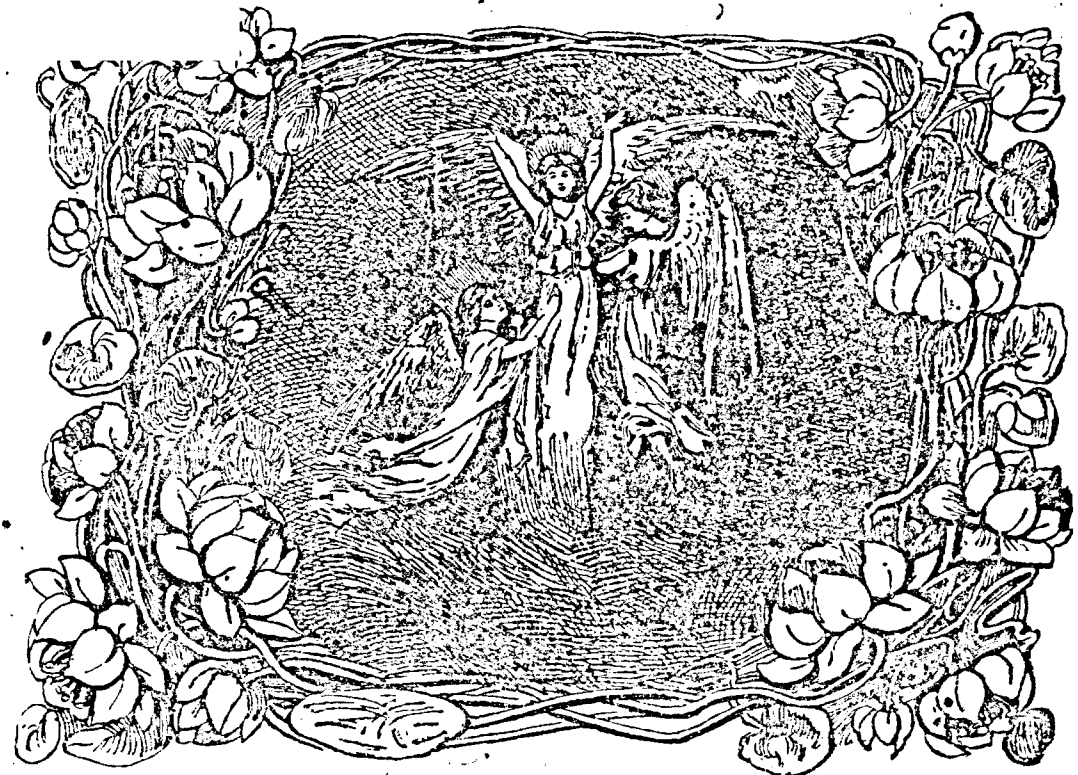




THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. XI

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No. 1

Man and the Sea

Man, in thy freedom, thou shalt love always the ocean,
As the mirror in which is reflected thy soul:
For its infinite depths—its waves in commotion,
Of thy Spirit the phases, lay bare like a scroll.

To plunge in its waters thy bosom rejoices,
As to clasp a dear mother rejoices a child!
And thy heart ceases to hear its own inner voices,
At the sound of that Voice unconquered and wild.

O Soul, in the shadow thou ever abidest,
Who has sounded thy depths, and who there may regard?
And thou, Sea, who knows of the riches thou hidest,
Or has seen the dread secrets of thy dark dungeon-ward?

The same temperaments! And yet through the ages
Fierce, pitiless, remorseless, between you is strife!
Carnage, death, havoc, seem the work and the wages!
Eternal gladiators!—Brothers grappling for life!

—Toru Dutt.

Glimpses of a Toren Kashmir

VIII



WE folded our tents on one more on Friday, July 15th, to retrace our steps from the sacred

cave of Amarwath towards Pahlgam.

As the day was clear and glorious, we decided to try a new pass, and to camp at Astón Merg, instead of by the green shores and blue waters of the Shisha Nag Lake. This would not only give us new scenery, but would also avoid possible infection from the sick cooly we had sent back to his village from that place. We recrossed the rapid rivers, with great success, not to say excitement. The stalwart Shikari picked up our little fat butler and putting him on his back, waded with him over the rushing streams. The poor old breathless cook was perched on the top of a fat pony, on which were already packed two bundles of clothes. There he sat, holding on to the pony's mane for dear life, having neither saddle, nor bridle, nor reins! He wobbled about and looked pathetic, as well as ludicrous! However, he managed to keep on, and came along safely, over snow-bridges, and through the rivers, and up and up, until we came to fields and stretches of snow, miles and miles of it. Where the snow was fairly level we rode, where it was slantindicular or very steep, we got off! Our feet were sopping wet, and oh! so cold, but on and on we had to go, enjoying the wild grandeur of the whole scene, snow peaks and crags everywhere, but at the same time wishing for the top! We kept on thinking we *had* reached the top, and that just round the next crag we should begin to go down. Imagine our dismay when we asked the Shikari "Is this the top?" When he replied "No sir, three miles more snow!" (N.B. He always called the ladies "Sir!") He was perfectly right about the three miles, for *fields* of snow opened out before us, and on we had to go. Fortunately the sky was as blue as blue could be, the sun hot, and we had every prospect of getting over the 14,000 foot pass without mist, clouds, or rain; had bad weather set in, the expedition would have been most depressing and attended with considerable danger. At last we came to an awfully steep piece of ground, with a mighty sweep of snow above and below, which we had to cross at a slant (of course riding was out of the question). We were all collected Indian file at the place, when the cook and the

water-man thought they would lead the way, and off they started! but in a moment they lost their footing and fell, and slid down, down! We thought they were gone beyond recall! but, in far less time than it takes to write, two Kashmiri coolies dashed down after them, digging their heels, and big Alpine stocks, deep into the snow, to prevent themselves from sliding, too, and seized the unfortunate cook, who looked the picture of abject misery, clutching and grabbing at the fashionless snow with his brown hands! It was all so steep that we could none of us stir to help, for if we had done so we should *all* have gone sliding down. No sooner was this excitement over, than my pony (who, as usual, was left standing with no one to hold him) suddenly dashed off *up* the snow slide, a frightfully steep height. Every moment we expected him to overbalance, and come rolling down, and we all thought *his* last moment had come! His pony-man, Ameera, dashed after him, and we watched the pair breathlessly. Just as they gained the top, a pony-man from the other side suddenly appeared over the brow, who, so startled my pony that he veered round with a jerk, and careered *down* the slide! *How* he was caught and captured still seems inexplicable! But after such an exhibition of what the men and ponies could do on the slippery side of a snow hill, a steep as a house, we felt no further anxiety as to the outcome of our various ups and downs in the future. We had no ambition to follow in either the cook's or the pony's footsteps, so sat in the snow until the Shikari and pony-men had cut deep steps in the snow for us, in which, one by one, we carefully planted our feet, and walked over the incline. We were delighted, on rounding the corner to see that at last we *had* reached the top, and that below us in the far far distance, over acres and precipices of snow, lay, what the guide books call—"The romantic glen of Astón Merg." Our coolies, heavily laden with tents, etc., had overtaken us, and had crossed over the snowslide without any mishap, so we let them go on ahead, and watched them descend, and file down like a train of black-ants on the dazzling snow, while we sought the shade and shelter of some high overhanging rocks. The butler kindled a fire with some firewood, which he had been thoughtful enough to have carried up for the purpose, for of course there was not a stick of any sort or description to be found at that elevation amid the snows. We most thoroughly enjoyed a hot breakfast and an hour's rest. The Shikari went on ahead to cut steps in the snow for us, in the best places. Our ponies had their bridles fast round their necks, and were "let go," and *go* they did! They dashed off peltersketer like goats, kicking up their heels in the



ON THE MARCH WITH AMEERA, THE PONIES

161672



LUNCHEON IN THE SNOW, KASHMIR, 1910

snow, and in less than half an hour we saw them tearing after each other far down the gorge, like two-year old foals. The pass is too enormous and stupendous to be sketchable. The mountains are very shaley and broken up, and the peaks are of a curious orange colour, and as jagged as the edge of a saw. The steep loose cliffs of shale were really as slippery and more difficult to descend than the snow. The descent was all through snow, interspersed with shaley cliffs, boulders, and running streams, with little stretches of greenery where the snow had melted. Our tents were speedily pitched by a glacier stream in this steeply enclosed "Merg" or meadow. We all pleaded for a day's rest in Astón Merg. It was too beautiful a spot to leave after only a few hours of daylight. Accordingly we spent the whole of Saturday, July 15th there. Of course the coolies said that they had eaten their food, and had no rations left, though they had been strictly ordered to provision themselves for ten days, and we had only been out six! However, one of the coolies volunteered to ride in to Pahlgam for food, so, as he was going, we took the opportunity of sending off some letters for England, and told him to bring out our mail letters, not to Astón Merg, but to the next camp at Tannin. Our day of rest was most satisfactory. With rugs and cushions, work, sketching things, and books, we ascended a knoll, and spent the whole day under the shade of birch trees, surrounded by flowers and glorious scenery. The ground around us was golden and blue with forget-me-nots and butter cups. The bark of the birch trees was a symphony in colours, silver grey shading to dark mauve grey, and brightened with every shade of burnt sienna and yellow ochre. In the afternoon we took a stroll up and down the knolls and hillocks, till we came to a gujar (mountain shepherd's) encampment. Such a primitive rude arrangement! It consisted of trunks of trees with their branches—whole trees, grouped into a circle, inside were other trunks of trees, stuck in rows as pillars to support the roof, made of twigs and turf. Inside this enclosure were about twenty human beings of all ages. The women, with babies in their arms, wore bright blue bead necklaces, and huge silver rings in their ears. They showed me a sick lamb with a terribly swollen gathered hoof. I tried hard, with a scanty knowledge of less than 100 Hindustani words, to tell them to put on a hot bread poultice! they seemed to understand, and said "Very good". They then promptly produced a youth with dreadful scabs on his head. This is a very common, and most revolting sight in Kashmir. I told them to "put soap and warm water every day and ought to have added *put coconut oil afterwards," but

I could not remember the word for "coconut" in Hindustani, so I am afraid the poor youth was not much soothed by my prescription! What an immense amount of good an itinerant medical man could do in Kashmir! It is quite pitiful to see the babies and children with swollen and blinded sore eyes. Almost every second man you meet in Kashmir is one-eyed! When Doctors Arthur and Ernest Neve of the Mission Hospital, Srinagar, take their summer holidays, they do an immense amount of medical work in the villages. During a month spent in the Lolab valley in the spring of 1910, eight villages were visited, 1800 patients seen, and 192 operations performed. During Dr. Arthur Neve's summer tour he visited 12 villages, and had 500 patients. In the autumn he paid a short visit to the Tral District, during which time 450 patients came to him. This is truly following in the footsteps of Christ, who went about healing the sick and doing good. Kashmiris are a very gentle and kind race, and so good to animals that the tameness of the animals is almost startling to us. It shows that they have not experienced rough or brutal treatment. Kashmiris are likewise a very dirty people. It is indeed difficult to teach them cleanliness after centuries of dirt and neglect. I fancy they have never connected dirt with disease, or as the cause of disease. If they could once grasp the connection, it might induce them to be cleaner in their habits. It is easier for the Japanese to be clean, as they have the great advantage of natural springs of hot water everywhere, even bubbling up by the road side. In Kashmir, the water supply is abundant, but the water is icy green-blue water from the glaciers, hardly conducive to even Europeans for washing purposes. Mussalmen are fatalists, and firmly believe that nothing they can do themselves can alter their "kismet." That clean persons and clean villages would avert cholera is beyond their belief and understanding, even in this twentieth century. It was very interesting in that pre-historic shepherd's hut to watch the women making "chupatties." They had two large shallow bowls, one in which to mix the farinaceous dough, and the other in which to fry the dough when it had been patted out into a large, round, flat, leathery looking cake. A woman patted it out between her two hands, round and round, like a potter shaping a wheel. The women were so taken up with looking at us, that I thought it would be a case over again of "Alfred and the cakes" and that the chupatties would be burnt! In the evening we had dinner by a huge camp-fire, and burnt our walnut shells after dinner, as if we had been sitting by a winter fireside at home! We have walnuts every day. They can be had for 4d a 100, and that is considered "dear," as

this year's walnuts have not yet come in. As we struck our tents on the following morning, to our surprise, the cooly, who had been sent on to Pahlgam for rations, arrived on the scene! We expected him to await our arrival at Tannin, but no! he clambered up that extra eight miles of steep ground as if it were nothing, he and the pony, having done thirty-two miles over steep, rough ground! With all their kindness to animals, I am afraid they do not take the sparing of fatigue into consideration. The eight miles ride down to Tannin was at first over snow bridges, and then over grassy slopes, through birch and pine woods, the ground occasionally too steep for riding, but walking made a pleasant change. We rested at one glorious spot, where a pine-crowned hillock commanded a view of the river below, over a sheer precipice; this place was brilliant with wild flowers, long luscious grass, and beds of red pine needles, quite a spot to camp in for a week! We had a delightful mid-day rest and meal, reading over our home letters, which the ration's cooly had brought out to us. The descent into Tannin was down a very steep zig-zag, the sort of exaggerated scenery that is put on at a theatre, when robbers are descending into their hiding place. We found our tents pitched on a green slope, above a sheer precipice, overlooking the Tannin river. Groups of enormous pine trees in twos and threes, were scattered about. We took up our places under these with our cushions and rugs, and though it soon began to rain we were quite sheltered, and did not move for two hours. On our march we met for the first time with blossoms of the giant balsam, 3 and 4 feet high, such beauties!

Monday the 18th saw us mounted for our return journey to Pahlgam. The coolies were extra quick and spry in striking the tents, seizing their bundles, and marching off, as they were anxious to regain their village and see their people. Poor things! They had been imagining that their relations were dying of cholera. All sorts of exaggerated rumours get about at such times, and, like all ignorant people, they are very credulous. However, on passing through the village we were very glad to find that no casualties had occurred, and that the sick cooly we had sent back from Shisha-Nag had quite recovered. We halted at the Colonel Sahib's camp to take back our terriers, "Perks" and "Scrap," whose joy at our return was unbounded! They had missed us very much, and the moment they had been unchained, the day after our departure, the pair of them had bolted off to the house to look for us! this they did twice!

On our arrival at the house, it was a great sight to see all the coolies seated round in a circle, with their packages, waiting to be paid.

The "Burra Sahib" paid the full amount into each man's hand himself,—then gave them a day's pay extra as a present, this filled them with delight. They had received Rs. 33 in advance before the journey, and now were paid over Rs. 100. Our pony-men came asking for "leety bottlis for their snuff"; these were given to them, much to their satisfaction. We had been told that the coolies often gave great trouble, throwing down their loads and refusing to carry them without "more advance"; but we had no troubles of that kind at all, the men were allowed to choose their own bundles, and behaved throughout with the greatest good humour. When we, some ten days later, were preparing for our trip to the Kolahoi glacier and over the pass to Sonnamerg, nearly all the same coolies and pony men came back to us. And so ended our trip to Amarnath.

Place of Women in Hindu Society Ancient and Modern

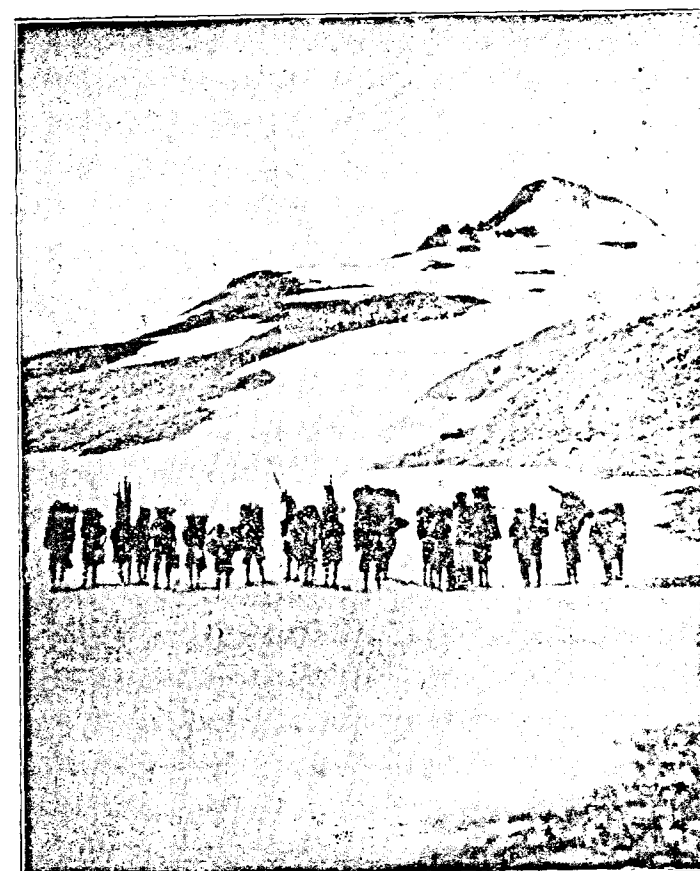
PART I



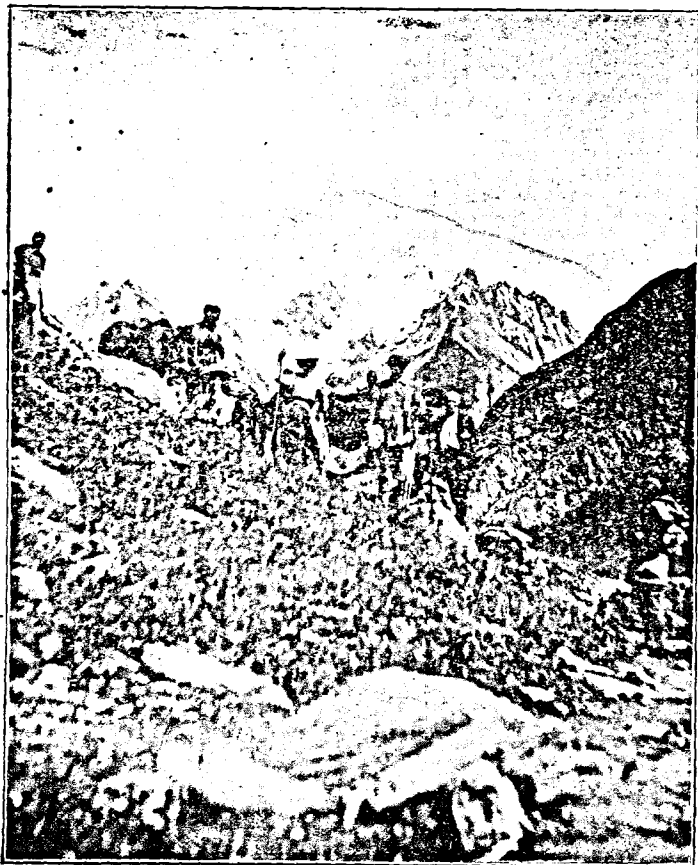
THE determination of the place of women in Ancient and Modern Hindu Social life acquires no small measure of importance from the natural interest excited as to what position obtained among the people of an ancient civilization, and from the sociological

significance as to what conclusion can be derived regarding the degree of their material advancement; for, indeed, as Gladstone so emphatically declares, "when we are seeking to ascertain the measure of that conception which any given race has formed of our nature, there is perhaps no single test so effective as the position it assigns to women."

It is a well-worn truism that the impressions formed in the home during childhood tenaciously cling through life and influence a person's choice of his role in the drama of life.



TENT AND BAGGAGE COOLIES
CROSSING THE SNOWS, KASHMIR, 1910



RETURNING FROM THE SACRED CAVE OF AMARNATH AT
THE FOOT OF THE "GARDEN OF THE GODS"

Presumably, therefore, the mother, who is the centre from which are radiated these impressions, moulds, though scarcely suspected or recognised, the career of nations as of individuals and supplies by the elevation of her status the *sine qua non* of true national greatness and prosperity.

Indeed, if one would think of it, the following lines of a great English poet constitute the constant theme of fervent exhortation on the part of poets and statesmen of all ages and countries.

"Children are what their mothers are,
No fondest father's wisest care
Can fashion so the infant heart,
As those creative beams that dart
With all their hopes and fears, upon
The cradle of a sleeping son."

Thus the promotion of female education in modern times, characterised by competitive tendencies in all departments, is in fact desirable, if not necessary, in consideration of the maintenance of a happy home out of a bare competence, which can be accomplished only by the judicious and enlightened behaviour of educated women. The examples of European and American greatness are standing monuments in support of the fact that the corner-stone of real prosperity is intelligent womanhood and that "backward mothers can not produce progressive sons and daughters."

Of course, all the arguments advanced in favour of the education of men apply with scarcely less force and precision to female education; for, does not intellectual education broaden the sympathies of women and save them from temptations, does not physical training make them the worthy producers of a stalwart race, and does not moral and religious instruction help them to admire with reverent enthusiasm the glories of their glorious Creator?

But if one is sometimes tempted to say with De Quincey "Woman, sister, there are some things which you do not execute as well as your brother man, no, nor ever will. Pardon me if I doubt whether you will ever produce a great poet from your choirs, or a Mozart, or a Phidias, or a Michael Angelo, or a great scholar," he may be assured in the words of Joseph de Maistre "that it is quite true that women have produced no *chef-d'oeuvre*; they have written no *Iliad* nor "Jerusalem Delivered" nor *Hamlet* nor "Phaedra" nor *Paradise Lost*; they have designed no church of St. Peter's, composed no Messiah, carved no Apollo Belvedere, painted no Last Judgment; they have invented neither algebra nor telescopes nor steam-engines; but they have done something greater and better than all this; for it is at their feet that upright and virtuous men and women

have been trained—the most excellent productions in the world."

Indeed, the education of men to the exclusion of women resembles the cultivation of the brain without the heart, the judgment without the sympathy, the strength without the solace, in the case of individuals. But, unfortunately, custom has a hold on Hindu society to an extent, perhaps, incredible, if not unjustifiable; for, as Iswara Chandra Vidyasagar observes, "Custom is the supreme instructor, the rule of custom is the paramount rule, the precept of custom is the paramount precept." In fact, the blind adherence to custom to the exclusion of perspicacious adaptation to the changing conditions of society and the augmentative effect of ignorance or misinterpretation of sacred texts have been corroding the material and spiritual panoply of Hindu womanhood.

Sacredness as creating an inseparable union for the observance of the prescribed forms in religion and *importance* as exercising the purest affection of the heart and as forging

"The link among the days, to knit

The generations, each with each,"

constitute the recognised features of Hindu marriage. But the scrupulous division into classes preserved in Hindu society by the caste-system has occasioned the rise of early marriage, which, though contended to be only a *samskara* or purificatory rite, must be considered to have run unarrested in its pernicious course and to have added another element of ultimate hardship to the lives of Hindu women.

Again, the rigorous exclusion between class and class has effectively precluded intermarriages by narrowing the extent of choice and chiefly created those monetary transactions in marriage which are ultimately responsible for the increasing poverty of this country.

Even if, under the above restrictions, so fatal to all progress, a desirable marriage is settled, the system of astrology, which has won its way into the innermost beliefs of the people and which is little better than what Sir Madhava Row expressed it to be, prevents its due accomplishment and thereby affords a boundless field for the enthusiastic social reformers of modern times. Indeed, under such encumbrances are labouring the patient millions of Hindu womanhood!!

The Hindu conception of married life is coloured with all the devotion of a Grotius' wife, who released her husband from the fortress, and all the truth and tenderness of a Countess Confalonieri, who in the cause of her lord fled for miles, impeded only by the alternations of hope and fear. But the charm of married life is often rudely interrupted by the home despotism centred in a conservative grandmother or in a willful wife. Nevertheless, even the

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

poorest Hindu "homes may be said to be almost carpeted with smiles and welcomes fastened down with the nails of kind words driven in by the hammer of patience," and that with a delightful sweetness, peculiar to the Indian atmosphere resounding with the glorious traditions of Sita, Savithri and Damayanthi.

It is usual to speak of the existence of enforced seclusion of Hindu women and it is not difficult to realise the evils consequent on the absence of free intercourse which is the safety-valve of morality, public or private.

But it must be remembered that such seclusion is a mere modern creation, not sanctioned by antiquity and that indeed the literature of Ancient India furnishes many instances in favour of this view. The open introduction of princes and princesses to one another in the *Mahabharata*, the endless enquiries of Dilipa and his wife Sudakshina regarding the names and properties of plants and the many references to and representations of travelling in open carriages or attending public dinners in the two great Epics (Ramayana and Mahabharata) must be inferred to indicate a state of society in which rigorous seclusion was unknown, and free intercourse was the rule rather than the exception. The recent movement for the establishment of "mixed clubs" seems to be a sudden and startling attempt made to transport us, as it were, to a new, because so ancient, state of society, without the slightest regard for the strength of the modern structure so laboriously reared in the course of many generations.

Perhaps, the most decisive step in the direction of the amelioration of the condition of Hindu women was taken, when the aims of the Serampore missionaries were successfully accomplished by a statutory legislation declaring punishable that "Sati," which had been blindly believed to "expiate the sins of three races, father's line, mother's line and the family into which they had been married," and which in the "Suttee Trees" marking the spots where widows were burnt will endure in memory as the most shocking stain on the then prevalent notions of the deferential respect and sympathy shown to females as such.

But if the unfeeling perpetration of such cruelty has been fortunately and completely stopped, the lives thus saved from the funeral pile have been constrained to continue in unmitigated "blood-consuming" sighs and "mortifying" groans. As has been admirably pointed out by Scriven, "the word in the Hebrew tongue for a widow is one signifying *to bind* and *to be silent*, that her hands are tied and that she must needs suffer injustice and yet hold her peace."

Indeed a consensus of opinion has been established that the increasing percentages of widows

in this country are due to the bad practice of early marriage—in some cases when not quite born!!!—whose rampancy is not justified by the result and also to the prohibition of widow-marriage, which is a purely modern invention.

It has been urged that marriage resembles putting a brick in building a wall, that when a woman is married she becomes part and parcel of that family and that therefore it is as undesirable, if not impossible, to reclaim the woman after her husband's death from that family as it is to recover the brick by destroying the wall. But it must be admitted that "the marriage of widows will remove the insupportable torments of lifelong widowhood and secure families from infancy and disgrace."

Of course, a compromise between these two schools of diametrically opposite views may be effected by the establishment of the principle that virgin-widows, at any rate, should be allowed remarriage.

After thus surveying the ancient and modern conditions of Hindu women, it is not difficult to realise that their manifest degradation now-a-days is to a large extent the work of the successive tides of invasion, which swept over India in the past. As a practical stimulus to repeated endeavours on the part of modern social and political reformers, there is perhaps nothing more valuable than the due estimation of the potentialities of womanhood in the preservation of true national greatness; for, "unless the exaltation of the female element of a nation proceeds with an equal pace with their work, all their labours for the social solidarity and political enfranchisement of the country are bound to prove vain."

PART II

"The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink together, degraded or godlike, bound or free."

—Tennyson.

In the previous article, an endeavour has been made to point out the great necessity for the progress of social reform among the Hindus in the direction of the promotion of female education, the discouragement of early marriage, the amelioration of the condition of virgin widows and in fact the improvement and elevation of the general character of the position accorded to women in Hindu society.

Of course, the objects aimed at can be realised to anything like a full extent only in the course of many generations and that too only with the effective co-operation and support of educated men persevering in their noble work with a tenacity unmindful of the threats, perhaps, of social ostracism and caste-excommuni-

cation. Indeed the opposition, almost to be termed a crusade, which has been organised against social reformers enlists among its warmest supporters or most enthusiastic leaders, not only conservative women and uneducated men, but also some of those who have had the incalculable benefits of Western education, as manifested in the origination and development of ideas regarding material happiness and prosperity.

It must be admitted that the inappreciable advancement made by social reformers is chiefly, if not wholly, the result of the great disparity of strength and influence between "the vast mass of antiquated learning and wisdom out of date—vested interests, priestly bigotry, blind veneration for the past and cold apathy—the simple unreasoning faith of the untutored and the influence for evil exercised in soft and winning but none the less powerful ways, of the mother and daughter—and the impulse to a purer and higher mode of life imparted to the few by Western knowledge and Western culture."

It may be recognised in the case of educated men as in that of human life itself, that there exist what may be appropriately termed the three tenses in life: of the future in youth, of the present in manhood, and of the past in old age; for some of them steadily and faithfully work for the solidarity and well-being of society, despite all imputations of excess of enthusiasm or weakness of understanding; some are satisfied with the existing state of affairs with no admiration for the past or desire for future change; and some others are irresistibly inclined to dwell with delight on the splendid achievements of the past. And many educated men swell the ranks of the second or third group with the result of creating a strong opposition to the progress of social reform and eventually to the perspicacious adaptation to modern conditions of life characterized by the variety no less than by the complexity of its problems.

Turning now to the manifold and unlimited fields of activity open to the labours of earnest reformers, it must be noticed that the cause of female education presents the prospect of securing the devotion of educated men and of supplying by its espousal one of the most deplorable wants of Hindu society—an intelligent womanhood. It is gratifying to observe in the Madras Presidency that the successive reports of the Education Commission have been showing a steady increase in the percentages of educated women, thereby affording an eloquent testimony to the fact that female education—on which so many great minds have been engrossed that it is impossible to suggest anything new!—has received an amount of passive

toleration, if not active support, at the hands of the men of this presidency and that to an extent perhaps unequalled in some of the sister provinces.

The consideration shown here to the establishment of a college for the advancement of female education as one of the appropriate forms of memorial to His Late Majesty is in itself an unmistakable indication of the growing interest evinced in the cause which, may we hope, under the same favourable circumstances which have attended its past will, through its abler and stouter champions of the future, assert its importance as a potent factor in the preservation of glory and greatness.

Generally speaking, the objections which used to be hurled at attempts to encourage female education have been proved to be utterly groundless and even purely imaginary. And it is not far from the truth to assert that the experience gained in the process of directing the course of men's education will help us in a great way in determining the character and system of education especially suitable to women; for, as Justice Muthusami Iyer once remarked, "there is something which does not harmonise with conventional sentiment in designating the different stages of culture attained by girls by tests devised for boys." Whatever may be that character and system of education, it is clear that the growth of female education will, in course of time, render practicable the complete substitution of female for male teaching agency in schools and colleges and that the particular instances of educated and enlightened womanhood will demonstrate beyond doubt the possibility of female education to its blind and unbelieving opposers whose number, it is pleasing to note, is gradually diminishing even in our days.

Social reformers of all shades of opinion are agreed that the discouragement and final prohibition of early marriage will remove the one obstacle in the way of female education and considerably mitigate the attendant miseries of widowhood. But the reformer bent on the eradication of such practices gnawing at the root of social as of individual happiness will search in vain for some general and uncontradicted Shastraic dictum for the determination of the marriageable age of women; for the texts are so many, the versions so varied, the commentators so uncertain!!!. Indeed the scrupulous investigation of various texts has only revealed difficulties before unknown, and created marriageable limits not at all reconcilable!!!.

The selection of a match is almost invariably determined by astrological computations with the result that the formation of desirable

connections is often seriously interfered with. Of course, there are many now who believe sincerely with Sir Madhava Rao that the faith in astrological predictions necessarily spreads the idea of practical fatalism—so detrimental to all progress. The tendency to regard man as a mere automaton is most to be deprecated without the slightest disparagement to the Science; because as rational beings brought up amidst surroundings expressive of the triumphs of Man over Nature, we are more tempted—why?—we do not know!—to assert with an eminent writer that “what we wish to be, we are, for such is the force of our will that joined to the Supreme we become whatever we wish to be.”

With regard to the enormous expenditure during marriages it must needs be said that its reduction will not only secure the happiness of the parties concerned but also remove a cause of increasing poverty of the people. Indeed as an illustrious Governor of Madras said in his brilliant convocation address, “He who could persuade his countrymen to give up their astounding expenditure on marriages would do more for South India than any Government could do in a decade.”

Far more difficult of accomplishment because of the greater predominance of sentiment is the object of promoting the marriage of virgin-widows. Indeed the ancient and orthodox Hindu jurisprudence expressly provides for the marriage of widows, though it is difficult to explain why this practice should have been abandoned.

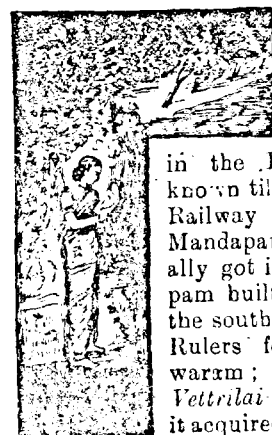
An important step was taken when Lord Canning in the Widow-Marriage Act of 1856 rendered permissible the marriage of widows with the restriction that such marriages necessitated the forfeiture of the husband's property. But the Bombay Government held that, as in the Hindu law, they had the right to alienate such property in any way, they would not lose that right by alienating it in the way of remarriage. However, tenacious adherence to custom and orthodox opinion and the solitary instances of widow-marriage especially in the North are the manifest results of the labours of steady reformers and frequent social conferences. All social and political reformers will be sustained in their noble and arduous work, if they always remember that “the future of India rests in no small measure on what privileges are extended to our women, on their position in society, on the character of their education and on their sympathetic co-operation with their brothers in the struggle for existence. Our fields may bear rich harvests, our granaries may be bursting, the wire may flash messages for us, our men may win laurels as scholars and lawyers and administrators and we may prove ourselves worthy of the privileges conceded to

us; but all this will never count for much, if the women of the country are allowed to remain in ignorance, dependence and misery.”

S. AMBRAYANESWAR.

Rambles

A WEEK IN MANDAPAM



THE village now popularly known as Mandapam on the South Indian Railway in the Rameswaram line was known till the introduction of the Railway as *Vettilai* (betel) Mandapam. The locality originally got its name from a Mandapam built as a resting place on the southern side by the Carnatic Rulers for pilgrims to Rameswaram; and the sobriquet of *Vettilai* or *Vettilai* Mandapam it acquired from the circumstance that *Vettilai* (betel leaf) was kept and sold at this Mandapam by the betel-vine growers in the surrounding parts to which the place is still famous. There is also a choultry (rest-house) near the Mandapam for wayfarers, who were then solely Rameswaram pilgrims, maintained by the Setupathis of Ramnad at a distance of a furlong or two from the railway station. A small and insignificant hamlet that sprung up a century or two ago, and which continued as such till a quarter of a century ago, rose up gradually within the past decade and a half, in this sandy tract by the side of the sea on the northern side and has now grown up to a village of some importance of over 1,000 houses chiefly occupied by Mahomedans and Valaiyans. After the railway line was laid and the steam-engine was run, the place has risen to great importance and is known as Mandapam, the prefix *Vettilai* having been dropped and forgotten within a decade, the post office alone still continuing to have the old name in its postal marks and stamps.

Mandapam is the terminus on the mainland of the Madura-Rameswaram line of the South Indian Railway. From here the passengers cross to Pamban in the island of Rameswaram. A steam launch plies between Mandapam and Pamban in connection with trains arriving at, and departing from Mandapam. Mandapam is situated

on a narrow spit of land measuring about a mile or so in breadth at the western extremity and about three miles in length, tapering at the eastern end touching the sea opposite the port of Pamban, separated as it is about one and a half mile by water from the extremity of the narrow, sandy, scrub-covered peninsula. Here is a small temple and a chattram or choultry, both of which are under the trusteeship of the Setupathi of Ramnad for the time being, and the cable-house of the Indo-Ceylon telegraph. At this extreme point the historic Rama's bridge to Ceylon is visible, over which the South Indian Railway Company propose laying the rails to connect the Rameswaram island. Tradition tells us, and the recorded history confirms it, that until 1837, the Gods from the Rameswaram temple, which is at a distance of about eight miles on the other side of the sea, were brought to the temple here on festive occasions, over the reefs, when a portion of it was destroyed by a terrific tempest. Passengers to and from Pamban or Rameswaram embark or disembark from the temporary jetty, which is shifted from one side of the peninsula to the other side according to the monsoon which may be blowing and to which place (jetty) trains are run in connection with the launch-service to and from Pamban. From April to September the jetty is on the northern side and from October to March on the southern side.

