucas has lived in Chicago for fifteen years, and has been closely identified with settlement work. She has offered a tract of 4,000 acres in Colorado for the use of convicts for five years.

Mrs. JOHANNA MÜNTER writes from Copenhagen, that there is no foundation for the report of a woman having been appointed a judge in Denmark. We clipped the item from an English paper. Mrs. Münster thinks the mistake arose through the fact that the first woman in Denmark to become a lawyer has just entered upon that profession.

Miss MARY JOHNSTON, author of "To Have and to Hold," "Lewis Rand," and other widely-circulated novels, has come out for woman suffrage, and gives excellent reasons for the faith that is in her. Many prominent men and women of Richmond Va., are reported to be signing the national suffrage petition.

Miss LEMMA USHER has brought to completion her beautiful head of Susan B. Anthony. Miss Anthony herself considered this head the most satisfactory likeness of her ever put into plaster. It may be had in plaster, medallion six inches in diameter, at \$5. Bronze medals three inches in diameter may be had at a much lower price, to be announced by Miss Usher, later. Inquiries may be addressed to Mrs. Ida Husted Harper, Press Department, N. A. W. S. A., Room 1703, 505 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Mrs. CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT headed a band of influential and representative New York women who appeared this week before the Committee on Revision of the New York City Charter, and argued for the reforms that they have at heart, especially for a larger representation of women on the boards dealing with women and children, and more adequate pay for women teachers in the schools.

Mrs. MAUD WOOD PARK lately spoke in Wellington, New Zealand, before the Women's Branch of the Political Reform League. As usual, she captivated her hearers. The Wellington papers speak of her lecture—or, as they call it, "lecturette"—in most enthusiastic terms. From New Zealand she has gone to Australia.

Mrs. JOSEPH ANNA ENGELMAN was drawn on the jury a few days ago in Los Angeles, Cal., in a suit for damages alleged to have resulted from personal injury. Objection was raised on the ground that a woman is not a citizen, and that, in any event, a woman is not qualified to serve on a jury. Judge Hauser overruled the objections. He held, that she was a citizen and qualified to serve. Later she was excused on peremptory challenge of the plaintiff.

Mrs. VAN DEMAN went up with Wilbur Wright in his flying machine the other day. She is the wife of Captain Ralph H. Van Deman, of the Twenty-first Infantry. The machine circled the aerodrome at College Park, and was put through some intricate manoeuvres, the flight lasting four minutes. Mrs. Van Deman received a round of applause as she stepped from the machine to the ground. Mrs. Van Deman is said to be the first woman to fly in such a machine in the United States.

Miss ELLEN DAY, aged 81, is the oldest organist in London. At eight years old she was so remarkable a pianist, that she was asked to play before Queen Victoria. Miss Day taught the children of Balfe, and Mendelssohn, Liszt and Chopin were among her friends.

Miss INEZ MILHOLLAND has just applied for admission to the Harvard Law School, and has been refused. It is reported that Dean Ames and a majority of the faculty were willing to admit her, but that President Lowell and the trustees would not consent.

Miss MILHOLLAND is a Vassar graduate, who has behind her a brilliant record of successful achievement, both in her studies and in athletics. She would be an ornament to the Harvard Law School, or to any other. Now some other will get her. It is Harvard's loss.

Mrs. MAUDY C. COLLINS of Tyrone, Pa., lately entered the law school of the University of Pittsburg. She was the only woman in a class of 123 men. The male students made things so disagreeable for her that she left at the end of three days. The students boasted freely when

Mrs. Collins ceased attending the lectures that there would be no more women admitted. Thereupon the college authorities made it known that in future any student attempting to discourage a woman student or to annoy her, will be promptly dealt with by the faculty. This was announced at Chapel last Sunday. We congratulate the University of Pittsburg on the faculty's firm stand for fair play. It is in pleasing contrast to the weak-kneed surrender of the faculty at Wesleyan to the rowdy and narrow-minded element among the students, with whom part of the college authorities were in secret sympathy.

Miss LAURA DRAKE GILL of New York City, and Mrs. Samuel F. Clarke of Williamstown, Mass., were re-elected as President and Secretary-treasurer of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae at its recent Annual Meeting in Cincinnati. President Thomas of Bryn Mawr made a noteworthy address, bringing statistics to show the fallacy of the idea that college women are less efficient wives and mothers than women of less education. President Thomas says they have fewer divorces, a slightly higher birth rate, and a much lower death rate among their children than women in the same walk of life who have not been to college.

Mrs. L. MERIWETHER, the pioneer suffragist of Memphis, celebrated her 80th birthday there on Oct. 16. Her home, at 1522 Vinto avenue, was beautifully decorated with flowers and ferns, and many of her old friends gathered to do her honor. The Memphis News Scimitar calls her one of the best friends to suffering humanity that Memphis has ever known, and adds:

"She goes about her work as a gentle summer breeze, an unseen worker doing wondrous good. As she rounds out those eighty years of well-spent life she is a pattern, an example to follow, for real good."

Miss ETHEL WHARTON, of Wales, is said to be the first woman to receive a Carnegie medal for heroism. Miss Wharton, a nurse, rescued a baby from a burning hotel, and in doing so received injuries that have made her a cripple for life.

The Men's League for Woman Suffrage came to the help of the women in Chicago when they wanted to hear Mrs. Pankhurst but could not raise the price charged by the lecture bureau. The men put their hands in their pockets and produced the money. So say the "Chicago papers."

Mrs. MIRA H. PITMAN has the gift of putting sound argument in a taking form, in her amusing equal rights verses. Her poem, "The Turnip and the Rose," is said to have converted ex-Gov. Cobb of Maine to woman suffrage.

The Illinois Federation met at Oak Park, with an attendance of 1000 delegates, representing 28,000 club-women of the State. The Pennsylvania Federation met at Harrisburg with 800 delegates, representing 15,000 club-members. The Massachusetts Federation went to Brockton with 1,300 delegates, representing 28,000 club-women members; and the New York Federation met at Rochester with 1000 delegates, representing the 80,000 club-women in this State that are enrolled in the Federation.

It is reported that a vast number of women will take part in the coming English campaign, not only the suffragettes, but the women's organizations auxiliary to the various political parties. The allegiance of the Liberal women has been greatly shaken, however, by the extremely bad behavior of the Government on the suffrage question, and the breach of faith on the part of its leaders. The Presidents of a number of the Women's Liberal Associations have resigned on this account within the last few weeks, and Mrs. Jane Cobden Unwin has announced her withdrawal from the party. The despatches say that the political situation is greatly mixed, and that "the question of votes for women may prove the decisive factor in a close fight."

COLLEGE AND ALUMNAE.—The Wellesly girls resorted to various means to earn money during the vacation for their studies in the fall and Winter.

Six taught in vacation schools in Albany, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and Boston. Seven other students have been teaching during the summer; five sold books; four served as hotel waitresses; six acted as councillors in girls' camps; seven were engaged in library work, and seven in fresh-air work. Two worked under the organization for the prevention of tuberculosis, one on the floating hospital, another on a farm in charge of children.

The new gymnasium has been named "Mary Hemenway Hall," in memory of the Founder of the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics, now the department of physical education at Wellesly, under Miss Amy M. Homans.

Mrs. OSCAR S. STRAUS, wife of the American Ambassador to Turkey, intends to make a personal investigation of the leading Jewish Communities there. As an Officer of the Council of Jewish Women of this country and as a worker for the several temple sisterhoods, for the homes for girls and other charitable and philanthropic institutions of New York, Mrs. Straus has always shown her interest in the unfortunate of her race, and now that she finds herself again in another land, she has discovered there a new sphere of activity among the poor of her people.

Mrs. LAURA E. RICHARDS is the author of a new biography "of Florence Nightingale," for young people. It is a beautiful life, beautifully told. Among the many good things to Miss Nightingale's credit, she was a life-long believer in the ballot for women. She wrote: "You ask my reasons for believing in women's suffrage. It seems to me almost self-evident, an axiom, that every householder and tax-payer ought to have a voice in the expenditure of the money we pay, including, as this does, interests, the most vital to a human being." in the great woman suffrage procession in London last year, a large body of trained nurses in their uniform marched under a banner inscribed with the name of 'Florence Nightingale.' They were cheered all along the route.

Mrs. HELEN LORING GRENFELL has been contributing to Clay's *Review* a series of articles on equal suffrage in Colorado. These have just been reprinted in a handsome pamphlet of sixteen pages. It may be obtained from Mrs. Grenfell, 1264 Columbine St., Denver. Mrs. Grenfell is well acquainted with the conditions in her State. She served three terms as State Superintendent of Public Instruction for Colorado, and it was she who introduced the system of leasing the lands set apart for the support of the public schools instead of selling them. This nearly doubled the revenue available for education. After giving a long list of good laws passed by the help of the women's votes, Mrs. Grenfell says: "It should be noted that the aid and support given to such measures has been from women of every shade of political belief, and the various women members of the Legislature have especially used their energies to bring to pass measures for the general good instead of those inspired by partisanship."

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

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277



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. IX]

MARCH, 1910

[No. 9

SILENCES

'Tis a world of silences. I gave a cry
In the first sorrow my heart could not withstand;
I saw men pause, and listen, and look sad,
As though an answer in their hearts they had;
Some turn'd away, some came and took my hand,
For all reply.

I stood beside a grave. Years had pass'd by;
Sick with unanswer'd life I turned to death,
And whisper'd all my question to the grave,
And watch'd the flowers desolately wave,
And grass stir on it with a fitful breath,
For all reply.

I raised my eyes to heaven; my prayer went high
Into the luminous mystery of the blue;
My thought of God was purer than a flame,
And God it seem'd a little nearer came,
Then pass'd; and greater still the silence grew,
For all reply.

—But you! If I can speak before I die,
I speak to you with all my soul, and when
I look at you 'tis still my soul you see.
Oh, in your heart was there no word for me?
All would have answer'd had you answer'd then
With even a sigh.

A. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

object you will be richer, and a thousand times happier, and much more helpful to those around you." He showed him the fallacy of all his arguments in favour of *short cuts*, and during a ten or fifteen minutes talk, he set thoughts to work which changed, not only the young man's plans, but his whole life-work and associations. "Remember" he said, "there is nothing derogatory in any employment which ministers to the well being of the human race. It is the spirit that is carried into an employment that elevates or degrades it." Mr. Mann was very solicitous about the health of children. "Health is the first thing: education will be of little value to them, or others, without health." He considered it a great sin that children should be allowed to grow up without being taught the laws of health. He said, when at college, he was taught all about the heavenly bodies, but nothing about his own body. "As a consequence" he said "I broke down at the beginning of my second college year, and have never seen a well day since." He sometimes shocked some good people by saying "It is a sin to be sick;" extraordinary beings excepted, a man should be as ashamed to be in ill-health as he should be of getting drunk; "whenever you are sick try to recall what you have done to cause it, and then resolve never to do the like again." "A man who has eaten enough and afterwards takes something more, merely because it tastes good, is not a man at all. He is a swine." It is quite true that many an illness can be avoided by greater attention to the rules and habits of daily life, by either eating more or less, or by taking more or less exercise, by arranging for either more or less sleep, in fact, by paying as much thoughtful attention to our bodies, as most people may to their sewing machines, bicycles, or motor cars! If Horace Mann thought debt excusable in order to secure a good education, and good health, as the means of fighting the battle of life better and more strongly, what scathing condemnation would he have meted out to those who incur debt for clothes—mere dress? who hang a mill stone round the neck of the bread-winner, and defraud their hard-working neighbours—the tailors, and shop-keepers, of their rightful earnings by not paying their bills. Is it too much to ask every mother to look upon debt incurred for dress as much a sin of self-indulgence as debt incurred for drink, and tobacco? If you can bring up your children in an atmosphere free from the debt cloud—you will have done much in your generation to increase the happiness and usefulness not only of your children but of all those with whom they come in contact throughout their lives. As "Madge" writes in that useful little book, "A word to women."

Oh! the misery of debt! sleepless night of worry and despair, the irritable frame of mind thereby engendered, the loss of self-respect, the inability to make the most of our income while in debt, and the consequent almost hopelessness of ever extricating ourselves! Oh! the meanness of debt! by not paying the tailor, or the dress-maker you are really borrowing money from them without interest. They have earned that money by their hard work, and you are defrauding them of it.

Most of the temptation to debt would be avoided if the credit system were done away with, and every payment was made a cash payment. One disagreeable result of the credit system is the raising of the market price of goods in order to cover the losses resultant to the trade. Not only do bad debts occur, which have to be written off the books, but "being out of one's money" for years means loss of interest. Those who pay ready money are sometimes, and should always, be allowed discount off payments. There are a few useful suggestions as to thrift in dress which, if observed, will be very helpful and these have come to us from the French. They are to have as few clothes as possible at a time and to see that these are of as good material and fit as you can afford, suitable for the use to which they are to be put. That these should be taken care of, should be well brushed, neatly folded and well washed. How many dresses are ruined by being sent to the dhoby, to be beaten on stones, the colour destroyed by soda, mud, and exposure to the sun, and by rough ironing? Such dresses can be quite easily washed at home, by the girls of the family. A little "lux" obviates all rubbing or hard work; and it is not at all hard work to starch with Coleman's or Glendale starch, and a little practice makes the art of ironing easy. Dresses and blouses washed in that way at home will last five times as long as when sent to the dhoby. Another way to make clothes less expensive is to have them more simply made; short skirts, and shirt blouses with coloured tie, or ribbon, are much more suitable and in better taste for morning and daily wear than long skirts and blouses, a network of insertion and trimmings. Long skirts require more frequent washing, and that in itself is destruction to a dress. The Queen has set her women-subjects a good example in this way. She is constantly to be seen in a short walking skirt, and shirt blouse, and a simple straw hat trimmed with ribbon. If we follow these suggestions, it means taking trouble, and forethought, and working hard, but is it not worth taking trouble in order to be clear of debt, and able to save for our dear ones in the future? The French lower classes are very thrifty, and both in France and Germany no girl of the middle

classes is allowed to marry, unless she has a certain amount of money saved, and a complete trousseau of clothes ready for herself. As soon as a girl leaves school she begins making up, and working at this trousseau; not only making a complete set of substantial underclothing for herself, but also providing linen for the house. In order to do this she has to practice much thrift, industry and economy, to add little by little to her store. Employing dressmakers and tailors among the poorer classes is, I believe, unheard of. They have all been thoroughly well taught to cut out and make their own garments, and knit their own stockings. If every girl and woman in the British empire, to whom economy is a consideration, would do the same, what a relief would follow to the strain on the home purse! But with us, weddings have become a *show*. The bulk of the trousseau money is spent on dress and entertainment and many a girl, both in the higher and lower classes, begins her married life without a rupee in her pocket, leaving her parents to face very heavy bills for her marriage expenses. If these bills are such that the parents cannot pay without incurring debt what an example do they set the departing daughter! How can the young people live simply, and economize when they are started off with show extravagance and debt? It would be an immense boon to society in general if weddings were made simpler and less expensive. Let there be a white dress and lovely natural flowers, and merriment and dancing, but the dresses and refreshments should be such as can be paid for, with a margin to give the daughter at least a few rupees in her pocket to start life with. Believe me there would be much more *real* rejoicing and happiness if this were the case.

From rejoicing to mourning is not always a long journey—the two threads are woven into every life. Custom has manufactured many hard chains for society, and reformers are constantly trying to file asunder these chains by common sense and moral courage, and so to free the victims. No custom is more binding to some classes than that of wearing extravagant mourning. Yet, can it be right when either the bread-winners, or mother is taken, to plunge a whole family (probably already in debt) deeper still in the mire in order to wear black dresses and crepe? and yet this is done every day, and, even good people seem to consider it right! "Surely" it is said "it would be unfeeling" and "what would people say if you did not put on mourning?" The chief argument lies, not in the "unfeelingness", but in "what would people say"! It is difficult and often not wise to make sweeping reforms. There must be some outward form of mourning. Here in India black is

most unsuitable for the climate, it is hot to wear, and washes badly or not at all. Nothing can be nicer than white with black ribbons, or a broad black band round the arm. The chief mourning is out of reach of clothes and externals, that is for outsiders only,—a badge to warn others to avoid speaking of death and loss, in our presence, when the heart is sore and heavy with sorrow and grief,—but the nature and material of the badge is unimportant. It is in these matters of the general tone and style of home life, of food and dress, of weddings and mournings that mothers and wives can greatly influence the welfare of the family. The first object of thrift is good management, care, and foresight to make the best of one's income and to keep out of debt. The second object is to save in order to be able to help others, and provide for ourselves and families in the future.

To help others:—Our ideal Bible wife and mother "Stretcheth out her hand to the poor, yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy." What a picture that shows us of eager willing help stretching and reaching forth helpful hands as if she were seeking out the poor and needy. It may be the easiest way of helping the poor to give the passing beggar a few annas or a rupee, but it is demoralizing to both giver and receiver. The easily got money is a premium on idleness and easily won is easily lost. Easily spent on drink or finery. Why should folk work—they argue—if by going round and begging they can receive more money than they can earn? It would be wise if every one agreed to refuse to give money at the door, but would give food, or clothes, or both. In some cases take the trouble to write, and try to get employment for the needy person. Ruskin's advice to women on the subject of charity is: "Let a certain part of your day be set apart for making strong and pretty dresses for the poor. Learn the sound qualities of all useful stuffs and make them of the best you can get. Accumulate these things by you until you hear of some honest persons in need of clothing. . . . Even though you should be deceived, and give them to the dishonest, and hear of them being at once taken to the pawn-brokers', never mind that, for the pawn-broker must sell them to some one who has need of them. That is no business of yours; what concerns you is only that when you see a half-naked child, you should have good and fresh clothes to give it." Personally, I think a portion of Sunday might be employed in working for the poor. There are many people who have to work practically all the week for themselves and their families. It is true that to such the rest of Sunday is an inestimable boon, and should be kept inviolate. But there are others who loiter about, and waste time on Sundays, surely such

would be better employed in thoughtfully working for the poor and needy? There is the danger of breaking through the rule of not working at all on Sunday, that work for the poor may be set aside, and personal work be continued, but such temptations must be met and conquered.

The next object of "Thrift" is saving for the future, or the rainy day. The rainy day which may mean ill-health, or the unexpected care of relatives, or a transfer of station, temporary loss of work, loss of property, etc. I have heard people say—"I'm not going to save any more, I lost all my savings in Arbuthnot's. What's the good of saving?" A very natural and human thought—first thought—but "second thoughts are best." One might as well say that one would not travel in a railway again, because many accidents have occurred on the railway, and many lives have been lost. One lesson the tragedy of Arbuthnot's failure can teach all of us, and that is not to put our Savings with any private firm that does not publish its accounts—even with the tempting bait of 5 per cent. interest. There is the Post Office Savings Bank where sums up to Rs. 1,200 may be deposited in any one official year. Of this only Rs. 200 may be on ordinary deposit, remaining at call, the remainder is invested for the depositor in Government securities. Further information about the Post Office Savings Bank can be found on page 488 of the Lawrence Asylum Press Almanac for 1909. "How often people say 'when I have an increase of pay then I'll save' but they forget that, 'when foods increase, they are increased that eat them.' Learn and resolve to save from the beginning, at once, if you have not done so already. If a man does not save when he has Rs. 50 a month, he will not save when he has Rs. 100 or Rs. 200 or Rs. 500. Expenses increase as the income increases; it is the *habit* that is necessary, and the *pride* to feel that you *will* not leave those nearest and dearest to you to the mercy and charity of strangers at your death. I have not touched on the subject of being thrifty with our *time*. The busiest persons are those who find time, or rather, *make* time for more work, for study and for play too. Never was good work wrought without beginning of good thought so the time spent on reading good and helpful books can, and often does, result in the "good work wrought." Surely it is as necessary to feed our *minds* with good food as it is to feed our bodies with good and nourishing food? No mother can afford to let a day pass without absorbing some good mind and soul nourishment. In these days there are so many helpful books written, it is not living up to our privi-

leges not to read them, and to gain all the good we possibly can from them.

Do not imagine for a moment that all this has no bearing on your work as mothers. If children see their mother industrious, thrifty, painstaking, thoughtful and helpful for those of her own household, and for the poor and needy, surely they are all the time learning the same lessons, and forming the same habits themselves, especially if in her tongue is the law of kindness? Much disagreeable medicine can be swallowed with a little sugar or pain, so don't forget the law of kindness. It is such a woman, whose children "arise up and call her blessed, and her husband also he praiseth her." There is no higher ideal that can be placed before the members of the "Mothers' Union."

From Trichur to Trivandram



HAVING been slightly indisposed owing to heavy office work, I thought I must take some rest. I applied for some days' leave and it was sanctioned. Then came the question "How to take rest." Am I to sit quiet and sleep? No, I thought of various means but my wife suggested a short trip to some place. Where to go? She came to the rescue and thrust in the name of Fair Travancore, the land of charity, the land of plenty, the land flowing with milk and honey and what not. The question being solved, we made up our mind to start for Travancore. Having packed our things, we started by the morning train to Ernakulam, the capital of the Cochin State. Ernakulam is a beautiful little town, with attractive Public Offices, College, Hospitals, Durbar Hall, Palaces, etc. Right in front of Ernakulam is Cochin displaying its beautiful building, in red and white. The sight, in the evening, when the lamps are lighted on both the shores, is simply most charming and attractive. To the right is Bolghatty—the palace of the British Resident and to the opposite side on the west is Vypeen covered with green. Having stayed at Ernakulam for a day, we started for Travancore in a cabin boat which we hired for our journey. It was 10 a.m. and we were about to start when a storm flew across us and we were compelled by the rowers not to start. Of course they had to be obeyed, for they

are the masters of the sea and the lake. We waited in the boat. A torrent of rain followed the storm and the gentle bay rose in revolt. There was a hurry and scurry all round. All the boatmen rowed towards the shore. Cochin and its splendid buildings all disappeared from sight. But this was only for a few minutes. Soon the rain stopped, the sky cleared itself and things assumed their old usual course. We saw Cochin, Vypeen and Bolghatty, which had disappeared a few minutes ago. Our boatmen now proposed to start and we started. The wind was against us and so we made only very slow progress. The evening came and the purple sun was just trying to hide behind the coconut trees on the coast, which looked bright and smart and the sight seemed enchanting. Gradually the glow of the evening sun disappeared and the moon appeared in the sky. Travel by night was very pleasing. There was calm all round except for the conversation of the passengers and boatmen in the small canoes gliding past our boat or the salutations of boatmen one to the other, the sound of drumming and play of the low caste people in small huts close by or the croaking of frogs. The banks on either side were covered with fine jungle containing handsome convolvulus and other creepers and flowering shrubs. We also enjoyed a pretty view of the backwater studded with low islands covered with grass and sedges. It was indeed a very agreeable and pleasing sight by moonlight and I thanked my wife several times for suggesting this trip. The richness and fertility of the country were seen everywhere. "Travancore from one end of the country to the other is pierced by a successive series of lakes, lagoons and canals, either side of which is fringed with forests of the coconut palm."

About the natural beauty of Travancore Lord Curzon, the ex-Viceroy of India, once observed, "Since I have been in India I have had a great desire to visit the State of Travancore. I have for many years heard so much of its exuberant natural beauties, its old world simplicity and its Arcadian charm. Who would not be fascinated by such a spectacle? Here nature has spent upon the land her richest bounties: the rain falls not in one season, drought is practically unknown and an eternal summer gilds the scene. Where the land is capable of culture, there is no denser population; where it is occupied by jungles or backwater or lagoon, there is more fairy landscape." This is indeed true, which I endorse by my experience. The large and spacious bay, *Vembanad kayal*, has in its centre a small beautiful island which is called *Pathiramanal* or "the mysterious sand of the midnight" filled with forests of cocoanuts. Accord-

ing to tradition, this island owes its existence to the piety of a Brahmin. This Brahmin (Nambudiri caste) was travelling in a canoe and when it reached the place where the island now is, it was dark and the Nambudiri wanted to perform his evening ablution. He asked the boatman to land him somewhere, but the boatman said that they were in the middle of the lake and it was impossible. The Nambudiri at once jumped into the lake and the waters, it is said, gave way and land arose from below, thus forming a small island. This they say is the origin of this small island.

Early next morning we landed at Alleppey—the Venice of Travancore.* Many European and American firms have their representatives here and extensive industries are carried on. The town has a flagstaff and a lighthouse "with a revolving white light attaining its greatest brilliancy every minute. The light is of the second order of the holophotal description, elevated 100 feet above mean sea level and is visible, in ordinary weather, twenty miles. It was first exhibited on the night of 28th March 1862. We visited the lighthouse, port, the shops, etc., and after supper left the place for Quilon. Owing to bad weather and rain we made very little progress and halted at Karumady travellers' bungalow for coffee early next morning. By 7-30 a.m. we resumed our journey to Quilon. Just a few yards away from the Karumady travellers' bungalow we saw in the canal a stone image with head and breast above water. On inquiry the boatmen said that it was *Karumady Kutten* and told me a very interesting legend about the origin of the image. Some years ago a Nambudiri Brahmin was travelling by this side when he asked a Pulaya who was standing by the canal side to go away (for in Travancore if a Pulaya approaches a Brahmin, he is polluted) which the Pulaya refused and the Nambudiri Brahmin cursed the Pulaya for his disobedience and it is said that by the super-human powers of the Nambudiri Brahmin the Pulaya was turned into a stone image. But some say it is a Buddhist or Jaina image. Passing *Karumady Kutten*, we went on making great progress during the day (for the day was very fine). On either side of the canal from Karumady we enjoyed the sight of the punja fields (lowlying lands) and the working of the *chukram* or wheel used in emptying the superfluous water of the fields. The *chukrams* are very interesting to look at. Some are small and some large. The small have eight spokes and the largest thirty-two spokes. The *chukram* or wheel is made of wood, the sides being strengthened by nails. The axle tree

* Travancore Manual.

rests in two pockets made in a wooden box which is sunk in the breach made at convenient places. Long bamboos are made fast to the ground with a cross bar for workmen to sit at, in which these sit or stand and work with their legs; the workmen press the spokes with their legs which then turn and carry away a certain quantity of water. This is repeated and in a few days the fields will be deprived of their superfluous water and cultivation will be begun. It is indeed very interesting to look at these men work, singing merry songs of olden days.

Quilon was reached in the evening and we had a very grand reception there. We spent three full days at Quilon, enjoying the beauties of the place. Quilon is the chief Railway Station of the State and was once an important Military Station. It was also an important seaport and the seat of the Raja and Ranees of Quilon. The Portuguese and the Dutch had factories and fortifications here in the good old days which were all demolished later on. John Yieuhoff, the Chief Director of the Dutch Company at Quilon, at the time when the Dutch had settlements in Malabar, in his "voyages and travels" gives a short account of Quilon and the Queen who ruled the place. He says that Quilon was at that time ruled by a Queen "past her middle age, of a brown complexion, of a majestic mien, a princess who showed a great deal of good conduct in the management of her affairs." About the city he says "The city of Konlang, the Capital of a Kingdom bearing the same name, is situated upon the seashore of the Coast of Malabar about 13 French leagues to the south of Cochin. It is fortified with a stone wall of 18 or 20 feet high and 8 bastions, its suburbs which are very large and stately are by the Portuguese called *Colang China*. For *Kanlang* is separated into two bodies, one of which is called the upper or Malabar Kanlang, the other lower Kanlang: in the first the King and Queen kept their ordinary residences; the last was formerly in the possession of the Portuguese as lying nearer to the sea side. . . . the houses of the inhabitants were very stately and lofty, built of fine stone." Thangacherry is a British Settlement close by where also there is a lighthouse recently built.

Having spent three days at Quilon we started for Trivandram on the evening of the fourth day. The travel by night was pleasant and we passed on and on, but by 9-30 a.m. we retired to rest in the cabin boat giving strict orders to our rowers not to make much noise and we were fast asleep.

It was midnight and we were disturbed from our sleep by a sort of noise here, there and everywhere. I thought the world was coming to an end and at once asked the boatmen what that noise was, when they said

that we had just arrived at the Varkalay Tunnel and the noise we heard was the echo of the hallowing and singing of the various boatmen passing up and down the stream. Soon I woke my wife who was sleeping soundly and showed her the tunnel. Originally there was uninterrupted communication only as far as Quilon. But in 999 M. E. Her Highness Parvathi Baye, who was ruling Travancore at that time, sanctioned the construction of two canals, one from Trivandram to the Kadinankulam lake and the other from Quilon to Paravur lake. These canals were constructed under the supervision of Dewan Venkita Row, and bear the name of Her Highness Parvathi Baye, who is now remembered by all those who pass by that canal. This is indeed a fitting memorial. Even the construction of these two canals was not enough to connect communication from Quilon to Trivandram. There were the Varkalay Cliffs which should be cleared. How to remove this barrier? The question was solved by the opening of two tunnels in the time of H. H. Ayilyam Maharaja at a cost of more than 17 lakhs of rupees. The tunnels were opened to traffic about the year 1880 and from that time the public have much convenience for travel. There is now free water communication from the northern end of Travancore to Trivandram. Early in the morning of the next day we landed at Chakay and drove to a bungalow, near the public offices, which was arranged for our stay. The first day we spent in receiving our various friends, the second day in returning our visits; and so only on the third day we were free for sight-seeing. In Trivandram there is much to see, the Public offices, the College, the Jubilee Hall, the College for girls, the School of Arts, the Museum, the Public Library, the Observatory, the Palaces, the big Streets, Shops, Temples and what not. Having spent nearly a week in the town we returned to our head-quarters.

PARVATHINATHAN.



The Mohurrum



DURING the festive period of mohurrum, popularly known in these parts as "Ala pandigai," it has been screamed into our ears by excited gangs of Moslems marching through the streets— "Ali Dula, Ali Dula, Hussain, Hussain, Hussain, Hussain." What does this 'Ali Dula' business mean? I am confident that many of those who scream so loud could not give a very lucid explanation, as I found it difficult to get any information from the Moslems whom I have interrogated. The peculiarity in this 'Ali Dula' Moslem business is the free association of the Hindu of the lower order in the festivities in these parts of Southern India.

The Moslems open the year with mourning for mohurrum, the first month of the calendar, because it witnessed the death of Hussain, the Prophet's grandson. It is the Shiahs in particular who commemorate Ali, Hassan and Hussain; but others also join. For ten days they mourn in a manner that mystifies the occidental. There are processions by day and there is much parading of streets by nights. Numerous representations of the tomb of Hussain are borne along to the discord of *tum-tum and cymbal*, thousands of martyrs' hands are displayed from the tops of bamboo poles and on the last day these are all thrown into a tank or river, and when the paper or card board out of which they are fashioned becomes water-logged, they sink amid a wild lamentation. The ninth night is that of the massed processions, and thousands go into the streets to witness it. The procession is a great hurly-burly of excited enthusiasts.

But the most imposing scene is the wild fire-dancing and fire-walking. Half a dozen men rush out with bamboos on which are greased and tarred rags that throw great flames. They run round in a ring in the open spaces. They extend their flaming torches horizontally at arm's length and whirl round till they stagger. They dance in a leaping fire and tread unheeding on fragments of burning rag or a large pitful of burning fuel, and walk across screaming 'Din, Din.'

Ali was the son-in-law of Mahomed. He was originally Mahomed's slave, but he was one of

the Prophet's first converts, and he afterwards married the Prophet's favourite daughter Fatima. Hassan and Hussain were sons of Ali, that is to say, grandsons of the Prophet.

Dula is not really the proper name of any man. It is a term for a "bridegroom," but the particular bridegroom signified here is Cassim, the youthful son of Hassan, and consequently great grandson of the Prophet.

The Mohurrum celebrates a battle fought near Bagdad shortly after the Prophet's death, in which seventeen Mahomedan warriors who recognized Ali as Mahomed's successor in the Caliphate fought with Yezith, a Mahomedan king who stood up for the Caliphate of Abubekar, Mahomed's father-in-law. Hussain, Ali's son was the leader of the seventeen warriors of Ali, and both Hussain and Cassim were killed in the fight.

Those, therefore, who go about shrieking "Ali Dula, Hussain, Hussain" are bewailing the death of Hussain and Cassim in the fight. The names of Ali and Hassan came also into the litany, though they were both of them dead before the battle was fought; but Ali is named because the fight was on the subject of his succession, and Hassan because he, like Hussain, his brother, was a brave warrior and Ali's son.

The question of Ali's right, of immediate succession was the crucial point, by the way, of the split between the Shiahs, followers of Ali, and the Sunnis.

P. R. VENKATESALU NAIDU.

The Dream of Dreams

CHAPTER I

THE "LIMERICK"



NE evening in November after hard work in the College Laboratory, Madan Gopal came home, drank tea, and dropped into an easy chair

with an English Illustrated Monthly in his hand. For an hour his eyes were silently reading through its pages. At last he cried out:

"Muthanna, listen to these lines and tell me what you think of them, please."

Muthanna was Gopal's elder brother. English makes no distinction between the elder and younger brother, but Tamil has *Muthanna* and *Thumbi*.

Gopal's brother was an adept in English poetry. He had produced fine lines of poetry to the surprise of many Englishmen. Madan Gopal read five lines and was silent to know Muthanna's opinion.

"This is not serious poetry; but the last line is strikingly apt."

"That is exactly what I want. This is a Limerick competition in England. Four lines are given and I filled up the fifth. You say it is apt and I am going to get the prize of a motor-bike, ha! ha! ha!! ha!!!"

"But I am sure you will have no time to send in your line before the competition closes in England."

"I must have time," furiously declared Madan, as he would not see his dreams dashed in an instant. To make sure, he read all the little letters in the "coupon" to be sent in with the "Limerick" attempt. Most unhappily, Gopal found that his letter would reach England only three days after the closing of the competition.

"Anyhow my line is so good. They might send me a consolation prize." For some time he thought and then said: "I don't care for a prize. I might receive a letter that my line is very good though not eligible for the competition by being received too late. That would be pleasant enough to me. I will send in the filled-up coupon this mail-day."

"They are all business people in England and they will not care to send you an appreciation of the line you have been able to put in. Don't waste some money over all this nonsense" calmly advised Muthanna.

But Gopal would not keep quiet. The Bombay Mail on the next Thursday carried a letter from Madan addressed to England.

As he could not expect to win a prize, he forgot in a day all about the "Limerick" affair, and was, as ever, faithful to his books of College study.

CHAPTER II

MADAN IS A WEDDED YOUTH

Madan Gopal was a youth with a charming face. He was to appear for the Bachelor of Arts Degree Examination in December. He had won distinction in two previous University examinations for his remarkable intelligence. Though he stood only second in the list of successful candidates of both Matriculation and First in Arts Examinations, Madan's answers were pronounced to be the *happiest* and those of the first man above him *ideal*.

Madan Gopal had been betrothed last summer to Kamala, a charming pretty girl with a sweet voice to sing and a warm heart to love. The bloom of twelve springs was upon her and she

was as beautiful as a lotus, even as her name *Kamala* might very well indicate.

Madan Gopal was eighteen. He was proud of his beloved; perhaps no College mate of his could boast of a girl of Kamala's excellence. The thought of his dearest often came to his mind, but he was a strong man. He said to himself, "I will pass my B. A. and then think of Kamala." Though Kamala did not disturb his studies, Madan Gopal was not quite happy after having been known to all, to have been "married" this summer. He had held in pleasant duty the little finger of Kamala for five blissful days on the marriage occasion, which is more properly termed *Panigrahanam*, "union of palms." Madan loved Kamala dearly and longed to exchange a few syllables with her. He had read of love-making in English novels and wanted to get himself some happiness in that way. But the people of Gopal's country never thought it proper that young fellows should hold any conversation with their young wedded wives.

It was for the great festival of Deepavali that Madan Gopal went to his father-in-law's house. He was entertained grandly. At sunset all the little children together with Kamala and Madan were to be driven in their own carriage through the illuminated streets. The bandywalla had some difficult work in keeping away his master's mischievous children from the dangerous horse in the carriage.

"Mother, Kamala and Madan are dressed so well, but these children will annoy them greatly. Why not let Madan and his wife drive by themselves?" proposed Abdul Rahman, the bandywalla (he laboured under a real grievance against the children) to his mistress, the mother-in-law of Gopal. The proposal of Abdul sounded sweet in the ears of Gopal and he moved away to avoid betraying his blushes. "Rahman, you are a Muhammadan. You do not know what we Hindus must do. How can you think of Madan and little Kamala driving all alone without anybody else?" replied the mistress. Madan drove that night with the unwelcome company of all the children of his mother-in-law.

When Madan Gopal agreed to honour his father-in-law with a visit on the occasion of the Deepavali, "the festival of lamps," it was with a hope of meeting Kamala that he had done so; and now there was scarcely any chance of this wish being fulfilled. On the Deepavali day, when he was expected to be all gay, Madan was really gloomy.

Still there was hope. Gopal accosted the queen of his heart in the parlour when there was not a third person by. But poor Gopal was disappointed. Kamala was too timid "to dare

to speak to her husband." Madan ended longer embarrassment by leaving her to herself. He walked away, lightening his misery by singing from Tennyson's "Miller's Daughter":

But when at last I dared to speak,
The lanes you know, were white with May,
Your ripe lips moved not, but your cheek
Flush'd like the coming of the day;
And so it was half-sly, half-shy,
You would, and would not, little one!
Although I pleaded tenderly,
And you and I were all alone.

The next day Madan Gopal returned to the metropolis. He had not failed to perceive the slender figure of Kamala on the open terrace watching with a secret sigh the departure of her lord. Madan Gopal knew that he would one day be sole master of Kamala, but what a misfortune that he could not entertain and be entertained by sweet Kamala, sweetest at thirteen!

CHAPTER III

EXAMINATION OVER

Madan Gopal's examination was over with the third week in December. The next Saturday he had a leisurely oil-bath and an elaborate dinner. He was in the best of spirits. He had answered to his satisfaction and was confident of occupying a very high place when the results would be out.

But he had soon cause for feeling melancholy. He yearned to meet his dear Kamala. If he went to his father-in-law's (he was sure to have an invitation) he had just some glances at Kamala; but it was cruel that he could not talk to her. Madan cursed the country in which he was born, a country where he could not make himself happy.

Ere long, the lover was relieved in his solitude by three of his friends.

"We must have a pleasant time, now that our examination is over; what do you say, Gopal?" asked Krishna.

"Certainly, we shall try, to spend our time pleasantly."

"I know I cannot pass, I have done so badly in the practical part of Physics. Anyhow till the results come I will be merry with you all", joined Bhaskar.

"And you Kesav, how did you do?" enquired Madan.

"I fear I shall get plucked in English. You know I am weak in that subject".

"I have absolutely no fear either in English or in science, but in Vernacular I am not sure. I had neglected the subject" said Krishna rather proudly.

"And how did you, Madan?"

"I think I have done well" calmly answered Madan.

There was a pause, as all of them had done with talking about their examination. Krishna broke the silence by proposing: "Now sir, we go to Mahabalipuram to inspect the interesting relics there,—rocks hewn into grand images. We spend some time in wandering about the country there, presenting, I am told, a sublime aspect. Will you accompany us, Gopal?"

"Readily, I must thank you for the pleasant idea that has occurred to you."

That day they went to Mahabalipuram and saw there things which exercised their fancy for some days afterwards. This was not the one excursion that the young men had. They planned a number of trips to many an interesting place lying within a short radius of the metropolis and every evening they returned home, the better for more knowledge of a number of little things.

CHAPTER IV

A PLEASANT SURPRISE

A week had passed after the examination. It was Saturday, Madan had had his usual oil-bath and finished his dinner. The sun was severely hot. Madan was looking at vacancy, as he sat with his eyes half closed. While in this state he heard a knock at the door downstairs.

"Who is there?"

"Samee, Post." *Sami* is God and is used in Madras as a respectable term of address.

"I suppose the foreign mail has got some letter for Muthanna," Madan thought, and quickly descended by the staircase, and received a fine envelope. He was surprised to see that the letter was to him and not to Muthanna. A correct guess flashed across the mind of Madan: "Oh! this must be the letter about the line I sent in for the Limerick. Muthanna did not think I would get a reply." He opened the letter, and who can picture his feelings when he read the following:

DEAR SIR,

Re your letter dated—enclosing a line for our Limerick, we have great pleasure in announcing that the judges specially appointed for the purpose have decided that yours is the best. We have accordingly packed and despatched the prize of a motor-bicycle to our agent at Madras. He will deliver it to you free of all cost.

We appreciate the interest that you, at such a distance, have evinced in our Competition.

Hoping to receive your patronage for our renowned biscuits.

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE TOM & BROS.

P. S.—Your letter reached us three days after the date first fixed for the closing of the Competition. But, owing to great pressure in receiving the numerous orders at the Post Office, we extended the time for sending in the competing lines by a week, so that you also became eligible for the Competition.

G. T. Madan Gopal was master of a motor-bicycle!

Though Madan had possessed an ordinary cycle he was not rich enough to purchase a motor-bicycle. But now that he had got one for nothing at all, his father would certainly pay him to maintain it with petroleum and other necessities. And Madan knew how to manage a motor-bicycle. His classmate, the son of a Rajah possessed one and Madan, with his natural curiosity had learnt all about the machine and had even gone on it twice or thrice himself. So there was no difficulty in receiving the prize of a motor-bicycle.

CHAPTER V

THE SPEED OF LOVE

It takes one month for goods and packages from England to reach Madras. It was in November that Madan Gopal competed for the "Limerick". It was now the end of December. The surprising letter which informed Madan of the fortune he won was posted to him two weeks after the cycle had been despatched, so that the letter and bicycle reached Madan within an interval of two days.

Luckiest of all the youths in Madras, Madan's heart was now set on getting to his mistress, with the powerful locomotive of a motor-bicycle aiding him in his flight!

After the examination had been over, Madan had once thought of stealing away to the town in which Kamala was. It was ten miles from the nearest railway station. There was a road to cover this distance and it took more than two hours to perform this part of the journey alone to Parvatipur, where lived Kamala's father. The part of the journey by rail was sixty-five miles. Leaving out of consideration the mail train that went at an inconvenient hour in the night, all the other passenger trains took three hours to reach the railway station, nearest to Parvatipur. Thus with more than five hours of travel to and fro to complete, and an unserviceable time-table of running for the trains, Madan Gopal could not possibly steal away to meet Kamala somewhere by herself and be back at Madras before dusk.

But now he had a motor-bicycle and things presented a different view. The Grand Trunk Road which had been constructed between Madras and Bangalore in the days of Lord Clive was sixty miles from Madras to Parvati-

pur. Madan was an expert cyclist. He had won a gold medal in the cycle races at the last Annual Park Fair. He would ride on the motor-bicycle at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Making allowances for incidental stoppages Madan Gopal would be with his love three hours after starting from Madras. His machine was quite new and there would be no danger of its deceiving Gopal midway.

Parvatipur is blessed by the Government with a Girls' school that had showed steady progress greatly within the past ten years. At the western end of the town a rich man had built at his own cost a splendid building for the free use of the school. The school taught up to the Fourth Form. Kamala had been withdrawn from this school owing to sentiments vehemently expressed by her grand-mother against sending the girl to a public school. But after her betrothal to Madan, she was again attending the school under instructions from Muthanna, who knew well what Madan would like his wife to be. The girl of thirteen was now in the Fourth Form. She was the show-girl when persons of note paid visits to the school.

The school met between seven and ten in the morning and three and five in the evening. Madan Gopal proposed to start at six in the morning at Madras, reach Kamala's school at nine, take her out from there, spend happy hours with her and start back for Madras in the evening.

For a youth of Madras the love that would bear Madan at the rate of thirty miles an hour on a motor-bicycle, was really head-strong.

One morning under a clear sky, when the red sun was on the horizon, radiating his first rays of light and life, Madan Gopal was ready to start on a flight to steal to his beloved.

CHAPTER VI

A KNIGHT OF ARTHUR

The previous evening Madan had hired from one of the shops that stood in all pomp on either side of Mount Road, the commercial centre of Madras, a pretty perambulator, made of cane with a pair of shining rubber-tyred wheels. Madan's friend Krishna kindly consented to be in charge of it for the night. This morning Madan attached it behind to his bicycle, that it might serve him for the use of his wife when he would be in Parvatipur.

With a rose-coloured silk piece tied round his head and a majestic tail hanging from it on his back, Madan Gopal was riding on his motor-bicycle in a smart suit. If Kamala had known him to be coming, and waited in feverish expectation for her dearest lord, no other girl could have had the privilege of waiting for a worthier person on earth.

The wisdom of Lord Clive had planted trees on both sides of the Trunk Road in close succession. The shade of these giants, the banyan, the mango, the peepul and many others, protected the traveller from the severe heat of the merciless sun. When Madan rode this morning, it was in a continuous glade where the sun dared not pierce and joy sparkled on his face.

Madan had not progressed many miles when he alighted in a village before a humble cottage, being prevented by a religious procession that blocked the road. At the cottage door sat an old former with a grey beard and a bald head. By him stood a handsome little girl with downcast eyes. She was the daughter of the son of the old man who had died a year ago, and whose widow soon had followed him.

The orphan girl attracted the eyes of Madan. The old man looked exceedingly uneasy. He had pawned the ear-rings of his grand-child for a few rupees, that he might pay away completely the Government taxes that were levied on the small plot of land where the farmer grew his annual supply of corn.

The ear-rings had been given to the orphan girl by the bride-groom that had won her hand. This grand son-in-law was to visit the old man that evening and the latter feared to show before him his child with ear-rings absent.

Madan came to know of all this by a few questions. The money that the jewel had been pawned for was not great. To provide for exigencies Madan had in his pocket thrice the amount that would recover the jewel for the little farmer girl. Generous Madan Gopal produced the rupees and told the old man: "Take this, and get back the ear-rings for your grand-daughter. If you insist on returning it to me, you may do so at your leisure. But let not the matter trouble you."

This was an unthought-of favour which Heaven sent to the ryot. He had heard in tales, of Rajahs of old, who voluntarily offered redress to the subject that lived in their protection. Was Madan Gopal a Rajah? Well, he was handsome enough for one and his conduct was no less befitting a Rajah. Madan had to inform the rustic that he was only a private man.

By the next harvest the former sincerely hoped to pay back Madan. Now he fell on Madan's feet, (Madan was a Brahmin) called him his deliverer, and prayed to God to bless the young man.

Madan Gopal resumed his flight. He felt in his boyish vanity all the glory of Sir Launcelot of the Table Round. He had once read with enthusiasm

"A knight of Arthur working out his will,
To cleanse the world."

This morning Madan Gopal had relieved a poor farmer in distress.

His fancy's Queen was now uppermost in his mind. He stopped at no more places. At last, the Girls' School at Parvatipur was reached and Madan Gopal was at the beautiful gate of the school, adorned with sweet-smelling creepers.

CHAPTER VII

EXTREME IMPRUDENCE

All about the Girls' School it was perfectly quiet. The doors were closed. There was not a girl to be seen there. What did this mean? Madan took out his watch for the first time to-day. Lo! it was eleven o'clock. The school closed at ten and so was silent now. Madan had hoped to arrive at nine at the latest. How could it be? Did not he come with the speed of a motor-bicycle? He looked at the Speed Regulator. It showed *twenty miles per hour*! In his haste the Speed Regulator had not been set right to serve his urgency. His adventure had stopped him for some time. In some places, flocks of sheep and cattle that started out to graze at dawn, and at others busy traffic in narrow streets, had helped to retard the progress of Madan.

His hopes were terribly shattered. Yet there was another thought that pained Madan Gopal the more. Granting that he came to the school at nine, how could he expect to meet Kamala? Her friends would ridicule her. She herself would be in a most awkward situation. Everybody would laugh to hear that a certain Madan Gopal attempted to talk to his wife at school. Madan saw that he was rash, he was imprudent. He was the greatest fool to have fled sixty miles from his home in pursuance of a mad hope. He remembered that he was after all a native of Madras. His mind had not the slightest justification for being influenced by the love-stories he had read in English. Madan now found out that he ought not to have expected to fare better than any other youth of his country. As it happened to every other, a silly ceremony would be gone through and Madan Gopal's "nuptials celebrated" in two or three years. It would be "immature perversion" in the eyes of the public, if Madan's flight to-day came to be known. Madan craved for unattainable happiness, though his doom had been sealed on the day when he was born. Madan was always popular with the old for his uniform gentleness, modesty, and goodness; but now the "extreme imprudence" of Madan would be talked of everywhere. Madan Gopal, lastly, had ever been a light hearted boy, but

now the love that got the better of him since he came across Kamala, landed him in fresh sorrow every moment.

He cursed himself, he cursed his stupidity, his rashness and imprudence. He cursed his country, he cursed his mother-in-law and he cursed his new motor-bicycle!

Madan quitted the Girls' School and turned back on the road by which he had come. He was too exhausted to start back for Madras. He moved to the shade of a peepul tree that stood a furlong on this side of the school, rather an unfrequented spot. Here Madan brought his machine to a halt, dropped himself in the perambulator and meditated in silent agony.

Every day life in India begins very early in the morning, ceases at midday, and is resumed at about two in the afternoon when the sun has lost some of his severity. The road by which Madan lay was now breathless and none disturbed his melancholy solitude. The fatigue of riding sixty miles added to the fact that Madan had not a wink of sleep last night closed his eyelids in the heat of the day.

Madan Gopal, in that loney place, resting with eyes closed, his handsome face altered by the blow of disappointment, unfriended by the world and unminded by his Kamala,—it was a picture to be conceived by the most skillful master of the brush.

CHAPTER VIII

HIS DREAM OF DREAMS REALISED

It was half-past two. The road gradually showed signs of life. A carriage came rattling by. Madan was too absorbed to mind the noise of the wheels.

"Salaam, Maharaj" struck his ears, the carriage had come to a stand-still.

Madan was too uneasy to slumber and the "salaam" half opened his eyes.

"What brought you here, master?" Madan heard a familiar voice. In a low tone he managed to reply:

"Well, a mad thought brought me hither."

"When did you buy this kind of cycle, master?" continued the other. Madan murmured:

"Well, a stupid shop in England presented me with it and has made me run mad."

Both these answers of Madan sounded strange to the person in the carriage. She was stupefied. She got down from the carriage. The tinkle of her ornaments roused up Madan.

"Do I dream? Do I see Kamala there?" he exclaimed.

Kamala was face to face with Madan.

"How came you here?" asked the dozing Madan.

"I am going to school" quickly replied Kamala, surprised at the question put to her.

"I had forgotten your afternoon class entirely," Madan did forget it in his overwhelming grief.

A new light now shone in his eyes such as the world had never for him before and a new color was added to his cheeks.

"But how came—"

Madan saved her bashful hesitation to say "you" by saying:

"I will tell you all about my coming here; now at least you are pleased to talk to me."

A gentle smile escaped the lips of Kamala.

"Your absence from school to-day will not matter, I suppose."

"I am the monitor of my class—"

"And nobody will take you to task for being absent" put in Madan.

"Exactly so" was signified by Kamala.

Madan was still on the road when he spoke to Kamala. The road was increasing in its bustle. Madan would avoid it. He put a silver piece in Abdul Rahman's hand and asked him to hide under the tree until he returned with Kamala.

"You will sit in the perambulator, we shall go to Muhammadali's gardens."

Proud Madan Gopal was driving his fair mistress to a secluded garden. The carriage and horse were safe in one place and Abdul Rahman was safe in the toddy shop.

The gardens referred to were all that remained of a palace of the days of Muhammadali, the Nawab of Arcot. There was a lake in it in which sparkled all the year through with crystal water decked with lotuses. The grounds were thick with trees and the air was exquisitely scented by the jasmine and the rose. There, on a marble slab, in a bower, sat Madan Gopal and his Kamala, the loveliest pair, in the happiest moments of their existence.

Madan briefly related to his anxious listener how he came in possession of the motor-bicycle, the plan of his flight, the adventure he passed on his way and the disappointment he met with at the school.

The shyness of Kamala speedily gave way. The devotion of Madan touched her heart. She would comfort him. She gathered some flowers that lay about and offered them to him. The blossoms, coming as they did from Kamala's hands, breathed a new life into Madan.

"I like the jasmine best" was Kamala's opinion.

"Perhaps they are the most fragrant of flowers, there are climes which can never hope to produce them."

"I suppose the colder countries do not produce them; they must be unfortunate people

indeed, that are not destined to be refreshed by the odour of our jasmine."

About flowers and plants, the sun, the moon, and the stars, about heroes and heroines of myths, and lastly about the wonders of modern Science, the couple had a lot to converse.

No sooner did Kamala find out that her husband had not taken his meal than she procured some plaintains from the gardener that lived very near and put the carefully peeled fruits, with the biscuits that she untied from Madan's cycle in a lotus leaf ready for Madan to eat. The fare was simple and he relished it.

While Madan was thus spending his time with the long-desired company of his beloved Kamala, his attention was drawn to a jingle of bells.

"That is the mail runner carrying the tappals that are delivered at six" explained Kamala.

Madan looked at his watch. It was half past five! He had spent three hours without knowing that it could be more than ten minutes. The call of duty was important. Madan must be back at Madras. He stood up and moved a few spaces towards his cycle.

The free affection of Kamala burst forth. She flew to her lord, rested her head on his broad chest, looked up to his bright eyes, and gently entreated: "Don't forget the engine, please." In the course of their conversation Madan had promised her the present of a tiny model Railway Engine that worked with coal and water. Madan had himself gained this as a prize for standing first in experimental Physics at his College. He assured her that it was the last thing he would forget in this world and hoped to bring it when he visited his father-in-law's next.

Clever Abdul Rahman managed to be under the tree when Madan arrived. The two parted.

Madan Gopal had realised his dream of dreams!

When the gun to announce eight in the night was fired at Madras, Madan was in his home.

"I believe the motor-bike takes you to longer excursions than ever before" remarked Muthanna. Madan remained silent, cheered by a secret joy.

My story would not perhaps be complete if I did not mention what happened when his parents-in-law came to know of Madan's visit to Kamala, (Abdul did acquaint them with it). The mother-in-law exulted that Madan was so good to her daughter. The father-in-law was a man of broad sympathies. He discovered that Madan was an extraordinary youth. He aimed at something more than the costly feasts his father-in-law afforded him.