Mandapam is 433 miles from Madras (Egmore) 90 miles from Madura, and 22 miles from Ramnad, the head-quarters of the new district, carved out of the district of Madura, within which it is situate. Mandapam enjoys a cool temperature. It is a favourite health resort with invalids, and those who seek relief from the burning heat of inland towns. I was not able to ascertain the temperature during the third week of May when I was there, but I believe the maximum temperature in the hot season will not be above 90°. This recently unknown sea-side hamlet is becoming more and more popular, and visitors have to accommodate themselves in the chattram and in the bungalows of Mr. Cossim Mahomed Marackayar, who is well-known as ‘Mandapam Marackayar,’ a wealthy resident of the place, who is always obliging and helpful to visitors, and who has placed his two sea-side houses outside the village at the disposal of respectable visitors—both European and Indian. To meet the convenience of the railway officers and of European visitors, a rest-house comfortably fitted is maintained by the railway company. There is besides, the ‘Tara Lodge,’ property of the late Mr. Robert Fischer, now of his widow Mrs. Sybil Fischer, open to European visitors. The railway rest-house, the Tara Lodge, the Marackayar's bungalows, are

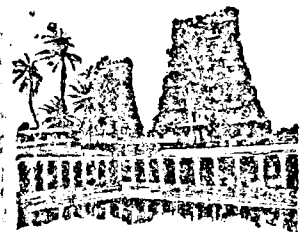
all well-furnished. The rest-house, which is frequently occupied by railway officers, is allowed to be used by the travellers, with the previous permission of the Agent at a charge of Re. 1.8 per diem per person, occupants making their own arrangements for food. At the chattram free accommodation is given for the Hindu only: meals are not provided. Good waiting rooms for first and second class passengers—both European and Indian—are provided at the station, where a refreshment room for European passengers is maintained by Messrs. Spencer & Co.

The small steamers of the Annamapattam-Colombo line leave Pamban for Colombo on Thursday and Sunday afternoons, tide and weather permitting. Passengers may avail themselves of this service by giving sufficient notice to the Agent of the Madura Company at Pamban. Mandapam, Pamban and Rameswaram, which were till recently grouped as one Union for purposes of self-government, have been split into two,—the first two forming one Union and the last (Rameswaram) the other. I spent a week in the Island of Rameswaram before I bade good-bye to those parts this year. I will send you my impressions of Pamban and Rameswaram in my next letters. During the week I stayed, Mr. A. Muirhead, the Agent of the South Indian Railway Company, and Mr. J. T. Lewis, the company's chief engineer, were here a few hours on their way back from the Gulf of Manar, where they met the Governor of Ceylon and the General Manager of the Ceylon Government Railway for a conference on matters relating to the Pamban-Manar line. They and the company's local engineer, Mr. H. P. O' Shaughnessy, in whose hands the construction of the Manar line is left, inspected the reefs (Rama's Bridge) over which the line is to be laid, and it was stated that the line would be completed in three years and a half, and the iron-horse run in four years.

There are few places on the East Coast at which a more enjoyable holiday can be spent, and as I believed, exactly twelve years ago, that once the railway line was completed, many have begun to seek the seaside at Pamban for its proverbial, healthy atmosphere. Visitors will find ample recreation in sailing, sea-fishing (it is in itself a small fishing-village), and a variety of excursions to the neighbouring islands can be accomplished in sailing boats where shooting can be had with the permission of the owners. From the grilling heat of Madura myself and my party were translated to the cool atmosphere of the seaside Mandapam, which was a great relief and paradise to us.

P. R. VENKATESALU NAIDU.

The Arat Festival



It is with great rejoicing that the people of Travancore greet the arrival of this festival. This festival comes twice in a year, and falls in the Malayalam months, *Thulam* and *Menam* (November and April). It attracts a large concourse of people from the different parts of Travancore. It lasts for ten days, during which there are many processions, different national games, mock-fights, fire works, and theatrical performances. Every day there are two *Sivalis*, one in the evening at 1 o'clock and the other in the night at 8 o'clock, *Sivalis* are processions which go round the temple. The procession is headed by His Highness, The Maharaja of Travancore, accompanied by the Dewan and other officials and non-officials. Lastly come the idols in *vahanas* (conveyances borne by Potties and Brahmins). These processions take place in the Sree Padmanabhaswamy's Temple, situated in the metropolis—Trivandrum. During these *olsavam* days the temple is decorated and festooned with garlands. The scene is more animated and magnificent in the night when thousands of lights are burning, throwing an effulgent light on the gazers by. In these days, the Brahmins are sumptuously fed. Votaries and pilgrims from various parts visit the temple.

During the festival that falls in the month of *Menam*, there is *vela kali*, a mock-fight symbolical of the great historical battle fought between the *Kurus* and *Pandus* thousands of years ago. It is needless here to traverse on that portion of the *Mahabharata*, wherein is described the battle. About 101 men, half naked, wearing shields and swords, in martial array, face those colossal statues representing the *Pandus*, erected in the premises of the temple, and begin the mock-fight which lasts for an hour, at the end of which they fly away from the battle field showing thereby that the *Pandus* defeated the *Kurus*. Thus every evening at 4-45 and every night at 8-45 there is a mock-fight.

On the 9th day there is a nocturnal procession attended by the Infantry and Cavalry of Travancore. This procession is called *Vettayadu* (Hunting). In a certain place a bush is made, in which cocoanuts are placed. The Maharaja takes an arrow and shoots at those cocoanuts and then returns to the temple again.

On the 10th day evening at 4 o'clock, a grand procession emerges from the gate of the temple.

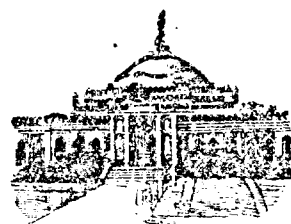
This procession is attended by the Cavalry and Infantry of Travancore, not to mention the band players and constables. His Highness, with all the paraphernalia of a native raj, walks barefooted with a drawn sword in hand, on the white sand spread from the gate of the temple to the sea beach—the place of destination.

The members of the aristocratic families, who go by the names of *Thampurans* and *Thampies* follow the footsteps of his Highness very closely.

His Highness wears on this occasion a *Rundum kavani* (A light cloth not thick in texture worn above a coarse cloth), a velvet green cap on his head, a *malai* (garland) studded with diamonds and rubes around his neck. Native music plays always. The idols of the Sree Padmanabhaswamy's temple are conveyed in *Vahanas* and the other idols of the adjoining temples on Elephants. Every one will be impressed with the grandeur and pageantry of this procession. On reaching the sea, His Highness dips himself in the sea thrice, and does puja. There is a flotilla of boats to prevent any danger occurring to the person of His Highness. It nearly 8 o'clock in the night, when all the pujas are over. Then the Maharaja returns to the temple in a coach and four, and, after going round the temple once, leaves for his palace.

G. BHASHRA PILLAI.

Reminiscences of a Tour in Travancore



TRAVANCORE or Sreevazhumcode, the place where the Goddess of prosperity lives, is an ancient Hindu kingdom, which is distinguished by its very pleasing climate, its charming natural scenery, and its rich vegetable products. If one were to search the beautiful native state from end to end it would be found difficult to select another place in which research is likely to yield a more abundant harvest of information, important and interesting alike to the students of nature, of religion, and of mankind.

The ancient Hindu temples, their traditions, the inscriptions in the temple walls, all these would be most welcome to the antiquarian. The pretty hills of Travancore have in them an endless variety of wild animals, such as the

tiger, elephant, wild oxen, deer, etc., and these will provide good game to the European sportsmen. The flora of the land would much interest the botanist. The historian, the ethnologist, antiquarian, the merchant, the manufacturer, the statesman, in fact all kinds of men will find interesting and profitable labour in this blessed land of charity.

Soon after the University examinations in December 1906, some of my friends at Ernadulam proposed to go to Vycome to witness the great Ashtamy festival there. I seconded their proposal and we soon made preparations for our pleasure trip. On the day previous to the festival we started by the steam launch from Cochin at about 11 and reached Vycome at about 1-30 o'clock.

For a Hindu, Vycome is a place of pilgrimage and the Ashtamy festival attracts pilgrims from far and near. The name Vycome is derived from Vyaghralaya, which means the residence of the sage Vyaghrapada. This little town is situated on the eastern bank of the Vembanad Lake, a very large spacious bay 52 miles long and 9 miles broad. The temple at Vycome is dedicated to God Siva, the destroyer, the most powerful of the Trimurthies, and the following is the tradition regarding the origin of the temple. A well known Rakshasa, Khara, performed penance at the temple of Chidambaram and the God Nataraja appeared to him and gave him three idols of Siva and asked him to consecrate them in any place he liked. Accordingly he walked away with these three idols, one in his right arm, one in his left, and the third in his neck supported by the chin, and travelled to the south. He marched on and on southwards with these idols and when he reached the place now called Vycome he felt the idol on the right arm unbearable and so he dropped it down. He tried to lift it up but could not. It was too heavy. All his efforts to lift it up proved fruitless, when a sound from the sky was heard that he need not try to remove the idol he had dropped. Then another sound was heard that he might consecrate the other two idols at some convenient places close by. Accordingly the Rakshasa consecrated the other two at Kaduthuruthy and Ettumanoor.

At this time the sage Vyaghrapada also was performing penance at Chidambaram. When the God appeared to him one day the sage asked Him to point out to him a holy place where he may offer his poojas to Siva till the end of his career in this world, and the God in reply asked him to go to Vycome and worship the idol which Khara had dropped. Soon he repaired to the spot, consecrated the idol, and lived there offering his poojas to this Lord of the Universe. The place took the name Vyaghrapadapuram, the

place where Vyaghrapada lived, and Vycome is only a corruption of the original name Vyaghrapadapuram.

Several years afterwards when Parasurama came to the place, he found the idol under shallow water. Soon he took it up and built the present temple and consecrated the idol there. Parasurama is said to have lived here for one full year performing *Sahasrakalasam* and feeding a number of Brahmins daily. When he left he placed the management of the temple under a committee of Brahmins who exercised considerable power afterwards. But the management is under the Travancore Govt. although the representatives of the Brahmins possess a nominal right over the temple.

The Ashtamy festival is celebrated in commemoration of the fact that Lord Siva granted him the boon he desired at daybreak on an Ashtamy day, that is on the 8th day after the full moon.

On the Ashtamy day the Hindus bathe early in the morning and worship the God before daybreak. The pilgrims begin bathing even from 2 A.M., so as to worship the God before daybreak. My friends also got up early and worshipped in the temple before daybreak. I also followed their example.

The crowd this year was pretty large. The young Ranees of Travancore with their guardian, the celebrated Kerala Varma, C. S. I., Valiya Coil Thampuram, and others were there on a religious tour. The presence of the Royal party attracted several people from the Northern parts of Travancore, who came there to have a look at their young Ranees, recently adopted.

At about 5-30, we saw the Ranees going to the temple escorted by the local Tasildar and other officials, the Nayar Brigade Sepoys with band and the palace servants. After worship, they returned to the palace adjoining the temple. The guardian Kerala Varma C. S. I., and Rama Varma, the Consort of the Senior Ranee, were not among them in the temple and on enquiry we knew that they had some pollution which prevented them from attending the temple. The Ranees and others stayed there for four days and then left Vycome for Trivandrum.

During the festival we met several of our old friends of Travancore, who invited us to Trivandrum. One of the friends proposed a long tour as far as Cape Comorin, the southernmost end of Travancore. This was a happy idea and we all consented. Soon after the festival we started for our long trip into Travancore. From the boat we had a full view of the lagoon in all its glory with low islands covered with grass and sedges. The banks on either side were covered with fine jungles con-

taining handsome convolvulus and other creepers and flowering shrubs. Besides this, the green cluster of coconut trees, which glisten in the morning sun give the lookers-on a very pleasing scenery.

In an hour or so we neared an island called Pathiramanal or the mysterious land of the midnight filled with forests of coconut. This island has a very peculiar tale to tell regarding its origin. The people say that this owes its existence to the piety of a Nampooripad. The tradition runs as follows.—A Nampoor Brahmin was travelling in a canoe through this lake some hundreds of years ago and when the canoe reached the place where the island now is, it was 6 p. m. and the Nampoor asked a boatman to land him somewhere to perform his evening ablutions. The boatman said that they were in the middle of the lake and it is not possible to land him anywhere there. The Brahmin was an orthodox Hindu and he could not postpone his ablutions. At once the Brahmin recited certain mantrams and jumped into the lake and the waters gave way and land arose from below to the astonishment of the boatman and all those in the boat. He performed his ablutions there and went away. This island still exists and is known as *Pathiramanal*. By 4.30 our launch steamed into the Alleppy Canal and we were landed at the Alleppy town by 4.45 p.m. Alleppy, the Venice of Travancore, is the chief seaport of the state. Many European and American firms have their representatives here and they carry on trade in copra, coir, and other Travancore goods. This port was opened during the time of Raja Keshava Das, Dewan, in the reign of Rama Varma. There is a flagstaff here and a lighthouse with a revolving white light attaining its greatest brilliancy every minute. The light is 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.

In this town we spent a day and a night and we started for Quilon, not in the steam launch but in a house boat or rather cabin boat as it is called in this state. A cabin boat is very convenient for travelling. The cabin portion occupies one half of the boat and the other half is set apart for the rowers who sit in two rows on each side and row, singing songs peculiar to the profession. After supper we started. As soon as we had advanced a few yards in the canal, a policeman on duty at the canal stopped us and said, that their Highnesses the Ranees who were staying at Alleppy Palace on their way from Vycome were coming by that canal on their way to Mavelikara, and that he had orders not to allow any boat to pass through before the

Royal boats had passed. Of course a policeman was to be obeyed and we awaited the Ranees' boats.

In about five minutes we heard music and tom tom and saw torches on either side of the canal, which announced that the Royal party were advancing.

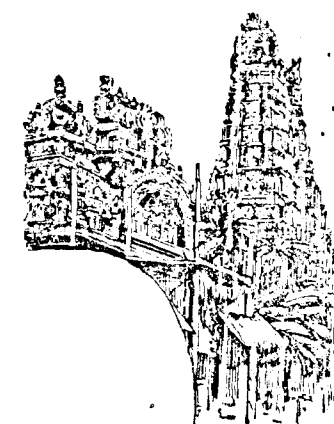
The local Tasildar with the police inspector and a few constables led the procession of the boats. Then came a few snake boats which contained a large number of men singing *Valla Pattus*, songs composed by well known authors of old. Then came the cabin boat containing the two Ranees, then that of the Senior Ranees' Consort, then came the Valiya Coil Thampuram's boat, and the other boats. On either side of the canal, men holding flaming torches were stationed, who were all attention as the boats passed about them. After the boats had passed, they forsook their stations and ran behind the boats till tired, others taking their places when they failed, and so "looking back the spectacle was like a crowd of gigantic fire-flies flitting about in the dark receding avenue of trees."

For sometime we also followed the party, but as they were bound for Mavelikara, the birth place of the Ranees, and we were for Quilon, we had to take a different route and so we did. In the meanwhile, one of our friends said that we should halt at Ampalapurgha, the old capital of the Chempakasherri Rajas, and taste the celebrated palpayasam, and to satisfy this friend we agreed to halt at Karumady, which we reached in about three hours and spent the remaining part of the night in the traveller's bungalow there. Early in the morning we walked off to Ampalapurgha, bathed in the tank, worshipped the lord Krishna, and bought the required quantity of palpayasam, took our meals and returned to Karumady and resumed our journey. Since it was a pleasure trip, we meant to visit almost every important town of Travancore. Karumady is a very convenient centre for haltings. It has a very nice travellers' bungalow all neat and clean. Not a few yards from Karumady you see the *Karumady Kutten*, a stone image with head and breast above water. The people have a very interesting legend about this *Kutten* and it is this. Some time ago a Brahmin was travelling by this side when he came across a Pulaya on the way. Being a high caste Hindu, the Brahmin asked the Pulaya to stand away from his way so that he may not be polluted by his standing close to the Brahmin. This, the Pulaya refused and the Brahmin cursed him, and it is said that by the superhuman powers of the Brahmin, the Pulaya was turned into a granite image. I do not know whether this story is true or not. But there are some people who believe this to be true even in these civilized days. But some

say it is a Buddhist or Jain image. But whatever it may be, we left him there and passed on to Thrikunnapurgha where we halted for the night. Thrikunnapurgha is a small principality belonging to the Raja of Edappally. Here there is a palace of the Edappally Chief, a police station and a temple dedicated to Sastha. Some three miles to the east of Thrikunnapurgha is Haripad. A few yards from it is the celebrated snake grove at Mannarsalay. Some of my friends wanted to see the snake grove and we arranged a small canoe to take us to Haripad. Early in the morning we reached Haripad. Haripad is a small town in Central Travancore. It has a taluq catechery, a munsiff's court, two high schools, a registrar's office, a post office, a police station and other institutions. The temple is dedicated to Subramonia, the God of War and Medicine. He is also called Karthikeya and his worship is said to be in some respects special to the Tamilians. Subramonia is a most benevolent deity protecting the helpless and avenging the wicked. It was this God Subramonia who defeated Tharakasura and freed the Devas from the various torments they had to undergo at their hands. *Kavadi Eduppu*, is a favourite vow with this God. This consists of two vessels full of milk or rose-water or sandal or camphor or any other substance, suspended at the two ends of the Kavadi. On the Thai Pooyam days, Poojas are offered to the Kavadi and it is taken to the temple. If the bearer of the Kavadi is holy and pure of mind and body, the vessels will be found full to the brim and the contents will be taken in to the God, but if the pilgrim be impure the contents will be less and it will be rejected. And this means the God is not pleased with him. We all worshipped in the temple and in the evening went over to the Ananthapuram palace, the family house of Kerala Varma C. S. I., Valiya Coil Thampuram, to see the Senior Coil Thampuram, who is also the Valiya Raja of Parappanad. The palace is a big one and it is situated on the bank of the *Dhana Canoe* of Hariyad and it is easily accessible by boat. In front is a large arch through which we passed in and we were led into a long big portico. Passing this, we saw the main palace, which is of a big Naluketta fashion. Most of the houses in these parts are Nalukettus (i. e.) houses consisting of four contiguous halls with a yard in the middle. Nalukettu literally means "four roofs" and the four roofs of the four halls meet together forming a yard in the centre. There are several buildings attached to the palace and they all look grand. We went to the Senior, Coil Thampuram, who lives in the *Palakulangara* palace. This old Koil Thampuram is a fine gentleman. He is an expert in native medicine

and for several years the Superintendent of the Medical Examinations of the Travancore Government. We had a talk with him for an hour or so and then we went over to Mannarsalay.

The Vasantha Urchavam in Madura



THE Vasantha Urchavam of the great Sri Minakshi-Sundaresvarar pagoda has just come to an end. This is one of the numerous annual festivals founded by Tirumala Naidu, the distinguished ruler of the Madura country (1623-59) who has left his name to be remembered

for ever by his many splendid public buildings of ancient art and architecture and his munificence to the Hindu temples which owe their grandeur and magnificence to him and him alone. The *Vasantha Urchavam* is held in *Vasantha Mandapam*, popularly known as *Puthu (new) Mandapam*, otherwise called by the English writers, as 'Tirumala Nayakkar's choultry.' It was built by the ruler whose name it bears as a delightful summer retreat during ten days in the hot month of *Vyikasi* (May-June) for the god and the goddess, Sundaresvarar and Minakshi, and surrounded by a narrow stone water-course designed to cool the air during the fierce heat of summer. This is why it is called *Vasantha* (spring) *Urchavam* and a Mandapam built for the celebration of such a festival is called *Vasantha Mandapam*. The building is a pillared hall of four ranges of columns of 124 most elaborately sculptured pillars of about twenty feet high, each of which differs from the other. It is a rectangular porch 333 feet long and 105 feet wide roofed with long slabs of granite, supported by the four parallel rows above mentioned. The facade or the front is adorned with more *gatis* or with groups, all cut out of a single block of granite, representing warriors seated on rearing horses, the forefeet of which are supported by the shields of foot-soldiers slaying tigers or men, etc. The pillars near the centre-aisle are decorated with life-size figures

of Tirumala (with his wives) and his nine predecessors. At the western end is the porch made of polished black granite. It is to this raised porch the god and the goddess are brought and placed all the ten days of the festival. Some English writers say that the Mandapam was built by Tirumala as a guest house for Siva, who consented to pay the King an annual visit of ten days on condition that a hall worthy of his dignity was built for his reception; but my endeavours to ascertain the source of this information proved unsuccessful.

As works exhibiting difficulties overcome by patient labor, says Fergusson, "they are unrivalled, so far as I know, by anything found elsewhere." In the words of the recent writer Francis, "The whole building is, perhaps, the most remarkable of its kind in South India." According to Nelson these works "were hugely constructed works of a highly ornamental character, such as could not have been built by any other than a despot possessed of boundless wealth. The most important work was the *Vasanthu* or *Putha* mantapam, which still exists in a perfect state. This truly handsome building is an oblong of more than a hundred yards by between twenty and thirty, covered by a flat roof which is composed of long slabs of granite and supported by one hundred and twenty-four stone pillars, covered in the ordinary Hindu style, about twenty feet high, and placed in four rows. According to Wilson's description, which is borrowed from Blackader, the edifice is "purely Hindu and blends the square and massive character of the general structure with the singularly minute decorations, and luxuriantly fantastic development of the details." According to Wilson, the work was begun in the second year of Tirumala's reign; was completed in twenty-two years; and cost upwards of a million sterling. But one of the Oriental Historical Manuscripts says that it cost one lac of Pons or £20,000; and was finished in seven years, having been commenced in 1626. Nelson considers the latter account to be far the more credible.

P. R. VENKATESALU NAIDU.



Florence Nightingale



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, the younger of the two daughters of Mr. William Shore Nightingale of Embley Park, Hampshire, and Lea Hurst, Derbyshire, was born at Florence in the year 1829, and named after that beautiful city. She spent all her younger days very happily among the towers and valleys of Lea Hurst.

It is said that even when she was quite a little girl, she had that intense love for poor suffering animals, which grew with her growth until it became "the master passion of her life." Her love towards animals was so intense that even the shyest of them was not afraid to come close to her and pick up whatever she flung for them to eat.

Mr. Nightingale, who was a man singularly in advance of his time as regards female education, gave his daughter a wider and higher education than was often bestowed on women even at that comparatively recent date, and this training stood her in good stead when she was abroad in foreign countries. She was also taught music and needle work which she mastered very soon. Indeed, she took an active interest in these studies; but none of them have attracted her more than the art of nursing, to which she had a natural inclination, and it was in this that she has earned an everlasting fame which is held in high honour by the English people.

So she gave up the life of the so-called "pleasure" at home, and after having visited several institutions at home and abroad, she reached the well-known Pastor Fliedner Deaconesses' Institution, at Kaisersworth, on the Rhine, where the sternest and strictest views of practical duties are daily inculcated and practiced. She spent some months in that institution, and within that time she thoroughly mastered the art of sick-nursing. From there she visited institutions for similar purposes, in Germany, France, and Italy.

Years of hard study prepared her for the great task which she afterwards performed at Crimea. She did not grow disgusted with this work, even though it would appear tiresome to almost all women of her rank and position, because she had an intense love for practical work, and this love went hand in hand with her love of every living thing, which was one of her inborn faculties. In a letter of Miss Nightingale as a young woman, she says with regard to the work, "I would say also to all

young ladies who are called to any practical vocation, qualify yourselves for it, as a man does for his work. Don't think you can undertake it otherwise. No one should attempt to teach the Greek language until he is master of the language; and this he can only become by hard study.

"If you are called to man's work, do not exact a woman's privileges—the privilege of inaccuracy, of weakness, of muddle heads. Submit yourselves to the rules of business, as men do, by which alone you can make God's business succeed; for He has never said that He will give his success and His blessing to inefficiency, to sketchy and unfinished work." She further gives us her own views on the subject of training: "Three-fourths of the whole mischief in women's lives arises from their excepting themselves from the rules of training considered needful for men."

After leaving Kaisersworth, Miss Nightingale worked awhile with the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul in Paris. On her return to England, she found active service in the Sanatorium in Harley Street for gentlewomen, which was then on the road to decay. There she stayed for fourteen months, and within that short time it was found that there was no inaccuracy, no weakness, no inability, no muddleheadedness in what she undertook, but that everything was businesslike, orderly and thorough. Under her direction, the domestic, financial and sanitary affairs of the institution were once more placed on a sound footing.

Now while Miss Nightingale was resting a while from her labours in this quarter, the great Crimean War broke out. England was horrified and ashamed at the frightful disorganisation of the supplies and the deplorable breakdown of the sanitary administration.

The combat deepened. Men were wounded in Crimea. Hospitals were far off at Scutari. Provisions were exhausted. The condition of the hospitals at Scutari were indescribably horrible. Mr. William Howard Russell, the special correspondent of the *Times*, wrote on the absolute chaotic condition of the hospitals thus: "The commonest accessories of a hospital are wanting; there is not the least attention paid to decency or cleanliness; the stench is appalling; the foetid air can barely struggle out to taint the atmosphere, save through the chinks in the walls and roofs; and, for all I can observe, these men die without the least effort being made to save them. There they lie, just as they were let gently down on the ground by the poor fellows, their comrades, who brought them on their backs from the camp with the greatest tenderness, but who are not allowed to remain with

them. The sick appear to be tended by the sick and the dying by the dying."

On the fifteenth of October, Miss Nightingale who deeply felt the intensity of the crisis, wrote to Mr. Sidney Herbert, (afterwards Lord Herbert) the minister of war, offering her services to the hospitals at Scutari. On the very same day Mr. Herbert had written to her. As soon as the letter of the minister reached her, she, accompanied by thirty-four other trained nurses, set sail for Crimea.

She arrived there on the fifth of November, the very day on which the battle of Inkerman was fought. When she took up the great task that was imposed upon her, she was beset with difficulties of every kind. But to a person of her nature difficulties were only an incentive. Everything was in disorder. The whole business was placed under her care. But by her industry and ability, she soon proved fully equal to the charge she had undertaken. She at once directed her attention to the nursing of the sick and the wounded.

"Whenever there is disease in its most dangerous form," wrote Mr. Russell a few days after her arrival, "and the hand of the spoiler distressingly nigh, there is that incomparable woman sure to be seen; her benignant presence is an influence for good comfort even amid the struggles of expiring nature. She is a 'ministering angel' without any exaggeration, in these hospitals and as her slender form glides quietly along each corridor, every poor fellow's face softens with gratitude at the sight of her. When all the medical officers have retired for the night, and silence and darkness have settled upon these miles of prostrate sick, she may be observed, alone, with a little lamp in her hand, making her solitary rounds. With the heart of a true woman and the manner of a lady, accomplished and refined beyond most of her sex, she combines a surprising calmness of judgment and promptitude and decision of character. The popular instinct was not mistaken, which, when she set out from England on her mission of mercy, hailed her as a heroine. I trust that she may not earn her title to a higher, though sadder, appellation. No one who has observed her fragile figure and delicate health can avoid misgivings lest these should fail."

One day a soldier said to Mr. Sydney Herbert: "She would speak to one and another, and nod and smile to many more; but she could not do it to all, you know—we lay there in hundreds—but we could kiss her shadow as it fell and lay our heads on the pillow again, content."*

* This incident has been woven into a beautiful poem, named "Santa Filomena," by the well known American poet, Longfellow, which is added at the end of the sketch.

At length, the war came to an end. The nation made preparations to receive its heroine with the most passionate enthusiasm. But she quietly slipped unnoticed to her home at Derbyshire. Her Majesty the Queen presented her with a beautiful and costly decoration in commemoration of her work at Crimea. Mr. Herbert in one of his speeches in the Parliament, said: "I have received not only from medical men, but from many others who have had an opportunity of making observations, letters couched in the highest possible terms of praise. I will not repeat the words, but no higher words of praise could be applied to woman, for the wonderful energy, the wonderful tact, the wonderful tenderness, combined with the extraordinary self-devotion, which have been displayed by Miss Nightingale."

A sum of fifty thousand pounds was subscribed by the people to a national testimonial which was set on foot on her return to England. But she did not accept the sum for her own personal benefit. This sum was devoted to found the Nightingale Home, for the training of the nurses connected with St. Thomas Hospital, London. She threw all her energy into the development of this home, and she very soon succeeded in directing it to the high road to permanent success.

Apart from her work in the hospitals, she has written many valuable books. Her most important work, "Notes on Nursing," enjoyed a notable success. It was followed by many other books among which may be mentioned, "Notes on Hospitals" and "How to live and not die in India."

She spent the later part of her life in working in the Nightingale Home. After rendering useful service to this institution, she peacefully passed away on the 21st of August, 1910.

It will not surprise any one to hear that she was very zealous for everything which could lift up and improve the lives of women and give them a higher conception of their duties and responsibilities. She was a staunch supporter of the extension of the Parliamentary representation to women, because she was conscious of the fact that representatives would never be better than the people they represent.

In the life and work of this great benefactress of the suffering humanity, there is a lesson for those patriotic Indian ladies who are anxious to add their mite to the uplift of the people of India.

P. SANKERAN PILLAI.

Santa Filomena

(By H. W. LONGFELLOW)

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honour to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low.

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp.

The wounded from the battle plain
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened, and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

To Attiya Fyzee

Full are my pitchers, and far to carry,
None is the way and long,
Why, O why, was I tempted to tarry,
Lured by the boatmen's song?
Swiftly the shadows of night are falling,
Hear, O hear, is the wild crane calling!
Is it the white owl's cry?
There are no tender moonbeams to light me,
If in the darkness a serpent should bite me,
Or if an evil spirit should smite me,
Ram, re Ram! I shall die!
My brother will murmur "Why doth she linger?"
My mother will wait and weep,
Saying "O safe may the great Gods bring her,
The Jamna's waters are deep."
The Jamna's waters rush by so thickly,
The shadows of evening gather so quickly,
Like black birds in the sky.
Say, if the storm breaks, What will betide me?
Safe from the thunder, where shall I hide me?
Unless Thou shelter my footsteps and guide me,
Ram, re Ram! I shall die!

—Sarojini Naidu.

The Charm of the Desert

There is charm in the dawn when the morn's red flush
On cloud and hill top lingers;
There is charm in the spring when roses blush,
While young love flows from the throat of the thrush
Like the song of the mite-singers.

And there linger soft spells where the South-wind weeps
O'er dreamy groves of coral,
Where beneath the blue wave the white pearl sleeps;
There beckon sweet dreams where the fountain leaps
In fair groves of myrtle and laurel.

But oh, of all charms that have ever been told
In mystic song or story,
The sublimest repose where the sands of gold
The brooding spirit of silence unfold,
When the desert reveals her glory.

Oh, so weird it stretches, so ghostlike, the plain,
The heart with awe is throbbing
Till longing turns into sad, mellow pain,
Waile through the distance again and again
Come the sounds of sad spirits sobbing.

Through the still burning air hazy vapours roll,
Then take form in large numbers;
And lo, silent phantoms in marble stole
Float through the still air and beckon the soul
To shores where strange mystery slumbers.

And noiselessly on through the silence they sail
To distant, glimmering bowers;
Weird mystery follows their ghostly trail,
When lo, on the ground through the sandy veil
Burst fountains of myriad flowers.

And the eye beholds through the opening rift
Strange realms not known to mortals.
The soul and the silence together drift
To places where veil upon veil is lift
From shadowy spectral portals.

And the heart feels nearer that great silent goal
That in all things inherit;
While all being blends into one great soul,
And over this vast mysterious whole
Rests eternity's brooding spirit.

Sees the soul, that can read, on this barren strand,
Where slumber ages hoary,
The Godhead revealed in a grain of sand
While the sad winds weep o'er the thirsting land,
When the desert reveals her glory.

—A. CHRISTINA ALBERS

Duties of Wives



THIS is a new publication from the "Lakshmi Bai" Office, Trichur, and it is of course a noble acquisition to the Malayalam literature. We welcome this handy volume before us in that it places within easy reach of our sisters the elementary principles of

Hygiene, domestic economy, gardening, and various other useful information which every one of our ladies ought to know. The book is most interesting and instructive and the author, Mr. Vadakepattu Narayanan Nair, deserves the cordial thanks of the Malayalam speaking community for placing at the disposal of their ladies such a valuable book in an easily understandable form.

As the author says, it is a Malayalam rendering of a chapter from the *Valsayanceyam* and it contains 30 sections, all of which have been well annotated and fully explained in chaste and simple Malayalam and we are glad to be able to say that the author has fairly succeeded in his self-imposed task.

The subjects treated of in the book were published bit by bit in the "Lakshmi Bai" the Malayalam ladies' magazine of Trichur and the present volume is a reprint of the same published, through the patriotic spirit of Mr V. Narayana Menon, the editor of the magazine. This indeed is a very necessary publication for the Indian ladies and we hope and trust that the Government of Travancore and Cochin and the Director of Public Instruction, Madras, will patronize the work by prescribing it as a text book for the girls' schools of the Presidency.

As Mr. R. Eswara Pillay, B. A., observes in his introduction, "If our girls, who are at different stages on the high road to wedlock, would take the trouble of reading the book and digesting its contents, every one of them would, when she reaches her destination, become the ideal wife which Wordsworth so graphically portrays in the following well-known lines:—

The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command.

The book is printed in one of the best printing establishments at Trichur, viz., "Bharatha Vilasom" Press, and it is moderately priced.

The Srinivasa Mandiram



THE members of the Ladies section held a very pleasant and interesting social function on Saturday afternoon, at which there were present many ladies of rank and position. Among others present were Sowbhag Sundaraboyamma (Mrs. T. Ananda Rao), all the

ladies from the family of Sir P. N. Krishnamurthi, K.C.I.E., Mrs. and Miss K. P. Puttanna Chetty, Sowbhag. Gangaboyanima, Miss (Dr.) R. Govindarajulu, Mrs. Hirone Iyengar, Mrs. T. Kamalamma, Mrs. M. Rangacharya, Mrs. Puttasubbamma, Mrs. and Miss E. I. Hensman, Miss A. Hensman, Mrs. Vengadamma, Miss M. Butler, Miss A. F. Paget, Mrs. C. H. Yates, Mrs. J. W. Chambers, Miss M. B. Rees, Miss E. M. Rees, Mrs. P. L. Larsen, Mrs. L. Giramma, and several others. The hall was full, and late-comers could not find seats. The decorations were very artistic, the English ladies admiring them very much.

The proceedings commenced under the presidency of Mrs. T. Ananda Rao, and when she was ushered into her chair, some girls began singing the usual invocation, addressed to Sarasvathi, the goddess of learning. Three girls, Sowbhag. B. Mahalakshmi, B. Seethamma and Kanakamma, played on the harmonium and vina, and Srimathi M. Lakshamma read a short paper on the best way of training the mind.

The President then said that it was the request of the secretary and the members that she should say a few words of advice to one of the young members of the Association, who had shown much industry and will in pursuing her studies. She would accordingly ask Sowbhag. Gangamma to repeat what she had said to her.

Sowbhag. Gangamma then addressed the audience as follows:—

LADIES.—I am only speaking the President's words, I am her mouthpiece. She is much pleased to take part in to-day's proceedings. Education and its advancement is the primary object of this Association. Hence, she thinks that it is our duty to extend our sympathetic aid to girl students who aim at education and make progress in their studies. Many discourses have been delivered here by scholarly ladies on education, and she finds it difficult to speak anything in a special way. Education

is both useful for the present and for the future. Good alone must result from education, and not any injurious consequences. Education should prove such as will enable us to live up to the ideals of the ancient. We must walk in their righteous ways, following their footsteps, as our Gurus and Acharyas. We must copy what is good in the present civilisation and reject what is bad. Thus we should give prominence to education. We must become selfless. The more we advance, the more we learn, by little and little we should try to become educated, giving no room for any vanity to spring up in our hearts. We must practise sympathy, kindness and forbearance. We must be charitable and kind to all. Women of education should always bear these things in mind and keep them as foremost matters by which they should be guided. Our elders consider such education as real education. If it results otherwise, it is no education at all. The President is glad to know that Sowbhag Rangamma has passed the Lower Secondary Examination in English, for which she only appeared as a private candidate. It is also creditable because she is non-Brahmin, and comes from a respectable family of a very backward class in education. She wishes her more success and good luck. She also expects her to lead always a life of religion and piety.

The President then presented the cup, saucer, and the books to Sowbhag Rangamma.

Sowbhag Rangamma then made a short reply expressing her gratitude for the honour done her and for the very little she had learnt. She said that she would try to deserve their kindness.

Sowbhag Santamma and Rukmaniamma entertained the audience with some songs, a *Mangalam* was sung, and the pleasant proceedings were brought to a close by the distribution of flowers, *pan-supari* and the sprinkling of rose water.—(From a Correspondent.)—(Selected).

A Noble Girl



LONG AGO, a little girl verging on the age of eleven, went out for an evening walk on the outskirts of a city. Her youthful soul was contemplating the grandeur of the setting sun and the beauties of Nature around—but Alas! In the midst of joyfulness, for the child of my narrative, a darkness fell, the darkness of wonder and despair. She suddenly saw a burning hut, and, not stopping

to contemplate and doubt her duty, she ran with the speed of lightning into it there to find a weeping babe. To her bosom she uplifted this human blossom of innocence and hope. But with difficulty, she came out with the baby-boy. The parents were overjoyed with what they saw, and were ashamed to have faltered from saving their only hope, for they were old and did not expect another joy that parents behold in their children.

The child was fondled by all around, and soon eyes were turned towards the heroine of my story. With horror it was found that she had become blind. Tremblingly, the occupants of the burnt hut led her to her rich castle and related the story of her misfortune and the deed of bravery and honour.

Grief enwrapped her parents, but a worthy pride arose within them for their child. Occulists from all parts of the world were invited to cure her. Failure was the result.

The blind girl could find no greater pleasure than in the sweet company of the poor little baby she had rescued from the jaws of fire. However, this was granted and they who had been the cause of her misfortune came and lived with the baby near the castle, so that they could bring her the child daily. Though completely blind, she was inspired with a new cheerfulness, that of contentment. Like a beacon light her face shone whenever she held the child closely to herself.

Dear readers! Remember that if you are benevolent to all without restriction of any nature, to you will also descend the reward that we are about to see. came to this rich man's unfortunate daughter.

Long afterwards, in sleep, she beheld a female angel descending to her, and within a short while ascending the Throne of Heaven again. Blind were her eyes but her mental power was keen, so she lay on her bed with this train of thoughts. 'If an angel has descended to me, she has not descended in vain, it is to lead me to life beyond.' 'Muse no more,' the angel said. She with her had brought two brilliant stars and applied them to the vacant space of her eyes. Kissing her, blessing her, the messenger of God left her behind and ascended high up towards heaven.

Her rich parents were overjoyed at this good fortune. They made a grand present in land to the old man and his wife, so they lived happily ever after with their only child, who was saved as we have seen from the fury of the raging flames.

This child of God was not proud, though rich, she always prayed to God, thanking him for His grace; that which she asked for herself she prayed for others ten-fold.

My dear friends! I beseech you to copy this noble girl, for in her you will see an embodiment of loveliness, grace, dignity, and benevolence. Severe was her trial and brave the child who could stand the call of Duty so well! The famous poet Wordsworth very truly says in his 'Ode to Duty':—

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth;
Glad hearts! without reproach or blot;
Who do thy work, and know it not.
Long may the kindly impulse last!
But thou, if they should totter,
Teach them to stand fast!

"DIANA."

Cousin Alice: A Practical Joke

A TRUE STORY



ONCE upon a time, Hazel, Doris and Lavinia, or Loo as she was called being the baby of the family, had gone to Khandwa, a little station in the Central Provinces for the Christmas holidays with their mother who was an invalid. Their father, Mr. Sutherlands, was working in a Government office and could not accompany them. Nevertheless, they did not enjoy themselves the less, as they were left mostly in the charge of their ayah who allowed them a good deal of freedom and only had to see that they did not get into serious mischief, it being holiday-time.

Hazel at the time of this story was fourteen years of age. She was a bright, pretty, vivacious girl, rather inclined to fatness and brimming over with the exuberance of her spirits. Her hair was of a dark shade of brown, which, with all her ayah's care to keep it in order would still escape in curls round her face. Her eyes were of a deep hazel colour from which she must have derived her name, but they were not characteristic of it, as, instead of finding the calm serious look which is what one should expect from hazel eyes, they were full of fun and mischief, with a mischievous gleam lurking in them, so that you felt the owner was always in waiting to play her pranks on you. She was the one anxiety of her mother, who, poor woman, could not keep her watchful eye on her at all times as she was unable to leave her room.

Doris, who was two years younger, was more sedate. She was tall (equal in height to her sister) and slim, with a far-away expression in her eyes, which gave her the look of the elder rather than the younger sister. She was also pretty but lacked the gaiety and brightness of her sister. I am sorry to say here that she was often made the butt of her sister's tricks and suffered a good deal of inconvenience, as for instance, one day, when some friends came over to see them and her mother feeling very listless and disinclined for company, Doris had to do the entertaining, Hazel not being found, no doubt brewing some new mischief as was indeed found to be the case.

Doris had just answered the many questions about her mother and asked her friends to sit down. She herself took a seat at the same time on her favourite chair, near the window which commanded a pretty view of the garden. All of a sudden, she felt an ominous creak beneath her, and before she could say a word was drowned in the chair (drowned, I say as a basin of water was placed under it which she had not perceived). Hazel had cut the cane-work of the seat and Doris not suspecting anything wrong had sat down quite innocent of the danger. She was extricated from her awkward position and Hazel who was hidden behind the door the whole time and no doubt been a witness and the author of the mischief, now came in, pretending the greatest concern and was all sweetness and sympathy. Oh! Doris dear, *whocver* could have done such a thing! Poor darling, are you hurt, dear? and so on.

Of course she was punished later, but did not mind that, having gained her end.

Little Loo was a mixture of naughtiness and goodness. She was always ready for fun and took a gleeful delight in disclosing Hazel's secrets, which was a great restriction to her plans. Loo was only 2 years of age and was a bright loving little soul, the pride and joy of her parent's hearts. So much for the Sutherlands family. I wish my readers to know something about their characters, before I begin on "Cousin Alice" and show how Hazel, for once was paid back in her own coin.

The children had just been out for a ramble in the garden and came in eagerly for the letters which arrived daily for them from their father. To-day it was Hazel's turn to receive hers, as Mr. Sutherlands could only write one each day, his time being much limited. Doris and Baby Loo looked on while Hazel slowly read the letter. It was a pleasure merely to watch her face while she read. Her expression seemed to change with every sentence. Now surprise, now joy, now wonder mingled with delight, there was no doubt that she

had received a most unusual letter which contained really extraordinary news. No sooner had she devoured the contents than she waved it towards Doris with an expressive "Hurrah", and without telling them a word, which was most inconsiderate of her, seeing that they were looking on in breathless suspense for the news that they knew it must contain, she dashed into her mother's room, regardless of the fact that she was in a nervous unstrung condition and thrust the letter into her hand while she danced round the room to give vent to her feelings. Knowing Hazel's vagaries, Doris accompanied by little Loo had followed more quietly and now came into their mother's apartment eager to know what had excited excitable Hazel to such a degree. Hazel could only say:—

"Doris! Doris! We've got a big cousin and papa is bringing her here next week!"

This was news indeed; but an extract from the letter gives a better idea of the newly-found cousin than what Hazel in her excited condition could give.

"Here is some news which I am sure will interest you, Hazel. I have written all about it to your mother. I received a letter from my late brother's daughter, saying her mother has just died and her last wishes were that she (Alice) should take up her residence with me. Alice has lived all her life in a shop at Bangalore where her mother was an assistant after my brother's death and when Alice became big enough and her mother too weak to work, Alice got her post and has been working there till now. She has started from there on the day she wrote the letter and I expect her by to-day's train. I shall bring her up for Christmas and hope my Doris and Hazel will not knock her about, as she is rather delicate." That was all, but the children were wild with delight at having a real grown-up cousin of their very own. They knew that their father had had a brother with whom he had quarrelled and knew also that he had a wife and little daughter who had disappeared on his death in spite of every effort made by Mr. Sutherlands to trace them.

Strange it was that Mrs. Sutherlands who generally joined in their fun and humoured their moods should now only give them an indulgent smile and not impart any of the news of Cousin Alice to them. Hazel with all her naughtiness was a very kind-hearted girl but she also had a high sense of her own importance and the idea of having "a mere shop-girl as our cousin", as she told Doris in one of their many conversations was rather galling to her pride. In the days that followed, the subject of "Cousin Alice" never seemed to end. In his letter to Doris next day, Mr. Sutherlands said that Alice had come. She

was a very beautiful girl with curling locks of golden hair, eyes as blue as the sky, rosy cheeks and a pretty smiling mouth. She was dressed in white trimmed with blue ribbons and blue forget-me-nots in her hat. She had had no time to get into mourning and had come as she was. She was withal very quiet and extremely fond of children, especially babies. The children thought it strange of Mr. Sutherlands to dwell on all the points of his niece, as he was very reticent and scarcely ever noticed how his own little girls were dressed.

"I wonder if papa will give such a nice description of us to her" thought Hazel. She was rather inclined to be jealous, but Baby Loo was delighted when the description was read to her and constantly cried:—"Me owes kuthin Alith, pitty kuthin Alith." Mother had prepared papa's room and all was ready for their arrival. But the children wondered why their mother smiles so peculiarly at their mention of "Cousin Alice", and only gave evasive answers to their innumerable questions with "I hope you all will like her, dears. Baby Loo I am sure will be her favourite, as your papa says she is so fond of babies".

This was not very encouraging, but it stopped their questionings. The long looked-for day at last arrived. The children were given the privilege of going to the station. The train was to arrive at 1 P. M., and the children started off half an hour before the time. As the station was a 10 minutes' walk from the house, ayah wheeled Baby Loo in her pram while Hazel and Doris walked by her side. They were full 20 minutes before the time and the children had to curb their impatience, while they waited for the minutes to pass ere they would see their father with "Cousin Alice".

Suddenly, the engine came whistling into the station with a noise that terrified little Loo and the crush that followed kept the children in their places, though poor ayah had a good deal of trouble in curbing Miss Hazel.

Surely, that tall dark form with the pig-sticker was their father standing outside one of the carriages with his modest luggage of a single trunk and bedding? Yes, it was he, and away bounded Hazel and Doris towards him without waiting for Baby Loo who started crying lustily at not being the first to greet papa.

Baby Loo followed up with ayah and having almost smothered their father with kisses, their enquiries at once turned to that which was foremost in their thoughts.

"Where's Cousin Alice, papa, where's Cousin Alice? You haven't gone and lost her surely, papa!" and Hazel peered into the compartment thinking she was in there.

Their father did not answer, but instead adroitly turned the drift of their chatter to their mother, asking how she was and whether they liked the house and place. But they were not to be satisfied so easily and returned home with him, thinking he had become a bit eccentric.

On arriving home and after the first welcomes were over and all were seated in the parlour, their mother having also graced the occasion with her company, Mr. Sutherlands told the servant to fetch his luggage. A long box which in their excitement they had not noticed before was now brought in and slowly opened by Mr. Sutherlands himself. Suddenly taking off the cover and drawing forth a beautiful large flaxen-haired doll tallying with the description of "Cousin Alice", Mr. Sutherlands presented it to the children with "Here's 'Cousin Alice' dears, she's very fond of babies and has come from Bangalore—Why, where are the children?" said he. A question he may well ask, as Hazel and Doris had escaped into the garden to hide their disappointment.

Their father soon came up with Baby Loo and "Cousin Alice" who held a proud position between the two. Little Loo was crying gleefully "Booful kuthin Alith, booful dolly, good papa", and the children soon forgot their disappointment in sharing Baby's delight.

FANNY SLOAN.

News and Notes

MME. CURIE, the principal discoverer of radium, has been specially invited to America to take part in the International Chemical Congress, which is to be held at Washington in 1912. This American Chemical Society last year made Mme. Curie an honorary member.

MISS FLORA WILSON, daughter of the Secretary of Agriculture, has been singing for the music-lovers in Los Angeles, and talking suffrage for the suffragists. She declares herself to be a strong suffragist, which in her opinion is a somewhat better name than suffragette.

MRS. HELEN L. GREENFELD, who has got back to Denver from her lecture tour in the East, addressed the Colorado Equal Suffrage Association the other day. The Denver Republican says: "She spoke particularly of the recent victory for the suffrage cause in Wisconsin, declaring her conviction that the triumph had been hastened by the very bitterness of the opposition."

DR. FLORENCE SABIN writes to correct the statement, that Johns Hopkins University sent a delegation of women doctors to march in the suffrage parade. Miss Sabin says that she and the other Johns Hopkins women who marched did so on their own responsibility.

MISS CHRISTINE BONNEVIE is the first woman to whom the doors of the Norwegian Academy of Science have been opened. She occupies a post in the zoological laboratory of the Christiania University, and has written a standard work on biology. Moreover, Miss Bonnevies has every chance to become the first woman professor in Scandinavia, since she has been placed first on the list to fill the chair of biology at the Christiania University.

MISS CLARA SMITH, instructor of mathematics at Wellesly College, has been elected a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, partly for solving a problem in mathematical science which for nearly a century has perplexed college professors and other savants. Miss Smith after several years' work discovered that S. Abel's theorems could be used to do Bissell's problems in a quicker and simpler manner than hitherto known. By this discovery she has given to physicists and mathematicians a labor-saving method that only scientists can fully appreciate.

MRS. ELIZABETH SMITH MITLER of Geneva, N.Y., a pioneer suffragist, and one of the loveliest and most beloved of women, passed away this week, at a very advanced age.

MISS CAROLINE KLINE has lately been appointed a truant officer in Jersey City, N. J., and the Board of Education has asked the Police Commissioners to grant her a police badge like those worn by the five male truant officers. The Police Commissioners have applied to the Corporation Counsel to know whether they can legally do so.

MRS. MAUD NATHAN, arrayed in a shawl and a hoop skirt in the style of 50 years ago, took the negative in a woman suffrage debate at the West End Republican Club in New York the other day, and argued with as much fervor as if she had been a real "Anti." She declared that dogs and cats should have the ballot before women, because they had never sought it. Dorothy Dix took the other side, and her wit called out almost continuous applause. The debate between these two brilliant women must have been richly worth hearing.

Miss ALICE PESTER is president of the Abigail Adams Equal Suffrage Club, just organized at Garvanza, Cal., under a big oak tree on the grounds of Dr. Louise M. Richter. The members are nineteen girls ranging from 14 to 20 years of age. They cannot vote this year if the suffrage amendment carries, but they are enthusiastic, and will do all they can to help the campaign. They propose to form a glee club, act as ushers at suffrage meetings, and enroll new recruits. The young girls signed the constitution on a table draped with the American flag, under the spreading boughs of the great oak, and will hold a meeting there every Monday afternoon. Each member went away waving a yellow and black suffrage pennant.

Miss KATHERINE BEMENT DAVIS of Rochester, N. Y., has been given a silver medal by the Italian Red Cross Society, in recognition of her valuable services to the Italian people at the time of the Messina earthquake two years ago. Miss Davis was visiting Italy, and did much for the earthquake sufferers. She has also a medal from President Taft acknowledging her services. Miss Davis is a Vassar graduate, and holds doctor's degree from the University of Chicago. For

a while she was superintendent of the New York State Reformatory for Women. In later years she has been active in a broad field of reformatory and philanthropic effort, part of the time as lecturer for the New York School of Philanthropy. Miss Davis has sailed for Italy to revisit the scene of her labors.

Mrs. O. H. P. BELMONT has been elected a school trustee of East Meadow, Hempstead, L. I., by a very large majority. It is said that most of the votes were cast by women.

Mrs. W. P. HULLOX of Canyon City was among the delegates appointed by Gov. Shafroth of Colorado to the Third National Peace Conference in Baltimore.

It matters not whether it be prince or peasant—all that is best, all that is lasting in the character of a man, he has learned at his mother's knee. Search the records, examine the opening years of those who have been distinguished for purity and virtue, and you will ascribe, with but few exceptions, the early culture of their minds and even all the first discipline of the heart, to the intelligence and affection of the mother.—*Earl of Shaftesbury.*

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

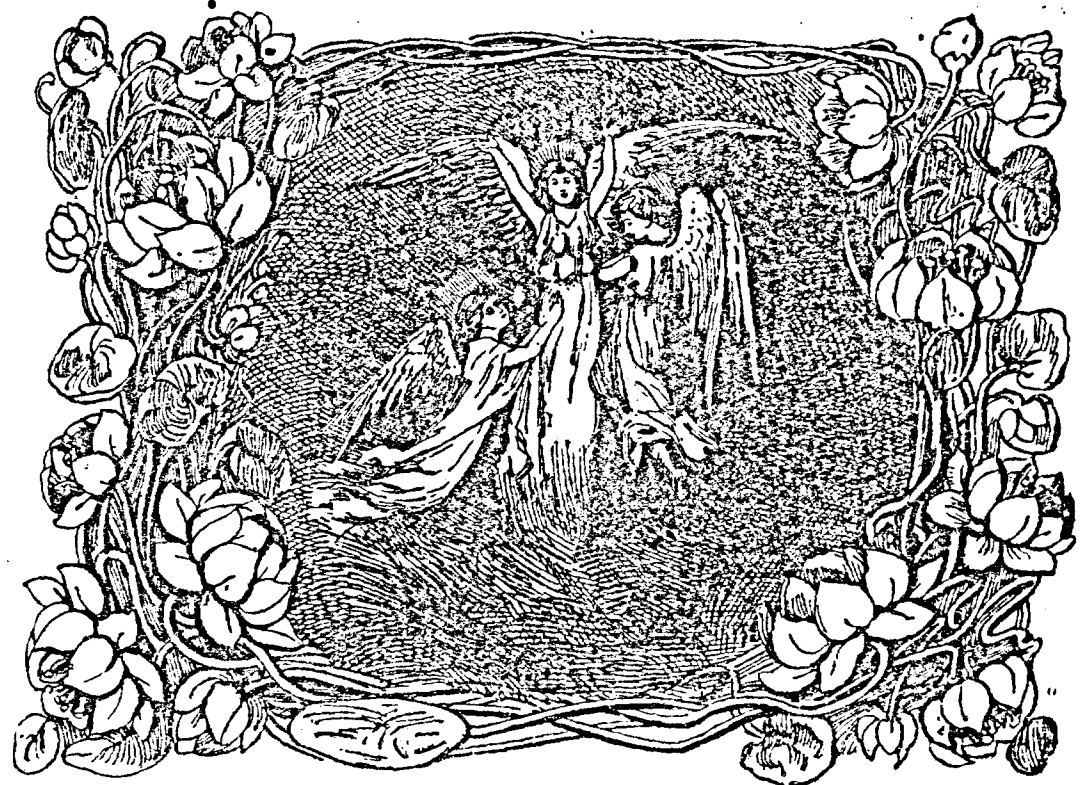
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GARBHA OR THE CIRCUITOUS GUZERAT DANCE



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. XI

AUGUST, 1911

No. 2

The Mother's Birthday

THOU so good, O thou so perfect,
Who lovest us with so much love,
With joy we hail thy birthday, mother,
Not all other days above.
In exchange of all our presents,
Of our songs composed for thee,
Of our field-flowers and our roses,
Give us kisses tenderly.

For thee, each day, O darling mother,
We raise our voices to the Lord;
But in prayer for thee this morning,
More fervently have we adored.
God will hear it; on thy pathway,
He will such rich blessings spread,
So much calm, O mother cherished,
That thou tears shalt never shed.

Then, to please thee, in our duties,
We shall try to do our best,
Never lift our heads while praying
Just before we go to rest.
Never make a noise or tumult,
When thou bidd'st us quiet be,
And the loudest shall be silent
At a single sign from thee.

Embrace us then, O dearest mother,
Press us well upon thy heart,
Our place accustomed, now and ever,
In joys, and when those joys depart,
Oh, what is there so good or precious
As a gentle mother's love?
On this earth, the only treasure
Sent us from the heavens above.

Glimpses of a Tour in Kashmir

(BY LADY BENSON)

IX



pretty pine log house in Pahlgam.

Many pathways through the woods, and about the grounds of the house had been cleared by the Engineer in charge during our absence, and a delightful lower garden revealed, which before had been completely hidden by overgrowth. Here we spent most of our days with books, and work, and sketching. There were no less than four lovely sketches to be had from that garden. Every evening the radiant gleams of rosy light at sunset, and the coppery glints over mountain, stream, and wood, made us breathless with delight. The garden around was a mass of wild flowers—mounds and banks, and meadows of tall pink balsams, and taller spikes of deep gentian blue larkspurs, thousands of deep rose-coloured potentillas, and very tall cream-colored scabions, while, overtopping them, were bushes of white giant spires; all through the grass and meadows were countless white and yellow flowers and as if this were not enough hollyhocks and sunflowers were bursting into bloom. While at Pahlgam we made several expeditions out for the day, taking breakfast and tea with us. The climb up to the *Baisaran Merg* behind the house was specially enjoyable. It was a steep climb through pine woods, with lovely glimpses through them of the peaks and views below. The great feature of these woods was the abundance of maidenhair ferns growing in wreaths round the trunks of the pine trees; the bigger the pine tree the better the wreath of maidenhair which clustered round its roots!

The *Merg* at the end of the walk is surrounded by snow peaks, and at one end the ground falls away in precipices to the vale of Kashmir below, showing a shimmering vista of green, blue, pink and opal distances, bound in far away by snowy peaks. Even in rain, the thick pine trees afford excellent shelter, the fallen pine needles making a soft bed on which to rest. Our two artists made a sketch of a beautiful old dead pine tree standing erect and forlorn, with a glorious bush of wild pink roses at its root—a picture which could be called "Life and Death" or "Crabbed Age and Youth". The sunset upon the *Merg* was so beautiful, it was impossible

to turn our backs on it to begin the return journey, though the delay involved stumbling down through steep woods in the dusk, that soon became duskier! but the sunset was worth it!

Beauty seen is never lost,
God's colours all are fast.
The glory of this sunset heaven
Into my soul has passed."

Another expedition was along the bed of the river Liddar for some miles, till we came to a bridge where two of its branches meet. We wandered up the banks of this second river till we found an extra soft bed of pine needles, and here we spent the day reading aloud and working. There is such a tumble of rocks and boulders in these rivers, such a wealth of pines and foliage about them, with overtowering cliffs and mountain peaks about, it is hard to give any one who is not familiar with mountain scenery, an idea of the whole.

We left Pahlgam on August 11th (just a month after we had started for the Amarnath trip, which began on July 11th) and as before we rode on our ponies to the Colonel Sahib's camp to wish them good bye. This time we did not leave our little terriers with them; the little dogs had been very unhappy until we passed their camp, evidently thinking they might be left behind; it was quite ludicrous to see their gambols of joy, when they found they were really coming along with us. Our thirty-seven coolies had started in front. We rode along the Pahlgam valley, past the little pine wood church, leaving behind us all the white camps under the pine woods. The pathway led over a pine log bridge, away up by the banks of the Liddar river, past the pleasant spots where we had had tea picnics with the Colonel Sahib and his wife, and spent happy afternoons, fishing, bathing, and sketching. After some miles the river narrowed considerably, and finally the pathway ran right under walls of rock, overhanging the torrent and over several avalanches of stones; these looked in a very unstable condition, as if a very little movement would shake down another rush of stones. We continued to ride on and up until three o'clock, when, over a lovely ravine we crossed on to grassy slopes, and caught sight of our white tents gleaming on the green grass. The march was over none too soon, for we had scarcely dismounted when down came the rain in torrents. The coolies made for the village huts—the village of *Aru* and so did herds of cows, with their tails over their backs, stampeding for shelter in the little wooden village. Fortunately the rain was only a smart thunder shower, without wind, so different from the driving rain, and tearing wind of the monsoon on the Nilgiri Hills.

The worst of rain in the afternoon when on

the march, is that it wets the tents and makes them so very heavy for the coolies to carry, and it also prevents an early start next morning, as one has to wait for the sun to dry the tents before packing them.

Our next march was to *Lidderwat*, still following the line of the river, but this time leaving its bed, and climbing straight up the mountains, hundreds of feet above it. It was a breathless climb, toiling up and up, until finally we reached an undulating path, through varied woods, on the brink of the precipice over the river below. It was much too steep and dangerous in parts for continuous riding, and we were constantly on and off our ponies and wandering on, picking flowers, and exclaiming at the beauty of the scenery. After lunch we struck into an open valley, where riding was possible again. The ride up the Liddar was beautiful, over great stretches of green turf, between pine forests. The fineness of the turf was a great contrast to the coarse tufts and mounds of grass which grow on the Kundahs on the Nilgiris. Over the forests the cliffs rose in perpendicular walls, in pink and grey strata, and on their ledges the whole way up grew fringes of pine trees, high overhead, till they dwindled in appearance to tiny black specs. The guide books compare the place to some great fortified place, or fort. Again we were fortunate in pitching the tents, and arriving dry in *Lidderwat* Camp II, for almost immediately down came the rain and mists, blotting out forests, cathedral walls, and foaming river.

From *Lidderwat* we branched off on a side trip to visit the *Kolahoi Glacier*, eight miles up another valley, to see the spot where the Liddar issues from an ice cave, at the foot of the *Kolahoi* glacier. We decided to leave as much as possible behind us at *Lidderwat* in Gujar butts, and to travel as lightly as we could to *Kolahoi*. Fine weather was essential for our trip, but alas! the clouds were gathering thick and soft and a fatal south wind was blowing! However, we struck camp in faith and hope on Saturday, the 13th August. Our march took us through lovely woods, and round enormous rocks, each as big as a small house; some were crowned with pink flowers, others with yellow flowers, and others again, with mixed colours. We recognized the spot where Major Molyneux took his sketch "above the camping ground at *Lidderwat*" and the rock under which is shown his tiny tent. He could only include in his picture the lower portion of the scene, but above on all sides rise the most glorious cliffs and forests. It was a most stony ride, or rather walk, for it was quite impossible to ride up the slippery boulders; the ponies scrambled up after us in the most cat-like manner! For

four miles we climbed on through literally the cream and pick of Kashmir scenery. Here were birches, sycamores, pines, moss, and flower-covered rocks and boulders, towering cliffs, and pyramids, waterfalls, and the noisy blue-green river. The next two miles were over golden-green stretches of grassy slopes, crossing, as the guide books say, fifty streams. The little dogs looked up for help as we came to each rushing stream, and the coolies picked them up and carried them over, as if they had been young kids! We pitched our camps within three miles of the glacier in order to give our coolies the benefit of the shelter of some Gujar butts, and also the benefit of the use of the last remnants of the birch woods about; further on, there would have been no vestige of firewood for them with which to make camp fires to warm themselves. The mist and rain came down again in the afternoon, and we had to postpone our visit to the glacier to the following day. The thermometer registered 56°, but that was warmer than at Amarnath, where it had been down to 42°. The morning of the 14th broke misty, but dry, and we rode off at 8 o'clock, followed by the butler on his pony, and the tiffin-box cooly. We followed the river for three miles over rocky promontories, past two waterfalls, and several snow-bridges below us; we had not to cross them. One waterfall fell into a hole in the ground and its waters disappeared for good and all! Our ponies, waded literally knee-deep through fields of flowers, mostly purple fox-gloves with white linings, and yellow ragwort. The ground flattened out into a level valley, threaded with streams and islets, and each islet was a vivid mass of brilliantly-colored flowers, new ones mostly, specially a bright yellow orchis, like a cowslip, and forget-me-nots with white centres. It was a fascinating sight, the icy blue-green water of the streamlets threading through the emerald green mosses and swamps, encircling these fairy-like islets, brilliantly jewelled, and sparkling with colour.

At last the mists thinned, and showed us, as a first instalment, the massive bulk of the glacier, and the huge cavern in the ice, whence thundered the river Liddar over a perfect wilderness and chaos of boulders. Overhead all was still in cloud covered with mist, but the shikari comforted us by saying that at "half past ten sun coming, clouds going." True enough? at 10:30 the wind sighed and whispered, the mists thinned and were fanned apart, and overhead lowered first one and then another peak, shoulder, crag, and rock, till lo! and behold the pyramid and double shoulder of *Kolahoi* stood revealed! We armed ourselves with alpine-stocks and with our pony, men, and shikari set off for a gigantic scramble over the boulders to the ice

cave, and up the side of the glacier on to the top. The boulders were piled pell-mell one on the top of the other 5, 10, 15, or 20 feet deep, and we had to scramble from one to the other as best we could. A slip at any time would infallibly have meant a broken arm, or leg. The ice cave was wonderful, hollowed out of the solid glacier. There were great cracks in the ice, in curves, all round it, and on the floor lay masses of fallen ice, which *steamed* as if boiling. All round the curved cracks fell little streams of melting snow water. On the topmost curve of the glacier above the cave, stood enormous rocks, just ready to fall when the sun melted the snow and ice beneath them. All the time, at intervals, fell little rushes of stones and rocks, brought down by the melting of the ice. Had the day been hot and sunny, this phenomenon would have been still more striking. It was marvellous to find exquisite flowers growing amid this mountainous rubble of rocks.

We descended from the glacier very cautiously, the shikari digging little holes in the ice for us to put our feet into, by turn—a slip might have meant broken limbs, or disappearance into a crevasse! By the time we had crawled down the ice, dug our heels into the snow declivity at the side of the glacier, and stepped from boulder to boulder over the masses surrounding the ice-cave, we were extremely glad to sit down under the shadow of an enormous rock on the level, and have a good hot breakfast. Even before our meal was over, the clouds and mists were down on us again, but at any rate we had accomplished our trip to the Kolahoi Glacier!

The next day we marched back in sunshine to Liddarwat. It is delightful to retrace one's steps over the same march, the reverse journey looks quite different. Even our servants exclaimed at the height of the cliffs, and the beauty of the river and trees. Our coolies pitched our tents on a new camping ground across the river on a high grassy knoll, with a steep fall to the river, so that we did not hear so plainly the noisy rush of its waters. We spent a delightful afternoon among the cathedral-like cliff scenery. The march from Liddarwat next day to *Sekwas Camp No. V* was at first up a very steep mountain. It was extraordinary that though we were at an elevation of 12,000 feet, and so far north of Madras, yet we wore much the same clothing as in Madras. The sun was very hot, and the air soft and balmy, with none of the "nip" in it of the Nilgiris. There were no trees to shelter us during our midday halt, so the shikari rigged up our umbrella on to our alpine stocks and stuck them into the ground and these gave us grateful shade. We found ourselves at Sekwas at two o'clock, surrounded by a panorama of mountains, wreathed

with clouds, veiling and un-veiling the summits. The hill sides and marshes were brilliant with pink, mauve and blue colour, from the abundance of wild flowers missed in groups amid the grass.

We knew that the next day's march over the Pass would be a difficult and trying one, so we started off early, before the coolies, or even the butler and tiffin cooly. It is impossible to convey to those who have not seen it, the dry rivers of stones and boulders we had to cross, these were piled ten feet high, the line of boulders coming down from the heights above; these had to be crossed over and over again. For two miles we toiled over the boulders, our ponies scrambling after us. In the early morning the clouds overhead were blue-black, in a dense mass, over the Pass; this was very disappointing as of course we wanted to see the scenery, but as we wended our way onwards, the blue-black turned to silver grey into their folds of tissue paper texture, and bit by bit these floated away like flecks of fluffy cotton wool, till lo! the mountains were revealed clear before and around us with a lovely blue sky overhead. At the end of two miles we found ourselves in a Conemara-like amphitheatre, there were green bays, blue tarns, welters of rocks and boulders, and above all, grey crags and peaks streaked with snow. We had still to climb over 1,000 feet to the Pass above! This we did on foot, with our alpine stocks, resting many times *en route*. It was here that we first caught sight of our coolies far below, appearing like a procession of ants, but we missed the butler! We watched and counted numbers, and looked again and again, but no! he was *not* there! The answer to a shouted enquiry was "butler sick, headache got", and they had calmly left him behind alone! Away down the valley we caught sight of him, a lonely little speck, advancing slowly, miles away. It was well for him he had a master, less unfeeling than his fellow creatures. A pony with two coolies was speedily sent to his relief, while we sat down and waited till we saw he had been met and mounted before we went on ourselves. It was "mountain sickness" from which the poor man was suffering; it was only a wonder that more of our party had not experienced it, considering the great height at which we were marching. A dose of aspirin, and a rest under a rock, soon restored the butler, and he accomplished the remainder of the march without further discomfort. At the summit of the Pass, we were again enveloped in clouds, the whole scene wrapped round as it were in sheets of white blotting paper! It was impossible to advance, so we "unspanned," and sent a cooly to get water to make tea. But there was no water anywhere to be had! The cooly, however, hacked off a large lump of snow

which he carried stuck on a pole in one hand, while he had a couple of kettles in the other!

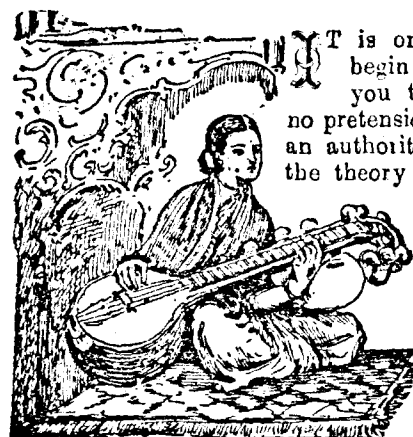
While we were at tea, the wind blew the clouds aside, and revealed our position on the knife edge of the Pass, with an icy blue green lake, 1,000 feet below us, and crags, precipices and snow mountains all round. It was a truly startling vision! It also showed us the narrow, precipitous shaley pathlet by which we had to descend! It really did not seem to be within the range of practical politics that I could trust myself to that awful looking slide, and I had visions of having to end my days on the summit of the Pass! Fortunately a good breakfast did much to restore one's courage. The shikari took charge of me, and step by step, putting my feet in turn alongside of his, I slowly descended 1,000 feet to the Yemheur lake. Another 500 feet brought us over a chaos of boulders, without the semblance of a path visible, to the twin lake at Kamsa. Here we wished to camp, but the coolies all petitioned vehemently to go on another four and a half miles to Zaiwin, saying that it was too cold at Kamsa, that there was no firewood to be had there and no shelter, while at Zaiwin there were Gujar huts, and woods. As we were all feeling quite fit after our six miles of ups and downs, and as the road before us looked, for the first time, rideable, we decided to go on. It was amusing to see the joy of those coolies! they almost ran, even with their loads! and one and all began to sing! quite a tuneful and exhilarating chorus! indeed they never ceased singing all night, for after we reached Zaiwin at 4 o'clock, and they had pitched our tents, they tramped off to the Gujar huts, and sang there the livelong night, for whenever we awoke in the night we still heard them singing! The road to Zaiwin was not as rideable as it looked at first sight, for we kept on coming to very steep ravines, down which we had to slide, and then toil up the other side, to mount once more. In the centre of one of these numerous ravines was such a deep snow-covered stream that we had to be carried over pick-a-back by the pony men. The last two miles of the march was through a pine, birch, and sycamore forest, which clings valiantly to the side of the steepest mountain you can imagine. We had to creep down with great caution, the ground was gay with the most glorious spread of wild flowers. It is marvellous how they could grow out of such oceans of stones, loose sliding shale, and enormous boulders, but there they were in sheets, and clumps, large, elegant white columbines, as beautiful as if they had had all the care, and cultivation of Kew or Glasnevin! also large ragged-petalled sun-flowers, and mauve michaelmas daisies, purple fox-gloves lined with white

and yellow rock cistus, mauve anemones, crimson potentillas, and fields of yellow ragwort. We were overjoyed to see our tents; they were pitched in a clearing of the forest, with a gorge front, facing a stupendous range of mountains. For the first time in our Kashmir experience, we were away from the sound of rushing torrents. The river was 5,000 feet below us. All we could hear in our forest camp was the cooing of doves, the gruff grunts of the buffaloes, and the mooing of cows, herds of which were grazing around. As we were all thoroughly tired after our long eleven-mile march, we decided to rest for a whole day amid these lovely surroundings.