The father-in-law soon after wrote to Madan in which he said:

PARVATIPUR,
January.

MY DEAR SON-IN-LAW,

We long to have the pleasure of your company amidst us here. As you are now having holidays I earnestly hope that you would find it convenient to go to us.

We have recently added a "Summer House" to our garden. It would be entirely at your disposal.

Hoping to see you very soon,

Affectionately yours.

The "Summer House" meant much to Madan. He would have his Kamala to keep him company there. Madan Gopal did go to his father-in-law's. He was now trusted with Kamala. He gave the engine to her, and was delighted to teach her a thousand things in wonderful Science. The gifted girl pleased him in turn with enrapturing music and Madan even learned to play on the violin and the veena, instructed by his fair consort.

It was the most memorable vacation in his life that Madan spent with Kamala, "sweet as a flowering jasmine."

Karumbic

A SOCIAL TRAGEDY



PIERRE LOTI, in his graphic account of a visit to Travancore alludes in a casual way to the "humble humanities," of whom he wrote only that they lived and moved and had their being under the never ending tracts of coconut palms in the Coast. Now Karumbic belonged to

this humble class of people, being an Eluva girl. In Malabar the Eluva is called a Tiya. She lived alone with a decrepit old mother on a tiny islet in the Kayenkulam back water, in a frail cadjan shed, which contained no furniture beyond a wooden box, a few earthenware pots,

a mat or two, and a neat pillow, with a grinding stone, mortar and a cadjan umbrella for the old mother. Karumbie herself, black and comely, beautifully modelled and active as a cat, found no difficulty in braving the elements at any time, or any hardship in beating with a muscular arm, the cocoanut husk into fibre and then weaving it into rope. Equally easy was it to pole along swiftly, a canoe to market, when she purchased the few necessities which her humble fare demanded. Easier than all was it to flirt outrageously with all the boatmen who passed her little shanty on their way to Trevandrum or Cochin. Karumbie's home was none too lonely, for she lived on the highway of water communication and learnt all the gossip and the news along the back water. She was virtually queen of the back water in the centre of which was her island, with its clump of cocoanut palms, its plantain trees and its patch of yams. Her flirtations were on the surface, and every man of her acquaintance, while he hoped, yet despaired of winning Karumbie. A general favourite with no lover in particular, every amorous boatman and toddy climber who knew her was sure that he was the desire of her eyes; but so cleverly and carefully did Karumbie manage them that no breath of even suspicion sullied her maiden fame. Wearing the white lotus of innocence, Karumbie had, in some mysterious manner, imbibed the spirit which recognises that woman has individual ambitions and aspirations. No amount of lecturing from her mother, or her relatives, could induce Karumbie to consent to a *sambhandam* with any man whom her heart did not approve. She wanted to choose for herself and how she choose the sequel will show. After her morning bath was over she would sit on the pial of her house and dispense hospitality in the shape of *poofos* and plantains and betel and nut and warm *podu ari* (broken rice) *conjee* for pice. The simple life was hers. Simple food, scant, yet all sufficient clothing—a single *moondoo* being wrapped round her shapely hips and falling just below her knees was her only garment. If work was prayer then Karumbie was prayerful, for of any other religion she knew naught. Occasional visits once or twice a year, to the shrines of Badrakali Veera Badran, or Madan, when all the Eluva community attended, and when monster horses of straw covered with rich drapery were dragged along, were seasons of rejoicing.

She met her distant relatives and friends then. She saw new things in the bazaars. She wore new cloths and she enjoyed the picnics in wayside places and had her fill of sight-seeing. And then she got home again, her lap full of little treasures, and once more inhaled with

renewed relish the salt breeze that came from the sea.

"And when the cool of evening fell
And tender colours touched the sky
She felt her youth within her dwell
And quite forgot she had—to die!"

A fine simple minded animal was Karumbie, with a pagan delight in mere life. Religion pure and undefiled, if she ever was conscious of religious feeling, was associated with vows and their fulfilment.

If Madan failed her one year, the next year she would make a request and promise an offering to the small shrine of St. Joseph, which she had heard was a good God, and the shrine stood a little way from the Roman Catholic Church at Kavari and had a receptacle for the offerings of the faithful, while St. Joseph himself could be seen within. What mattered Madan or St. Joseph! that God was best who quickest responded to her wishes. In the hot still moonlit nights, Karumbie would bathe in the back-water and watch the fish making phosphorescent trails, as she swam about and saw all the brightness envelope her. She would dive for shell fish, the flesh of which went into the pot, and the shells to burn lime for her betel and nut. When in sportive vein "No dolphin ever was so gay upon the tropic sea." It was when the monsoon set in, however, that Karumbie revelled in the roar of the elements. She loved to hear the breakers dashing in thunder on the beach not far away; to see the cocoanut palms sway in the breeze, to view the waters of the sluggish lagoon lashed into fury and excited boatmen shouting in the dark. She would laugh merrily and taunt timid sailor men when they took refuge with their boats at her island in preference to braving the weather.

Now girls like Karumbie, marry early in life and when seven years old, she had been married to a man who had no claim on her and of whom she had no kind of remembrance—and she had, as before stated, persisted in declining to form a *sambhandam* with a man not of her own choosing. She wished to remain free and unfettered!

But who can resist destiny? Who can foresee the future? For Karumbie, wilful and free, fell in love with a young Mahomedan boatman, whose magnificent proportions she admired and whose cunning courtship she could not resist. He brought her sweets from Cochin and gilt glass bangles, and taught her how to wear a bodice and promised her—what every lover promises—happiness and love! Karumbie was a woman and was won—and trying to believe in a new God she meditated fresh vows to the Mosque and—after her mother died—one stormy

night she fled with her lover—and became a *Nichtachi*! That was ten years ago!

By accident riding out one day recently, I passed a string of Mahomedan bazaars. Karumbie stood outside one of them in an inexpressibly dirty cloth, her ears covered with brass rings and a naked child sat on her hip. She does not dare to dress herself, for women who dress clean and bathe often are not considered virtuous—and as soon as she saw me she scuttled inside a bazaar. So Kulsombie—once Karumbie—with tousled hair, reeks with dirt, is confined to her house, slaves for her husband who has lately married a younger wife and finds her only consolation in the one child she has borne. Her heart is full of bitterness and jealousy and regret, her spirit is cured. Gone are the Moonlit nights and the daily task in the open air. Gone the storm-tossed back-water and the harmless converse with passing boatmen. The freshness of life has faded for Karumbie—as it fades for all of us and for the rest, her change of religion and her infatuation for a strange man has brought instead—mental, moral and physical degradation from which there is no escape. The low class Mahomedan in Travancore is quick to resent in a summary manner the desertion of his women. He is certain she is only a woman without any soul made expressly by the Great God Allah to minister to him and to be a servant and a slave to the free and happy—Karumbie now is that.

A. P. S.

Romesb Chandra Dutt, C.F.E.



our country. Brought up by parents of high literary attainments, Romesh Chandra Dutt

became pre-eminently a true lover of his mother country and before his brilliant life came to a close he held the high office of distinction—'The trusted counsellor of Princes.'

While he was in Baroda, he gained the title of the 'Friend of the poor,' because he placed the condition and the suffering of the poor before the Government of India in such sympathetic terms that the Government was forced to do something to alleviate their sufferings and thus to better their condition. During his early career he wrote on the condition of the peasantry of Bengal—a work which secured for him widespread popularity. The reforms which he advocated were granted and it was through his instrumentality that the Bengal Tenancy Act of 1885 became Law. The burden of heavy taxation on the poor cultivators was to some extent remitted through his exertions, though much still remains to be done in the way of uplifting this intelligent and capable class from their lathergic state due to the lack of interest on the part of our enlightened countrymen.

Mr. Dutt lost his parents while young and after a brilliant scholastic career, he, with Mrs. Surendra Nath Banerjee and Bihari Lal Chatterjee, determined to go to England, so that they may come into closer contact with the persons who presided over the destinies of India. At a time when India was steeped in superstition and at a time when foreign travel was prohibited, these three youths, casting aside all social and caste restrictions and clearly understanding the manifold advantages of foreign travel, left the shores of India for England, where Mr. Dutt, by dint of perseverance and ability stood third in the order of merit among three hundred European candidates in the Civil Service open competition of 1869.

After his return from England, he was appointed to various official duties in various parts of Bengal and he shewed his remarkable skill in 1876 when he reorganised the administration in the island of Dukhin Shah-Bazpur—in the delta of the Ganges. His generous heart, his promptitude of action, his remarkable statesmanlike ability—all these secured for him the frank recognition and appreciation of not only his latent literary activities, but also of his generosity and magnanimity. He stopped the looting, re-built villages, restored peace and order and reorganised the administration in certain localities of his province. By such acts as these he secured the favour of the Government and gradually rose to high offices of distinction. He greatly contemplated the fact whether it was safe to entrust Indians with executive power. It was solely due to his hard efforts that execu-

tive power was confided to the hands of Indians. In April 1894, he was appointed Commissioner of the Buddwah Division—the only Indian who rose to that position in the 19th century.

That strength of will which, turned inwards, has produced the Yogis of India and made her the nation of the day wherein we most find that fixity of purpose which makes the life of the true ascetic possible—to enrich the country by bridging the gulf which in most lands yawns wide between men and God—was in Mr. Dutt's present life turned outward to benefit his countrymen on the material and mental planes. His remarkable appreciation of the past glory of India had secured for him the highest ideals—ideals that he developed into voluminous books which have found a very high place in the Indian Literature. Whenever he could find leisure, his hands would be engaged in writing and his brain would be struggling after new thoughts and new ideals. Such was his keen appreciation of literature, that, greatly encouraged by Bankim Chandra Chatterjee to write novels of a historical nature, Mr. R. C. Dutt whose greatest aptitude was towards history wrote four books based on historical foundations—books purely describing the ancient India, its customs and manners. His works are (1) The slave girl of Agra; (2) Translation of the hymns of Rig Veda into the Bengalee language; (3) Civilisation of ancient India; (4) Translation of the Ramayana and the Mahabharata into the English metre. His last work—the rendering of Ramayana and Mahabharata into English metre—was very much appreciated, not only by his countrymen but also by the westerners—especially by Dr. Max Müller who just before his death wrote a valuable introduction for it. His economic history of India also did good work.

Space fails us to do more than summarise his arduous life; now engaged in official business, now struggling after new thoughts and new ideals, now engaged in writing books, now frequently travelling to Europe with the view of scraping the acquaintance of some of the distinguished persons of the continent who might in the near future render some help to his mother land, now devising schemes for the better advancement of the State of Baroda, now promoting education, now helping the poor—such works he pursued till his venerable and distinguished life was brought to an early close last December by an attack of heart disease.

Born of the intellectual race of the Bengalees, he had consecrated his life to a profession most congenial to his genius and by his unflinching courage, indomitable perseverance

and unswerving devotion to high aims, he was able to secure an immortal place in the annals of India. Every person in India who wishes to discharge his duties conscientiously toward her and is expected to lead the life which Mr. Dutt had led—a life more worthy of imitation than of appreciation—a life which, if constantly read, would, I fervently hope, secure for the reader the highest and the noblest ideals of life. India always looks for such great men for her regeneration.

With the death of Mr. Dutt—a person highly appreciated by the occidentalists for his aptitude for learning and for his patriotic love, India has lost one of her ablest workers and sons.

We pray to the Almighty, in the earnest hope, that He will fill India—the Land of Sages, with persons possessing such generous, moral and intellectual qualities.

N.B.—I owe my deepest gratitude to the writer of the article "Ramesh Chandra Dutt, C.I.E.," in the C. H. C. Magazine, for this valuable information regarding the life of Mr. Dutt.

V. SESHAGIRI RAO.

Indian Jewellery: Its Antiquity and Historical Importance

[The following lecture was kindly given by Colonel T. Holbein Handley at the Social Gathering of the National Indian Association, Caxton Hall, on January 24.]



THE subject of Jewellery, apart from beauty and æsthetic value, appears to me to be one of considerable interest in all countries, but especially in those, such as India, in which, from time immemorial, it has been used as capital. It has been on this account, and for other reasons, the cause of many wars, and of the destruction of many human lives. It has been the source, perhaps, of more misery than any other kind of property—though the joys or advantages which have been supposed to be attached to its possession have been the chief incentives of many ambitions.

In my articles on this subject in the *Journal of Indian Art*, I have endeavoured to show how Indian jewellery fulfilled Ruskin's views as to the agreeableness of all ornament, which he

held to be the abstract beauty of its forms, and the sense of human labour and care spent upon it.

Its forms are usually beautiful. Its composition (of which, according to Charles Blanc, order is an essential element) is strictly correct, so far as regards certain methods which he lays down, viz., repetition, alternation, symmetry, radiation, progression, and consonance or concord.

Other aphorisms of this distinguished writer are equally applicable to true Indian jewellery. For example—due attention to symbolism, the decline of which has caused the disappearance of a great part of the charm of jewellery by giving increased importance to the imitation of real objects; the artistic use of colours, and the skill displayed in employing the best methods of enhancing the beauty of precious stones and enamels. Examination of large collections of Indian jewellery will show clearly that these conditions are fulfilled. In all cases of true, or even of sham Indian jewellery, we find abundant indications of individual thought, care, and skill, instead of that mere mechanical perfection which is characteristic of so much of the highly-polished and accurately modelled ornaments of our own time in Europe.

There is little pretence even about the jewellery of the poor in the East. A surprising quantity of gold and silver is worn as capital by the lower classes; but, even when their ornaments are made of brass, pewter or zinc, and are set with false stones, there is no disguise or sham about the matter. They are used for their decorative value, or as charms or religious symbols, or in compliance with tribal or caste customs. The poor Bhil woman is as proud of her rows of brass bangles or armlets, which have been put on her by the blacksmith, as is the great Maharani, or Queen, of her load of jewellery of gold set with priceless gems. Indeed, it has been frequently observed that the artistic merit of the base metal ornaments of the women of such a wandering tribe as the Branjaras, for example, is far greater than that of the gold or silver jewellery of the wealthy ladies of India. In the latter case, the prevailing and newest fashions are often followed. In the former we have either antiques which escaped destruction because they were of no intrinsic value, or copies of them—a fact which is proved by their being the same in style as those we see on the oldest images.

Custom, moreover, is not always in favour of ornaments of the precious metals, or even of beauty of form or colour. For example, Hindu married women must wear a few bracelets which are made of lac, and the Bengali lady also usually puts on her wrist a bracelet of iron,

glass, or shell, or one of iron sheathed with gold, for superstitious or religious reasons.

As a rule, it may be laid down that the best and oldest ornaments can be made of either gold, silver or base metal, and set with true or false stones according to the circumstances of the wearer. Further, the use of the precious metals is not proper, even amongst the noble and wealthy, for all alike or for all purposes. Many Hindus, for instance, on religious grounds, unless they are noble, do not wear gold on the feet; yet, for similar reasons, it is usual to have a piece of gold somewhere on the body. Thus, a stud of gold or a plate of that metal may frequently be seen attached to a pair of the front teeth of both men and women.

There are many curious customs which are connected with jewellery. I have referred to a large number in my books, but will be content with mentioning a few only to-day. Mahomedans, like the old Hebrew prophet Isaiah, discourage the use of ornaments; men should only use signet rings, and even women are not supposed to be too much attached to jewellery. Although from time to time in Moslim countries sumptuary edicts have been promulgated on the subject—the last, I believe, quite recently, by the ruler of Afghanistan—we may be sure that they will have no lasting effect. Such regulations have been tried in Europe, but without success. Three or four hundred years ago the Italian dukes of Ferrara endeavoured to enforce arbitrary laws of the kind up to the penalty of death, but failed on account of the general ridicule which was aroused. All the Mahomedan sovereigns in India possessed great wealth in jewellery; the Emperor Shah Jahan was especially famed as a judge of precious stones, and the jeweller Tavernier informs us that he decided a case of much difficulty at the request of his son, Aurangzeb, who, strict Musalman as he was, on suitable occasions wore ornaments of enormous value and of great beauty. Bernier, the physician, saw this potent prince seated upon his throne at the end of a great hall, in the most magnificent attire. Amongst his jewels he wore an Aigrette, whose base was composed of diamonds of an extraordinary size and value, besides an Oriental topaz which, Bernier says, "may be pronounced unparalleled, exhibiting a lustre like the sun." He had also a necklace of immense pearls. We find from contemporary portraits that all the Mahomedan princes wore priceless gems.

Hindus have rarely shown any restraint in the use of ornaments while they occupied themselves with the affairs of this world. If they adopt the religious life, or amongst women when they are widows, ornaments of all kinds are put aside—except, perhaps, in the case of

ascetics, who are sometimes distinguished by the use of earrings or bracelets. Thus the Kanphati jogis, of Marwar, wear long earrings, and some other Sivaite ascetics have copper bracelets and armlets, which are decorated with figures and emblems. The general use of rosaries amongst all sects and religions may, perhaps, also be looked upon as an exception, because some of them are composed of precious stones.

Marriage among all classes and creeds is a special occasion for the use of ornaments—so much so, that those who do not possess a sufficient quantity of them must borrow or hire a supply for the occasion. In order to avert evil, it is customary in some districts for the parents of a child to beg or borrow, not to pay from their own resources, money to make an ornament for it. The universal use of armlets or charms amongst all classes, requires that cases should be provided to contain them, or that they should be set in metal. These articles are usually beautifully worked or are set with gems. Indeed, some of the jewels of this class are the finest of ornaments. Closely allied to this superstitious practice, which dates from the earliest times and is common to all parts of the world, is the universal belief in the good or bad fortune attached to the use of different kinds of precious stones. Large works have been written on the subject. Maharaja Sir Surindro Mohan Tagore, in his well-known "Mani Mala," a Treatise on Gems, has a special chapter on their occult or marvellous and medicinal powers.

He says that "to the scientist as well as the generality of men such beliefs will no doubt appear superstitious childish, and laughable, but they still continue. They have been the subject of ardent research by philosophers and sages, and nowhere more so than in India—the land, *par excellence*, of occultism and superstition."

If we take up any Indian, and, indeed, European jeweller's catalogues, we shall see that ideas of this kind still prevail. The Maharaja admits, however, that certain conditions must be observed, and illustrates his point in the following curious way. He says: "Twenty individuals may at the same time be in possession of the portrait of a handsome woman, but it does not follow that the woman will love all the possessors of her portrait. In the same way, a lapidary may possess twenty kinds of precious stones, each having contrary influences, but the lapidary receives no benefit therefrom, except from selling them as high as he can. That kind of love, and, shall I say, worship, which the possessor of such a stone should have for it as a medium of communication with the spiritual world, is far from his mind. He who regards it as the receptacle of his affections,

and who confides to it his griefs appealing to it by the correspondence with the spirits who love it, in order to obtain aid and protection from them, will find himself in a condition in which he can hope for something." We may like to know what we may expect if we wear certain stones. The Agate will strengthen the heart; it cures the bites of serpents, and is a prophylactic against plague. The Carnelian ensures victory; Coral keeps off evil spirits; the Diamond calms anger. The Opal preserves from malaria—but is also rather dangerous, because it is fatal to love, and sows discord between the giver and receiver; but, fortunately, the Emerald will serve as a cure, because it promotes friendship and constancy of mind. The Maharaja does not, however, give these quaint aphorisms as guides or scientific indications, but merely in order to "show ideas of the hidden properties of precious stones, which in the future may be cleared up." There is no doubt that views of this kind extensively prevail. A splendid crown, for example, was made for the Maharaja of Rewa, the principal ornament of which was a beautiful sapphire cut into the form of the god Chaturbhuj, or the four-armed Vishnu. His Hindu subjects, however, considered it to be most inauspicious, because the stone, especially when it is made so prominent, is believed to herald misfortune.

I must hasten on now to the historical side of my subject, which may be treated from several points of view. For the earliest, or prehistoric period, we can only judge from the discovery of buried ornaments, which resemble in their form or workmanship similar articles which have been found in other parts of the world, of which the approximate date is known, and from the existence and use even in the present day of such objects as have been employed for adornment of the individual or the attraction of other persons in primitive times. I refer particularly to the use of flowers, feathers, shells, and the like, as well as to marks in pigments on various parts of the body. Decorative ornament of this kind was common in the very earliest ages, no doubt because it seems natural to man to adorn himself. In India, moreover, we find that amongst the wild aboriginal tribes and races, and in the lowest castes of Hindus, there has never been any change in these respects. In fact, the country is particularly favourable for the study of personal ornament, because it would appear that no influence has ever been lost, and that almost every fashion and kind of jewellery, and all methods of manufacturing and using it have been adopted, and are still practised in one part or other of the Empire.

There have been growth and change of course, but nothing has really disappeared which

was of any use. The writer of an Appendix to Chapter XVIII of the *Bombay Gazetteer*, who treats this question at some length, is of opinion that many ornaments are probably spirit-scaring jewels, and he observes that some of them represent certain plants and animals. The former suggest their origin in grass ornaments, or in holy fruits and flowers. A tiger's claw is also often hung about the necks of children to ward off spirit attacks, and many other common ornaments are employed, either to avert evil or to bring good-luck; and for this purpose are even used for the decoration of inanimate objects, such as ploughs, maces, ladles, and the like.

From the historical side, it concerns us most just now that natural objects, symbols, &c., are seen in modified forms, or, it may be, in their perfect forms in gold, silver, or even base metal ornaments which are in common use everywhere. Of no country is this more true than India. We are accustomed to look upon anything of this kind, which can be traced to the Stone, Bronze, or even the Iron Ages of the world, as pre-historic; but in the British Museum Catalogue we read that no two pre-historic periods can be separated by a hard and fast line, and that the different terms do not denote divisions of time, but stages of culture. Discoveries in Madras, Central India, and elsewhere, are attributed to the Bronze Age; but if we compare them and the ornaments from the Marne Cemeteries in France and other places of that period, with modern Indian base metal bracelets, armlets, or anklets, we shall recognize that, as regards culture, the Bronze Age exists to-day. Decorated armlets with engraved patterns; torques or twisted collars, and the same modes of terminating such ornaments are found at all periods. In India we note a most remarkable persistence of such types and decoration. As regards methods, also, we find the same kinds of moulds in stone, clay, or metal, with similar technical processes; such as casting, engraving, rivetting, and so on. Coming down to the historic periods, though it is impossible to state accurately the exact time of discovery or introduction, we find most of the ancient processes, if not all the common ones, are well known in India. Amongst the most widely spread, are the manufacture of chains of fine wire, such as the so-called Trichinopoly chain, which Dr. Flinders Petrie tells us was introduced into Egypt in the XVIII Dynasty, or about 1500 B.C. It was also attached to the famous Tara brooch—a wonderful example in Celtic times of nearly all the materials, technical processes, and methods of construction of that age. All the ordinary metals or their alloys were then in use, and are

so still in India. They were cast and wrought, and ornamented by means of enamelling, niello, plating, gilding, repoussé-work, chasing, engraving, piercing, inlaying, filigree-work, and settings of precious stones, amber, glass, &c. Perhaps one of the most interesting of the processes is filigree-work which is still practised with much success in many parts of India: you will see from my illustrations how similar it is to that of European countries.

I now come to the references in early literature to jewellery. Mr. Romesh Chandra Dutt, whose recent decease we so much regret, refers to work in the metals and to fabrication of jewellery in Vedic times, to golden helmets, and breast-plates, to bracelets, anklets, necklaces, and golden crowns. This period dates, he thought, from 2000—1400 B.C.

As to the Epic period (1400—1000 B.C.), he quoted the following valuable passage:—"As one binds gold by means of lavana (borax), and silver by means of gold, and tin by means of silver, &c.," as indicating that goldsmiths had thus largely at their command knowledge which enabled them to do excellent work. Dr. Flinders Petrie says that casting, chiselling and soldering were perfectly understood at the beginning of the Egyptian monarchy, or about 5400 B.C.—that is, about 7,300 years ago. It might, moreover, be worth mentioning that in ancient times Tibet supplied most of the tinkal or crude borax to the world. About the 6th Century B.C., Buddhist writers frequently referred to ornaments. Greek and Latin authors, three or four Centuries later, tell us that Indians of rank hung precious stones in their ears, and decked their wrists and upper arms with bracelets of gold. Even the sandals of a king were studded with precious stones, and his sceptre was made of gold and set with beryls. The most telling quotation, on the point of continuity of custom, is, I think, the following from Diodorus Siculus, a contemporary of Julius Caesar and Augustus, who had travelled in Asia, who gives us the following account of the Sati of the younger wife of Ceteus:—"She proceeded to the funeral pile, crowned by the females of her house with mitres; she was decked with other ornaments, as if for a nuptial festival. . . . As soon as she reached the pile she took off the ornaments from her person and distributed them among her attendants and friends as memorials, one would say of her affection. The ornaments consisted of a multitude of rings upon her fingers, set with precious stones of various colours. Upon her head was no small number of stars of gold, discriminated by means of stars of all kinds. About her neck were many gems, some small, and the rest gradually increasing to a larger size." The mitres are described as

"attires women used to wear with lables hanging down." Stars are seen in nearly all the portraits of women in the Emperor Akbar's own copy of the Razmnamah, and almost to our own time a Sati was decked as a bride. Dr. Honeberger describes such a scene as the above as occurring at the death of Maharaja Rajit Singh at Lahore. We are also able to study from pictorial representations the kind of ornaments in use in those early times. The most remarkable are the paintings on the walls of the Buddhist caves at Ajanta. The most beautiful are those in Cave XVII, which according to Mr. J. Griffiths, dates about the 6th Century A.D. He remarks that "the richness and profusion of the ornaments worn by the women are remarkable. There are, moreover, figures of men wearing enormous earrings, massive necklaces of bead bands connected by square plaques, similar to those worn in some parts of India to-day." The arrangement of the hair amongst the women, too, by chains of woven wire or jewelled string, attached to elaborate ornaments of beaten work in gold and silver, is often followed. The ornaments of the carved figures at Sanchi, dating from about the 1st Century B.C., are of the more massive type, and are very similar to some which are worn by the Bhils and other aboriginal tribes of the present day. The bangles and armlets from the 3rd to the 6th Century, on the sculptures which remain to us at Amravati, in the Kistna District of Madras, are smaller, lighter and neater; and those which are still visible of the 7th and 8th Century on existing temples at Bhuvaneshvara in Orissa are yet further improved in appearance. Indeed, many of the beautiful objects from this latter source are the originals of ornaments which are worn in Bengal and even in Europe in our own time. The jewellery on some of the images in the great tower is as rich (if not more so) as that on the person of the principal lady in the Ajanta picture which I have shown you. These ornaments should be compared with the beautiful ones on images of the Sun God and of the fifteenth Jain Lord which are now in the Indian Museum. The former dates from the 12th or 13th Centuries, and was found in the Rajmahal Hills; but perhaps the most valuable of all those ancient carvings in the one in the same collection of Buddha as Prince Siddhartha, dating from about 260 to 250 B.C., which originally crowned one of the detached columns erected at Sanchi by Asoka, King of Magadha and paramount Sovereign of India. Time will not permit me to trace the influence of Greece and of other countries of the past on the ornaments of India. It was, no doubt, very great, but the rather full accounts of Diodorus Siculus, already quoted,

show that in those early times India had styles and fashions which were new to Europe. How different the latter were in Greece is, perhaps, best shown by my illustrations, and especially by those of the Finest Art period from the 4th to the 3rd Century B.C. (420 to 380 B.C.). At a little later date the styles and modes of wearing jewellery were not unlike, as we may judge from those were in Palmyra, the city of Queen Zenobia, to those in vogue in Mediaeval and even in modern India. We must remember it was the great commercial mart between the West and Rome and the East and India. Certain busts, which are now in the British Museum, seem to make this clear. They represent the Lady Akme and the wife of Rabb-el-Yarha, who were evidently important personages about the 3rd Century of our era. I may add that women in Palmyra were greatly beloved. A 6th Century illustration is that of the famous impress of Theodora of Byzantium or Constantinople and her Court, as depicted in a contemporary mosaic in the Church of San Vitale in Ravenna.

Unfortunately very few, indeed hardly any, actual specimens of early Indian jewellery have survived to our own time. Mr. Marshall, Director-General of Archaeology in India, attributes this scarcity to the fact that it was not customary in India to bury personal ornaments with the remains of the dead. Beads of carnelian, agate, jasper, &c., are often found on old sites, and small articles have been discovered in Buddhist stupas or topes.

He refers to the main feature of some of the ornaments under the heads (1) Decoration of the surface of the metal with fine granules; (2) The incrustation of gems; and (3) The ornamentation of little pyramids of granules. The art of granulating was a favourite one along the borders of the Mediterranean; but he does not think it was borrowed from India, into which it was probably introduced. Incrusting, however, was undoubtedly of Eastern origin. On the whole, the Buddhist Art of Northern India was the result of Hellenic and Oriental influences in the 4th and 3rd Centuries B.C. Dr. Stein's discoveries in Central Asia in 1906 lead much to the same conclusions. This fascinating subject cannot be pursued, in the short time at my disposal, nor can we consider at length the influence of the more ancient powers of Asia on India. I would like, nevertheless, to draw attention to the Treasure of the Oxus, which dates, it is believed, from the 5th and 4th Century B.C., and especially to the magnificent armlets, which are now in the British and Victoria and Albert Museums.

Each armilla ends in the heads of gryphons, and this mode of termination with heads of

animals, fabulous or real, like that with lion's feet on Assyrian chairs of State, reminds us of the connection between the arts and customs of Mesopotamia and ancient Persia, and those of mediaeval India and modern Persia. It is, moreover, impossible to trace the connection with other countries after the 6th and 7th Centuries A.D., though I ought to mention such disturbing influences as the dispersal by Timur of artisans from Damascus, and the West throughout the cities of the East, and also the early Mahomedan incursions into India.

I must, however, proceed to consider, in a few words as possible, the historical importance of Indian jewellery. Until almost our own times, especially in the East, the only safe way of storing capital was to invest it in the precious metals, or in jewels, or precious stones. The latter was the sole method of keeping great wealth in convenient form. The chief object, therefore, of wars was to obtain possession of these treasures. That object was, perhaps, generally the cause of such wars, and still more frequently of the spoliation of rich nobles and of private individuals, and of the slaughter of kings.

The political importance of treasure of gold and jewels is noticed by Mr. Danvers in his work on the Portuguese in India. Many precious ornaments obtained by conquest, or as gifts, were brought to Europe, and were substantial proofs of conquest, and undoubtedly led to unsound views of the general wealth of India.

The Mahomedan history of India affords still more striking illustrations. Thus, in 1294 Ala-ud-din, who afterwards became Sultan of Delhi, besieged Deogiri, and ransomed it only when the Hindu Raja agreed to give him an immense treasure of gold, jewels, and especially pearls and elephants, which treasure he used for the betrayal of his uncle, Jalal-ud-din, and afterwards dispersed amongst the people in order to ensure his own succession to the throne. At Madura alone his General seized 500 mans of gems; and, finally, the same temptation led to the assassination of Ala-ud-din himself. Mr. Gribble also shows us how repeatedly the wealth in gold and jewels of the great Hindu sovereignties in the Deccan led to their conquest, annexation, and the transfer of their precious metals and gems to the conquerors.

The destruction of Vijayanagar, for example, enriched every private man in the victorious army. No fewer than 1,550 elephant-loads of money and jewels were also carried away. Again, who can deny that most of the invasions of India have not been due to the exaggerated ideas of its wealth, which were originated by the fact that so much of its capital was in the portable form of gold and jewels?

The invasions of Mahmud of Ghazni, of Timur Shah, of Nadir Shah, and of Ahmed Shah Durani especially, occur to me in this connexion. It was said that all the world flocked to Ghazni to see the incredible wealth which had been brought from India. Timur Shah, long before he was enriched with the spoils of India, was in the habit of strengthening his position by dividing his treasures amongst his soldiers. Nadir Shah, it is asserted, took away 125 millions worth of gold and jewels, the latter including the peacock throne and the koh-i-nur diamond. The Durani took much of what was left, so that at the end of the 18th Century the Moghul emperors were in the direst poverty. The atrocious mutilation by Ghulam Kadir of the Emperor Shah Alum because he could not produce any hidden treasure, also shows how little remained of the vast wealth of the great Moghuls, who accumulated it chiefly to maintain the grandeur and power of their family and empire.

The history of states and of individuals is full of tragedies in countries and times in which wealth is stored up in such a portable form as jewellery, and I think I have given enough illustrations to show that this has been especially the case in India, and therefore to urge that it is far better for both nations and individuals not to hoard up treasures of the kind, but rather to spend their money on productive works, and in ways which should add to the comfort and happiness of mankind.

"Psalms of the Sisters"

(Selected)



HERE is a book which can only be adequately criticised by Pali scholars and diligent students of Buddhist lore. Yet its pretty binding of yellow and white, its interesting illustrations, and the fulness of its explanations of difficulties seem to show that its learned authoress hopes that it may appeal to readers in England and India to whom Pali is unknown and Buddhism a religion which served its purpose and survives only in not easily identified modifications of Hindu thought and practice. In fact, the book has an attraction for all thoughtful minds, since it deals with universal problems, not less puzzling now than they were 2,000 years ago; and it is

interesting to know in what fashion the daughters of India, distant ancestresses of existing Indians, thought to find salvation from sin and sorrow, and from what they thought to be the consequence of these, the necessity of fresh births, fresh struggles, renewed defeats. The ancient hymns translated by Mrs. Rhys Davids are instinct with a pathetic humanity, a sense of the vanity of human effort, of the brevity of human joys. The nuns of old have their counterparts in modern India in the Vairaginis who leave home, still, for a modified renunciation of domestic comfort and the perilous safety it affords. So far, they belong to the same plane of thought as their old world predecessors. But we may see plainly enough in Mrs. Rhys Davids' renderings how ascetic Buddhism passed away. An ascetic which renounced all joys of sense as fatal to self-control must have contained a germ of selfishness. Healthy happiness is a joy not only to its possessor but to all with whom it comes in contact. It may degenerate into the sensual selfishness of the Don Juans and their feminine counterparts. But the ascetic's refusal to admit the claims of the body may become as selfish as the sensuality of those who are the slaves of physical desire. Hence, perhaps, something of the rather depressing monotony of these psalms of resolve.

"To-day one meal, head shaved, a yellow robe—
Enough for me. I want no heaven of Gods.
Heart's pain, heart's pining, have I trained away."

Duch is the refrain of all, or nearly all, the psalms. Yet, since they were the work of imaginative Indian minds, they contain the ingenious metaphors, the fanciful associations which are characteristic of Indian writing. Here, for instance, is a "psalm" which might, with slight metrical alteration, pass for a sonnet by a modern Indian:—

"Coming from noonday-rest on Vulture's Peak,
I saw an elephant, his bathe performed,
Forth from the river issue. And a man,
Taking his goad, bade the great creature stretch
His foot: "Give me thy foot!" The elephant
Obeyed, and to his neck the driver sprang.
I saw the untamed tamed, I saw him bent
To master's will; and marking inwardly,
I passed into the forest depths, and there
I faith I trained and ordered all my heart."

There are also little dramas of trial and temptation as when Mara, the demon of concupiscence, tempts some fair maid in the forest, and is routed by her conviction that earthly joys are vain and evil. Sometimes these ancient verses remind us of similar fancies of modern poets. The stanzas of Ambapali's hymn have a curious

resemblance to the ballade that Francois Villon puts into the mouth of a beauty grown old, withered, and unattractive. The story of Vimata, too, closely resembles Coppee's tale of "La Honte," except in the appeal which the "sage" makes to the sinning woman's conscience.

"Et par cette parole ayant l'ame touchée,
Conuë, elle s'enfuit, et, depuis ce moment,
Elle fit penitence et vécut saintement."

To almost every one of the 73 psalms translated by Mrs. Rhys Davids is prefixed a different tale of womanly sorrow and suffering, resulting in the steadfast renunciation of worldly temptations. The motive in each case (a strange one to us) is the desire to escape from future births and future sufferings. We may be tempted, as we read, to wonder whether Hobbes was right after all; whether our best efforts to be unselfish are not selfishness disguised. For in these women of 2,000 years ago is a very real desire for cleanliness and purity, though it be coupled with an idea that to us seems morbid, that sense is itself an evil, instead of an inevitable condition of our mortal existence. We need scarcely say that the tales are retold with unflinching tact and sympathy. Of the learning they display it is for others to speak. In the unlearned reader they will create a very vivid feeling of the charm and interest of the life in old Indian days, and a keen sense of the skill with which the exotic atmosphere has been maintained by the translator, in spite of the use of words that have for us a non-Buddhist connotation.

News and Notes

SALEM NEWS.—The Queen Alexandra Hospital for Women and Children has been completed, and is an ornament to Salem, a lovely building in three blocks, built by public subscription. A new proposal is on foot to reserve it now for Caste and Goshia ladies only. This has roused the indignation of several sections of the inhabitants and indignation meetings were held one by the Christians of all Churches and one by the Social Indian Reform Association. The King's Birthday was kept up with great rejoicings here. All day long troops of children were seen parading with the King's photo in a large frame. The Salem Municipal College boys held sports in the morning, and in the evening the play *Sakuntala* was acted in a very creditable manner. Prizes were distributed by Mrs. Herbert Taylor. These prizes were subscribed for by the boys themselves. Mr.

Shutie, the Principal of the College, gave an address on Patriotism. Some English and Tamil recitations were given by the boys. The school girls were all entertained in the Collector's compound, and Mrs. Buckley and a few English ladies witnessed various drills and songs. Each school had its banner and each child carried a flag. Upwards of a thousand girls sang "God Save the King."

OUR GIRLS.—Her Excellency Lady Minto in response to an address from the Sultania Girls' School, a Purdah Institution founded by the Begum of Bhopal, spoke words, true and plain in regard to female education. She quoted Lord Halifax as having said that by female education a far greater proportional impulse is imparted to the educational and moral tone of the people than by the education of men. These words are very true as with a nation as domesticated as the peoples of India. The mother and wife wield real power. If their development is allowed to lag behind that of the men, the country cannot progress. Miss Catherine W. Christie, M.A., on the same subject said the other day at Kumbakonam that the teachers of girls have a great responsibility. They should remember that they directly aid or retard the uplifting of the country according as they realise and perform their duties well or ill. They young girls passing through their hands are to be the future women of the country. Our Indian women should acquire and cultivate the intellect of the women of the West without losing the goodness of their own nature and the beauties of their own social system, and to this it is that their education and culture should be directed.

INDIAN.—On the morning of the 21st instant, Lady Minto visited the Seva Sadan Mr. Malabar's institution. Her Excellency announced a donation of Rs. 25,000 from the Wadia Charity for the Consumptives' Home and Rs. 12,000 annually for the Seva Sadan. Her Excellency warmly congratulated Mr. Malabari. In the afternoon, Lady Minto attended gymkhana at the Ladies' Club. Meanwhile, Lord Minto proceeded to the Town Hall and received the Corporation's address and an ovation from the ladies and gentlemen present. Mr. J. Rahimtoola read the Address. His Excellency made a sympathetic reply. After dinner, Their Excellencies left for Bijapur, where they arrived the following day and visited the historic monuments. After tea with Mr. DeSouza, District Judge and Mrs. DeSouza, the party left for Goa.

The leading Buddhists of Burma are pressing for the transfer of the Buddha relics to Mandalay.

The Ethnographic Survey of India has issued a compilation by Mr. B. A. Gupte, the Assistant Director of Texts, from the sacred books of the respective religions bearing on the position of women among Hindus, Moslems, Buddhist and Jains. A striking fact emerges from the juxtaposition of these groups of texts. The Moslem, Buddhist and Jain texts are characterised by a certain consistent attitude to women. The Koran regards women frankly as made for men's pleasure but enjoins, on the whole, kind and considerate treatment of them individually and is liberal in respect of their rights of property. The attitude of Buddhism is deprecatory but not hostile. The tone of Jainism is decidedly that of a misogynist. The Jain writers depict woman as the inveterate seducer of man, especially of monks. The Mahomedan view is carnal but kind; the Buddhist, respectful but distant; the Jain, bitter and fearful.

THE G. F. S.—The annual meeting of the Girls' Friendly Society was held at Government House, Bombay, on Wednesday evening, the Bishop of Bombay presiding. The classes of girls that the Society attempts to help are those earning small wages, and those who need some special training before they can attempt to take a situation, and the need is for a lodge for girls in employment and a training home for the others. At present the one lodge in Balaram Street has to do duty for both classes. The Society has several branches in Bombay, and it is felt that the work deserves more generous support.

The Lodge is equipped for ten beds or fourteen in emergency, and every bed has been full, a state of things indicative of the usefulness of the Lodge, and the desirability that subscriptions on a larger scale should enable the work to expand.

HOME FOR AYAHs.—It may not be generally known that there is an institution in London known as "The Ayah's Home." Under the superintendence of an able matron where Ayahs who go from India are sheltered. The Home is a spacious 3 storeyed, 16 roomed building, and such of the Ayahs whose services are not required in England and who have to return to India are cared for from the many dangers of London until they secure a return passage. Sometimes these stay even four months before they could return. The Home is a great boon to them.

The Hindu texts, on the other hand, exhibit all shades from rapt praise to venomous diatribe. One text speaks of women as goddesses, another as fiends. From what we know of the position of women in the Vedic period, it

can be quite safely assumed that the eulogistic texts are the most ancient. The transition from the pure spirit of comradeship to the petty calculating, contemptible attitude of the slave, driver is as violent as it is astounding. Even the physical attraction between the sexes has a certain warmth of idealism. Passion in all its phases is poetic. The later Hindu texts have no passion and no poetry. They are coldblooded and cynical, and seek to enslave the body of woman through her spirit. Here is a passage attributed to Manu: "Women are uncontrollable by force. They should be kept under control by religious instructions and used for conserving the recourse of the husband, economizing expenses, conducting gratiya or unphilosophical religious observances, cooking and for nursing children." To carry out this policy, it was necessary to keep women illiterate. If Hindu women but knew what degrading and machiavelian things are said about them in the standard works of orthodoxy, they would not be the staunch supporters of it that they have ever been.

EVERY Siamese girl who reaches a certain age without marrying is ticketed and labelled and placed in a privileged class, under the special care of the King, who binds himself to find a husband for them all. His method is delightfully simple. A prisoner in any of the Siamese goals may gain his pardon and release by marrying one of the ineligible class. Whether he is already married or not is not of great consequence, for in Siam it is not necessary to draw the line at one wife. This method of match-making can hardly result in domestic bliss.

IN the absence of the President, Lady Muir Mackenzie, Dr. R. G. Bhandarkar, C.I.E., presided at the annual meeting of the Poona Branch of the Society for the Protection of Children in India held last Wednesday. Dr. Harold H. Mann, one of the secretaries, read the report which gave some discouraging particulars regarding the dedication of girl children to Hindu gods and goddesses, a course which invariably means that the child becomes a prostitute. Our readers will remember that last year a special proclamation was issued by the Bombay Government stating that such dedications were against the law, and also indicating the intention of the Government rigorously to apply the law. The report says:—

This naturally gave the Society for the Protection of Children satisfaction, and they immediately took steps to get the law applied in some cases which had come before them.

This is by no means easy, for although, the practice of the dedication of minor girls is quite common among certain of the lower Hindu castes, the fact that among these classes there is no strong popular opinion condemning it makes it particularly difficult to secure evidence sufficient to obtain a conviction. To give evidence in such cases, among the Mahars for example, means to incur a good deal of odium, and it is essential that when a case is proved, a strong sentence should be imposed, in order that it may form a strong deterrent for such practices in the future. In spite, however, of the Government proclamation to which we have referred, and in spite of the fact that the dedication of minor girls is very common at certain centres, the sentences imposed by Magistrates for the offences are very variable—so variable, in fact, as to make it very questionable as to whether the Society is justified in bringing cases of this nature. Evidence has come into the possession of our Society that twelve such dedications took place on one day recently in the Mahar Wada, at Jajuri, and nine similar cases occurred during another recent festival at another centre. This being the case, our Society has made a strong representation to Government in the matter, urging that unless adequate sentences are imposed the recent proclamation on this subject becomes a dead letter.

THE Nursing Journal of India, published jointly by the Association of Nursing Superintendents of India and its offshoot the Trained Nurses' Association of India, makes its first appearance this month. The magazine even to one outside the profession is of interest, and appears likely to fulfil the object of its originators in promoting a true *esprit de corps* among nurses. The first editorial traces the commencement of the Association from a small meeting of Superintendents in Lucknow, in January, 1905. At that gathering an Association for the United Provinces and the Punjab was formed, and the following year the organisation was enlarged and became the Association of Nursing Superintendents of India. Conferences have since been held at Lahore, Bombay and Agra. The publication of a monthly journal is a fresh advance. The new journal promises well. The President's address at the Agra Conference, in December last, a report of that Conference and an article by Miss C. R. Mill, Lady Superintendent of St. George's Hospital, Bombay, are the principal items. The subscription to the journal is included in the membership fees of the two Associations, which are Rs. 5 and Rs. 3 respectively. For non-members in India, Ceylon and Burmah the subscription is Rs. 3

including postage. The Editor is Mrs. W. H. Klosz, Akola, Berar, C.P., and the Manager is Miss J. W. Thorpe, Civil Hospital, Belgaum, Bombay Presidency.

TAX ON WIDOW RE-MARRIAGES.—In these days when the civilization, orthodox, and conservatism of old is gradually being obliterated by Western ideas and ideals, it is distressing to read that a tax on widow re-marrriages has been imposed at a Durbar held recently in Faridkot State in the Central Provinces. We sincerely trust Social Reformers and others who have the progression of their country at heart would leave no stone unturned to have this anti-reform tax annulled.

MRS. AIMAN.—Mrs. Marybaj Aiman is now in Boston to study the Bible in the Theological Institute of the city which will equip her better for the reserve work she has set her heart in when she returns to India.

THE POONA SEVA SADAN

PRIZE DISTRIBUTION CEREMONY.—On the 3rd instant, an interesting function took place in the Poona branch of the Seva Sadan when Rao Bahadur S. V. Patwardhan, retired Director of Public Instruction, Berar, distributed prizes among the pupils of the Seva Sadan. All the girls who passed in the six-monthly examination, recently held, several ladies, Principal Paranjpye, Dr. Shikhare, Dr. Gokhale, Mr. Devadhar and others were present. There were up to now, four classes conducted, where instruction was given to grown-up girls and women who otherwise could not secure the benefit of education. Henceforth, there will be five classes and the total average number of pupils who regularly attend and study English, Marathi, Arithmetic and other subjects, is about 35. The work of tuition is in the hands of ladies themselves; in addition to the above subject, sewing, religious reading or discourses and lectures by outsiders who are experienced ladies and gentlemen, on subjects of practical usefulness have proved to be of considerable benefit; and recently Dr. Shikhare and Dr. Gokhale are delivering a series of lectures aided by maps and illustrations, on Sanitation and First Aid respectively. These lectures are largely attended by many ladies of the town who otherwise did not take much interest in the work of the Seva Sadan.

In the recent examination, 27 pupils appeared and all of them passed. The papers set were testing enough and it reflects great credit upon

the pupils and teachers as well, that all the 27 girls should have been successful. Each girl was presented with a good useful book and the results accompanied by a report of her attendance at school, regularity, discipline and general conduct were communicated to her parents or guardians.

MRS. RANADE spoke, in eulogistic terms, of the genuine interest taken by R. B. Patwardhan in the cause of female education and advancement, and requested him to say as President, a few words of advice to the ladies assembled. R. B. Patwardhan spoke to the following effect:—

"I am delighted at the examination results just now presented. Several of the pupils have secured over 60 p. c. marks and I offer them my heartiest congratulation. Mrs. V. N. Nambai Namjoshi of the Widows' Home who examined the classes in English and Mr. N. M. Joshi, B.A., Servant of India, who examined in Arithmetic and Vernacular, have made certain useful suggestions which deserve careful consideration. Greater attention ought to be devoted to dictation. Considering the fact that pupils here have to devote good deal of time, attention and energy to household duties, the work achieved is really extremely satisfactory and the credit is undoubtedly largely due to the disinterested and regular service rendered by Mrs. Ranade, Mrs. Kanitkar, Mrs. Sitabai Bhandarkar, Mrs. Yammunbhai Bhat, Miss Naigamvala and others. Education expands the mind and thought; a broadened mind and a comprehensive outlook elevate our daily life; I consequently regard female education as essential to our national progress."

R. B. Patwardhan next made a few suggestions with regard to the methods of instruction in different subjects and declared his readiness to examine the classes when the time for the next examination would come; he also promised to spend 3 or 4 hours once a month, in guiding and directing the teachers in the method of tuition.

Prizes were then distributed and Mrs. Kanitkar proposed a vote of thanks to the President, on behalf of the Seva Sadan which was carried. Distribution of flowers and perfumes terminated the proceedings.

SIKHS AND SOCIAL REFORM.—If the speech of Lala Dev Raj, as Chairman of the Reception Committee, Indian Social Conference, Lahore, has in certain quarters been likened to blowing one's own trumpet, the Tikka Sahib of Nabha, who presided at the Conference, elected the extreme of modesty and could not evidently get himself to do bare justice to the great social reform work done by his community in this Province. Of course he

opened his address by admirably setting forth in clear terms the teachings of the Sikh Scriptures in regard to several of the social evils with which this vast land of Rashtra is afflicted; but, out of sheer modesty perhaps he did not trace the current down to modern times. We therefore propose to throw some light to-day on some of the great works of social reform which the various Singh Sabhas have accomplished under the guidance of the Chief Khalsa Diwan.

Hundreds, if not thousands, of marriages among Sikhs have taken place between parties who, before initiation into Sikhism, belonged to two different castes of the Hindus. While we can look with pride upon the goodly record of these marriages, we cannot term them intermarriages without being guilty of the violation of one of the most valued tenets of our faith. The very term—intermarriage—presupposes the recognition of the theory of caste, which harmful institution was finally knocked on the head when Guru Gobind Singh laid the foundation of the Khalsa. It is an historic fact that of the five *Pyaras* (Beloved ones) who were the first to take divine *Amrit* at the hands of the Guru himself, not only no two belonged to the same caste of the Hindus but while one of them was the most stiff-necked Kshatriya before initiation another belonged to what even Lala Dev Raj would not hesitate to call 'the *Sudra* class.' But lo and behold; directly their *Amrit Sanskar* is over, their whole beings have undergone a complete change and they now resent to be even alluded to by the castes to which they had belonged before becoming Sikhs. For, did not the Kalgidhar himself, by his initiation of the sword thoroughly disabuse their minds of the noxious caste distinctions which had theretofore divided them, one from the other, and clearly enjoin upon them all to be known as nothing but Sikhs? Did not each of them put morsels of *Karah Parshad* into the mouths of the rest and all eat and drink out of the same vessel? That being so, would it not be a violation of the solemn injunction of our Saviour if we characterised a marriage between the offspring of any two of them as in intermarriage? To make our meaning more explicit, let us take a concrete example. According to an Arya Samajist, who claims to have improved upon the orthodox Hindu theory of caste by substituting calling for birth as its basis, Lala Harkishen Lal when he married Miss Yamunabai Kelavkar about two years back, was a Vaish while his cultured fiancée was a Brahman. But what were they to us? Lala Harkishen Lal was already a Sikh and Miss Yamunabai was duly initiated into the fold before they were united in holy wedlock. It would thus be a gross misapplication of the term if we mentioned their nuptials

as an 'intermarriage.' Every time we made the mistake we would only be reminding the couple in particular and the community in general, of the castes which the former have relinquished long since. Thus proceeding inductively, the conclusion at which we arrive is that the term intermarriage, as applied to the spiritual union of two Sikhs, is a misnomer and should on no account be suffered to form a part of our vocabulary.

The temptation is very strong in these days of Congresses and Conferences, of showing to the world how much any particular community has achieved in this direction. But we are afraid the reader has seldom reflected upon the reasons that impel our Hindu neighbours to give the very first place in any record of their work of social reform to marriages between different castes? The object clearly is to abolish the caste distinctions, no matter if in direct contravention of their *Shashtra's* commands, by promoting and bringing about such marriages; or else an intermarriage would hardly be a thing to be proud of, much less an event to deserve the exalted name of social reform. But we Sikhs already do not recognise any caste, as has been shewn above. To us therefore the keeping of a record of what Lala Dev Raj would call intermarriages, would be a case of creating the devil ourselves, then killing or appearing to kill it and then take credit for its destruction—if of course we ever succeed in the task. The labour spent in this direction would thus be worse than wasted. We are not sorry therefore that the Tikka Sahib did not make the mistake of mentioning anything like intermarriages having been promoted by his community.

But the Tikka Sahib ought certainly to have prominently mentioned the great beneficent work done by his fellow Sikhs to alleviate, both, positively and negatively, the sufferings of that most unfortunate of beings—the Indian widow. The work consists of three parts, viz., the provision of Widows' Homes, the promotion of widow remarriages and the discouragement of early marriages. And we are glad to say that the Sikh community can boast of as good a record in all the three divisions as any other neighbouring community. We have got an excellent Widow's Home in Amritsar, which has proved a veritable haven of comfort and safety to about 30 widows, for the past two years. Ample provisions are made in the Home for teaching the friendless beings who seek shelter within its portals, various useful and simple arts, such as tailoring, lace-making, embroidery, etc., by means of which they are enabled to earn an honourable and honest living and thus comfortably support themselves and their children, in case they have got any. Along with the instruc-

tion in these arts, they get—inside the Home the solace of *Gurbani*, which is matchless in its power of sustaining a human being afflicted like the Indian widow. The Home is already well-managed and many more improvements and additions are contemplated to be shortly made. The false and unholy scruples against the remarriage of child-widows, too, are fast disappearing, never to return again. Not a little share of the credit for work in this direction is due to the Khalsa Tract Society which has very considerably prepared the Punjab public for the reform by drawing pathetic and harrowing pictures of the woes of the widow in a couple of its beautiful little Tracts entitled *Meri Ram-Kahani*. Scores of widow-marriages have taken place among the Sikhs since the publication of the Tracts. And those who have eyes to see, have long observed child-marriages—that most fruitful cause of the multiplicity of child-widows in our country—are fast becoming things of the past. We are glad to acknowledge that in this matter also the comic but none the less impressive dialogue between a girl married when yet a child and another already sixteen but not yet married, given in the Society's Tract—*Sukhvati—Chintamati*, has done a good deal to make people see their grave mistake. We commend both these Tracts for wide distribution among Punjabi-knowing people, for the simplicity, homeliness and lucidity of their style.—*The Khalsa Advocate*.