We started for our next march to *Gugangir* at 8 o'clock on Friday morning, with renewed spirits and energy. For four miles we descended through the forest, down a very steep path. The strain on one's muscles to hold one's self back is nearly as great as the strain on them to lift up, and how one's knees ache and shake after a long descent! We crossed the Sind river and thus reached the king's highway, or rather the Maharajah's highway, the six-foot-wide road looking quite civilized after the many miles of mountain paths we had traversed. We passed through villages, under shady walnut trees, surrounded by crops. In the edges were quantities of yellow and pink balsams. Our tents were pitched at Gugangir on grassy swards by the roadside, under spreading walnut trees, heavy with walnuts. The Sind river dashed by over a very rocky bed, only 100 yards away. We spent a long time in the evening watching its tempestuous flow. We had seen nothing to equal it since the Magara rapids. At Gugangir the torrent descends at a steeper gradient than the Maga river, the bed is a mass of boulders, and the flood is churned up into a seething cauldron of white foam and spray, and swirled into whirlpools. Great logs of pine are sent floating down the river, to be finally landed at Baramulla. It was a fearful fascination to watch these logs being swept by, sucked down into holes, and then thrown out again, as if in cruel sport. It made one shudder as one recalled how two Europeans last year had been swept into the river, and their bodies recovered forty miles down stream. The next day we had only eight miles to ride to reach *Sonnamerg*. It was a very hot march, and rather steep; we had to ascend 1,200 feet. The whole upward path was through glorious scenery—the river is twice as wide, steep, and tempestuous as at Pablgam, the mountains close in, and soar up into gigantic peaks, and nothing could exceed the beauty of the ascent. We emerged on to Sonnamerg, the golden meadow, after a final struggle up an extra steep climb at the end—to find our tents pitched in a lovely wood of

sycamores, birch and walnuts. So ended our ten days' trip, over 64 miles of mountain climbing.

Music in India*



It is only fair to begin by telling you that I have no pretensions to being an authority, either in the theory or practice of Indian Music. The following remarks must therefore be taken as coming, not from one who knows, but only from one who understands just enough to love and appreciate it.

I find I have been put down as a speaker on the History of Indian Music, so I will try to give you what must necessarily be a rapid bird's-eye view of the subject from the earliest down to the present time, keeping principally in view the influence exercised by music on Indian life. I must ask you at the outset to bear in mind these three points—(1) the antiquity and conservatism of Indian Music; (2) its intimate connection with religion; and (3) therefore its wide and great influence in a country where religion plays so important a part in social life.

The goddess Saraswati is the presiding deity or muse of Hindu music and learning. She is represented as being very fair, robed all in radiant white, sitting on a white lotus, with a book in one hand and the *vina* in another. She is the patroness and beloved mother of all musicians and poets, whose one dream it is to catch some faint echo of the enthralling strains of her *vina*, or one drop of honey from her immaculate lotus-throne. Let me invoke her aid in this humble effort of mine to describe and illustrate her divine art.

The Sanskrit word for music, *Sangita*, used to mean singing, music and dancing combined; and the great god Shiva is said to have revealed it to humanity. In one of the old Sanskrit dramas there is a beautiful invocation to Shiva, which indicates how his dance symbolizes the

* Read at a meeting of the Graduates' Union of the Y. W. C. A.

rhythmic motion of the cosmos, and may be roughly translated thus:—

"Lightly treads the god, lest he should overset the universe; he restrains his action, lest his arms should over-reach the boundaries of the three worlds; and his spark-shooting glances are turned on empty space, lest they should consume that which they rest upon."

The holy sage Narada is represented as roaming through heaven and earth, singing the praises of Hari on his *vina*. The *Apsaras* or heavenly nymphs delight the eyes and ears of the gods with their dancing and singing. So that music, heavenly maid, must have had a celestial abode, like the holy Ganges, before she came down on earth to win the hearts of men.

Our oldest and most sacred literature, the Vedas, are estimated to have been composed about 2000 B.C. The following extract from McDonell's Sanskrit Literature will give you some idea of the Music of that remote age:—

"Various references in the Rig Veda show that even in that early age the Indians were acquainted with different kinds of music. For we find the three main types of percussion, wind and stringed instruments there represented by the drum (*dundubhi*) the flute (*vina*) and the lute (*vina*). The latter has ever since been the favourite musical instrument of the Indians. . . . By the time of the Yajur Veda several kinds of professional musicians appear to have arisen, for lute-players, drummers, flute-players and conch-blowers are enumerated in its list of callings. Singing is, of course, very often mentioned in the Rig Veda. That vocal music had already got beyond the most primitive stage may be concluded from the somewhat complicated method of chanting the Sama-veda, a method which was probably very ancient, as the Sama ritual goes back to the Indo-Iranian Age."

The Sama-veda is still chanted, but I do not know how far the old melodies have been preserved, nor am I, unfortunately, able to give you any illustration of the modern style.

After the Vedic comes the Epic Age. The main story of the Mahabharata, or great epic of India, is one of the most ancient of world-stories.

"Old songs about the ancient feud and the heroes who played a part in it must have been handed down by word of mouth and recited in popular assemblies or at great public sacrifices." The equally famous epic Ramayana is also said to have been "either recited by the professional minstrels, or sung to the accompaniment of a stringed instrument, being handed down orally in the first place by Rama's two sons, Kusha and Lava." Even to this day public and

private musical recitations from the Epics and Puranas (old religious legends) are common in India.

In estimating the influence of music on the Indian mind, we must remember that apart from the natural and universal attraction of sweet sounds, music in this country, besides being inseparably connected with its poetry and religion, is further enriched by being the vehicle of its history. The chronicles of kings were preserved and recited melodiously by birds, such as the famous *barid* and *charuns* of Rajasthan. I believe every separate metre has a distinct way of being chanted, still extant in India.

But during the Buddhist period, the scene was changed. Buddha and his followers reasoned out and preached their doctrines and almost the whole of the resulting Pali literature was in prose. The Buddhist period was more fertile in architecture, sculpture and mural painting, than in music; and the latter, divorced from religion, lost for the time its most powerful support and inspiration. But that it was not allowed to die out is amply proved by the literature of the succeeding period of Brahmanic reaction (approximately A. D. 500—1200), which was so brilliant as to have been called the Hindu Renaissance.

In this period we, for the first time, come across drama, in the European sense of the word, dramatic performances used to be held on the occasion of religious festivals, probably in the *Sangita-sala* or concert-hall of kings, and including dancing and singing. From the internal evidence of extant Sanskrit dramas we come to know that the art of music was taught by Brahmin professors called *Natyacharyas*, not only to professionals, but even to the ladies of royal households, and many instances are given of their proficiency. Music also formed part of the education of princes, but they were more patrons than performers. One of the main functions of the Renaissance drama appears to have been the destruction of Buddhist monastic traditions, and the upholding of cherished Hindu social ideals. From the numerous Sanskrit works on music, it seems at this period to have attained a high degree of perfection, both as a science and an art, of which the Brahmins were the sole exponents, showing the high estimation in which it must have been held. Indeed music has been called the *Gandharva-veda* and fifth Veda. And even now the highest class of musicians look upon it as a sacred art, and one of the roads leading to salvation, if devotedly persevered in. The temple and the stage were formerly the two great schools of Hindu music. During the popular festivals, singing and dancing also went on in

the open air. This music had a character and influence peculiarly its own, and must have been the precursor of modern Indian folk-song, just as the music of the cultured must have given rise to our classical system. Durbari or chamber music, i.e. high class music played by a single performer to a select audience, is however not yet alluded to. In some parts of India singing and dancing formed, and still form, part of the temple-worship. And though we have nothing like that in Bengal, yet who has not experienced the sense of holy calm and peace which steals over the mind when the mingled sound of gong and bell and conch is borne on the breeze at the time of the *arati* or vespers in the stillness of the evening. The conch deserves special mention, as, though it cannot produce music, it has a musical sound which is intimately associated with auspicious occasions and good-will in every Hindu household, and it was also used as a trumpet-call to war in olden days. But I am running away from my subject.

We have now come down to the Muhammadan conquest, which ushered in a new era for India. The spirit of Islam is the spirit of the desert; and its fierce Puritanism discountenances all appeals to the spirit through the senses. In Muhammadan mosques music has no place; and the drama was absolutely foreign, if not wholly repugnant to the new conquerors. Hence classical music was deprived for a time of its Court patronage. There is a characteristic story told of Aurangzeb, the great Moghul. The Court musicians brought a bier in front of the window where the Emperor used to show himself daily to the people, and wailed so loud as to attract his attention. Aurangzeb came to the window and asked what it meant. They replied, that melody was dead and they were taking him to the graveyard. The Emperor said "Very well, make the grave deep, so that neither voice nor echo may issue from it!" Nevertheless, the spirit of India slowly but surely prevailed, and music gradually crept back into Courts in the form of an entertainment for Muhammadan princes, some of whom became great patrons of the art. It is well known that Akbar the Great gathered round him the best musical talent of Hindustan, amongst whom, was Tansen, the greatest name in Hindu music. Thus the Durbari, or chamber form of music came into existence, and came to stay. This new departure, together with the Persian culture introduced by the Muhammadans, must have influenced the style of music, but to what extent it is impossible to say, though the difference between the northern and southern styles may afford some indication of its character.

The great mass of the people however, cling as fondly as ever to the old form of musical

drama, known as the *Jatra*, which flourishes to this day. This is not a regular drama performed on the stage, but a simpler kind of operatic play, with some religious legend or national hero for its subject.

Along with these, musical and semi-religious recitations of stories from the Epics and Puranas, referred to before, were and still are common amongst the people, under the name of *Kathas*, which are performed by professional story-tellers known as *Kathaks*. It is still considered a pious act to have these Kathas recited in the domestic circle.

The *bhajan*, a simple devotional song with every verse set to the same simple time, has also held its ground along with the others, as being specially suited for private worship.

All these and other local types too numerous even to mention, served in those illiterate days to keep alive the national ideals, and account for the remarkable permeation of the highest Hindu thought amongst even the lowest social strata, as with the decline of Sanskrit learning, the vernaculars became the medium of all Hindu thought and feeling.

About this time there was a great resurgence of Vaishnavism, and the Krishna-cult spread far and wide amongst the people, and though Vaishnavism, like Buddhism, was essentially a protest against the formalism and narrowness of Brahminism, its spirit was diametrically opposite. Asceticism and repression were replaced by the message of freedom and the joy of life. The life of Krishna plays upon the whole gamut of human emotion, from the love of the child to the love of God; and hence is peculiarly adapted in each of its phases to musical expression. Indeed it is not too much to say that the bulk of the innumerable songs of India have for their theme the immortal loves of Krishna and Radha. Through the corridors of time we still hear the echoes of Krishna's flute, and he lives yet in our hearts, our songs, and our poems. Like Orpheus, his flute is said to have had a magnetic influence, not only over human hearts, but also the forces of nature. I know a song which says that at the sound of his flute the wind stopped blowing, the river Jumna flowed backwards, the fishes stopped swimming, the cows stopped grazing, and the calf stopped taking its mother's milk. How sweetly and naturally the human, super-human are mingled in this, as in most of our simple religious songs, which go straight even to our sophisticated hearts! The Vaishnava poets, whose works are a veritable storehouse of all that is tender and true in love, have for their inspiration the same eternal story. As the name of the tune is given in each Vaishnava lyric, these must always have been sung, and are still

sung to the music of the Kirtan, which is the Vaishnava's own particular form of musical expression. The Kirtan, at least in Bengal, is indeed a marvellous development of musical technique. It may be compared in some of its aspects to the European Oratorio, and in spirit and expression it is akin to the lyrical drama of Wagner. The Kirtan requires a whole band of well-trained performers and several hours of time for anything like an adequate rendering, so I am afraid no illustration can be given here.

With the advent of the English, Indian culture, including music, has entered into a new phase. Among the educated classes the old religious musical entertainments have almost gone out of vogue, though with the masses they are still popular. The *jatras* are more and more copying modern theatrical performances, with not very happy results. The theatres themselves, which have sprung up in dozens, are no doubt fulfilling some useful functions, but their effect on music has been for the most part deplorable, their characteristic tunes betraying an utter lack of style, and a considerable amount of *banalite*.

The Brahmo Samaj has given music a prominent part in its religious service, and has availed itself of the best in all styles without distinction, thus gaining a wide emotional range, and also helping to conserve much that might have otherwise died out.

European popular music cannot but have had a certain amount of influence on our modern music. I have heard some lively tunes on the Bombay side, which seem to have been borrowed bodily from the Portuguese, as well as several other adaptations which are locally described as being in the style of the band. The band with its loudness and liveliness seems to have caught the popular fancy, and was at one time considered quite the thing for marriage processions. Our own wedding-music is performed by a small band of pipers, the pipe being a sort of clarinet or oboe, whose sweet and touching strains are inseparably associated in the Indian mind with all festive occasions.

Occasional attempts have been made to introduce harmony into Indian music, as altogether radical departure, which requires a trained musician to handle with any degree of success.

Some Bengali songs have also been set to Scotch and Irish melodies, which, with a little adaptation, do not sound so very foreign to our ears.

A more subtle form of western influence may be traced in the modern tendency to simplify and vary the Durbari style, by breaking away from some of its rigid conventions. Nevertheless, the classical style still survives in its purity, thanks to its devotees, who cling religiously

to the established traditions, and account any departure from it to be a mortal sin.

On the whole, I regret to have to say, that our music is at present languishing for want of support. Our princes and noblemen are no longer as devoted to the divine Saraswati as they used to be, and even the few existing followers of the faith have to bow down to the modern King Gramophone, who seems to reign supreme.

The ubiquitous harmonium and piano have also changed the orthodox character of our music, and a certain kind of cheap drawing-room music, which can be easily learnt and easily taught, is superseding the old artistic style.

There are also, however, certain elements of hope, which it gives me pleasure to touch upon. Things are not so bad as in the days of our grandfathers, when music and singing were supposed to be an occupation fit only for professionals and ne'er-do-weels. The more music became an instrument of mere pleasure, the more it sank in public estimation. It is only very recently, and probably as a result of Western influence, that music has been reinstated in the Hindu home, and is coming to be valued as an Art in and for itself. Several systems of notation have been devised, and various musical publications are helping to preserve at least the outlines of the best classical compositions. And above all, the Indian heart has still a tender spot in which the real music of India may find refuge, while awaiting the coming of the new Tansen.

I hope it is not too late to say a few words regarding the distinguishing characteristics of Indian music, which may perhaps be more easily brought out by a comparison with the European system.

Firstly, we have no such thing as harmony, or practically none; only the key-note, singly or in combination with dominant and sub-dominant, being used in accompanying songs, or filling out instrumental music. Indian melody, thus left to itself, has attained a much greater complexity and elaboration than its European sister. The apparently endless profusion of *Tanas* or *cadenzas* with which our melodies are adorned, partake more of the nature of an improvisation than a mere reproduction, and that is why any system of notation can only hope to preserve the mere skeleton of an Indian musical scheme.

The teaching and learning of music by ear, is another great difference, which makes a good ear and a good memory much more essential in would-be performers.

The subject of our *Rāgas* the *Rāginis* is a large and difficult one, which cannot be adequately treated in a paper like this. *Rāgas* are certain melodic types based on various modes and keys, differentiated by the sequence and prominence

of particular notes. They require much study and practice, not only to render correctly, but also to recognize and appreciate. A point of considerable interest to the foreigner is that particular *Rāgas* and *Rāginis* are required to be sung at particular hours of the day, and the initiated really feel dissatisfied if the proper time is not chosen for its corresponding tune. Whether there is something deeper than mere association of ideas in this feeling, it is not for me to say. *Rāgas* and *Rāginis* are believed to be ideal beings in human form, and definite descriptions of them are given in Sanskrit books, with details of colour, shape and expression. Certain powers are also ascribed to certain *rāgas*, i.e. the bringing down of rain, the breaking forth of fire, etc., and many are the interesting stories given in proof. But alas! the age of miracles is past, and there is no danger nowadays of anybody's setting the Hooghly on fire by singing the *Dipak rāg*!

The so-called quarter-tones of the Indian scale seem to be a hard nut for foreigners to crack. Without entering into details, it will be enough to say that intervals of less than a semi-tone are never used in succession, and their only use is to introduce different degrees of sharpness and flatness in different *rāgas*. This is why the tempered notes of European keyed instruments are not all-sufficing for Indian classical music proper, but are enough for all practical purposes in modern popular music.

Another obvious distinction is the gliding progression of our melodies, in which no abrupt transitions or large intervals occur. An analogy may be found in a design composed of curves, as opposed to one consisting of angular or disconnected lines. Our songs are also definitely divided into two or four parts, and the composer's name used very often to be mentioned at the end.

Our time-system, like our melodic system, is complicated enough to deserve special mention. Not only bars, but groups of bars have to be taken as the unit of time, and the number of beats may be five or seven, as well as 2, 3, and their multiples. We begin at the beginning of a song, but do not end at the end. We have to come back to the beginning, and stop at a particular accented beat called the *sama*. The safe and timely arrival at this stopping-station entails much beating of drum and appreciative shaking of head on the part of both performers and listeners, though it may appear rather an abrupt ending to those accustomed to the somewhat affected and comfortable settling-down of the conventional European *finale*.

I must also allude to the divine melancholy which is so characteristic of Indian music. Gay or martial tunes are conspicuous by their

absence. This may perhaps point to some inherent difference between the East and West, which it would be interesting to work out.

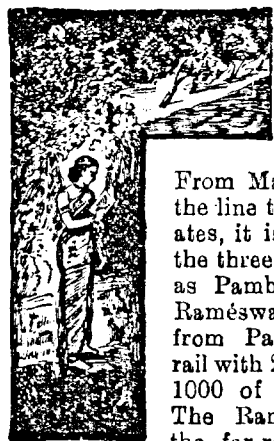
Let me conclude with a distinction drawn by one of our poets between Eastern and Western music. He says:—

"The world by day is like European music, —a flowing concourse of vast harmony, composed of concord and discord and many disconnected fragments. And the night world is our Indian music—one pure, deep and tender *rāgini*. They both stir us, yet the two are contradictory in spirit. But that cannot be helped. At the very root, nature is divided into two... day and night, unity and variety, finite and infinite. We men of India live in the realm of Night—we are over-powered by the sense of the One and Infinite. Our music draws the listener away beyond the limits of everyday human joys and sorrows, and takes us to that lonely region of the soul, which lies beyond the phenomenal universe, while European music leads us to a variegated dance through the endless rise and fall of human grief and joy".

SRIMATI INDIRA DEVI CHAUDHURI.

Rambles

RAMÉSWARAM



RAMÉSWARAM is a station on the South Indian Railway, distant from Madras Beach by 448 miles.

From Madras junction where the line to Raméswaram separates, it is 100 miles including the three miles of water known as Pamban Pass or channel. Raméswaram is eight miles from Pamban by road or by rail with 2000 inhabitants, about 1000 of whom are Brahmins. The Raméswaram town and the far-renowned temple in it

are situated on the north-eastern side of the island facing the gulf of Manaar. The town for the most part is primitive in appearance, being built of palm leaf structures thatched with cadjans. The main street and the street around the temple have more substantial habitations of Brahmins. There is a large commercial street where nearly everything can be bought from

liquor to matches. Opium, ganja, and toddy alone bring in a revenue to Government of over 30,000 Rupees per annum, increasing every year.

Raméswaram is an island in the Ramnad Zemindari situated within the new Ramnad District, and till a year ago of the Madras District. This lies between Ceylon and the continent of India, separated from the latter by a narrow strip of water called the Pamban Pass. A ridge of rocks, called, 'Adam's Bridge' by Englishmen and 'Rama's Bridge' by the Indians, extends east of the island to the north-west coast of Ceylon at Manaar about thirty miles. It is generally supposed that this island was formerly joined to the continent of India, but was cut off from the mainland about the end of the fifteenth century, by the sea bursting through the chain of rocks which connected them together.

The island of Raméswaram was, according to old historians, about ten miles long and six wide; but recent writers make it twenty-five miles long, and, for eight miles of its length at the western end, about six miles broad; the rest consists of merely a narrow strip of land running out towards the island of Manaar, tapering at the bathing ghat known as Dhanushkoti where two seas meet.

The island of Raméswaram contains one of the most venerated Hindu shrines, dedicated to Siva, in India, founded by Rama, the hero of the great epic Ramayana. It is directly associated with Rama's journey to Ceylon in search of his wife, Sita, and plays an important part in the Ramayana. For centuries this temple has been the resort of thousands of pilgrims from all parts of India and Ceylon, to whom it is a matter of highest importance that they should bathe in the sea before proceeding to worship in the temple. The great temple stands, on a rising ground in the northern part of the island, facing east in a quadrangular enclosure, 657 feet broad by 1,000 feet long, and is entered by a gateway 100 feet high. The height of the temple is about 120 feet. It comprises three circumvallating colonnades, the outermost measuring 657 feet broad by 1000 feet long as stated above, the second 300 feet by 500 feet, while the innermost is merely a passage round the central shrine. The *sanctum sanctorum* is reputed to have been built by the Naidu Rulers of Kandy and is of black granite brought from Kandy. The enclosure round the passage around the *sanctum sanctorum*, called second *prakhara* was built by the Naidu Rulers of Madras, notably the great Tirumala Naidu. The third *prakhara* and the rest of the building was built by the Setupathis of Ramnad, guardians of the Isthmus of Raméswaram. Despite the decorations on the columns, and ceilings of the colonnades being mainly wrought

in plaster and the absence of the magnificent stone carvings so lavishly displayed in the other large temples of this part of the country, the general effect of the corridors is undoubtedly imposing. The central colonnade known as the *Sokkattan*, or 'magnificent' as Englishmen call it, was built by a Setupathi of Ramnad, of enormous slab stones of about 40 feet in length, which were brought to the island with extreme difficulty and at great cost. Every Friday, the goddess Parvadhavardhani is carried in procession through the corridors, in a golden palanquin interspersed with ivory work, a gift of the Setupathi who founded the festival on building the magnificent *Sokkattan* Mantapam. The *Gazetteer of Southern India* published by Pharos & Co., thus describes this beautiful Mantapam.

"Shortly after entering the gate, a colonnade of most magnificent proportions is entered, and this is the only object of interest to the Europeans in the island. It is, perhaps, the most remarkable structure of its kind in India, and the effect produced on first entering the building is truly striking, its vast size, its innumerable columns which support the roof, and the many and enduring materials of which it is composed have an impressive effect. It runs along the four interior sides of the quadrangle which surround the temple, the length from the north to the south is 353 feet, and that running from east and west is 671 feet by 17 feet in breadth. The ceiling is composed of large slabs of granite, supported by innumerable carved pillars of the same material raised on each side on a platform 5 feet high, the pillars are upwards of 12 feet in height, and most of them formed of single blocks of stone; the labour of cutting and transporting these immense masses nearly forty miles, for such is the distance from the place from which it is said the stone was brought, as there is no granite on the island, or nearer to the pagoda, must have been prodigious, and the expense enormous. In the colonnades leading from the doorways to the interior of the temple, are figures representing the Rajah of Ramnad, his family and ministers, who built the Colonnade."

Europeans are not admitted to the two inner colonnades. Unfortunately, the Nattukottai Chetties, under the cloak of piety and renovation of old temples, have demolished a portion of the interior of the temple round the *sanctum sanctorum* with a view to renew it, when there was no need for it. It is the fad of these people to make themselves known as builders and renovators of old temples, not by demolishing those, which need renovation, but those which don't need renovation; knowing full well that the structure they would give would be in no way equal, if not superior, to the demolished one in

strength, beauty or architecture. It is a pity that the archaeological department too slept over the matter when the vandalism was begun. Excepting two (*gopuras*) towers of the temple, the rest are incomplete. It would have been enough if these pious and religious sect of Nattukottai Chetties had confined their benevolence to the incomplete works and touching ups, instead of erasing altogether the old workmanship which might well have been allowed to remain as it was for another century or more: I feel bound to observe that the progress of renovation or rebuilding is making a very slow progress and not as quick a progress as was proclaimed or as the destruction underwent.

The temple has majestic towers, vast colonnades and walls encrusted with carved work. The most striking features of the temple are the massiveness of the workmanship and the wonderful pillared halls which surround the inner shrine. The lingam in the shrine was placed here by Sita herself, as will be seen in my next contribution which will be solely devoted to the legend of the temple, and consecrated by Sri Rama. The linga is washed daily with water brought from the *Ganges* by the pilgrims.

There are about six *chattrams* or rest houses where pilgrims are fed and accommodated free. Bullock carts and Brahmin guides, called Pandas, are always available at the station. There are very valuable jewels belonging to the temple. The income of the temple from land and offerings by the pilgrims is about two lakhs of rupees per annum, the greater part of the land being the endowments of the various Setupathi rulers of Ramnad before the advent of the British. There is no doubt that the Setupathis of Ramnad did much to the temple, and the far-famed grandeur of the temple was maintained by the Setupathis who had the management and control of the affairs of the temple in their hands till half a century ago, when a Pandaram of the Setupathis nomination, to superintend the temple, gradually laid the foundation of, and eventually succeeded in establishing, his claim as the trustee of the temple, unchecked and uncontrolled by the Setupathis, and became an independent trustee. One of the successors of this Pandaram was found guilty of embezzlement and misappropriation of temple funds and sent to jail about thirty years ago, and he having failed to nominate a successor, the management of the temple has been in the hands of various persons appointed by the District Court of Madras as receiver or manager, the present manager being a member of the Nattukottai Chetti family of A.L.A.R., the fountain-head of which made himself famous and wealthy by his close associations in the speculations and intrigues of the two sister Zemindaries of Ramnad and Sivaganga,

and of other smaller zemindaries in this and the neighbouring districts.

I read in Nelson's Manual of the Madura country that the island of Raméswarem was taken and held in A.D., 1173 by Parakkrama Bahu, the King of Lanka after five bloody battles had been fought; and that Kula Shek-hara Pandiya, king both of the Pandiya and Chola country, fought many more battles to regain his lost possessions in vain, until he confessed himself vanquished, and the 'Soly and Pandiy countries' were annexed by the Lankha Government.

Babul (acacia arbica) trees cover the sandy island in places very densely. Cocoanut and palmyra palms and tamarind trees also thrive. *Odai* (properly termed *kodai*) *maram* (umbrella tree) grow luxuriantly in the island and the seeds and leaves, chiefly the former, form the chief, if not the sole, fodder for cattle. Along the northern shore, living coral forms a barrier on which the surf beats with great fury during the north-east monsoon; the southern shore is pure sand. An ill-kept local fund road, eight miles partially shaded by banyan and neem trees, runs between Pamban and Raméswarem, the journey by pony jatka taking ordinarily one hour and a quarter to accomplish. For every mile or so, there is a choultry or rest-house for the accommodation of pilgrims, food being given in some to pilgrims. A class of pony known as *Tattoos*, short in stature, but reputed to be fast, are bred here as in Mandapam. The face of the country is low, with hillocks of sand raised by the wind interspersed here and there, occasionally forming small valleys containing stagnant water. From the peculiar position of the island, it partakes the advantages of both monsoons, and with the exception of two months in a year, March and September, the weather is cool and pleasant, the thermometer ranging from 75° to 85°. In the words of the compiler of the *Gazetteer*, "But for the sacred character which the island has obtained it is very probable that it would have remained uninhabited, excepting perhaps by a few fishermen. It has no manufacture and is entirely dependent upon the main land for its supply of grain, so it could have drawn towards it neither a manufacturing nor an agricultural community. But the money circulated by the large floating population, and the necessity of a large and wealthy body of Brahmins, have induced many of the inferior castes to settle in this sterile spot and bring under partial cultivation what under other circumstances would have remained an arid waste; and Raméswarem has in consequence become the residence of many influential and wealthy natives and the centre of a considerable traffic."

The number of pilgrims who annually visit the

island is estimated at about two lacs—half of this being in *Adi* and *Thai* Amavasais (new moons). Hindus of great wealth and of the highest rank are among the pilgrims. Again in the words of the *Gazetteer*, "The Brahmin portion of the population are chiefly supported by the revenues of pagodas, and by fees and presents from the Hinia visitors. They make a practice, prior to each of the principal festivals, of going some distance to meet pilgrims of wealth, whom they take under their protection, conduct them to prescribed places of devotion *en route*, instruct them in their ablutions, prayers, and offerings, and maintain the party in their houses at Raméswarem during their stay. For this assistance, they are always well remunerated with presents from the party on leaving, and also at the time of bathing at the meeting of the two seas."

The Lubbays are principally engaged as fishermen, as pilots and boatmen. Of these I have sufficiently made mention of in my last letter. There is a small Christian population in the island. They are employed as fishermen, and as chank and pearl drivers and are a poor miserable race. There is a Roman Catholic Chapel at Raméswarem and near Dhanuiskoti (the bathing ghaut), and yet there is no congregation worth mentioning.

Midway between Pamban and Raméswarem, at the fourth mile from either direction there is a mosque of a Mahumudan saint, to which Mussalmans from far off north resort, the peculiar feature in this mosque being the tomb of the saint forty cubits long, and it is stated that the saint was forty feet in height. Twenty years ago, the Hyderabad Nobleman, Sir Kurshedjah visited the mosque with the members of his family followed by a large retinue.

The Railway Company has built retiring and sleeping rooms for European and American tourists who pay a visit to the Raméswarem temple on account of its beauty and architecture and the valuable jewels and *vahanams* (vehicles) it possesses.

In my next, I hope to conclude with the legend of the temple, though it is well known and some other items of importance. It is a matter for extreme regret that the affairs of this great temple are being mismanaged for the past quarter of a century and more. While the public expected a satisfactory scheme in the suit brought by the Advocate General, the terms of the scheme of management agreed to by both parties and submitted to Court, is not only sadly disappointing, but has provoked discussion and criticism not creditable to those responsible.

R. R. VENKATESALU NAIDU.

The Fairy Isle of Janjira
To Her Highness Nazli Raffia, Begum
of Janjira

Fain would I dwell in your Sea-born Kingdom,
O Fairy Queen of a Fairy Clime,
When life glides soft to a delicate measure,
With the glamour and grace of a by-gone time.

Fain would I dwell where your wild doves wander,
Your palm woods burgeon and sea-weeds sing,
Lulled by the runs of the rhythmic waters,
In your Island of Bliss it is always Spring.

Yet must I go where the loved world beckons,
And the urgent drum beat of destiny calls,
Far from your white domes' luminous plumes,
Far from the dream of your fortress walls.

Into the strife of the throng and the tumult,
The war of Sweet Love against folly and wrong;
Where brave hearts carry the sword of battle,
'Tis mine to carry the banner of Song.

The Solace of faith to the lips that falter
The Succour of hope to the hands that fail,
The tidings of joy when Peace shall triumph,
When Truth shall conquer and Love prevail.

Sarojini Naidu
Hyderabad, Deccan.

Pankajam's Sacrifice.

MR. SRINIVASAN was agitated and it was evident from his strange antics that something had gone wrong in his household.

"D—n it," he fumed, "what does the boy mean? A very nice thing English education is—making boys think that they know more than their elders—talking of choosing their brides and I wonder what next." Here, he let fly a string of lurid oaths and being rather out of breath with his exertions, he paused in his oration on the disadvantages of English education, which, up till now had been carried on for the benefit of a couple of enquiring mynas, which were perched on a tree opposite his window.

Many of Mr. Srinivasan's views of life and duty were old fashioned and bizarre. Though a well meaning and harmless person, he ruled his house with an iron hand.

"I will write to the scamp to come and see me; let him but dare to disobey me, I—." Here he was interrupted by a knock. He screwed up his face into the most forbidding frown he could muster at such short notice and opened the door, only to find that all his trouble had been in vain, for, the intruder was his family priest, the only man in the whole village whom Mr. Srinivasan condescended to consult on matters of importance.

"What is the matter with you, friend, you seem upset?" asked the priest.

"Everything is the matter," said Mr. Srinivasan, "my scamp of a son has been giving me a deal of trouble of late. You are no doubt aware that the dearest wish of my heart is to marry him to Seetha; well, when he was here for the holidays, last summer, I told him casually that I was making arrangements for his marriage with her and would you believe it, the scamp had the assurance to tell me that he had not as yet thought of marriage seriously and that he would let me know, when he felt so inclined. Did you ever hear of such insolence? Well, after giving him a pretty sharp lecture, I allowed the matter to drop for the time being."

"Really, very sad, very sad," muttered the priest, nodding his head sagaciously.

"My dear friend, you have not heard all," said Mr. Srinivasan, "here is the letter I received from the boy to-day—he says that he cannot come over for the holidays. I had hoped to have knocked the nonsense out of his head this time,

but he seems to have adopted this method of avoiding it. If he prefers staying at M— during the holidays, he must do it at his own expense. I will not be out-maneuvred and defied by my own son."

"The worst possible thing you could do, my dear Sir," said the priest, "it will only harden him and make him more obstinate."

"Then what do you advise me to do?" roared Mr. Srinivasan. "Beg his pardon for my interference in his affairs?"

"Dear friend, there is really no need for so much heat," was the suave rejoinder of the priest, "what I meant to suggest was, that you should proceed to work a little more gently. I would strongly advise you to answer his letter to the effect that you are sorry he cannot spend his holidays with you and that you would be glad if he could drop in for a few days at least, whenever convenient for him to do so. When he comes, which I am sure he will, you can work on him the marriage scheme. Strategy, my dear Sir, strategy, don't forget that."

"Well, there really seems to be something in what you say," admitted Mr. Srinivasan, "I will adopt your suggestion implicitly and be as cunning as a snake and a diplomat rolled into one, when dealing with this young scoundrel."

"I suspect," said the priest, "that there is more in this affair than meets the eye, it would therefore be advisable to proceed cautiously"; and with a nod he shambled out of the room.

Gopalaswamy, Mr. Srinivasan's son, was living in hired lodgings close to his college, in the metropolis of M—. He was a prime favourite with his college-mates. He was unassuming and courteous in all his dealings with his friends. In person, he was a model of comeliness. But he had one peculiarity, which had marked him off from the pleasures and enjoyments of normal youth—he never mixed with his friends in their games, but would invariably spend his evenings in long solitary walks, an occupation, which, though not in itself objectionable, was hardly the one a young man would have preferred, after a hard day's work. His favourite place was a hill, in the suburban village of T—; here he would spend hours, musing, with an open book on his knee.

One day, while returning home from his walk, he saw a beautiful girl seated by the village well; he would have passed on, but her attitude suggested that she was in trouble, for—

"She sate like one past all relief;
Sob after sob she forth did send,
In wretchedness, as if her grief,
Could never, never have an end."

Gopalaswamy regarded her with pity and the desire to ascertain her trouble struggled with his natural shyness to accost a strange woman, but he could not any longer withstand the mute appeal in her eyes; he therefore enquired what her trouble was.

"Oh! Sir," said the girl, "I accidentally dropped my rope into the well and I dare not go home without it."

"Surely, this need not trouble you so much," said Gopalaswamy, "you could go home and explain everything to your mother."

"Alas! Sir, I am an orphan and a widow, I am living with some of my mother's relatives."

Gopalaswamy understood all, he did not think it necessary to question her any further. He stepped up to the parapet of the well and glanced down; it was a small well; he could, with a little care, easily get the rope; so, pulling off his coat in spite of the girl's protests, he got into the well and in a few minutes came up with the rope and handed it to her.

Gopalaswamy, as he walked home, thought of the girl, more than was good for him, for, mused he—

"To doubt her fairness were to want an eye,
To doubt her pureness were to want a heart."

She was in very truth what Gopalaswamy thought she was—

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command."

He did not quite know what he felt yet; it was something overwhelming, maddening and delicious.

"Pankajam, what were you doing at the well, all this while?" asked her aunt.

"I accidentally dropped the rope into the well," said Pankajam, "and a kind stranger who was passing by fetched it out for me, this made me late."

"Oh! I see, a kind stranger helped you, did he? I have often suspected that something was wrong with you and now I know what it is," said Pankajam's aunt, "look here, girl, all this is very unsatisfactory and highly improper—accosting a stranger—the audacity! But I never thought you were a saint. Any more of this nonsense, out into the street you go." Pankajam, bent her head at this unmerited admonition and went off to her work. What better treatment could a widow expect and that a parentless one?

Pankajam's "husband" had died, a few years after his marriage, leaving her a widow at the age of ten—She was now 16 years old and she

was the household drudge of her aunt. Her lot was really a hard one for she was—

"A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love."

She bore her troubles with a calm resignation which, gentle reader, is one of the unique traits of any Indian woman's nature, whether high or low.

Pankajam was so innocent and her nature was so guileless, that even the indefatigable gossips of the village, could not by so much as a shadow, darken the snowy disk of her pure ascetic morality.

In the quiet seclusion of the kitchen, she thought of Gopalaswamy.

How different he was from other men, who always treated her with scorn. How kind and courteous he had been to her. Was he not like an incarnation of God Ramachandra, about whom she had heard from her mother in her childhood days? Alas! why should she indulge in such thoughts? She would put away his image from her soul.

Too late, Pankajam, too late, the shaft to which coats of mail are not proof, has pierced your gentle heart—you have pressed the rose of love to your heart and you will feel the prick of its thorns ere long, for—

"Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought."

yesterday, before she knew him, seemed a period ever so long ago—a revolution was between her and that time, and a new world about to begin.

Every evening, she would see him pass by the well and now confused and nervous she felt when he glanced at her, her whole volume did but one glance convey to her! was she really loved? Through what act of phenomenal devotion in her previous birth had she merited such happiness? she asked herself. Whatever it was, she was content to passively revolve round her central sun of love and bask in its rays, but the thought that she was a widow would recall her from her world of dreams, to the stern realities of her life and plunge her into the deepest depths of despair. Gopalaswamy had not been long in reading the sweet secret from her eyes, although he had never yet ventured to address her. But, love however, like—

"The humblest rivulet will take,
Its own wild liberties;

And, every day, the imprisoned lake
Is flowing in the breeze."

It was not long, therefore, before the ice of delicate reserve was broken through, and the lovers (for so, we may now consider them) had a few minutes' conversation every evening.

These meetings were too openly conducted to remain a secret long. The village gossips ravenously clutched at this delicious morsel flung to their greed, and Pankajum's character was torn to shreds.

"Have you heard the news, dear?" said an old crow to her friend, the village headman's wife. "Pankajum has been caught carrying on with a young swell from town. A disgrace to us and what is more, a very bad example to our girls. I hear that her aunt has ordered her out of the house, serves her right, the minx, with her superior airs and sanctimonious appearance," she spitefully concluded as she hobbled away to impart the news to others with various additions and embellishments of her own. Pankajum had, indeed, been ordered out of her aunt's house. That evening, Gopalaswamy met her, and after hearing her story, he tenderly kissed away "the mountain rams that sparkled on her cheek."

Gopalaswamy and Pankajum had been married two months now, and were living in hired lodgings, half a mile from the college. They led a quiet and happy life and nothing seemed wanting to make their wedded bliss perfect. Gopalaswamy's college was to close in about a week for the summer vacation and he had written to his father that he would not be able to spend his holidays at home, for, he shrewdly suspected that his father would not let him go so easily this time, as he did last year, about his pet marriage scheme.

In reply, Gopalaswamy's father wrote back to say, that he was sorry he (Gopalaswamy) could not spend his holidays at home and that he would be glad if his son could spend a few days at home whenever he could make it convenient to do so. To Gopalaswamy, however, the tenor of his father's letter appeared suspicious on the face of it—it was so unlike his father to be so indulgent, and what disturbed Gopalaswamy most, was the spirit of conciliation which pervaded the letter. His letter could not have called it forth, for Gopalaswamy could not help admitting to himself that the 'reasons', which he had advanced for not being able to spend his holidays at home, were rather 'lame.'

In spite of his misgivings, he decided to spend a few days with his father; he accordingly wrote to his father, mentioning the date on which he was to be expected.

Pankajum was in blissful ignorance of all these complications. She had once or twice questioned Gopalaswamy about his people, but he had returned such vague answers that she instinctively divined that the subject was distasteful to him and had, like the tactful woman she was, avoided questioning him on this point altogether. Knowing how conservative his

father was, Gopalaswamy did not think it advisable to inform his father of his marriage just yet. To Pankajum, he never mentioned his father, knowing that, should she but suspect how matters stood, she would become miserable. So, when he suddenly announced that he was going to R—, to see his father, on some urgent business and that he would be back in a couple of days or so, light dawned upon Pankajum—How blind she had been? Who would accept a widow for a daughter-in-law? She now understood why Gopalaswamy had been so reticent about his family. An Iliad of woes had opened upon her.

After having placed her in charge of a respectable woman—a neighbour, Gopalaswamy left for R—.

In due course, he arrived at R—; his father met him at the railway station and conducted him home. Everything went off well for a couple of days and Gopalaswamy was beginning to congratulate himself that his father was not going to work upon him, his (Mr. Srinivasan's) pet marriage scheme; but he was mistaken, for, Mr. Srinivasan, that very day announced that he was arranging for Gopalaswamy's marriage with Seetha, and that there should not be any more nonsense about it. Being now driven to a corner, Gopalaswamy had no other alternative than to confess his marriage with a widow.

As he had expected, his father took the announcement badly and after many hot words from Mr. Srinivasan, Gopalaswamy was forbidden the house.

Pankajum noticed the gloom on her husband's face, but refrained from questions, for she had divined the cause.

That night, Gopalaswamy told her everything that had happened; little did he think that his wife's heart was breaking, for, outwardly, she appeared calm.

Gopalaswamy, to do him justice, did not for a moment regret his marriage with Pankajum, he loved her even more tenderly than he did before, but a great sorrow had fallen upon him—he had parted with his father in anger. He wrote to his father imploring forgiveness, but his letter received no reply. He lost all relish for his food and grew thinner and thinner day by day. Pankajum saw it all and her heart bled for her husband. One night Gopalaswamy returned home in high fever and the next day he was delirious. The doctor, who had been hastily summoned, pronounced it to be brain fever, brought on by a great shock to the nervous system.

Oh! the misery of Pankajum's soul, a blank desolation—a settled and abiding darkness had fallen upon her.

Was she not responsible for all this trouble? Had she not been the cause for a rupture between a father and a son? She did not indulge in vain tears, for an awful purpose had arisen in her mind under the pressure of her great agony—she had parted a father and a son, and she would reconcile them whatever it might cost her.

"A telegram for you, Sir" said the servant. Mr. Srinivasan hastily opened the envelope—the message was short and terse—"Gopalaswamy seriously ill of brain fever, come," that was all and it was unsigned. "Perhaps," thought Mr. Srinivasan, "this is only a hoax to get me down there; anyhow, I will not decide before I have consulted with the priest." The priest was sent for and after a good hour's confabulation, it was decided that Mr. Srinivasan should comply with the request contained in the telegram.

"I wonder what sort of creature his wife is," thought Mr. Srinivasan. "Some vile gutter thing, I have no doubt." Speculating thus, he arrived at Gopalaswamy's lodgings and was about to enter, when he involuntarily paused, for standing at the doorway was a figure like—

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall, And most divinely fair."

"Grief had etherealised Pankajum's beauty and—

When Nature's happiest touch could add no more,

Heaven lent an angel's beauty to her face."

With a humble salutation, Pankajum invited Mr. Srinivasan to enter the house and conducted him to the room where Gopalaswamy lay. The fever had not abated and the doctor assured Mr. Srinivasan that there was no cause for serious alarm, as youth and a splendid constitution were all in favour of the patient, and that there was no reason why his son should not recover; all that he needed, the doctor said, was careful nursing.

Mr. Srinivasan had, during the whole day, maintained an attitude of cold reserve towards Pankajum and that night just as he was thinking of going to bed, he noticed her wistfully regarding him.

"What do you want?" He asked her gruffly.

"If you could spare me a few minutes, Sir, I shall be very grateful," said Pankajum. "I wish to talk to you about your son." "Well, go on," said Mr. Srinivasan. "I cannot tell you, Sir, how very sorry I am that I should have been the cause of a misunderstanding between yourself and your son," said Pankajum, "and believe me, I am sufficiently punished for my sin." "I know I am neither worthy to be called your daughter-in-law, nor to be your son's wife, I have therefore decided to

repair the mischief I have worked by doing the little that was in my power to repair it. On the day your son is pronounced out of danger, I shall leave the house never to return."

"Where do you intend going?" asked Mr. Srinivasan.

"I don't know, but I solemnly undertake not to return or to trouble you in any way. In return, I beg of you to forgive your son and take him home."

"If you faithfully fulfil your part of the bargain," said Mr. Srinivasan, "I shall fulfil my part of it."

That night Mr. Srinivasan could not sleep, the girl's pale face haunted him. Was she serious in her proposal? or, was this only a ruse to entrap him into playing the part of a forgiving father-in-law?

A couple of weeks passed by and the doctor pronounced Gopalaswamy to be quite out of danger. Mr. Srinivasan, though cold and distant to Pankajum, had unbent so far to chat with her occasionally, for he had observed how tenderly she nursed Gopalaswamy. On the night Gopalaswamy was pronounced out of danger, Mr. Srinivasan lay thinking on his bed—he was thinking about Pankajum's strange bargain, but his thoughts were interrupted by what sounded like a sob; hastily slipping on a few clothes, he noiselessly went to Gopalaswamy's room and stood at its threshold. A night light was burning, his son was fast asleep and Pankajum was sitting near his bed. Her whole attitude was suggestive of the most abject desolation. Hard man though he was, Mr. Srinivasan was touched by her sorrow. How tenderly she covered Gopalaswamy with the blanket he had thrown off in his sleep, just as a mother would have done. Mr. Srinivasan understood the scene before him—she was bidding her husband a farewell. He quietly slipped back to his room—a plan had formed itself in his mind—he would give her a surprise.

Early next morning, Mr. Srinivasan met Pankajum with a small bundle under her arm.

"Where to, child?" He asked her in feigned surprise.

"I am about to fulfil my part of our bargain," said Pankajum.

A great wave of tenderness passed over his soul and kissing her on the forehead, he told her that he had fulfilled his part of the bargain and did not want a similar fulfilment of her part!

"Only the actions of the just, Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

S. T. THIRUMALA RAJU PAUL.

A Speech on Female Education

By Mrs. P. RAMANATHAN

GENTLEMEN,



FEEL very greatly pleased with all that I have seen and heard on this occasion. As you have been told "The commencement of a successful worldly education is all that can be given in an institution like this. The very elementary education indeed can be given to students, whether male or female, up to the age of 12 or even 15. A Hindu girl knows practically very little of the world in her twelfth year. I have seen English girls and American girls of 15 who know much more of the world than young men who were of 20 or even 25 years of age (hear, hear) and that is because those little girls of 15 and 16 are allowed greater opportunities of studying life under the best conditions possible. Such conditions do not exist in India or in Ceylon among the Hindus, so that boys of 20 and 25 years of age are moving about in worldly spheres more or less like what is called gawkish. They are gawkish in the extreme; they do not know what delicate manners are; what soft speech is; what high ideals are; what the possibilities and capacities of human life are. It is only in later life when they are sobered by worldly experience and especially when they have come in contact with some great master minds, especially sages, sanctified sages, that they seem to be quickened and know the greatness of humanity and the still greater opportunities which the merciful Lord of all things affords to the intellects of the country. Well then, it is a pregnant saying which has been connected with the little ones to-day that up to their 15th year they really know very little and that what they have received up to that year must be considered as only a little foundation for raising a superstructure worthy of our station in regard to the important functions which we have to exercise in public life. (Hear, hear).

Now, this problem of education, especially female education, has been in my mind from very early years. It happened that my former wife, a Hindu lady, had a fairly good education in the circumstances and she was a great help to me, not merely in the management of the household affairs but also in other spheres of life especially in supporting me in my spiritual attempt to raise myself higher and higher. (Hear, hear). You know the beautiful Hindu ceremony of marriage where, when the *Kannyadhanam* is

made, the hand is laid upon the bridegroom's hand and he is asked whether he would accept her. For what purpose? For the attainment of *Mokshasiddhi*, that is complete spiritual freedom. Now it happened that my last wife, who has passed away all too soon, was an effectual help-mate to me. When I came in contact with a spiritual master and he put me through what are called the Yogic exercises. She was very helpful indeed, but before I arrived at that stage, as I said, she was helpful to me in domestic life, in all my worldly transactions and she accompanied me to different parts of the world and had the honour of being presented to Queen Victoria (loud cheers) and no less a personage than the then Prince of Wales who afterwards was known as King Edward VII. She stood the journey well. I did not expect to go with her to England. She was in very great distress, utterly prostrated, her health broken down and the doctor said she would not live for three months and I would not see her unless I gave her a sea-voyage. We hurried on with a little daughter who was ten years of age. I took her because I thought she would be a companion to her mother and we three went on board, and it proved a very successful voyage. She was very helpful wherever she went with me, because she rose under difficulties that we encountered in the various walks of life in foreign countries. All that was due to the female education which her father had given at his house and which I continued to give her in my own house after my marriage, but even that would not be sufficient in the present conditions of life.

In former times we were agriculturists and traders, but in modern times we have entered the learned professions and we have now entered also the scientific professions. Unless our help-mate in life is able to help us in every one of our spheres, it would be found utterly impossible for us to fulfil all the duties of our life to that extent to which we may like to rise. Now, in the legal profession, for instance, it would not be enough for me to trust my clerk only. It would be much better if my wife was able to read the brief beforehand, to place it before me and then to discuss the points in the case and then to give me the benefit of her advice from her own standpoint. (Hear, hear). I know what the wives of English men and Eurasians are doing for their husbands. Sometimes we find ourselves gifted with wealth and extensive lands cultivated under very scientific conditions and we cannot trust our business agents. It would be well, for instance, for a proper wife to familiarise herself with the modern scientific methods of agriculture and then to go out occasionally as the visiting agent of her husband. I know that

that is done now, so that when she returns home she has no opportunities nor has she the inclination to speak, gossip, or scandal about the discomforts of life and about the unpleasant things that have occurred. She jumps straight into the business and tells her husband that such and such a thing requires to be done and her husband is very busy with the papers. A constant stream of visitors on important matters come to see him. He has hardly time to do anything. He attends to the business which is then before him. Well, to such a husband, a wife who is up to the mark in all his work, what a comfort she would be! If she, of her own independent enquiry and researches, is able to say "My dear, there are certain things calling for your attention" and he says "I have no time, what is your idea, I have so and so to do," and then she comes again and says "You have not done all that has to be done, you have done only this thing, and the day closes, and there are so many other things to do," "what am I to do, I am pulled about here and there." And then she suggests that such and such a thing may be done in such and such a way. In that way one man is able to do the work of five or six people, if there is an intimate, private and intelligent secretary like her. It is a help to urge him on to different walks of life and to see them all completed in proper times. (Applause).

The modern conditions are different from the old conditions. That is one thing which we have to recognise and work up to. We cannot be living as of old with ease and comfort and allow things to drift and be indifferent about them. We cannot afford to do that. We dare not allow things to drift. We dare not be indifferent to the great concerns of life. We are all to be active, we are to be urging and turning out work as much as possible in order to put through business in the proper fashion and attain the appointed success in life. Now when I see an institution like this coming under my eyes and which has had a career of six years, it warms my heart because I have heard a Sanskrit conversation and I have heard also a conversation in the Raj Bhasha of this country which is English. I shall like every girl who is destined to go into a good home, a home which is devoted to business, to know not only Tamil or any other vernacular language of the country, but also English. Except she knows that, she cannot have familiar intercourse with English women and unless you come in contact with English women and with cultured Englishmen, half the beauty of life is lost. You see that so prominently, in the great success which has attended the achievements of our Christian brethren of India and Ceylon, you find a

large number of missionary men and ladies from foreign countries coming boldly into this country and taking up their Christian folk and educating them not only in schools and colleges, which they have established by funds brought from outside India, but educating them in their house itself, standing by their sick-bed, by their business, and by all their private concerns of life and advising them here, there and everywhere and checking every part of their conduct from morning to midnight and so giving them the benefit of their worldly and spiritual experience and converting mere num-skulls—men and women who were unintelligent, uneducated, and very ill-trained at one time, into most prominent citizens and most useful characters throughout India and Ceylon. (Hear, hear). Not merely are they educating men and women of the country, but the young girls of the country, and you see that when a young native Christian has made up his mind to marry, he looks abroad and is able forthwith to pick up a bride, a bride suitable to him. A cultured woman she is; she may be a good musician; or a good painter; or a woman well versed in English or any other region of knowledge. They both join hands together and set up a house which is a credit to the country. It is like a big *ratham* (car) with two even wheels and the two even wheels are working on successfully and you see the beautiful *ratham* going along the street to the great admiration of the whole people. (Cheers). What is our *ratham*—one a big wheel and the other a small wheel under and see how this *ratham* goes along. A cultured woman from one part of the world and a cultured man from another part of the world are willing to enter into their household duties and enjoy the blessings which the Lord has given to this world in common. We find that our ladies, in the first place, when they see any foreign woman introduced to them by their husbands, behave in a very strange way (here the lecturer pointed out by gestures and movement dramatically and with great effect in what awkward positions they place themselves). (Laughter). She does not know how to sit even. The visitor thinks that her presence frightened the girl and it is now time that she should go away. The husband says that she feels a little shy and that she would presently pick up.

Now the greatness of England, France, and America is due to women. It is no good educating our men alone up to the higher standard. Now they maintain their ground everywhere in India, teaching grand lessons to different countries in the world that Indians are equal to the best of men in this beautiful earth, but the women are nowhere by the side of

modern conditions. Unless we educate our women also to the same standard and unite the man and woman together in proper standards and make them push forward in regard to worldly concerns, India will never attain that greatness which other countries have attained, not merely by the education of men, but by the higher education of their women.

Well, gentlemen, I have seen many things in India but my lot has been cast across in Ceylon and when I went there and saw that some ill-omened conditions were prevalent in Ceylon, I said to myself that the rest of my life, after my official career which closed in 1906, would be devoted to the uplifting of the women of that country. Mark my family which has occupied a prominent position in Ceylon for more than a century and which still maintains its prestige there. In that family were born three boys; I refer to my sons. One boy only has found a wife to his taste; the other two have not yet found wives. Why don't you marry? says the father. Will that girl do? No, I don't want to marry that girl. And I will be without marriage. The eldest has married and his wife is here. Well, if in my family which is so favoured in point of position, rank, wealth, ability, and so on, the pressure in the domestic circle is so great and so keen that fit wives cannot be found for the two sons, what must be the pressure in other families, I ask myself. I say I shall devote the rest of my life to the cause of the country—let alone my two sons, but my country shall not suffer and I shall establish a college for the higher education of the girls. (Loud cheers). And that higher education should be conducted systematically within the walls of the college as the higher education of young men is conducted in England and the other Western countries, entirely within the precincts of college from morning to next morning and so continued from day to day for at least four or five years. It is no good believing in education for only a few hours within the walls of the college and standing out of the college for the rest of the day—good influence at school for four hours, and bad influence for the remaining 20 hours. So I shall build up that college in a Hindu centre and start that college with girls from about 10 years of age and give the necessary education, which is on the lines sketched out by my beloved friend Mr. A. Rangaswamy Iyer and take them on up to the 18th year. When I married my wife, she was 18 years of age and I found her a good mother, fit to understand the responsibilities of married life. There is no good marrying girls before that age, but there may be exceptional cases and I do not deal with those cases at present. Wherever it is possible let us give a good liberal

education to a girl who is willing to study. It is no good imparting education to the girl who prefers to lead a life in a kitchen. It is throwing pearls before swine. Take up a big family and it is possible that two daughters at least may be devoted to literature and to higher knowledge. Such girls may be sent to an institution, a residential college for girls and then put under the auspices of successful and trained teachers, and if they are brought up till the 18th year, then only our young men would be able to find suitable wives. When the time comes they would go to a principal or lady president of such a college and say that he is so and so and that it is time that he should take a wife and ask them whether they can help him to take a wife. They make enquiries about the young man. They then speak to the parent of a girl in their charge and then bring about her marriage in a short time. That is my scheme. It is a college that will take in 250 boarders. It must be large enough to have 250 beds with all the paraphernalia necessary to maintain an institution—a temple within the college, a dairy within the college premises, and gardens of all kinds, amusements, music and all that. There would be taught Dharma Shastrams, secular knowledge, or knowledge that would be useful in different walks of life; accomplishments of life, such as music, painting and so on, but preference should always be given to that which is nationalistic and to that which would uplift, not merely the girl herself, but her children through her. Well, gentlemen, now I expect every intelligent community in every town to establish schools and in Madura especially there should be a lot of feeder schools like this seeking towards a residential college. One feeder school like this would not do for a residential college. But great things come out of small beginnings. Do not be disheartened. You simply put your heads, and support this institution with all your strength and go and establish another institution like this in another part of the city, and a third in another part and a fourth in another part. Anyhow you will find that you pick up 50 or 100 girls for the residential college. We cannot break through our national customs easily.

I am most heartily pleased with all that I have seen and heard to-day and you must endeavour, so many of you being theosophists, to bring into the school one or two lady theosophists in whom you have the utmost confidence. Unless we have trained teachers and put into their hands the charge that we have raised up, there would be some difficulty about the continued success of the institution. It is not too late for you to begin to teach some of these very girls who seem to be quite capable of

entering upon their study, the higher study that I am speaking of. Only you must bring them in contact with the European ladies who know much of Indian civilization. Without these children gazing at those emblems of good breeding, of love, good manners and beauty, they themselves won't rise up to the standard. Why, do you think without our gazing at the places of our English professors and copying their conduct, we would hope to make a satisfactory progress, unless we had the opportunity of contemplating the faces of the Western professors at whose feet we have sat. I can honestly answer to this. I have had in early life some best European masters and when I entered the Bar, while I was only 23, I had opportunities to come in contact with the best Englishmen who were Barristers. In my 27th year I went into the Legislative Council and I sat there for 15 years and came in contact with the most cultured Europeans of that country. Afterwards when I took up the office of Solicitor-General where I served for 15 or 16 years, I came in contact with the most prominent Europeans of that country. My study in life has been a continuous study of the best Europeans of that country, and I tell you that I have been greatly rewarded by coming into contact with those noble spirits, both men and women. I think there are many of you who have had, perhaps, the same opportunities, and I ask you if you would or could arrive at this consummation except through the intervention of what are called the Western men. What would be the fate of the female children if they are not given some opportunities to come in contact with the noble Indian of the Western country. I therefore think that you must devise measures somehow to introduce your female children to the Western ladies, and then to see that everything satisfactory for the determination of life is given to these children in this manner.

Gentlemen, I have occupied you long enough (cries of no, no) I think and I can only congratulate you upon the definite success which you have attained during the last six years and I wish to tell you that my heart will be with this institution and it has been so from the commencement of my connection with it. I am sure that Mrs. Ramanathan, who is so deeply devoted to Hindu civilization and who is living a life that is absolutely consistent with Hindu ideals in every respect, will carry away also the most pleasant impression and that when the time comes for the inauguration of the residential college some portion of the education which is imparted here will be copied by her there in Ceylon and introduced in that college which I hope to open next year

in the name of my wife. I tender you my grateful thanks for giving me the opportunity of coming in contact with the girls of this school and with their parents and friends.

The Third Annual Report of the Seva Sadan Society



HE Account year of the Society expired on June 30th last, and the audit was over on the 9th of the present month (July). The summary of receipts and disbursements and the final balance sheet, with the auditor's certificate, will be found at the end of this report.

2. There was an addition of Rs. 6,000 in the year under report to our Endowment and Building Funds. They now amount to Rs. 82,000. (To make the figures easily intelligible odd rupees and fractions are left out throughout this report).

3. The Special Funds for prizes, etc., amount to Rs. 4,600.

4. The value of our dead stock and library is Rs. 8,000.

5. The total interest realized by the fixed and current expenditure funds was Rs. 4,650.

6. In March, 1910, the Trustees of the N. M. Wadia Charities, who had promised to give Rs. 5,000 annually, made their first payment, and three-fourths of that sum and one-fourth of the increased grant of Rs. 11,000 made in the year under report, have been spent. One quarter of the 5,000 was spent in 1909-10 and Rs. 8,250 are available for expenditure in 1911-12. The Society is very grateful to the Trustees for their enlightened liberality. If the Trustees of other Charitable funds could see their way to being equally generous, the Society's scheme for dealing with the seamy side of life and with distress and poverty, through Indian Sisters of Mercy and Charity and Medical and Educational Missionaries, would have a fair chance of realization. The amount asked for was thirty lakhs or an income of a lakh and twenty thousand per year. The permanent fund does not yet amount to even a lakh.

7. The two years' guarantee, under which nearly Rs. 1,550 per month were given to the Society for its current expenses, expired at the end of the last year, but even in the third year Rs. 8,600 were paid to the Society. In addition to this amount and the Wadia Trust moneys we received general donations and subscriptions amounting to Rs. 2,000. There were also special donations made to our Home for the Homeless, to our little Hospital, and for relief of the poor

These amounted to Rs. 300. Rs. 140 more were found in our charity boxes. Rs. 100 a month were contributed by two gentlemen to our auxiliary funds. (The Islamia Section figures are not included in these figures).

8. Our expenditure in the year under report was, broadly speaking, as follows:—

	Rs.
Dead Stock, Instruments, Apparatus...	850
Hospital (including its staff) ...	4,000
Dispensary in the Sadan (Medicines, &c.)	930
Jacob Circle Dispensary do. ...	500
Home for the Homeless at Malad ...	1,600
Industrial Home (Maintenance) ...	500
Press ...	180
Hindu Ashram (Maintenance) ...	400
Parsi Ashram do. ...	800
Work Rooms ...	400
Home Classes ...	1,200
Aid to Struggling Institutions...	500
Emergency Aid to the Poor ...	450
Social Service (Miscellaneous) ...	400
Educational, Administrative and Menial Establishments ...	2,200
Rent of the Sadan at Rs. 350 per month	4,200
Water rate ...	100
Total ...	19,180

There were other small items making up in round figures an expenditure of Rs. 20,000 by all the Committees and Sections.

9. The Islamia Section received Rs. 1,050 from the Society and Rs. 1,200 from subscriptions and donations. Its main heads of expenditure were Home Classes and aid to struggling institutions for educating Mahomedan girls and women. Its expenditure is included in the figures given above.

10. Under a resolution of the Council, Mr. Malabari was asked to kindly make permanent arrangements for housing the Sadan and he has obtained from the Bombay Improvement Trust a site in Gamdevi, commanding a view of the sea and of the hanging gardens. Final orders will, it is hoped, be passed in a few days.

11. The Government of Bombay have been pleased to grant about 12 acres of land, part of a lovely hillock at Andheri, for the Society's Industrial Home. The Solicitor to Government wanted certain information to enable him to draft a proper title-deed, and it was at once supplied. It is hoped the deed will soon be ready. Mr. N. R. Wadia, our Honorary Engineer, to whom we are indebted for much useful advice and aid, inspected the site, and was of opinion that it would be best to commence our building operations thereon after certain proposed roads were made. On our Santa-Cruz land he has sunk a well which yields good water. The work

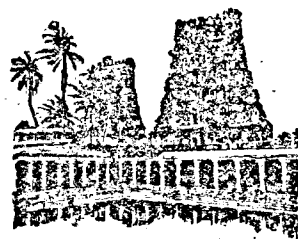
has been done by a contractor, whose account will be settled in 1911-12.

12. We hope to remove to some extent at least, the great drawback due to our having no house of our own. The Home for the Homeless is flourishing. The most promising in that Home will be promoted to the Industrial home, and the most promising in this last will be promoted to the Sisterhoods (Ashrams). The Society being a pioneer one and the first of its kind in this country, our work has been very uphill. But we have gained valuable experience, and we request every earnest soul to pray that we may not miss our goal, and to secure us workers and funds. Detailed reports of the Society's institutions, of the Islamia section, and the Branches, and of several of our workers are given separately.

A Seva Sadan centre has been started at Bandra, and it is hoped other centres will be organized in the city and its suburbs as also in the mofussil.

An Oolsavam Festival

(THE CELEBRATION OF THE FESTIVAL IN A VILLAGE IN THE DISTRICT OF TRAVANCORE)



It is a matter of great pleasure to me to give you a brief account of the Oolsavam which I witnessed last April, in an obscure village in the District of

Travancore, known by the name of *Mankombu* which is a few miles distant from Alleppey. Though the village is very small and obscure, the celebration of the festival is very interesting. In this small village, exists a small temple, dedicated to the Goddess Bhagavati. In commemoration of this Goddess, an annual festival is held in the Malayalee month of *Medom*, which corresponds to April.

The Oolsavam commenced on the 2nd of *Medom* and ended with the 11th of the same month, i.e., it lasted for a short period of ten days. During these ten days, there were grand feasts, different kinds of tamashas, splendid display of national games and a number of other things which served to make the festival grand and splendid.

At this time of the year, the precincts of the temple are well swept and cleaned and, the dust is blown from the walls and ceilings, of the temple. However, the popular belief about the celebration of this festival is to get rid of the existing evils out of the locality.

The Oolsavam begins with the hoisting of the flag by the head priest who performs this ceremony by reciting certain sacred mantras contained in the rituals. During these festive days, the puja commences very early in the morning. At about 8 A.M. the Goddess is taken out in procession round the premises of the temple with drums beating and conches blowing. The clanging of the cymbals serves to be an accompaniment to the music.

A peculiar kind of dancing called the *Thullals* is exhibited in the morning. The dancer wears a peculiar dress before the commencement of the play and the play begins with drums beating and cymbals clanging. The recitation of the old legendary songs is not wanting in this primitive diversion. On the whole, the play accompanied with the music gives the spectators ample laughter.

At about 10 A.M. a sumptuous meal is served to the Brahmins. After the Brahmins are well fed, the feeding of the Nayers, etc., begins. After this, the multitude assembles round the precincts of the temple to witness the tamashas and games.

At about 4 P.M. begins *Thiruvam vela*, a kind of national game, which seems to be a display of mock-heroism. This piece of pageantry is accompanied with tom-toms beating. A galaxy of young men, all adepts, in this performance, uniformly dressed, arrange themselves in front of the temple, and begin to jump and frisk with many gesticulations. From the way in which the actors wear their dress and the way in which they play, I conclude that the performance is a military one, graphically exhibited in imitation of some old heroic wars. Each and every actor wears a golden necklace and none are found without their caste marks. At the call of the trumpet, they display their military skill by making a series of systematic movements and perform the valorous deeds of the old heroes. This performance sometimes begins at about 8 P.M. It lasts for a few hours and then begins *Kathakalli*, the old dramatic performance of the Malayalees.

The *Kathakalli* is a kind of pantomime play consisting of a number of postures and gesticulations. This play has its own music. The beating of the tom-toms and that of the *chomakalam* are some of the important parts in music. The occasional songs, though indistinct, at the appearance of the several characters, are also sung with this music. Anyhow, the play with its music, has a gratifying influence upon the minds of the admirers of this dumb performance. At the dawn of day, the spectators return to their respective homes.

* A thick circular metal plate, made of bronze, having a loud resonant effect when struck against.

To a stranger this dumb performance would perhaps be disgusting. For my part it was a dull monotonous performance, and I found nothing to break the monotony. The programmes for all the nine days of the festival remained unchanged. But the proceedings of the tenth night showed a marked change. The Goddess was taken out in procession round the village with many gas lamps lighted to give brilliant lights to the throng that attended the festive celebration. The grand procession with drums beating and trumpets blowing, accompanied by the clang of the cymbals, the booming sound of the fireworks, the shooting up of the rockets to different parts, and their showering down like so many stars in prismatic colours and the shouts of the joyous multitude on the occasion, these and a thousand and one items contributed to the grandeur of the procession.

The inhabitants of the village, gaily attired in their old primitive fashion, were walking to and fro with great pomp and vigour. Fortunately for them, there were no big shops other than the pedlars, to attract the passing crowds. Here and there were seen some of the fruiters' half-opened shops. "At the shopmen's benevolence, the fruits are made to dangle from the conspicuous corners" so that they might attract the hordes of visitors who were not many in number.

However, the celebration of the festival was observed with great solemnity and magnificence. The Oolsavam ended with the lowering of the flag raised at the commencement of the festival.

P. R. A.

A Ladies' Meeting at Amraoti

AMRAOTI, July 25.



A large public meeting of over 250 ladies was held on Saturday last in the Brahma Vidya Mandir in order to rejuvenate with fresh vigour and resolution the Vanita Samaj, which had only a fitful existence for the last thir-

teen years. Mrs. Akka Sabab Joshi presided, Mrs. Mudholkar being ill could not be present.

After the girls had sung songs specially composed for the occasion, the President delivered an excellent and felicitous speech indicating the necessity and advisability of providing facilities for suitable education to those ladies who, by reason of their marriage or domestic responsibilities, are unable to profit by the existing institutions for female education. She deprecated all feelings of discouragement among the women at the irregular nature of work already accomplished by the Samaj during the thirteen years of its existence, and very candidly referred to the total collapse of several institutions worked by educated men in different places in India. Comparatively, therefore, the Women's Vanita Samaj had fared pretty well and deserved to be re-established on a more extended and organised basis, so that, in times to come, it would grow to large dimensions and like the huge banyan-tree shelter that portion of womankind which was embarrassed by ignorance and all evils arising therefrom.

The President emphasised the peculiar sacredness of effort made on behalf of those who, on account of their backward condition, were, instead of being a source of strength, a distinct drag upon national progress. On behalf of women she declared their resolve to become more efficient instruments in the progress and enlightenment of their country. It is exceedingly satisfactory to note that she made an indirect reference to the recent action of the Amraoti Municipality in recommending the deletion, from the Hon. Mr. Ghokhale's Education Bill, of even the permissive clause relating to girls; and vividly brought home to the mind of the audience their own apathy and attitude which was, no doubt, responsible for this conduct on the part of some local bodies.

The President made many other points in favour of making active efforts for the spread of women's education and, on behalf of the audience and the Samaj, sincerely thanked Mr. L. V. Kaikimi of the Servants of India Society, who, she said, had, with the assistance of Mr. R. R. Jayawant, pleader, taken infinite pains to bring about this revival of their institution. In conclusion, the President hoped that that day would mark the continued progress of the Samaj and eternal prosperity to the cause of Indian womanhood.

Mrs. Sitabai Jayawant read a brief report of the work done by the Samaj up to this time and indicated the extended basis of work contemplated for the future. Mrs. Savitribai Bhat moved the adoption of the report which was duly seconded by Mrs. Yeshodabai Joshi and passed.