MRS. GEORGE H. KENDALL of Nashua, who has just been re-elected President of the New Hampshire Woman's Humane Association, attended to 1,000 humane cases during the past year, exclusive of warnings.

MRS. CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT is to be one of the speakers to present woman suffrage in the discussion on "Problems of the Day," at the biennial meeting of the General Federation of Women's Clubs at Cincinnati next May.

MRS. ANN ELIZABETH PHILPOTT, who died recently at the age of 94 years, had spent 35 years in the Government service. Until a week before she was taken ill, she had performed her duties as an employee of the Bureau of printing and engraving.

MISS RHODA M. WHITE, a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, has been appointed the first woman member of the faculty of Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt., an institution that is standing manfully for co-education. Miss White is assistant professor of sociology and dean of woman.

MRS. CLARA B. ARTHUR of Detroit and Mrs. Huntly Russell of Grand Rapids, President and Vice-President of the Michigan Equal Suffrage Association, have been appointed by the Governor of Michigan as delegates from that State to the conference of the National Civic Federation, which is to be held in Washington, January 17th to 19th to consider uniform legislation.

FROKEN HEDWIG of Petersens, a woman writer of Sweden, called at the National Suffrage Headquarters in New York City, recently, with a letter of introduction from Frau Anna Hierta Retzius, wife of Prof. Retzius of Stockholm. She will make a tour of the United States to gather information concerning the position of women, particularly with regard to the suffrage.

MRS. EMMA SMITH DEVOE, President of the Washington Equal Suffrage Association, has been appointed by Governor M. E. Hay a delegate to the National Divorce Congress, to meet in Washington, D. C., this month, in response to a call issued by President Taft. This Congress is to suggest remedial legislation for action by the Senate and House.

MISS MIRIAM HATHAWAY, a graduate of 1897, instructor in mathematics at Wellesley College, is during her year's leave of absence at the head of the mathematics department in the American College for Girls at Constantinople, taking the place of Dr. Roxana H. Vivian, 1894, who is now in office at Wellesley as associate professor of mathematics.

MRS. O'CONNOR, the American wife of the Editor and Irish nationalist, herself an Editor, playwright, actress, promoter of Irish industries and a suffragette, is in New York. When told of Miss Edith Arnold's differentiation of a suffragist and suffragette, Mrs. O'Connor said, "I did not know there was any difference, but if a suffragist be a persuader and a suffragette a soldier, I am both." She later acknowledged she was a militant suffragette.

FRAU LINA MÖRGENSTERN, one of German's most honored women, has just died in Berlin, in her 97th year. Since her marriage in 1854 she had employed her resourceful talents for the social welfare of the poor in Berlin. She founded people's kitchens, societies for aiding women and girls, and many similar institutions. Her greatest achievement was her work for the wounded and sick during the war of 1870-1. She was a helpful wife and a good mother.

MRS. A. A. COHMEYER, the only woman deputy sheriff in the State, and Miss Genevieve Verner, deputy circuit clerk of Washington County, took an active part in serving a writ of injunction issued at midnight by a belated judge at Nashville, III. Miss Verner was awakened at her home to prepare the papers. As Sheriff Cohmeyer was out of the city, his wife, who is his chief deputy, was sought at a social gathering. Without stopping to change her evening dress, Mrs. Cohmeyer took charge of the matter, drove three miles, and served the papers at one o'clock in the morning.

Ex-QUEEN LILIUKALANI, of Hawaii, has come to Washington to confer over proposed legislation intended to give the Sandwich Islands more liberal homestead rights.

MISS ADELINE TRAPP, the only woman, it is said, who ever swam Hell Gate, has been presented with a medal by the United States Volunteer Life Saving Company.

MISS MAUDE SANDERS, twenty years old, deputy sheriff of Pulaski County, Ind., single handed and unarmed, took a brawny man from Winamac to Knox and delivered the prisoner safely to the sheriff of Strake County. Several times, she says, her charge showed a disposition to "rebel" but she cowed him by her firm attitude any by telling him she could get help at a moment's call.

ALICE MACGOWAN, author of "The Sword in the Mountains," a romance of the civil war, to be published by the Putnams, is familiar with the region that she has chosen for the setting of her story. Her father was in military command of Chattanooga at the close of the war, and the family lived there from that until three years ago. For years the author has vaguely hoped to utilize, as the basis for a romance, the story of conflict that took place in and about her home town, and this hope has now come to fruition.

MISS MARTHA BERRY, head of the remarkable school for mountain whites near Rome Ga., has raised the \$50,000 necessary to secure an addition of \$50,000 from Mrs. Russell Sage and Andrew Carnegie. This school grew out of a little Sunday school that Miss Berry started in the mountains less than ten years ago. The school now has a thousand acres of land, most of it under cultivation, several good buildings, 150 pupils and fifteen teachers. The \$100,000 will be used as an endowment fund.

MRS. MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH has opened a house in New York where the wives of criminals will be provided with work to enable them to support their families while their husbands are in jail. It is called the Rainbow House, and the principal work done there will be washing and ironing. The basement is fitted up with laundry tubs, the floor above is arranged for ironing, and on the upper floors are bedrooms and nurseries where the children of the women are cared for during the day. The laundry prides itself upon doing each wash separately, and not mixing people's clothes.

MRS. HELEN HARTLEY JENKINS has given a large sum as an endowment fund for the support of a post-graduate school for teacher nurses, who will carry the theory and practice of hygienic living into schools, homes, factories, stores and communities. The schools will be a department of the school of Household Arts, Teachers' College, Columbia University. It will be the first institution of the kind to be established in this country, and its direction will be largely in the hands of Miss Adelaide Nutting, professor of Hospital Economics in Teachers' College, a former superintendent of the Johns Hopkins Training School for Nurses in Baltimore.

MRS. ZAHLE, wife of the new Premier of Denmark, is an expert stenographer and has been employed on the official reporting staff of the Danish Parliament since 1895. She was the first woman to work there as a short-hand writer and met with great opposition at her beginning. The Upper House was especially hostile to her appointment, which was made at the same time her husband was elected as a member of Parliament for Ringstead, Iceland. Her salary is the same as for the men stenographers. Mrs. Zahle is continuing her work, and when Premier Zahle made the opening address for the new government she sat directly in front of him and took every word.

MISS HARRIETT O. MATTISON, who has been an assistant in the Board of Health office at Plainfield, N. J., has passed the examination at Trenton and is now qualified for the position of health officer.

MRS. MARGARET C. MUNNS of Seattle, Wash., has been appointed a member of a board of commissioners authorized to investigate Children's Homes, Home-Finding Associations and similar societies. The board was provided for by act of the last Legislature, and the appointment was made by Judge Frater of the Juvenile Court. Mrs. Munns is eminently qualified for such work.

Mrs. GERTRUDE JACOB, a widow and mother of three children, graduated this week from the Waller High School of Chicago. During the three years in which she attended the school, Mrs. Jacob has made a brave struggle against poverty and misfortune. Her husband and one child died. She kept house for her family and for boarders, working early and late. She is planning to become teacher in order to provide better for her children.

MISS EMMA C. SICKELS, who has been prominently identified with domestic science work for several years, has appeared before the House Committee on Agriculture and asked for the establishment of a bureau of domestic science; also for an appropriation of \$60,000, to be distributed in the main among ten of the best schools of domestic science in the agricultural colleges, to enable them to engage more effectively in research and experiment.

MRS. BELVA A. LOCKWOOD, in a letter to President Taft, asks his opinion of a plan to devote the Nobel Peace Prize Fund, awarded two years ago to Mr. Roosevelt, to the striking shirtwaist girls of Philadelphia and New York. Mr. Roosevelt turned over the prize money to the committee on industrial peace, and Mrs. Lockwood is trying to interest this committee in the cause of the strikers, who, she says, are suffering despite aid from the fellow workers. The Jeanne d'Arc Club of New York joins in the appeal to President Taft on behalf of the strikers.

MRS. JOHN B. HENDERSON, Mrs. Ellen Spencer Mussey and the wives of a number of Congressmen have organized the National Anti-Trust League, for a crusade on the high prices of foodstuffs and the trusts which are held responsible for the increased cost of living. An effort will be made to have in charge of every district a woman well known in her locality, and whose previous efforts for the public welfare have met with success. When it can be shown that the price of a certain article has been advanced by virtue of monopoly or trade agreement, members of the league will be asked to refrain from the use of that article for a specified time.

MRS. FLORENCE HOWE HALE has just returned to New York, after giving a series of lectures in Boston and neighborhood. Mrs. Hale delivered her lecture "Personal Reminiscences of Distinguished People," before the Women's Club of Brattleboro, Vt., the Thought and Work Club of Salem, the Roxburge Club of Roxbury, and

the Quincy Woman's Club. She talked on the "Cardinal Points of Good Manners," at Miss Allen's School, West Newton, and at Miss McClintock's School in Boston. She also gave a talk on "The Art of Conversation," and another, "Manners at Home and at School," at the same school. Mrs. Hale spoke at the Williamson School near Philadelphia, on January 26th, and at the George School, also near Philadelphia, on January 28th. On February 4th, she expects to start for a lecture trip to the middle West. During her stay in Boston, Mrs. Hale stayed with her mother, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, at 241, Beacon street.

MR. EDISON prophesies marvellous developments in the wind tide and even steam-volcanoes in the next 200 years. Radium has wonderful resources. He says also that artificial silk made from wood will be superior to the natural product and that the "silk-worm barbarism" will soon be ousted.

POONA WIDOWS' HOME RESULTS.—From the Poona Widows' Home 5 inmates were sent up for the First Grade Art Drawing Examination; 4 of whom have passed. The contributions from friends during the past year amounted Rs. 1,074; the Maharani of Baroda contributing Rs. 200 of the sum.

WOMEN PHYSICIANS.—Dr. Bertha Lewis has recently opened her home as a private hospital for invalid women. This is the beautiful residence of her father, the late Edward Lewis of "Denderah," Malvern, Delaware County, Pa., and is in every respect well adapted to her purpose. Here she will receive her patients and their nurses, either simply as a place of rest, or for medical treatment, as the case may require. Those most competent to judge consider that, under her care, the conditions are ideal for the recovery of nervous cases, her fine culture and the qualities of her mind and heart lending themselves to her chosen purpose.

DR. LEWIS is a graduate of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, has been an extensive traveller in Europe, has recently made a tour of the world, spending six months in Japan, and has since taken a course in orthopedic surgery at the Johns Hopkins Hospital. G. L.

ITALY'S QUEEN'S ALBUM.—When the Czar visited Italy, he handed a card board box to the Queen of Italy saying that the Tzaritsa sent it. The box contained an elegantly bound album which had belonged to the Queen when she lived

at the Russian Court as a maid of honour and which when she left Petersburg she had entrusted to the Tzaritsa with a request that she would write a few lines in it. The Tzaritsa had written, "Helina of Italy's luminous eyes and noble heart are the best present that Victor Immanuel III has given to the Italian people."

AN ENGLISH WOMAN IN CENTRAL AFRICA.—Miss E. Benham in a letter from Mombasa, gives an interesting account of a journey which she recently made on foot and alone through Central Africa. She walked through Northern Rhodesia to German East Africa and then on to the Victoria Nyanza and Uganda, going round by Rawenzori and climbing 10,000 feet on one of the lower spurs. Then to British East Africa, to Nairobi, after which she succeeded in reaching the summit of Kilimanjaro (19,000 ft.) Miss Benham adds that she was absolutely unarmed and had no difficulty or annoyance from natives or wild animals. She started with eight porters and a cook, but afterwards had only six porters.

THE widow of the late Mr. E. H. Harriman, the American millionaire and railway magnate, has given 10,000 acres of land for the formation of a public park in New York in addition to £200,000 for its upkeep. Other millionaires and the State of New York have raised a further £800,000 to make the new park the finest in the world. The park will extend for 50 miles along the banks of the Hudson River.

MISS JEAN CLEMENS daughter of Mr. Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain), was drowned in a bath at her father's house in New York on Christmas Eve during an epileptic fit.

WOMEN TO BE ALLOWED AT THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.—The Home Secretary has signified to the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons his approval to the bye-laws regarding the admission of women to the examination for the diplomas of the College. It is possible according to the above decision for women to appear for the examinations of the Royal College which is to be held during this month.

WOMEN OF ALL NATIONALITIES AT THE OLIMPIA EXHIBITION.—A new feature in the forthcoming exhibition at Olympia will be the Exhibition of Women of all nationalities. The following Ladies are patronizing the movement:—the Duchess of Westminster and Jrafton, the Marchioness of Downshire, the Dowager Countess of Dora, the Countess of Chesterfield, Viscountess Churchill, Viscountess of Pembroke, Lady Goschen and many others. Necessarily girls will figure prominently in the Exhibition.

A WOMAN JUDGE TO DENMARK.—Denmark has appointed a woman Judge, and this is no novelty in the world for Mrs. Esther Morris is Judge in Wyoming, Mrs. McCulloch of Illinois, and Mary Cooper of Kansas are both Judges. It should not be news to the world that Deborah was Judge for 40 years to the Israelites.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Acknowledgments for February, 1910

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JAPANESE LADIES GREETING ONE ANOTHER
(See article on "Glimpses of a tour in Japan"—Page 311)



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. IX]

APRIL, 1910

[No. 10

TO THE MOON

Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth,—
And ever-changing, like a joyless eve
That finds no object worth its constancy?

SHELLEY

Thoughts from Wordsworth's Ode

ON INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY
FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

O Wordsworth, the Poet of Nature, Nature was ever beautiful and ever a sense of delight. And yet this very beauty was to him a cause of frequent sorrow; for do we not read often and do we not feel often, that exquisite joy is but sister to exquisite sorrow, and that, as another poet has it—

"This Life, which seems so fair,
Is like a bubble blown up in the air
By sporting children's breath,
Who chase it everywhere
And strive who can most motion it beneath
For when 'tis most admired, in a thought,
Because it erst was nought, it turns to nought."

To Wordsworth, Nature, though still so beautiful, seems but a shadow of past glory:

"There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth."

But "every cloud has a silver lining"; and to Wordsworth

"A timely utterance gave thought relief,
And I again am strong
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong."

It would indeed be a great evil and a great wrong that a true lover of nature should yet feel sad on this happy morning:

"Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make: I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival
My head bath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all,
Oh evil day! if I were sullen
While earth herself is adorning
This sweet May morning:
And the children are culling
On every side
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm:—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!

But not long can the sudden regret be kept at bay; not long can the secret sorrow be forgotten; soon it peeps its head through the soft surface of the mind, but with what a difference from the regret at the beginning. It is now no more a regret which obscures, undermines, and spoils the beauty around; it is only a remembrance which makes the beauty but the better understood, through the soft mists of which the glory around looks the more soft and ethereal, if at the same time more shadowy.

And this is the thought:

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar;

It is indeed sad to think that to our earthly eyes is obscured the glimpse of this ethereal birth; but how beautiful is the thought that behind our sin-stained and world-marred lives is the glory of this divine origin; for,

"Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home"

and it is with no unworthy object that this divine idea is gradually lost sight of, for

"Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate, man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came."

Mark, now, how gradual is the transition. It is the child who has the largest glimpses of his past immortality.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

How blessed is childhood, yea, indeed twice blessed! Blessed first for its sweet innocence and its lovely bloom, and blessed again and more because it is

"Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave."

Mark then the passage of the years:

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six-years' darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;

But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride,
The little actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'
With all the persons, down to palsied age,
That life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation"

What a joy there is in this thought:

"that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!

Therefore, says Wordsworth—

"The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction,"

not indeed for the beauty of childhood itself, for its delight and liberty, its simple innocence, its undaunted hope:—

"But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing."

Happy are we that

"in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us higher;
Can in a moment travel thither—
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

Let us, therefore, be happy in what we have, says Wordsworth:

"Then, sing ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
We, in thought will join your throng
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!"

What though our divine sight be obscured by earthly mists?

"What through the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind."

Blessed indeed is that "primal sympathy," which draws closer together Nature and man,

which makes Nature twice beautiful, not less beautiful, to man.

"I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your habitual sway:
I love the brooks which down their channels fret
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race had been, and other palms are won?"

And blessed again is that "Primal sympathy," through which we recognise, as Carlyle says, how every object still verily is "a window through which we may look into Infinitude itself," through which, in the great Wordsworth's own words:

"Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, its fears,
To me the meanest flower, that blows, can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

PADMINI.

Glimpses of a Tour in Japan

IX
(BY LADY BENSON)

BEFORE leaving Kyoto we visited the Gymnastic School, or "Military Virtues Society", which was founded in 1896, and now

numbers over a million numbers of both sexes, and all ages, from eight years upwards. On our entrance into the Hall we were given chairs, and sat down and watched with the greatest interest, the numbers of combatants, some wrestling, learning the scientific vulnerable points taught in connection with "juijutsu"; others with masks on, using foils, and being taught fencing. We were much struck with the spirit and energy of the little fellows of eight years old. They fell on their opponents with fury, and returned blow for blow with great vigour. One, little man had evidently hurt himself in the fray, and was crying bitterly with tears rolling down his cheeks. No one laughed at him, or made a fuss over him, he had to bear the pain as part of the discipline; he soon dried his tears, and then the teacher came up, apparently to ask him if he were ready for another round, and the little man jumped up, and joined in again, nothing daunted. The noise of clashing sticks, and the trampling of many feet was deafening.

Jiu-jitsu, as Basil Hall Chamberlain tells us, is a separate art, and ranks higher in esteem than ordinary wrestling. The police are officially instructed in Jiu-jitsu, and the Nobles' schools have classes in it. Its principles have been for years taught only from teacher to teacher, the leading idea is not to match strength with strength, but to win by *yielding* to strength. Various ways of causing apparent death by pressure, and of recalling to life from such dead swoons, bone-setting and also matters connected rather with moral than with physical training are included in the course.

Lafcadio Hearn in his deeply interesting book "Out of the East" tells us a good deal more about "Jiu-jitsu." He says—"Jiu-jitsu" is the old Samurai art of fighting without weapons. To the uninitiated it looks like wrestling. Should you happen to enter Hall in which it is taught, you would see a crowd of students watching ten or twelve little young comrades, bare-footed, and bare limbed, throwing each other about on the matting. The dead silence might seem to you very strange. No word is spoken, no sign of approbation or of amusement is given, no face even smiles. Absolute impassiveness is rigidly enacted by the rules of the school of Jiu-jitsu. But probably only this impassibility of all, this hush of numbers, would impress you as remarkable. A professional wrestler would observe more. He would see that these young men are very cautious about putting forth their strength, and that the grips, holds, and flings are both peculiar and risky. In spite of the care exercised, he would judge the whole performance to be dangerous play, and would be tempted, perhaps, to advise the adoption of Western "Scientific" rules. The *real* thing, however,—not the play,—is much more dangerous than a Western wrestler could guess at sight. The teacher there, slender and light as he seems, could probably disable an ordinary wrestler in two minutes. Jiu-jitsu is not an art of display at all, it is not a training of that sort of skill exhibited to public audiences; it is an art of self-defence in the most exact sense of the term. The master of that art is able, in one moment, to put an untrained antagonist completely *hors de combat*. By some terrible legerdemain he suddenly dislocates a shoulder, unhinges a joint, bursts a tendon, or soaps a bone—without any apparent effort. He is much more than an athlete: he is an anatomist. And he knows also touches that kill—as by lightning. But this fatal knowledge he is under oath never to communicate except under conditions as would render its abuse almost impossible. Tradition exacts that it be given only to men of perfect self-command, and of unimpeachable moral character. The fact, however, to which I

want to call attention is that the master of Jiu-jitsu never relies upon his own strength. He scarcely uses his own strength in the greatest emergency. Then what does he use? Simply the strength of his antagonist. The force of the enemy is the only means by which that enemy is overcome. The art of Jiu-jitsu teaches you to rely for victory solely upon the strength of your opponent; and the greater his strength, the worse for him and the better for you. I remember that I was not a little astonished when one of the greatest teachers of Jiu-jitsu told me that he found it extremely difficult to teach a certain very strong pupil, whom I had innocently imagined to be the best in the class. On asking why, I was answered: "Because he relies upon his enormous muscular strength and uses it." The very name "Jiu-jitsu" means to *conquer by yielding*. Every one knows what a "counter" in boxing means. I cannot use it for an exact simile, because the boxer, who counters, opposes his whole force to the impetus of the other; while a Jiu-jitsu expert does precisely the contrary. Still there remains this resemblance between a counter in boxing and a yielding in Jiu-jitsu,—that the suffering is in both cases due to the uncontrollable forward impetus of the man who receives it. I may venture then to say, loosely, that in Jiu-jitsu there is a sort of counter for every twist, wrench, pull, push, or bend: only, the Jiu-jitsu expert does not oppose such movements at all. No: he yields to them. But he does much more than yield to them. He aids them by a wicked sleight that causes the assailant to put out his own shoulder to fracture his own arm, or, in a desperate case, even to break his own neck, or back.

On our last evening at Kioto we went after dinner to the theatre to see a Japanese play and Geisha dance. It required some effort to face the cold riksha ride, the air was so bitterly cold! A party from the Hotel engaged seats together at the theatre, and we started in our rikshas, our cooly men running full tilt at a great pace down the steep hotel hill. The theatre was some distance off, and situated in a side street, on the opposite side of the river. We recognized its whereabouts from the additional display of Japanese lanterns crowded around the neighbourhood. The theatre was a large two-storied wooden building, very lightly and inexpensively put together, more like a big shed, or barn than anything else. In the front hall were stacked piles and piles of wooden clogs or sandals belonging to the spectators, each had a number chalked underneath, and the corresponding number was given to the owner. It looked as if nothing short of Japanese boundless good humour could ever await the sorting out of those piles! Inside the theatre what a quaint sight

greeted us! On the floor were crowds of Japanese, in family groups, seated in little wooden enclosures with side walls of a foot in height, all were smoking, and eating from little piles of rice, and sweetmeats, and drinking beer, or saki. The whole scene looked like a big picnic. There was a gallery at the end, and we were conducted into an enclosure upstairs at the side, and given chairs to sit upon, but we were the only people in the whole building, who had chairs, all the rest were seated on the ground. The stage occupied the entire length of one side of the building, not only a box-like portion as with us. There was a curtain down the length of the room, and on either side in front of the stage, were two little partitions for the orchestra, or musicians. Naked lights flared within a few inches of the curtain, and to our great anxiety and distress little Japanese children jumped up and down on to the stage, and played about without rebuke.

All the arrangements looked most dangerous, as if a fire might have broken out at any moment, the whole building being of wood; such a disaster would have meant an almost instantaneous and universal conflagration. However, nothing of the sort happened, every one looked happy, and as if enjoying themselves to the uttermost. A curious, and to us novel, addition to the stage arrangements was a long raised wooden passage leading to the stage across the middle of the space occupied by the audience. It was very funny to watch the actors walking with a mincing step down this narrow plank on to the stage itself. The first dramatic performances enjoyed by the Japanese were all carried out by Marionettes, and this is the explanation given for the jerky and stilted movements of the actors of to-day, which is considered the "correct thing". We were much struck by the very pretty stage scenery, the Japanese love of flowers and lights being strongly exemplified on the stage. The curtains parted to show a lovely landscape with gardens, and waterfall, and cherry trees laden with blossoms. The play being in Japanese, we of course could not understand a word of it, but a Japanese gentleman, who could speak a little English, kindly explained the play to us. He told us that the two girls, who were making long speeches, and walking in jerks about the stage, were two sisters, who had a drunken father. It was their duty, as good daughters, to supply their father with drink, and this they had religiously done for some years, but now they had come to the end of their resources. In their distress at being unable to minister to their father's thirst, they had made a pilgrimage to a celebrated shrine at a famous waterfall. Here the priest, who had listened to their story, was so

struck with their dutiful conduct, that he performed a miracle, and turned the water into wine! so that from henceforth the girls were able to supply their father to his heart's content! This of course sounded very "up-side down" morality to Western ears! Western "dutiful" daughters would have pursued the very opposite course of conduct! but it met with much approbation from the Japanese, to whom unquestioning filial obedience, reverence, and devotion is, next to the same devotion to the Emperor, and their country, the highest article of their creed.

I read the other day in the 19th century an article on "Japanese Education". In it there was not one word about lessons, or subjects of study, not a syllable about Universities, or affiliated Colleges; the word examination did not occur; there were no statistics as to the number of B.A.'s, B.L.'s, F.A.'s and Matriculates; not a word about compulsory free elementary education, or the education of women. The article called "Japanese Education" dealt only with the bed rock of principle underlying the object of education, i.e., the production of good citizens, of good men and women or good countrymen. The article said:—

"The Japanese schools, when masters and pupils assemble in the hall of the school, at the beginning of a school term, to celebrate New Year's day, or other fête days, on Commemoration Days, and on Graduation days, in fact in all school functions, and other functions connected with education, it is usual to commence the proceedings with the reading of the 'Imperial Rescript on Education.' This is no empty ceremony; the reader, who is usually the principal, feels that he is giving the living words of His Majesty the Emperor: the assembly stands up, and when the reading is over, all bow in profound reverence, as if they had been delivered by the Emperor in person. A copy of this Rescript is distributed from the Department of Education to every school in the Empire, whether private or public; those for the Central Government Schools being actually signed by the Emperor.... These are kept in a special place in the school and carefully guarded. There have been instances when the principal or teacher of a school saved them at the risk of his life from the flames, when the school house was burnt down by conflagration. Here is a most carefully translated copy of this Rescript—

THE IMPERIAL RESCRIPT ON EDUCATION

'Know ye, Our Subjects:'

Our Imperial Ancestors have founded Our Empire on a basis broad and everlasting, and have deeply and firmly implanted virtue; Our subjects ever united in loyalty and filial piety have from generation to generation illustrated

The Straits of Shimo-no-seki are so narrow that the towns on either side of the shores can be seen very plainly. Shimo-no-seki on the mainland, consists almost entirely of a single street about 2 miles in length. Fine steamers ply hence to Fusan in Korea on alternate days. Moji on the island of Kyushu is the terminus of the Kyushu Railway, steam launches ply every twenty minutes between the two towns. Every moment, as our steamer followed the twists and turns of the narrow sea passage, we saw new combinations in pearly grey colouring of the beautiful mountainous coasts of the islands. All too soon the Straits were passed, the Pilot dropped, and our ship steamed out into the open seas. All day long we coasted off the island of Kyushu, and saw innumerable fishing boats on the blue sea; no wonder that Japan has a fine navy, for like England she has a hardy population of seafaring men to draw on for her supply of sailors. During the day we passed near the site of the Battle of Tsu-shima, where, in 1905, Admiral Togo annihilated the Russian fleet of 49 ships. As we looked at the blue smiling ocean, and thought of the tragic horrors of that awful battle, one could but recall Byron's lines:—

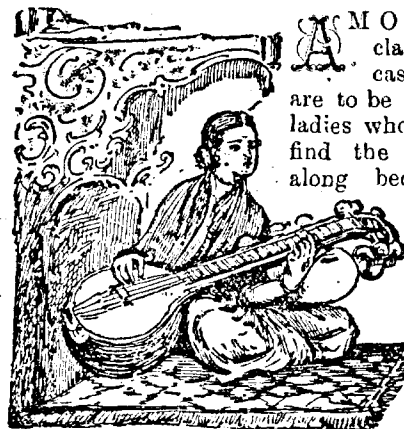
Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin,—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain,
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelt, uncoffined, and unknown?

It has been said that the world is divided into two groups of people—those who wish to visit Japan, and those who wish to re-visit Japan! We certainly belong to the latter group. There is nothing I should enjoy more than to spend a year in Japan travelling there via the Siberian Railway, to journey through the islands from North to South, and from East to West, in spring, summer, autumn, and winter, missing none of the beautiful flower festivals and not omitting any of the towns and villages of beauty and interest.

The country and climate have its drawbacks, the people have their faults and failings, in common with the rest of the world, but there is so much of beauty, and enjoyment in the country and climate, so much of ability, charm, and graciousness in the people, that it is easy to be blind to their faults, and to prefer to remember all that is best, and most pleasing in the people and "Land of the Rising Sun."

(The end.)

Home Occupations for Hindu Ladies



AMONG all classes and castes there are to be found many ladies who sometimes find the days drag along because they have no interesting and intelligent occupation for their leisure moments.

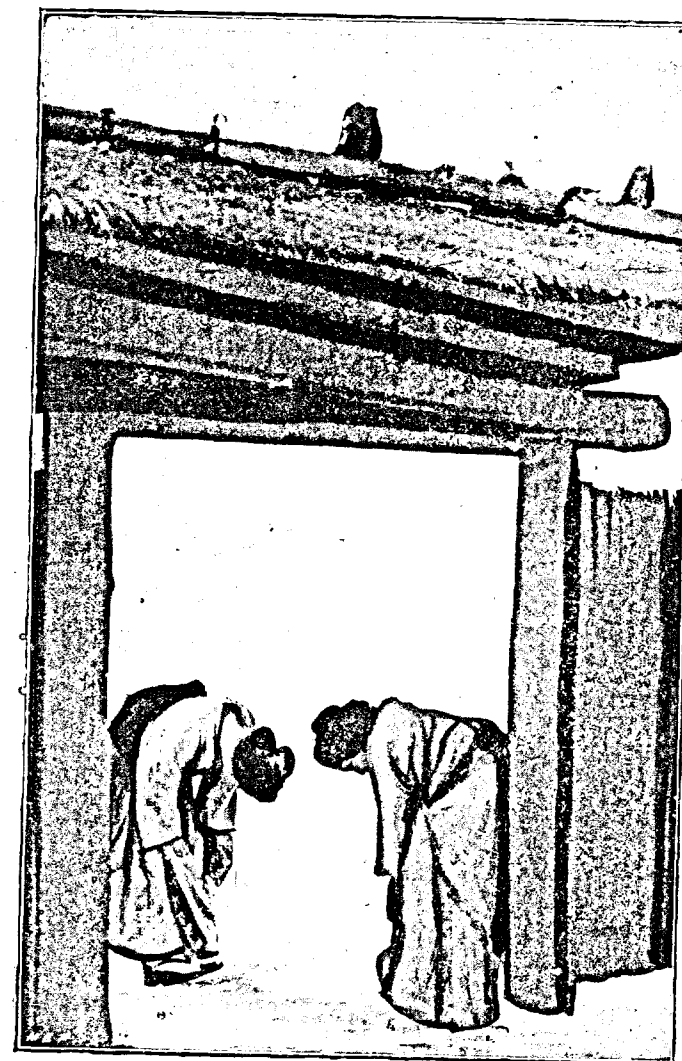
Many there are whose domestic duties so completely occupy their days that there is no time for other work; but it is for the ones who have leisure and would wish to do some work, either remunerative or for their amusement, that this short paper is written. We will not call it "work" but start with the sentiment that

"When you do what you want to do, honestly and squarely, it does not at all deserve to be called work, but is the most splendid sort of play, and everyday is a holiday."

It would be difficult, indeed, to find any occupation in Europe or America which is entirely man's work to-day, for the number of women workers in trades and professions increases yearly, and in England especially one can find innumerable lady gardeners, poultry breeders, carvers, weavers, carpenters even, besides the lady artists who so frequently give up painting and work of that nature to enter the ranks of artistic book binders, jewellers, bead weavers and embroiderers and a host of other crafts, almost too numerous to mention.

A very important thing also is the ease and facility with which almost any occupation of the sorts mentioned can be conducted in one's own home.

In America, especially in the vicinity of large cities, many ladies devote their spare time to sweet-making and cake-making, and the making of fine quality preserves, pickles and relishes, which find a very ready market at the various "Women's Exchanges." There is also the advantage in these "Women's Exchanges," that persons who do not care to become known as workers for gain, may sell their products without any publicity, and many whose unfortunate poverty has seriously interfered with their com-



GOOD-BYE

316 A



THE THREE MONKEYS OF TOSHOGU, NIKKO

These monkeys are represented in many ways, carved in wood, ivory, bone, or painted on lacquer trays, on fans or screens

fort and station in life are thereby enabled to render much needed help to their families.

The subject of a possible "Women's Exchange" in Madras will be dealt with at a future time, but now let us consider the possibilities which present themselves for pleasant and useful occupations, always bearing in mind that if one has sufficient and intelligent interest in what one undertakes to do, the labour involved is play rather than work.

Gardening, in this wonderful country, where nearly every thing grows in such profusion, offers many interesting openings to ladies. The interest involved in watching and studying the marvellous growth of flowers and plants is in itself enough to occupy one's entire attention. The possibilities of making almost any flat roof into a small paradise, where one may enjoy the cool breezes of the early mornings and evenings surrounded by beautiful flowers, seems to me too enticing to neglect.

The question of watering is the only really serious consideration in a roof garden, once the plants and flowers are selected and put in place. Too often one sees a few scrappy and dried up plants placed with no thought of artistic or interesting grouping on each pillar of the verandah parapet, evidently the work of some member of the household who has little interest in their gardening plans. Nearly all flowers love the sun and thrive best in sunny positions, provided that water enough is given them and that the drainage of the pots is properly attended to.

Roses and chrysanthemums especially will do well on roofs if properly watered, and many succulent plants, such as ornamental varieties of the aloe and agave, require hardly any attention as to watering and are of ornamental value.

The lovely little portulaca, grown from seed in shallow pans with a mixture of rich earth and plenty of sand, are a continual joy. As a suggestion for forming a roof garden, a background of ornamental foliage plants, such as crotons of various sorts and easily grown grasses, could first be arranged against the parapet wall, taking care not to select very large plants unless the roof is of considerable size. On the tops of the divisions of the parapet several ornamental pots of the same sort of plant will give a suggestion of symmetry, and arranged in front of the background of foliage plants any flowering plants may be placed. All the little details such as being careful to remove dead leaves and keeping the floor space neat and tidy will all add considerably to the attractiveness of the roof garden. If one can arrange a trellis on which to grow climbing plants, such as jasmine, ipomoea or thunbergia or the lovely moon flower, so much the better, and, for those who wish, an added interest may be given by growing

some bright-coloured capsicums, which are not only beautiful but useful.

The making of miniature gardens suitable for the ornamentation of courtyards or rooms is a subject which might be of very great interest to many. The Japanese are adepts at this sort of gardening, and complete gardens with trees and various plants, all healthy and growing, and with all sorts of accessories, such as streams and bridges, may be frequently seen even in small Japanese houses.

A simple and interesting way to form such a garden would be to select small close growing plants, which resemble trees or other plants on a tiny scale, and to arrange these so as to form little landscapes. Something the same is occasionally seen in Indian homes, when stories are illustrated with dolls and plants and made of cloth and paper. The greater interest which would arise from a miniature garden in which the trees were real and alive and grew can easily be imagined.

The suggestions above are somewhat meagre as to the variety of actual things to be grown, but to save unnecessary labour one should bear in mind that perennial plants are better to grow than annuals, which, to keep up a good show, would require frequent changing.

Gardening in the ground is of course a wholly different thing from roof gardening, and here, even with a tiny space at one's disposal, bare spots may be cultivated and made things of beauty and of worth by comparatively little labour. Gardening may appear to many ladies as an unsuitable occupation because of its uncleanness, but it need not be uncleanly if care is taken and simple gardening tools are used.

The great variety of occupations suitable for working in the house makes it difficult to know where to begin suggestions, but perhaps the ancient connection of womanfolk with the arts of weaving and embroidery will be as good a starting point as can be found. The question has often been put to me by people with large families as to whether there was any small machine which by some simple turning of a crank could produce some useful and readily saleable article—it did not much matter what—the idea being that if a large family of children could find an occupation of this sort, the family fortune would be secured and the children kept out of mischief at the same time. It is not my idea, however, to suggest anything of the sort, even if such a machine were procurable. To work almost any machine, day after day, seems the height of absurdity for any really intelligent person. We are all blessed with some sort of brains, and, having them, to work with them to the best of our individual ability seems but the plainest duty.

But to return to the arts connected with textiles:

Carpet weaving, as a home occupation for ladies, has been tried very successfully in Madras.

It is not a difficult occupation, but success in the finished product is due greatly to the beauty of the colour of the yarns used, and the patterns woven. It is a somewhat long process to weave rugs or carpets of large size, but small mats may be woven fairly quickly.

Wool is generally used and should be of good quality. Cawnpore wool is more suitable for good work than the local "chunam wool" and if very fine carpets are to be made the waste silk procurable from the silk spinners is an excellent material; none but vegetable dyes should ever be used.

The warp, that is the threads going the length of the carpet and to which the wool is knotted, and which are stretched on the loom, are generally of cotton twine.

The description just given refers to woollen pile rugs, but rugs, all of cotton (dhurries), may be woven by a quicker process. In dhurry weaving, a shuttle of some sort is used, generally a spindle or needle on which the cotton yarn is wound and which can be easily passed backward and forward between the warp threads.

Any number of colours may be used and with practice very intricate designs woven, but for ordinary mats and rugs the best results are obtained by limiting the number of colours and keeping the patterns rather simple. Beautiful curtains with the finished design on both sides of the fabric may also be woven in the same manner as dhurries are made. It is, in fact, similar to one of the old tapestry weaving processes, and there are no more treasured or beautiful pieces of weaving in existence to-day than some of the tapestry wall coverings which adorn many houses and palaces of western countries. It would not, however, be with the idea of making large hangings so much as smaller pieces suitable for curtains, cushion and chair covers, that the usual home worker would undertake tapestry weaving. Silk and wool or silk and cotton are, for fine work, more suitable than cotton alone.

Lace-making offers many opportunities to the patient worker, though lace is a material not very much used locally. Many beautiful small articles such as bags and purses may be woven with beads of various colours. Small bead looms are procurable on which strips may be woven and afterward sewn together to form large pieces, or the needle and thread alone are sufficient for making many beautiful articles with beads.

To those ladies whose tastes are toward the making of pictures, there is certainly no more absorbing or interesting occupation than draw-

ing and painting. Drawing of course is taught in nearly all modern schools, but generally taught in a not very intelligent way. In learning to draw, the great essential is that the eyes are trained to see properly.

Designs and ornamental drawing may be possible to many who have never learned to draw from real objects, as the formation of ornament does not depend very largely on accurate representation of nature. But to be able to make an accurate drawing of any object in nature, be it leaf, tree, animal or person, training of the eyes to see accurately and of the hand to record the accurate impression of the eye is the very first essential.

Practice in drawing, as in all other arts, makes for skill and perfection, and should in all cases precede any attempt at painting.

One who is content to paint flowers and still life does not need to study very much perspective and geometry, but for a thorough knowledge and ability to render any scene, some knowledge of perspective, gained while one is making drawing and not as a study in itself, is necessary. It is almost in fact quite impossible to become skilful as a painter without good teaching, and if one lives in the vicinity of some large city there will generally be found a school to study in.

But one must remember that schools where arts are taught concern themselves more with the manner or way of doing a thing, rather than in turning out finished work.

A few years in an art school will help one along the right path, and afterward the students may work by themselves and with only occasional help and criticism from artists.

A knowledge of drawing and painting is particularly useful to those who would excel at almost any branch of artistic work, though with some work it is not absolutely essential, especially if one can procure suitable designs ready to use.

W. S. H.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—It is with great pleasure that we publish the above article from a friend on "Home Occupations for Hindu Ladies." The writer of the article is an earnest well-wisher of the women of India and tells me that he will be glad to answer any enquiries made with regard to the occupations suggested. He has also kindly promised that, if some interest is shewn in the article, as I am sure there will be, a series of articles, going into more detail, will be written. In this connection, my readers may perhaps remember an article on "Indian Women's Exchange," contributed to the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* some time ago.

A Typical Marriage & Convenience



ABOUT a year ago, an educated Nayar youth of my acquaintance belonging to a respectable and well-to-do family in North Travancore, bearing an excellent character and holding a decent appointment under the Cochin Government, happened to marry a young

girl, coming of a pretty well-known Nayar family in South Malabar. As these two families lived at a considerable distance from each other, it goes without saying that our young man and his bride elect were utter strangers to each other till the time of their marriage, as not infrequently happens among the Hindus.

Owing to this circumstance, as also owing to a slight inequality in age and wealth between the girl and himself, not only did our youth hesitate to embrace the proposal in the first instance but also subsequently wired his unwillingness to become a party to the match; nevertheless, by the force of the various circumstances operating in matters of this kind, these objections were, one by one, removed from his mind; and the wedding was celebrated, according to custom, in the bride's house with great éclat, with music, vocal and instrumental, and the feeding of, and the making of suitable donations to, the Brahmins; a sumptuous feast to the guests invited for the occasion, taking up a considerable part of the programme; and the ceremony coming to a close with the bridegroom, with trembling hands and a fluttering heart, presenting the bride with a piece of red silk having a few rupees placed in the centre of it; and the bride demurely garlanding him at the auspicious moment amidst the chanting of verses of benediction by the Brahmins, the repeated hallooing of the women, and the deafening cheers of the guests assembled.

Here, if anywhere, were almost all the elements tending towards permanency in a Nayar marriage so far as that function goes—the husband and wife coming of respectable and well-to-do families apparently satisfied with one another; and becoming each other uncommonly well as regards personal appearance, both being fair-skinned to a degree and possessing clear-cut features harmoniously proportioned; the girl being quiet and unassuming in her ways and likely to make a faithful and

obedient wife besides possessing the elements of a sound education; and the youth, over and above a substantial education and an unsullied character, owning a heart at once loving and sympathetic, and a mind deeply imbued with a sense of the high responsibilities attaching to the matrimonial state. Yet all these favorable circumstances which might have been expected to ensure everlasting permanency in any earthly union, and which formed a grateful topic of conversation among the relations of the young couple, failed to operate in this case as the sequel will show.

Be that as it may, the day after the wedding our youth started back home accompanied by his young wife and her mother, who would see her daughter settled safely in her new home. Gentle reader! I really want words to describe the various noble resolutions which our young husband formed in his mind en route to make the lives of his amiable partner and himself happy and useful; and which served to break the monotony of an otherwise wearisome journey—how he would erect upon the existing modest foundation a superb edifice of knowledge and wisdom for his darling; how he would thereby wean her from the many foibles to which her sex is prone, and make her not only a true helpmeet in life and an eminently womanly woman, but a paragon of excellence, as well, among her kind; how he would love and cherish her for age through good and ill report; how he would constantly guard her life and health, consult her every wish, respect her every feeling, and be a prop and support to her parents in their declining years; and, in a word, how he would shed his very life-blood to the veriest drop for the sake of his fancied darling: I say, such and similar noble and disinterested feelings, thoughts, and aspirations—too deep and sacred for words to express, even were they available for the purpose—thronged in the mind of the then happy husband, leaving thereon an impress, the traces whereof do linger there still, although some time has elapsed since the enactment of the sad drama hereinafter to be detailed.

To proceed: Arrived at his house, the youthful husband and his adored wife lived together in unutterable bliss for about four months, during the course of which he strove to carry out his views regarding the physical, mental, and moral betterment of his wife, who did not only fall in with them heartily, but gave every promise of becoming all that she was expected to become in the long run. At this juncture he had to take her back to her parents to spend some time with them; and, unwilling to part from her for a moment, he stayed with her the whole time to the utter neglect of certain very urgent duties

which he owed to the members of his own family.

Here my readers may be informed, that, while staying under his wife's roof, our youth was enabled to glean, at first hand, much new and serviceable information regarding the aims and aspirations of her parents and her other relations; and, much to his chagrin, stumbled upon many an ugly fact which in no way augured well for the future of the union. As was only to be expected, this undreamt-of revelation gave a rude shock to his feelings for the time being; but he did not attach any serious importance to it, much less did he suspect it to be capable of affecting the safety of a union formed amidst such exceptionally propitious circumstances—beyond, perhaps, putting a few drops of bitter into the cup of domestic felicity at long and rare intervals—as he had not even an inkling of suspicion regarding the real ulterior motives of the parents and as he had set great store by the essential goodness of his wife which would carry all opposition before it.

Consoled by considerations like these, he, with a heavy heart, bade an affectionate farewell to his beloved whom he was leaving behind—at the earnest wish of her parents, to undergo some local medical treatment for an internal affection—but who, nevertheless, was inconsolably grieved at the idea of being even temporarily separated from him, and returned to the scene of his public duties, as his vacation had all unawares come to an end by that time. This was the beginning and the end of the sad narrative now drawing to a close.

On the very evening of his arrival at home, as he was on the point of penning a note to his wife, his trusty servant, who had accompanied him to his house, gave him to understand, with the utmost pain of mind, what he had not the courage to do till then, that the plea of the treatment and the consequent detention of his wife by her unworthy parents, were but the result of a dastardly plot, the object whereof was nothing less than the severance of the union between them. The reason assigned by the heartless parents for contemplating such an unnatural, nay unprovoked, step was dissatisfaction as to his caste, which, as Dame Rumour had it, was not quite what they were led to believe at the outset; while their real reason was discontent regarding his wealth and position in life. In other words a sudden access of wealth and the gratification of their vanity in the matter of show and display through their daughter, would appear to have been the only two objects which actuated them to promote the union in question; and as these objects—which are of the earth, earthy—had not been fully attained during the short period which had then elapsed,

they had tired of the union and had in consequence pitched upon some more profitable match; while on looking about for a convenient plea for a separation, they had agreeably stumbled upon that clog on the wheels of Indian social progress, viz., caste, which gloriously served to mask their hypocrisy in the matter.

At this stage, it behooves me to inform my readers, that the family of the girl is a very limited one, consisting merely of a mother—the father, though living in the house is not to be counted, chiefly in the present case, as a member of the same—and her two daughters, the elder of whom lives with her three children in her husband's house in the vicinity—while the younger one is the wife of the unhappy young man of our narrative; that it is rich enough in this world's goods to lead a comparatively easy life without any further addition to its pecuniary resources; that it was an implicit understanding in the treaty of marriage, so to speak, that the happiness of their daughter and the management of their belongings—they having no male issue—and not the further acquisition of wealth for wealth's sake merely, was the one and only aim of the parents in bringing about the marriage: and that what they wanted for this purpose was a fair young man of parts, education, and character, who should love and cherish their daughter, supplemented with pecuniary help from them whenever required. It was these circumstances, which had been emphasized upon ever and anon, that induced our youth to become a party to this ill-fated union. But to continue.

This revelation, on the part of his faithful servant, of the sordid motives which induced these inhuman parents to keep back their girl from her husband, whom she really admired and loved and on whose account she was sure to be greatly grieved, confirmed him in the doubts and fears to which he had been subject while sojourning under their roof, and severely upbraided him with the folly of being coerced into any sort of intimate relationship with people of whose antecedents he had no correct idea whatever previous to the marriage.

Consequently, a keen repentance of his mistake and a most painful sense of his unprovoked separation from a girl—whom he loved with an all-powerful and engrossing love and who fully reciprocated the passion, though neither of an age nor having the will power to act on her own initiative in this sad crisis—took possession of his mind; and he at once wrote taxing the parents with the injustice, the unnaturalness, and the ruthlessness of their conduct, which savoured of Hell. But in answer to this they informed him, with much show of plausibility, that his caste—which by the way is very much

superior to theirs which is one of the very lowest in the scale—was not quite what they had taken to be at first, so much so that their kinsfolk, who held very rigid views on the subject, would have nothing to do with them in social matters should the union continue; and that if he would have the patience to wait for some time, during which they would satisfy themselves on the score of his caste, the course of the union might run smooth as before.

Such an heartless and cold-blooded assurance coming from a father who had no will of his own, and a mother beneath the suavity of whose manners lurked a tigrish heart and an insatiable greed for filthy lucre, coupled with an unscrupulous determination to secure it by means fair or foul, fell absolutely flat on the ears of the wronged husband; and as they had administered him a home-thrust by strictly forbidding their daughter to hold any communication with him at a time when he was dying with impatience to hear from her, he forthwith wrote them to say that if they honestly wished for the continuance of the union and the consequent happiness of their child, they should take her back to him at once; failing which the marriage was to all intents and purposes null and void from that moment. Their prevaricating reply to such an urgent appeal to their sense of duty, honour and humanity, revealing the doggedness of their wicked intent and the utter hopelessness of expecting justice at their hands, he resigned himself to his fate with unutterable anguish; and resolved not to allow this most painful affair to intrude on his mind any more, although it must be confessed that that resolution has failed of its object up to the present moment. Nay, more: the inhuman conduct of the parents and the consequent disappointment in this his first love, have sunk him into such a depth of misery, and imparted such an evident tinge of melancholy to his life and conduct, and worst of all have so severely shaken his faith in the integrity of his co-religionists; that, despairing of peace and happiness while in their midst, he is seriously thinking of bidding an early farewell to a land from whose inhospitable shores the Goddess of Love is fast taking wing to congenial climes elsewhere, leaving way to Mammon and his admiring devotees.

Gentle reader! The above is a true incident that occurred within the personal knowledge of the writer some little time back; and it is not at all likely that you will be able to furnish a parallel to it from your own personal experience. But it is only one among scores of similar incidents occurring in the Nayar world at the present day! No doubt mercenary motives, more or less apparent, rule the matrimonial market the world over in these degenerate days; and this

state of things is certainly to be deplored in the interests of human happiness and progress, seeing that, sentiment apart, marriage relations, judiciously regulated, lie at the very foundations of the fabric of society. Nevertheless, it is consolatory to think that elsewhere all haggling and wrangling in the name of love ceases with the settlement of the marriage portion. Thenceforward the parties are free to pursue life in undisturbed tranquillity as long as they can agree with each other. But with Nayars, despite their vaunted intelligence and refinement, the practice obtaining with human beings elsewhere is reversed, inasmuch that among them marriages may be made to order and snapped with impunity at a ludicrously short notice. This state of things is, to say the least, extremely disgraceful; and unless and until education of the right sort permeates the masses of the Nayar community so as to restore the divine institution of matrimony to its legitimate place in society, not only will the Nayars pitifully lag behind in the onward march of civilization and their name be a by-word of scorn among enlightened nations, but also their lax matrimonial relations will directly or indirectly demoralize the rest of the world to boot.

A WELL WISHER.

Female Education in Travancore

PRESENTATION TO A LADY GRADUATE
(From a Correspondent)



A CROWDED meeting was held in the M. G. M. High School hall some days ago. Mr. K. Palpoo Pillai, B.A., Tahsildar, presided. The object of the meeting was to congratulate Miss Mary Vurkey on her passing the B. A. examination. It is

pleasing to note that the four sections of the Christian community united for this purpose and brought about the meeting. A large number of lawyers, teachers and officials, besides several European and Indian ladies were present. It may be mentioned in passing that Miss Mary Vurkey is one of the three lady graduates in Travancore, the other two being Miss Poonnen and Miss Parukitty-

The Hindu Widows' Home Association, Poona

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT, FOR THE YEAR 1909



THE fourteenth year of the Ashram passed away very well in more respects than one. Though financially it was not what it should have been, it is a matter for satisfaction that it was much better than the pre-

ceding year.

2. The attendance at the Home at the end of the year was 95 as against 80 at the end of the last year. The following is the distribution of the inmates according to castes—

Konkanastha Brahmins	... 38
Deshastha Brahmins	... 33
Karhada Brahmins	... 6
Sarasvat Brahmins	... 5
Kayastha Prabhus	... 3
Smarta Telgu Brahmins	... 3
Daivadya Brahmins	... 3
Goverdhan Brahmins	... 2
Devrukhe Brahmins	... 1
High Caste Maratha	... 1

Total ... 95

The inmates classified according to places they come from stand thus—

Ahmednagar District	... 9
Baroda State	... 1
Belgaum District	... 3
Berars	... 8
Bombay	... 9
Central Provinces	... 5
Coconada	... 3
Dharwar District	... 3
Gwalior State	... 1
Indore State	... 2
Karwar District	... 2
Khandesh District	... 2
Kolaba District	... 3
Manglore	... 1
Mysore State	... 1
Nasik District	... 2

Poona District	... 6
Ratnagiri District	... 7
Satara District	... 7
Sholapur District	... 7
Southern Maratha States	... 9
Thana District	... 4
Total	... 95

Out of these, 83 are widows and the remaining 12 are married and unmarried girls.

3. This year the Ashram completed the Marathi seventh standard i.e., reached the highest stage in primary instruction. The course is so arranged that those who learn English along with these standards are able to complete the first three Anglo-Vernacular standards with the completion of the Marathi course. Five girls were sent up this year to the Vernacular Final Examination of the Educational Department, of whom three passed. In the list of one hundred and fifty successful candidates at this examination arranged according to merit, the numbers of our passes were five, twelve and fifty. It is hoped that the Home will be able hereafter to send and pass some candidates every year.

A small beginning has been made this year in the matter of teaching drawing to the students and out of the five candidates sent, four passed in the First Grade Art Examination of the Sir J. J. School of Arts, Bombay.

Loom weaving shows a very satisfactory progress, Mr. E. P. Bobade is always ready to render help in solving difficulties that may happen to arise in the way. There are now four looms at work, and the Home is now able to turn out and provide itself with necessary piece goods, such as plain bordered saris, those of gomi border of Sholapur fashion, coverlets, checks &c. 966 yards of cloth was produced this year. Seven girls work in this branch.

The knitting branch was added in February of this year. The instructress in this branch has received excellent training from Messrs. Talim Brothers, who continued to give timely help whenever need for such help arises. Three machines (two big and one small) now work in making stockings, socks, gloves and neck-comforters and the outturn of the year was 944 articles in all. Five girls are at present employed in this branch. At this very time was introduced the sewing department. Ordinary sewing has always been an item of instruction, but the present branch is intended to enable those who may wish to make tailoring a profession or means of livelihood. Shirts, frocks, jackets, collars &c., are now sewn and 236 articles of apparel were sewn this year. Six girls attend this branch.

Before concluding this portion of the report (regarding the course of instruction pursued) it seems necessary to refer here to the career and success of a past student of this Home. Mrs. Tapibai Hardikar finished the fifth standard of the Anglo-Vernacular course in this Ashram and then joined the New English School, Poona, whence she passed the last Matriculation examination. Mrs. Hardikar stood high in the list of successful candidates, having obtained 57 per cent marks. She is the holder of the University Dalvi Scholarship, for she stood first in Sanskrit among lady students who passed the examination. She also got the Miss Manning Prize of Rs. 50 awarded by the Poona Branch of the National Indian Association for having stood first among lady students that passed from the Poona centre.

4. What is essential for the undisturbed and unhampered continuance and progress of institutions like the Hindu Widows' Home is that there should be a sufficiently large number of ladies who are willing to devote themselves disinterestedly to a cause like this. Unfortunately there is yet a great paucity of such ladies in our Society. Of the four lady life members of the association Mrs. Kashibai Devdhar has been on leave for a year and quarter and she will require as much time more to complete the B. A. course. She will not be available therefore till April 1911. Mrs. Banubai Deshpande has been on leave for two years and a half. She has been studying her favourite subjects, midwifery and nursing, and will complete her course by April next. But owing to importunate requests of the conductors of the Seva Sadan and to the more useful service that she is likely to give to that institution on account of her training, it is feared that her services will have to be permanently transferred to that institution. There are thus left only two life-members to work in and for the institution during the next year. Mrs. Venubai is the Lady Superintendent of the Home and Mrs. Parvatibai has the charge of collecting subscriptions. Besides these two there are three ladies who, though not enrolled as life members have been working for the institution with as much zeal and disinterestedness as the life members do. It is owing to the help of these ladies that the work of the Ashram has been able to keep an undisturbed even tenor. In addition to these three ladies there are three paid mistresses whose services are not less valuable. It has been the aim of this Association to place the entire management of the Home and the Association exclusively in the hands of lady workers. Yet for half a dozen years more it will be necessary to take the help of gentlemen teachers and it may be recorded here that the gentlemen on the

staff at present are rendering valuable service to the institution.

5. During the year under report there was one general meeting of the Association at which the report of the previous year was adopted and the committees on management and supervision of internal affairs were appointed. The former met four times and the latter twice during the year.

6. A very large number of people visited the Ashram, some of them coming from a great distance. Leaving out of consideration those who were present at the Prize Distribution ceremony and those who visited to see the exhibition during the next week, there were 1,122 persons who took the trouble of coming so far to this Home. Early in the year under report there was held in Bombay a Conference of the medical profession. There was also the Jain Conference in Poona in the month of May. A large number of delegates took the opportunity of visiting the Ashram and ascertaining for themselves how it is conducted. The following table gives the different localities from which these visitors came and their number—

Bengal	... 3
Berars	... 41
Bombay	... 94
Carnatic	... 33
Central India	... 31
Central Provinces	... 42
Deccan	... 81
Foreign countries	... 3
Gujerath	... 36
Konkan	... 35
Madras Presidency	... 13
Mysore State	... 11
Nizam's Dominions	... 12
Poona	... 430
Poona (Jain Conference Delegates and Visitors)	... 166
Punjab	... 12
Rajputana	... 5
S. M. States	... 38
Sindh	... 28
United Provinces	... 8

Total : 1,122

Out of the 1,122 visitors, 226 were women and the rest men, 174 of the number being students of advanced branches of studies. Among the distinguished visitors of the year may be mentioned Lady Muri-Mackenzie, Mrs. Carmichael, Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Dyson of Poona; Rao Sahet Varad of Sholapur; Hon. Mr. Rodda of Dharwar; Mr. K. Ranga Rao of the Mangalore Depressed Classes Mission; Dr. P. S. Achyut Rao of Bangalore; Saudar M. Kant Raj and Mr. A. Mahadevaia of Mysore; Rao Bahadur and Mrs. Viresalingam

Pantulu of Rajahmundry; Mr. K. Kodandaramiah of Sompeta; Mr. Keshav Rao Vakil of Hyderabad Deccan; Rao Saheb Mahajan of Akola; Mr. M. V. Joshi of Amraoti; Swami Bhuvanand from Bengal; Mrs. Saviour and Miss Christiana of Swami Vivekananda's following; Professor Tarapurwala of Benares; Shrimant Sitabaisaheb and R. B. Krishnarao Mulye of Indore; Dr. Har Prasad of Unao; Dr. H. D. Pant and Babu Satyendra Nath Aditya of Lucknow; Mr. P. L. Rajpal of Amritsar; Lala Dharam Das, Lala Narain Das, Sessions Judge, and Lala Ishwar Das, Advocate of Lahore; Mr. C. Thadani, Hon. Magistrate, and Dr. Tarachand of Hyderabad Sindh; Dr. Chandanam of Sewhan; Mr. Gulabrai and Mr. G. N. Pandit of Rajkot; Her Highness the Maharani Chimanabaisaheb, the Princess Indiraraja, Shrimant Bapusabheb Gaikwad and Shrimant Anandrao Mahadik of Baroda; Shrimati Shiygauri and Shrimati Bajigauri, the lady workers of the Vanita Vishram of Surat; Lady Chandavarkar, Mr. and Mrs. Jehangir B. Petit, Mrs. Mithabai Meghji Khetsi, Mr. Nana Rujuji, Prof. F. M. Dastur, Mr. Jamiyram Jivanram, R. B. Visanji Khimji and Seth Mulraj Khatav of Bombay; and Mr. Polak of South Africa.

7. Among the auspicious functions performed in connection with this Ashram the most important and promising was the ceremony of the Prize Distribution of the last year, presided over by His Excellency Sir George Sydenham Clarke, Governor of Bombay. A 'mandap' was erected in the quadrangle of the Home which afforded convenient accommodation to the visitors (both ladies and gentlemen). For the orthodox old ladies who could not reconcile themselves to the idea of occupying central positions by the side of gentlemen under the shamiyana, a detached and yet equally convenient accommodation was made in the surrounding Verandahs and in the more retired rooms of the Ashram. Seven hundred people responded to the invitation on this occasion and the open place around the Ashram appeared decorated with carriages, horses and other vehicles. Good many poor yet enthusiastic people who could not afford the luxury of conveyances walked up to the Home. An exhibition was organized in connection with this ceremony where things made by the inmates of the Home were placed as exhibits. This exhibition was open only for a week after that evening and yet during this short time 200 persons from Poona and other places visited it. Notwithstanding the distance of the place, bad condition of the road and the prospect of an inclement weather of the rainy season, seven hundred people attended the ceremony and two hundred more took the trouble of visiting the Ashram to see the exhibition, and what is very

encouraging is that of these visitors two hundred were ladies. This fact bespeaks the growing sympathy and appreciation of the work of the Home. The speeches of H. E. Sir George Clarke, Dr. Bhandarkar and Mrs. Ranade, together with a small account of the ceremony are given at the end of this report.

8. We must not fail to make mention of another function of this Ashram which though not so great is not the less important and useful. This may be called the "country gathering." At a distance of a mile or so from the Ashram there are three small villages in three different directions. The Ashram people have occasionally to deal with some people of these villages. In order to establish relations of cordiality and neighbourly feelings between the inhabitants of these villages and the Ashram it was arranged to call some of these to a dinner party. Accordingly a dinner party was held and about four hundred men, women and children from these villages dined in the open court-yard of the Ashram along with the masters; the mistresses and inmates attending the party at dinner and serving them. After dinner the party adjourned to the plain in front of the Home where pansupari was distributed. A few speeches befitting the occasion terminated the affair.

9. As regards building accommodation there is at present a pressing need for new spacious rooms to locate the industrial branches of the Home and a house for teachers to live in with their families. These two buildings will be more conveniently located on the other side of the canal. But this proposal will have to be postponed till after we succeed in securing the desired site on that side. There is also a great necessity of additional quarters for student inmates of the Ashram. During the year under report a new convenient hall was added to the Ashram buildings as a dining parlour. This has dispensed with the necessity of using the verandah as a dining room, which had to be done for the last two years. This new work has cost about Rs. 2,000.

10. During the year 1,525 men and women of all ranks high and low, residing in 300 different towns and villages, contributed to the funds of this association. Of these some of the more distinguished contributors only are mentioned here. Mr. S. N. Pandit who has been sending help from year to year contributed Rs. 500 this year. Mr. and Mrs. Jehangir B. Petit visited the institution and made a handsome donation of Rs. 500. At the instance of the Hon. Prof. Gokhale, Mr. N. V. Bhide paid Rs. 400 to the Ashram. The sale proceeds of Mr. S. K. Kolhatkar's books came to Rs. 366 during the year. The total amount thus received comes to

Rs. 400. Mr. L. K. Samant contributed Rs. 200 more this year and his scholarship fund now amounts to Rs. 2,120. The Indore Durbar has been sending for these several years a yearly contribution of one hundred rupees and Rs. 200, (contribution for two years) were received from the state in the year under report. Her Highness the Maharani of Baroda and Meherlan Bala-saheb, the Chief of Oodh, each contributed Rs. 200. An equal sum came from Messrs. Virji Valji and also from R. B. Visanji Khimji of Bombay. Mrs. Ramabai Ranade has placed at the disposal and for the use of the Ashram a round top bullock carriage (Dhamani) of the late Mr. Justice Ranade, which he used in his tours in the district. R. B. S. B. Bapat who has been contributing Rs. 80 annually since the inception of this institution paid Rs. 160 for two years. Shrimant Madhav Rao Babasaheb, of Miraj-Mala (Miraj Junior Branch) gave a donation of Rs. 150. Mr. Krishnalal Sakarlal Desai of Bombay who has been helping the institution from time to time sent Rs. 148 this year. Mr. Govind Rao M. Dukale presented to the Ashram a sewing machine worth Rs. 125. Shrimati Mithabai Meghji, the president of the Jain Ladies' Conference in Poona, handed over Rs. 111 as her share of contribution. Mr. Tribhuvandas N. Malvi sent his yearly contribution of Rs. 100. R. B. R. N. Mudholkar who has been a contributor to the funds of the Association ever since it came into being has sent Rs. 100, the amount of his quota for two years. Rao Saheb Raghunath Ramchandra Shirgaonkar of Kolhapur sent Rs. 100 of the Karachi Hindu Sabha which were in his possession. A similar contribution came from Shrimati Gangubai Joshi of Amraoti and Mr. Jamiyram Jivanram of Bombay, each. Mr. K. Kodanda Ramaiah, a pleader and land holder of Sompeta in Ganjam district founded last year a medal in honor of Sir George Clarke and a Lady Clarke Scholarship (Rs. 2-8 per mensem). To these gifts he added this year H. H. the Gaikwad medal and Sir N. G. Chandavarkar Scholarship. These ladies and gentlemen have placed the Ashram under a debt of gratitude and the Ashram is not less grateful to others who have sent in their contributions according to their mite—

11. The following is a table showing scholarships and prizes awarded to students of the Ashram.

ENDOWED SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES		
Scholarships and founders.	Prizes.	Amounts.
Mrs. Janakibai Yogi of Nasik (Bhauasaheb Yogi Scholarships.)	2	60
Dr. S. V. Kane of Bombay (Radhabai Kane Scholarship.)	1	72
Mr. S. R. Patwardhan of Nagpur (Patwardhan Scholarship.)	1	70

Babu Sasipada Bannerji (Sasipada Bannerji Prizes.)	2	8-12
Mr. Balaji Hari Karmthekar (Bahinabai Choji Patil.)	1	10
Shrimant Babasaheb Pant Sachiv (Gangutai Pant Sachiv Prize.)	1	5
Mr. Ganpatrao Lotbe (Kumar Lothe Prize.)	1	3-8

SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES FROM YEARLY DONATIONS

National Indian Association, London.	2	75
N. I. Association, Poona Branch.	3	72
Mr. R. R. Bambewale of Nagpur.	1	60
R. B. K. E. Dewal of Sangli.	1	60
Mr. V. P. Gokhale of Seremban (Tatyasaheb Gokhale Scholarship.)	1	60
N. I. Association, London (Miss Manning Scholarship.)	1	48
Mr. Bhagvantrao Deshpande of Multai.	2	7-8
Mr. S. S. Mujumdar of Bombay.	5	4
Mr. K. Kodanda Ramaiah.		
(a) Sir George Clarke Medal.	1	Gold
(b) Lady Clarke Scholarship.	1	30
(c) H. H. Maharaja Gaikwad Medal.	1	Gold
(d) Sir Narayanrao Chandavarkar Scholarship.	1	30

Besides these there were a few prizes of a smaller value last year.

12. As long as the number of inmates was considerably small, the current expenses of the Ashram could so long be defrayed from the annual subscriptions and the rule then was that all donations small or great were to go to the Permanent Fund of the Association. This rule worked effectively till the end of 1906. But since then the number of students has been steadily increasing and with it the annual current expenses of the Home also. As a result of this, all donations of an amount less than Rs. 100 are now transferred to the current fund, to supplement the annual subscriptions in defraying the usual expenses of the Ashram. But a time has come when even this supplementary aid is found inadequate to defray the expenses, and it is not desirable to transfer all donations of Rs. 100 and above to meet these expenses. To insure permanence to an association like this, it is essential that its permanent fund be increased by additions from year to year and such additions can be made only with large donations. Moreover building-fund has now and then to be raised by these large donations alone. The only way to meet the increasing demands of recurring expenses is to increase the number of annual subscribers and to obtain small donations from a large number of people. If this way remains blocked, there is then no alternative. We must stop the growth of the institution and cut our coat according to the cloth.

13. It will appear even to a superficial observer that a great change has come during the last

twenty years, over the views, sentiments and feeling about widows in this country and the necessity of institutions like this Ashram has come to be felt. It is necessary that there should be at least one institution like this in every province which has its own vernacular. Several attempts have been, and are being made to found such Ashrams in different provinces and it is a matter for satisfaction to find that some of these attempts have succeeded to some extent. The delicate character of the undertaking and the difficulties that usually beset it, will not fail to arrest the attention of those who will carefully and minutely study the history of these attempts. It is this delicate character and these difficulties that have come in the way of success hitherto. It was the good fortune of Maharashtra that the Anath-Balika-Ashram found favourable environments and attained a degree of permanence. If it gets sufficient public support it will be a typical institution and will serve as a model for others to copy. In the absence of that support there is no knowing when it will tumble down. The monthly recurring expenditure of this institution is now more than a thousand rupees and it is feared it will gradually increase with the steady increase in the number of attendance. It was with great difficulty that we were able to make two ends meet this year. The moment we apprehended deficit, we lost no time in making special appeal to the sympathisers and it was their prompt and timely response that saved the situation. Otherwise the Ashram would have fallen short of a thousand rupees and more. But by the grace of God the difficulty has been tided over. If the general condition of the Home did not improve we would be under the painful necessity of restricting the number of students and reducing the staff of teachers. But we will not be prepared to take that extreme step unless and until we have tried our level best in the matter of enlisting the sympathy of the public and collecting subscriptions from a wider range of our community. But unfortunately if matters come to a crisis we shall be constrained to take this step to avert the greater evil of drawing upon the permanent fund and ruining the institution. In these circumstances it is our earnest prayer to the Indian people and especially to the Marathi speaking class that if any of them chose to contribute something to the institution yearly, of course according to each one's circumstances—say a score, dozer, half a dozen or even a couple of rupees every year—we have no hesitation in believing that these sums, how small so ever, will go to make up a total enough to finance an institution more costly than this one. Thus the Ashram will never be in want of money. For as they say in English "many a

little make a muckle." The amount of annual subscriptions may be easily collected if subscribers permit us to send our annual report to them by V. P. to the extent of the amount of their subscription.

In conclusion we pray that God in his mercy will inspire our fellow-countrymen to shake off their indifference, share their responsibility in the cause and do their duty by this institution.

Hindu Widows' Home, D. K. KARVE,
Hingne Budruk, VENUBAI NAMJOSHI,
Poona City, Secretaries.
14th February, 1910.

HINDU WIDOWS' HOME PRIZE DISTRIBUTION CEREMONY 5th October, 1909

A large and interested assemblage of all classes and creeds, European and Hindu, Parsi and Mahomedan, both ladies and gentlemen, assembled at the Hindu Widows' Home at Hingne Budruk, Poona, on Tuesday evening to witness the annual prize-giving by H. E. Sir George Clarke to the inmates of the Institution. The Home is situated some five miles outside Poona city and altogether about seven miles from the cantonment, and the road to it after the heavy rain of the last day or two was in a wretched state. Despite these inconveniences there was a large gathering present, many of the guests having come up specially from Bombay to be present at the ceremony. A noticeable feature of the proceedings was the presence among the gathering of numbers of high caste Hindu ladies who seemed to be greatly interested in the Home and its work.

His Excellency, who motored half way and drove the other half, was accompanied by Mrs. DuBoulay and Captain Stoker, A.D.C. His Excellency was supported on a handsomely dressed dais by the Hon'ble Mr. Gokhale, Dr. Bhandarkar, C. I. E., Sirdar Nowrojee Pudemjee, Mrs. Hirabai Pudemjee, Mr. L. C. Swift, Collector of Poona, Mrs. Ramabai Ranade, wife of the late Justice Ranade, Mrs. Namjoshi, Superintendent and Secretary of the Hindu Widows' Home, and several other Hindu ladies. Among those noticed in the mandap were Sirdar Coopuswamy Moodliar, Rao Bahadur Sheth Ram Narayanan, Khan Sahab D. D. Bootee, Mr. K. A. Gaswalla, Rao Bahadur Patwardhan, Rao Bahadur B. B. Onkar, Sirdar N. Chintmanrao Natu, Mr. Kaluram Bhau Mansaram, Mr. B. V. Moodaliar, Captain Steen, Miss Bhole and a great many Hindu ladies of rank. His Excellency, on arrival, was conducted by the chairman and members of the Association to a hall where a small exhibition of the

handiwork of the girls was arranged. His Excellency next saw the girls at work in the industrial branches. As His Excellency took his seat an ode of welcome was sung by the girls followed by a few recitations and dialogues in English which reflected great credit on the training of the pretty and well-dressed young widows.

GREAT PROGRESS

Dr. R. G. Bhandarkar, who opened the proceedings, said: Your Excellency, ladies and gentlemen,—One of the first effects of the higher education that the British Government has been giving to the people of India was to open the eyes of the educated Indians, especially the Hindus, to the evils in their social condition. They found a depressed class nearer home than the depressed classes we have been hearing of so much recently, and that was the depressed class of Hindu women. There was hardly a woman who could read and write, the ignorance of our women was dense and their ideas commonplace. In 1848, the students of the Elphinstone College, acting under the guidance of their professors, Messrs. Paton and Reid, opened, with the assistance of a wealthy Indian, the Marathi-Hindu, the Gujarathi-Hindu and the Parsi Girls' Schools. From that time the education of women began to spread to other parts of the Presidency. The Government did not at first take up these subjects, probably on account of the strong prejudice that then existed against the education of women. It was, however, taken up afterwards and the progress achieved has been great, though not, of course, very satisfactory, as the number of the girls' schools is much smaller than that of the schools for boys.

Again there existed, and still exists, the custom of early marriages. Girls were married when they were from 6 to 10 years old, and boys when they were from 12 to 14. Things have since improved in the case of the boys, who are not married now before 18 or 20, but the improvement in the case of the girls is very small, or even inconsiderable, and the girls continue to be married at 10, though in a few cases the ceremony is deferred to 12, and in very rare cases to 14. As a necessary consequence of this custom of early marriage there have been a great many child widows or young widows, and they cannot be remarried as the prejudice against it is very strong. The condition of these widows is very deplorable; they have no status in Hindu society; the menial work of the family is assigned to them; their very presence on auspicious occasions is shunned and practically they are outcasts.

To ameliorate their condition the first idea that occurred to educated Hindus was to get them re-married and they began to combat the

custom that condemned them to perpetual widowhood, and the grounds furnished by the shastras or sacred books. It was contended that widow-marriage was allowed by those books and essays were written and controversies, oral and written, to prove this were held, but since the educated Hindus were not quite sure of the efficacy of these measures they prevailed on the Government of India to pass an Act legalising the marriage of widows. This Act was passed on the 25th July, 1856, and this day is still observed by us as a red letter day in the history of social reform.

ORTHODOX OPPOSITION

This movement originated in Bengal, and some widow marriages were performed in that Province, but curiously enough instead of going forward the Bengalees have gone backward, and there is a strong opposition against the introduction of the custom even among the educated Bengalees. The first widow-marriage on this side was solemnised in 1869, and a good many more have taken place since among Mahrattas and Gujarathi-Hindus, but the practice had not grown in favour, and many educated Hindus even have not the courage to withstand the orthodox opposition.

Another way of relieving the unfortunate young widows must, therefore, be found out and the education of these widows, so as to enable them to earn their own livelihood, and live a decent and independent life, was first reduced to practice by Pandita Ramabai, who with the assistance of some benevolent Americans, opened an institution here called the Sharda Sadan for the education of young widows. An advisory board was appointed of the leading educated men of Poona, and I believe I am the only surviving member of that board now.

The institution afterwards developed tendencies, which we could not conscientiously approve, and we resigned in a body, but an institution such as the Sharda Sadan under the sole management of the Hindus was regarded as urgently necessary and some tentative measures were adopted, but to work out a successful or flourishing institution of the kind it was necessary that some young man, or men, should devote himself, or themselves, entirely and zealously to the object. Such a young man we found in Mr. Dhondo Keshav Karve and the Institution we see about us to-day is the result of his unwearied efforts. The man was, of course, liberally assisted with contributions by Hindus from all parts of the country, but to bring their sympathy to bear on the object was the marked work of Mr. Karve.

Mrs. Namjoshi, Lady Superintendent of the Home, read the following statement:—

THE ORIGIN AND GROWTH

After a year of private efforts on the part of Mr. D. K. Karve to enlist sympathy to the cause, the Hindu Widows' Home Association was established, on the 14th of June 1896, by a few gentlemen that met for the purpose at the house of the late Rao Bahadur V. M. Bhide. The principal aim and object of this Association is so to educate poor high caste Hindu Widows as to enable them to be self-dependent and to be more useful to the society by adequately filling the places they may be called upon to fill and by undertaking those duties which it is the special privilege of the womankind to undertake. The very character of this new mission and the peculiar circumstances of Hindu Widows rendered it necessary that the Association should have its own home and school where these helpless women might stay and learn. It was also necessary that this Home should be located in a place secluded and detached from the influences of city life. But for the first two years and a half the Association had to be without such a Home and the few widows placed under its charge were lodged and educated in the High School for girls at Poona.

In 1899, however, the number of such scholars increased to 10 and the Association had by that time Rs. 10,000 to spare. A small beginning was therefore made. A year later the late Rao Bahadur Ganesh Govind Gokhale very kindly and timely, too, made a free grant of a piece of land belonging to him, where these buildings now stand, and the Home and school was immediately removed to its humble abode of brick and clay. During the next ten years this Association has been able, with the help of its sympathisers, to construct these buildings which afford a more decent accommodation than we could afford to make at the beginning. The number of supporters and sympathisers is small. It is much smaller than this cause deserves to have.

The course of studies pursued in the Home is, with a few changes here and there, the same as the departmental curriculum, and a considerable number of students prepare themselves for the Vernacular Final Examination, the Training college course, or High School studies. The Association has found it convenient and beneficial to the inmates to attach sewing, knitting and weaving departments to its institution and the outturn from the branches shows the capacity of this institution to become more useful, though it does not for the present tend to make the undertaking self-supporting.

In the earlier years of this institution Mr. Karve had to take upon himself, in addition to

his own proper duties, a large share of the work of the Home. But what is now very gratifying to the Association is that a band of lady workers have joined the institution with the sole object of serving it and rendering it a comfortable and attractive home to their unhappy sisters. The names of Mrs. Kashibai Devdhar, Mrs. Venubai Namjoshi and Mrs. Parvatibai Athavale are familiar to the public. The services of others are no less important, although on account of the nature of their work they do not come to the notice of the public. There is one important feature of the present staff of lady teachers; two received their education in this very Home and qualified themselves for the work they are now doing here. The Association trusts that the example set by the present workers will inspire other souls to join and participate in this noble cause of widow emancipation alleviating the miseries of widowed life.

It will appear from the annual reports of the Home that there has been a gradual rise in the number of inmates year after year, which is a sure sign that the work of the institution is appreciated and that it has come to command the confidence of the public who willingly and without misgiving place poor widowed girls under the care and supervision of the Association. The number of inmates in the Home was only four in 1899. In 1903 it rose to thirty. In the next two years it was doubled. In 1908 the number was 80, and we have now in the Home a hundred inmates. One noteworthy feature of the late few years' attendance, has been that young girls from Gujerath and Madras Presidency are sent to this Home—girls who know no language other than their own and are quite unacquainted with Marathi and English. The difficulty in intercourse can only be best imagined. If girls come to be sent here from districts so far away, the catholicity of its character will be established and the institution will have to be worked on broader lines.

The increase in the number has proportionately increased the expenditure of the Home and workers in and for the institution have found it day after day more and more difficult to make both the ends meet. There have been latterly nearly a hundred inmates in the Home and the average monthly current expenditure comes to Rs. 1,100. The Association avails itself of this opportunity to express its grateful acknowledgment to all its sympathisers and supporters without whose help nothing of what has up to now been done could have been achieved. The present buildings have cost Rs. 37,000. The Endowment Fund has Rs. 10,000. Its interest is to be used according to the terms of endowments towards the payment of scholarships and prizes. Rs. 27,000 form a nucleus of a Perma-

nent Fund which the Association hopes to increase with the support of the generous public and princes of the country, so as to be able to bear and pay from its interests a very large share of the annual expenditure on the maintenance of the Home. So long as the number of inmates was small, the Association was able to meet the annual expenses from small subscriptions and mostly from casual charities, collected from year to year. But such an arrangement will not now do. For these annual collections from the very nature of their sources must be limited and precarious, and cannot be expected to supply the growing needs of the institution. Most of the parents and guardians of the poor girls do not now contribute towards the current expenses of the Home. This is because of their poverty or what is more regrettable of their not being alive to the moral necessity of paying for the education of their own widowed girls. It will be the duty of this Association to rouse this sense in these persons and we cannot think that our work is complete unless this sense of personal responsibility is created in parents and guardians. But this is a work of time. In these circumstances the workers in the Institution look up to the princes, merchants and rich gentry of India for their hearty support. The institution can be placed on a satisfactory basis only when there is a sufficiently large Permanent Fund, out of the interest on which the current expenses can be met. We mainly rely, therefore, on the appreciation by these men of the good cause which this Association has undertaken to serve.

There are two difficulties in our way at present requiring immediate attention. The increased number of girls already mentioned has necessitated an extension of building accommodation. Additional site is required and the Association has not been successful in its private endeavours to secure this. It is, however, hoped that we shall be able to secure a sufficiently large site if Government will be pleased to acquire it for us under the Land Acquisition Act. A formal application in the matter will soon be submitted.

If the present situation affords the Home a safe retreat, it causes great inconvenience, (owing to the absence of a good road), to those who would like to visit the Home more often than they can now do, especially in the rainy seasons, when a considerable length of the present road becomes all mud and water. This Association will feel grateful if the District Local Board or Government can find their way to making an adequate contribution to the Taluka Board, which will enable it to construct a permanent road instead of the present one which wears off after a few months' use.

This in brief is the history of the inception,

development and present position of the Hindu Widows' Home. It is unique in its character. It is both educational and social. For its object is to elevate the pitiable social condition of high caste Hindu widows by giving them education and making them realise the dignity of woman. And this object cannot be properly and fully attained without the active and sympathetic support of gentlemen who by their education and social position may be justly expected to have a lively sense of the unfortunate lot of widows in our society. Association has received such support and co-operation up to now and we tender our heartiest thanks to them and we appeal to all these people as well as to the princes, chiefs and merchant princes of India to render active help and co-operation so that the present rate of progress of the institution may be kept up.

THE GOVERNOR'S SPEECH

His Excellency the Governor of Bombay said:—Dr. Bhandarkar, Mrs. Ranade, ladies and gentlemen—It was my great hope to have come here this year accompanied by those who would have taken the keenest and most practical interest in the good work that is being carried on. That hope has been destroyed, and I know well that a man is powerless to do what falls naturally to the sphere of woman's gentle influence and intuitive sympathy.

The interesting statement which has been read shows the striking growth of this valuable institution. In 10 years the number of inmates of the Home has increased from 4 to 100, and this fact proves that the need for an association which makes the Hindu widows the object of its care is widely recognized. That is an encouraging sign, and we may hope that it means that a gradual removal of one of the saddest blots on the life of India is in progress. The treatment of widows is an instance of what Lord Bacon called the "tyranny of custom"—a custom which, in this case, is of ancient origin, which has outlived the purposes that it may have been intended to serve, and which is now a bar to the progress of India. Sati happily disappeared long ago, and though Government exerted pressure in this instance, I believe that all that was best in Indian opinion acquiesced in the abolition of that barbaric institution. And now it is pleasant to note that enlightened Hindus are pleading for mercy to the widows and are realizing that, while a section of their womanhood remains under a ban almost amounting to that of slavery national aspirations can have no reality.

A GROWING MOVEMENT

This Home owes its existence, its maintenance and its management to Hindus, who are thus

showing in the most practical form their desire to raise the lives of the poor widows by giving them education and fitting them for the many duties which woman can best perform. Apart, therefore, from the work which it is carrying out, the Home must be regarded as a factor in a growing movement which will in good time uplift the womanhood of India and effect a social reform of a far-reaching character for the great benefit of the people. In all countries and at all times the treatment accorded to women has been the measure of the civilization attained. You will find in the Laws of Manu these significant words:

"Where women are honoured, there the gods are pleased; but, where they are not honoured, no sacred rite yields reward."

The efforts which are now being made to educate the girls indicate a return to this precept of Manu and are full of hope for the progress of India.

We have seen the good work that is being carried on in this Home, and I hope, as I said last year, that amusements are not forgotten and that the girls learn to play as well as to study and to work. I am sure that recreation is necessary both for the mind and the body, and gentle Swedish exercises, which are easily taught, may do much to promote health and strength.

As has been said, it is a very encouraging fact that a band of lady workers have joined the Association. The kindly help that they are rendering in brightening the lives of their sisters will, I am certain, bring the best kind of happiness into their own lives. I hope that many other ladies will come forward to give loving service to the poor widows and to earn the reward that falls to all who seek to make the world better for others.

A WORK OF TIME

I notice that in most cases the parents and guardians of the girls in the home do not contribute towards the expenses. Where there is real poverty this cannot be expected, but I agree with you that wherever means permit the moral obligation of helping towards the maintenance and the education of the poor young widows should be brought home to those who are responsible for them. As you say, this must be "a work of time"; but in the awakening of India, of which we hear so much, I believe that a new tenderness for the forlorn and helpless young widows will spring up, and that the duties towards them will at length be recognized.

As regards the road, which you certainly need, I hope that you will approach the Taluka and District Local Boards, and if they are unable to help I will undertake that your wants shall be

sympathetically considered. The question of a site is more difficult, and I am not sure whether Government could acquire land for such a purpose as yours under the Act, or whether, if we could, you would gain much in the reduction of cost. I should hope that adjoining land owners would be willing to sell at a fair market price such an area as you require, if it were such as could not be used for irrigation. By so doing they could lose nothing, and they would have the satisfaction of aiding a cause which should appeal to all Hindus.

A LABOUR OF LOVE

This gathering to-day shows the interest that is felt in the labour of love on which the Association is engaged. I wish that the good work that is being done here could be widely known throughout the Presidency, and then, I am sure, you would no longer complain of want of support. There is a short passage in the Bhagavad-Gita, which I commend to the many charitable members of the great Hindu community:

"That gift is said to be good which is given because it ought to be given to one who can do no service in return at a proper place and time, and to a proper person."

I think that support of the Widows' Home exactly fulfils all these conditions, and that no better object can be found than that of bringing brightness and usefulness into the lives of a helpless and too often a hopeless class.

And now I wish to thank all those who have provided the prizes which I have presented. Next year, if I am in India, I shall be happy to offer a prize. I hope that the girls who have won these distinctions will be encouraged to carry on their work and studies, and later to help others in the many ways that are open only to women. I shall continue to take a warm interest in this Home, and I cordially wish it continued and increasing success in solving one of the many social problems which have a most important bearing upon the life and the progress of India.

A TASK FULL OF DIFFICULTIES

Mrs. Ranade in proposing a vote of thanks to His Excellency for presiding, said:—Ladies and gentlemen—It now remains for me to discharge a most pleasant duty, which is to propose a most sincere vote of thanks to His Excellency, a vote with which I feel proud to be associated. His Excellency has taken in the midst of his most onerous duties and anxiety the trouble of coming to this place in spite of the most unsatisfactory condition of the roads. Your Excellency, you have laid this Association, on whose behalf I rise to thank you, under a deep obligation by

the kindness you have shown in gracing this occasion by your presence and thus marking your great sympathy with the work of this Institution. The wide range of your interest in the progress of the people of this Province and your earnest efforts to promote the same have earned you a place in their hearts and made your name a household word among them. This Association has special reason to feel grateful to Your Excellency for the generous interest which you and your late lamented daughter felt in the cause of the poor Hindu widow which prompted you to pay a visit to this place last year, and the important part which you have played this evening has entitled you to our deepest gratitude. The Secretary in her statement clearly brings out some salient features of the working of this Institution, its humble beginning, its steady development, its growing popularity shown by the present number of inmates, the widening sphere of its usefulness, the increasing confidence in the minds of the people regarding the present miserable condition of the Hindu widow, her true position in society, the need of her emancipation by means of education and the spirit of consecration, and her proper field of work, usefulness, and influence in a country like this. Such a task is beset with a number of difficulties but it is a matter of deep satisfaction to the promoters of this Institution that by God's grace and with the help of the friends of the poor Hindu widow they have been enabled to succeed to a large extent in this noble work and they are proud to have been the instruments of serving their mother-land in this direction. Side by side with this, however, is to be borne in mind the note of disquieting anxiety on the part of workers of this Institution on account of the growing needs of the Home. Such an Institution can only hope to prosper and serve its legitimate purpose in proportion as the generous public lends its pecuniary support, and it is therefore specially emphasised that it stands in need of liberal assistance at their hands. We feel confident the words of sympathy and encouragement which have fallen from your lips will not fail to rouse the instinct of judicious charity in this proverbially charitable land. Let us assure Your Excellency that your presence in our midst to-day is a most valuable asset and your words of advice will ever be a source of inspiration. Therefore we beg to tender to you the most cordial thanks of this Institution. Ladies and gentlemen, I shall be failing in my duty if I forget to thank you for the sympathy you have shown by coming over such a great distance to-day. Some of you have kindly made it convenient to come down from Bombay for this occasion, for which the

Institution feels much obliged. Ladies and gentlemen, I have no doubt you will carry this vote of thanks with acclamation. This was heartily accorded and the proceedings concluded soon after.

News and Notes

RIGHTS OF WOMEN.—Is nature against them? When hemmed in by reasoned argument, an apologist of man's tyranny over woman invariably descends upon the argument of his physical superiority over her. This is in essence placing a premium upon brute force and recognition of its possession of power as a thing rightful in itself. "Oh! What a fall was there"—from the spirit to the flesh, to the cold barbarous muscle! and it is very often the spiritual or religious bodies among us who skulk under the shelter of such a wonderfully logical chicanery. Verily, these gentlemen, if they are true to their own precious line of thinking, must resent the subordination of military power to civil authority in all civilised Governments. Why should civilians have more power than soldiers, would be, from their point of view, a very consistent question and one who would take the trouble of answering it at this stage of man's enlightenment must be, if nothing else, a fool. Is it needful to be told that the world's progress depends upon keeping physical force under the restraining and guiding influence of intellectual action which, apparently, constitute physical inaction and under the power of thinking, of judgment in short, of the higher nature of man? If man must have recourse to the physical-power-qualification for the justification of his authority certainly he deserves to be consigned to the care and control of woman who does typify, as evolution stands at present, the softer and higher qualities of humanity.

Advocates of woman's freedom in India are often met by the question 'are our women discontented with their lot; have they come to you beseeching your help in the work of securing greater rights?' If, by this question, is meant that so long as woman herself has not realised the consciousness of her dues, any extraneous crutching up would be of little avail, there is some sense in it; but if it means that you have no business to assist any one who does stand in need of it though incapable of demanding it, its stupidity can but exceed its own selfishness. For centuries the process of her emasculation has gone on; from her very birth, she is made to feel and to know that she has nothing to do with the Government of herself and that she would be

guilty of sinful and irreligious conduct in trying to assert herself against man. Small wonder then that the smothered soul sends no moaning cry for help nor moves to come out in the open air. Remaining all the while in a suffocated atmosphere, she is naturally unconscious of suffocation itself and feels that she is born to this kind of atmosphere. Even if she be content with her lot, it is not the effect of reasoned conviction that she is not entitled to a better one and anything to be of value must be the results of conviction. It is our clear duty, therefore, to dispel the fatal charm enveloping her consciousness and enable her to realise the vast scope of duty and right lying before her as much as before man.

There is a third class of men who argue that woman is by nature fitted to occupy a position inferior to man's. It is hardly possible to be patient with this class of men; but for these, Adam Smith should not have said that the greater part of men have an overwhelming conceit of their own abilities and their reasoning does denote an absurd presumption of a prescriptive right, by divine injunction, to govern themselves and woman. Failure or incapacity can no longer be referred to nature; even heredity and tradition which are powerful factors in determining the capacity of race or sex is proved, by the advanced thought of modern times, not to be all in all. Heredity has its own limitations and "the latest word of science seems to be that Nature gives the great majority a chance" instead of branding any one with perpetual incapacity or inaptitude. The opportunity has to be carefully helped by training and suitable scope provided for the development and expression of latent worth. To attribute to woman natural unsuitability for the exercise of rights to which man has succeeded in adapting himself is as relevant as to say that primitive society was naturally unsuitable for civilisation as we understand it to-day. In this 20th century, the fact has to be acknowledged that among all members of the human race, there exists a common potential fund of capacity to deserve and exercise equal rights of whatever nature they may be. It only depends upon the way in which this fund of nature is sought to be expanded and utilised, upon the opportunities of growth and upon the circumstances which fall to the lot of any particular section of mankind. All these causes may give rise to a difference in degree or be responsible for variability but they never can point to the natural incapacity of woman to share equal rights with man.

"It is a fault to relieve others from thinking for themselves" is a maxim of wholesome truth. The present condition of our women is anything but self-respecting; their daily round in life is

occupied with household exertions and the leisure hours in idle gossiping or as a writer puts it in 'chattering ephemeralities.' Extreme selfishness and listlessness marks their relations with people outside their family circle and the only subject that keeps them quite at once is marriage and topics arising therefrom. The enlightened atmosphere needful and congenial to the growth of higher ideas and a broader outlook on life is absolutely nil in our homes; and those who believe in the power of environment to influence our whole calibre, cannot but be sorry for the altogether narrow groove in which our home-life runs at the present day. As constant dealing with legal problems makes the lawyer himself litigious, so it is that constant dealing with the narrow and selfish problems of life at home as it exists to-day, damps those energies of man himself, which otherwise would expand into national usefulness. We have undermined the very essential feeling of equality and the right of self-assertion by permanently relegating woman to social inferiority and intellectual ignorance. This state of things has arisen wholly from the desire of man to make woman a minister to his pleasure, to make her the lady of his lordship and in consequence, self-realisation from which alone can spring up society possessing a healthy tone, has been consistently denied to her. All nations are more or less suffering from this policy and ours is one of the most miserable because we have been too selfish in our relations to woman. We have deliberately ignored the truth voiced by the Court of Directors in their Educational Despatch of 1854, that female education imparts a far greater proportional impulse to human progress. The sound wisdom conveyed by the expression "A nation rises no higher than its mothers" has been lost upon us for an unconscionably long time, and we are paying the penalty. Is it not high time for us to raise and educate woman?

L. V. K.

SOME ASPECTS OF WOMEN'S EDUCATION.—We take the following extract from the special number of the *Masik Hindi Graphic*:—Two questions often discussed in connection with the education of women are: Should girls be educated in the same institutions as boys? and, should girls be educated in the same subjects as boys? The two questions, it is obvious, are different aspects of one question. If the answer to the second question be in the negative, it would be clearly impossible to educate boys and girls in the same schools and colleges. The first question has a value only on the assumption that the same or nearly the same subjects should be taught to students of both sexes alike.

It is, therefore, convenient to take up the second point first for consideration. Should girls be educated in the same subjects as boys? Before answering that question, we might ask ourselves another. Should all boys be educated in the same subjects? It is necessary to bear in mind the distinction, often ignored, between instruction and education, the imparting of information, on the one hand, and the development of the several faculties of mind and heart, on the other. As regards instruction, that is, the imparting of information, the aim of the instructor should be to make it as helpful to the future career of the pupil as he can. This rule applies as much to the case of boys and boys as to that of boys and girls.

But I am unable to recognise that instruction in some subjects will be useful to women and will be useless to men. We are often told that house-keeping and the bringing-up of children are subjects especially suitable for girls. Is that so? How can a woman, be she ever so well versed in domestic economy, keep house well if she has for partner a man who is a law unto himself? Or how can a mother, however much she may be posted up in the duties of motherhood, bring up her children properly if she happens to have for husband one who recognises no objects of life except his own pleasures? It is never good for a household for either the husband or the wife to be reduced to a mere cypher.

But, we are told, women in most cases have not got to earn money, and that men have to bear the whole economic burden of life. This statement, however, rests on an erroneous assumption. To say that, because women do not go out to the forum or the market place, they bear no part of the economic burden is a total fallacy. Because the services and the sacrifices of women as mothers, cannot be translated in terms of rupees, it does not follow that their share of the economic burden is less than that of men. On the other hand, on any right view of life and its duties, the share of the burden that falls to women is by far the greater.

I have not the time nor, I fancy, could the able editress spare the space for me, to enlarge on this point. I can only indicate here in one or two sentences the principal steps in the argument. The highest duty of one generation is without doubt to bring up the next. No work which is not strictly relevant to this great purpose, can be included as part of the economic burden of life. Men may labour for wealth or fame or power or place, but that has nothing to do with the economic burden strictly speaking. The amount of labour which a man puts forth to earn the means of maintaining his family is the only thing that should be taken into consideration. A superficial acquaintance with the

life of the working classes, where the economic factor is in exclusive operation, will show that the woman's part is by no means less arduous than that of the man.

We must, therefore, get rid of the notion that Nature has set apart women for household work and man for outdoor business. Some of the happiest homes I know are those where the husband can on occasion cook a meal or mind the baby as well as the wife. Unhappy homes are often the result where the father of the family holds himself absolved by virtue of his "maleness" from attending to domestic affairs. Knowledge of child-life and domestic economy is thus as much necessary for men as for women. I, for one, cannot venture to lay down that only certain subjects are good for women and that certain others are good only for men. But I recognise that some women, owing to the bent of their mind or their social and other circumstances, may benefit more by studying some subjects than others just as some men may have an aptitude for mathematics and others for metaphysics. That is to say, the individuality of women ought to be respected in education as much as that of men.

I must now jump several intermediate steps and hasten to state my conclusions. They are, that so far as general education goes it should be the same for boys and girls, if social life is to have a harmonious evolution. Whether this should be imparted in the same or different institutions, is a matter of local conditions more than anything else. Boys and girls grow together in their homes, and the more a school approximates to home-life, the more beneficial is co-education likely to be.

INDUSTRIAL TRAINING FOR INDIAN CHRISTIAN WOMEN.—A. Work-room for Indian Christian Women, in Bombay, which has been a great need for several years, has at last been opened in connection with the Christian Women Workers' Union. By this means the Committee appointed by the Union hope not only to stop promiscuous begging, by giving poor women work that they can do, but also, by finding out work suited to each one's capacities, to encourage them to be industrious and thrifty and to earn their own living in their own homes, apart from the Work-room, as soon as they are able. For setting up the Work-room, for the Matron's salary and for the rent of the room, money is required, and the Committee will be very grateful for help.

A most capable Indian Christian Matron has been secured who is able to teach the women to cut out and sew, and a room has been taken in Kikabhai Chawl, Moreland Road, close to the Improvement Trust Chawls.

RIDDLE OF MARS.—Fresh changes of an extraordinary nature are reported in that planet of mystery Mars by the "Journal of the British Astronomical Association." The planet during September was nearer to the earth than at any date since 1892, and in a favourable position for observation. The phenomena observed, says the journal, are altogether without a parallel in the records of the past. Fast changes have transformed here and there the appearance of Mars' dusky areas. A gloomy, yellow veil has enshrouded immense tracts of the Martian surface, obliterating the markings. The changes now in progress on the surface of Mars are of extraordinary interest in view of the theory developed by Professor Lowell that Mars is inhabited by a race of living beings. He argues that the "canals" of Mars are works constructed by a dying race—a race menaced by starvation on a desert planet—to carry the water supplied by the melting of the ice-caps on the poles to the waterless areas near the equator and thus raise food. His theory has been supported in some degree by the recent discovery of water-vapour and oxygen in the spectrum of Mars which shows that the natural conditions of the planet at least admit of life. But if the markings have disappeared and a yellow veil has covered immense tracts of the surface, there must have been some catastrophe on a gigantic scale, some cataclysm such as dwarfs the most violent earthquakes known on our planet. What is the exact nature of the cataclysm can, of course, as yet be only vaguely guessed. But it is worth notice that there have been other extraordinary happenings recently on Mars. In August the Southern polar cap was observed to have fractured. A dark streak ran clean across it. About the same time a brilliant spot separated itself from the polar cap and covered one of the dusky areas in Mars, partly hiding it from view. It may be that the abnormal electrical conditions in the sun which, according to Sir Oliver Lodge have caused the recent magnetic storm on the earth and which may be the explanation of our present weather, have had a far more terrible influence on Mars. There they may have unloosed forces that have ended for ever the struggle for life of the Martians. But for further light on this head fuller observations must be awaited. They may answer the riddle. What has happened on Mars?

A NEW comet was discovered on 17th January and remained visible to the naked eye during the rest of the month. It was first seen by some miners at Johannesburg, who reported their discovery to Mr. Innes, the Director of the Observatory there. Mr. Innes determined its position and telegraphed the discovery to

Europe. Owing to some mistake in the message when being transmitted by telephone, it got the name "Drake comet" instead of "great comet." When first seen, it was to the West of the sun but it was moving with such rapidity that by the time it was observed in Europe it was to the East of the sun, being seen after sunset instead of before sunrise. Its orbit having been calculated, it was found to have passed its perihelion on the day of its discovery, about four million miles from the sun. It had a fine stellar nucleus as large as Mars, and twin tails of a bright yellow colour. Its spectrum was continuous, with bright sodium lines, resembling that of Well's Comet and the Great Comet of 1832, which was explained by the late Professor Copeland as due to the near approach of these planets to the sun.

NIKOLA TESLA, the inventor of America, announces that he has practically brought to completion a wireless electric light on which he has been working during several years. Discussing his invention with a representative of the *World*, Mr. Tesla is reported to have stated: "It would be possible by my wireless transmitter of great power to light the entire United States. The current would pass into the air, and, spreading in all directions, would produce the effect of a strong aurora borealis. It would be a soft light, but sufficient to distinguish objects. Some day soon my idea will be carried out. I would like nothing better than to undertake to illuminate first the harbour of New York for a distance of, say, one hundred miles. My present plan is to distribute this light from a central station which is the most economical and also the best method of obtaining light of highest quality. My lamps will last for ever, there being nothing in them to burn out. They are simply glass tubes hermetically sealed, containing nothing but a rarefied gas. One advantage is the economy of production, which is greater than in any other light so far obtained. Still another is the wonderful quality of the light, which resembles sunlight so closely that it cannot be distinguished from it. It is very soothing to the eye, being diffused."

MRS. RAMABAI RANADE.—Unveiling Her Portrait.—An influential assemblage of Bombay ladies was held in the hall of the Chanda Ramji High School at Khetwadi, Bombay, on Saturday evening, the 11th instant, for the purpose of witnessing the unveiling of the portrait of Mrs. Ramabai, wife of the late Mr. Justice Ranade, in commemoration of her long association and great activity in the cause of the High School and of the Hindu Ladies' Social and Literary Club. Miss Sherene Maneckji Cursetji presided.

The President remarked that she conceived the event to be the first in the history of India, of a philanthropic Hindu lady's portrait being publicly unveiled in a public institution in the presence of an influential assemblage of ladies invited at the instance of the Hindu Ladies' Club. Mrs. Ramabai Ranade was not only known for her praiseworthy qualities among her own Hindu community, but among the other communities of Bombay also. The proof of it was that ladies of all communities had met there to honour her. The idea of the Hindu Ladies Club originated with Mr. Justice Ranade, Mrs. Ramabai's husband, who gave every assistance in his power to his wife to make the club an assured success. Mrs. Ramabai was not behindhand in promoting the interests of the club. Descended from the warrior class of a ruling race, she took pride in her efforts to advance unity and intellectual and moral progress among Indian ladies. Her life was an ideal one. Her mind, character and accomplishments were in a large measure formed by her husband "Ranade Sahab." She returned this deep solicitude on his part with a rare devotion, and carried out the principles of Hindu womanhood to their true end by honouring and worshipping her husband next to the Deity. Since the death of her husband she had been leading the life of a religious recluse in Poona, performing acts of charity, visiting hospitals, cheering, drooping, spirits, and otherwise alleviating human suffering. Her great interest in the cause of education and of social intercourse was still unabated. Well might Mrs. Ramabai's example serve to bring home to her sisters the truth that great deeds deserved great recognitions, and an obliged community was ever ready to commemorate the name of its true benefactress.

The portrait was then unveiled. It was admitted to be a very good likeness of Mrs. Ramabai and was much admired.

Mrs. Kothare said that it was rightly laid down by the saintly Maratha poet Tukaram that when learned men and great sages paid visits, that day should be held auspicious. She meant by these Mrs. Ranade, and Miss Sherenbai, their president of the evening. On 13th October 1894, the club was founded by Mrs. Ramabai with the help of her husband with only 12 members. Sixteen years had elapsed since and there were now 106 members on the roll. Mrs. Ramabai had set them a good example of not caring for their own sorrows by coming down last year for the opening ceremony of the high school building. The speaker then moved a hearty vote of thanks to Miss Sherene, the president.

Lady Chandavarkar and Mrs. Hirakal Saraya

followed Mrs. Kothare. The vote was cordially agreed to and the assembly dispersed.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION OF GIRLS IN GERMANY.—In the matter of technical training of girls after their elementary schooldays are over Germany makes considerable provision. The schools of Munich, for example, afford testimony to the careful attention that is paid by the education authorities to giving such girls a thorough training in domestic economy. In the continuation schools of that city, with its population of rather more than half a million, there are nearly twelve thousand girls between the ages of thirteen and sixteen, of whom three thousand five hundred attend all day long, one thousand five hundred for ten hours weekly, and the remaining seven thousand for three hours weekly. Although there are schools of different kinds with some variation in the subjects taught, one leading concern, to give such teaching as will make the girls more efficient mothers and housewives, is common to all alike. The minimum course extends over three years and includes practical instruction in cookery, together with lessons in the management of clothing, food, and money, and in the other duties of the household, in the bringing up of children, and in the duties of women to the State.

MRS. T. C. KALYANIAMMA, wife of the Malayalam Scholar Mr. T. K. Krishna Menon of Cochin, has been elected a member of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain. She is the Editor of the Malayalam journal *Sarada* which is published monthly. Her husband is editing a series of books in Malayalam, designated "Books for Malayalam Bairs" to which Mrs. Kalyaniamma has also contributed. Her work on the Life of Queen Victoria in Malayalam is stated to be noted for the beauty of the diction and the excellent arrangements of the subject. This lady's efforts in the paths of Vernacular Journalism and Literature ought to prove an incentive to others of her sex who may have a similar literary turn of mind. We are sure that there are several Indian ladies who are fully qualified and who need only to be encouraged by their husbands in order to produce something worthy of being read by their Indian Sisters.

It is hoped that the work done will find a market not only among the 2,000 Indian Christians in Bombay, but also among the Hindus and Mahomedans who live in the neighbourhood of the room. For those who cannot be taught even plain sewing, it is believed that the making of cardboard-boxes may prove pro-

fitable. For the more intelligent women, the Committee wish to instal two or three knitting machines, the smallest of these costing Rs. 75. Sums amounting to Rs. 275 have been sent unsolicited by three friends, and another friend has sent a gift of material. This has enabled the Committee to start the room, but they need both further capital and about Rs. 50 a month for the running expenses. The Committee would be most grateful for help either in donations or by monthly subscriptions. Cheques should be made out to Mrs. F. P. Horne, Honorary Treasurer, 129, Khetwadi Main Road, Girgaon, Bombay. Every effort will be made to recover the wages of the women and the cost of the material by the sale of the work done, and to manage the Work-room as much on business lines as is compatible with teaching and training unskilled women. The Work-room is open to Christians of every denomination.

LADY MUIR MACKENZIE has shown a constant interest in Indian social customs, and her presence at gatherings of Indian ladies and her presidency of the National Indian Association at Bombay and Poona entitle her to a hearing when she speaks. At the gathering of the National Indian Association at Surat last week, Lady Muir Mackenzie addressed a large number of ladies and gentlemen, urging later marriage of Indian girls and a higher standard of education; this, she says, is now in the hands of the women of India:—

"The ideal of a sane mind in a healthy body is not the best attained by keeping within the four walls of our own homes. I have talked to many Indian gentlemen about the education of women, and I see a growing wish amongst them that their wives and daughters should attain a certain measure of freedom and emancipation. It is the women themselves who stand in their own light. This was shrewdly noted by an Indian lady speaker at the recent Social Congress at Lahore. She said that men talk very big at meetings and are very brave on platforms about advocating the education of women. Then they return to their homes and mildly suggest that little Laxmi or little Ramabai should not marry so young as her sisters so that she may continue her education. Immediately there is an outcry from the wife: 'How can we hold up our heads among our neighbours and our caste people,' she says, 'if our daughters pass the orthodox age for marrying—no, no, theorize about education but do not ruin the family peace by breaking down the dear old customs.' The man—you all know it—is like wax in the hands of his wife. Social customs are the wife's affairs. What she wills, thus

it shall be, and the men of India can only carry the women with them on the path of social reform, by educating the rising generation of girls. Perhaps we are all in too great a hurry and the East is never in a hurry. Even in go-ahead England no one troubled about the higher education of girls when I was a child. Thoughts have changed of late. We owe the existence of our Girls' Colleges to a poetical inspiration of Tennyson. May not a poet arise some day in India and touch with Divine Fire the imagination of the people so that they will desire to see a renaissance of mental gifts amongst their daughters? I would like to see that day, to see the wide free spaces of the mental and spiritual kingdom open to all. Why not give the key of this enchanted region to your girls as well as to your boys? Let them both commune with the great minds who have lived in harmony with Truth and Beauty." *Bombay Guardian.*

AN INDIAN CHRISTIAN LADY GRADUATE:—A correspondent writes:—"The Indian Christian community can greatly be proud of the laurels won by one of its members, Miss Kanagama Sargunam, daughter of Mr. Samuel Sargunam Nadar, B.A., of Satur, who has acquitted herself creditably in the recent B.A. Degree Examination, taking a first class in Philosophy and second class in the Language branches. The Indian Christian community is far ahead of all the other Indian communities in the matter of female education, but it is the effort and success of individual members like Miss Kanagama which add to the lustre of the community."