Miss Jerbai Kanga, one of the Secretaries, then eulogised, in Marathi, the objects of the

institution. Mrs. Mazorawarbai Paranjpe pointed out the evil effects of little jealousies and repudiated the charge often made that the idea of educating women was a foreign one. Mrs. Bayabai Minker, the other Secretary, supported them in a neat little speech, and she was followed by Mrs. Sitabai Laudge, who had specially come down from Yeotmal, and by Mrs. Dwarakabai Vaidya, one of the originators of the Samaj, who had also come down from Akola. Mr. Vaidya related her experiences and gave excellent advice.

The President announced the following support promised from different quarters to the movement:—

Rs. 10 per month from herself, Rs. 10 per month from Mrs. Mudholkar, Rs. 10 per month from Mrs. Bhat, Rs. 5 per month from Mrs. Satyabhamabai and Anubai Joshi, Rs. 2 per month from Mrs. Paranjpe, Rs. 25 as donation from Mrs. Bhose. Mr. Yaude and Mr. Mitra from Bombay had offered books worth Rs. 50 and Rs. 25, respectively, for the library of the Samaj. The Kolhatkar Press had promised to forego printing charges. Mr. Ramabai Ranade from Poona and Miss Mathurabai Joshi from Satara had communicated their entire sympathy. About six ladies had, besides, promised to help in teaching work voluntarily and gratuitously. Mrs. Mathurabai Dravid, in proposing a vote of thanks to the President, dwelt on the many excellent qualities which had enabled Mrs. Akka Sahab Joshi to earn respect and esteem from all sides. Mrs. Joshi had shown remarkable courage in not victimising her accomplished daughters to the evil custom of early marriage and had provided them with excellent education. Mrs. Dravid pointed out the gruesome contrast involved in the fact that compulsory education was being advocated even for the depressed classes, while the same could not be said about women. In her impressive speech she remarked that facilities for education and progress were as much, if not more, the rights of women as of men.

Songs, distribution of *pansupari* and flowers brought the proceedings to a close.



News and Notes

RAISE YOUR WOMEN.—THE HON'BLE THE TIKKA SAHIB OF NABHA, on a memorable occasion said that nearly all our social difficulties arise out of two things, viz. the caste system, and the status of women. Nothing could be truer or more correct than to say that all or almost all the social problems which we have to face at the present day arise out of these two. With the evils of caste system and its manifold disadvantages we have dealt with on a recent occasion. We propose now to glance at some of the difficulties which crop up as the outcome of our failure to tackle, boldly and courageously, with the claims and status of women. It is, indeed, a matter of great regret and deep humiliation that our womenkind are, with few exceptions, 'wrapped up in the pitchy darkness of ignorance and superstition. As the Tikka Sahib pertinently enquired: 'Is it possible that the people may be able to possess themselves of what they are aspiring to, in moral and social spheres, without raising the status of their women by giving them proper education in order to make them good wives and ideal mothers?' It is hardly necessary in these days to urge the claims of women to education. And the problem is clear enough. "The qualities of the heart predominate in woman, while man excels in those of the head. The qualities of the head and the heart both must be evolved and harmonised to make human life a success. Woman must be raised from the lowest depths of degradation to enable the humanity to ascend to the highest light of evolution." Such, in the words of the Tikka Sahib, is the problem in a nutshell.

The influence of woman, it is universally recognised, plays an important part in human affairs. There is no exaggeration to say, observes the Tikka Sahib, that the softer and weaker sex rules over the stronger. It is our every day experience, however bitter it may be, that many a noble resolution of ours is scattered to the winds, if it does not receive the approval of the female members of our society, call them ignorant and superstitious, or designate them with whatever bad name you like. He rightly pointed out that if you wish to push on your cherished object you must bring your women to the same level of enlightenment in which you are environed. It is the mother and wives that can raise or weal a society. It was through the influence of the chaste and pure women of Rajputana that the Rajputs did many heroic deeds in the past. It follows, therefore, that girls ought to be educated and trained up to enable them to perform their duties in life. The aim in the education of women must be, as the

Tikka Sahib so eloquently pointed out, to create the new women of India after the prototypes of the old Savitri, Sita, etc., dowered with the qualities that she has received as heritage from her ancestors of the brilliant past as well as with those of her sisters of the West without the taints of unworthy imitation. Besides being trained in general departments of learning she should be taught holy books and pure doctrine of morality; domestic duties and other fine arts, such as music, painting, etc., which shall prove useful to her in after life. When her education as required is finished she turns out a competent housewife, efficient teacher of her children and good counsellor to her husband, relatives and friends. Her prejudices vanish and the task of social reform is facilitated and easily accomplished.

The present mental condition of our women is not without its bearing on their social degradation. The Tikka Sahib took three important points in this connection, the *Pardah* system, the early marriage and the condition of the widows. We shall take the *Pardah* system alone at present. To quote the Tikka Sahib, the evil effects of this kind of *Pardah* which is no better than solitary imprisonment imposed upon women by the tyranny of man can be most easily discerned in the victims of this institution. The health of women under such restrictions must suffer so too of their children. It is also clear that the inmates of the *zanana*, thrown out of it by necessity or misfortune must feel helpless to hold their own. These are not all. The children of such mothers must inherit their mental weakness and be wanting in vigour, courage and other qualities required for the struggle of life. And yet these *Pardah* restrictions have no bearing on the question of purity. We shall let the Tikka Sahib in his eloquent language say — ".....The four walls of a house, however adamant that may be, and the cover of a veil, though it may be made of steel, cannot be proof against the inconstancy and infidelity of the human hearts. The purity of women cannot be secured by these artificial barriers. She should be made of a substance of more solid calibre. The proverb that the *pardah* lies in the strength of the heart has immutable truth in it. In fact it is the heart of woman—not the *pardah* prison walls, but something in her divine self that can form the real stronghold, impervious to the lustful eye of a man. You will find hundreds of instances in our past history of the weak woman, not weak in mind but in body that baffled the attacks of a lewd man upon her chastity, and by her moral power held up to the world noble ideals for womankind worthy of being followed. You all well know the effect produced by the menaces and allurements of the depraved poten-

tate, Ravana to entice away Sita, one of the brilliant gems of the necklace of the worthies of the Ramayana from the path of rectitude, our India of the present day too, I believe, is not devoid of such goddesses that can protect themselves and maintain the honour of their house." All sensible people will agree with the Tikka Sahib that "it is a blasphemy against woman-kind to have a low opinion of her nature and entertain distrust about her fidelity."

While insisting on the removal of the *pardah*, the Tikka Sahib is careful to make a distinction between the *pardah* and privacy of women. It is no doubt true that in the Punjab the Sikhs and Hindus generally do not observe *pardah* in the strict sense as understood by wealthier Hindus and Mahomedans, but the Tikka Sahib's observations on the necessity of maintaining the privacy of women are so opposite and clearly called for that we desire once more to call prominent attention to them. He observes—"Every woman of sense, whether in the East or in the West, will require that she may be left to herself in her home to attend to her duties as a housewife and mother. That privacy in the home, of course, must be kept sacred. No stranger, not even a relative, should be allowed to intrude upon her privacy except by a special sanction of herself and her guardians. That is one thing whose importance cannot be exaggerated. The sacred privacy of woman must be maintained. But," as the Tikka Sahib goes on, to deprive her of the variegated charms of nature with its spreading trees covered by green foliage, the birds with gay-coloured plumage and sweet songs towering picturesque mountains, expansive seas, silvery clouds and many other innumerable attractions that will cheer up and invigorate even the dullest mind and infuse in it stores of practical knowledge, is injustice to her." In these days of awakening and progress can there be any two opinions that women should no longer be kept shut up within the four walls of the *Zenana*. It is gratifying indeed that we are to a large extent free from this absurd and injurious custom. It is to be hoped that, as public opinion grows, people will see more and more its injurious and baneful effects and set their faces against it as it is a custom which is not only harmful in its consequences but an open insult to our intelligence and equally derogatory to men and women alike.

WOMAN AS CHIEF OF POLICE.—A telegram from Hunnewell, Kansas, states that, for the first time on record, a lady has been appointed to the post of chief of police there. This appointment is the direct sequel to the election of a lady to the office of mayor, so the Hunnewell now

holds two records. The Mayor, Mrs. Ella Wilson, the "Chronicle," says selected Mrs. Rose Osborn from host of applicants for the position of Chief of Police, and that lady, who is an ardent temperance advocate, has promised her municipal superior her whole-hearted support in the campaign she inaugurated against drunkards and gamblers. Mrs. Osborn at once assumed command of the police force, and quickly put the machinery of the law in motion against the "blind tigers," as illicit drink in saloon are called in the West. She headed several raids, and in the words of the disgusted saloon-keepers "got busy" to some purpose.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND A POOR WIDOW.—There is a beautiful Anecdote regarding Queen Victoria, about Her Majesty's visit to a poor old widow who lived not far from Windsor Castle. The poor woman, as she looked on the face of her earthly sovereign, exclaimed, "What a joy and what honour to me that my Queen should come to see me!" Then she added joyfully, "but I expect a greater joy, a greater honour still, and that before long, for I am going to see 'the King in his beauty.'" Then softly and with much feeling, the aged saint enquired: "May I venture to ask if your Majesty has such a hope?" calmly Queen Victoria, the Sovereign of the British Empire, replied to the aged pilgrim, "Through Jesus Christ, whose blood cleanseth from all sin, I have such a hope." This confession of the great Queen is worthy of attention, not only of those under the British flag, but of all humanity, to found their hope upon the only way of access into the presence of the holy and righteous God.

A LADIES' SOCIAL.—The Ladies' Section members of the Shrinivas Mandram, Bangalore, held a pleasant social. Among those who were present were Soondrabaiamma, wife of the Dewan, the wives of the Councillors. Miss Dr. Govindarajulu, the Misses Hensman and the wives and daughters of the European Missionaries and other Indian ladies. The chair was occupied by Mr. Ananda Rao, the first function was the singing of some sweet invoking songs by young girls addressed to Saraswati, the goddess of learning. Then the playing on the Vincy and on the Harmonium followed by other girls. A paper was then read by a young lady on "The best way of training the mind." A speech was then made, by Sow. Gungamma, the student who distinguished herself in the late Lower Secondary Examination. Mrs. Ananda Rao then presented her with a Silver cup and books, and she sat amidst cheers and applause, then another song followed

by two young women, and the singing of the *mangalam* closed the proceedings.

ENTERTAINMENT TO THE MAHARANEE.—The Nuns in the Mysore City gave a musical entertainment at their premises, to H. H. the Maharanee Regent, H. H. the young Maharanee, H. H. the Yuva Raja, and Yuva Rani, preceded by an address to H. H. the Maharanee Regent to which the Yuva Raja replied, praising the good work of the Nuns among the people.

A LADIES' HEALTH COMMITTEE.—At Lahore a Ladies' Health Committee will be formed consisting of European and Indian Ladies with the view of co-operating in the lessening of infant mortality in the town. This is a good move.

"SHIP'S MOTHER."—A new arrangement in steamship company is, the appointment of a "ship's mother." The duties of this lady are

to see to the comforts and well-being of all the lady passengers in the companies' ships.

THE MARYS OF BRITAIN.—Including the present Queen there have been five Marys in English Royal history. The first was Mary Tudor or Mary I; second, Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I; third, Mary, the second wife of James II; fourth, Mary II, daughter of Mary II and wife of William VI; and 5th our present Queen-Empress.

A WOMAN FRUIT-GROWER.—A woman owns and "works" one of the largest Apple orchards in South Dakota. For 24 years Mrs. Alderman has profited largely by the fruit of her trees, and has hired five men every season to assist in marketing the crop.

WOMEN BARRISTERS.—In France there are now eighteen women called to the Bar and there are others who are studying to join the profession.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

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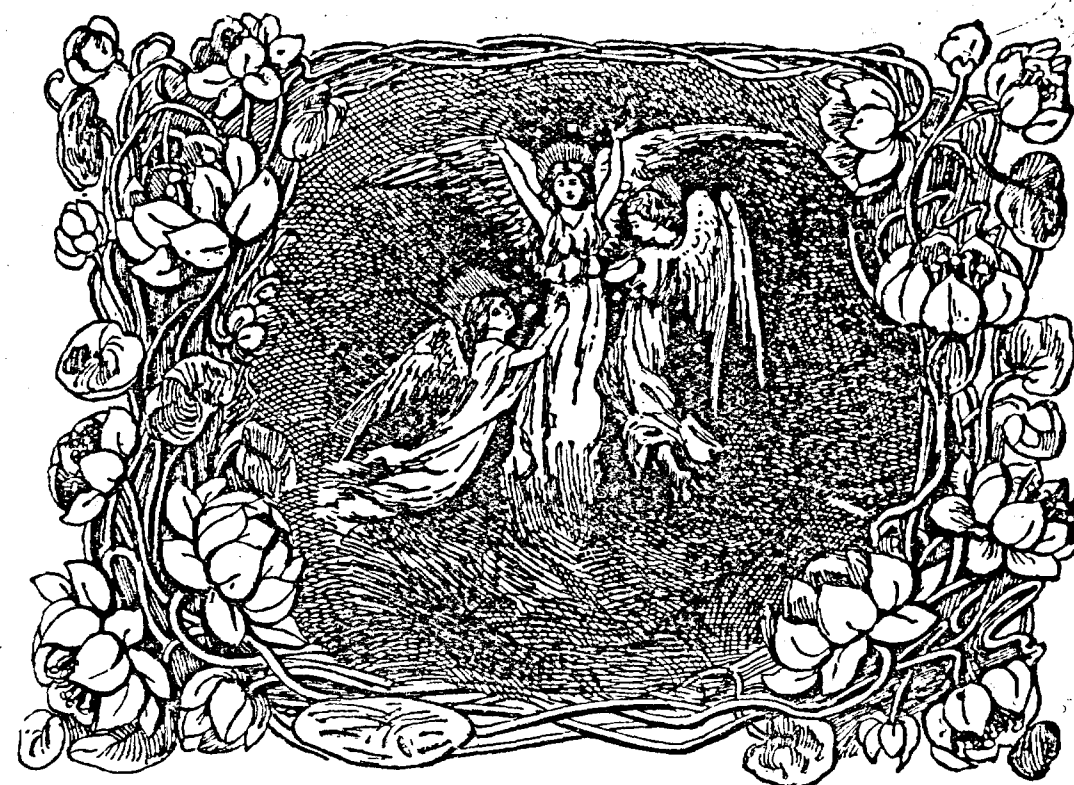
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To a Bereaved Mother

An angel with a radiant face
Bent o'er the cradle of a child,
As in a waveless brook to trace
His own sweet image undefiled.

'O charming child, that seem'st my shade,'
Said he,—'come, come away with me;
Oh come, and let no fears dissuade,
This earth is not a place for thee.

'Here never is an unmixed joy,
Distinct from suffering and from pain,
Nothing, alas, without alloy;
No smile but has its sigh again.

'Ah! Not one pleasure here is sure!
The calmest day,—the brightest sun,
A murky tempest will obscure
Perhaps before its course be run.

The angel spoke, and shook his wings,
And to the Throne eternal sped,
Whence gush for man Life's crystal springs:
—Poor mother! there thy child lies dead.

'And what! Shall griefs disturb or fears
This brow as pure as summer skies
And shall the bitterness of tears
Bedim the lustre of these eyes!

'No! No! With me through boundless space,
Thou shalt delight, my child, to rove;
The great God Father sends this grace
And spares thee further years, in love.

'I take thee hence away, my flower,
From those that thee have fondly nursed,
But let them greet the last, last hour
As joyful as they hailed the first.

'Let none wear mourning in this home,
No heart keep sorrow as its guest;
For souls as pure as ocean-foam
The last day is of all the best.'

Toru Dutt.

Glimpses of a Tour in Kashmir

X
 "A chosen band in a mountain land
 And a life in the woods for me"

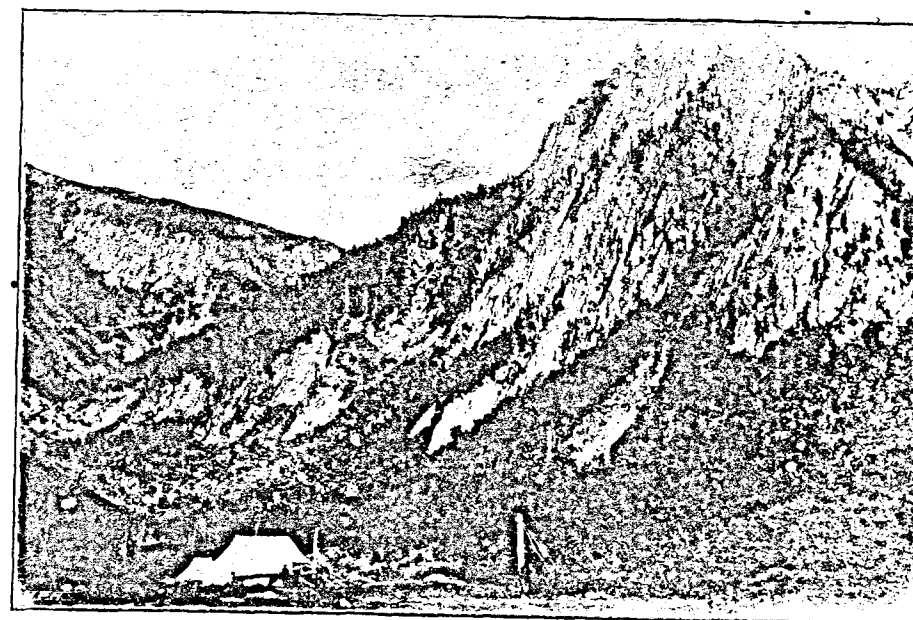


SUCH was our experience for three weeks up in the mountains at Sonnamerg, the "Golden Meadow." Our tents were pitched in a forest of cypress, walnut, and pine trees, on one of the ridges above the path to the post and telegraph office. Nearly all the other camps were pitched some little distance away, up the Taj-Vaz Valley. We had been told that this valley was frequently much windswept and so we were glad to find a sheltered clearing in a wood in a warmer place. The thermometer at Sonnamerg varied during our stay from 40° to 60°, so we greatly rejoiced in large camp fires, piling up logs of walnut and birch trees, and feeding the blaze with pine branches and cones. We used often to read our books, and home letters by the light of the blazing logs. Sonnamerg is at an elevation of 8,600 feet, and the air there was most fresh and bracing, considerably more so than at Pahlgam. The undulating grassy downs of the plateau reminded us of Ootacamund, but there the resemblance ceased, for the ascent of the Taj-Vaz Valley led up to a group of gigantic snow-covered crags and peaks, and to masses of glaciers. Indeed the whole valley is surrounded by enormous mountains. A mountain stream dashes down the valley, and the grassland on either side is full of wonderful wild flowers. The prevalence of yellow flowers gives Sonnamerg the name of the "Golden Meadow." "Gujar" or shepherd folk come up from the Punjab with their herds during the summer months. Each year they build themselves fresh huts, and construct new bridges over the streams. These people supply the "camps" with milk. The women wear a great many necklaces of coloured beads, and many rings and ear-rings, and embroider their vests with crimson silk. They are most picturesque and handsome, but uncommonly dirty. One old woman looked as if she had been made out of crumpled-up yellow parchment. One hardly associates poetry with very dirty uncivilized folk, but these people are evidently not untouched by the beauties of nature around them. They call their cows and buffaloes by such pretty names, such as "Golden dreams," etc. Up the Taj-Vaz Valley is a lovely spot called the

"Fairies' Pool", formed by the bubbling up of a fresh-water spring at some little distance from the river. The Gujars have a pretty legend about this pool. They say that long before human beings lived at Sonnamerg, it was the abode of angels, but that when human beings came, the angels fled, and in their flight they dropped into this pool a bit of the heaven they were carrying away with them, so ever after the water has been considered sacred, and Gujar women and girls come daily and scatter fresh flowers into the pool.

We noticed numbers of birch trees on the sides of the mountains lying almost level with the ground; this is the result of their being, for eight months in the year, weighed down by snow. It is hard to realize that this beautiful valley is closed to human habitation for so many long months at a time. The only people who remain up during the winter months are the men connected with the post and telegraph office. They have to keep open the communications with the capital of Ladakh, which is 185 miles beyond Sonnamerg. Leh is a town of several thousand inhabitants, with an English Post office, and a Moravian hospital and school. Provisions for Leh come up through the Sindh Valley.

The fine weather, which had followed us from Pahlgam, deserted us at Sonnamerg. It seemed as if "here we should see no enemy, but winter and rough weather." For 48 hours on end we listened to the drip-drip from the trees on to our tents. The glaciers, snow peaks, and forests around attract the clouds, and condense them into water spouts. Fortunately there was no howling wind with the rain, it came in a steady straight downpour. It was well for us that we were plentifully provided with books and work, for we had to spend many days in our tents, wrapped up warmly; with hot water bottles to our feet and hands. We had to run out under umbrellas to our dining tent, when the butler's welcome voice sounded outside in the darkness and drip, "Dinner ready on the table, Sar." Visitors in the habit of coming to Sonnamerg every year take care to bring with them bags of flour and learn to make their own bread, as all provisions have to be carried up to Sonnamerg from Srinagar, and this naturally adds considerably to the cost of living. We had no yeast with us, nor any large supply of flour, so depended on the arrival of our coolies from the "Cockburn Agency" for supplies of bread, vegetables, tinned stores, and fruit. Cholera was raging badly at the time in the villages between Srinagar and Sonnamerg, and it was a matter of considerable difficulty to get coolies to face the long marches. We took the precaution of washing all the fruit in hot water on



ZOGI LA



BELOW SONNAMERG

arrival, and of putting the bread into an oven and heating it well before eating it. Indeed it was necessary to be very careful to have all food thoroughly well-cooked, and to eat it hot, not exposing it to flies, for fear of infection. We were warned not to return to Srinagar, as all the villages *en route* were seriously infected, so we determined to put off our return journey as long as possible. When once the weather cleared up, no more charming place for a prolonged holiday could be found than Sonnamerg. It abounds in lovely walks and expeditions. On the 3rd September, we started with three ponies for a whole day out, taking our food with us, to climb a range of mountains opposite our camp, with birch and pine woods on their slopes and grassy slopes and crags above. We ascended for three hours, over ridges, down ravines, and up wooded slopes, every upward step opening out simply gorgeous views of the Taj-Vaz, Bāltal, and Sindh valleys, glaciers, and surrounding crags and snow peaks; we all agreed that we had never seen anything finer in all our experiences. It was a glorious day, and though the sun was hot, there was such a delicious 'nip' in the air, we felt no fatigue from the severe climb. It was frightfully steep, and I am sure our little ponies were glad when we emerged on to one of the more or less flat "Mergs" which occur on these wonderful mountains. Mergs covered with short green grass, and brilliant with wild flowers, where the Gujars come in the summer months, and live in huts, bringing thousands of sheep and goats to graze on the higher mountains. With our glasses we could make out hundreds and hundreds of them on the opposite seemingly inaccessible slopes and peaks. With all our gazing we have never been able once to see a single ibex, bear, or barasingh, so naturally our "Burra Sahib" thinks that camp life on the Nilgiris is more interesting than camp life in Kashmir. Here you are mostly in valleys (though very high ones) looking up to surrounding peaks, there, you are on the hill tops themselves, looking over great stretches of country, and down great depths, with the keener air of the hill tops to refresh you. In Kashmir the big game disappears during the summer months away into the snows, frightened away by the multitudes of flocks and herds brought up to graze in the higher green slopes. On the Nilgiris never a day in camp passes without the sight of sambar and ibex, and there is always the possibility of a tiger in quest of sport himself, affording sport to the traveller. We climbed 2,000 feet that day, and at the top were rewarded with the sight of two new valleys opening out in the direction of Hara Mok; again we scanned the enormous peaks and ranges, examining every

cleft and cliff, and likely bit of green slope, but never a sign of life was there to be seen, except the wheeling vulture overhead.

Though the season for flowers was practically over, yet we crossed ravines thick with pink balsams, and clumps of tall marsh mallows, meadow sweet, ragged sun-flowers, white columbines, wild mint, larkspur, fritillaries, forget-me-nots, *bracken* (the first we had seen on these hills) and sheets of elder flowers, and still more bright orange red elder berries. We were glad of a rest half way home under some spreading pine trees, for tea, and cakes and scones, and reached camp in time for dinner. The blaze of the camp fire after an expedition of the kind, is more enjoyable than ever, there is a perennial fascination in listening to the crackling of the logs, and watching the sparks fly upwards.

Before leaving Sonnamerg, our "Burra Sahib" went by himself to the *Zogi La*, the Pass that leads from Kashmir proper into the outlying province of Ladakh. It is the route by which all traffic passes from India and Kashmir to Leh and Central Asia, and so is one of the best known, and most traversed of the Kashmir Passes, and until lately, it was usually a most difficult one. He took with him the shikari and his "understudy," his bedding, and supplies for two days on a pack pony. The first stage was to Bāltal, nine miles further up the Sindh valley. There is no village there, and until two years ago there was only a miserable hut for all classes of travellers to shelter in together. Now there is an excellent bungalow, with two sets of rooms for "decent folk," and ample shelter also for humbler travellers. It is built on a fine stretch of park-like land. There are fine trees along the river bank, one birch was so big that three men could not have encircled its stem with outstretched arms.

"The next day" wrote the "Burra Sahib," "I was up at 6 A.M., and on the road by 7 o'clock riding the six miles to the top of the Pass which is 11,300 feet above sea level, and 2,000 feet above the bungalow. Formerly it was a most difficult job. In the spring men used to follow the line of the frozen river for several miles through a narrow, and the most precipitous, canon, and, when the river thawed, the road, or rather path, lay up a most precipitous spur that seemed to me now to be almost impossible. However, two years ago, a new and excellent bridge road was made, and up this I rode for six miles without any difficulty whatever, through splendid scenery. At one place the road was built into the side of a sheer cliff, which fell many hundreds of feet perpendicularly down. After three hours I got to the top, and found a small shallow lake right on the top, fed by a snow stream from the peaks above. The shikari said it often had

wild duck on it, but I saw none. The air on the top had quite changed, and was dry and cold like that of Ladakh. At Leh, the capital, the rainfall is only four inches a year. I had a fine view down into the treeless and arid wastes of Ladakh. Thousands of sheep were on the Pass, returning to Kashmir on the approach of winter. There were as usual innumerable wild flowers on all the high grass lands. After half an hour's rest, I retraced my steps and walked down to the bungalow, which I reached at noon, and after a good lunch, returned to Sonnamerg."

On the return of the "Burra Sahib" from the Zoyi-la Pass we prepared to leave Sonnamerg for our return journey to Srinagar. The next day, September 13, dawned bright and sunny; our white tents folded their butterfly wings, and were stowed on the backs of ponies, our bags, kiltas, yakduns, tables, chairs, beds and bath, meat-safe and bed-bundles followed suit, the beautiful wood was left once more to the birds and possible monkeys. We mounted our ponies, and rode sorrowfully away. It had been such a lovely camp!

We had a 50-mile march before us, to be broken by three halts for the night. Since leaving Srinagar in June we had ridden over 200 miles through the mountains.

The steep path down the Sonnamerg gorge was very slippery after the heavy rains of the two previous days, and we had frequently to dismount, and pick our steps carefully over the boulders, alpine stocks in hand. The towering peaks above were mostly hidden by fleecy clouds, but we were fortunate in having no rain, and being saved from a roasting sun. When we reached the walnut groves of Guggangir at the foot, and sat near the tearing torrent of the Sindh river, we were quite fresh, and much enjoyed a hot breakfast. The camp coolies followed us very slowly, so we decided not to wait for them, but to go on to *Gooni*, our resting place for the remainder of the day and night; the distance being only thirteen and half miles. We had our tents pitched away from the village on a grassy hill, high above the river, commanding splendid views up and down the valley. The river, and mountains, pine forests, walnut groves, and yellow rice fields "ripe unto harvest" just made a wonderful picture. It was beautifully dry on the grassy hill after our damp experiences in the lovely but dripping wood at Sonnamerg. Next morning we were up early, our bedding folded up, tents taken down, and everything packed up by nine o'clock for the march. We rode down the valley, by the river, through villages, where it was sad to note the groups of new graves. On the way we noticed many trees pollarded, and the foliage all stacked between the short forked branches. We were told

that the foliage is so stacked for food for sheep and cattle in the winter, when the ground is deeply covered with snow, and that pollarded walnut trees pay no tax to Government. We slept at Margoond—after a march of twelve miles; and marched next day fourteen and a half miles to *Mushelbagh*. As we descended the valley, it widened out, and every inch of the landscape was golden with rice crops, ripe unto harvest, some fields had red rice crops, of a lovely russet colour, and others crops of black rice, while nearly every field was bordered with a growth of gorgeous crimson amaranth, a tall showy plant, the grain from which is used for flour, and for oil. Its colouring is splendid, and gives vivid splashes of colour to the fields already brilliant in the sunlight. The sight of this wealth of cultivation on all sides recalled a verse of the Psalms: "The valleys stand so thick with corn that they laugh and sing." The whole landscape was so beautiful, mile after mile, so lovely, rich and prosperous, the mountains so mighty, the river so brilliant and rejoicing in its tumble of ice-cold waters, it was pitiful to think that amidst all this strength and wealth, and beauty, that human life was being mown down in hundreds all over the land, by a tiny invisible foe, visible only to the strongest microscope. Every village we had passed through had its new cluster of cholera graves under the mounds of iris flowers. Our last camp of all was in a garden belonging to the Maharajah, ten and half miles from Srinagar. We sat on a hillock and watched the sunset on the Dal Lake and over the Takt-i-Suleimun, and Hari Parbat Fort. We rode in early next morning, by the shores of the Anchar Lake and then through the suburbs of the city, past mud walls, garden cultivation, and tumble down ruins, right into the city itself, and under the walls of the Hari Parbat Fort. The city, thirty years ago, used to be immensely bigger than it is now, but it suffered terribly in the famine of 1876-77; vast areas, where houses formerly stood, now stand bare, except where they have been turned into small vegetable gardens. The smells, as we passed along the narrow lanes and alleys, and in and out of tortuous and devious ways, were many and mighty! At one spot we came across an open square by a mosque, and the place was crowded with worshippers. All over the pathways large yellow and black dogs lay asleep in the sun, and absolutely refused to get out of the way, so we perpetually threaded our way in and out by their slumbering forms. At one village where they were not asleep, no less than eight of them fell upon our little dogs. It was the work of a moment to dismount and seize our dogs, while our syces waved our alpine clubs about them in every direction to keep off

the eight yapping and yelping canine crowd! At 11 o'clock, when the sun was very hot, we emerged on to the bund of the Chenar canal, much rejoiced to catch sight of the "Colonel Sahib's" boat, and, next to it, of the "Bul-Bul", and to see our Shikara with Subhana waiting to paddle us over to the house-boat. Nooroo's old father greeted him with tears of joy at seeing him back safe and sound.

Madras to Edinburgh

THE following is a copy of a descriptive letter written by a friend of mine who went to Edinburgh some months ago for educational purposes. It is a straightforward narration of the journey from Madras to Edinburgh, and is calculated to interest the readers. It is a pity that even at this late time Indians do not freely resort to travel beyond the seas.

"We enjoyed our railway journey very much between Madras and Tuticorin. At Tuticorin we got up into a small steam launch which took us to the B. I. S. N. steamer that was standing about five miles off in the sea. Half an hour or so after boarding it, we began our sea voyage. About half an hour after we had begun the voyage, our steamer began to toss on the sea and we began to feel a giddy sensation. At about seven o'clock we went to dinner, which we took along with the officers of the ship. The night we passed quietly by lying down in our berths. Next morning the steward brought us coffee, the very smell of which at the time was very unpleasant. At eight in the morning we landed at Colombo. A friend had come to meet us at the pier. With him we drove to a hotel. My friend was too sick to move about. I went to Cook's office and transacted all the business preparatory to our voyage. At about three in the afternoon we went on board the "Marmora," a P. & O. Australian mail steamer, and an infinitely large vessel when compared with that we voyaged in before. Our baggage was properly labelled and put in our cabin, which was a two-berthed inside one. A wardrobe, a wash-basin, a stool, a mirror, a what-not, and an electric fan were some of the conveniences we had. An inside cabin with an electric fan is much better than an outside one without an electric fan though it has a porthole; for one can keep the electric fan always going and so have a good breeze, while one cannot be sure of getting a breeze through the porthole always.

We were not quite reconciled to the sea till we came to Aden. It was only after Aden

that we enjoyed our voyage extremely. At Aden the passengers from Bombay came on board our steamer. We stopped at Aden only for two or three hours. Then we entered the Red Sea. There is no redness about the sea at all and I wonder how it got that name. The sea was very calm and we met a number of steamers on our way. I wish that the geographers take it into their heads to change the name into "Busy Sea." After three or four days we called at Suez, where we stopped only for two hours. Then we entered the Suez canal, that wonderful product of engineering skill. The canal in many places is just twice as broad as the Buckingham canal near the Madras Central Station. Two ships can hardly pass abreast. When two have to pass, one is taken into a siding.

We can clearly see the level of the water in the canal rising in front as we go in. Any number of dredgers are continually at work and a special pilot is by each steamer in the canal. The canal is about 76 miles in length. Our steamer went through it at the rate of between four and five miles an hour. The milestones can be clearly seen just as from a Railway train. A day after leaving Suez we called at Said. Here we stopped for twelve hours as our steamer had to coal. After breakfast we hired a boat and went ashore. We walked in the streets for some two hours. We went close to the statue erected to Ferdinand Lesseps, the Engineer who constructed the Suez canal. It is visible even from the steamer. We next entered the Mediterranean. In two days we entered the Straits of Messina. We could see the ruins of Messina. We were also able to see the volcanic Etna giving out dense smoke in the distance. On the Italian Coast we could see a nice little town. In another day we entered the Bonifacio. We passed within a mile's distance from the volcano, Stromboli, which was also very active. Had it taken into its head to be more active than it was, we should have perhaps ended our lives. Three days later we called at Marseilles, which can boast of a fine natural harbour much improved by artificial means. Our steamer came as near the land as a railway train does when it comes to a platform. Immediately, with the help of the Cook's man in uniform, we drove to the railway station. About half an hour afterwards we got in a train, which was said to be a slow one for Paris. This train went at the rate of between 30 and 70 miles an hour, now climbing up hill, now going downhill, now taking a sudden turn, and now passing through tunnels, miles long. The scenery through France is picturesque. The railway carriages are not as comfortable as they are in India, as even first and second class passengers are expected to sit up throughout the night, unless they have tickets

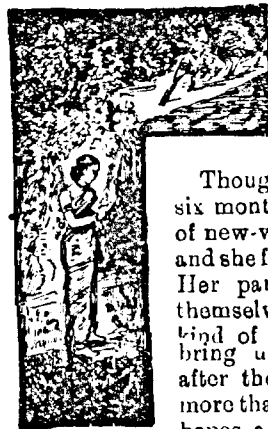
for the special sleeping car. At Paris we had to change into a train for Boulogne which started soon after our arrival at Paris. We crossed the English channel between Folkstone and Boulogne, the journey occupying about two hours. At Folkstone we took train for London. The scenery of England is not as picturesque as it is through France. In every village that we passed by, we could see a chapel, and little boys playing at cricket. The Cook's man, who was instructed about our arrival by Mr. Arnold, the adviser to India students, was awaiting us at Charing Cross. He put us in an omnibus and gave instructions to the driver to go to the Home for Indian students where they can stay for a week after arrival in London. We stopped in London only for a day which we spent in going about. The thing that struck me as the most wonderful was the underground railway worked by electricity. London is a busy place. Time in London cost more than anywhere else. Every body is busy and it is difficult to spy an idle man in the streets.

We left London by the Edinburgh express doing 400 miles in less than eight hours. Sometimes we travelled at ninety miles an hour. A friend met us at the railway station. We stopped for the night in a hotel and next morning found out our present comfortable lodgings with a good old woman for our landlady."