HINDU WIDOWS' HOME ASSOCIATION, POONA.—Mrs. Parvatibai Athavale finished her work at Ahmedabad. She collected in all Rs. 850 there. She has now commenced her work at Nagpur.

2. Mrs. Kashibai Devdhar utilised her vacation in visiting some places in Rajputana. Through her efforts the Bharatpur Durbar contributed Rs. 250 while the Jodhpur Durbar will shortly send Rs. 500.

2. Besides Rs. 250 from the Bharatpur Durbar, three noteworthy gifts came from Ahmedabad. Seth Mansukhbhai Bhagubhai sent Rs. 125, while Sirdar Seth Chinubhai Madhavlal and Seth Girdhardas Harivallabhdas, Rs. 100 each.

4. There were 47 visitors this month, of whom 8 were ladies, 13 gentlemen and 26 advanced students; of these 36 came from Poona, 3 each from Bombay and the Deccan, 2 from Konkan, and one each from the Central Provinces, Gujrat and Nizam's Dominions.

53 The number of contributors during the month was 98 and their contributions amounted to Rs. 1,125.

Hingne Budruk, } VENUBAI NAMJOSHI,
Poona City. } Secretary.
18th March 1910 }

WOMEN'S ACTIVITY IN MALABAR:—In such a centre of social conservatism as Palghat, the success which the Ladies' Association is achieving in the way of promoting friendly intercourse between ladies of different castes and communities is little short of remarkable. The interesting account published in our last issue of the social gathering given by Mrs. T. K. Ramunni, who is, we believe, an Indian Christian lady, makes inspiring reading and shows what a useful part Indian ladies can take in one of the most important branches of the social reform movement. We think the example of the Palghat Ladies' Association in getting up pleasant social gatherings from time to time at the residences of members, instead of in some school house or other public building, might be imitated by other Ladies' Associations in the district. The practice is well calculated to break down senseless caste-barriers and to afford ladies of different castes and communities, opportunities of knowing one another better. It will also indirectly make for true fraternity between the men of different castes and communities—*The Malabar Daily News.*

MISS BELLE SQUIRE of Chicago has refused to pay her personal property tax on the ground that "taxation without representation is tyranny." The County Attorney threatens to bring suit to collect the tax.

MRS. ALICE S. TIERNAN, formerly of Galveston, Texas, was admitted to the Memphis bar this month. She studied law after her marriage, and is in practice with her husband. It is said that Mrs. Tiernan is the first woman lawyer to practice in the criminal courts of Tennessee.

MISS CARRIE E. CRANE, for twenty-five years employed in the office of the city clerk of Gloucester, Mass., has the honor of being the first assistant city clerk appointed under a new ordinance. Her appointment was in recognition of "long and faithful service" and for "the best interests of the office."

MISS EMILY DINWIDDY is a young Southern woman, very small of stature, progressive and wonderfully capable. She is secretary of the

New York Tenement House Committee, composed of such men as Edward T. Devine and Jacob Riis. This committee passed the tenement law it agitated and has enforced the law, so that over a million people now live in buildings that conform to it. Secretary Dinwiddy is a suffragist.

MISS EVANGELINE E. WHITNEY, who was in charge of the recreation centres of the New York public schools, has just died. The Journal of Education describes her as "the brilliant pioneer worker in this great field of public school endeavor." It adds: "This phase of public school effort is as distinct a blessing to the world as the discovery of the causes of yellow fever and tuberculosis, and a memorial should be raised in honor of the woman who led in this movement in the greatest of American cities."

MISS DELIA H. VARRELL, of Boston, has passed successfully all the examinations for admission to the Massachusetts bar. On March 1, Miss Varrell, with the 81 men who qualified at the same examinations, will appear before the Supreme Court for the administration of the oath.

NANETTE B. PAUL, whose work on "Parliamentary Law" is issued by the Century Company, is instructor in parliamentary law in the Washington (D. C.) College of Law.

MRS. HELEN L. GRENFELL and, LOUISE PROOKS, both of Denver, are members of the board of directors of the Colorado State Forestry Association.

MISS ALICE ROBERTSON, postmaster of Muskogee, Okla., is the sole survivor of the commission that formulated the treaty of peace at the close of the Sparacheer war in Muskogee in 1883. She was stenographer to the commission, and her assistance was most valuable because of the wide acquaintance she had with the Creeks and the influence she had by reason of the regard the Indians had for her parents, Rev. and Mrs. Robertson, for years missionaries to the Creek Indians.

MISS MABEL E. STURTEVANT of Brookfield, Mo., winner of the Braun scholarship, completed the four-year course at the high school in three years, graduating as valedictorian, and the recipient of three scholarships, one in Baker University at Lawrence, Kan., one in Kansas City University, and the Curator's scholarship at the University of Missouri. She spent about

two years as cashier in a leading business house, then taught for two years, leaving to enter Missouri University.

THE Wyandotte woman lawyer, Lydia B. Conley, has made a brave though unsuccessful fight to prevent white men from selling and disturbing the Indian burial ground in Kansas City, Kan., where the bodies of her ancestors rest. Defeated in her suit brought before the lower courts, she carried her case to the Supreme Court of the United States, and went on to Washington this winter to present it. This case seems to be one of the instances where the statutes which the courts are obliged to sustain (except when decided unconstitutional) are at variance with the higher ethical law. The adverse opinion filed by Justice Holmes, formerly of this city, is said to be in the most sympathetic terms of any handed down by the court in many years. "For every reason we have examined the facts with anxiety," he says in the opinion, "to give full weight to any argument by which the plaintiff's pious wishes might be carried out." The court was unable to find any such justification, and was "driven" to the conclusion that none existed. It may be noted further that this is one of the instances of the continual struggle between the commercialism of men and the sentiment of women—the sentiment that causes aged women to resist the destruction of the old homesteads in which they were born, that arouses the "Daughters" to set up tablets and to preserve historic places.

MISS JEAN GORDON, State Factory Inspector, addressed the National Editorial Convention, in session last week in New Orleans, and invited

the members to attend a meeting of the "Era Club. Her remarks on woman suffrage evoked a round of applause. She said that in the Louisiana General Assembly of 1908 everything except the home and women seemed to be represented, and asserted that the conservation of women and children is one of the greatest problems to be worked out in America.

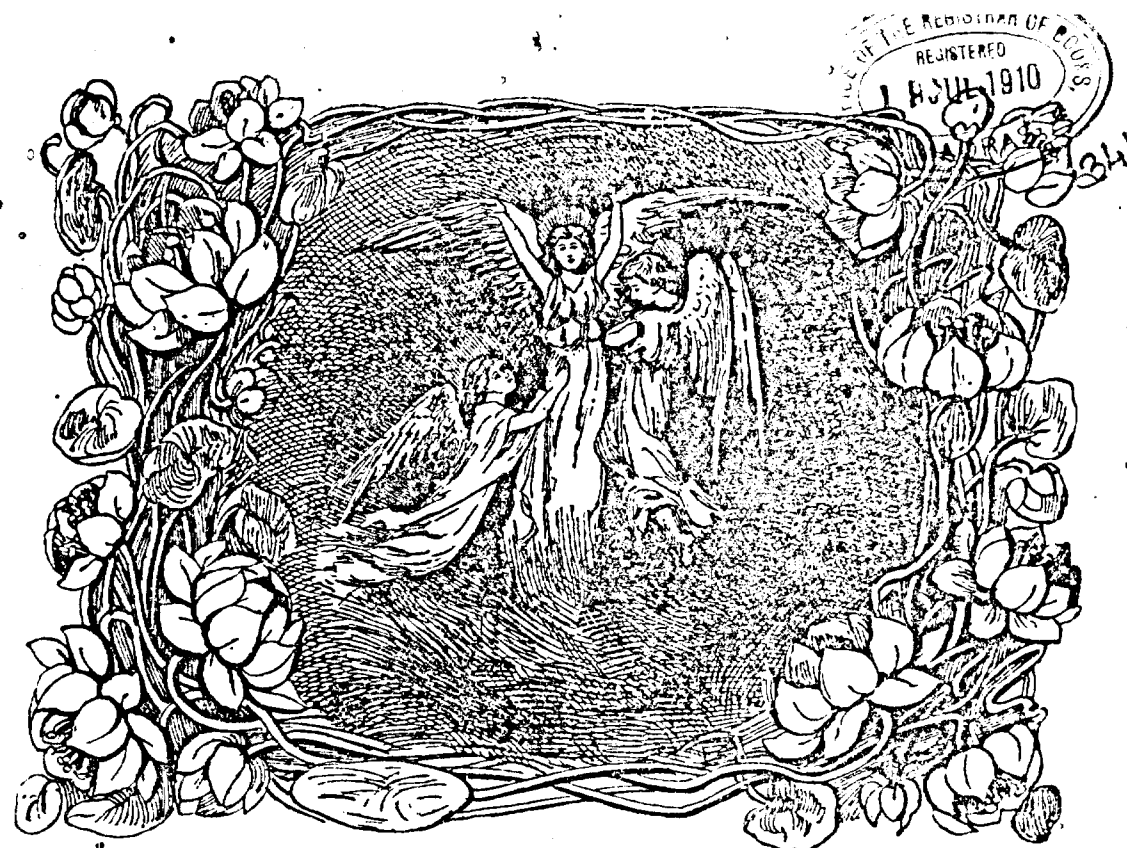
MRS. JAMES PINCHOT, who is housekeeper for her bachelor son, Gifford Pinchot, in Washington, D. C., has given to the National Museum in that city her magnificent collection of lace. For forty years she has been a student and collector of laces, and her gift is one of the most valuable contributions the Museum has ever received. Mrs. Pinchot is making a technical and historical catalogue of her collection, and is gathering a library on costumes, laces and embroidery.

MISS MARY D. SPIERS, a clerk in the office of the surgeon-general of the army, will succeed Miss Alice Blech as secretary to Mrs. Taft about March 1. Miss Blech will retire to become the wife of Lieut. Richard Wainwright. For the second time the place has gone to an employee of the surgeon-general's office. Miss Isabelle Hagner, who during both the Roosevelt administrations looked after the correspondence of the mistress of the White House, was for some years a clerk in that office. Miss Spiers has an enviable office record and will, it is believed, fill with tact and discretion the exacting role. She is a North Carolinian by birth, but has lived for some years in Washington, and has a wide acquaintance.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

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THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

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[No. 11

MY LADY

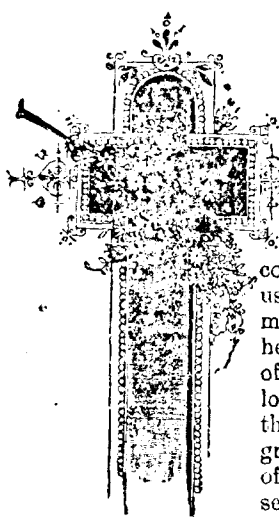
She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman, too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
The reason form, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still and bright
With something of an angel light.

W. Wordsworth.

Death of the King-Emperor Edward the Seventh



THE death of His Majesty King Edward VII, Emperor of India, has cast into gloom and mourning the whole great Empire over which he so ably and tactfully ruled. It has come as a great shock to us all and evokes as much sorrow in each heart as would the death of a dear friend or a loved relation. When the mind reverts to the great calamity, as it so often does, it is with a sense of loss and emptiness.

As the "Madras Mail" says:

If anything could add to the grievousness of the loss the nation has sustained, it would be the irony of fate that has removed him at the very time when his sound judgment, unrivalled tact and complete freedom from political prejudices were causes which led to compose differences and allay passions which threaten the venerable fabric of the British Constitution. No statesman has ever occupied, or could occupy, the position which His Majesty held in the confidence of his people, for he was above all parties. The eyes of all who realized the gravity of the present political situation were turned towards him in the expectation that he who, to quote the eulogy of a distinguished French statesman, knew so well not only what to do in the most difficult situations, but how and when to do it, would at the most favourable moment intervene with some judicious compromise and avert internal troubles as adroitly as he had staved off possible external dangers.

There have been Sovereigns of Great Britain whose private character counted for little in the history of their times. It was far otherwise with King Edward VII. All his successes were rendered possible in the first place by universal appreciation of his personal qualities. Only the other day an Irish Nationalist politician spoke of him as "the most popular man in the United Kingdom," and the words were no more a courtier-like compliment than their speaker was a Royalist. It was before all things this popularity, won by tact, good humour, tolerance, readiness to be all things to all classes of his people, and warm and ready sympathy, that put His Majesty into a position whence he could greatly influence national affairs without causing friction or arousing suspicion that he was unduly asserting the power of the Crown. It was, again, those personal qualities and his appreciation of the pleasant things of life, which made him popular in France at a time when his country was

frankly disliked, and thus contributed to the success of the negotiations leading up to the *entente cordiale*. The fact that the King was a man of the world undoubtedly conduced to his success as a ruler, for mundane affairs cannot be managed on principles which allow nothing for the imperfections of humanity. When he offered advice to Ministers or addressed his people, they knew that it was no visionary who spoke, but one with a shrewd understanding of average human nature, a just sense of proportion, a firm grasp of the realities of world-politics, and a constitutional aversion from those enthusiasms in which awkward facts are conveniently forgotten. With an austere nature and a loftier idealism he would, no doubt, have swayed one portion of his people more, but he would have had no such influence as he exercised over the general body of his subjects. The remarkable thing is that a Sovereign who seemed to his own subjects so thoroughly representative of the national character should at the same time have been so cosmopolitan. The French took pleasure in claiming him as a Parisian, and many other Continental nations might with almost equal right have laid claim to him. There could be few finer qualifications for diplomacy than this adaptability, and to it a large measure of his success in the informal, strictly constitutional, diplomacy he practised must be ascribed.

Her Majesty, Queen Alexandra, "the exquisite genuine complement of her husband's kingly virtues," has endeared herself to us all by her sweet and womanly sympathy with the women of her great kingdom. When the great and good Queen Victoria died, our hearts turned with one accord towards Their Majesties, King Edward and Queen Alexandra, as "Our Gracious Sovereigns," and the Royal pair nobly fulfilled the high expectations that had been raised by the grand example of their great predecessor. The sweet and womanly rule of Queen Alexandra has been second to none but that of her kingly and well-beloved husband in nobly influencing the vast population that owe their proud allegiance to the British throne. And now in the great calamity that has befallen her, we proffer our deep and heartfelt sympathy to Her Majesty, to the new King and Queen and to all the members of the Royal family.



A Short Life of King Edward the Seventh



THE birth of King Edward VII on the 9th November, 1841, at Buckingham Palace, was received with great thankfulness and many congratulatory messages all over the great empire of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. At the moment of his birth, as the eldest son of the Sovereign, he became Duke of Cornwall, Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, Lord of the Isles, and Great Steward of Scotland. Nearly a month afterwards, on the 8th of December, he was created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester. His christening took place on the 25th January, 1842, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and his sponsors were the King of Prussia, the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, Princess Sophia and Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg. The royal infant received the names of Albert Edward.

The education of the heir-apparent to the throne was naturally a subject of the greatest thought and responsibility, and long memoranda on the subject were drawn up when he was very young. These schemes were carefully attended to, and his education was conducted by many able tutors and tutoresses. His studies were many and various, but at the same time he was not denied amusements or distractions.

The Royal children were assigned a little chalet and garden at Osborne, where the girls were systematically taught cooking and housekeeping, and the boys building and gardening. Prince Albert actually paid his sons wages for their manual labour, which was duly checked by a foreman. The children were not given many toys, but they were allowed to see General Tom Thumb, they were taken to Astley's Circus, and when old enough were admitted to see the theatrical performances at Windsor, of which Queen Victoria was so fond before her widowhood, and to go to the Opera. Indeed, they were allowed to act themselves. Thus, they gave a masque in honour of their parents' wedding day, representing Thomson's Seasons, the Prince, then twelve years old, taking the part of "Winter." The Prince of Wales took a keen interest in the Crimean War, and one of his drawings, sold for the benefit of the Patriotic Fund, realized £57 15s.

The Prince's travels also were many and he was often presented to his enthusiastic countrymen. This is how the appearance of the royal child is described in 1846:

The Prince of Wales is a fair little lad, rather of slender make, with a good head and a remarkably quiet and thinking face, above his years in intelli-

gence. The sailor portrait of him is a good one, but does not express the thought that there is on his little brow. Prince Alfred is a fair, chubby little lad, with a quiet look, but quite the Guelph face which does not appear in the Prince of Wales.

On the 9th November, 1859, the Prince attained his eighteenth year, and became legally Heir to the Crown, when Queen Victoria wrote him a letter announcing his emancipation from parental control. It was so full of the tenderest love and maternal solicitude, Charles Greville, indeed, calls it "one of the most admirable letters that ever was penned," that the young Prince burst into tears on reading it. On that same day he became a Colonel in the Army (unattached), and received the Garter. Exactly a month after his birthday, the Prince started on a Continental tour with Mr. Tarver, travelling *incognito* as Lord Renfrew. He stayed some time in Rome, and was received by Pope Pius IX. After visiting Gibraltar and the south of Spain and Lisbon, he returned home in the middle of May 1859.

After this came the triumphal tours through Canada and the United States. He was eagerly welcomed everywhere; dense crowds came to meet him and escort him through the streets. The tours were indeed a complete success.

In 1861, the Prince met Princess Alexandra of Denmark. But the happiness of the meeting was temporarily spoilt by the death of the Prince's father, the Prince Consort. The royal son's grief was so acute that, to arouse him from it, a tour was undertaken to the Holy Land and to Egypt.

The formal betrothal to the Princess Alexandra was announced on the 9th September 1862, and the Royal Marriage was celebrated in St. George's chapel on the 10th March, 1863.

Dr. Norman Macleod wrote of the scene:

Two things struck me much. One was the whole of the Royal Princesses weeping, though concealing their tears with their bouquets, as they saw their brother, who was to them but their 'Bertie', and their dead father's son, standing alone waiting for his bride. The other was the Queen's expression as she raised her eyes to Heaven while her husband's Choral was sung. She seemed to be with him alone before the Throne of God.

The married life of the happy pair was, it is not necessary to say, one of the most unalloyed happiness.

THE PRINCE'S DIFFICULT POSITION

"It was in these years of his early manhood that the Prince began to make for himself the great place which he came in the fulness of time to occupy in the hearts of the nation. He stood on the steps of the Throne, but he was not the Sovereign, and he was careful to the point of scrupulousness in never departing by a hair's breadth from his constitutional position as his Royal mother's subject. Yet practically the whole of the ceremonial and social functions

of the Sovereign devolved on him and the Princess and there is perhaps reason to believe that they did not, in those years, find their income quite adequate for the many claims upon them. The Prince, however, recognising that Royalty does not begin to have rights until it has fulfilled all its duties, so schooled himself as to emerge triumphant from a position which most men would have found impossible. Excluded from all direct participation in State affairs, he was content to remain the apparently passive spectator of great events—of nothing less, in fact, than the abandonment of the active interference of the Crown in politics, and the orderly development of constitutional monarchy under Queen Victoria's guidance. This process was obviously one of vital interest to the Heir-Apparent, but it was not till he had himself succeeded to the Throne that the nation realized, with feelings of deep satisfaction, that in the sphere of State policy he was resolved to follow, and even to improve upon, his mother's wise example.

During those years when he stood so near the Throne, there were times when he seemed to give some handle to those who chose to regard him merely as a man of pleasure, bent on amusing himself. But this view was even then a superficial one. Like another Haroun-al-Raschid, he often tasted the delights of *incognito*, and there has probably never been another Royal personage, who succeeded so well in penetrating outside the atmosphere of court life and seeing the work-a-day world as it really is. It was natural, therefore, he should form some friendships among interesting and amusing people, regardless of whether they had long pedigrees or long purses. The society of such people undoubtedly compensated him for the boredom of his ceremonial functions—the eternal sameness of levees, foundation-stones, charity dinners and opening of all manner of enterprises. He made some mistakes, certainly, but on the whole he wielded his vast social influence with extraordinary tact and judgment in many ways and on many occasions which will only be publicly known when contemporary memoirs and diaries are brought to light.

The same may honestly be said of the part which he played in national interests apart from politics. At Sandringham he set an example of high farming; he always showed himself the friend of all honest, manly outdoor sports; he was a liberal patron of the Arts and Sciences; his influence on the Turf must be pronounced wholly good by all save those, who condemn horse-racing entirely; and, generally speaking, he knew how to reward with the light of his favour all good work done for the nation in whatever province. Add to this that he was unwearying in showing himself to the people, in recognizing that he and his family belonged to them.

In 1871, the whole kingdom was shadowed by the severe and almost fatal illness of the Prince. But the danger was tided over and a national thanksgiving service was held in St. Paul's Cathedral on the 27th February, 1872.

Then came the great Indian tour, which afforded such satisfaction to the vast population of India, and which laid the foundation of King Edward VII's great popularity in this portion of his great empire.

The year 1892 was marked by the tragic event of the death of the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Clarence. The whole English Empire sorrowed with the bereaved parents.

On the 22nd January, 1901, died the great Queen Victoria and the beloved Prince of Wales ascended the throne as Edward VII. This is what he said about his "Style and Title":

I have resolved to be known by the name of Edward, which has been borne by six of my ancestors. In doing so I do not undervalue the name of Albert, which I inherit from my ever-to-be-lamented great and wise father, who by universal consent is I think deservedly known by the name of Albert the Good and I desire that his name should stand alone.

On the day of his mother's funeral, King Edward VII laid the foundation of his sympathetic rule over his great kingdom by the three messages he sent, "To my People," "To my People beyond the Seas," and "To the Princes and Peoples of India." The Coronation was fixed for the 26th June, but on the 24th the news of the King's grave illness struck all hearts with dismay. A serious operation was successfully performed and it was characteristic that the King's first words on recovering consciousness were "Will my people ever forgive me?" The postponed Coronation took place on the 8th August in Westminster Abbey.

King Edward bore many proud titles, such as Herald's proclaim on State occasions, but it is certain that that which most appealed to him was the entirely unofficial one, unknown at Herald's College, of "The Peacemaker." After his Coronation, His Majesty set himself, strictly within the constitutional limits of his power, to improve and consolidate our foreign relations. In April and May, 1903, the King made a memorable foreign tour, visiting Lisbon, Sicily, Naples, Rome, and the Vatican, and Paris. He had long been popular with French people of all parties, and President Loubet's return visit in July set the seal on an *entente* which has had so salutary an effect in preserving the peace of Europe. Notable visits were also paid to England by the Kings of Italy, Spain, and Portugal, and the popular demonstrations in each case seemed to be something more than merely courteous welcomes of a royal guest. They showed how deeply the popular mind had grasped the conception of "King Edward the Peacemaker," the shrewd, cool-headed diplomatic, eminently business-like head of the State, ever from his position high above the strife of Parties, helping on, by his knowledge, counsel, and personal influence, the soundest aims of our foreign policy. Here was a Monarch, whom military glory could not dazzle, and who saw in the arts of industry the true interests of his people. No wonder a speaker at the Trade Union Congress roundly declared that His Majesty was the only statesman in the country.

India, Past and Present

(By Lady Benson)

One of a series of lectures to be read to the Ladies of the National Indian Association, Madras.



HIS is one of the "Lectures for Indian Ladies" of what I hope is going to be a very interesting series.

The object before us is to arouse in Indian ladies a thirst for knowledge; a keen desire to be well educated, and to be fitted to take their share in the affairs of life.

Sir Subrahmanian Iyer, in an address delivered six years ago, said he believed in the future, he "believed in innumerable civilizations to come." He echoed the words of our English poet Tennyson who wrote:

If twenty millions of summer
Are stored in the sunlight still,
We are far from the noon of man
There is time for the race to grow.

But at the same time, Sir Subrahmanian Iyer exhorted you to make the most of the *present*, to be up and doing, and to educate Indian women. "Indian women," he said, "have to be educated." He asks you, "How can Indian women benefit by the high ideals of Indian womanhood presented in India's epic poems, if they have no education, no intellectual work to do, nothing to learn, and are simply mothers?" I wish these words "Indian women have to be educated" could be written over the door post of every well-to-do Indian home.

Throughout this address, I shall try and quote to you as much as possible from the words of Indian men, so that you shall not feel that you are being lectured to on Western lines by an English lady, and wherever that is not possible the words addressed to you will be equally applicable to me as to you, as members together, East and West, of the great British Empire. There is not much effort required to interest Indian ladies in the first half of this address "India Past." You are well read in your beautiful epic poems, the "Mahabharata" and the "Ramayana."

These depict for you beautiful descriptions of cities and palaces, of kings and nobles, heroes and heroines, of wealthy citizens, and good women and brave men. It is well for the people of India to read and be familiar with this beautiful poetry. The danger to you and others

lies in forgetting that these are poetical descriptions, not historical facts; that much that is described in them is the lofty creation of a poetical mind, or minds, and is not altogether a record of actual facts.

It is when you believe in the existence of a former "Universal Hindu Empire" and believe the statements, drawn from these poetical descriptions, that your country was better governed in the old days than now, statements calculated to arouse a spirit of discontent and unhappiness in the minds of yourselves, and of your sons and daughters, then it is that it is better for us both to study the question seriously.

We must turn from poetry to actual facts, we want actual facts; nothing else is of any value.

Remember the saying of Sir Madhava Row:

Whatever is not True is not Patriotic.

If India was better off in the old days, the English ought to know about it, and learn about it: if it was *not* better off, is it not time for Indians to learn the real truth?

Indians talk and write of a past golden age when all India was governed by one Emperor, native born; they talk of the grand days of Rama, of Asoka, of Vikramaditya and others. They think that taxation under native rule was lighter and less harassing than at present. They think there were no famines, or fewer famines, than at present; that there was no plague; in fact that from the Hindu-Kush to Ceylon the country was ruled by magnificent monarchs of supreme power and dignity, the like of whom the world has never seen, under whose benignant and enlightened government, flourished all the arts and sciences; that the people were more free, and that there was little or no oppression of the people by corrupt officials. Indeed, one educated Indian argued from the *poetical pages* of the "Mahabharata" that in ancient India there must have been "one grand Imperial constitution" all over the land, with the chief forming the responsible Council of the Sovereign! All this is a very pretty fancy, no doubt, but it is simply untrue. Apart from the facts of Indian history, think for a moment how impossible in practice such a conception is. How would it be possible for a Sovereign in South India, to travel merely in order to attend a Council at Ayodhya, all the length of India and back to his own country, at a time when there were no roads, or those in existence were tracks, and where he would, owing to the country being infested with gangs of robbers, have had to take an army, with its necessary transport, for his protection? A couple of years' absence would have been necessary. There is no record or admission by Chola or Pandiya Sovereigns that they were vassals of Ayodhya. Think of the impossibility

of an Imperial Council, when there was no one language understood by all the people.

Let us teach the facts of history to the younger generation and thus secure that a just historical comparison, based on truth and not on misunderstanding, may become possible for the rising generation.

"The tiniest bits of opinion sown in the minds of children in private life, afterwards issue forth to the world and become public opinion; for nations are gathered out of nurseries, and they who hold the leading strings of children may even exercise a greater power than those who hold the reins of government." If you teach your children what is not true, you are not patriotic.

The very name *India*, is a growth of little more than a century. Formerly Europeans spoke of Hindustan, but "*Hindustan*" did not mean India any more than Hanover means the present German Empire. The races were just as distinct, the languages just as various as the races and languages of Europe. This subject was well treated by Mr. Robert Sewell, F.R.S., in a lecture called "*India before the English*", from which I have gleaned the following details and also by Rev. John Murdoch in "*India, past and present*".

The exact age of the great *Epic Poems* is not yet definitely decided. If they teach us anything at all historical, they prove nothing but the existence of constant wars of dynasties and races, throughout the length and breadth of the Continent. According to the "*Ramayana*" (book IV) there were 14 separate races inhabiting the South of the Tungabhadra alone. In the "*Mahabharata*" we find two branches of the local reigning family fighting savagely for the territory of Hastinapura. Six different kingdoms are spoken of as existing in one tract of the Ganges. When the Pandavas left Hastinapura, a very short distance brought them to the countries subject to aboriginal chiefs called Rāshasas (or demons). Ayodhya was only as far south-east as Allahabad. Arjuna's exile leads us to more independent kingdoms; the Nāgas and Manipura.

The Hindu poems, grand and beautiful as some of them are, must not be relied on for historical accuracy, any more than even Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

In Hindu poems, claims to Universal Monarchy are made on behalf of their chiefs, on very insufficient grounds.

They give rein to poetic license and creative imagination and oriental exaggeration.

Here is an example: In a fine spirited chronicle of some chiefs in the Dekkan, descriptions are given of their victories and conquests. Their armies were as the sand of the

sea, their cities built of precious stones, their streets paved with gold; the people always dressed in silks and satins. The Kingdom was a Maharajahdhiraja Chakravarte—or Universal Empire of all India. When he moved to battle, the sun was darkened with the flight of his arrows, the tread of his elephants shook the earth to its foundations, so that even Indra trembled on his throne in heaven. And all this was written about a small princeling, who owned a little territory on the Krishna river, about 50 miles square, and never left it, and knew nothing beyond it!

When Alexander invaded India in B. C. 327, he found no lord paramount in Upper India. The Punjab was under separate kings, all fighting with each other. Megasthenes, a Greek traveller, (about B. C. 300) states that there were 118 nations in India, and mentions none of these as subordinate to Chandragupta. There was therefore no "Universal Hindu Empire" at that time, and for 600 years a large part of North India lay under foreign domination; Greeks succeeding to Persians, and Tartars to Greeks.

After this we come to Asoka, B. C. 250, and as it is on his behalf we hear claims put forward of universal rule, we must look with a little more attention to the history of his times. He succeeded to Chandragupta and Bimbisara. In his later life he became converted to Buddhism, and spread his doctrine far and wide over India. But he did not rule over the countries where he spread his creed, any more than the English ruled over China and Japan, though we have many agents in both countries spreading our religion there. In Asoka's 13th edict, he mentions his conquest of Kalinga, immediately to the South of Bengal, and his resolve to make no further conquests. In that war he declared that 1,50,000 souls were carried off as prisoners or slaves, 100,000 were slain, and many times that number died. He deeply repented all this terrific slaughter and suffering, and never again attempted a war of conquest. In this edict he distinctly states that his claim to any supremacy in India was a purely religious one. He expressly mentions "nations and princes that are his neighbours," he mentions a number of separate nations, over whom he claims no Sovereign rights. He sent missionaries as far South as North Mysore. He obtained permission of neighbouring kings to inscribe his edicts on rocks in their territory. It is thus shown that Asoka held no "Universal Empire, and that India in his time, as before, consisted of a large number of distinct nationalities, tribes and Kingdoms. Vikramaditya is another for whom "Universal Empire" is claimed. From the study of old inscriptions, it seems that what is called the "Vikrama Era," was not definitely

founded by a king called Vikramaditya. There was a king of that name of the Western Chalukyas. Vikramaditya I., B. C. 57, was a successful warrior, and patron of learning, but nothing could be further from the truth than to suppose that he pretended to "Universal Empire" in India. There are only three inscriptions known, which are expressly referred to the "Vikrama Era." The tract where it is first found in use is Eastern Rājputana;—only in A. D. 992, that is 170 years after the time of Vikramaditya I. is a King Vikrama spoken of, and this mention is in a poem. The most probable theory yet advanced as to the origin of the name is that "Vikrama-Kala" means poetically war time, action time, otherwise, heroism, prowess. Long years afterwards the people connected the name with the name of a King Vikrama whom they supposed to have lived at that time.

Later on, they associated the celebrated King Vikramaditya with this epoch, being ignorant of his real date, and so the usage arose and became stereotyped. The name Vikramaditya is a "title" meaning the very Sun or Source of Power and it has been given to several kings in Indian history. It is thus shown that there was in fact no Vikramaditya Emperor of all India.

About 500 years after the Christian Era, we hear of a very powerful Sovereign, King Saladitya of Kanauj. He seems to have held the whole of the North, but the North only. His attempt at conquest, South of the Nerbudda, failed entirely. Only in the extreme South do we find ancient Aryan sovereignties remaining undisturbed by foreign invasion. They were at perpetual warfare among themselves. These were the Cholas, Pallavas, Pāndiyas, Keralas, Cheras, etc. They held the South of India below the Dekkan. So much for the South. Let us turn to the North. If perpetual strife and warfare between neighbouring princes had been the rule in the South, it was just the same in the North. Race fell before race, nation before nation, until the whole of that country fell under the sway of the invading Mahomedans. Delhi was captured A. D. 1193. Early in the 14th century, the Mahomedans swept the Dekkan, conquered the Kings of Devagiri and Orangal, and founded a dynasty independent of Delhi, called the Bahmanis. In 1565, the Bahmanis crushed for ever the last great Hindu Kingdom of the South, that of Vijayanagar, which had, in its turn destroyed all the older Hindu Dynasties. Now for the first time in history we come to a period when India may possibly be said to have fallen under one rule. But, this was not so in reality. The Mahomedan chiefs established a succession of separate sovereignties, each one warring against the other, and all against their own overlord.

The domination also was an alien, not a Hindu domination. There has never been in all history, amongst the Hindus, anything but perpetual warfare of races, King against King and tribe against tribe.

And so the cherished theory of a Universal Empire falls to the ground and it is to be hoped that it will ere long be consigned to the limbo of all other false and mistaken theories.

I can quite fancy Indian ladies asking "How is it that the exaggerated and erroneous idea arose?" There are several reasons for its explanation. From the earliest times the Hindus have been a people wanting in the historic faculty, unaccustomed to retrospects. They have very few ancient chronicles of contemporaneous events of any historical value. They have no autobiographies, no historical novels to guide them as to the condition of their country in past days. Even on inscriptions, the faculty of faithful history writing has from the earliest ages been conspicuous by its absence in India. The Hindus of all ages appear to have cared little for the events of days beyond the limit of their own personal knowledge. The very word history has no corresponding Indian expression. The Mahomedans indeed have left valuable records of their times, such as the history of Ferishta, and many others, but the Hindus have left no such records. They think such records useless. When a thing is done, it is done, and there is no need to write a book about it. Hence legends have arisen easily, and there has been no authentic history for reference to hold in check the credulity of the people, or to test the accuracy of the statements made. The old Hindu inscriptions over temple doors have only lately been deciphered and translated. These have thrown much light on the past, and revealed much that was unknown before. Also a great mistake has been committed in not teaching the history of India more thoroughly in schools and colleges. Boys have been taught Greek and Roman history, the history of the middle ages of Europe, and the history of Great Britain. The history of India has been greatly neglected. Nothing could have been more foolish. The cry that India was better off in the old days can only arise from a deep seated ignorance of the facts of history, which prevents a just comparison between the past and the present.

The people now see under the equal Government of the English, by means of railroads and electricity, by means of one language, by means of one Government, under which all historic feuds and racial hatreds have been merged, in the attempt to establish Universal justice for all inhabitants of India, the possibility of, in the future, realizing what was the poetic imagination of the poets in the old days;—a dream which

Hindus have generally accepted as strictly true. Let us now take up the question of *Taxation*, and see if there is any truth in what many Hindus and others declare, *i.e.*, that "under their old chiefs the people were less heavily taxed, and that in themselves the taxes were less burdensome, and less irritating." On this subject the historical evidence is so rare, and what exists proves so diametrically the opposite of this erroneous popular belief, that it is impossible to account for the belief in any other way than that the wish is father to the thought in the minds of mischievous persons.

We will find out what was exacted under the Chola Dynasty, which had its capital at Tanjore. It was a dynasty with a long life, and so it will yield an excellent picture of Hindu Government. On the walls and gate-way of the great temple at Tanjore has been sculptured a very lengthy series of royal grants and royal edicts of the best days of the Chola Kingdom, so these will supply the place of the records which Hindus failed to keep.

These have been carefully translated by Dr. Hultsch. We have a list of taxes, due by the inhabitants of a village, and made over by royal grant to certain persons in the 11th Century A.D.

Here is the list:—

"All kinds of revenue (*laya*) including the tax in money. Two taxes in Tamil, but the meaning is not yet known.

Tax for village watchman.

- " the village accountant.
- " unripe fruit in the month of Karthigai.
- " on looms.
- " oil mills.
- " trade.

Another un-translatable tax.

Tax on goldsmiths.

" animals.

" tanks.

" water-courses.

" horse stables.

" rice for every platter.

" potters.

" for maintaining Police.

Tolls:—Another un-translatable tax.

Tax on weights.

Fines for selling rotten drugs.

Tax on shops.

" salt.

" elephant stalls.

" weddings.

" washerman's stones.

Rent for use of water, collections on leaves

brokerage.

Tax on neatherds.

Fees on documents.

A special tax per head on all belonging to the Jain

religion.

Perhaps, you will think this must have been

exceptional. Perhaps the Chola Kings were more

grasping than other rulers. But to show you that this system of taxation was not exceptional, we will quote what the taxation of the Indian citizen appears to have been when the Greeks visited India in B. C. 300; and also what it was shortly before the English took over the administration of the country, so that we shall obtain an insight into his condition in all ages.

We find from the description of Pallibothra (modern Patna) given by the Greek traveller Megasthenes, that the citizens of that town must have been greatly harassed by the provisions enforced by their ruler in order to fill his treasury. At that early date there was a regular Government registration of all births and deaths for purposes of taxation. The buyers and sellers of goods in the bazaars were not left to themselves as they are now, but a State officer was appointed to watch all transactions, however petty, and seize for the State one-tenth of the price of everything sold.

Fraud in the payment of this tax was punished by death. Other officers, in the nature of police, exercised general supervision. Megasthenes tells us there were officers of State appointed to superintend all arts and sciences to prevent idleness on the part of the artisans, in order that the profits on the sale of the completed articles might be great. We will glance at the system of another Hindu ruler, Chika Deva Raya of Mysore two centuries ago. He maintained not only all the old taxes at that time existent, but actually invented 20 new ones! All this lasted down to the times of the English. In the Coimbatore District in 1799, Major Macleod found the following imports in full force and effect:

Over and above the Land Tax:—

1. Tax on potters.
2. Tax payable by persons wearing caste marks on their foreheads.
3. Fees levied on stalls at weekly fairs.
4. Tax on dyed stuffs.
5. " ghee.
6. " tobacco.
7. " grain shops.
8. " chunam.
9. " taliyaris.
10. " agricultural watchmen (*nirzatis*).
11. " keepers of pack bullocks.
12. " dancing girls.
13. " overseers of labour (*maistries*).
14. " immoral persons.
15. Rents for lotus leaves.
16. Rents for gardens in back-yards of houses, and in plantations on river banks.
17. Fines on cattle grazing in fields.
18. Rents for young palmyra nuts.
19. Rents for tamarinds.
20. Rents for use of soapstone or potstone.
21. Rents for betel nuts.
22. Fees for the measurements of grain necessitated by the sharing system.

23. Taxes on offering at a sacred temple.
24. Levies made for the poor, or poor rate.
25. Taxes on agricultural hoes.
26. State exaction of a portion of the fees paid by villagers to their village officials. (This is in itself another well recognized tax).
27. Tax on sale of cattle
28. " cattle stalls
29. " water-lifts
30. " fisheries
31. " looms
32. Levies made on ryots for the expenses of the tahsildar.
33. A tax-cash payment per plough all over the country.
34. An additional payment on every ryot for his first payment of instalment of Land Revenue.
35. Tax on houses.
36. " shops.
37. " carpenter.
38. " goldsmiths.
39. " blacksmiths.
40. " paper-makers.
41. " dyers.
42. " shoemakers.
43. " barbers.
44. " washermen.
45. " oil mills.
46. " pack bullocks.
47. " salt pans.
48. " salt manufacturers.
49. " iron smelters.
50. " indigo makers.
51. " drawers and distillers of fermented palm juice.
52. " boatmen.
53. " carts.
54. " manufactures of beaten rice.
55. " basket makers.
56. " pedlars.
57. " cattle and sheep per head.
58. " blanket and carpet weavers.
59. " mat makers.
60. " stone masons.

There is no space in this short review to describe all the tricks, and fraud, and oppression that these vexatious taxes involved. It was found that taxation rested chiefly on the poorest, who could not sufficiently bribe the tax gatherer, and village official; the richer people in great measure escaping. The tax on shops was made so comprehensive that even women who squatted by the roadside, selling betel, tobacco, and petty wares in baskets, were taxed at rates varying from Rs. 3-8-5 (a star pagoda) to 92 annas. Here is a still further list of taxes found in the Government Office at Bellary:—

1. Taxes on the occasion of marriage.
- (a). From bride.
- (b). From bridegroom.
2. Tax for erecting marriage pandal.
3. Tax called *Woodeky* on widows' re-marriage.
4. Tax called *Bediki* on marriage of women to men while their own husbands are still alive.

5. Tax collected from persons breaking the rules of their caste.
6. Tax for re-admission to caste after having been expelled.
7. Tax leviable on appointment of a person to be a priest of the Gangam caste.
8. Tax called *Pattan kainki*, leviable on a person succeeding to the office of a priest.
9. Tax leviable from people of the *Satani* caste who perform worship in lesser temples.
10. Tax called *Guggalun* on pilgrims who return successfully from pilgrimages and perform their vows.
11. Tax on ovens used by washermen.
12. Tax on Government lands held on favourable tenure.
- (a). Tax at 2½ seers of rice for every crop irrigated.
- (b). Tax for a bundle of rice straw in grain for every field under tanks.
13. Tax on toddy and arrack.
- (a). On the stalls.
- (b). On the retail shops.

In the year 1853, the "Madras Native Association" presented a petition to the Committees of the House of Commons appointed to enquire into Indian affairs, and implored that the people might be relieved from at least one branch of this gigantic taxation which was then called "*Moturfa*", a name received from the Mahomedans, "a tax on trades, and occupations, embracing weavers, carpenters, all workers in metals, all salesmen, whether possessing shops, (which were also taxed) or vending by the roadside."

Let me now state what is the modern British system of taxation. We have assessed the land revenue at so much per acre (a fixed measurement) of cultivated land, the measurement of which is fixed by actual Survey. Mr. Srinivasa Raghava Aiyangar shows that the rates are at present between one-fourth and one-fifth for irrigated lands on the net produce cultivated after defraying expenses, and between one-fourth and one-sixth for un-irrigated lands; in the case of lands in the poorer, dryer districts, it is very much less. Besides this, there is the village cess, and the local fund cess; for the upkeep of all the roads, hospitals, bridges and dispensaries. These 3 cesses are, in the village accounts, lumped into one charge, and this one charge is what the ryot has to pay; it is fixed and definite; this single payment is all with which he is ever troubled, he pays it moreover by easy instalments. The higher class merchants now pay the income tax, and the income tax alone. There is no other direct State taxation, though there are local Municipalities for municipal taxation to provide funds wholly spent on local improvements and wants, that being largely fixed by representatives of the people themselves. For the few years between

the abolition of "Moturfa" and the institution of the income tax, the latter (merchant) class paid no taxes whatever to the State. They subscribed nothing to the maintenance and government of the country. The income tax is very moderate, all the poor being entirely free. As Mr. Srinivasa Raghava Aiyangar said:—"The trading and professional classes are bound to contribute their fair share to the public burdens, and therefore this solitary tax is quite sound in principle. It is only *sheer ignorance of what they suffered in the past* that makes them accept it otherwise than gladly." There is of course also indirect taxation in the salt tax, and the Excise and Customs duties, and stamps.

But there is no civilized country in the world where the incidence of the whole taxation, direct and indirect, is less per head than in India. The average amount of taxation per head is Rs. 2 a year, or 2 annas 8 pies per month. If an agricultural labourer does not go to law, nor use intoxicants, the only imperative tax which he has to pay is about 3 annas a year for salt. In dealing with taxation under Hindus and Mahomedans, I have said nothing about the fact that every invader of India imposed heavy impost and tribute, the prompt and full payment of which they demanded from the conquered. How could this amount have ever been collected except by grinding taxation.

It is the "*sheer ignorance of what has happened in the past*", to use an Indian gentleman's words, that is at the root of much of the present discontent and unrest. But we have no right to be ignorant, now that owing to patient, scientific research and translations, old edicts have been deciphered, and much light has been thrown on the past; now that fact can take the place of fiction, we have examined the statement about taxation past and present. I think few would care to return to the old system.

Let us now look to the statement of *Famines*.

It has been stated and repeated by newspapers, and agitators that:—"the famines which have desolated India within the last quarter of the 19th century are unexampled in their extent and intensity in the history of ancient and modern times."

The Shanti Parva of the "Mahabharata" describes a famine of 12 years' duration! Mr. Srinivasa Raghava Aiyangar says:—"The Ramayana mentions a severe and prolonged drought which occurred in Northern India. According to the Orissa legends, severe famines occurred between 1107 and 1143 A. D. The memory of a 12 years' famine "Dvadasavarsha Panjam" lives in tradition in Southern India. But if the accounts of "Universal Empire" are as they have been shown to be—poetical creations—it is possible that famines mentioned may

be poetical creations too. It may be so. We will quote what Mr. S. M. Mitra writes of famines in Akbar's reign!—It is admitted by every one that Akbar's reign was the best in the Mahomedan History of India. Let us see how the great Akbar fared as regards famine. Three great famines desolated the country during his reign. The Mahomedan historian wrote:—"Men could not find corn, they were driven to the extremity of eating each other, and some formed themselves into parties to carry off lone individuals for their food" . . . "at the time of famine and distress parents were allowed to sell their children."

In the 42nd year of Akbar's reign, 1596 A.D., "a fearful famine raged continuously for 3 or 4 years throughout the whole of Hindustan. A kind of plague also added to the horrors of this period, and de-populated whole cities, to say nothing of hamlets and villages. In consequence of the dearth of grain, and the necessities of ravenous hunger, human flesh was eaten. The streets and roads were blocked with dead bodies, and no assistance could be made for their removal."

After reading the above, can it be truly asserted that the recent famines were unexampled in their extent and intensity in the history of ancient and modern times?

In 1570, there was a terrible famine on the West coast.

In 1648, in the Coimbatore district, a great number died.

In 1659, there was another, and in one small tract amongst the Christians alone 10,000 perished.

In 1709, there was a prolonged drought of several years.

In 1733, there was a famine in the Chingleput district.

In 1780, one over the whole of the Carnatic.

From 1789 to 1792, there was a terrible famine in the Northern Sirkars, and the people died in thousands.

If we knew more of the past history of India, we should find that seasons of scanty rainfall have *perpetually recurred*, as they are now recurring, in the natural order of things, WHICH MAN'S WILL CANNOT ALTER.

How did Hindus and Mahomedans deal with famines? It is not too much to say that little or nothing was done. The rulers apparently saw no necessity for attempting to save life, and left people to themselves.

Now famine is recognized as one of the most difficult problems with which Government has to deal. A hundred years ago it was looked upon as a visitation of God, utterly beyond the control of man; the people perished by millions; the want of roads, cattle and railways rendering

it impossible to supply them with food. Now a famine code has been drawn up for the guidance of officials, relief works are instituted in distressed localities, as soon as scarcity is declared, and every effort is made to support life and relieve distress. Many Government officials, both European and Indian, have died at their post struggling to help the people; many of you must remember the magnificent contributions sent out from England in 1877 and 1898 for the relief of the poor and suffering. My husband was one of the Famine Officers in 1876-77 in the Ceded Districts, and with him I saw what was done there to relieve suffering and hunger. We visited daily the great famine camps in his taluq, and saw the oldest and the youngest, and those too weak to work, being fed three times a day, and the able-bodied being given work and wages. If there had been more railroads in those days, fewer people would have died. Railroads are essential for the distribution of food in famine time. Then bullocks die from want of fodder, and though there may be plenty of food in Madras and on the coast generally, there can be no means of getting it carried inland without railways.

This brings us to the subject of *Railways*. Fifty years ago, there were no railways in India. People travelled slowly by bullock carts 2½ miles an hour, or by carriages at 4 miles an hour. They were exposed to fatigue, to the weather, to robbers, to sickness, and often had to lie down and die alone.

What a difference to being whirled along smoothly, quicker than 6 race horses!

Now, I daresay, you have often heard of the assertion made that a great deal of money goes from India to England and that "England is bleeding India." Now you must learn that such statements are utterly baseless. *India pays no tribute to England. All the payments are interest on money lent, on services rendered, or materials supplied.*

You know that to make railways costs a very great deal of money. In most countries, the people themselves supply the money out of their savings. In India, the people said No, they required the money for jewels, for marriage ceremonies, and other ceremonies. (The amount of jewels now held in India, cannot be less than 300 crores, it is probably much greater; at 12 per cent. interest, it would yield 36 crores a year. In Japan, women have no jewelry.)

Therefore the money had to be borrowed, and for borrowed money, as you know, interest has to be paid. If you borrow money, you have to pay the sowcar from 12 to 30-40 or 50 per cent. Poor people borrow money at the rate of 1 anna per rupee per month, which is 76 per cent. Well, the Government of India asked other nations to

lend the money. Germany, France, America, Russia, all asked interest from 5 to 10 per cent. The nation that offered at the *lowest rate of interest was England*, she offered the money at 3½ per cent. I do not think any of you will say that is bleeding India.

Mr. T. N. Mukerji says:—"No country having the faintest claim to civilization should now be without its railways. When we ourselves could? (*would?*) not make them, the next best thing was to have them made by others, for it would not be wise to wait a century or two!

Indian Railways now, not only meet all charges from their earnings, but in 1901 yielded a profit of 115 lakhs. This profit will largely increase and become an important source of revenue, while very great benefit is conferred on the country. The railways give direct employment to a large body of men.

In 1909, the railway service employed 525,000 persons, of whom over 508,000 were Indians. When Queen Victoria ascended the throne, there was not a single line of railway in the country. In April 1909, there were 30,553 miles of rail, which carried 330,000,000 passengers, and over 64 million tons of goods. Her reign was also distinguished for its grand *Irrigation Works*. For the year 1906-1907, 22,225,000 acres were irrigated and 8 per cent. was paid on the capital expenditure. The next 20 years will witness the completion of other Irrigation schemes, which in magnitude and boldness will surpass the work of the Periyar project alone; it is like listening to a fairy tale of wonder and delight. Money for these works was also borrowed in England, where the rate of interest is lowest.

The interest paid is one of the chief causes in the increase of the home charges, but it is met by railway fares and water rates. Railways and Irrigation Works are some of the best means of mitigating famines. The other home charges are for the *Civil Service and Army*, without which India would be in a state of anarchy and bloodshed as before. Let us see what is the price you pay for peace and development.

Some Indians affirmed that it is the employment of a highly paid foreign agency that causes a large drain to the country. Let us see what the actual cost is. Lord Elgin, when Viceroy, obtained from the Finance Department an estimate of the total annual cost of the Civil Service, including pay, pension, and exchange allowances. It amounted to an average charge per head of the population (221 millions of people) of 1½ pies per month. If Europeans were replaced by Indians on half their salary, the reduction would be less than 1 pie per head monthly. Besides, Indians would not be satisfied to do the work on half the salaries. As it is, many Vakils make more money by their

practice than the salary of Judges. Year by year, since 1868, in accordance to the promise that Indians should be given a share in the administration of the country, the number of Europeans employed has been lessened and the number of Indians employed has been increased.

In 1904, six years ago, there were less than 6,500 Englishmen, whether brought from abroad or recruited in this country, employed on salaries of Rs. 75 a month and upwards, to administer the affairs of 230,000,000 of people, and 21,800 Indians on salaries of Rs. 75 and upwards. If we go below Rs. 75 a month, the disproportion would of course be overwhelming. During the last six years many more Indians have been given a share in the Government. Will any one tell me in the face of these figures that our administration is unduly favourable to the European, or grudging to the Indian element? There are 15 Indian Judges of the four High Courts and Chief Courts, and Indians have seats in the Legislative and now in the Executive Councils. Of the 1,244 members of the Civil Service, 65 are Indians. To use *Lord Curzon's words*:—"I hold on the contrary that our administration is characterized by a liberality unexampled in the world. You may search through history; and since the days of the Roman Empire, you will find no such trust. I have visited the Russians in Central Asia, the Dutch in Java, the French in Algolia, Cochin China and Tongking and have seen what there prevails; and if anyone thinks that they show proportions even remotely comparable with those which I have quoted, I can assure him that he is gravely mistaken. It is true that, as a rule, the majority of the highest posts are and must for a considerable time be held by Englishmen, the reason being that they possess, partly by heredity, partly by up-bringing, and partly by education, the habits of mind, and the vigour of character, which are essential for the task. Then the rule being a British rule, the tone and standard should be set by those who are responsible for it. The progressive growth of confidence that is revealed by the steadily increasing numbers of Indians employed is honourable to the British Government, and honourable to the people of the country. It reveals a European system of Government, entrusted largely to non-European hands, and administered far less by the conquering power than by its own sons. And beyond all, it testifies to a steady growth of loyalty and integrity on the one part, and of willing recognition of these virtues on the other, which is rich with hope for the future."

India is not expensively governed. Compared with other countries, the Government expen-

diture of India per head of the population is

1-24th	that of France
1-13th	" " Italy
1-12th	" " England
1-6th	" " Russia.