P. R. KRISHNASWAMI.

The Reclamation; A Story

I



sweetest little maid, with the sweetest and most irresistible of wilful ways. No husband was suited to her talents or her beauty in that narrow caste of theirs; and she soon left behind the age when Hindu girls ought to be married. The

parents cast about for a husband with anxious eyes; relations began to grumble and abuse; the caste people held up their hands in unutterable horror at this irreligious maidenhood, and calmed their pious indignation by inventing a few scandals at the expense of their innocent victim. A fortunate event then occurred; Dr. Shrikant became a widower. This doctor was a young man of about 30, immaculate to a fault and charitable to a vice, a plain-featured, simple-natured, respectable sort of man, with a flourishing practice. Nalini's parents were not slow to appropriate this God-send, who, though not quite an angel, was not ill-fitting to pair her.

Hindu parents have a fine knack of running into gross follies—at times, I mean. To marry an ignorant infant of a girl to any husband suitable, say horoscopically or pecuniarily, is comparatively a small sin. A husband to a Hindu young girl is something unspeakable and awe-inspiring. From the dawn of her intelligence she sees in him her future master—contrives to merge her individuality in his—and by sheer force of association drags on, sublimely unconscious, the chain of slavery quite lightly. But to educate her on broad lines—to cultivate her likes and dislikes—to permit her to develop her individual tastes, and then at the compulsion of social tyranny to transfer her off to the first available man! Why, that is simply monstrous. Shrikant may be a match however good in her parents' eyes. But how could his plain features, his prosaic ways, his quiet, unobtrusive conversation—how could they captivate the flighty, imaginative mind of a refined girl of seventeen. Nalini must bear it anyhow; but her sensitive nature fretted under the burden of her cruel lot. Her long-cherished rosy dreams melted into thin air, leaving but a black prospect of uninteresting, unloving conjugal dreariness.

Her mental calm was still more upset by the arrival, from England, of a son of her father's friend, an old playmate of hers. She and her husband had met him at a party at her father's. He was a barrister—all fashion and brilliance; he had seen her and recognised her, and said that she had grown into a goddess. Nalini shuddered as his picture obstinately intruded upon her thoughts. The noble instincts of proud and pure Indian womanhood rose rebellious at this flagrant liberty. But still Satyendra's face haunted her—so handsome—so gay—so charming—the very essence of romance. The steady, unchanging, almost cold face of her husband rose in unfavourable contrast, and she heaved a disconsolate sigh. A footfall in the verandah broke her melancholy reverie. She involuntarily started as her husband came in. There he was, the faultless, uninspiring man with his unchang-

ing steadiness and duty—mathematically a perfect husband whose precise conduct defied the closest scrutiny. He came in with a sad smile, an expression which had lately grown upon him.

"Dearest" he said "I saw Mr. Satyendra to-day; and I have invited him to our place, you were old friends, and so his company might enliven your lonely afternoons."

Nalini shuddered. She did not want to see this man who reminded her of the sunny dreams of her vanished but unforgotten past. But she could not say anything. She pressed her lips and was silent.

II

Satyendra was now their constant guest. He dropped in often of an evening when the doctor was away on his professional rounds, and by his varied chat beguiled the tediousness of indolent moments. Nalini's soul was stirred to its depths, and the buried phantom of her romance rose again to resume its sway. Days were invested with a sweet interest; and the superficial fop who so dangerously plied the arts of fascination became glorified in her eyes as the embodiment of heroism. Her lost vivacity returned. When Satyendra went away, she sank into a sad eagerness, living the whole night in the expectation of his return the next day. Her husband was too keen sighted not to perceive all this. He saw the change—became more attentive and more icily perfect,—and grew a shade more melancholy. He had begun to feel the folly of his marriage, and laid the whole blame on his own shoulders, for saddling such a young and buoyant girl with an old and unsuited husband like himself. He really loved this sweet, little fairy, as she was at her father's; but at his touch she had turned into stone. And he alone was guilty!

Nalini was equally bewildered. Her romance had gone, her ideals had vanished. But still with the heroic self abnegation of a Hindu wife, she had determined to adapt herself to her new life, however uncongenial. Many a time she had tried, but in vain, to detect a passing symptom of heroism or overpowering emotion in her husband. She wished she could love him. But no! nothing could be made out of that marble heart. Then came this supreme temptation in the form of Satyendra—the brilliant, handsome man with his winning ways. Like a fascinated prey she was dragged towards the danger from which she wanted to fly. And that thoughtless, flippant young man, accustomed to the easy intercourse of Western life, first came to admire, and then remained to see himself worshipped. What young man can flee the silent worship of an angel? Her fresh charms drew him on, and thoughtlessly, he plunged into a most dangerous intimacy. And the

doctor's long absence from home left them free to mix their souls in unrestricted communion.

Once they sat together long, till the soft summer evening shed its dreamy, longing shadows all around. Their talk had drifted to the marriage of the barrister, which was now generally talked about.

"I would never like to marry one whom I cannot love" said Satyendra "To have some ignorant, unmannerly girl forced upon me."

"Well! That's ridiculous. But you can't remain unmarried for your whole life. Can you?"

"Why? Instead of yoking myself to some charming belle, disinterred for my special convenience, I would rather remain unmarried. It would be nothing short of martyrdom."

"Yes! but that's always the case in our society." Nalini rejoined with a blush as her own domestic life rose before her eyes.

This was the first time that Nalini had ever hinted at her own disappointment—Satyendra, who was burning to avow his unholy love—could not suppress his feelings any more.

"If it comes to that I would surely prefer to die worshipping my unapproachable lady-love, even at a distance."

His ardent gaze made his intention unmistakable.

The poor girl almost sobbed. She had suppressed her thoughts so often that they now clamoured for utterance. "Your parents will scarcely permit that."

"Parents! They have scarcely any concern in my future life."

"But they do make it a point to make us as wretched as they can," she spoke convulsively. The next moment she wished her words unspoken. She looked around confused and frightened.

"Yes, I see your wretchedness and feel for it. Don't conceal it, Nalini!" He went on hastily. "I feel for you. Every time I see you so pale, so miserable, I almost die. Don't draw away your hand, dear! you know I love you—yes! love more than I can say."

"Oh! don't! don't! Satyendra," cried the bewildered girl all taken aback at this sudden torrent of passion.

"For Heaven's sake, don't play the hypocrite. We have concealed it too long. I know you love me, dearest Nalini, I know it."

And notwithstanding her struggles, he clasped her in a strong, vehement embrace.

In their agitation they did not perceive a shadow which flitted past the open window.

"What are you doing?" cried the terrified girl, vainly trying to collect her dignity. "You are very hasty—I mean, very wrong. I am a wife, another's wedded wife." It was like the cry of the wounded bird—whether of despair or indig-

nation remained uncertain. Shrikant's voice was heard speaking to the servant. Both started. The golden dream had vanished. A sudden change had come over the doctor. His friends remarked his silent and almost stern behaviour. With his wife he was more tender than before. But now he was scarcely at home. The plague was increasing, and his duties took up all his hours.

After Satyendra's conduct of the other day, Nalini shrank from facing him alone the next day. On the plea of a slight indisposition, she remained for about a week at her parents, where the presence of her mother and other ladies of the house saved her the pain of a personal interview with him. Shrikant—his exemplary conduct, righteousness, duty, all dragged on one side, inclination, fancy, her evil genius in the form of the barrister on the other. She was wretched the whole day long. On the day of her return to her own house, the associations of home and the ever-kind attentions of her husband made her still more so. Her mind became overtaxed. She brooded ceaselessly, till she worked herself up to a pitch of delirious frenzy.

The doctor came home a little earlier and remarked her restlessness. He came and sat by her side. Had their relations permitted it, he would have clasped her in a frantic embrace, and forgotten everything in an all-powerful outburst of love. But alas! she was a forbidden fruit, which he thought he did not deserve. They fell to talking of the plague which devoured every thing, and of the grim death that threatened every soul around. The doctor talked with touching earnestness of the sad havoc, and for the first time Nalini saw the noble depths of her husband's heart. The marble heart appeared alive with feeling. Oh! if he were of this sort all throughout!

And you are to go amidst all these infected people? That is very dangerous.

"Doctors have no dangers."

"But they have their lives to preserve at least."

"I have very curious notions of life, Nalini. I put very little value upon it. The value, if at all there is any, is in the service which we do. And moreover I have very little happiness to look back upon, so I can face death without the slightest reluctance." These were the first words of sorrow or disappointment that had escaped the doctor. His face was serious, his look melancholy, gazing into the distance of his own thoughts.

The poor girl could not stand this blow. She vented her misery in a flood of tears.

"What's this, dear? What ails you?" asked the doctor. He took her hand, and started,

"Ah! you are feverish. Come, go to bed. There's a dear."

An hour later Satyendra came on his usual visit, prim and perfect like a draper's model. He knew that Nalini had come here, and had his pride a little wounded when, instead of her whom he took to be his devotee, he saw the doctor advancing with a grave air.

"Is not Mrs. Shrikant in?" he asked with an air of being the absolute proprietor of the person in question.

"Oh! she is in. But she is ill" returned the doctor deliberately. "I fear she has caught the plague."

"Plague! Bubonic plague" gasped the terrified beau.

"Yes! would you like to see her. She will feel a little more comfortable to see you by her side." "Heavens! What an idea?—Oh no—by no means—it would be sacrilegious to disturb ladies," incoherently murmured the valiant lover—belied his words by his nervous look—gaped all around to detect if the terrible friend was perceivable in some corner of the room. He ceremoniously saluted the doctor, he bolted out of the plague-infected house and locality—went to his house—undressed—washed—emptied his lungs of the foul air. When he felt himself safe, he turned his thought to his lady love—and went to sleep.

Nalini had fallen a prey to the virulent epidemic which desolated the whole town. The attack was very severe, and for days she lay prostrate with fever and mad with delirium, tearing, biting—every minute expected to end her earthly existence. Servants fled the house; her mother once came to see—sat at a distance—and having performed that visual operation, quietly walked away. Her hero once thought it fashionable to send up his visiting card. The prosaic, dull, cold husband only stood the ground in this general desertion. He was everything by turns—the patient and ever-watchful doctor—the cook who prepared her spare measure of food—the nurse whose unwavering attention eased her wretchedness—the mother supporting and tending her frail body. He forgot her indifference and questionable conduct, remembered alone the angel of his own imaginary world.

Those who have not seen the ravages of plague can never conceive its frightful realities. Large families left without a protector; children kissed to sleep at night by parental carresses waking to find themselves homeless orphans; ten-year-old wives married with the rise of day at its end breaking their hearts on the sleepless, lonely pillow of barren widowhood; old grand-parents, bowed with age and grief lying disconsolately upon the stiff corpse of the last of a large race, laid low, within a week! Friends.

turned false and fled; relations forgot by their kin; sacred corpses rotted uncremated; the curse was upon all as in Egypt; the wail of some bursting, solitary heart alone disturbed the terrible silence. Oh! it was shocking!

The doctor's patient efforts were at last crowned with success. The plague left her with bare life. The first thing which Nalini saw was the kind face of her husband looking into hers with eagerness. She wanted to take his hand, but was too feeble to do it. She closed her eyes and slept.

On the next day as he gave her the medicine, she took his hand and applied it to her pale lips. Blood rushed to his face. However patient and good he was, he did not relish this hollow token without its reality and withdrew it. But his kindness continued unabated. He tended her with the same zeal which love alone knows. His conversation, so feeling and unaffected, restored to her weak mind some serenity which she had never experienced for days. He was, indeed, quite different from the lively and pompous Satyendra, whose usual conversation barely went beyond his first person singular. The doctor loved to talk of all things but himself, and also added a charm of simple manners which for the first time Nalini found interesting. During the long two months when her husband was in constant attendance upon her, she began to see him in a different light. Her idea of him soon underwent a change. As she understood him more, she began to realize how overwhelmingly superior he was to her and to her false god whom she worshipped before.

But the doctor remained ignorant of this wholesome change. Considering himself as the guilty party, he tended her with a sense of doing whatever reparation that might lie within his power, and never saw the new change in her. With her recovery the worthy barrister resumed his attentions, and Shrikant began to be scarce. Nalini saw with anxiety and alarm the deliberate absence of her husband. She suspected the reason, but was too weak to rally her courage and speak. She grew disgusted at the assiduous attentions of Satyendra, which sometimes grew improperly familiar even in the presence of her husband.

Once they were alone—she and the barrister talking of her and her narrow escape. One tried to evade, to forget the past, the other to bring it back. "Had you died?" said Satyendra, shutting his eyes to his precipitate departure from the plague-affected house "I would have been made miserable—miserable beyond words."

Nalini winced and was silent. "My whole life would have been ruined. There is no life without love, Nalini." His pompous, unmeaning phrases began to flow.

He took her wasted hands. She tried to snatch them away, but was too feeble.

"Let us forget the past" she muttered "I do not—"

"No! No! Nalini. For Heaven's sake do not utter the fatal words. No! I can't believe it. You do love me." And with an ardent gesture, he covered her hands with burning kisses.

Nalini's heart rebelled. This disgraceful relation ought to be put an end to. With a sudden effort she withdrew her hands. Her brain began to throb with a sense of violent indignation. She tried to rise to hurl defiance on the man who had insulted her womanly dignity. She rose—and stopped thunderstruck, her wan face startled with a dreadful emotion. The door lay afar, beyond which her husband could be seen walking—almost tottering away—his hands covering his face. He had seen all—had misunderstood all; not this time only, but on that previous occasion too. A combination of damning appearances had made her out quite guilty. She could guess what her husband would think, and could feel the circumstantial force of her crime. She had fallen—fallen inextricably and proved faithless to that noble man, whose silent but heroic conduct rebuked her sinful wantonness. With this wretchedness bearing her down she strove to speak; but the violence of her feelings overpowered her. She screamed and fainted away.

When she awoke from her sleep—for the swoon had been succeeded by a sleep—the early dawn had spread a touching, refreshing sweetness everywhere. She thought of the events of yesterday and shuddered. She glanced at the camp-bed where her husband had slept for the last three months, watching over her with the care of a guardian angel and snatching her away from the very jaws of death. It was not slept in. Her heart stood still at this unwonted sign of absence—a sudden thought harrowed her very soul. Disgusted with her faithlessness, had he left her finally and for ever? Has she been left without her heroic selfless lord?

A thousand unwelcome thoughts rushed to her brain. She could not brook the delay—rose and opened the door. The outer room lay in frightening solitude. The whole house was quiet as the grave. Driven to madness she ran to his study where usually he sat up reading late in the night. It was equally vacant. A solitary candle had burnt down to the socket. Her throat choked with unutterable pain, her tongue cleaved to the palate. She tried to call him, but could not. She ran from room to room, alone in that untenanted house, like some disturbed ghost working out its punishment; but no Shrikant was found.

She went downstairs—for the first time after

her illness and called the servant: one whom faithfulness had sent back after mortal danger had departed from the house.

The servant replied incoherently that the master had left at about the hour of midnight, with a small portmanteau, but had given him a letter for her.

A letter! Then surely he had left! The letter ran as follows:—

"Dearest,

I loved you much, and my only aim in life was to make you happy. But my ill-luck makes me stand between you and happiness. I go and leave you free to do as you choose. A thousand adieus.

Your unfortunate husband,

11-30 P.M.

SHRIKANT."

She remained fixed to the spot. Her whole soul felt the desolation of lost love. She loved him with all her heart, and now he was gone—gone to die so that she might be happy. No! She will bring him back or kill herself. He will come and she will spend her days in worshipping him. To serve him would be her highest law, to love him her only salvation.

Where could he have gone? He had talked to her of a plague camp where all the poor and homeless victims of plague had been gathered. She knew the five successive medical attendants had fallen a prey to the violence which characterised the epidemic in that fatal spot. He had told her that no doctor was willing to go there to tempt fate. And now tired of life he had courted that certain death to free her from himself.

"Oh, Shrikant! my dear lord! I, sinning and selfish, did not deserve this sacrifice."

She did not inform any one but the old servant whom she took with her. None saw her speeding towards the camp as fast as steam could carry her. She reached the camp in the afternoon, and could see the distant shades which indicated the end of her journey. Torn by varied emotions and borne up only by the excited state of her nerves, she reached the camp and inquired for the doctor. He had come there in the morning and was already installed as the medical attendant. His shed was pointed out. She did not know what to do. The excitement was fast ebbing away, and she was getting nervous. She quivered in every limb. Hesitating, trembling, knowing not what to do, she went and stood near the door. With his back turned towards the door sat the doctor. His head rested on the table. A small lamp threw its feeble glimmer round him. Nalini dared not speak. Now that the supreme moment had come, all her maidenly coyness, the consciousness of her weakness, the brutality with which she had treated this saintly man overpowered her, and paralysed her tongue.

Poor Shrikant, sunk in wretchedness, heard a sigh that sounded more like a sob. The spell which had overcome the poor girl's nerves was broken. She whispered the doctor's name softly. He shuddered as if his rebellious imagination had teased him by conjuring up the phantom of that beloved voice.

Nalini saw and called a little louder. With a sudden start the doctor turned round as if dazed and saw his wife standing before him.

"Nalini, you here?"

"Yes, here and wherever you will be, Nath."

She could barely summon up courage.

"No! No!" said Shrikant turning away his face as if warding her off, "I can't make you happy. Don't make me cursed by seeing you tied down to me in everlasting misery."

"Nath! Nath! leave me not. Forgive me. The punishment is now too severe. I have sinned and suffered both. Dear—"

She could speak no more. The last word was scarcely out of her mouth—the doctor had stood up trying to defy all her prayers, when her strength failed. Senseless she dropped—into the doctor's open, trembling arms.

A minute later and the doctor was trying to revive her with all the skill he possessed. A glow of joy lighted up his hitherto careworn face. As he gazed upon the beautiful face, so exquisitely pale which lay in his lap, he murmured.

"Dear angel of love and beauty, I have won you at last."

And he smiled.

The unfortunate plague camp was without a doctor again the next morning.

KANAKALAL M. MUNSHI.

Rambles

III

A WEEK IN PAMBAN



PAMBAN, a small mercantile town, late of Madura and now of the Ramnad District, is situated at the western extremity of the Ramesvaram Island, opposite to Mandapam on the mainland, from which it is separated by a line of reefs one mile and a half in length. The reefs are at the extremity where the land runs out towards the east in a narrow tongue

some fifteen miles long, and almost joins the foot-shaped island of Ramesvaram, and where the east coast faces part of the west coast of Ceylon and all but touches it. Pamban derived its name from the snake-like channel which separates the island from the mainland. The reefs are partly exposed at low tide, except where the Pamban Pass, a ship channel 200 feet wide and 13 feet deep, has been cut through the reefs on the Ramesvaram side. The town is uninteresting to a sight seer. There are about 1,000 houses like in Mandapam. There is no accommodation whatever for European travellers on the island. Coconut and dried fish are the chief products. Toddy-drawing is very extensively carried on. A considerable amount of fish of the well-known kinds, prawns, oysters, etc., are available. The great pearl-fishery was carried on annually along the whole coast from Cape Comorin to the island of Ramesvaram, and this was a productive source of revenue to the Carnatic Rulers and the Sethupathis of the Marava territory of Ramnad. Pamban is the seaport of the Ramesvaram island which is also known as the Island of Pamban. There are the Port Officer, Post Master, Telegraph Master, Apothecary, Police Station-House Officer, Agents of the British India Steam Navigation Company, and of the Madura Company, and an Emigration Officer. There is a Roman Catholic Chapel. There is a Light House at Pamban, 80 feet above the sea level; the light of which, a fixed red one, can be seen from 8 to 10 miles on a clear night. The cable and light houses and the small Subramania temple to which all pilgrims resort before proceeding to Ramesvaram are the only objects of interest. There is a Local Fund Choultry adjoining the railway station, besides other old choultries, most part of which are in ruins. Bairava and Kasi Theerthams, each of which has a legend of its own, situated at the northern end of the town in the sea and half a mile north of the railway station, are considered sacred by the pilgrims to Ramesvaram.

The population is chiefly of Mahammadans who are an industrious class of people and are actively engaged in traffic, or as pilots and boatmen to the dhonies and vessels passing through the channel, and some of these are employed in the Government service as pilots and divers. The advent of the railway has deprived many of their occupations, and is reducing the labouring classes to half starvation.

The circumstance which gives interest to this town is its vicinity to the channel or passage from which it takes its name as above said. As stated above, the island is separated by the sea bursting through the connecting chain of rocks. The continuation of the same geological

formation from the mainland across the bridge of rocks forming the dam (through which is cut the Pamban passage) to the island of Ramesvaram, preserving exactly the same direction and the same geological features, show that the island of Ramesvaram constituted at one period a portion of the mainland. The supposition that the island was connected with the mainland, is borne out by a tradition that the Gods of Ramesvaram were carried to the mainland three times every year along the causeway known in these parts as 'Rama's Bridge', which partly even now remains on either side of the passage and over which the South Indian Railway Company propose laying the line to connect the island by through communication, but that a breach was caused by a violent storm and that it has increased in size by every succeeding one, until the Dutch partially opened the passage, when they possessed the island. The breach caused by the terrific storm stopped the communication by land, which, until then, had been uninterrupted. With the aid of pilots, it had been practicable for dhonies and small vessels, after disembarking their cargo, to cross the barrier, though with considerable difficulty and danger; the obstacles being so numerous that often several days were consumed in the operation. The importance of a navigable passage was long ago seen to be very great, as it would avoid the necessity of the long and stormy navigation round Ceylon, and it had long been a subject of consideration with the British Government. The Honourable Mr. Stephen Rumbold Lushington, a former Governor of Madras, was the first who made any serious attempt in 1827 to accomplish the object, the advantages of which he had appreciated when he was Collector of Tinnevely. In 1828, Lieutenant Colonel Sim and in 1834, Colonel Monteith surveyed and reported on the practicability of opening the channel, and in 1837 the work was begun. That the work was begun in 1837 goes to confirm the tradition that the gods of Ramesvaram were brought to a Mandapam on the mainland until then, as stated by me in any descriptive narrative of Mandapam. In January 1854, Colonel Cotton, the Chief Engineer, in a lengthy letter emphasized on the possibility of accomplishing the object of permanently deepening and straightening the Pass and also the advantages of doing it, and that all the supposed possible difficulties had been proved to be quite imaginary by the work accomplished till then; and urged a more vigorous prosecution of this important undertaking with the view of rendering the passage navigable for vessels of large burden, and in particular for the steamers of the Suez line. Captain Biden, however, and Captain Franklin, for whose professional opinion the

question was referred, thought it doubtful whether the larger steamers would take the inner passage, even if it were made practicable for them. In 1848, the Marine Board, writing of the results of the improvements effected in this channel, advert to a very important one of a different kind, viz., the improved construction of the Native coasting vessels. The following is their language—

"As a natural sequence to these extensive improvements, the trade through the Pamban channel has gradually acquired a vigor which has, in the course of thirteen years, more than quadrupled its former amount, and the annexed statement not only exhibits the progressive increase in the quantity of tonnage passing through, but shows that a superior description of vessel is being thereby brought into action. As long as the passage from the Coromandel to the Malabar Coast, on the west side of Ceylon, was confined to one voyage in the year, the dhoney, a very frail description of craft, was in general favour as being less expensive, and as easily sailed with a fair wind as any other, but now that the communication renders the passage practicable at all seasons, this is giving way to the more substantial brig and schooner, able to work down the Gulf of Manaar against the south-west monsoon, a fact which fifty years back few English ships would attempt. These are built by Natives of Cochin, Negapatam and Nagpore; most are of teak, and many of them coppered, and being generally commanded and manned by Natives, afford an interesting specimen of their advance in the science of navigation."

With the object of providing a good harbour for Southern India, and at the same time shortening the sea passage round the coast, and between Europe and the East Coast of India and Burma, and to allow the Pamban Pass to be permanently interrupted by the railway, it is proposed to construct a large ship canal two miles in length, through the island. The canal will run roughly north and south about a couple of miles to the east of Pamban; and along its western bank, near the south entrance, it is proposed to provide extensive wharf and warehouse accommodation. This south entrance will be the port named as "Port Amphill", after the name of the last Governor of Madras.

Formerly the Madras officials used to go for a change to the sea-coast; but they do so no longer. Occasionally a visit is paid at the island of Pamban, which, during part of the year, enjoys a somewhat mild climate, being exposed on all sides to sea breezes. It is considered to be very salubrious—not so salubrious as Mandapam in my opinion—as the convicts stationed upon it

till about forty years ago seem to have enjoyed "uninterrupted good health, and to have attained a plumpness not usually observable in men of their condition."

The island of Ramesvaram sheltered more than once the Sethupathis of Ramnad in times of rebellion and war, as the enemy found it difficult to force a passage across the channel which separated the island from the main land. There are numerous islands in and around Pamban to which the visitors make boating and shooting excursions.

P. R. VENKATESALU NAIDU.

The Rights of Animals



READERS of Walter Scott may remember how in "Ivanhoe" Gurth, the swineherd, is described as wearing a metal collar round his neck, which was soldered on so as to be immovable, and was stamped with his own name and that of his master Cedric. The object of this collar was to show at a glance whose property the man was, and Scott's intention in introducing the detail was to impress on his readers unmistakably how entirely the serf at that time was a chattel, the property of his owner, whose right to use, abuse, ill-treat, and even to kill on slight provocation, there was none to dispute.

Slowly, and step by step, man has gained from the hands of his masters such measures of recognition of his human needs and desires that in all so-called civilised countries, in ordinary circumstances, his life is considered his own, and he has freedom to work out his own destiny—more or less—though we still see evidence on all sides that the life of a member of the patrician class is held vulgarly to be of much more consideration than that of the Gurths of the period.

We need not pause here to trace how men have attained the measure of rights now accorded to them—that has been written in other books.

Turning to women and their claims, we find that they too were, and in some places still are, bought and sold as chattels, and, in addition to being practically denied all rights, were subjected to the further indignity of not even being allowed the possession of a soul. That man should grant her the privilege of a soul now, when he apparently is learning to dispense with the belief in one for himself, may seem a doubt-

ful concession to her wants, but her recent acquisitions, we know, have not been confined to such intangible matters only, and there is strong evidence at the present time that further important developments are at hand.

The case of children brings us still nearer to the subject under consideration. We know that Roman law—the *Patria Potestas*—by which the father was granted, at any rate in certain circumstances, the right of life and death over his children. Could one of the ancient *Patres* awake and come back amongst us now and hear how the Harrow boy of to-day addresses his *Pater*, he would think that times were changed indeed, and that the end could not be far off.

That the humblest child nowadays has the protection of the law, even against its own parents, is only one of the signs of a great change that has come over our conceptions of rights due to all our fellow-creatures.

I have mentioned these points, known to my readers already, merely to impress the facts:

Firstly, that in primitive conditions of society there is a strong impulse to assume that what one purchases or acquires for oneself, whether man, woman or chattel, becomes one's own absolute property, over which one has unlimited right, to use it in any way one may think fit, and with which no one else has any right to interfere.

Secondly that in course of time a wholly different conception has been gradually evolved, which tells us that the primitive impulse was an unethical one, and which leads us to adopt the idea, still in a somewhat undefined form, that the feelings of other sentient beings cannot rightly be treated as though they were non-existent. The philosopher now admits that, by right of their feelings, they have certain claims which we are morally bound to respect, and the schoolboy gives evidence in his own way of the same feeling when he says that "it is a beastly shame to hurt the poor brute."

Let us now examine a little into the nature and origin of this new feeling, for on it really depends the whole of our theory of rights, whether of men or animals. We shall find that it depends wholly on the fact that the subject of it is capable of feeling. It obviously could not exist towards an inanimate object. It depends, in fact, on a sympathetic realisation of the feeling of the other creature. If you will try to analyse your own feeling when you see a fellow-creature suffering pain, you will, I think, find that it springs from the mysterious feeling of sympathy. The injury done to the other suggests to your mind a similar sensation in lesser degree, and you long to get rid of the unpleasant impression.

But if you look a little deeper you will find that in the conception of "rights" there is something else besides sympathy with suffering. The injury inflicted on a helpless and innocent person rouses you to immediate wrath, but if the same injury were inflicted on another, who, by his outrageous conduct, had, so to speak, deserved it, though the bodily pain might be no less, your feeling may be turned to one of satisfaction, or even grim pleasure, as you say, "It serves him right; the brute."

So that this newly evolved feeling, which leads us to acknowledge the rights of other fellow-creatures, would seem to be a mixture of sympathy with a sense of justice. In the opinion of philosophers the two feelings seem to be near akin. "The sentiment of justice," says Herbert Spencer, "is nothing but a sympathetic affection of the instinct of personal rights—a sort of reflex function of it," and again he says: "Justice and beneficence have a common root, and the common root is sympathy."

The question now is whether there is any reason why this feeling of sympathetic justice, the outcome of which is the accordance to others of certain "rights," shall or can be limited in its operation to members of our own race. Bentham, at any rate, thought otherwise when he wrote:

"The day may come when the rest of the animal creation may acquire those rights which never could have been withheld from them but by the hand of tyranny. It may come one day to be recognised that the number of legs, the villosity of the skin, or the termination of the *os sacrum*, are reasons insufficient for abandoning a sensitive being to the caprice of a tormentor. What else is it that should trace the inseparable line? Is it the faculty of reason, or perhaps the faculty of discourse? But a full-grown horse or dog is beyond comparison a more rational, as well as a more conversable animal, than an infant of a day, or a week, or even a month old. But suppose the case were otherwise, what could it avail? The question is not 'Can they reason?' nor 'Can they speak?' but 'Can they suffer?'"

Obviously in real life the feelings of sympathy and justice, on which our conception of "rights" is based, are not in their operation limited to our fellow-men. Of this we have practical demonstrations every day of our lives, and any who would attempt to hold the reverse opinion must have some ulterior purpose to serve. "It is abundantly evident," says Lecky, "both from history and present experience, that the instinctive shock, or natural feelings of disgust, caused by the sight of the sufferings of men, is not generically different from that which is caused by the sight of the sufferings of animals." And

again the same author says: "At one time the benevolent affections embrace merely the family, soon the circle expanding includes first a class, then a nation, then a coalition of nations, then all humanity; and finally its influence is felt in the dealings of man with the animal world. In each of these cases a standard is formed, different from that of the preceding stage, but in each case the same tendency is recognised as virtue."

"It may be argued," says Mr. H. S. Salt in his "Animals' Rights," "that vague sympathy with the lower animals is one thing, and a definite recognition of their 'rights' is another. What reason is there to suppose that we shall advance from the former phase to the latter? Just this: that every great liberating movement has proceeded exactly on these lines. Oppression and cruelty are invariably founded on a lack of imaginative sympathy; the tyrant, or tormentor, can have no true sense of kinship with the victim of his injustice. When once the sense of affinity is awakened, the knell of tyranny is sounded, and the ultimate concession of 'rights' is simply a matter of time. The present condition of the more highly organised domestic animals is in many ways very analogous to that of the negro slaves of a hundred years ago; look back, and you will find in their case precisely the same exclusion from the common pale of humanity; the same hypocritical fallacies, to justify that conclusion; and as a consequence the same deliberate stubborn denial of their social 'rights.' Look back—for it is well to do so—and then look forward, and the moral can hardly be mistaken."

It has been urged, on the other hand, by the late Dr. W. B. Carpenter, and I think by the leaders of the Roman Catholic school, that "the narrow limitation of the moral nature of animals justifies a corresponding limitation of their moral rights as compared with those of human beings." The assumption, even if true, that animals have not a moral nature capable of appreciating the difference between right and wrong would not seem to be any argument against our treating them, in matters which refer entirely to the bodily nature (with regard to which we are on an equality), in accordance with the dictates of that sense of justice which is the outcome of sympathy. The shock which our sense of justice receives when we see an innocent child ill-treated does not depend at all on the fact that the child has a similar moral nature to ours, but on the fact that its suffering is not an appropriate result of any previous action on its part, and we are indignant at the ill-treatment, not because it is contrary to the interpretation of the word "justice" by this or that lexicographer or moralist, but because it *hurts the child*.

John Stuart Mill's position in the question is

interesting. He says: "Granted that any practice causes more pain to animals than it gives pleasure to man, is that practice moral or immoral? If exactly in proportion as human beings raise their heads out of the slough of selfishness they do not with one voice answer 'immoral,' let the morality of the principle of utility be for ever condemned."

While I cannot at all agree with Mill's theory, as a rule of life, that one might reasonably be required to commit the impossibility of measuring up the happiness of one individual and setting it against that of another, yet this passage is valuable in showing us that at any rate Mill recognised that in questions of bodily pain and pleasure the animals were to be considered on the same level with men. It is, in fact, the acknowledgment which we want, that animals have their rights of similar kind to those of men.

Having quoted the opinions of various philosophers, let us give that of one eminent theologian, Bishop Butler, who, in one of his sermons, wrote the following words, which apply no less to animals than to our fellow-men: "It is not man's being a social creature, much less his being a moral agent, whence alone our obligation to goodwill towards him arise. There is an obligation to it prior to either of these, arising from his being a sentient creature that is capable of happiness or misery."

Men's hearts are often better than their heads (fortunately), and though you may find comparatively few people prepared to admit that animals have rights, the fact has long ago been tacitly admitted by all civilised nations which have societies for the prevention of cruelty, and by all individuals who admit at all that cruelty should be in any way restricted. If anyone argues that the protection accorded to animals is an act of clemency, not an admission of their rights, he places himself in an absurd position, for if an animal has no rights, then a man is at liberty to do with it what he pleases, and in obstructing him you are infringing *his* rights. Unless, therefore, we are prepared to allow unlimited cruelty, we are in consistency bound to admit that animals have certain rights if men have, which rights are regulated as in the case of men, not by the animal's power of reciprocating them, but by their power of enjoying them.

How little people are conscious of their admission of rights is shown by the almost universal use of the word "mercy" as applied to animals. One may show mercy to a condemned criminal, who by some outrage on society has forfeited his claim to protection, or to an enemy overcome in battle, but what have the animals ever done that we should talk of mercy towards them? The term is instructive in showing

how recent is the growth of this last development of humane justice. It comes to us as a witness from the barbarous medieval times when he who was not actually cruel was held to be merciful by his companions—those ages when the savage spirit of the times was glad of an excuse to vent itself in cruelty, when men were hanged for the most trivial offences, when torture was common, and when crowds flocked to see poor wretches pilloried or whipped at the cart's tail, and when animals, of course, fared even worse than men. There is, unfortunately, much of the same spirit still amongst us, or we should not still have to draw attention to the difference between mercy and justice, which is another term for "rights."

PRACTICAL APPLICATION

Having then shown on theoretical grounds that animals cannot be denied rights if we admit them to men, and having seen that practically in the law of this and other civilised countries the principle has been admitted, let us proceed to define if possible in some detail what animals' rights may reasonably be considered to include.

While certain broad principles, applicable to our daily life, may easily be laid down, the consideration of the question in detail may lead to apparent anomalies which anyone so minded would have very little difficulty in turning to ridicule. Honestly faced, however, I believe the difficulties and anomalies will be found to run parallel with those encountered when our interests clash with those of the inferior races of our own kind. While we are still so far from solving these difficulties with credit to ourselves as Christians, we may be excused if we are unable to supply a cut-and-dried rule to all the problems raised in our relationship to the lower animals.

Firstly, I think we may accept for animals that principle laid down by Herbert Spencer, and, as far as I know, never disputed or improved on by any subsequent philosopher: "Everyone is free to do that which he wills, provided he infringes not the equal liberty of any other man."

In practice we may say briefly that, subject to the above limitation, animals have (1) The Right of Life; (2) The Right of Liberty.