Sir Wm. Hunter writes, "It is easy to govern efficiently at a cost of 40s. per head as in England (Rs. 30): but the problem in India is how to attain the same standard of efficiency at a cost of Rs. 2-12 a head." Mr. D. Navroji said in England that the employment of a foreign agency disabled India from saving any capital at all! On the contrary under a foreign agency it is quite certain that the population of India absorb and hoard far more of the precious metals than they did formerly, for during the past 50 years India's net absorption of gold and silver from outside has amounted to the equivalent of 6,303,000,000 rupees (an average of 126,000,000 a year) while, during the 22 years ending with 1857, the average absorption of the precious metals averaged only 32 millions a year. India now contains a far greater amount of the precious metals than she ever had before.

The Census of 1891 showed that the people of India supported an army of goldsmiths 400,000 strong, estimating their average earnings at Rs. 6 per month; this gives an annual outlay of Rs. 288 lakhs. Does this show the growing poverty of the people? I personally asked the late Sir V. Bhashyam Iyengar if he considered the estimate a correct and fair one. He laughed, and said that it was considerably *under* estimated, he considered the average earnings of goldsmiths more than Rs. 6 a month. It will be very interesting to see what the coming Census figures will reveal. Another indication of the growing prosperity of the country is the increase in Savings Bank's deposits. From 1884-5 to 1901, in *Government Banks alone* the number of Indian depositors increased from 193,687 to 739,213 and the interest earned from 11½ lakhs to 25 lakhs, and the deposits from 3½ crores to 9 crores.

Mr. Justice Ranade in his Poona address in 1903, said, "In 1888-9 we imported 41 lakhs worth of umbrellas, 15 lakhs worth of children's toys and games, 22 of stationery, 10 of soap, 10 of clocks, 20 of matches, 66 of glass, 41 of paper and 21½ of books." Mr. N. T. Mukerji says on the subject of these imports: "Our wants have thus greatly increased, and we have to meet the wants by the sale of our produce. Increased wants, however, are a sign of increased prosperity. If we now feel a desire for better houses, better clothing, better food, and find ourselves more or less in a position to satisfy that desire, it must be assumed that we have greater means, i.e., Greater wealth at our command than formerly."

The average Indian landholder, trader, ryot, or handicraftsman is better off than he was 50 years ago. He consumes more salt, more sugar, more tobacco, and far more imported luxuries and conveniences than he did a generation back. The average villager eats more food and has a better house than his father: brass or other metal vessels have taken the place to a considerable extent of the coarse earthenware vessels of earlier times, and his family possess more clothes than formerly. There are exceptional districts where the population is either very dense, or the soil very poor and rainfall very uncertain, where the condition of the landless labourers is still deplorably low. It is not Government who is to blame for the poverty of the lower orders of the people of India. They are poor *because* the population has increased at such a rate as to outstrip the food producing powers of the land. Because every square mile of Bengal has now to support 3 times as many families as it had to support 100 years ago. The mass of husbandmen are living in defiance of economic laws. A people of small husbandmen cannot be prosperous if they marry, irrespective of the means of subsistence. Now that the sword is no longer permitted to do its old work—that cholera, small-pox and famine claim fewer victims, *they must submit to prudential restraints on marriage* or they must suffer hunger. Such restraints have been imperative upon races of small cultivators since the days when Plato wrote his Republic."

France is a fertile country, but the population is only 180 to the square mile. There are districts in India with 800 to the square mile. The permanent remedies for the poverty of India rest with the people themselves.

Sir Madhava Row said: "The longer one lives, observes and thinks, the more deeply does he feel there is no community on the face of the earth which suffers less from political evils, and more from self-inflicted, or self-accepted, or self-created, and, therefore, avoidable evils than the Hindu community."

Those who tackle the problem of *early marriage* will do more to benefit India than those who seek for political concessions. This remedy rests with the people themselves, not with rulers. It should be pointed out that early marriage did not exist in Vedic times, that it leads to the production of weak and sickly children, and so to the degeneracy of the race; that to unrestrained marriages is due the over population of India which causes 40 millions to go through life with insufficient food. You must all realize that where there is enough food for 12 in the house, and you have to feed with it 18 people, that the result cannot be so satisfying as if you had only fed the original 12. *Let us now turn to the subject of the Plague.* I have received educated

Indian ladies who have said to me "We are grateful for all the hospitals, schools, railways, and for peace and prosperity, *but* we never had plague in India in 'the old days', and see how many thousands and thousands have died of plague!" This was said quite reproachfully by B.A. young ladies, as if the English had deliberately introduced plague into India! When told that there had been many previous outbreaks of plague in India, and when given the dates of these outbreaks they said "But we never learnt that in school or College, why were we not taught such facts?" Why indeed? . . . The question has often been asked of late years. The answer given is "We have not time to teach *everything* in school and College." Intelligent students should enlarge their own knowledge by reading. Besides, the history of taxes and social condition of the people comes more under the head of civics than history. It is very evident that "sheer ignorance" on these subjects lays students open to many pitfalls, and easy credulity, when given into the hands of agitators and sedition mongers and untruthful newspapers. There were outbreaks of plague in 1345, 1399, 1438, 1574, 1595, 1611, 1683, 1704, 1770, 1812, 1921. Of three of these outbreaks, 1611 to 18, 1683 to 93, 1812 to 21, considerable details have come down to us. A pay master in the Army of the Emperor Jehangir thus describes the awful virulence of the plague of 1611-1618—"When it was about to break out, a mouse would rush out of its hole, as if mad and striking itself against the door and walls of the house would expire. If immediately after this signal the occupants left the house and went away to the jungle, their lives were saved, if otherwise, the inhabitants of the whole village would be swept away by the hand of death. If any person touched the dead, or even the clothes of the dead man, he also could not survive the fatal contact. The effect of the epidemic was comparatively more severe on the Hindus (than Mahomedans). . . In Hindustan no place was free from this visitation which continued to devastate the country for a span of 8 years." In 1618, the Emperor Jehangir wrote:—"The Almighty God has always and in all places extended His protection to His humble creatures and this is shown from the fact that at this very time it was reported to me that a pestilential disease had broken out in Agra and numbers of men had perished. For this reason I was fully confirmed in my resolution of postponing my march toward Agra, which occurred to my mind by the Divine inspiration." One cannot help thinking that the inspiration would have been more justly called "Divine" had it led the Emperor in 1618 to Agra, the plague-stricken capital, than away from it. In 1596, the plague

assailed Bombay and Poona. Lord Sandhurst, the Governor, hastened to those cities, met the local authorities and concerted with them measures for the relief of the sufferers. There is not space in which to describe other outbreaks of the plague, its supposed causes and the treatment accorded to sufferers from it. Professor Haffkine has discovered a remedy, something like vaccination, which has been the means of saving many lives. It is called "Plague inoculation." It causes only a slight fever for a day or two. When an outbreak of plague is threatened, all should be inoculated. You will find the whole subject most interestingly described in a little pamphlet by the late Dr. John Murdoch, called "The History of the Plague and How to Stop its Ravages," which you can purchase for 1 anna 6 pies at the "Memorial Hall, Park Town." I advise every one of you to buy a copy and ask to have it translated and explained to you. If every child in India could learn by heart the following few sentences, the death-rate in India would decrease rapidly. Here are the sentences:—

1. Fever and cholera are caused by bad water.
2. Vaccination keeps away small-pox.
3. Filth is the mother of sickness.
4. Cleanliness is the mother of health and long life.

Let us now think of the subject of "*Peace by Sea and Land*;" as a matter of fact I think that none of us give the subject of "*Peace by Sea*" a thought. It is quite hard now-a-days to realize that the sea was a source of danger from invaders. Yet it was only in 1861, that the Indian navy, after sweeping the robber hordes from the sea, and refinding Indian waters as safe as the English channel, finished its work and was abolished. It was one of Clive's achievements that he rooted out the Pirate nests of the South-Western coast. Burmese Pirates used to sail up the great river flowing into the Bay of Bengal, turn on the villages, and massacre or carry off into slavery the inhabitants. "The first English Surveyor in the 2nd half of the 18th century, entered on his maps a fertile and now populous tract of 1000 sq. miles on the sea-board as bare of villages with the words "Depopulated by the Maghs" or sea-robbers. Now under the protection of the British navy there is peace by sea. Invasion by land has been for all time the great danger and trouble from which India has suffered—may suffer again. At its North-Eastern and North-Western corners are two opposite sets of gateways which connect India with the rest of Asia. Through these gateways successive hordes of invaders have poured into India and in the 18th century the process was still going on when six such inroads took place in 23 years. Each set of newcomers plundered and massacred without

restraint. These invasions signified not only a host of 20 to 100,000 barbarians on the march, paying for nothing; and eating up every town, cottage and farm yard, burning and slaughtering on the slightest provocation; and often in mere sport. It usually also meant a grand final sack and massacre of the capital of the invaded country. One gang of 25,000 Afghan horsemen swooped down upon the sacred city of Muttra during a festival. They burned the houses together with their inmates, and carried off into captivity maidens, youths, and women. In the temples they slaughtered cows, and smeared the images and pavements with the blood. The borderland between Afghanistan and India lay silent and waste; indeed districts far within the frontier, which had once been densely inhabited and which are now again thickly peopled, were swept bare of inhabitants.

THE AFGHAN QUESTION SURVIVES TO THIS DAY

The North-Eastern border disclosed an equally painful picture. The history of the fertile valley of Assam is one long narrative of invasion and extermination. Anciently, the seat of a powerful Hindu kingdom, Assam was devastated, like the rest of Eastern Bengal, by fanatical Mahomedan invaders. During the 18th and 19th centuries, 60,000 square miles of fertile frontier districts lay waste. The security given by a century of British rule has resulted in bringing 13,000 sq. miles under the plough; giving each year 18 millions sterling worth of produce, or more than equal to the average cost of the Indian Army, and the whole defence of the Indian Empire. Peace is only broken now from time to time on the Afghan frontier. Since the mutiny of 1857, the people of the country have not known what it is to suffer from the exactions and horrors of war. Even that was only a partial rising, yet it cost the country 49 crores. A real war would cost infinitely more, and crush out many of the now rising industries. Peace and plenty go hand in hand. War means wholesale expenditure; even riots spell increased taxation. Long may the country enjoy peace, so that it may develop its resources and industries, continue its education, and bring about social reforms, as the people realize that "the permanent remedies for the poverty of the lower classes rest with the people themselves."

In old days, India was a self-contained country where every one made his own clothes and tools, and grew his own food. Since the introduction of machinery, India, like every other civilized country in the world has lost to a large extent, these cottage industries, in substitution for other industries. Indian embroideries, carpet weaving, and gold and silver work, have benefited by the growing foreign demand for these works.

Agriculture has expanded enormously. Tea, coffee, and jute cultivation have been created. More than half the tea required by the world is now supplied from India.

Coffee has suffered from leaf disease and by the competition of S. America, still £743,000 worth of coffee was exported from India in 1907, and the value of these three industries in 1907 reached a value of £32,000,000. In 1856, there was hardly a power loom in the country, now there are 217 cotton mills, employing 212,000 people: there are 41 jute mills employing 167,000. There are 92 rice mills, 62 saw mills, besides flour mills, oil mills, iron foundries, woollen and paper mills, pottery and glass works, and the great workshops attached to railways and ship-building yards. The manufacturing industry of India is still in an early stage. Your educated sons should turn their energies in this direction, instead of all wanting to be vakils, or Government clerks.

Formerly Hindu and Mahomedan sovereigns spent large sums on splendid palaces and tombs, mainly built by forced labour.

Commercial cities did not exist. The capital town then was the standing camp of the Monarch, its trade depended on the presence of the Court. Magnificent Emperors required magnificent cities around them, and an inconsiderate or a tyrannical prince ordered the movements of the citizens as he ordered the movements of the troops. One cruel Emperor forced the whole inhabitants of Delhi to migrate to his new capital, Daulatabad, 700 miles away to the South. Thousands perished on the road. The king twice changed his mind. Twice he allowed the miserable people to return to Delhi, many died and the rest were ruined. "But" says the historian "the Emperor's orders were strictly complied with and the ancient capital was left desolate".

After having spent crores and crores on Futtipore-Sikri, the Emperor Akbar ordered its evacuation, and to this day it is a magnificent and melancholy monument to the whims of an autocratic Ruler.

Even the capitals of the sea-board provinces were chosen for military purposes.

In Lower Bengal, the Mohamedans under different dynasties, fixed on six towns in succession as their capital. Not one of them had any foreign trade, or could have been approached by a ship, they were simply the court and camp of the King, or viceroys for the time being.

The English, in the long list of those who have ruled India, appear not as temple builders like the Hindus; not as tomb or palace builders like the Mohamedans; not as fort builders like the Mahrattas; not as church builders like the

Portuguese, but in the more commonplace capacity of town builders. Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras are essentially the creations of British rule.

In 1661, Bombay was ceded by the Portuguese to the British crown, as part of the dower of the wife of Charles II. and he rented it to a company of London merchants for the annual payment of Rs. 150. Instead of a few fishermen, Bombay has now a population of nearly a million, is the greatest commercial city in Asia, and is studded with magnificent buildings.

Calcutta, the present City of Palaces, consisted of three clusters of mud huts on the river banks. It has a population nearly double that of any City in Great Britain, except London. It would have been destroyed as a port by the silt and sand of the river but for the strenuous efforts of the English. The river engineering of the Hughli forms one of the memorable triumphs in the contest of man with nature. Observations on the condition of the Hughli's channels are taken hourly. Gigantic steam dredgers are continually at work, and the shifting of the shoals is carefully recorded. By these means the port of Calcutta has been kept open, for ships of the largest tonnage, and saved from the fate of the six other historical ports built on the banks of the Ganges, every one of which is now blocked up with silt and sand, and is unapproachable by sea-going ships of the present day.

Besides building towns and railways and canals, healthy quarters have been erected for the troops all over India, and the mortality has been greatly reduced, both in European and native troops.

Most of the large prisons have been built or re-built; lighthouses have been provided round the Indian coasts. The ancient beautiful buildings of past dynasties have been cared for and conserved, at places like Agra, Delhi, Madras, Benares, Lahore, Ahmedabad, Gour, Budh Gaya, and Bilsa.

There are now 70,000 Post Offices and boxes, and 800,000,000 letters and packets pass through them. A letter now travels safely for 6 pies = (1/2d) from Quetta in Beluchistan to Bhamo on the borders of China.

There are 69,000 miles of telegraph lines and 7,000 telegraph offices. The fee for a short message which may reach 5,000 miles is 6 annas.

There are 2,514 Hospitals and Dispensaries in which 412,000, and 24,470 outpatients were treated in 1907. The number of Indian practitioners who have been trained in modern surgery and medicine is now more than twenty times as large as it was in 1857.

As for Education in 1907, there were 179 colleges and college departments, with 26,000

under-graduates on the rolls. In 1907, the total expenditure was Rs. 60,000,000. One result of the spread of education has been a great increase in the number of books, magazines, and newspapers published in India. It would have been thought, that this should have been an unmixed blessing to the country and people, but alas! in many cases newspapers have, by turning the liberty of press into the license of the press, been the cause of much mischief. Often conducted by disappointed half-educated non-failed B. A. and the like, they have vent their personal spleen on Government, by violent attacks and persistent misrepresentations, in very many cases poisoning the minds of the people, and notably students, against Government, bringing anarchy and unrest into the country, where there might be only profound peace and prosperity. This blot can be better removed by the people themselves than by Government. The Rulers of Native States have taken firm and strong measures to stamp out the evil.

In the words of Mr. Gokale;—The presence of the English is essential for the peaceful development of India, and all truly patriotic sons of India, should strengthen the hands of Government and loyally co-operate to maintain the British Raj.

India is not yet ready, nor will she be ready for very many years to come for Swaraj. Were the English to withdraw to-morrow, in less than three months hopeless fighting and confusion would result, and once again outside arbitration and help would be sought, or thrust upon the country. Some seem to think that the Japanese would be pleasanter rulers than the English. If the Koreans were asked, they would tell you that on a certain date all their "kudums" were cut off, and their ladies forbidden to wear their distinctive green mantle. I doubt if Hindus would find that a pleasanter regime to live under than the British!

I will close this short review of a very long subject with the opinions of two Indian Statesmen; of an American, and of your late King Emperor, of blessed memory. Sir Madhava Row says;—"The longer one lives, and observes, and thinks, the more deeply does one feel there is no community on the face of the earth which suffers less from political evils, and more from self-inflicted, or self-created, and therefore avoidable evils, than the Hindu community. It must be frankly and gratefully admitted that the British Government of India is incomparably the best Government we have ever had. It is the strongest, the most righteous, and the best suited to India's diverse populations, and diverse interests. It is the most capable of self-maintenance, of self-renovation, and self-adjustment, in reference

to the progressive advancement of the subject race."

The late V. Ramiengar, Dewan of Travancore, writes,—“We live under the mildest, the most enlightened and the most powerful of modern Governments; we enjoy in a high degree the rights of personal security and personal liberty, and the right of private property, the dwelling of the humblest and meanest subject may be said to be now as much his castle as that of the proud Englishman in his native land; no man is any longer by reason of his wealth, or of his rank, so high as to be above the reach of the law, and none on the other hand, is so poor and insignificant as to be beyond its protection. In less than a short century, anarchy and confusion have been replaced by order and good government, as if by the wand of a magician, and the country has started on a career of intellectual, and moral, and material advancement of which nobody can foresee the end. Whatever may be the shortcomings of Government (and perfection is not vouchsafed to human institutions and human efforts,) in the unselfish and sincere desire which animates them to promote the welfare of the millions committed to their care, in the high view they take of their obligations and responsibilities as Rulers, in the desire they show at all times to study the sentiments and feelings of the people, and carry them along with them in all important measures, and in the spirit of benevolence which underlies all their actions, the British Indian Government stands without an equal.”

In February 1909, President Roosevelt said:—“India affords the most colossal example in the history of successful administrations, by men of European blood of a thickly populated region in another continent. It is the greatest feat of the kind that has been performed since the break up of the Roman Empire. Unquestionably mistakes have been made, but the fact remains that the successful administration of the Indian Empire by the English has been one of the most notable and most admirable achievements of a white race during the past two centuries. On the whole, it has been for the immeasurable benefit of the natives of India themselves, and if English control were now withdrawn, the whole peninsula would become a chaos of bloodshed and violence. All the weaker peoples and the most industrious and law abiding, would be forced to submit to indescribable wrong, and the only beneficiaries would be the lawless, violent and bloodthirsty men. The great salient fact is that the presence of the English in India has been for the advantage of mankind; and every well-wisher of mankind, every true friend of humanity should realize that the part which England has played

in India has been to the immeasurable benefit of India, for her honour, her profit, and her civilization. We should feel profound satisfaction in the stability and permanence of British rule.”

In conclusion, it may be permitted to recite the gracious words of the Proclamation by the King Emperor of the 2nd November 1908 to the Princes and Peoples of India:—“Half a century is but a brief span in your long annals, yet this half century that ends to-day will stand amid the floods of your historic ages, a fair shining landmark. The Proclamation of the direct supremacy of the Crown, sealed the unity of Indian Government and opened a new Era. The journey was arduous and the advance may sometimes have seemed slow; but the incorporation of many strangely diversified communities and of some 300,000,000 of the human race under British guidance and control has proceeded steadfastly and without pause. We survey our labours of the past half century with clear gaze and good conscience.”

Teaching of History in Schools and Colleges

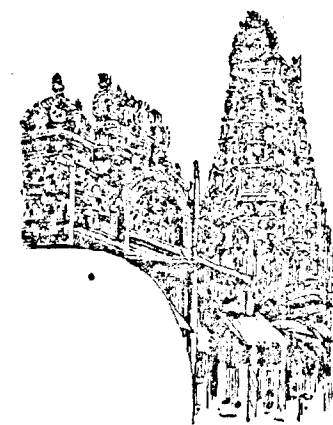


CORRESPONDENT, who has read Lady Benson's article on "India, Past and Present", writes:—As far back as 1895, the B. A. course was changed so as to include Indian History. A paper on two special subjects to be prescribed from time to time was also introduced at the same time, and one of these subjects is always an Indian one; the one for the current year being the history of the struggle with the French. As regards the M.A., a special period of Indian History has always been set as one of the eight subjects prescribed, and very frequently another Indian historical subject has been set also. In 1896, the Mogul Dynasty 1526—1761 was set, and there was also a paper on Indian numismatics.—In 1897, the period was the Marhatta power up to 1818 and there was a paper also on South Indian Architecture. The dissertations which all M. A. candidates have to write almost always, deal with Indian subjects.

As regards the F. A., there is always a paper on history in it. The reason why Indian History finds no place in the F. A. examination is that that subject is taught to a boy all through his school life. Boys have Indian History in the Elementary school, and then study it for six years in the Secondary School. Up till 1891, there was a paper on Indian History exclusively in the Matriculation Examination, and a paper on British History. An attempt was made to shorten the Examination and the two papers were combined into one. Half the paper—4 questions—was devoted to Indian History. It is impossible in an examination to attempt to cover all the ground studied, and the number of questions set, does not indicate the amount of study bestowed on the subject. The study of how Britain has brought peace and order out of the turmoil and chaos of the 18th Century, is one of the most useful things to which an Indian boy can have his attention called.

The book that used to be chiefly used was Sinclair's School History. The best ones in use at present are Thomson's and Delafosse's; Hooley and Stark is also good, especially for the earlier period.

The Grand 'Chittirai' Festival in Madura



FEW places on earth can boast of a more picturesque appearance or a prouder history than the holy city of Madura on the Vaigai. Reckoned as an ancient seat of religion and learning, Madura has retained its hold on the piety of the people, and the cult of Siva with its many legends and highly valuable rich temple jewels which had the unbounded admiration of no less a personage than His Majesty the King-Emperor of England, and of Russia and Germany, and the supreme architectural and archaeological beauty of the place, has attracted the pilgrims from the remotest places in India, and visitors from beyond seas to this far-famed town where Siva performed the sixty-four

miracles ('*Arupathunulu Tiruvilaiyadals*') at the Kadamba forest on the site of which the city of Madura is built, with the great pagoda of Sri Minakshi Sundarésvarar in the centre.

The festivals are frequent at this temple—no month passing without a festival—the most important being the "*Chittirai*" festival, which is celebrated in April or May, the great floating or "*teppam*" festival which is held on Thai-pusam day in the month of January or February, and *Puttu Urchavam* or Avani Mulam festival held in Avani in the month of July or August from the days of the Pandiyan Kings, while the first two were inaugurated by the great Naidu Ruler, Tirumalai, the Teppam festival having been founded and fixed for the anniversary of his birthday.

The first of these, the subject of this letter, occurs in the Tamil month of *Chittirai* (April—May) and celebrates the marriage of a Pandiya's daughter, Sri Minakshi, with Siva. The great event in it is the dragging of the two cars next day after the wedding through the four Masi streets, so called because this event originally took place in the month of Masi (February—March). A very large cattle-fair is held at the same time, and the god Alagar comes to the town from his mountain house, exactly twelve miles north of Madura. The local temple festival of Sri Minakshi Sundarésvarar, which was originally held in the month of Masi, was removed and tacked on to that of the god Alagar celebrated in Chittirai by that great ruler Terumalai Naik, to make the occasion more grand by combining the two festivals and for the convenience of the numerous pilgrims.

• THE LEGEND OF THE FESTIVAL OF SRI MINAKSHI SUNDARESWARAR. I shall let Mr. J. H. Nelson, the accomplished author of the Madura Country Manual, speak, as no better abstract can be imagined. Mr. Nelson says—

"Scientifically handled and attentively read together with the Sthala Puranas of Sriranga, Kanchipura, and other holy places, the Mud'hura Sthala Purana will doubtless furnish the Orientalist with much valuable knowledge. It contains a considerable amount of information touching the primitive doctrines of the Siva faith, and the customs of the inhabitants of the Pandya Country. And it unquestionably contains a few strictly historical facts The authorship of the work is ascribed in the preface to the Rishi Vyasa, who is declared to have learnt the facts therein set forth from Agastya. He (the latter) and other Rishis were worshipping the linga one day at Kasi, when he was asked by the company to tell them which was the holiest book in the universe, which the holiest spot, which the holiest water. He in-

formed them that the Skanda Purana was the holiest of all books, for it told the praises of Sundaralinga, that is of Siva; the Kadamba tree forest (on the site of which Mad'hura is said to have been built) was the holiest of all spots, both naturally and because it contained the most holy linga and the most holy water; the holiest water was the *Suvarna-push-kari* or "pool of the golden lilies" in the above said forest. And he added that the Kadamba forest was the place in which the god Siva had performed sixty-four miracles: which he would then and there describe in order.

"In the fourth story we are told of the incarnation of Siva's wife. Malaya D'hvaja had married the daughter of Shura Sena, the Rajah of the Chola Country; but failed during the 10,000 years to get a son. He filled his seraglio with thousands of wives and concubines: but all to no purpose. In despair he performed the *putra-kameshti* sacrifice, by which pious men procure children: and his desire was speedily accomplished. For Ishwari or Minakshi, Siva's wife, rose up out of the sacrifice in the form of a child. The queen was delighted with the infant, and nurtured it with the greatest tenderness: but both she and her husband were greatly concerned to see that it had a third breast situated midway between two proper breasts. However, their anxiety on this score was removed by a fairy who appeared and told them, that the unsightly excrescence would leave the child as soon as she saw her future husband: and at the same time advised the Padaya to call the child Thatathakei, and crown and make her his successor. This he did and died after having the child taught all the known sciences."

"The fifth-story consists of a description of Thatathakei's marriage. She assembled a large army of horse and foot-soldiers, war-chariots and elephants, and having put herself at its head attacked and defeated all the kings of the earth, then the gods of the eight quarters, and lastly Indra himself. She then invaded the heaven called Kailasa and defeated Siva's troops, and at last Siva had to come forth himself to fight against her. The instant she caught sight of him, her third breast disappeared; and she hung down her head in shame knowing that she was in the presence of her future husband. On learning this, Siva promised to marry her on an approaching Monday. Thatathakei then returned to Mad'hura, and her prime minister Sumathi made great preparations for the wedding. The kings of the fifty-six countries which composed the world were all invited to attend; the city was magnificently decorated; and the hall of marriage was made resplendent with jewels. On the appointed day Siva came in the form of a man, mounted on his celestial bull,

attended by Vishnu and Brahma and escorted by his servants, and by Indra and all the gods. As the procession approached Mad'hura, it was met by the bride's mother, who washed Siva's feet and put garlands round them: and bade him accept her daughter and the throne. Siva smiled graciously in token of acceptance: and entered the marriage hall. Then the wives of Vishnu and Brahma, Lakshmi and Saraswati, decked the bride with the rarest jewels, until her face shone like the concentrated rays of a thousand suns: and placed her at the right hand of Siva. All being ready, Brahma performed the service, and Vishnu laid the bride's hand upon that of the bridegroom, and pouring water upon it declared the queen to be Siva's property. Meanwhile musical instruments of all sorts gave forth the most delightful melody: Rishis and Brahmans chanted sacred verses: and all kinds of pleasing ceremonies were observed. The marriage having been duly performed, Siva was crowned King of Mad'hura, and assumed the name of Sundara Pandya."

I may here add that the city, though not in that royal magnificent style, is decorated with pandals, festoons, evergreens and flags during the festival, and all that is described as having been done in the marriage is observed.

Though with the above quotation the subject of the local temple festival is finished, I think it will not be in vain to give the summary of the next two or three events that attended or followed the marriage, as I am confident that it will not be without interest, at any rate to the non-Hindu readers, before I proceed to describe the other festival. They are again in the words of Mr. Nelson.

"After the wedding all the company sat down to a grand repast. But two Rishis named Pataryali and Vyaghrapattra could not do so, as it was their invariable custom to witness every day the sacred dancing of the God Siva at Chidambaram before they ate their rice: and they excused themselves on this ground to the King. Upon this he graciously vouchsafed to them a vision of the sacred dancing in the Silver Hall in the Mad'hura pagoda; and there danced before them on his right leg only, keeping his left stretched straight up above his head. Delighted with Siva's kindness and condescension, the Rishis asked that this dancing might be daily witnessed in the Silver Hall; and their boon was granted. After this they sat down with the other guests, and having fared sumptuously retired to their own country. When the guests had all taken leave, the bride pointed in a boastful way to the enormous quantities of food, which remained unconsumed, although so much had been eaten. Thousands of heaps of cooked rice, vegetables and other things were lying about in every direction: and she seemed to think it would be impossible to dispose of them all. But the bridegroom quickly showed what his power was. He made the all-consuming fire, called Badabá muk'hagni, to enter into the belly of his attendant Kundo-

dara; and the latter being seized with the unabatable hunger in a very short time ate up the whole of the rice, vegetables and other food and asked for more. And so violent grew his ravings, that at last Siva was compelled to summon Annapurnishwari, the goddess of plenty, to supply the poor wretch with abundance of rice and buttermilk. And she stayed his hunger. [This formality is being observed by a large quantity of food being spread before the two stone-figured dwarfs in the Wedding Hall]. But the hunger was succeeded by a thirst of so great intensity, that nothing could assuage it. All the wells and tanks in the country were drunk up in succession: and still the dwarf cried more, more! Upon this, Siva was again moved to compassion, and began to imagine that Ganga, the goddess of water, ought to do something for the unhappy dwarf. And as he was so imagining, the goddess appeared from out of his lock of hair, and agreed to satisfy his servant's thirst, if Siva would promise to make her more holy than the river Ganges, and at the same time would grant her a boon to the effect that the bones of corpses thrown into a river, which she proposed to cause to flow past on the instant, should become lingas; and also, that all who bathed in it should be forgiven whatever sins they might have committed in former lives. Siva granted the required boon: and Ganga caused the river Kritamala to flow north of Mad'hura, entering into which the dwarf soon quenched his thirst. To drink the more copiously, he sat midway between the banks and stretched out his arms on either side so as to form a dyke."

The firm belief is that the bones of corpses thrown into the river *Vaigai* within the precincts of Madura town eventually transform themselves into stones.

In succession to the great festival of Sri Minakshi Sundareswar of the great pagoda at Madura, comes the GRAND ALAGAR FESTIVAL, and the legend is, as now told, three-fold. One is that the God Alagar started with a view to marry the Goddess Andal Thoyar at Srivilliputore, but, when he approached Madura he learnt that the marriage was over, and having got disappointed, went in another direction where he fell in love with a Mahomedan woman, in whose honor and memory the temple at Vandiyur, about two miles north-east of Madura was dedicated and where the God Alagar stays a night during the festival. This is simply a village story, because the festival originally took place at Thenur a village about nine miles west of Madura, and it was Tirumala Naik who changed the site of festival to the river side at Madura more with a view to make the festival grand and convenient to the pilgrims: Similarly the story that he came to Madura to send wedding presents to his sister Menakshi is not correct, but is the imagination of the village-folks, seeing that the festival overlaps the other. As will be seen above, originally these two festivals were held in different months. The third and the most probable story is that a Rishi was cursed to transform himself into a

frog and live in the Nupura Gangai, a clear and cool natural stream, which flows in the Alagar Hills for a certain offence committed by him, and that on the Rishi imploring forgiveness, he was told that he would be relieved from the curse the moment Vishnu passed that side, and that he was relieved of the curse by Vishnu who accordingly paid a visit to the *Nupura Ganga* and gave the Rishi, who was doing penance, the life of a frog. This event is celebrated as a festival at the middle of the river *Vaigai* which runs through Madura, as the doing it in *Nupura Ganga* would be hard and would not draw a crowd. The great Rishi is known as Maudur Maha Rishi signifying Frog. An accurate narration of this festival is not known, as the *Sthala Purana* (the history of the temple) is still in obscurity, and never saw the light of day in print, as in the case of other ancient temples in this part of India.

I shall defer a description of the interesting and picturesque Alagarkovil to a subsequent occasion, but will conclude that Alagarkovil is a temple to Vishnu in his form Alagarsvami "the beautiful god," and that the god was the recipient of many valuable jewels from Mr. Rous Peter, who is the best remembered of all the old Collectors of Madura, and vernacular ballads are still sung in his honor, and these jewels bear his name. According to Mr. Nelson, "Mr. Rous Peter, a gentleman who made himself so popular amongst the natives of the district by his kindness and charity and parental regard for the interests of all with whom he came in contact, by his sumptuous and liberal mode of life, and by his skill and courage as a hunter of elephants, that he received the lofty title of Pandya and is still well remembered in Madura as Peter Pandya." The religious enthusiasm exhibited throughout these festivals, chiefly of god Alagar, in the words of Mr. Francis, who was formerly in Madura, "needs to be seen to be believed."

The annual journey of Alagar to Madura takes place at the time of the Chittirai festival at Madura, when Siva is married to Minakshi as stated above. Alagar is carried in state in a great palanquin, halts at each of the numerous Mantapams which line the 14 miles of road to the temple at the village of Vandiyur, and stays the four nights of his stay outside his mountain home at Tallakulam, Vandiyur, in a Mantapam in the river on his way back, where he takes the ten incarnations and again at Tallakulam, the village just north-east of the Vaigai bridge. Before he starts, his palanquin is halted at the gate of Karuppanasvami, who is held to be his servant, and a list of the jewels he is taking with him is publicly recited. When he gets back, the same list is re-read in the same place in

token of the safe return of these valuables. The one peculiarity is that no other water than that of *Nupura Gangai* is ever used for bathing the God (who is said to turn black with displeasure if such an innovation is attempted) and when he makes his journey to Madura this water is always carried with him. The striking peculiarity is that of over one hundred and seventy Mantapams the one was founded by the late lamented Mr. Robert Fischer, the Zemindar of Kondagai, who has made suitable provision for its upkeep in his last Will, and this Mantapam stands foremost in every respect, especially in feeding. The offertory, that is the money offerings, put in by the pilgrims into the *undial* boxes that follow the God in carts, comes up to above ten thousand rupees every year.

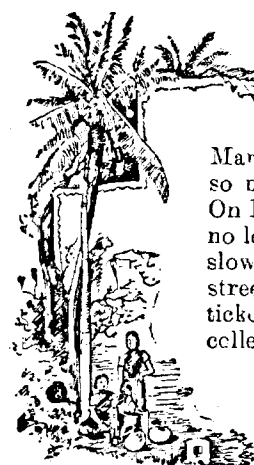
The special features of the festival are the rains and freshes down the river during the festive period, whose failure in any year forebodes, according to popular opinion, that the year is not a propitious one—famine, pestilence and the like; the holding of a cattle fair; and a fair in a miniature form got up of itself without any organization or expense. No less than 20,000 bulls consisting of country breed, the famous *Putikulam* breed of the district noted for its viciousness and speed, and of *Kangayam*, *Alambadi* and *Oddars* bulls from Mysore and its frontiers, are brought for sale. During the past few years the Madura District Agricultural and Industrial Association holds a cattle show at the cattle fair, but not a successful one. On this occasion speeches are made mostly in English on the agricultural and industrial subjects and on the breeding of cattle to a motley crowd composed of half-rustics and half-simpletons, ignorant of the language in which the speeches are made, and of the purpose why a gathering is assembled. Hitherto the Evening Bazaar Square, close by the great pagoda at Madura, separated as it is by a main street and surrounded on three sides by streets and forming a triangle, was occupied by stalls of various descriptions such as shooting and ring gambling galleries, lucky dips and other amusements, forming as they did a miniature fair in the People's Park at Madras during the Xmas week; but this year, owing to the misconception of a Madras Government Order, the Municipality refused permission for the location of such stalls and these were scattered on road sides and other places, thus destroying the beauty of a concentrated show and partially obstructing the streets on a crowded occasion. About a lac of people congregate during the latter half of the festival, which lasts for over 15 days; and above 5,000 populate the cattle fair held in the same period.

The gift of jewels by Rous Peter, Collector of Madura, a century ago, by Col. Roberts, R.E.,

quarter of a century ago, the founding of a Mantapam by Mr. Fischer which, in its celebration, is second to none, seventeen years ago, the breaking of cocoanuts and garlanding the God Alagar at the gates of the European residential quarters and the English club that are on the Alagarkovil road, and the attendance of European residents of the station at Fischer's Mantapam and elsewhere, clearly show that the real doctrine of Christianity is not hatred or contempt of other religions and the gods worshipped by those religionists. As far as Madura is concerned, I feel proud to record that there is good amity amongst the Hindus, the Moslems and the Europeans in religious matters and festivals, one taking part in the other's festivities.

P. R. VENKATESAIU NAIDU.

The Church Army



It was not often that the Central Office of the Church Army at 55 Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, received so many visitors all at once. On February 16th of this year, no less than a hundred ladies slowly accumulated in the street, and when the last ticket of admission had been collected by the capable pioneer of the crowd, began to detach themselves in groups of 20 to 30, and wander slowly over the premises. As

I formed one of the party, some of my impressions may be slightly interesting to those who were not there.

Most of us no doubt have heard of the Church Army and its objects and methods of work, so I will pass over them very briefly. It aims at helping those who are desirous of making a fresh start, who will satisfactorily answer the test questions put to them, and who will consent to work while under its protection. For everything that is given, something is demanded in return, and so the taint of pauperism is evaded. To the man who will not work and only wants what he will get for nothing, its doors are closed. Nevertheless it would seem that often the veriest dregs of human society are brought within its walls.

Every night in the week its officers are on the watch in the streets known to be the haunts of

the destitute, or they will parade the embankment; seating themselves on a bench beside some miserable specimen of humanity, they will engage him or her in friendly conversation and perhaps end by persuading the poor creature to seek refuge at a Church Army shelter; and the history and capabilities of the man or woman are carefully gone into. Alas! it is often a record of a terrible downfall from a much better position. If he is willing to stay, the Church Army will keep him for three months, while his health recovers and chances of reinstatement in his own work or profession are looked for. During this time he has to do work of some sort for the Church Army: wood chopping, bill sticking, and advertisement distributing, are the usual means of employment.

Attached to each receiving office is a Labour Home, where work is provided for the "out of work" cases. If a man works all day in the yard, he earns 4 but very few care to earn more than 2/6. The work is only given to those who hold tickets, which are given to deserving cases by the Church Army or by kind supporters. No man is allowed to have more than three days work in the week: otherwise, men would get to depend upon it and make no efforts to find work on their own account. Near the Labour Home there is often a lodging-house. Here the men live, who, through the agency of the Church Army have once more found especial work in their own line: they pay 6/a week for their board and lodging, and the remainder of their earnings is banked for them until they leave, for they may not stay longer than 3 months. It is an immense boon to them to be able to live so cheaply at the outset of a new career. But to return to our inspection of the Central Office—We strolled from floor to floor of the large building and were surprised at the variety and scope of its work. On the first floor we entered a room full of well-made and very low-priced garments for sale: strong flannel shirts, bright coloured print pinafores, and frocks, or dainty embroidered garments were here in quantities. The sale-room is open every day from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. and the Church Army is anxious that this branch of its work shall be better known.

The workers can copy the most elaborate pieces of work and they are glad of orders. From the sale-room we pass to the work-rooms and watch a beautiful piece of Church work in process of making.

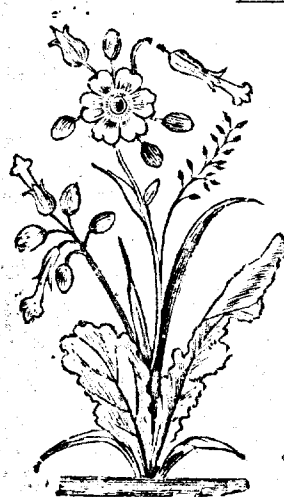
Another branch of work is that of the placing out in service of about 300 girls whom the Church Army has rescued. Outfits for all these have to be provided, and their welfare kept in view until they are safely launched. We then passed down a corridor, lined on each side with small offices,

each of which has the control of some special branch of work. At "The Social Department" we stopped to buy tickets to give away. There are many kinds of tickets. Some entitle the holder to two-penny worth of food. Another kind of ticket to a good meal after twenty minutes spent in wood chopping: another kind, to a day's work, a third of the earnings for which have to be refunded to the Church Army by the purchaser of the ticket. The Church Army is always seeking to enlarge its sphere of action. Not only does it control many branches of useful work, run on their own lines, but it sometimes absorbs and remodels charitable institutions which are doing harm instead of good. A case in point is that of an old established foundation in the city, where men and women were given a lodging, food without payment or question, or even a bath exacted in return. The result was extremely demoralizing. The Church Army has taken this over and reorganized it entirely.

There are a hundred Labour Homes scattered up and down England; a tramp, indeed, can never find himself at any spot where he is not within a walking distance of one of these homes. The Church Army owes its existence to one man, Mr. Carlyle. It stands out as one of the greatest achievements of modern philanthropy. Its methods are brotherliness and humanity and it only demands in return, a wish, however faint on the part of the recipient, for something better than the morass of misery in which so many lives are sunk.

M. C. SIDGWICK.

The late Mrs. A. Govindarajulu Mudaliar



Thiruvengada Mudaliar, Local Fund Manager,

It is with extreme regret that we have to record the untimely death of Mrs. A. Govindarajulu Mudaliar at Egmore on the 12th instant at 7 P. M., who in her own humble way tried to elevate and enlighten the ladies at Sankaranainarcoil. She was born at Perambur on the 11th November, 1879, of a very respectable family at Madras. Her father was Mr. E. Thiruvengada Mudaliar, Local Fund Manager,

Board of Revenue, and the most distinguished member of the Madras Municipal Commission for 15 years. Her mother, Maruthavalli Ammal, belonged to a leading and respectable family at Arni. She was educated at home in English and Tamil. Young as she was, she displayed extraordinary power of memory and made rapid progress in her studies. But unfortunately the loss of her dear father in her twelfth year was a great blow to her higher education.

On the 4th June, 1897, she was married to her father's sister's son, Mr. A. Govindarajulu Mudaliar, B.A., in her seventeenth year. In March 1905, she went to Sankaranainarcoil with her husband, when he was transferred as Sub-Assistant Inspector of schools, Sankaranainarcoil Range. She had a great taste for bead work in which she was well up. Immediately after going to Sankaranainarcoil, she made a beautiful fan and an arekanut tree with beads and placed them in the bed chamber of the local temple as a present to the goddess Gomathi. They are now the objects of admiration of every visitor to the temple. These works made the local ladies and girls to rush to her, with a view to learn this new work, which they had not seen before. Mrs. Govindarajulu had the patience and kindness to give instruction during her leisure hours to one and all of them without any difference of caste or creed. Thus she was the means of giving great impetus to bead work at Sankaranainarcoil.

At the time of the august visit of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, when her Bombay sisters were vying with one another to make suitable presents to Her Royal Highness, she worked very hard and prepared with her own hand a pair of very beautiful bead fans of original design and presented them to Her Royal Highness on her visit to Madras, as a token of her love, loyalty, and gratitude to the British Crown.

When Her Excellency, the Honourable Lady Lawley, arrived at Madras, she sent her pair of beautiful bead fans as a sign of her affection, loyalty, and faithfulness to the Government of Madras.

Before being presented to Her Excellency, these fans were exhibited at the Madras Industrial Exhibition held in May 1906, and she was awarded a certificate of merit.

She tried to infuse a spirit of co-operation and sisterhood amongst the ladies of various castes and creeds at Sankaranainarcoil by bringing them together at social gatherings organized by her on important occasions, such as "King's birthday" and "Empire day." On such occasions, she delivered lectures in Tamil on "The advantages of the British rule in India," and "The blessings conferred on Indian women by



THE LATE
MRS. GOVINDARAJULU MUDALIAR

362A 1.

the English administration", for the edification of the ladies.

In November 1908, when Mr. A. Govindarajulu Mudaliar was organizing the Tinnevely District Educational Exhibition at Sankaranainarcoil in the cause of elementary education under the kind patronage of Mr. L. M. Wynch, I.C.S., C.I.E., District Collector, she formed the Ladies' Section of it with a view to promote the cause of female education, and roused a spirit of emulation amongst her Indian sisters. Her work was also exhibited and she was awarded a silver medal for needle-work and another for bead-work.

Miss Carrapiett, M.A., D.T., Sub-Assistant Inspectress of girls' schools, Tinnevely Range, who acted as Judge, made the following remarks about Mrs. Govindarajulu in her report about the Ladies' Section to the Sankaranainarcoil Educational Conference and Exhibition Committee:—

"A variety of articles in bead-work formed the most noticeable feature of the exhibits—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. . . . Great credit is due to Mrs. Govindarajulu who was chiefly responsible for collecting the exhibits."

In December 1908, she sent a fine bead fan to the Industrial Exhibition organized by the South Indian Athletic Association, Madras, and was awarded a certificate of merit of First Class.

To the Fancy Sale that was organized at Mrs. N. Subramaniam's by the Madras Ladies, with the object of raising funds for constructing a permanent building for the I. C. A., she presented some of her fine bead-work through Mrs. E. S. Hensman, and thus evinced her sympathy with that noble cause.

With a view to make the Ladies' Section of the Sankaranainarcoil Exhibition a success, she overworked herself so much so that she fell ill on the 19th November 1908, the very day on which the Ladies' Section was opened by Miss Carrapiett, her spine having been affected. Ever since, she had been laid up, and, in spite of the best medical help secured for her, she went down day after day and eventually breathed her last in her thirty-first year on the 12th instant at 7 P.M. at Egmore, leaving behind a boy and a girl aged five and nine years respectively, and her husband and other relatives to bemoan her loss.

Thus during the four years she stayed at Sankaranainarcoil with Mr. A. Govindarajulu Mudaliar, she tried her utmost within her limited sphere to enlighten the ladies and endeared herself to all of them by her sincerity of purpose,

nobility of character, sturdy common sense, and winning manners. Her deep piety was very marked. Courteous and sympathetic she was equally to all, whether high or low, rich or poor.

She was a model wife, a wise daughter-in-law, an intelligent mother, a sound adviser, a clever and sharp cook, a kind and active woman, and, in short, her life was exemplary in every way.

In her untimely death, the Indian ladies have lost an earnest sister who had ever at heart the amelioration of the condition of Indian women.

SWEET ANGELUS

* * *

"Ring out, sweet Angelus, ring out"

For our daily toil is o'er

And with thy sweetly chiming bells

Our thoughts would heavenward soar.

"Ring out, sweet Angelus," we look

At the sun's last setting glow

And from its beams and thy silver tones

A deepening peace doth grow.

The morning hope hath faded fast

The noonday heat is o'er

And calm and still the evening star

Doth shine from its sapphire flower.

"Ring out, sweet Angelus, ring out"

For our life's long toil is past

And the rest of thy sweet evensong

Rings peace in our hearts at last.

The freshness of our morning hopes,

Hath drooped 'neath scorching sands

Our broken idols lie beneath

The touch of ruthless hands.

We looked across the desert track:

We mourned their silent tone

But thy last chime hath spoken peace

And now no more we mourn.

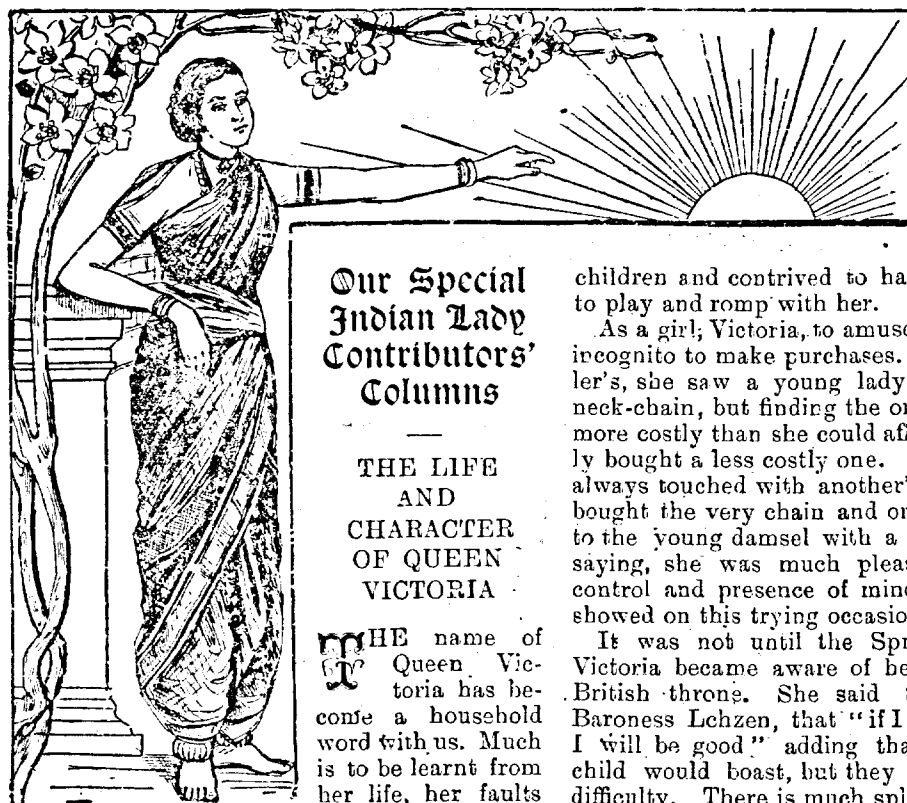
Sweet Angelus, ring out, ring out

And waft in thy pealing chime,

The peace of that last evensong

On the farewell shore of Time.

Zoe Bose.



Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Columns

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF QUEEN VICTORIA

THE name of Queen Victoria has become a household word with us. Much is to be learnt from her life, her faults being few or none.

Alexandrina Victoria, the subject of our essay, was the daughter of Edward, "the Popular Duke of Kent", fourth son of George III. She was born on the 24th of May 1819. Her father died shortly after her birth, and her mother took every care to bring her up properly. Victoria was a beautiful child, and at a very early age she showed a liveliness of disposition which betrayed quickness of mental capacities. But as a child, she was also wilful, impulsive, and imperious. From early life, however, her education had been carefully watched and directed by her mother, in prospect of the high sphere which she was one day likely to fill.

Victoria had many charms as a young girl, and her disposition was naturally artless and attractive. To give a finishing touch, she had a rare faculty of concentration and ready wit. Victoria liked to have friends of her own age and as she loved music, her mother once invited a child performer named Lyra. When these were left alone, Victoria exchanged her costly toys for Lyra's harp. The heiress of England soon became an accomplished girl. Music, singing and painting were her favourite subjects. She sought original authorities in History and Literature. She was very fond of

children and contrived to have daily some one to play and romp with her.

As a girl, Victoria, to amuse herself, used to go incognito to make purchases. Once at a jeweller's, she saw a young lady wanting to buy a neck-chain, but finding the one she wanted was more costly than she could afford, she reluctantly bought a less costly one. Victoria, who was always touched with another's disappointment, bought the very chain and ordered it to be sent to the young damsel with a card affixed to it, saying, she was much pleased with the self-control and presence of mind this young lady showed on this trying occasion.

It was not until the Spring of 1830 that Victoria became aware of her nearness to the British throne. She said to her governess, Baroness Lehzen, that "if I became a Queen I will be good" adding that "now many a child would boast, but they do not know the difficulty. There is much splendour, but there is more responsibility." Undoubtedly, she stood the test of her position in life most praiseworthy and is immortalized in English History! Before dawn of the 21st June, 1837, King William IV. expired at Windsor Castle. The successor was his niece, Victoria. She ascended the throne on the same day, and became Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. Though raised to a very high position in life, she never ceased to remain benevolent, considerate, and just. A man named Hillman was a soldier with the Duke of Kent, when the Duke was at Gibraltar. When his regiment was inclined to mutiny, Hillman remained true. He was provided with a cottage near the Duke's palace at Kensington. The Duchess, according to the Duke's wishes, looked after his family and Victoria always assisted her. Miss Hillman was a great sufferer on account of several complicated illnesses, but her regular pastor one day found her to be more cheerful than usual, and inquired about the cause. From under her pillow, she drew out a book of "Psalms" and exclaimed, "Look there, look what the new Queen has sent me to-day by one of her ladies with the message that "Though now Queen of England, as she had to leave Kensington, she did not forget me!" The messenger told me that the lines and figures in

the margin of the book were the dates of the days on which the Queen herself used to read the Psalms, and the marker with the little peacock on it was worked by the Princess' own hands. Was it not beautiful, sir?" Added the girl, bursting into tears. Again, Her Majesty's first act as Queen was to write to Queen Adelaide, her aunt, a very kind letter and address it thus:—"Her Majesty the Queen." Some one remarked that the letter ought to have been addressed as "Her Majesty the Queen Dowager?" But she replied "I am quite aware of Her Majesty's altered character, but I will not be the first person to remind her of it."

Amid great pomp and ceremony, the Coronation of Her Majesty took place in Westminster Abbey, on Thursday, 28th June 1838. Victoria Regina looked well into her administrative work and would know the why and wherefore of everything. Lord Melbourne, her first minister, adviser, and friend, was heard to declare that "He would rather have ten kings to manage than one queen." A great strength of character and independence Victoria showed in a letter to Lord Melbourne. Against Sir Robert Peel and others, regarding the removal of the ladies of her bed-chamber, she said "Don't fear that I was not calm and composed. They wanted to deprive me of my house-maids, they wished to treat me like a girl, but I will show them that I am a Queen of England." Sir Robert Peel had thus to decline to take office and Lord Melbourne to return to power.

The Queen actually proposed to Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, but was necessitated to do so from the circumstances of her position. "The engagement was made on the 15th of October 1839. The Queen looked upon it as the Prince's great sacrifice and her unworthiness of him. The marriage took place at the Chapel Royal, St. James, February 10th, 1840. Her feelings and attitude towards her husband have been beautifully foreshadowed by an anecdote often told about her approaching wedding:—It is said that the Archbishop of Canterbury waited upon Her Majesty, and inquired if it were her wish that any alteration should be made in the portion of the service appointed in the Liturgy for the solemnization of matrimony, which included the promise of 'obedience', a curious promise for the Sovereign of Great Britain to make to her newly naturalized subject, Prince Albert, who had just taken the oath to her as his liege lady. The Queen, according to the report, replied that 'It was her wish to be married in all respects like any other woman, according to the revered usages of the Church of England, and that though not as a Queen, as a woman she was ready to promise all things

contained in that portion of the Liturgy.' The same kind of spirit was preserved by the Queen after marriage. Prince Albert soon found that he was happy and contented, but that he had difficulty in filling his place with proper dignity, as he was only the husband and not the master of the house. When the Queen was appealed to on the subject, she stated that she had pledged herself to obey as well as to love and honour her husband, and that this sacred obligation she could consent neither to limit nor to define."

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert had many feelings, thoughts and tastes in common. The Prince was an artist of a high type and a composer of musical pieces. Besides, he was sincere, honest, frank and religious. Albert had a successful entree upon the public by presiding over a meeting called to promote the abolition of the Slave Trade. He was Chairman of the Fine Arts Commission and was the Originator of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park in 1851. In various other capacities, he appeared before the public and served them faithfully. Though at times his actions were misunderstood, he, on the whole, was popular and succeeded in obtaining a firm hold on the people's mind. It would not be quite germane to our topic to mention any incidents bearing on these points; but what the Queen did for him requires at least a passing mention. Victoria Regina conferred upon him the title of "His Royal Highness." Other titles were also bestowed upon him, together with that of "Prince Consort." The Prince gave his assistance, counsel and advice to the Queen whenever she wanted it. She was very happy in his presence and his absence always weighed heavy on her mind. About the end of July 1857, Prince Albert had to go to Brussels to attend the marriage of the Princess Charlotte and the Arch Duke Maximilian. While the Prince was away, the Queen wrote to King Leopold: "You cannot think how much this costs me (her husband's absence) nor how completely forlorn I am and feel when he is away, or how I count the hours till he returns. All the numerous children are as nothing to me when he is away. It seems as if the whole life of the house and home were gone." When Prince Albert died, there was great solicitude for the Queen and the Princess Alice. For three days they suffered terribly and Her Majesty's weakness was so great that her pulse could scarcely be felt. Her Majesty was again and again urged to leave Windsor Castle before the funeral but she wept bitterly and said, her subjects were never advised to leave their homes and the remains lost to them. It was only when the safety of her children was pleaded as a means of giving them immunity from fever that she was prevailed

upon to leave Windsor and repair to Osborne. Attired in her deep widow's mourning, she set out in the strictest privacy accompanied only by the Prince of Wales and the Princesses Alice and Helena. And she was heard exclaiming:—"There is no one near me to call me Victoria now!" She kept the memory of her wedded life and the lost Prince ever before her. She built at Frogmore a magnificent Mausoleum where he and she might be buried. Statutes and memorials sprang upon all sides and the anniversary of the Prince's death was regularly kept as a day of prayer. One cannot help remarking that there we have before us a vivid instance of the realisation of womanhood from the Indian point of view and this is the reason why her life is so fascinating and instructive to us all.

The Queen's wedlock with Prince Albert had been blessed with nine children—four sons and five daughters. They had all an excellent, though strict bringing up. At Balmoral and Windsor, the court lived in virtual privacy, and the Queen and the Prince Consort saw much of their children. Their masters and governesses were chosen with care, and the Queen herself superintended their education with an unceasing vigilance. Her Majesty's birthday in 1854 was spent at Osborne and to commemorate the occasion, the Princes and Princesses were presented with the Swiss Cottage in the grounds where they enjoyed themselves exceedingly. "Each had a flower and a vegetable garden, green-houses, hot-houses and forcing-frames, nurseries, tool-houses, and even a carpenter's shop. All worked at gardening *con amore*. On this juvenile property there was also a building, the ground floor of which was fitted up as a kitchen, with pantries, closets, dairy and larder and the young Princesses might sometimes be seen arrayed *a la cuisiniere*, floured to the elbows and deep in the mysteries of pastry-making or cooking the vegetable from their own gardens, preserving, pickling, baking, &c." The Queen resolved to give all her children a useful training. She further taught them to love and appreciate nature by keeping up for their benefit a museum of natural history, furnished with curiosities collected by the Royal party in their rambles and researches. The children were taught the structure of animals, plants and birds. With regard to their marriage, the first consideration which the Queen always took into view, was the domestic welfare of her children. Although the circle of choice was restricted to non-catholic houses, there were Princes and Princesses enough in Europe whose wealth could have been recommended as offering solid political advantages. But the Queen never allowed mere reasons of State for or against such

and such marriage to have any weight with her. And as one royal betrothal after another came to be announced in Parliament, it was always enough for the minister of the day that the young people loved each other. This is in my humble opinion, a point of great importance, especially as royal marriages are seldom heard of except as celebrated for reasons of State or actuated by sordid motives.

After the death of her husband, she continued leading the same kind of high noble life. Works of charity always engrossed her attention, and she was never lacking in genuine sympathy wherever it was deserved and required. At the Hartley Colliery, by which 204 lives were lost, Her Majesty sent a message to the effect that "her tenderest sympathy is with the poor widows and mothers, and that her own misery only makes her feel the more for them."

Queen Victoria's is the longest reign we have in the History of England. She was the only Sovereign, whose rule has been commemorated by the celebration of two Jubilees. The earlier part of her reign had been characterised by several attempts on her life. But when the Jubilees came to be celebrated, the whole of the United Kingdom threw itself into the celebration with unbounded enthusiasm, large sums of money were everywhere collected, and in every town, city and village something or another was done, in the way of establishing some permanent memorials of the events. This is by far the best comment that can be offered on the life and character of a Sovereign by his or her subjects.

Throughout her life, Queen Victoria enjoyed excellent health but in the autumn of 1900 her health began to fail. In 1899, her grandson, the hereditary Prince of Coburg, died of consumption, and the year following his father, the Queen's second son, also died. Then Prince Christian Victor succumbed to typhoid. This was followed by the death of Dowager Lady Churchill, one of her oldest and most bosom friends. These losses told upon her at this advanced age. And on Tuesday, 22nd January 1901, Queen Victoria breathed her last.

It was the other day that the President of our club read an interesting paper on Three Great Emperors of India. Two of them were of course Asoka and Akbar. The third, who in her opinion deserved to be ranked with them, was King Edward VII. Though my loyalty to our Gracious King can by no means be surpassed by any one here, I cannot but think that it was his predecessor and mother, Queen Victoria, who always could be compared to Asoka and Akbar. Our worthy President would have also thereby vindicated the perfect equality of our own with the opposite

sex, which is sometimes even now, called in question by unthinking men. But I shall be asked here and quite naturally, how Queen Victoria, in fact, any ruler of England who is a constitutional sovereign, can at all be compared to Asoka or Akbar, whose power was supreme, and whose mere word was law. I do not suppose that the true greatness of a ruler, I mean the greatness for which his name is handed down with respect and gratitude from age to age to posterity, consists in merely possessing autocratic power, as in the proper use of the power he has. And what is most astonishing is, that Queen Victoria, a constitutional sovereign, has achieved results, which were not even possible to her contemporary rulers, possessed though they were of supreme power. She ascended the throne when the popular faith in kings and queens was in the decline, but England remained undisturbed and unshaken in its loyalty to the Sovereign. Queen Victoria's dealings with her ministers were just. She always exhibited candour, reasonableness in relation to them, and anxiously considered advice that was submitted to her, before letting herself be persuaded that she must accept it for the good of the people. This always put the statesmen on their mettle, and I have quoted at the beginning of this essay the words of Lord Melbourne that "he would rather have ten kings to manage than one queen."

The moral elevation of her life again raised that of the court and kept it pure. By her life, almost of austere simplicity and homeliness, she purged the court of all its impurities and also exercised beneficent influence on the public morals. Into the sorrows of the people, she personally entered and her all-embracing sympathy strengthened her hold upon the affections of her subjects of all classes. Our India, the remotest, though perhaps the most important part, of her empire had also a place in her thoughts. Most of the orderlies that surrounded her were Indians and she had engaged a munshree to teach her Urdu. Her messages to the Indian people at the time of the sufferings caused by famine and plague were as touching as genuine. But what has immortalised her in the eyes of us is her most celebrated proclamation immediately after the Indian Mutiny of 1857. It is rightly looked upon as the Magna Charta of India. The wording may be that of her ministers, but the spirit is certainly hers. True indeed, literally true, are the words of the Poet Laureate Tennyson, when he wrote:—

May you rule us long,
And leave us rulers of your blood.
As noble till the latest day!
May children of our children say;
"She wrought her people lasting good";

Her court was pure; her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife and Queen;
She knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet.
By shaping some august decree
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon her people's will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea."

Diana.

News and Notes

Forcible Tonsure of a Brahmin Widow.—Parents Fined.—A Berhampore correspondent writes to the *Hindu*:—"The sad plight that overtakes many a young Brahmin girl has been the lot of one Mantrala Lakshminarasamma, who is yet in her teens, at Tekkali of the Ganjam District. Her husband seems to have died about 6 years ago. In December 1908, she joined the Widows' Home at Rajahmundry. Her parents were hoping to get her to adopt a boy. Disappointed in their intentions, the parents had the girl brought back to Tekkali on a charge, it is stated, of theft of certain jewels. She was, however, discharged, though brought under arrest in the case laid by her father. To prevent her further attempts to seek an asylum in Rajahmundry, the parents resolved on a plan and put it into execution about midday on the 26th July 1909. The plan was simple and was shortly this. The parents, it is alleged, confined her in a room, tied her hands and feet with a towel and while the mother held her down, the father clipped her hair with a pair of scissors. They threatened to put caustic in her eyes as she cried aloud and gave her the luxury of a forcible bath. Her wailings would appear to have caught the ear of the village Kurnam, who was passing on the road. The Kurnam enquired into the matter and promptly reported to the Police, who were on the scene immediately. The girl was found locked up in a room. The Police charged the case before the Tekkali Magistrate. The father admitted the confinement but pleaded Hindu Shashtra and custom. Two Court witnesses were examined and the Magistrate, invoking Section 95, I.P.C., discharged the accused. The late lamented Mr. N. S. Prasadrao, put in a Revision Petition before the District Magistrate, who ordered a further enquiry. The case was taken on the file of the Magistrate of Narasannapeta, Mr. Ravuri Jagannadharau Nayudu, B.A., and the prosecution was conducted by Mr. Kopergaum Ramapurti Pantulu, B.A., the Secretary of the Ganjam Social Reform Association."

We are glad to hear that justice has been partly vindicated and the parents who abused their parental authority have both been convicted, the father with a fine of Rs. 25, and the mother with a fine of Rs. 10.

A Widow Remarriage.—A widow remarriage (which was also an inter-caste marriage) was celebrated under the auspices of the Dev Samaj at Ferozepur on the 22nd instant. The bridegroom, who was also a widower, belongs to the Vaish community, while the widow comes from the Arora caste. Both are educated members of the Dev Samaj belonging to respectable families. In addition to the members of the Samaj, many respectable Hindus and relatives of the bridegroom witnessed the ceremony which was very effective, and congratulated the parties on their moral courage. This is the 7th inter-caste marriage celebrated by the Dev Samaj. The parties donated Rs. 60 towards the different institutions of the Dev Samaj.

Miss Parukuttī Amma has returned here after the Convocation, as "the conquering heroine." She has won the Grigg memorial medal from the University and has got another from her caste men who are living in Madras. Mrs. Sankaran Nair gave a grand garden-party in her honour. More than all this, she is to be married to a Nair in Madras—a Nair, who, in every way, deserves the hand of the first Nair lady graduate from Kerala.

A Lady's Persistence.—Here is another example of persistence, a Mrs. Jacober, a widow and mother of three children, recently graduated from the Waller College of Chicago. During the three years she attended school, she struggled against privation and misfortune, for her husband and a child died during the time, and had kept a boarding establishment.

A Lady Health Officer.—There is a lady Health Officer at Plainfield, N. J., who has passed her examination successfully, and her name is Miss Mattison.

A Danish Lady Reporter.—Mrs. Zahle, wife of the new Premier of Denmark, is an expert stenographer, and she is on the reporting staff of the Danish Parliament, earning the same salary as that of men.

Miss Amanda Ford, the deaconess at the Immigrants' Home, East Boston, met eighty vessels on their arrival in that port last year, and aided 696 persons, 314 of whom were women, 306 men, and 76 children. She sent 85 girls to

their friends and secured situations for twenty others, besides giving lodging and serving meals to others and distributing garments to the needy.

Mrs. Fairbanks, wife of former Vice-President Charles Fairbanks, who returned lately with him from a tour around the world, says that one of the developments which most deeply impressed her in the old world, and especially in the East, was the "wonderful awakening among women." Mrs. Fairbanks added: "In China, it is evident that an important and radical change will take place very soon. The Chinese women are forging rapidly to the front, and it will not be many years before they are heard of in alliance with the women of other countries."

Lady Hope of England is so concerned about the dangers arising from the use of the hat-pin, that she has invented a bandeau, which, it is claimed, will keep a hat in position. The bandeau is of fine steel, covered with velvet. It fits into the crown of the hat.

The *Indian Mirror* gives an interesting account of two purdah parties recently held in Calcutta, which shows that, despite anarchism, the English and Indian communities are being drawn together. In the first, Lady Jenkins was the hostess. She was herself, we are told, dressed as a Hindu lady and elicited no little admiration from her Indian guests. The other party was given by four Maharanis. Lady Minto was the principal guest at this function, and Her Excellency, we read, was dressed in a beautiful silk sari. She was welcomed in right Hindu style by the Maharanis and witnessed with great pleasure, the performance of the Hindu mythological drama, *Sati*, by a number of talented Hindu ladies. The party partook of Bengali refreshments and witnessed the Bengali performance. A Bengali song, specially composed for the occasion by Her Highness the Maharani of Cooch Behar, was sung with great effect.

Lectures For Hindu Ladies.—First of the series. At the last Annual Meeting of the National Indian Association, it was resolved to institute a course of lectures for the benefit of Hindu ladies, members and non-members, and that these should, if possible, be delivered at the houses of members, so that those for whom they are intended might with more facility attend them. The Association appointed a Committee for the purpose of carrying out the object, and it selected about a dozen subjects, lectures on which were to be delivered. The first of these lectures was delivered last Friday

at the residence of Mr. P. R. Sundaram Iyer, the Luz, Mysore, the subject of the lecture being "Simple Facts in Astronomy." Lady Benson presided at the meeting. The lecture was written in English by Mr. V. Ramesam, High Court Vakil, and translated into Tamil by Mr. P. Sambandam Moodelliar. It was read to the meeting by Mrs. Paul Appaswamy, B. A. About 100 ladies attended, and the lecture, which was followed with interest, was voted a success.

Among the subjects for other lectures are "The Earth we Live on," "India, Past and Present," "An English Lady's Life at Home," "Household Management" and "Training of Children." (From a correspondent.)

Countess Minto.—Lady Minto is a very venturesome lady, for she has had several exciting adventures. Once she journeyed with her husband from Ottawa to Montreal in Canadian caucuses and camped out at night. On another occasion, she startled Canada by riding on the cow-catcher of a locomotive far away Klondyke, and seated on this dangerous perch took a number of snapshots of the quickly flying scenery. On another occasion, the wing of the house in which she was sleeping caught fire and she was only rescued in the nick of time by her husband.

A Woman Professor of Sociology.—Miss Rhodaldpate, a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, has been appointed the first woman member of the Faculty of the Middleburg College Street. She is assistant Professor of Sociology and a dean for women.

A Home for criminals' wives.—An Establishment named the "Rainbow House," has been opened at New York by Mrs. Maud Booth to provide work for the wives of criminals while they are in jail. Washing and ironing will be their chief occupation.

A widow remarriage.—Amidst much opposition a successful widow remarriage took place at Chandansi, United Provinces. The bride is 20 years old of Aligarh, and the bridegroom 25 of Chandansi. The marriage procession went round the whole city with great pomp and with bhajans.

Opening opportunities for women.—The first announcement of the department of nursing and health, recently endowed by Mrs. Helen Hartley Jenkins, Teachers' College of New York, shows that opportunities are provided for the training of women for a wide range of occupations.

In addition to continuing the preparation of teachers and supervisors for training schools and hospitals, conducted for the past ten years by the college in co-operation with the American Society of Superintendents of Training Schools for Nurses, the department now offers preparation for visiting nurses and teachers of home hygiene in city and rural districts; for nurses, inspectors, and teachers under boards of health; for assistants to medical inspectors in public schools, and teachers and advisers of mothers in the care of school children; for supervisors of milk stations and teachers of infant care and feeding; and welfare workers in shops and factories; for inspectors of tenements and markets, and for other related forms of social service. A one-year curriculum, leading to a certificate in district nursing and health protection, is offered to graduates of approved training schools for nurses or to students who have had two years of college work. The department also announces a one-year scientific curriculum in preparing students for admission to the nurses' training schools of Bellevue and other hospitals. In providing this preparation, the college will have the special co-operation of other parts of the university, of the School of Philanthropy, of Bellevue and St. Luke's hospitals, and of the Henry Street Nurses' Settlement, and the aid of many similar interests.

A Woman Clerkship.—There are two interesting stories back of the appointment recently made by President Taft of Mrs. Mabel P. LeRoy of Pontiac, Mich., to a clerkship in the land office of the interior department. The sole duty of the holder of this clerkship is that of fixing the President's signature to all patents or warranty deeds issued by the land office. Of these, there are about 6,000 a month.

Up to about thirty years ago, this work was done at the White House by the President's secretaries, but President Arthur created a special position, as a female clerkship, for Miss Marcia McKean, a family friend, who was in straitened circumstances. It has been held successively by Miss McKean, her sister, Miss F. M. McKean; Mrs. Margaret W. Young, who died recently, and now by Mrs. LeRoy.

This appointment, which came to Mrs. LeRoy unsought, is in the nature of a remembrance of an old friend. She is the widow of James A. LeRoy, whom President Taft knew in the Philippines. A warm friendship grew up between the two, and Mrs. LeRoy, who was an accomplished journalist, became one of Mr. Taft's staunchest supporters for the presidency. After winning distinction as a writer and an authority on the Philippines, Mr. LeRoy's health

To Let





• A JAPANESE LADY
(See page 382)



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

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[No. 12

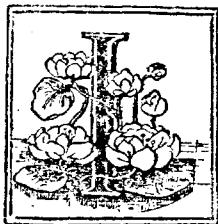
The Valley of Unrest

Once it smiled, a silent dell
Where the people did not dwell;
They had gone unto the wars,
Trusting to the mild-eyed stars,
Nightly, from their azure towers,
To keep watch above the flowers,
In the midst of which all day
The red sunlight lazily lay.
Now each visitor shall confess
The sad valley's restlessness.
Nothing there is motionless,
Nothing save the airs that brood
Over the magic solitude.
Ah, by no wind are stirred those trees
That palpitate like chill seas
Around the misty Hebrides!
Ah, by no wind those clouds are driven
That rustle through the unquiet Heaven
Uneasily, from morn to even,
Over the violets there that lie
In myriad types of the human eye,
Over the lilies there that wave
And weep above a nameless grave!
They wave:—from out their fragrant fops
Eternal dews come down in drops.
They weep:—from off their delicate stems
Perennial tears descend in gems.

E. A. Poe

Dushyanta and Sakuntala

"Would'st thou the young year's blossoms
And the fruits of its decline
And all by which the soul is charmed,
Enraptured, feasted, fed?
Would'st thou the earth and heaven itself
In one sole name combine?
I name thee, O Sakuntala!
And all at once is said."



FORGET who it was that said "I wish that Adam had died with all his ribs in his body," but whoever it was, he, like one who hath no ear for music or who doth not laugh, is fit for treasons, stratagems and

spoils.

It is true Euripides says,

"Far better were it for the human race
Had children been produced by other means,
No females e'er existing: hence might man
Exempt from every evil have remained."

And Milton, it would seem, imbibed the same prejudices, from his "Sad Electra's Poet." No wonder Macaulay, to whom the most beautiful object in the world was a beautiful woman, vituperated Quintilian for his admiration of Euripides. Be this as it may, their practice belied their precepts: not content with one wife for the solace of his heart, Euripides, we know, married two; and Milton, with equal inconsistency, married three, one would fancy, for the sake of the thorn merely, for a friend happening on one occasion to remark to Milton what a perfect rose he had for his wife, the latter we are told exclaimed, "A rose? Alas! I am no judge of color, but it may be so, for I feel the thorns daily." To my mind his insensibility to color is not so much to be deplored as his insensibility to perfume.

"The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live."

It is notorious that conjugal bitterness was the lot of not a few poets and all their own making, so that on the whole one may be tempted to say that no man has any right to pretend to be a poet, whose life had not been embittered by domestic strife, just as no man can call himself a philosopher (according to DeQuincy) who never had his life attempted. These invectives against woman ought therefore to be dismissed as the aberrations of minds smarting under a sense of personal grievance. Again, malice suggests that love of flattery is the besetting sin of all womankind. That this is a vulgar error may be seen by what is related of Mathilde. She indignantly rejected the flattering addresses

of William the Conqueror. His billings and cooings were her abomination. There was no merit in accepting a lover on these terms. Chagrined but not disappointed, he changed his tactics and paid his court with his fists and heels and the blows proved more suasive in the end than all his ardent professions of undying love and such cant. The little philosopher, like the exiled Duke of Burgundy in Shakespeare's "As You Like It," smiled and said, "This is no flattery," and finally accepted the lover. Here is the law of polarity asserting itself with a vengeance—tenderness seeking union with its opposite!

But, joking apart, hear and blush, ye misogynists. Alcestis who yielded herself up to death to save her husband from that doom, Iphigenia, who cheerfully suffered herself to be sacrificed to the sordid ambition of her father; Savitri, who more successful than Orpheus cajoled Pluto himself into rendering back to her her Satyavan; Laodamia, Antigone, Pompea, Paulina, Arris—what a galaxy! Do you call these "fair defects of nature?" Then your hearts are as dark as Erebus. They are angels come down on earth to illumine the darkest recesses of the human heart with the light of love that conquers all. In the firmament of man's memory they forever shine as glorious stars, before whose splendour your Cæsars and Alexanders are mere glow-worms.

"Honor to woman! to her it is given
To garden the earth with the roses of Heaven"
(Schiller)

Let us take Sakuntala for our study on this occasion. Like Lavinia

"Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
Recluse among the close embowering woods."

"Born and bred in the solitudes of the forest, free from worldly taints and conventional falsehoods, Sakuntala, like Miranda, was a child of nature and like her she yielded her virgin heart to the first brave form that burst upon her wondering eyes. Whether, like Miranda, she "is a more ethereal type of womanhood in its primal innocence than Milton's picture of the mother of mankind" may perhaps be questioned. Miranda, of course, could afford to be supremely innocent. She had her father and her airy hosts to conduct the campaign for her by proxy. She goes to Ferdinand on the first occasion and without further ado tells him, "I am your wife if you will marry me," and leaves it to her cabalistic father to devise means, if he liked to put off the conquest, lest "too light winning make the prize light," but poor Sakuntala had no such advantages. She had been abandoned at her birth by her parents. Even her foster father is away from the hermitage, when an accomplished prince, who, for aught we know, had

slain other young hearts than hers; arrives to claim her untried affections. Her advisers, Anasooya and Priyamvada, were equally innocent and inexperienced in the ways of the world. Priyamvada indeed might have insisted on a protracted courtship, if only to assure herself that the amour of the royal suitor was not the perfume and suppliance of a minute. She has unconsciously said several clever things calculated to scare away all inconstancy. When she says to her friends, for instance, "Let us water those plants which have passed their flowering time," she sums up in that text the whole philosophy of constancy. Translated into the language of Thomas Moore it reads

"Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou would'st still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart,
Would entwine itself verdantly still." etc.

But she had wasted her powder before the enemy was in sight and on his first approach advised Sakuntala to capitulate. Sakuntala saw the prince and was all in a flutter. It was a new experience to her—delicious but cruelly embarrassing. Before she was aware, her passion asserted itself—passion all-engrossing and all-consuming. The prince, on his part, was bent on a conquest. He was warmed by her celestial beauty and forthwith began exhibiting crazy symptoms appropriate to the occasion. His sighs, he languishes, he sets a bee hovering about trying to settle on her lips and thinks himself aggrieved that that happiness is denied him! What an impudent thing, by the way, this bee is that it should think of taking such liberties with a face destined for royal favours. I wish it had some of the philosophy of Don Antonio in the play—

"I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to sip."

There were in the hermitage flowers enough to woo its kisses—flowers whose sole office indeed is (according to Darwin) to attract bees and such insects with their beautiful colours and honey glands. Why should then this bee have neglected those flowers and pursued Sakuntala who did not take kindly to it. To explain this I must go to Horace. In an ode to Lydia he speaks of—

"Sweet lips imbued
By Venus with a fifth part of her Nectar";
to which an annotator for the enlightenment of the uninformed adds a note that the ancients supposed that honey contained a ninth or tenth part of nectar and therefore the lips of Lydia were imbued with double the nectar bestowed

on honey. I have read too that it is a mistake to suppose the bee an inhabitant of this earth of ours; it came from Venus. All which shows that Sakuntala was the veriest Blumine and the bee with its aesthetic instincts knew it.

But to return to our lovers: Their interview was brief and they had to part, not however before she contrived to give him an earnest of her favours in the shape of furtive looks and sundry blushes. She does not indeed, like the sprightly Rosalind, turn back and accost him with a "Did you, call sir," but she does as much in her own timid way by her reverting glances, unwilling steps and transparent pretexts for lingering behind—now a blade of grass hurts her feet, now her robe is caught in a bramble. But go she must for all that. They meet again—not face to face—but he stands on the vantage ground of concealment and she, like Juliet in the garden scene, sits pouring out her passion in plaintive strains, unsuspecting there was one overhearing her avowal—the very one for whom she was pining. What love-sick swain could contain himself after hearing this confession: Romeo hesitates but once. "Shall I hear more or shall I speak at this? There is sense in that. Like the frenzied lover that he is, he is tormented with anxious doubts. It is too flattering—sweet to be substantial.

Did he hear aright? No mistake. She calls on him by his name and he discovers himself. But Sakuntala had to deal with an egotist. He coolly says, "Her own lips have uttered the words I most longed to hear," but makes no reciprocal advances himself. Her sighs were as nothing to him except that they flattered his vanity. He exclaims, "Enough, these words remove all my doubts," but does not think of allaying her doubts by any overtures on his part. He leisurely contemplates her unhappy condition and then thinks of his own wasted form and compares notes. "If he could be so lukewarm during courtship, what may not be expected of him after marriage? Meantime she is reduced to the somewhat humiliating extremity—humiliating according to our modern notions—of composing a *billet doux*, laying aside her maiden reserve and pride. Pride? Pooh, there is no self in that love.

But I shall not linger long on this phase of her character. Her especial greatness is not there—she is one among many—all their sex are devoted lovers under favorable conditions; so long as they love and are loved and nothing untoward happens to mar the progress of their loves, why, they are veritable angels. Medea herself, it would appear, was a respectable specimen of her sex so long as all went well. She, it is true, offended her father to win the lover.

But they seem to think—the best of them—that it is the daughter's privilege in matters of the heart to immolate filial obedience at the altar of their love. Thus Desdemona exclaiming

"My noble father
I do perceive here a divided duty,—"

votes for her lover. And Miranda, when Ferdinand was in the case, sets paternal commands at naught and has just penitence enough to exclaim, "O my father, I have broke your 'best' etc., as if that were sufficient reparation. And Sakuntala saying "I have no power to dispose of myself," (i.e., without approval of her father) disposes of herself outright.

Thus, then, in the strength and weakness of love they are all alike—they are but so many different commentaries on the same text. But it has been said that woman—

"When her soul by marriage wrongs is fired
Thirsts with a rage unparalleled for blood"

How did Sakuntala take it? For trials and tribulations came thick upon her, anon. Her father, indeed, sanctioned her secret marriage with his blessing, but she had offended the irascible Durvasa—offended, through sheer absence of mind—by not showing to him, in the thought of her husband, the hospitalities due to a guest; and he—cruel he—hurled at her a terrible imprecation;

"He of whom thou thinkest, he
Shall think no more of thee; nor in his heart
Retain thine image. Vainly shalt thou strive
To waken his remembrance of the past;
He shall disown thee, even as the sot,
Roused from his midnight drunkenness, denies
The words he uttered in his revellings."

Sakuntala was too much occupied in her own thoughts to understand what had happened, but the ever watchful Priyamvada begged him to take pity on the poor thing. The fiat had gone forth and could not be revoked, but he so far relented as to suggest the remedy and that was to show to her husband, should he disown her, the ring that he had left with Sakuntala.

It did its work, the curse. It seemed her husband, for all his vows, was not a paragon of fidelity. He did not keep his word. She learns by sad experience what indeed she might have learnt from history and report, if history and report could have reached her in her hallowed isolation—that men were deceivers ever. He has broken his plighted troth—he to whom she had given her all. And she pines away—

"Like as the culver on the bared bough
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate."

A modern beauty in this situation would have tried the efficacy of another *billet doux*, this time revoking—and yet not entirely revoking, but threatening to revoke—the bargain.

"I prithee send me back my heart,
"Since I cannot have thine,
"For if from yours you will not part,
"Why, then shouldst thou have mine?"

Why indeed?

But her creed did not seem to approve of this logic—*meum* and *tuum* belong not to love. Her heart? Had she not surrendered it to him absolutely, unconditionally, irrevocably? Let him disown it, spurn it, bruise it if he will—

"But by sudden wrench, believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away." (Byron)

And he may yet relent! he may still some day take her back to his bosom. She can wait—Love can wait.

But—

"A wife however virtuous and discreet
If she live separate from her wedded lord,
Though under shelter of her parent's roof
Is mark for vile suspicion. Let her dwell
Beside her husband, though he hold her not
In his affection."

The day came for departure. Yes, she was soon going to be clasped in the arms of her husband dear after a long cruel separation. How much she had to say to him! They would speak of the past; would she venture to upbraid him with his perfidy? No, she would not mar their happiness by useless recriminations. Enough for her to be restored to him at last, she did not care on what terms. Oh! how she longed for it! All the same she did not forget other ties. She did not wish, like Imogen, for a horse with wings. She did not ask how many score of miles may be done betwixt hour and hour. How can she leave the home of her childhood—dear familiar scenes where all was peace and innocence—? How can she take leave of the sire whose eyes, always bright with celestial fire, are now dim with gushing tears and whose voice is tremulous with emotion, as he says,

"This day my loved one leaves me, and my heart
Is heavy with its grief: the streams of sorrow
Coked at the source, repress my faltering
I have no words to speak, mine eyes are dimmed
By the dark shadows of the thoughts that rise
Within my soul. If such the force of grief
In an old hermit parted from his nursing,
What anguish must the stricken parent feel
Bereft for ever of an only daughter?"

The whole hermitage was in tears: the very flora and fauna of the place seemed to weep in sorrow at the thought of her absence. As Priyamvada observes—

"In sorrow for thy loss, the herd of deer
Forget to browse; the peacock on the lawn
Ceases its dance; the very trees around us
Shed their pale leaves, like tears upon the ground."

And well they might, for Father Kanwa tells them—

"Hear me, ye trees that surround our hermitage,
Sakuntala ne'er moistened in the stream
Her own parched lips, till she had fadly poured
Its purest water on your thirsty roots.
And oft, when she would fain have decked her hair
With your thick clustering blossoms, in her love
She robbed you not e'en of a single flower;
Her highest joy was ever to behold
The early glory of your opening buds:
Oh, then dismiss her with a kind farewell!
This very day she quits her father's home
To seek the place of her wedded lord"

Now that she would be gone, who will supply her place? How they miss her tender fostering care! Presently a little fawn—her pet—nestles close to her, as if insisting on following her whithersoever she was going and her father tells her—

"It is the little fawn, thy foster child,
Poor helpless orphan! it remembers well
How with a mother's tenderness and love
Thou didst protect it, and with grains of rice
From thine own hand did daily nourish it
And, ever and anon when some sharp thorn
Had pierced its mouth, how gently thou didst tend
The bleeding wound, and pour in healing balm."

This mute appeal fills her with remorse at what she considers her own want of feeling.

She makes reply:—

"My poor little fawn, dost thou ask to follow
An unhappy wretch, who hesitates not to desert
her companions?"

Harder than all was the parting with Anasuya and Priyamvada, who in every circumstance of life stuck to her like a shadow. The trio so grew together that they had no separate existence. Like Hecate, they had three heads but one heart. But all sorrowing was idle—her father dismisses her with his benediction and a few precepts, which latter are as full of suggestion to all young women as Polonius' advice to his son, Laertes, is to all young men, I am tempted to quote here.

"Honor thy betters, ever be respectful
To those above thee, and should others share
Thy husband's love, ne'er yield thyself a prey
To jealousy: but ever be a friend,
A loving friend, to those who rival thee
In his affections." Should thy wedded lord
Treat thee with harshness, thou must never be
Harsh in return, but patient and submissive;
Be to thy menials courteous and to all
Placed under thee, considerate and kind;
Be never self-indulgent, but avoid
Excess in pleasure; and, when fortune smiles,
Be not puffed up. Thus to thy husband's house
Wilt thou a blessing prove and not a curse."

The king sits in regal state. She goes expectant, before him under the chaperonage of

Sarangarava Saradwata and Gautami; tremblingly she advances. Their eyes meet—there is no smile of recognition in his. Those who had escorted her deliver their message. How her heart throbs! Hark! he speaks—but speaks like a stranger—Oh, the perfidy of man! he repudiates their very marriage. Vainly does she endeavour to reawaken the dead past in him by allusions to circumstances of their union, but he is stern in his denial. It was all an idle story. It was an insult to his virtue. Would he have secretly wooed and won a maiden under false pretences? No, not he. Ah, the ring—that ring given her by him at parting as a token of their matrimonial seal. She would produce it—convince him yet—but—Oh confusion! it was not there. She discovers to her horror that it slipped off her finger, where and when she had no notion—she gasps—she staggers—Poor Sakuntala—! Her own husband disowned her, her kinsmen forsook her—alone she stood in that strange place exposed to the rudest gaze and cruellest suspicions. But the brunts and buffets of fortune, if they wounded and lacerated her heart, did not harden it. Like Imogen, she had lost faith in "all good seeming." Like Medea, she wondered,

"Wherefore, O Jove, didst thou instruct mankind
How to distinguish by undoubted marks
Counterfeit gold, yet in the front of vice
Impress no brand to show the tainted heart?"

But her native sweetness did not desert her. Her heart did not suggest, as Imogen's did, that some rival supplanted her in his affections—nor did she break forth into such prophetic warnings as

"When thou shalt be disedg'd by her
That now thou ter'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. . . ."

She did not like Dido pour forth a tirade of covert abuse.

"False as thou art and more than false, fore-
sworn;
Not sprung from noble blood, nor goddess born,
But hewn from hardened entrails of a rock,
And rough Hyrcanian tigers gave the suck."

Her eyes all bathed in tears, she like Seetha sobs out "O divine Earth, open and receive me into thy bosom";—when lo! she was spirited away to the astoundment of all. Yes, she was gone—gone no one knew whither—but her pleading eyes and reproachful looks still haunted him—awake or asleep, his thoughts flew back to her.

The rest is soon told. The lost ring is recovered, the spell is broken, the veil that shrouded the past in oblivion is torn asunder. The king sees it all. He is smitten with anguish.

Retribution claims its victim. He writhes in agony, he raves. If he could but find her! He seeks to forget himself in action and in that hope accepts an invitation from Indra to watch his prowess against the giant brood, that threatened to disturb the peace of heaven. He vanquishes them. There he sees his long-lost wife, and there they meet to part no more.

Before we part, reader, let me hazard it as my private opinion and you may take it for what it is worth—that this story of Dushyanta and Sakuntala reveals like the legend of Cupid and Psyche in "The Golden Ass of Apuleius," "the love, the severance, the trials and the celestial reunion of sense and soul." The recovery of the lost ring symbolises the awakening of what is called the faculty of Reminiscence.

Annual Gathering of the Basmi Ittchad at Ahmedgunj



ladies of both communities, Hindus and Muslims, being present.

There has been a slow but marked progress in all the recent years in Janjira, owing to Her Highness's extraordinary sympathetic nature, great charm of manner, her noble and cultured influence, with a thousand unnameable qualities of head and heart entering into the lives of the people, raising them to a higher and more beauti-

ful existence, but the Basmi Ittchad last year was a happy thought. It has done an inconceivable amount of social reform work in its short age and one almost felt the growth of a structure based on the highest principles, struggling with unabated energy its way upwards to become one of the greatest as years went on. The proceedings began by H. H. the Begumsahiba expressing her deep sense of pleasure and pride at having Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, our well beloved poetess, staying as her guest at a time when she could request her to take the chair at the first annual gathering of the Basmi. It was a unique coincidence and she could only congratulate the Basmi and herself on having secured so able and a universal favourite as President.

Mrs. Naidu took the chair amidst great cheering.

The Secretary's report showed an appreciable amount of good work done in the year; the instructive lectures, delivered regularly alternately by a Hindu and a Muslim, in Marathi and Hindustani respectively, Miss Atiya Fyze's instruction in embroideries and other needlecraft, etc.; the games they indulged in, and walks on the seashore for physical culture; and last but not least the object lessons which H. H. the Begum sahibah gave—afforded them the opportunity of cultivating the moral and spiritual qualities benefiting them to discharge worthily the tremendous responsibilities of their position in every department of life. She also said Her Highness was in the habit of giving Ladies' Parties once or twice a year with a varied programme of music and often pastimes for the benefit of the guests. They served as great relaxations in their lives. But the Basmi, under the form of delightful social functions was a veritable school for moral and intellectual training. They looked eagerly forward to the weekly meetings as a source of one continual delight.

After the formality of the election of office bearers was over, the most interesting item on the programme followed, i. e., the chairman's address.

Those, who have had the good fortune to hear her, alone can appreciate the extraordinary flow of language, the gift of an eloquence rarely to be met with, the choice of expression, her magnetic and fascinating personality, the sweet sympathy which characterises the poetic soul of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu.

After some songs and music by the members, the ladies inspected the handwork done during the year in the Basmi. Some handsome specimens were displayed. Jenalkhadijabibi Sahib's collection showed an unrivalled skill and taste. Refreshments were served on the open and spacious terraces of the Palace, presenting a scene of color and life. And to add to it all, in

the soft shades of twilight the new moon appeared in the Heavens in all its refined and sylvan glory, causing a fresh stir and excitement. Good wishes and salutations were quickly exchanged, casting a spell of inner quietitude on the hushed and charmed assembly.

The guests departed late after a most enjoyable two and a half hours.

SHAHINDA.

Cometary Bodies



THE seemingly erratic visits of these mysterious bodies have attracted almost universal attention throughout history. The earliest records are filled with superstition and awe. Scientific study has of late years made these interesting visitors welcome and although what we now know is but small in comparison to what is unknown, yet much of value has been ascertained with a remarkable degree of certainty.

There is no part of the heavens in which comets may not at one time or another be expected to appear and their visits are sometimes startling, and while they appear quickly they may also vanish with equal rapidity. These bodies, which some have spoken of as fragments of creation, appear to be moving with a certain initial velocity, until in obedience to the universal law of gravitation they are attracted by our sun and drawn out of their course and made to describe a parabolic path around the sun. In describing this path around the sun their velocity is greatly increased, being the resultant of the two forces acting upon the body, namely, its inherent velocity and the attraction of the sun. But for the centrifugal force, which at the time of passing near the sun is very great, the body might be drawn into the sun. This passage around the sun is spoken of as perihelion.

Comets may be divided into two classes—periodic and nonperiodic. The former appear at more or less regular intervals, while the latter make but one visit, when they retreat into the wilds of space never to be seen again. The orbit of the former is an ellipse while that of the latter is a parabola. In reality however the orbit of the latter is an immensely elongated ellipse, the foci of which are so infinitely far apart that the return of the comet can be expected only with the lapse of infinite time. So that for our finite reckonings, we have to consider the orbit only as it reaches into the

comprehension of human calculation, which gives us the parabola. It may sometimes happen that the influence of certain planets upon a comet as it is returning into space will be sufficiently great to turn it far enough from its path to cause it to return again to the sun and thus become periodic.

Cometary bodies warp so much in size and shape on different appearances and at different times during the same appearance that these things cannot be taken as a means of identification. There is one thing however which affords a thoroughly reliable basis for calculation and identification. This is the plane of the comet's orbit and its relation to the plane of the earth's orbit. By this means we are able to accurately identify these bodies.

While the earth's mass can be comparatively easily determined and is expressed in many thousands and millions of tons, that of cometary bodies is much more difficult to calculate. The best results in this respect, while more or less indefinite, are yet accurate enough to reveal the fact clearly that as compared with the earth a comet's mass is exceedingly small and even with the larger ones would probably be expressed by a few thousand tons or less. The substance of the comet is in a state of extreme tenuity and is made up most largely of gaseous substances. By means of the spectroscope a number of substances known to us, such as sodium, magnesium and some of the hydrocarbons, have been found to exist in comets.

A comet is made up of the following parts—The nucleus or bright spot at the point nearest the sun; the coma or head, including the nucleus and portion of the body immediately surrounding it; and the tail, the portion streaming away from the coma, usually on the side opposite the sun. In many cases there is more than one tail, sometimes as many as five or six, or even more.

The tail of a comet exists only when the body comes near the sun and disappears as it recedes after passing its perihelion. That it is due to the influence of the sun cannot be doubted, for in whatever position the comet may be, the tail is directed away from the sun, except in a few instances where a tail may be put out toward the sun, which will be explained later. While the sun attracts the body as a whole, yet for some reason not yet satisfactorily understood, it seems to exert a strong repelling force upon certain substances found in the comet. These particular substances according to their varying specific gravity will be repelled with varying degrees of force, causing them to stream away in different directions forming the several tails of the comet. The nucleus, while attracting the particles composing the body, seems yet to exert a certain

repelling force on some, and in cases where this is greater than the repelling force exerted by the sun a tail may be put out toward the sun as well as in the opposite direction. With each passage around the sun the mass of the comet necessarily decreases, since a considerable amount of tail material is lost, being thrown out far enough away from the nucleus as to escape its attractive force. It necessarily follows then that the life of a comet has a limit. A number of comets of which we have accurate records are known to be diminishing in size as they successively return to the sun.

HALLEY'S COMET.

In 1680 the English astronomer Halley in his study of the great comet then visible noticed a similarity in shape and size to one that had appeared about seventy-five years before. This excited his interest and a further examination of records revealed a similarity with another appearance still seventy-five years further back. Halley claimed that these comets were one and the same and ventured to predict that the comet of 1690 would appear again in the year 1758 or early in 1759. It was with a certain regret that he realized that he would not live to see the demonstration of the truth or falsity of his prediction, yet he took comfort in the thought that if the prediction were true "impartial posterity would not forget that the prediction was first made by an Englishman." Naturally astronomers were very curious as the time for the fulfilment of the prophecy drew near. The time of its coming had been carefully worked out by several who by reason of the advance made in the science were able to determine more accurately the exact time of its expected appearance. It was very gratifying indeed that it did appear within a month of the time predicted. At that time the tail extended through 47 degrees. (The diameter of the face of the moon, for rough measurements, may be taken as half a degree). At its appearance in 1835 it was but 30 degrees in length.

The present return has been the quickest on record. It was first seen at the Observatory at Heidelberg on 11th September 1909, when it was registered on a photographic plate taken of that part of the heavens in which it was expected to appear. The astronomers at the Royal Observatory at Greenwich were also on the lookout. When the news came from Heidelberg, another examination of their photographic plates revealed that three days previous to the discovery at Heidelberg, it had been registered at Greenwich but being a very tiny speck had escaped notice.

At the time it was first discovered it was travelling at the rate of seventy thousand miles a day, and while that is not a speed to be de-

spised yet it is slow compared with the rate at which it travelled while passing near the sun, when it reached the enormous velocity of more than two million miles a day.

Halley's comet is one of a few which pass around the sun in the opposite direction from that in which the earth travels. When the comet was near the sun and consequently really most conspicuous, the earth was almost on the opposite side. As the comet came further around the two bodies began to approach each other very rapidly. The comet passing nearer to the sun than the earth at the time these two bodies passed each other, it was necessary that the comet come between us and the sun, which it did on the morning of the 19th May. At that time it was about fourteen million miles from the earth and, as its tail was much longer than that, it is reasonable to suppose that the tail swept over the earth. No phenomena were visible to the naked eye and we await with anxiety the report of astronomers and especially those situated in countries, where the transit took place in the night time. Previous to the transit the comet rose in the morning before the sun and consequently set earlier. Since the transit, the comet, now being on the other side of us, rises later and so setting later may be seen as an evening star. Since the transit, the comet is rapidly retreating into space and as the earth is moving in almost the opposite direction, it will quickly disappear.

About twenty-five or thirty appearances of Halley's comet have been recorded. Some of the earliest are uncertain. The appearance of about 60 A. D. has been ascertained with a fair degree of certainty. On several occasions the appearance has been coincident with more or less tragic events, which has led a good many to superstitious fear. In the year 1680 medals were struck in Germany to allay the fears of the people. On the obverse side was an exhortation to the people to trust in God.

One of the most interesting coincidences for us was that with the Norman invasion, when William the Conqueror took the appearance of the comet to signify that England wanted a King. In the famous Bayeux tapestry, on which are 58 scenes from the life of William, is one representing a group of persons gazing excitedly at the comet which is represented as a star with three tails. Above is the following inscription:—"Isti mirant stella."

To the educated lay mind as well as the scientist comets are no longer an object of fear or superstition and instead of making us unhappy, they come to charm and delight us and add to the testimony of the Psalmist that "the heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament thereof show forth His handiwork."

An hour in the midst of 12,000 women.



IT was just one year and ten months ago, I happened to be in one of the most crowded parts of London. It was a Saturday afternoon. I had come from Lewisham, once a fashionable suburb of London, by the mid-day

train. I made a few purchases at a milliner's shop and had left in my purse a few shillings and the return half of my railway ticket. The next thing I did was to have lunch at Eustace Miles' Vegetarian Restaurant in Chandos street. Here were hundreds of people having their afternoon meal, including Mr. Keir-Hardie, the laborite member of Parliament.

After a sumptuous repast consisting of new potatoes and peas, nut cutlets and college pudding, with grape juice for drink, I found my way to the National Gallery.

Admission was free on Saturdays. The National Gallery had its origin in the purchase in 1824, by Lord Liverpool's Government of the Angerstein collection of thirty-eight pictures. Though still said to be inferior to some of the continental collections, the National Gallery is quite unequalled as a representative collection of the various schools of painting. It is especially rich in examples of the Italian schools.

Hardly had I been here for half an hour, when I heard that the suffragettes had organised a huge procession to start from the Victoria Embankment, commonly known as "The Embankment," to Albert Hall, a distance of about four miles, to hold a large meeting there.

The Albert Hall, I may say in passing, is one of the largest halls in the world, and will seat about ten thousand people. In the Arena alone, where I had my seat during a series of fourteen or fifteen meetings, there is space for one thousand people, while the Amphitheatre holds 1,400 people. Above are three rows of boxes, many of them private property, and still higher are the balcony and the picture-gallery and the

promenade. The organ, supposed to be the largest in the world, has 10,000 pipes.

To return to my narrative:

Leaving the National Gallery I found myself near the Monument in Trafalgar Square in the midst of what appeared to me, a disorderly and excited crowd of about 12,000 women! In fact females of all sorts and conditions in the kingdom—from the mistress to the scullery maid—had representatives there. University women from Oxford, Cambridge, London, Manchester and Liverpool, mustered strong—all in cap and gown and hood of all shapes and colours.

Medical women too were very much in evidence. Attired in robes of blue and black and scarlet red, they carried each a banner representing the serpent of the Israelites in the wilderness. The Cambridge girl graduates were headed by a light blue banner which bore the legend "Better is wisdom than weapons of war." I was walking along with the demonstrators, quite spell-bound. But when the procession, which had to be broken up into sections, drew up to let the traffic pass through, I was the first to venture and I saw a girl graduate young enough to be my daughter, slap a policeman on the arm for helping me to get across to the other side of the procession! What struck me most was not the grandeur of the pageant as a whole, but the fact that even the possession of youth and good looks did not deter young women from taking part in what seemed to me a mad undertaking, albeit so ably captained by distinguished leaders like Lady Frances Balfour, Mrs. Henry Fawcett, Mrs. Sophie Bryant and others. What next struck me was that this unique occasion, which was the outcome of suffragette impetuosity, seemed to have been eagerly seized by sweet girl graduates to exhibit the brilliance of their varsity gowns and hoods! This mad scheme to assert woman's claim to the vote has now got beyond the stage of ridicule, so that many people have come to look on it as a very proper movement. Perhaps I am an admirer of most things Western, but I must say that this wonderful show has had the effect of taking away from the respect I had for the Englishwoman. Emerging from this surging crowd and medley of colours and banners with a vague sense of loss of some sort, I was glad to get away as quickly as I could to Charing Cross station. It was here that I discovered what was to me a great loss, for I found that I had been relieved by some kind person of my purse containing my railway ticket to Lewisham! The few shillings I possessed had also disappeared. The evening was closing in and I was feeling cold. Then followed the most miserable ten minutes I ever had in all my life. A happy thought struck me and the difficulty was solved. I saw a gentleman walking down

the pavement and I made up my mind to accost him. I went up to him and explained my situation. He first looked on me with suspicion, but soon realised my predicament and gladly offered to pay my train-fare to Lewisham. I thanked him profusely and was glad to reach home none the worse for my experience.

A Japanese Lady Teacher



IN my tour throughout Japan to study the educational system over there, while visiting several institutions during the last three months of my stay, I met a lady-teacher in a school. The school was not of a big town but of a big village. It was an elementary school educating about three hundred boys and girls. There were nine teachers in that school, men and women.

She was about five and twenty, thin and tall. Her face was winning; her looks were kindly and her smile pleasant. Her word was sufficient to keep her little flock in order. Her smiling face would teach the children to learn their lessons diligently and obediently; for the children could not brook to see a frown on that face. When you see her teach you are convinced that women are better teachers than men, at least for children; for they have the patience necessary, they have the winning kindness essential, they have not the frightening harshness. That woman was made for a teacher; she knew this and she got the necessary training.

She graduated from the High Girls' school in her eighteenth year. Now this is the time in Japan to think of marriage for girls. For in the High Schools married girls are not admitted and High School education over there is becoming so general that a rikshaw-man's daughter or a boot-maker's daughter think it beneath themselves not to get this high education. This education is nearly equal to the education imparted in our First Arts classes. These girls sometimes work very hard to earn the wherewithal to get their education. So marriages in Japan are done in nine cases out of ten only at or after eighteen years of age of

the girls. The teacher of whom I am speaking, instead of choosing to marry, chose to study higher. She joined the Higher Normal School for girls at Tokio and graduated there in three years. She then joined the elementary school. She taught history and language to the two higher classes in the school. I heard her teach history and I was convinced that I was not taught history that-wise in all my school days here. Moreover, if history were taught like that here our young men are sure to know more of what they ought, of their country and of other countries and also of what they should do for the well-being, social, economical, political and religious, of their country. History teaching in that way would also inspire men and women to act. When I heard her teach those boys and girls of eleven and twelve, and instil noble ideas into their minds by way of narrating the brave and noble deeds in an impressive way, of those gone before them, of their land and of other lands,—I knew she was nurturing a fruitful tree that would grow taller and stouter in time and bear the rich fruit desired.

When I saw her in the class, at the first glance, I was led to believe she must be worth something. At the noon-hour when I talked to her I found I was right in my belief. Then she told me her story. She told me she was the daughter of rich parents. They gave her a good sound education. She realised the value of education. She realised its value whether it be in the street-sweeper or in the prince. She was determined to consecrate her life, or at least to spend a portion of her life in the service of her country in imparting this education to the children, whom she so much valued. So she did not choose to marry. She communicated her desire to her parents, who readily and heartily fell in with her views. She would take no money from the school. She walks a distance of six miles to and fro the school to teach or rather to educate the little boys and girls gratis. How high must be her patriotism, how strong her devotion to the cause that filled her heart! She said she might not marry at all, she might endeavor herself to establish a High School for girls in that locality where the demand for such an institution was great. This was her story and she told it in a pleasant and inspiring way. I left her there, sad yet noble at heart. Now, readers, I tell you this, but this is not a rare instance. There are hundreds and thousands of men and women who are filled with a high sense of patriotism and who work for their country without expecting any selfish gain. Here in our midst also there are many who are patriotic, but unfortunately the virtue here is displaying itself in tall talk, whereas there, as you see, it is being converted into right earnest action.

And this gratis work for public good, you know, is being done in a country where Elementary education is free and compulsory, where the cost of this education is met by the State and where efficient arrangements for the education of the children of the rich and the poor are made by the State. There 96% of men and 92% of women are educated and so much as 99.78% of the male children of school-going age are attending schools and nearly 97% of the female children. Now turn to our country: Not even 10% of men are educated and only 1 out of 144 women knows the elements of the three R's. Is this satisfactory? Can you sleep peacefully with arms folded upon your breast? Or will you wake up and begin work in right earnest? Sisters of Ind, don't you see what your sisters in the East and in the West and across the seas are doing, how they are laboring for the uplifting of their countries and of the world at large. Have you not enough inspiring examples in your midst? Are you not sufficiently impressed with the work of the mission gentlemen and ladies that are working here. They are working for the well-being of your sisters and brothers, for your kith and kin, for your own flesh and blood. Why should you keep quiet? Why this indifference? Do others take greater care of your people than you do? No, no. If ever you wish your country glory and prosperity, if ever you wish and wish sincerely, that she should occupy the high pedestal she did, that she should lead the world as she did then, you must, you alone must work, you Bharat putris and putras should work, not outsiders. Those of you that know more should teach those that know less, and those that know less let them go and learn from those that know more. Thus you will shed upon others and get shed upon yourselves the light of knowledge. Then there will be no stumbling down. You should train up your sons and daughters, as the Indian mothers did of old. You should see your sons and daughters as heroic and noble as Bhim and Arjun, Sita and Ahalya. Up and act and you will have your wish.

S. R. MALLADY.

Advancement of Female Education in Travancore



WE are glad to see that Female

Education in Travancore is advancing most rapidly. The year before the last we boasted of a Nair lady F.A. in Travancore. Now we can boast of a Nair lady graduate. The 1st Nair lady graduate, Miss Parukutty Amma, comes of a noble

family and we wish her all prosperity. In appreciation of her success in the recent B. A. Degree Examination, His Highness the Maharaja of Travancore, who is always ready to encourage female education, presented her with a very valuable ring and complimented her very much. The Nayar Samajam at Madras also showed its appreciation when Miss Parukutty Amma went to Madras for the Convocation. Last Friday the National Club presented her with a gold medal in the presence of a large crowd in the Jubilee Town Hall. In presenting the Medal, Mr. A. Sreenarayanan Thampy, who presided on the occasion, said:—

Ladies and Gentlemen,—I consider this one of the proudest and happiest days in my life, apart from taking part in one of the most interesting and pleasant functions. I am proud I am privileged to address Ladies and Gentlemen, the former including the fairest portion of the respectable womanhood of Travancore. Among the numerous visible signs of real advancement in Travancore, if any tangible proof of enlightened womanhood is wanting, this gathering, I daresay, is the best proof of where we stand in the path of true enlightenment and progress. To-day's function has been arranged to publicly congratulate Srimathi Parukutti Amma, on her brilliant success in the recent B. A. Degree Examination, and to offer her our best wishes. We are all so proud that she is the first Nayar lady graduate, and I sincerely trust her splendid scholastic career will give another fresh impetus to the cause of female education in the higher grade. This is not the occasion for me to narrate the various progressive steps and changes effected in the noble cause of higher English education among the females of the country, by our liberal and sympathetic Government during the last quarter of a century under the benign Rule of our beloved Sovereign, who has, I am sure, nothing dearer to his heart, than to

see his loyal and devoted subjects educated, contented and happy. If any further proof of His Highness' kindness, sympathy and consideration be required, I have only to tell you that the lady whom we have met to honour has been the happy recipient of a valuable present at the Royal hands, as soon as her success was announced here. It is a matter of gratification that the Trivandrum Ladies' Association which is doing such useful work in its quiet and unostentatious way and the Travancore Nayar Association in Madras have both shown their appreciation of the splendid achievements of the young lady, in suitable ways. To mark the appreciation of the National Club, it has been resolved that a gold medal should be presented to the lady. I have been asked by my fellow members of the Club to discharge that pleasant duty and I shall with your permission do so.

Madam, it affords me peculiar pleasure to present, you on behalf of the National Club, this gold medal, as a small mark of appreciation of your talents. Being an old friend and well-wisher of your respected father Mr. N. Padmanabha Pillai, and of the family to which he belongs, it affords me special pleasure that I have been accorded this privilege of presenting this medal to you. The gift by itself is small, but I can assure you that the feelings which prompt us to make this small gift are the most genuine, and I am but echoing the sentiments of my fellow members of this Club, most of them graduates like yourself, that our hearts go to the Most High for your continued prosperity. Long may you live and may you have a most successful and happy career. May you be a bright example to the Nayar womanhood of Travancore.

Miss Parukutty Amma gave a very suitable reply thanking the Club for the honor done her. We wish her all success.

A CITIZEN.

Lakshmi Bhai



maintains its level of literary excellence. Seve-

WE are in receipt of the 1st number of Volume VI of *Lakshmi Bhai*, "a Malayalam monthly published from Trichur, in memory of Her Highness Lakshmi Bhai, C. I., the late Maharajah of Travancore, the real founder of Female Education in Travancore, and we are glad to note that it

ral Malayalam magazines have come into existence in Travancore and Cochin, but it seems most of them have found an early grave. We are glad to find that this magazine, which is edited by Mr. V. Narayana Menon and conducted on up-to-date lines has lived through the past 5 years most successfully, and we hope it will continue on with still greater success. It has on its rolls a number of well educated contributors, both males and females, and it publishes interesting articles on all topics. The present issue under notice contains a short life sketch of Miss Parukutty Amma, B. A., the first Nair graduate of Travancore, with a photograph of her on the front page. Mr. Kochunny Thamburan of Cranganor has written a very valuable poem called "Pandavodavam." This is only his first instalment of the Kaviyam. This if continued and completed would be a treasure to the Malayalam literature. We wish the magazine all success. The subscription per annum is only Rs. 2, and we recommend it to all true lovers of Malayalam literature.

Inoculation of the Plague

NOW at a time, when plague has been amidst us in the Madras Presidency for some years past, it will be well to know that inoculation was discovered as useful and successful so long ago as 1817, as will be seen from the following extract from page 90, Vol. III., January to June 1817 of the selections from the *Asiatic Journal and Monthly Register* for British India and its dependencies, published in August 1875 by that enterprising and well-known publishers and booksellers, Messrs. Higginbotham and Co., Mount Road, Madras. The selection under the above heading runs:—

"Mr. Maclean an English, and M. Valle an Italian, physician, having conceived the hardy idea of inoculating themselves with the plague, as persons are inoculated for the small-pox, made the experiment among those afflicted with the disease at Constantinople, and have experienced the success which a devotedness so generous merited. Their example has been followed by a German physician, M. de Rosenfeld, who, in December last, inoculated himself with the plague, in a vapour bath, in an hospital at Constantinople; since that time he fearlessly braves the pestilence. He has handled the infected in the presence of a physician, and exposed himself to the greatest risks, without being at all affected."

P. R. VENKATESULU NAIDU.



Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Columns

I. DOMESTIC INDUSTRY AMONG INDIAN LADIES

EXPERIENCE and practical knowledge have clearly shown—as emphatically as they shall in the future—that idle hours spent, give

rise to ruminations on a series of subjects unpleasant or otherwise, and we are often carried away by flights of imagination to be landed, more often, on the rock of unpleasantness or misery. These at times affect the character of the victims; and as such the subject of this discourse bears all-absorbing importance, especially to the feminine world. Folklores and traditions of good olden days carry us back to the times when the mistress of the Indian home was busy attending to the inner management of the household in all its respects, and was solely responsible for whatever happened within the precincts of the house. The less educated of the lot took to the class of the work which required the least knowledge or guide, and by such labour brought in some saving to the domestic expenses. Besides learning from mediæval traditions, it is within the living memory of many of our readers to have observed ladies engaging themselves in different branches of industries. The writer of this short desertation has had occasions to put up in a country place, in company with a respectable relation, when she had the very happy opportunity of learning more about the part played by ladies in the surrounding domesticity.

In days of yore, stockings, socks, or mufflers were not used so commonly by high class Indians as at present, a venerable old lady remarked, and so they had to supervise the gardeners' work. The domestic cattle received their best attention, and the village markets and provision stores they visited. The poorest among our sisters, she continued, took to dairy farming, went to the meadows and pastures to bring grass for the cattle, prepared cow-dung cakes (for fuel), planted vegetables, manufactured clothes, prepared threads for husbands to weave, and offered some of these for sale, the purchasers coming home and taking whatever they required. Some assisted their husbands and brothers in getting the land ready for cultivation, spread manures, attended to field-work at harvest season,—in a word, was a hard co-worker to attain the perfect happiness and comforts of the family, the goal of every human aspiration. The children born of these parents cultivated the same habits of industry, and naturally, as would be expected, took after their parents: thus very little or no time was spent in idleness or yawning.

To compare the present posture of affairs as far as feminine industry is concerned, it may be said without hesitation, that it is on a retrograde state. Some may argue that the education amongst our sisters is advancing, which, I may say, lends but little to their industrial habits. They know the three R's, and spend their time in idle frolics and playful reading. The majority of them—except in lower grades of society—does not contribute to the family earning, much less to lessen the husband's task. As privileged members of the softer sex, some of them in affluent circumstances yawn over the time, or engage themselves ever and anon in some sort of childish play. The mother-in-law does not—as she belongs to the old school—receive any respect or attention from a section of these. This attitude of our sisters troubles their lords, and mental anxieties ensue. There is misunderstanding throughout the domesticity, and a family which would otherwise be a paradise is degenerated into a hell of remorse and worries.

These could easily be avoided by our sisters taking to some industrial habits, noble as well as

paying. The mechanical art of typewriting may be easily learnt, and the wife could be of immense help to her husband's task. Stitching and other needle works may with advantage be practised. A dairy in every household, which is very indispensable, may be set up with a small outlay, which may be made paying, by expansion, if deemed necessary. Small institutions like these may be established in houses to train smaller companies of ardent girls. A small garden of flowers and vegetables will lend beauty, economy and comfort to the household, especially when it is worked and managed by our sisters. The art of reading and discussing may be resorted to during leisure hours. The husband may be relieved of all domestic cares and responsibilities, and thus she could be a wife in the real sense of the word, the mother-in-law and the rest of the folk will be pleased at the pleasant and studious habits, and a happy and contented family will be created without much ado.

MISS NILKANTA LAKSHMI.

II. The influence of Home on Character



MAN'S character is generally more influenced by the way in which he has led his home-life from his boyhood. There is no place like home to form temper and character. It chiefly depends on the training and the habits of his mother. If she sets a bad example to the young members of the family, they pick it up as quickly as those who mix with the infected, catch the disease. Because man is an imitating creature, if the example be vicious, the copy must be faulty likewise. We know the proverb; 'example is better than precept': the evil example of bad companions will soon undo the effect of the wisest instruction. The example of a housewife to the others is like a sheep going to the right or wrong, and her children, like the flock, follow her. If two streams meet together, one pure and the other muddy, the pure water will always be polluted at the confluence. So in like manner the influence of example at home affects the character. One member of a family, offended by another is harder to be won than a strong city; and their contentions are like the fortifications of a castle. The mind carefully nurtured by the uninterrupted beneficent in-

fluence of domestic life will always recoil from the envy, jealousy, ambition and covetousness of the frivolous and pushing world. If the remissnesses are at home set right with a smile of affection, and in a way not to displease the person at fault, then both the parties will understand each other better and there will remain no cause for disappointment or weariness of heart on either side. When a child picks up a habit which his elders neglect to find whether it is right or wrong, the former gets into the habit which becomes his second nature. And in after life he has to suffer the consequences whether bad or good. But if the parents of the child always watch over his behaviour in right earnest and besides set him good examples, they will put him on the true road to happiness. He will turn out a good man in deed as well as in words!

"DIANA."

III. Chandri, the Tigress

(AN INDIAN FAIRY TALE)



LONG, long ago, before the whistle of the steam-engine was heard in India, and messages were flashed from place to place in a short time by Electricity, there lived in a small cottage in a certain village in the district of Amraoti in the Province of Berar a young Indian farmer, with his old mother, young wife and three little children. The farmer was a strong, hard-working and contented man and was able to live comfortably and happily on the produce of his farm. His mother, though looking old and white-haired was able to do a good deal of domestic work and nothing seemed to give her more pleasure than looking after her three little grand-children, when their own mother, who was a robust, active and comely young woman, went into the fields to help the reapers and cotton-pickers during the annual harvest seasons.

Now, it happened that on a bright and sunny day during the wheat-harvest, Chandri, for that was the name of the young farmer's wife, went to help a group of village maidens in reaping a wheat-field, and while they were laughing, chatting and working they chanced to see a herd of wild deer grazing in a large meadow at a distance of about 500 yards from them. One of the young reapers looked with longing eyes at the deer and said that she had a great desire to eat venison.

Chandri stopped reaping and looking at the speaker, said that if she would promise to fling 5 small pebbles at her, she would go and bring her a deer. On her consenting to do so, she took out five small, smooth, white pebbles from a cloth-bag which she had kept in her waist-band, and handing them to her told her to fling them at her when she saw her returning with a young deer in her mouth. She then started off towards the deer, but when she had gone about 200 yards, she suddenly stopped and stripped herself of her clothes and walked on all fours like an animal and advanced slowly towards the deer. As she was walking, she was changed into a tigress and with a few leaps and bounds quickly reached the herd and seized a fawn. Holding it in her mouth as a cat does a rat, she returned slowly to her companions in the field, but when they saw a tigress coming towards them, they became alarmed and shrieked and fled as fast as their legs could carry them to their homes in the village.

Chandri's husband returned home late that evening and not seeing his wife, asked his mother where she was. She said that the village maidens had told her that she had become a tigress. He did not believe her, and saying, that it was impossible for any woman to become a tigress, went at once to the houses of the maidens who had worked in the fields with his wife that day to ask them what had become of her. They told him what had occurred and gave him the 5 small white pebbles which Chandri had asked them to fling at her. Thinking that the spell which some evil spirit in the jungle had cast over her would be broken, if he threw the pebbles at her, he searched all over the wheat-field, meadow and jungle for the tigress, but could find no trace of her anywhere.

About a year after this event had happened, a queer looking old Fakir with long white hair which extended to his feet, and a long white beard which reached up to his knees, one day chanced to meet the young farmer wandering alone in his field, and conversed with him about different things. The farmer told him the story about his wife being changed into a tigress. The Fakir listened to it and asked him for the 5 white pebbles and on his giving them to him, he raised his wand and waved it three times over them. He then plucked a leaf from a banyan tree and carefully placed the pebbles on the leaf, which he handed to him. He asked the farmer to sit down on the ground with him and remain silent while he invoked the Gods for help to discover where Chandri was roaming about.

After 15 minutes' he rose and promised to show the farmer the tigress if he would accompany him to a distant forest. The farmer obeyed and walked quietly by his side until they came

to the forest. They entered it in silence and walked about in all directions until they came to a swift flowing stream of water. The Fakir dipped his wand three times in the water and muttered something in a strange language which the farmer had never heard before.

A moment afterwards they heard a distant roar and a tigress came bounding along towards them. When she came within 12 feet of them the Fakir suddenly vanished out of sight, and the young farmer took the leaf containing the 5 white pebbles and threw them at the tigress. The spell was immediately broken and his young wife, Chandri, stood before him looking as healthy and beautiful as she did on the day of her disappearance. She had a long chat with him and told him many strange things. Great was the rejoicing in the village and in his own home when he took her back in her human form.

F. S. S.

Thambooli



A Professor once remarked that he 'hated red lips.' He looked upon all such students as came to the lecture-room after a leisurely chewing of betel, with alarm at the violation of discipline. Perhaps he was justified in believing so, but he showed little grace in his expression. It was a violation of discipline in so far as pupils could never appear with red lips before the gurus of old. With characteristic wisdom every man was ordained to be a bachelor till he completed his education, and the luxury

of using *thambooli* was reserved for the *grihas-thasrama*. But times have changed, and among Indian students to-day may be counted unmarried youths, married youths and even fathers. Also students now are not very particular about the time-honored rule that only the married could use *thambooli*.

Thambooli is a Sanskrit word and *pansupari* (Hindi) is generally used for the little packet of leaves, nuts and spices. The betel is a climbing plant grown on a particular tree whose leaves (*Athikeeray*) in Tamil are cooked and eaten especially on the twelfth day after the new moon or the full moon. The beauty of the creeper

alone makes the betel interesting. The betel nut grows in the areca palm whose elegance is unrivalled for lining garden paths.

The betel is resorted to after dinner quite in the same way as a cup of coffee, or a bottle of soda water, or a cigar. It is credited with digestive powers and regarded indispensable for women. I have known myself an English doctor who had so much faith in the medicinal properties of the betel that he insisted on his wife's chewing it regularly in the time of her pregnancy. With the general westernising of this country many have given up chewing *thamboolas* as a barbarous custom. But since there seems to be some evidence for believing in its scientific value, it will be well for us not to give up this old custom before satisfactory investigations have been made.

There are two varieties in betel leaves, the thicker and darker in color, and the thinner and whiter. Some are inordinately fond of the latter, while it is believed that the former is the more valuable.

The betel leaf is looked upon as an auspicious offering. On all occasions of good news and pleasant events, presents of betel leaves are profusely made. It is often the cause of complaint among our good old mothers that their daughters do not regularly chew *thambool* "as befitting their fortunate position in life."

Writing on the subject of *thambool*, some cautions regarding its chewing will not be out of place. There have been cases when, by chewing in haste leaves with poisonous insects sticking to them, people have died. It will be safest to rub away the surface of the leaves before they are eaten, for often white particles of insects are seen gathered there. Amateur chewers may experience a feeling of giddiness. That it may not lead to pain in the chest, betel-leaves must be gradually chewed and doses of water will sometimes prove useful.

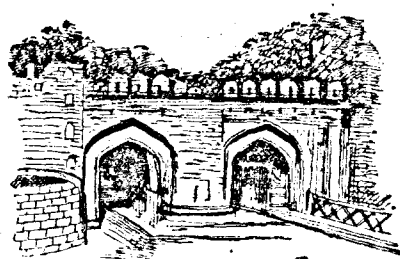
Chewing *thambool* is by no means a barbarous custom. Tender leaves on a pretty little plate with a variety of spices strewn on it, present a charming sight after a dinner. *Thambool* is associated with sweet company and it is as dear to the lover as the garden, the moonlight or music. The betel and its accompanying spices impart an agreeable odour to the mouth. But there is also an inconvenience attached to chewing of betel. For some time it dullens the palate and the pieces of betel nut get into the crevices in the teeth and cause annoyance.

There are quaint little sayings current in this country about *thambool* chewing. If the person is a male and the tongue reddens first, he is supposed to love his wife best, if the teeth—his sisters-in-law,—and if the lips—mother-in-law. There are corresponding interpretations for

women but of course no truth need be attached to them, as to the others.

P. R. KRISHNA?

The Sree Sankaracharya Memorial at Kalady



KALADY is a small village 5 miles off from the Ankamaly Railway Station. A person who

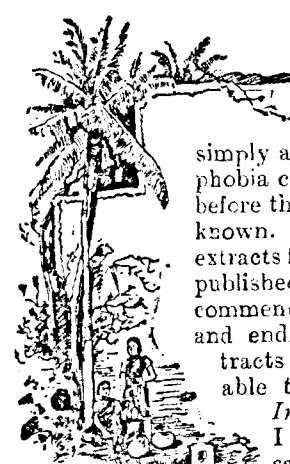
had visited the place some 5 or 6 years back would be struck with wonder if he sees this village now. It has now undergone a thorough change. Some few years ago it was a wild forest infested with all sorts of wild animals. Now it looks a pretty little town with a large number of small houses, temples, public offices and what not. Why this sudden change? you may ask. The answer is this. Kalady is the birthplace of the great Hindu reformer, Sree Sankaracharya. The place was a big village inhabited by a large number of Brahmins (Nambooris) during the time of Sree Sankaracharya, but owing to a curse pronounced upon the people by His Holiness for not assisting His Holiness in the cremation of his mother's dead body, the village was ruined and it became a deserted place till some years ago. A proposal was then made to make a memorial to this Loka Guru Sree Sankaracharya in his birthplace. The idea was first suggested by Mr. Seshadri Iyer of Mysore, which Mr. A. Ramachandra Iyer put into effect. It seems Mr. Seshadri Iyer visited the place during the time of Dewan Mr. Rama Row. But nothing was done at that time. Some three years ago Mr. A. Ramachandra Iyer, B.L., retired Chief Justice of Mysore, visited the place with Mr. Subbaraya Iyer, Ex-Financial Secretary of Travancore, and made certain suggestions for erecting a memorial. That time the place looked like a jungle and Mr. Ramachandra Iyer never thought that he would be able to do things as he has now done. Mr. Subbaraya Iyer proposed certain plans for the temple, the Mutt, the bathing ghat &c., which Mr. Ramachandra Iyer seconded. After some months Mr. Ramachandra Iyer began his self-imposed but honorable and pious work. The land was acquired by Government and placed at the disposal of Mr. Iyer.

He then cleared the jungle, and began the construction of the Mutt and the temples on the sites proposed by Mr. Subbaraya Iyer. In course of time the Mutt was finished, as also two temples on the river side. His Holiness, the present Sankaracharya of the Sringeri Mutt, was then invited to consecrate the original Sankaracharya and Saradambal in the two temples now built here. His Holiness then began his tour in South India, came to Trivandram, and remained there as a guest of His Highness the Maharaja, who with his usual piety offered large sums of money as *Padakanikka*, besides liberally contributing large sums towards the memorial. His Holiness was received at Trivandram with all Royal honors. After staying for a week at Trivandram His Holiness came to Kalady and performed the *Kumbhabhishekam* ceremony. The arrangements made at Kalady in connection with this ceremony were simply excellent and reflect much credit upon the untiring efforts of Mr. Ramachandra Iyer. The Maharajas of Mysore and Travancore rendered Mr. Ramachandra Iyer all aid and the *Kumbhabhishekam* ceremony ended in complete success. His Holiness remained there for more than a month after the ceremony and left the place only on the 2nd May. His Highness the Maharaja of Mysore, who had been taking a keen interest in the affair, also visited the place on a pilgrimage and remained there for 3 days. The visit was a private one and he remained as a guest of His Holiness Sree Sankaracharya. Even though his object of erecting a memorial at Kalady is fulfilled, Mr. Ramachandra Iyer intends staying there for some time more to see how the institution works. We pray God to grant Mr. Ramachandra Iyer long life and sound health to complete the noble work he has begun and see that it gets on most successfully. Kalady is indeed a fitting memorial to Mr. Ramachandra Iyer's honest endeavours also.

R. K. A.



Hydrophobia



It may be of some interest to the readers of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* to know how simply and successfully Hydrophobia cases were treated long before the Kasauli Institute was known. I propose to give a few extracts from the *Asiatic Journal* published about a century ago, commencing from the year 1816 and ending with 1829. If extracts of this kind are agreeable to the columns of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, I intend continuing the same on other matters of

interest from the *Asiatic Journal* and other old publications, now out of print, and scarcely available.

"Communicated in a letter from a gentleman at Venice to his friend in London:—If you were here, you would be very much pleased with a discovery made at Udina, the capital of Frinli, a small province belonging to this republic. The discovery is this; a poor man, lying under the frightful tortures of the hydrophobia, was cured with some draughts of vinegar, given him by mistake, instead of another potion. A physician of Padua, called Count Leonissa, got intelligence of this event at Udina, and tried the same remedy upon a patient that was brought to the Padua hospital, administering him 2 pound of vinegar in the morning, another at noon, and a third at sunset, and the man was speedily and perfectly cured.

I have diffused through Italy this discovery, by means of a periodical paper that I am writing; and I hope you will make it known in England, in the most public manner; and as I am sure that this astonishing remedy will have as happy an effect there as it had here, so I should be glad to be apprized of it, that I may relate it in my said paper. As you have more rambling dogs in London than we have here, it is probable that the experiment will soon be tried, please God, with success."—*The Asiatic Journal*, selections, Vol. I., January to June, 1816, p. 13.

"At Udina, a poor man was bitten by a mad dog; vinegar was given to him inadvertently instead of a potion ordered by a physician. The man recovered from the frightful malady. A physician of Padua being apprised of the circumstance, tried the remedy upon a person affected with the hydrophobia, who was in the

hospital of the town, by making him swallow a pound of vinegar in the morning, another at noon, and a similar dose at night. The sick man recovered rapidly and perfectly. We invite our physicians to make trial of a remedy which appears to have the power of vanquishing one of the most dreadful maladies.—(*Giornale del Regnodelle Due Sicilie*).—*Ibid*, Vol. III., January to June, 1817, p. 90. Report of a case of Hydrophobia, successfully treated by Venesection.

By Assistant Surgeon Gibson, H. M.'s 69th Regiment.

"Isabel, the wife of Sergeant M'Daniel, of His Majesty's 80th Regiment, aged 22, was taken ill this evening (19th September,) about five o'clock, complaining of headache and pain at the Scrobiculus Cordis,—about an hour afterwards, refused to take her tea and showed a degree of horror at the sight of it; her husband then offered her some spirits and water which she also refused, and looked at it with dread; was immediately seized with a violent convulsive fit, in consequence of which I was sent for, and found her labouring under strong muscular spasmodic action of the whole body, her countenance expressive of a degree of furor I had never before witnessed, her eyeballs were turgid and glistened with a vacant stare, attempting to bite the attendants and everything that came in her way. While she was in this state, some officious person threw a cup-full of cold water in her face which.....aggravated the spasms very much, and increased my suspicion of the disease being Hydrophobia. This fit continued about an hour; when she became a little quiet, I desired some water to be offered her, at which she shuddered, yet attempted to swallow and succeeded with great difficulty in taking about a table-spoonful, which produced a repetition of the spasmodic fit considerably more violent than the former, and attended with a most dreadful sense of suffocation; during this paroxysm the saliva collected in increased quantities and was discharged. As the violence of the muscular action subsided, she cried loudly in a peculiar tone of voice, sighed deeply and applied her hand to her breast expressive of severe pain. Pulse one hundred and twelve in a minute and small."

Having now a thorough conviction of the real nature of the disease, and having predetermined in the event of case of Hydrophobia ever coming under my charge to follow the practice successfully adopted by Mr. Tywon, of the 22nd Light Dragoons, and afterwards by Dr. Shoobred of Calcutta; I opened a vein in the right arm which I allowed to bleed until the pulse at the wrist ceased, the strong convulsive

muscular action also ceased, her countenance became placid and the turgidity of her eyeballs diminished. Forty-eight ounces of blood extracted, redeliquium supervened, the patient being kept in the horizontal position; the blood was extracted from a large orifice; Pulse shortly after the bleeding ninety-six. Rev. Tinct. Offitt. L. Ag. Meuth Pipp. oz. 1; Mix; to be taken immediately.

19th, 10 p.m.—Succeeded in swallowing the draught and shortly afterwards at her own request had two cups full of tea which she swallowed with avidity and without much difficulty, has great aversion to strangers, and in her placid intervals does not recognise those she formerly knew, has also great aversion to the admission of light into the chamber.

11 p.m.—Has taken, with a great effort two cups-full more of tea, which brought on a slight spasmodic action of the muscles of the throat and was succeeded by vomiting. Pulse eighty. Adplecet Emp. Mel. Visicat. cervice. Being now sensible, has informed her husband that she was bitten by a dog supposed to be mad, about ten weeks ago at St. Thomas' Mount.—Anodyne to be repeated.

20th, 6 A.M.—Has not had a return of the convulsive paroxysm during the night, drank water twice but vomited immediately afterwards; is now much dejected and melancholy is extremely sensible to all external impressions, sighs frequently and appeals to the Scrobiculus Cordis as the seat of great pain.

10 A.M.—It being necessary to raise her in bed, Syncope was induced until she was again put in the horizontal position; still expresses the greatest dread of water, and can take her drink only from a tea-pot (the sight of it producing recurrence of the spasms) succeeded at each time by vomiting, &c., slight return of the convulsive muscular action of the throat, her eyes are slightly turgid, but her countenance is still placid. Pulse one hundred in a minute. Sumant. Extract. Opiqrs. II.

7 p.m.—Since my last visit has had occasional slight returns of the spasmodic fits, brought on by the least exciting cause, particularly by seeing some of her relations and children: has swallowed tea in the same manner and with the same difficulty as before, but was not followed by vomiting. Has had rather a severe fit since I entered the room, caused by seeing some water accidentally. Pulse seventy-two, skin moist, no stool since yesterday morning. Sumant. Pill. Calomelqrs. VIII. Repr. Extract Opiqrs.ij.

21st 10 A.M.—Mr. Seddy, Garrison Surgeon, whose absence from the cantonment these two days, I very much regretted, visited the patient with me at this hour, and coincided with me in opinion with respect to the nature of the disease

and approved of the plan of treatment adopted. She has enjoyed good rest during the night, but is still extremely irritable, has the greatest accession at the sight of a mirror and shuddered at the idea of drinking water, the sight of which produced a recurrence of the spasms. Pulse one hundred, heat of surface increased, tongue white. No alvine evacuation since, she has been taken ill. Habt. Stat. Ecema. Com. et. Capt. Pil. Aloe. Comp. No. ij.

12 A.M.—The spasms have been frequent and severe since last report, excited by her repeated attempt to satiate her thirst; in consultation with Mr. Seddy, it was determined to repeat the bleeding, I accordingly opened another vein and extracted twenty-four ounces of blood. Pulse immediately after the bleeding ninety-six, she became extremely weak, her eyeballs less turgid, and her features altogether assumed a more favourable expression; has retained the enema.

6 p.m.—Has not had a return of the spasms since the last bleeding. No alvine evacuation. Repeatant. Pilulae et Enema Com.

9 p.m.—Has had a very severe fit, caused by the administration of the Clyster, but is again perfectly sensible and calm. Pulse seventy-two. Rec. Extract. Opiqrs. ij. Gum. Camph. Ser. 1 M.ft. Bolus stat Sumendus.

11 p.m.—No return of the paroxysm, is at present in a sound sleep. Pulse and heat of surface natural.

22nd, 6 A.M.—Has enjoyed good rest—she has drank freely out of a tea cup, and can look at mirror, without experiencing any disagreeable sensations; the turgidity of her eyes entirely gone and her countenance is calm. One copious evacuation from the Clyster. Pulse and heat of surface natural, quietness to be observed and all irritations removed.

12 A.M.—No return of the spasms, although she has drank tea out of a cup twice, pain at the scrobiculous Cordis much abated; the extreme sensibility which has marked the disease throughout, very much diminished—she having now no dreadful apprehensions of her fate, aversion to strangers, or the admission of light; has even no dread of water which I brought to her, but said it was still disagreeable to immerse her hand in it.

4 p.m.—Continues tranquil—no alvine evacuation since the operation of the Clyster—pulse and heat of surface continue natural—Rept. Pl. Aloe. Comp. No. ij.

23rd, 10 A.M.—Had troublesome dreams during the first part of the night, towards morning enjoyed good rest. Has had her hands washed in water this morning without any reluctance, the other symptoms of the disease have entirely yielded: leaving her very much debilitated.

24th, 10 A.M.—Amendment progressive.

25th.—Discontinued my attendance: having the pleasure of observing my patient recovering her strength rapidly.

Remarks.—I think there cannot exist a single doubt of this being a well marked instance of Hydrophobia, and that the happy result is to be attributed to the early and bold use of the lancet, seems equally doubtless. When the subject of it was apprehensive of instant death, she informed her husband that she was bitten by a dog supposed to be mad, as stated in the report communicated at my third visit: I think it proper, however, to mention that for reasons which I cannot define, she now, after her perfect recovery says, she does not recollect that the dog bit her, but that it leaped on her, worried her and tore the bottom part of her gown. She had several small sores on her leg at the time; and on examination I have discovered a scratch on her left heel which she cannot account for: it is slightly swelled and inflamed. I have to regret the want of professional evidence from the commencement of the disease; yet I think the concurring opinion of Mr. Seddy who witnessed every symptom of Hydrophobia in this case, should strengthen that of a much younger and less experienced surgeon.

POONAMALLE,
NEAR MADRAS

26th SEPTEMBER, 1816.

Ibid, Vol. IV., July to December, 1817 pp. 94—96.

P. R. VENKATESALU NAIDU,
MADURA, June 13, 1910.

News and Notes

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S FAVOURITE NEEDLEWOMAN.—Queen Alexandra's favourite needlewoman is Miss Lottie Flegg, an invalid who has worked for Her Majesty twenty-three years. The Queen generally pays a visit to her cottage at Christmas. "Her own words to me," said Miss Flegg, were, "As long as we are both alive, Lottie, you will always see me at least once a year." Miss Flegg is proud of the beautiful work-basket and the silk quilt, which were Her Majesty's latest gifts. "See," she said, "that is my Royal corner. Everything you see—the china, the pictures, and the knick-knacks—were all given me by the Queen." This invalid woman, who cannot leave her room in Dersingham village, is reputed to be the finest needlewoman in the world. The Queen twenty-

three years ago discovered Lottie Flegg patiently at work in her room, saw how beautiful was the work done by her fragile white fingers, and immediately asked her to make some things. Since then, Her Majesty's influence has worked miracles. American millionaires send, to Miss Flegg for her marvellously fine baby clothes, and at the World's Fair, Chicago, the Judges were reluctantly forced to give her the first prize for the best sewing exhibited. The Queen visits the needlewoman with as little ceremony as a charitable private lady might, an old favourite. Her Majesty walks to the little door opens it without knocking, and cheerily says, "I'm coming up to see you, Lottie," and so walks up to the tiny little bedroom. There, her own chair is waiting for her, and she sits chatting whilst the invalid works.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S repudiation of the rumour that she was leaving England to reside in Denmark and her defence of the late King's medical advisers against certain reflections that have been apparently made on their method of treatment, are a fresh illustration of the fact that the gentlest, most dutiful and most self-effacing womanhood is often built upon a foundation of perfect strength and indomitable spirit. More than all the pomp and pageantry of woe that appropriately surrounded the laying to rest of the late King's remains Queen Alexandra's simple, unaffected words addressed to her subjects called forth the reverent sympathy of thoughtful men and women all over the world. It is only at a crisis that human nature fully reveals itself.

THE PALGHAT LADIES' ASSOCIATION.—It has been pointed out time and again that one of the best ways of promoting social intercourse between Europeans and Indians and to ameliorate the sad condition of our ladies is the establishment of Ladies' Associations. Towards securing the noble object one such Association was started here in the town some six years ago, and it has been all these years doing good work in its own way. The Managing Committee comprising Mrs. J. E. Dupen, the venerable President, Mrs. Glynn Barlow, the Secretary, Mrs. Raman Menon, assisted by their friends have hit upon the idea of organising the meetings in the nature of "At Homes" held at the houses of the members, when an interesting programme of music, conversations, lectures and concerts will be gone through.

One such popular and enjoyable "At Home" was given by Srimathi Ammuketty Amma (Mrs. Kunjakuttan Thampan) the talented sister of Mr. P. Narayana Menon, B. A., Assistant Secretary, Board of Revenue, Madras, on Saturday

the 9th ultimo. In response to the kind invitations there was a very large attendance of ladies of all classes, both European and Indian, while the Brahmin ladies particularly mustered strong on the occasion. The bungalow in front of the Kalpathi agra-haram was arranged for the reception and the pandal where the gathering met was tastefully decorated with palms and evergreen and the place made delightfully cool. The guests as they arrived were received by Sri Ammuketty Amma (Mrs. K. Thampan) assisted by Mrs. Appu Thampan and conducted to their seats in the pavilion. After the introductions were over, the members listened to the sweet music from a gramophone.

Mrs. Kunjakuttan Thampan, the hostess, then sang a few welcome songs in Malayalam especially composed by her in honor of the occasion and the following is an English rendering of it read by Miss Glyn Barlow:—My beloved sisters, I will ever be grateful to you for having been pleased to accept my invitation and for which I am not a little indebted to you, and I consider this as the height of my happiness to have been able to welcome you all.

Just as a fair maiden is made all the more beautiful by wearing a necklace set with rubies and diamonds intermixed, so let Mother India for ever be beautiful by similar social gatherings of the ladies of the East and the West.

By thus meeting frequently we shall reap ever so many benefits and shall also be able to keep ourselves in touch with the times.

This assemblage of ladies of different castes and creeds pleases me exactly as a park with plants of different kinds would please an observer.

Mrs. C. Rama Menon then read an interesting lecture on "Women of different countries" and was followed by Miss Glyn Barlow in English. The lecture was listened to with rapt attention and Mrs. Raman Menon was loudly applauded for her interesting and instructive discourse.

A move was then made to the refreshment tables lavishly provided by the genial hostess, and at the close of which a group photograph was taken by H. H. Kerala Varma Rajah, son of late Rajah Ravi Varma, the famous Indian artist.

For the delectation of members a magical performance was arranged at which Professor Alle Krishna Iyer, the well known local magician, entertained the assembly with his wonderful card-tricks, mimicry, mesmerism &c. An impromptu concert was soon arranged when to the accompaniment of the harmonium two dainty Brahmin girls sweetly sang some beautiful Parsi and Hindustani tunes. Mrs. Veegaraghava Iyer then gave a splendid exhibition of music by singing select *Kirtanas*. As dusk turned into darkness, Mrs. Dupen, the venerable President

thanked Srimati Ammuketty Amma, on behalf of the ladies for the splendid entertainment of the evening, to which the hostess suitably replied thanking in turn the members individually for their share in making the meeting a great success.

With the sprinkling of *Attar* and distribution of *pan supari* the assembly broke up and as each guest took leave she was presented by the hostess with a string of jasmine flowers and thus a brilliant function was brought to a close.—T. M. VENKATACHALLA AITER.

HINDU WIDOWS' HOME ASSOCIATION, POONA.—Mrs. Parvatibai Athavale worked during the month at Wardha and Yeotmal. At Wardha Rs. 200 were collected and at Yeotmal Rs. 800. Yeotmal people propose to collect Rs. 200 more so that the whole collection thereof Rs. 1,000 may be set apart for a room in the new buildings.

2. The Terminal Examination of the inmates was held at the end of April by three gentlemen in the Servants of India Society. The inmates are given a vacation for one month to give them an opportunity to visit their relations.

3. There were 74 visitors, during the month, of whom 16 were ladies, 35 gentlemen and 23 advanced students. Of these 31 came from Poona, 23 from the Deccan, 6 each from Bombay and Barars, 2 each from Gujrat and S. M. country and one each from Konkan, Central Provinces, Central India and United Provinces.

4. The total number of contributors during the month was 494 and their contributions amounted to Rs. 1,540.—VENUBAI NAMJOSHI, Secretary.

THE INDIAN WOMEN'S EDUCATION FUND.—To help the fund which has come into existence for the excellent object of bringing Indian girls to England to be trained as teachers, an enjoyable entertainment was given at the Caxton Hall, on April 22, under the guidance of Mrs. P. L. Roy, whose interest and energy are quite infectious. Mrs. Roy succeeds in bringing East and West together to help the cause she has so much at heart, and the programme was a happy blending of the two. The dramatic recitations from the "Ramayana," from some of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu's poems, and from Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia" appealed strongly to the audience, carried out as they were by Indians to whom graceful posing seems to come easily and naturally. Some of the performers were children, who did their parts exceedingly well, including the tiny little maid who impersonated quite admirably the "Queen's Rival." The fine rendering by Mr. N. C. Banerji of Vedic Hymns is always a pleasure to those who have the opportunity of hearing him, and he was well received. The musical

items showed promising Indian talent. Miss Leila Roy, as violinist, is well known, but Mr. A. Warlicker, with his good pianoforte playing, was one of the surprises of the afternoon; nor must the diminutive Chinaman, represented by Master L. K. Roy, be forgotten, his song being enthusiastically encored. Miss Cicily White (as vocalist), Mr. Montefiore (as 'cellist), Miss W. Stocken and Miss Bowley helped materially to the success of the entertainment. Tea and opportunity for talk were also included in the programme, which proved very entertaining from beginning to end.

But there is more to be done than taking tickets for an afternoon's entertainment if the scheme is to be carried to a successful issue. The first Indian girl to benefit by the fund is ready to start as soon as her expenses can be guaranteed: she must not be the only one. The crying need of India is for trained women teachers, and in this practical effort of Indian women on behalf of Indian women substantial help from sympathisers will surely not be wanting.

AN AYAH'S BRAVERY.—We have often in these columns eulogised the heroism of our Indian seamen in rescuing lives even at the risk of jeopardising or sacrificing their own at times of peril on the sea. We do this with a purpose and this purpose is to prove that Indians are certainly not behind their European brethren in placing their lives at the altar of help at a crisis. Only the other day we read of an English lady who in spite of the vessel fast sinking beneath her, waited on deck for a boat less filled with the rescued. This act of hers is worthy of record as she had her infant child with her. Parallel to this heroism we take pleasure in stating that an ayah saved the life of a child in a four-storied burning building in the Fort at Bombay a few nights ago under circumstances that have evoked some enthusiasm. She went back into the building, picked up the child, but being barred by the flames she climbed with it on to an adjoining roof, whence both were rescued by the Fire Brigade. We believe steps will be taken to see that this ayah is the recipient of some honour from the Humane Society, or at least from the authorities. Such acts deserve encouragement.

TWO LADIES, A PARROT AND CHAOS.—In the course of a letter on "Our Responsibilities" to the columns of the *Madras Mail*, Mrs. Sundari Lazarus takes as her text some commonplace utterances of Shrimathi Radha Bhai on the existing social differences, and adds thereto some more commonplaces. It seems that learned lady No. 2 mentioned in the course of a College-day meeting that the promotion of a

sense of Nationality in India was an inspiring goal, the attainment of which "depends upon how the educated classes in India are prepared to discharge their responsibilities." These responsibilities should make every educated man, nay, every educated woman too "respond to the call of enlightened conscience from within, and high and noble standards from without." Actuated with all these unattainable virtues what should 'educated' India do? Firstly, feel the "heavy responsibility" of "Loyalty to the English Throne." Secondly, feel the further "heavy responsibility" of "the elevation of the depressed classes." These indeed are "inspiring words of peroration" as lady No. 1 says. She further says that Mrs. Radha Bhai was just the person to talk about "the elevation of the depressed classes," as her father is the famous Mr. K. Renga Rao of Mangalore "the philanthropic Brahmo Samajist" who has been working silently and unostentatiously "to ameliorate the condition of these unfortunate people" to wit, the depressed classes. Because she is the daughter of her father, she must needs come to the platform and advise "educated" India to love the king and to raise the Pariah! Like the cool rays of the gentle moon, how sweetly do these two ladies' words enter the human heart and carry conviction there? Jestings apart, may we take the liberty of telling these 'learned' sisters of ours that the sooner they cease bothering their pretty brains about ugly, long-winded words, the better for themselves and India! "Heavy Responsibilities," "Enlightened conscience," "Elevation of the Depressed Classes" etc., are words and phrases whose significance, even we, the little creatures, have scarcely begun to understand, and they look—well, not exactly significant in the mouths of ladies. Poets have certainly compared women to parrots, but even the fancifullest of the lot, could not have imagined that the quaint conceit would come to be "masculinized" in this fashion. The above unmouthables have not as yet begun to bear any meaning for even "the leaders of the people" yet, and our dear sisters of didactic proclivities can wait till then, ere they begin exercising their mimetic faculty. Otherwise they but enhance the gloom, which unlovely task, they can well leave to their 'less good' halves. Women exist to dispel gloom and not to deepen it. Intense gloom prevails on the lives and fates of Indian women generally, and none but exceedingly clever women like the two ladies mentioned above, should attempt to dispel such gloom, literally, 'at their doors.' Leaving this, to attempt to mouth horrible words like "responsibilities", etc., is to forsake gloom and enter into chaos. May we beg of them to wait till 'chaos' resolves itself either into light or gloom, before

they buckle on their prophetically didactic armour?

AGRAWAL WIDOW REMARRIAGE IN CHANDOSI.—A widow remarriage in Agrawal caste was celebrated at Chandosi on 7th April 1910 under the patronage of Shrotri Shankarlal of Bijnor. President, Widow Remarriage Association of U. P. The girl aged 20 belongs to Atroli Dist., Aligarh and the bride-groom Lala Brindaban aged 25 resides at Chandosi. Pandit Shiamlal and Dhaniram performed the ceremony of Ganasha worship, etc., according to Saratan Dharam rites. The procession went round the whole city with great pomp and Bhajans were recited. All the local officers and the residents of the town joined the procession. Members of the widow re-marriage Sabha of Moradabad also attended the ceremony. Those against the movement also issued notices but to no effect.

Mr. Ramanbhai Mahipatram Nilkanth, Secretary, Widow Remarriage Association, Ahmedabad, writes: "A Widow Remarriage was celebrated at Ahmedabad on the 21st instant under the auspices of the Widow Remarriage Association. Bai Suraj daughter of Chaturbhuj Amatharam Travadi, aged 24, resident of Koth in the Dholka Taluka was married to Ishwar Gangaram Travadi, aged 24, resident of Daduka in the Sanand Taluka. The parties belong to the Chaturvedi Modh Brahmin caste. Bai Suraj had become a widow at the age of 13."

A GIRLS' SCHOOL IN DARJEELING.—We are asked to announce that a high class Home School for Indian girls, situated in a very healthy and respectable quarter in Darjeeling and meeting every requirement of girls of delicate health, has been decided to be opened at Darjeeling. Lady Baker and H. H. the Maharaja of Cooch Behar are its patrons. With the general education in languages, mathematics, &c., lessons will be given in domestic economy, drawing, painting, &c. The School will be under the direct supervision of a well-trained European teacher, and the teaching staff will consist of European and Indian ladies. For each girl the charge will be Rs. 30, a month. Dr. B. B. Sarkar of Darjeeling, son-in-law of Pandit Shivanth Shastri, is the Hon. Secretary.—*The Subodh Patrika.*

MISS PARUKKUTTY AMMA, B.A.—On Friday before last a public meeting was held at the Victoria Jubilee Town Hall, Trevandrum, under the auspices of the National Club, the object of the meeting being to present a Medal to Srimathi Parukutty Amma, B.A., the first Nair lady graduate. The chair was occupied by Mr.

A. Sri Narayanan Thambi, son of H. H. late Maharajah of Travancore, and in presenting the Medal to the young lady he said that he was very pleased to have been asked to perform that very agreeable task. He had known her family and parents for several years and had much regard for them. It was only right and proper that the community should express their pleasure at the honour she had won. H. H. the Maharajah had shown his pleasure by making a substantial present to her. They had assembled there to demonstrate their gladness at one of their sisters taking the coveted degree of Bachelor of Arts. In conclusion, he congratulated Miss Parukutty on the success that had attended her labours and wished her still more honours. Miss Parukutty Amma thanked the Chairman for his kind words. She also asked him to convey her grateful acknowledgments to those who had been good enough to organise the meeting and added that she would, with pride, treasure the souvenir so graciously given her by her well-wishers and friends.

A HINDU LADY'S PORTRAIT UNVEILED.—What we believe to be the first function of the kind in honour of a Hindu lady was performed at Bombay in April last. It was the unveiling of the portrait of Mrs. Ramabai Ranade, wife of the late Mr. Justice Ranade in commemoration of her long association and great activity in the cause of education in the city. The meeting was presided over by Miss Sherene Maneckji Cursetji.

A CALCUTTA GIRLS' HOME.—The Rev. D. H. Lee, C. M. S., Calcutta, writes that the mission has now the care of 300 destitute girls, a large number of them are being trained for missionary service. A good number of Zenana workers and Bible women are employed and whose salaries are paid by the publishers of the "London Christian."

The Palghat Ladies' Association is an admirable institution which has been the means of promoting friendly intercourse between the members of the fair sex of the different communities in Palghat. It is pleasing to hear that European, Hindu and Indian Christian ladies meet together now and then under the auspices of this association and spend a pleasant hour or two in social recreation and enjoyment. European ladies like Mrs. Dupen, Mrs. and Miss Glyn Barlow co-operate with Hindu ladies in organizing ladies parties and altogether it must be admitted that all evince a commendable interest in promoting the success of the association. One of such meetings was convened some time ago which was attended by the leading ladies of Palghat. To Mr. Thampan, the wife

of a leading landholder of Malabar, is due, in a large measure, the success of the gathering. She arranged the details for the comforts of the fair guests in a manner which reflects great credit on her forethought and consideration. Malayalam addresses of welcome, magical performances and musical entertainments were provided, while light refreshments were also served. We are told that all present thoroughly enjoyed themselves and a very pleasant and agreeable evening was spent. Mrs. Thampan was encouraged in her efforts to make the gathering a success by her husband, while she was also ably assisted in arranging the details of the meeting by Miss Barlow, Mrs. Raman Menon and a few others. Institutions, such as the Palghat Ladies' association, are a necessary and useful adjunct of Indian life and we wish that similar institutions will be opened in every important centre in the country. The possibilities of their usefulness to the country cannot be exaggerated.

MONEY GIFTS OF AMERICAN LADIES.—The following are the amounts given away by the American Ladies for charitable purposes. Mrs. Leland Stanford's gifts represent millions, of dollars; which will total to £6,600,000. A large portion of this sum was given to the Leland Stanford for University in California in memory of her late son, and it is one of the foremost Educational Institutions in the West. Mrs. Russel Sage also takes great interest in Education. All her gifts come to a total of over £400,000, and it is her intention to give in charities her whole wealth which amounts to £12,000,000. Miss Helen Gould comes next whose charities amount to £2,000,000. She has no favourite nobles and her purse is open to any reasonable request. Her mail brings 500 tellers, and she attends to them personally. She is partial to young people. Mrs. Thomas F. Ryan, another charitable lady has spent more than £1,000,000 chiefly to religious institutions. Mrs. Winthrop, the wife of a well-known millionaire has also distributed £1,000,000, most of which was given towards the upkeep of Princeton University. Mrs. A. A. Anderson, one of the wealthiest woman in the States who is particularly interested in Education has already given away a little over £1,000,000 for this object alone.

GRACE MILLER WHITE, author of "Tess of the Storm Country," one of the "best sellers" of the year, was left a widow at 23 with four children, one of them blind. She has educated them all, her eldest boy being now a post-graduate student at Heidelberg, entirely by the labor of her pen. Mrs. White is an avowed suffragist.

WHAT FEMALE PRISONS WERE 100 YEARS AGO.—Recalling the records of 1813 nearly a century ago the following was the condition of prisoners when Elizabeth Fry the saintly Quakeress visited and, who has given her whole life to prison reformation:—About 500 women with their numerous children, crowded together, without classification or employment of any kind in the custody of one man and his son. They cooked, they washed, and slept on the floor. When any stranger appeared, they clamoured for money, with which if given they purchased liquors from a tap in the prison. The screaming and the terrible language, the fighting and lawlessness were such that the Governor never entered without great reluctance.

MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE celebrated her ninetieth birthday in a very quiet manner, since she is an invalid. She received the following telegram from King George:—"On the occasion of your ninetieth birthday I offer you my heart-felt congratulations and trust you are in good health." She also was the recipient of many congratulatory messages, bouquets of flowers and other gifts.

MISS HARRIETT JESSUP has been put in charge of the model flat on East Sixty-fifth street, New York, which was furnished and is supported by a committee of young women of St. Thomas's Church. Miss Jessup is a recent graduate of Teachers' College, and the object of the flat is to teach young girls how to care for a home. Besides lessons in cooking, laundry work and housecleaning, the pupils will receive instruction in the proper furnishing of small flats, and how to utilize their small space to the best advantage and at the least expense.

MISS SUSAN B. DUFFEE conducts one of the most original Sunday schools in America. She is a graduate of the Chicago Kindergarten College, and is just now doing her work in San Francisco. On Sunday at 12-30 the little ones file into her room and form a circle, each sitting in his little chair very demurely. Soon the organ begins to play, and Miss Durfee's voice leads the singing of some air familiar to the babies. They join in and all restraint is laid aside, and the little ones are listening to the story of the Good Shepherd. The children are made to comprehend each step in the story by means of pictures representing the subject. Miss Durfee's methods cannot be written, but she will give her ideas to as many summer schools as she can reach.

One hundred thousand dollars for charity has been willed to Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh, widow of the multi-millionaire mine owner. It is to be distributed "among such persons and in such

amounts as she knows to be my wish in reference thereto." Mrs. Walsh is to be accountable to no court or person in regard to the distribution.

MAYOR SHANK OF INDIANAPOLIS has announced that he is going to appoint some women on the police force. There is no doubt that they can do good work, especially in looking after women and children. On one large "recreation pier," used as a play-ground, in another city, a policeman was in charge several years ago. She is called by the children "the lady cop," and has proved both efficient and popular.

ONE WOMAN IN FIVE A WAGE EARNER.—One woman in every five in the United States is out in the competitive world trying to earn her living, and most of them have no choice as to whether they will get out there or not, and many of them are working in conditions corruptive of health and motherhood. Therefore, a vital problem for the future of our race is, how to render the conditions of industry compatible with the physical and moral welfare of women, and the first step dictated by our system of government, in solution of that problem, is to give to those women themselves the defence and assistance of political recognition.

Frau Elizabeth Hirsch of Leignitz has been chosen vice-president of the city council in her city. She is the first woman to occupy such a position in her district. She was chosen on account of her ability as a business woman. For several years she has been head of a manufacturing concern which has been left to her by her husband, who died some years ago. Under her management the firm has prospered greatly.

A BRAVE GIRL.—A Miss Adalene. Trap only 20 years old, single handed and unarmed took a brewery prisoner from Winamac to Knox, U. S. A., and delivered the prisoner to the Sheriff or Stake Country.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S SYMPATHIES.—One name by which the late Queen Victoria was known was "The mother of her people." Her Majesty Queen Alexandra is earning the same epithet by her sincere sympathies with them. Recently Prebendary Carlile was at the Buckingham Palace, and submitted to Her Majesty some photographs illustrative of the winter labours of the Salvation Army among the poor; and the Queen expressing her pleasure, sent the following message:—"Tell the poor men and women working in your homes and depots that my heart is with them; and your self-denying workers also that I deeply sympathise with them, and pray that a blessing may rest upon their labours." This is one of the rarest jewels in the Royal Crown.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Acknowledgments for May, 1910

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Here it is

A wonderful and useful Xmas present?

BOTONS

The Great Indian Dentifrice—An Ethical and an Honest one

Botons—is the first and only preparation for cleansing the teeth and mouth which exercises its antiseptic and refreshing powers **not only** during the few moments of application but continuously **for some hours afterwards**.

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One feels directly after use that it is doing wonders for the mouth and the antiseptic effects last for hours after application.

Botons—is called "The Honest Dentifrice" because for all these years we have never spared an effort in making a Dentifrice that the teeth require. It cleanses, preserves and beautifies the teeth and purifies the breath.

Note the Letters and Testimonials received from Maharajas and Princes

TESTIMONIALS

DARBHANGA, 2nd July, 1909

MESSRS. BOTONS DEPOT,

Gentlemen—Will you kindly send me two more boxes of your "Botons" the wonderful mouth-wash, as I find it very useful.

Yours truly,

H. H. HON'BLE MAHARAJA SIR RAMESHWAR SINGH BAHADUR, K.C.I.E.

BALANGIR, 28th June, 1909

SIRS—Please be good enough to send me by V.P.P. another box of "Botons" the Antiseptic mouth-wash as I find it a very valuable medicine.

Yours faithfully,

H. H. MAHARAJA DALGANJAN SINGH DEO BAHADUR, Maharaja and Feudatory Chief, Patna State.

ETTAYAPURAM, 10th August, 1909

DEAR SIR,

Kindly send me three boxes "Botons" per V.P.P. at once and send two boxes at the end of every month and oblige.

RAJA OF ETTAYAPURAM.

FORT, PARTABGARH, 28th November, 1909

GENTLEMEN,

Kindly send one box "Botons" if you have not already sent it to me.

Yours faithfully,

H. H. MAHARAJA SIR PARTAB SINGH BAHADUR.

Need we say any more?

Address:—The Manager, BOTONS DEPOT

(For India) Madura, S. I.