In application this principle does not preclude the destruction in self-defence of noxious or hostile creatures, for their existence and ours are impossible together. It does, however, demand that the destruction be made with no more pain than is absolutely necessary or than would be caused by natural death. Under this rule I should include not only the man-eating tiger and the wolf and their kin, but also such gentle creatures as

the rabbits, when, as in Australia, they increase in such numbers that they become serious rivals to man in the struggle for life. *And also we must add the smaller creatures, including insects which become pests, and may legitimately be removed, always, of course, without cruelty. Their destruction, however, is at present much greater than any plea of necessity can justify, and certainly the hostile and even savage spirit shown to any harmless little creature which accidentally wanders astray into our houses and claims hospitality is wholly to be condemned. Panic, I know, is sometimes the cause of the cruelty, and is thus to some extent excusable, but to be afraid of a creature, say a spider or an earwig, which is about $\frac{1}{1000000}$ part of our own size is—well, not dignified, and may be overcome to some extent.

In our war against hostile races, whether human or otherwise, we should not lose sight of the fact that they and their ancestors were in possession of the land before we came on the scene, and that in defending their position they only display those identical qualities which we most admire in each other when we are in the position of defence, while the qualities which we display as aggressors are exactly those which we most resent if turned against us—say, by the Russians or the Germans.

To stigmatise the tiger as cruel when he fights against man the aggressor is simply a misuse of words. While suffering is often caused by animals in accordance with natural laws and methods, man has been described with some show of reason as the only animal who is really *cruel*, for he is the only one who knowingly inflicts pain on others merely for his own pleasure.

The destruction of any animals for mere amusement is, of course, wholly unjustifiable in any form. By this rule all so-called sport, whether hunting, shooting, or fishing, when carried on, as it is, for pleasure, must be ruled out. We are horrified at the Spaniards enjoying their *vaquerías* and many years ago we ourselves abolished bear-baiting as a disgusting amusement, but we still allow in our midst the hunting of tame carted stags, the coursing of rabbits in a small enclosure, and the shooting of pigeons and other birds let out of traps with the express purpose of being killed. Even at one of our leading public schools—I mean Eton College—the boys are encouraged to keep a pack of hounds and to kill, often with great cruelty, the harmless and timid hare by way of a half-holiday amusement.

The plea often made in excuse of blood-sports, that the animals are bred specially for the purpose, and would otherwise have no life at all given them to enjoy, is obviously an excuse, and

as a specimen of logical reasoning is unsound. To talk, as of a meritorious act, of giving a happy life to a creature which does not yet exist—in fact, to some thing which is in reality nothing at all—is a mere figment of the brain, and can in no way justify the taking away of life from a creature which does exist. If the plea were a sound one, it would equally justify cannibalism, and would certainly give back absolute powers to parents over the children who but for them would not have existed.

The eating of flesh of animals does not seem to me to be in itself an infringement of our principle, whatever the vegetarians may say, for it is the consumption of dead matter which can have no rights, though on aesthetic grounds there may be something to be said. For instance, if any one should like to eat the flesh of a cow who had died, as many I believe do, from consumption, or a horse who had succumbed to glanders, or a pig who had had fatal measles, who shall deny them the privilege? They are welcome to the pound of flesh at any time, but, like Shylock, they must, in accordance with our principle, be careful how they get it. We can have no blood spilt for such purposes, and none of the horrors of the cattle-traffic by land and sea, and the slaughter-house, the tail-twisting, the goring, the trampling to death and all the other cruelties inseparable from cattle-slaughter. This, of course, points to a diet in which flesh food does not enter. Do not be afraid! I do not expect everyone to turn vegetarian on the spot, but it is hoped that readers will give the matter their consideration. I am quite sure that animals will never attain their rights as long as we consider it a necessity to eat them. We all know Coleridge's words:

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small,"

but, as Mr. Salt has said, what kind of love is that which eats the object of its affection? It is surprising how easy it is to live healthily without eating flesh to anyone who really wishes, as we can testify after thirty-six years' experience.

The torture of animals for scientific purposes comes under the same heading, and must be condemned *in toto*. The plea that some gain for another creature is hoped for in the future is, of course, diametrically opposed to the principle of individual rights, and has been, in fact, at the root of all infringement of personal rights from the beginning of time. If we admit the right to sacrifice one being for the benefit of another, there is no crime on the earth, from murder downwards, which may not be justified in some cases.

If the brave vivisector sees a mastiff lying across his path in the street he is as ready as

anyone else to step off the pavement and tell him he is a "good dog," and to allow him every right to plenty of room and freedom from insult. But let that same man by his superior cunning get that dog muzzled and tied down on his torture trough, and his real feeling shows itself. With him there is and can be no right but that of might, and his respect for suffering is limited mainly to his own.

"Why do you chloroform a cat?" one of the heroes of science was asked before the first Royal Commission. "We chloroform a cat," he replied, "because we are afraid of being scratched." "Why not a dog?" "If it is a small dog there is no fear of being bitten."

The vivisectors have furnished us with some striking examples of the deliberate outrage of the law of personal rights. We have been told, for instance, by one that "The rocks are broken and put in the crucible, the water is subjected to analysis, the plant is dissected.....In animal life the same methods must be adopted to unlock the secrets of nature. The question of the animal being sensitive cannot alter the mode of investigation."

The question of the animal being sensitive is, of course, the whole point, and to all just minds must alter the method of investigation. How close is the connection between the rights of men and those of animals has also been shown very clearly by the vivisectors, who, being dissatisfied by their misleading experiments on animals, have over and over again been found using human patients as "material," and in some countries have demanded that criminals should be handed over to them. Against painless experimentation on animals which would leave them unharmed afterwards, no logical objection could be raised, but it would in few cases be of any use from the physiologist's point of view.

The destruction of birds and animals for personal adornment, which can never be done without pain, in addition to loss of life, cannot, of course, be defended. Dressing ourselves up in the furs of dead animals, and adorning our heads with the bodies and wings of birds, are really barbarous fashions, fit only for savages, quite apart from the question of humaneness. Their continued use, in spite of all that has been said and written against them, shows how very much there is still to be done before we can regard ourselves as really civilised. To influence the present generation seems to be well-nigh impossible, and the duty of inculcating correct ideas in the young, both by precept and example, cannot be too strongly insisted on. This, I think, exhausts the most common infringement of the law of life.

The disregard of the right of liberty is hardly a less fertile source of pain to the unhappy

victims. The imprisonment of wild creatures of any sort is a wholly unjustifiable use of the superior powers with which we are endowed. Whether we consider the case of the hapless creatures in the Zoological Gardens, or the victims of our children called "pets," or the caged birds, limited to a prison a few inches square, we find the same deliberate and unjustifiable infringement of all the natural laws, in accordance with which the creatures were made and were intended to live.

We have been so accustomed to regard the Zoological Gardens from our childhood as a place of amusement that it is difficult in after-life to realise what it actually is, and the amount of needless pain to which the animals are subjected. It is simply a lifelong imprisonment under unhealthy surroundings for hundreds of animals kept in conditions in which their natural impulses and instincts are cruelly disregarded, and everything that makes life worth having is denied them. The unattractiveness of the life is perhaps best shown by the fact that the reports of such Gardens show that on an average one-third of the whole collection dies every year.

The question of domestic animals is rather different. They bear towards wild animals a relationship somewhat similar to that of civilised man towards his wild brethren. They have lived with us so long that they have become modified and adapted to the new life. There does not seem to be anything to which objection can be reasonably raised in the use of domestic animals as beasts of burden. As with men, a fair day's work may be demanded for a day's keep, and there is no doubt that in the one case as in the other the work is essential to well being, and also a source of pleasure if kept within the limits clearly pointed out by the natural capacity of the creature. Coercion beyond such limits by whip and spur is clearly allowable. It goes without saying that they should be properly housed and fed, and in all other ways treated so that their lives may be healthy and not rendered a burden to them. That these conditions are habitually and deliberately disregarded in our present system must be obvious to everyone. Perhaps the most shameful and callous disregard is in the case of the ponies used in mines, who are kept lifelong underground, shut off from everything which makes life pleasurable, and are subjected to overwork and brutal treatment of a kind which would be impossible in the light of day. Only when they have succumbed to their awful life are they brought up again—dead, or fit only to be sold to the knacker.

It is useful to consider the question of animals' rights, that we may correct our own behaviour towards them, if we should find it at fault in any

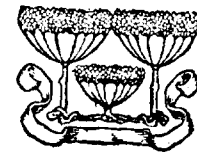
point; and we might assuredly congratulate the animals heartily, could we induce all people to accord to them even the minimum of what may be considered their rights. We must, however, bear in mind that to regulate one's conduct towards one's friends merely by the consideration of what they may rightfully claim as their due is somewhat ungenerous and ungracious treatment, and we may well feel some shame that so few of us have yet even attained to that point.

We must not either lose sight of the fact that although we now all nominally belong to the twentieth century, yet in stages of development we in reality represent many different centuries. The realisation of this fact should, I think, make us lenient towards the shortcomings of our neighbours. We look back with pity more than blame on the barbarity of our forefathers, and should, perhaps, regard with the same feeling those persons of the present time who have not yet arrived at quite the same point as we have, and try by our consistent behaviour at all points to advance the esteem in which the lower animals shall be held.

I believe that the ultimate rule by which our conduct towards them must be regulated will not be that merely of their bare rights, but will rather be the same rule as we at any rate profess, in our best moments, to observe in our treatment of our fellow-men—namely, that we should act towards them as we should wish them to act towards us, were our positions reversed.

ERNEST BELL.

ANIMALS' FRIEND SOCIETY,
LONDON.



Life's Secret

(By A. CHRISTINA ALBERS)

I

I heard a song of cadence divine,
A song of exquisite mirth;
Joy flowed through the ripple of ev'ry line,
It sang of the bloom of the earth,
Of birds and gay flow'rs where the brown bees sip,
I looked for the flame whence this melody came,
And—it crossed a quivering lip.

II

I saw in the moonlight a maiden stand
C'ad in robes of glistening white,
A half-blown lily lay in her hand
On her brow played a saintly light,
Ah, so pure, thought I, so free from life's dross!
But I looked again, and saw—oh, the pain!
The maiden was bound to the cross.

III

I dwelt in a garden of roses in bloom
Whose soul filled the summer air.
I sought the mysterious fairy loom
That had woven a net so fair,
A place of delight without woe or fears.
I looked to the ground, and lo, there I found—
The roses were watered with tears.

IV

I saw on the canvas an artist's soul
A sweet, mellow fairy scene;
I saw how the lights and the shadows stole
Like fairy-feet over the screen.
I marvelled the wondrous pow'r of such art,
And whence that deep dye? Through the air came a sigh—
It was tinged with the blood of a heart.

V

And I stood and marvelled the ways of the world,
I saw its woe and its worth;
Saw how 'neath each fountain a serpent lay curled
And the thorn whence all joy got its birth,
And pondered I long o'er all I had seen.
But a voice whispered low, if thou wishest to know—
Go and weep with thy fellowmen.

He and She

A Simple Romance

CHAPTER I



USK was deepening and a thin light rain was falling as Percy Stanton stepped from the train to the platform of the little country station of M.—Learning from the station-master that no carriage was waiting for him and that there were no conveyances for him at that late hour, he pulled down his cap over his eyes, pulled up the collar of his mackintosh and started to walk to the house of Lady Manners, where he had been asked to spend some days. His reflections were far from pleasant. He was the youngest son of a country Squire with no expectation of money. He was supposed to earn his money by journalism, but got very little by it. He was a good boy and had high ideals of honour and of love, but when a letter had come from Lady Manners, an old friend of his father, asking him to come to her country house and holding out a temptation before him, he had almost succumbed to its strength.

"My dear boy," Lady Manners had written, "I wish you would come and spend a few days with me. I know you are a man of honour and the proposition I am intending to lay before you will not collide with it. A young friend is coming to stay with me, who is very rich and whose father has committed her to my special care, while away in America on business. She is a charming young thing; and so are you. You are from an honourable old family. She is rich. Why should you not both fall in love with each other? I do not ask you to propose to her, if you are not in love with her, but why not come and see her? A change to the country will be good for you, after your musty rooms in town."

As I said before, Percy Stanton was an honourable boy, but it seemed to him no harm to go and see how the land lay, and yet he felt very uncomfortable. If she had money, how could he, a penniless man propose to her, even if he fell in love with her. He was half inclined to turn tail and run away.

But the three miles were soon covered, and the fine old mansion of Manners Hall soon loomed up large and stately before him. A long drive through an avenue of fine old trees led from the lodge to the house itself, and he was

ushered by the footman into a grand hall, in which a big fire was roaring up the chimney. Round the fire was gathered a group of laughing men and women with cups of tea and also stronger drinks in their hands. Most of the ladies were in riding dress, and the men in hunting costume. They had evidently returned from a hunt. Lady Manners, a tall mannish old lady, with a round happy countenance, met him with outstretched hands and, after making enquiries about his people, introduced him to some of the guests. Talking to some of them his glance fell on a fair apparition—such a sweet face, framed like a flower on the long neck of a wonderfully straight and slim figure. "Who is she," he wondered, "I hope she is my rich girl. Wouldn't I promptly fall in love with her?" Just then the dressing gong rang. Lady Manners again came up to him. "Let me introduce you to Lady Alice Perrin," she said to him, taking him up to the fair girl at whom he had been gazing. "She is a stranger to this country and you must show her all the beauties of this place." Then, aside in his ear, she whispered. "By the way, Percy, I must have a talk with you afterwards." Intoxicated with pleasure, he scarcely listened to her. Then Lady Manners clapped her hands and cried in a loud jolly voice, "Get away young people, go and dress, or else dinner will be late."

As luck or fate would have it, Lady Alice fell to his share at the dinner-table. Her beauty mounted like wine to his brain, and he talked as he had never talked before. She talked with sweet down-cast eyes, now and then flashing a look at him, which seemed to stop his heart with pleasure. The dinner was over all too soon for his liking and so was the happy time afterwards, and it was time to retire.

CHAPTER II.

Lady Alice and her friend, May Wilmot, were having a cosy chat in their rooms before a bright fire. Lady Alice, in a dressing-gown of frills and laces, was combing her lovely hair before the glass. May, in a Japanese kimono, which set off her dark beauty, stretched her feet before the fire.

"By the way, Alice," she said, "Did you like that young man, Mr. Stanton, who came in—just before dinner?"

"Yes," said the other with a blush.

"Oh, yes, I know he sat next to you at dinner. Yes, he seems a charming man. But, what do you think he came here for? Here, let me whisper, dear. He is very poor, but of good family, and Lady Manners asked him to stay here to meet a rich young friend of hers. She wants them to fall in love with each other. I think Alice," with suppressed excitement. "I

am sure he thinks she is you. He hardly took his eyes off you the whole evening."

"Why should he think so, May? I am very poor."

"I do not know, to be sure. But evidently he does, because Lady Manners introduced you to him as a stranger. What a lark it is, isn't it? I say, Alice, let us have some fun. Make him fall in love with you, and then when he asks you to marry him, tell him you are no heiress. I wish I could see his face then."

"Don't be silly, May. Why should he not fall in love with you? I am sure he is not a mercenary man like that."

"The danger seems to me that you will fall in love with him, my dear. Take care."

"Don't be silly, May," again said Lady Alice.

CHAPTER III.

Percy Stanton's reflections were of a very mixed nature that night. He was sure Lady Alice was the girl. He had fallen in love with her, but how could he ask her to marry him, when she was so rich, and he so poor? Besides, how could she get to care for him? she! peerless angel to whom he rendered absolute worship. Oh! her face was ever anything seen like it before?

The next morning, Lady Alice seemed to him fairer and sweeter still, in a simple white frock, which fitted close to her lissom figure. They were thrown much together, as is the fashion in country houses. But she did not seem so kind to him, as on the previous night. She seemed to be afraid of him and ever making some excuse to leave him as soon as he sought her presence. This, of course, made him more infatuated than ever.

Lady Alice, on the other hand, did not know what the matter was with her. The world seemed changed and full of happiness, and yet there was a strange weight at her heart, which lent a sweet sadness to her face. Did he look like a fortune-hunter? She thought not. He had such an open young face and how persistently he sought her, however much she avoided him!

Thus three days passed. Percy had never an opportunity of speaking to Lady Manners. In fact, he rather avoided her than otherwise. He did not wish to talk to her on what was most vital to him.

On the morning of the fourth day, the whole party attended an adjoining meet. Lady Alice looked superb in her riding dress, and Percy himself made a handsome figure in his hunting kit. Both had splendid mounts. Percy kept close to her side the whole morning; even when the welcome cry of "gone away" was raised and the hounds streamed over the country, they were still side by side. He gave a lead to her in

many difficult places, and averted disaster many times. But once there was nearly an accident. Lady Alice, who was a fearless rider, had set her horse at a fairly wide brook. The animal jumped and came down the other side, but its hind feet went heavily into the brook. It recovered itself, however, and away they went again. But Lady Alice's horse lagged behind. It had evidently lamed itself. Lady Alice got off and Percy, who was still near her, found indeed that this was the case.

What were they to do? They were miles away from where the meet had started; and as for the chase, they did not know where it was. So Stanton changed saddles, mounted Lady Alice on his own horse and trudged wearily by her side. Presently after a mile or two, they came to a little farm-house. The farm-wife came to them and exclaimed at their weary and bedraggled condition. She soon had a welcome repast ready, and the young pair had a happy time together. But it was time to go back. The farm-wife got them a stout country cart with a strong country pony in the shafts, and they started home. But, sitting so close together as they were, a constrained silence fell on them. Percy could not think of anything but his love for her. He did not know what to do. Once, in adjusting her wraps, their hands happened to touch. He nearly dropped the reins; she drew her hand back as if stung, and a hot blush mounted to her fair face. And so the miles were traversed all too quickly, and they were at home.

That afternoon, Lady Manners managed to get hold of Percy and told him something, which drove the cloud from his face. He sought Lady Alice's company more assiduously than ever; and after dinner he took her for a stroll in the garden, and straightway asked her to marry him. Lady Alice drew herself up haughtily.

"You have made up your mind very quickly, Mr. Stanton," she said icily.

Poor Percy winced. What was the matter? Did she not care for him?

"I think it would have been better to leave the words unsaid," she continued.

"What do you mean?" stammered Percy.

"Did you not think I was an heiress?"

"Who told you that?" he asked, his face very red.

"So it was true after all? Well, I cannot marry you, Mr. Stanton."

Poor Percy was beside himself with grief and bitterness. "I do not know who has been telling you tales about me," he said, "but this I do know, Lady Alice. I love you for yourself. You have of course known me only for four days, but—"

"And what about the money, Mr. Stanton?"

"Money—money, what money?" he asked.

"Did not Lady Manners ask you here to meet an heiress?"

"But I know you are not that heiress. Lady Manners told me so, herself. The real heiress has not yet come."

It was now Lady Alice's turn to gasp and stare at him.

"Then why did you ask me to marry you?"

"For love of your own self, my darling?"

Do you love me a little? Turn your sweet eyes on me. So—Ah! my dearest! you do love me. You cannot hide the truth."

After the first long kiss, there was a silence. Then Percy whispered, "I know you are poor, my dearest. So am I. But I had a letter two days ago that my book has sold very well. Your imagined money was the only block in my path; till I heard to-day, that you had no money. Are you happy, Alice?"

"Oh, so happy!" she murmured.

By an Indian Lady.

'Education of Women'



EDUCATION is the harmonious development of the physical, mental and moral faculties. It is the *sine qua non* of life. The importance of education in women cannot be too highly spoken of.

In ancient India education in women was not a matter of rare occurrence. Then hordes of invaders poured into India. Thus there was no security of life even. Then it was that their education began to be neglected.

Our race is fast deteriorating physically, mentally and morally, mainly through want of education in the fair sex. Many rustics are labouring under a hallucination that educating them is productive of more evil than good. They entertain this erroneous notion in their minds because they do not understand the real meaning and worth of 'Education.' They interpret it simply as a knowledge of the alphabets of different languages. The true end and aim of education they do not grasp.

See how selfish and suicidal a policy we follow in refusing education to women. We try our best to get ourselves educated, while we deny our sisters and wives education even of an elementary nature.

Take the case of a father having a son and a daughter and not having much money at his command. He gets his son educated by hook or by crook till he is fledged with a degree. Now this son becomes a valuable commodity in the matrimonial market, marries high and prospers in life.

While the daughter, this boy's sister, because of the poverty of her father, is given away in marriage to a poor illiterate man and the poor girl's lot is lifelong misery. Born of the same parents and under the same circumstances, the girl goes down and the boy goes up in life simply because the one has education and the other has not. Is this not cruel? Is this not unjust?

It is not saying too much to aver that the happiness or misery, the enlightenment or ignorance, the civilization or barbarism, depends in a very high degree upon the exercise of the woman's power within her special kingdom of home. Examine the truth of this statement and hence find out the importance of education in women.

A nation is made up of several sects or classes and a sect or a class is made up of individuals. So we need not expect national morality or prosperity when individual morality or prosperity is wanting. And a nation need not hope for prosperity when one-half of it is sunk in ignorance. Because it is the mother that plays a prominent part in moulding the character of a child, it is our duty to make our sisters and wives possessors of high principles and followers of high ideals; in other words, they should be given ample education. In this connection I cannot help quoting a passage from Smiles's 'Character' wherein he shows the influence of bad mothers on their children.

"Let the mother be idle, vicious and a slattern; let her home be pervaded with cavilling and discontent, and it will become a dwelling of misery—a place to fly from, rather than to fly to; and the children whose misfortune it is to be brought up there will be morally dwarfed and deformed—the cause of misery to themselves as well as to others."

We not unoften see instances of wives quarrelling with their husbands, and mothers-in-law quarrelling with daughters-in-law.

What is this due to? If they were educated, is there any possibility of such things ever happening? Think how deplorable is the state of a man who has got a Clytemnestra for his wife.

The only remedy to cure such a state of affairs is to give them sufficient education. A

man, in spite of his high education, becomes a cat's paw in the hands of his Amazonian wife.

We daily read in newspapers of women ransacking heaven and earth to get a reasonable share in the government of their country. This is all the outcome of the education they have acquired. Instances are not wanting to show the actions of noble ladies for their country's cause.

During the recent Russo-Japanese war an old Japanese lady is said to have committed suicide that she might not become a burden to her son and so disable him to attend the field. Another instance is given of a lady having sold all her ornaments to supply her husband with enough money to keep body and soul together during the term of his office in the field.

Now some have begun to open their eyes and feel the necessity of educating the women. As long as she is under the care of her parents it is their duty to make her fit to receive any kind of education which her husband afterwards may impart. The particular kind of education to be imparted them cannot be given in so short a paper as this.

I am glad to see some of my friends themselves educating their wives. That seems to be the best method. But where that is impossible, suitable arrangements should be made.

In conclusion, unless and until our women are educated, India need not dream of ever rising in the social scale.

News and Notes

LADIES' MEETING AT AMRAOTI.—A large public meeting of over 250 ladies was held on Saturday, the 22nd July last, in the Brahma-Vidya-Mandir, in order to rejuvenate with fresh vigour and resolution the Vanita Samaj which has been faithfully in existence for the last thirteen years. Mrs. Akkasaheb Joshi presided. The hall was gaily decorated. Mrs. Mudholkar, being ill, could not be present.

After the girls had sung songs specially prepared for the occasion, the President delivered an excellent and felicitous speech vindicating the necessity and advisability of providing facilities for suitable education to those ladies who, by reason of their marriage or domestic responsibilities, are unable to profit by existing institutions for female education. She deprecated all feeling of discouragement among the women at the irregular nature of the work already accomplished by the Samaj during the thirteen

years of its existence and very candidly referred to the total collapse of several institutions worked by educated men in different places in India. Comparatively, therefore, the women's Vanita Samaj had fared pretty well and deserved to be re-established on a more extended and organised basis, so that in time to come it would grow to large dimensions and like the huge banyan tree shelter that portion of womankind which was harassed by ignorance and all evils arising therefrom.

The President emphasized the peculiar sacredness of efforts made on behalf of those who, on account of their backward condition, were, instead of being a source of strength, a distinct drag upon national progress. On behalf of women, she declared their resolve to become more efficient instruments in the progressive enlightenment of the country. It is exceedingly satisfactory to note that she made an indirect reference to the recent action of the Amraoti Municipality in recommending the deletion from Hon. Mr. Gokhale's Education Bill of even the permissive clause relating to girls, and vividly brought home to the mind of the audience their own apathy and attitude which was no doubt responsible for this conduct on the part of some local bodies.

The President made many other points in favour of efforts for the spread of women's education and, on behalf of the audience and the Samaj, sincerely thanked Mr. L. V. Kaikini, of the Servants of India Society, who, she said, had, with the assistance of Mr. R. R. Jayavant, pleader, taken infinite pains to bring about this revival of their institution. In conclusion, the President hoped that that day would mark the continued progress of the Samaj and the eternal prosperity of the cause.

Mrs. Sitabai Jayavant read a brief report of the work done by the Samaj up to that time, which indicated the extended basis of work contemplated for the future. Mrs. Savitribai Bhat moved the adoption of the report which was duly seconded by Mrs. Yeshodabai Joshi and passed.

Miss Jerbai Kanga, one of the Secretaries, then eulogised in Marathi the objects of the institution; Mrs. Manoramabai Paranjpe pointed out the evil effects of little jealousies and repudiated the charge often made that the idea of educating women was a foreign one. Mrs. Bayabai Nimkar, the other Secretary, supported them in a neat little speech and she was followed by Mrs. Sitabai Landge who had specially come down from Yeotmal and by Mrs. Dwarkabai Vaidya, one of the originators of the Samaj, who had also come down from Akola. Mrs. Vaidya related her experiences and gave excellent advice.

The President then announced the following support promised from different quarters to the movement:—

Mrs. Akkasaheb Joshi	Rs. 10 per month
Mrs. Mudholkar	" 10 "
Mrs. Bhat	" 10 "
Mrs. Satyabhamabhai and Anubai Joshi	" 5 "
Mrs. Paranjpe	" 2 "
Mrs. Bhosle	" 25 donation "

Mr. Yande and Mrs. Mitra from Bombay had sent books worth Rs. 50 and 25 respectively for the library of the Samaj. The Kolhatkar Press had promised to forego printing charges. Mrs. Ramabai Ranade from Poona and Mrs. Mathurabai Joshi from Satara had communicated their entire sympathy. About six ladies had besides promised to help in teaching work voluntarily and gratuitously.

Mrs. Mathurabai Dravid in proposing a vote of thanks to the President dwelt on the many excellent qualities which had enabled Mrs. Akkasaheb Joshi to earn respect and esteem from all sides. Mrs. Joshi had shown remarkable courage in not victimising her accomplished daughters to the evil custom of early marriage and had provided them with excellent education. Mrs. Dravid pointed the gruesome contrast involved in the fact that compulsory education was being advocated for the Depressed Classes while the same could not be said about women. In her impressive speech she remarked that facilities for education and progress were as much, if not more, the rights of women as of men.

Songs, distribution of *pansupari* and flowers brought the proceedings to a close.

EDUCATION OF WOMEN.—Education of women is, in some respects, more important than that of men because it is women who have a great hand in moulding the character of coming generations. It is a deplorable fact that female education is yet in a very backward condition.

The ratio of girls to boys under instruction is about 1 to 7. Ten years ago it was about 1 to 10, which shows progress, but slow progress, perhaps very slow. Among Christians and Parsis the state of female education is naturally much more advanced than among other communities, the ratio of girls to boys being about 1 to 2, as against 1 to 6 among Buddhists and Brahmans, and about 1 to 8 among Mahomedans and non-Brahmans. The number of girls in arts colleges, 217, was greater than in all the other colleges taken together. The number of girls studying in medical colleges, 64, which is a little less than one-third of the number in arts colleges, comes next. There were 17,933 girls at schools for special education, and of these

1,320 were in technical and industrial schools, of them being Hindus and 117 Mahomedans. Indian girls at medical schools are in the interests of our motherland the need of female education ought to be much higher.

PURDAH IN INDIA.—Mr. M. S. Mohidin, of Madras, who read a paper at the First Universal Races Congress, held in London at the end of July, is a practical reformer. The subject of his paper was the seclusion of Moslem women. He maintained that the Purdah, as observed in India, is not supported by the Koran or the traditions of Mahomed, that the Koran allow women to walk or drive without veiling their faces. He would like to see legislation enacted for their relief, but meanwhile he offers a reward of Rs. 1,000 to anyone who can find support for the seclusion of women as rigidly practised in India in the Koran or the traditions of the Prophet. Mr. Mohidin's address is—2, the Parade Grounds Green, London, N. W.—*Indian Mirror*.

SIR A. FRASER AND THE ZENANA.—In a speech made by Sir Andrew Fraser not long ago, referring to the purdah system, he says, that "though the seclusion is most strict, and life is practically imprisonment, it is wrong to hasten the throwing aside of the purdah, and the opening the doors of the Zenana. Until the ladies of India themselves begin to see the evils of the system, it will be impossible, without injury, to abolish the system. The remedy lies in the preservation of the place, the inculcation of respect for the rights of honour of women themselves, and their education."

PERSIAN WEDDINGS.—A contemporary writes:—A smart Persian wedding is quite a serious affair. It may extend over a week. On the last day of the wedding the bride is conducted by a near relative to a room, where she undergoes further and more elaborate decoration. She then returns to the guest room, and her dowry is laid before her. Having kissed the hearthstone of her home she is given bread, salt, and a piece of gold and, thus equipped and closely veiled, she is hoisted on to a gaily adorned donkey, and, accompanied by a circus-like procession of friends, goes to her future home, where her husband awaits her.

WOMEN AS INVENTORS form the subject of a paper by Mostyn Bird, in *Women at Home*. It appears that in the British Isles some six hundred women a year register patents. Feminine ingenuity has been directed to devices to lower-

ing keys from widows, for improvements in of dairy, in kitchen, in corsets, and prevent serious sea-sickness, etc., as well as in mechanics.

QUALIFICATION OF BRIDE IN NORWAY.—A Bill is being introduced into the Norwegian Parliament providing that no marriage shall be performed unless the prospective bride has previously obtained a certificate attesting satisfactory knowledge of cooking, laundry, and dress-making.

WOMEN VOTERS.—Mr. Lloyd George is strongly in favour of women voters for Parliament, and his reasons are, "they are governors of the home, and they are business women who earn a living, and those who educate their children were fit for the Parliamentary vote, and it is only just and fair."

THE following are some diet hints: Grapes act as a cure for malaria; almonds for weak nerves;

lemons for cancerous growth; watercresses have a beneficial effect on the lungs; tomatoes purify blood. Brazilnuts have a powerful tonic effect; apples being rich in phosphorus aid the brain and nerves; pine-apples work wonders in promoting digestion, and cure sore throats, oranges are invaluable for the liver; and a mixture of lettuce and lemon juice work wonders for jaundice.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE VITAL SPARK.—Dr. Patrick O'Donnel claims to have photographed the human aura—the vital spark or the soul as it leaves the body in the form of a bright light, radiating at all points, and disappearing. The film he used was of diacyantr and other chemicals held between two plates of glass sealed together. This is a wonderful achievement of the Camera.

FOR WORK AMONG WOMEN.—For Commander Eva Booth's work among women and children, Mr. the Hon. Wanamaker organized a "sale of work" in New York which realized £5,000.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

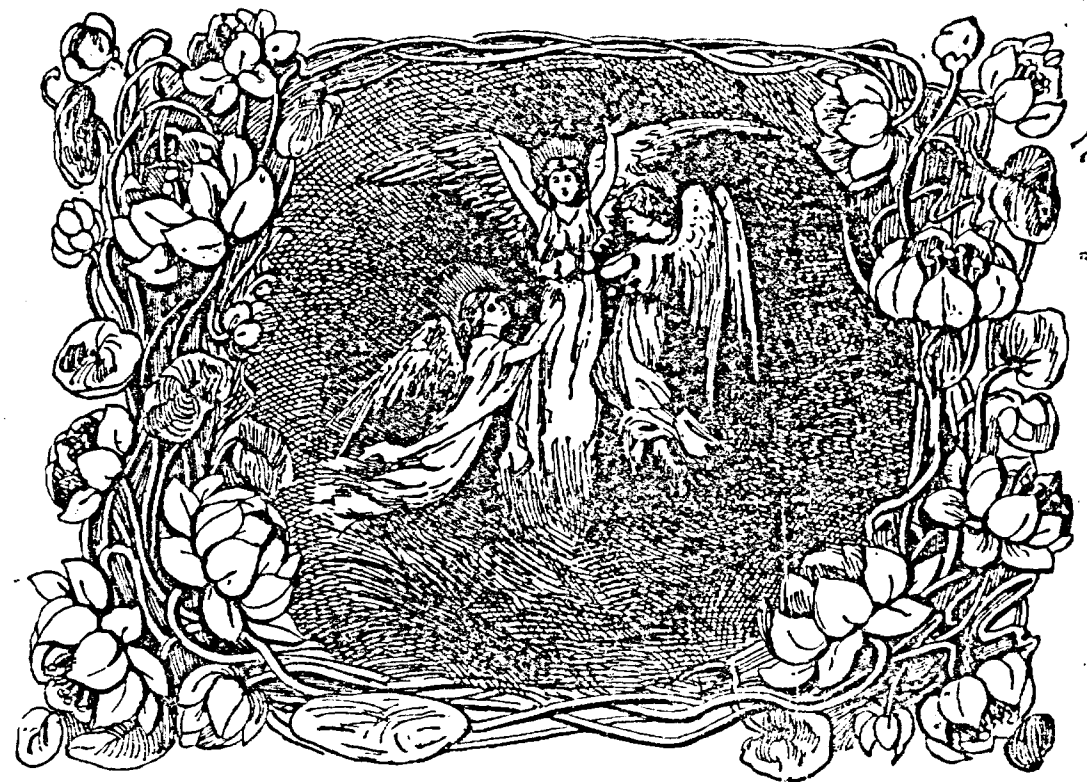
Acknowledgments for August, 1911

	RS.	A.		RS.	A.
1. Dr. Y. G. Apte, Gualiar ..	4	0	21. Mrs. Srinivasachar, Hyderabad ..	4	0
2. Mrs. H. E. Jeldo, Bombay ..	4	0	22. Joseph Satya, Esq., Madras ..	1	0
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AT THE WELL



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

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No. 4

Reverie

TELL me, O moving star, with wings of light
That floatest in the azure of the sky,
Where goest thou? What goal is in thy sight?
Wilt thou not furl thy wings somewhere on high?

Tell me, O pensive moon, whom oft I mark,
Threading the milky way the heavens disclose,
In what strange cavern, luminous or dark,
Thou shalt at last, fair pilgrim, find repose?

Tell me, O wind, that wanderest through space
Like a poor prodigal without hearth or home,
Is there for thee no quiet resting-place
In forest brown or on the ocean-foam?

Tell me, O wave, that with a hungry roar,
Lashes the mountains tow'ring by the deep,
Past the horizon line is there no shore
Where thou shalt glide serene and fall asleep?

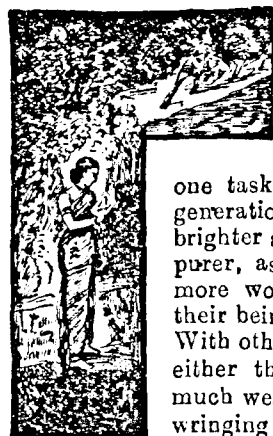
And thou, O heart, more wild than billow's vex,
Or fretful wind whose conflicts never cease,
Is there no spot in this world or the next
Where thou canst find forgetfulness and peace?

Toru Dutt.

Life's One Task

THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHARACTER

I.



DIFFERENT answers would be given by a variety of individuals if they were asked what life's one task was. With some, life's one task is to do good in their generation, making the world brighter and better, nobler and purer, as well as lovelier and more worth being lived in for their being in it—a grand ideal. With others, their aim in life is either the accumulation of as much wealth as possible, or the wringing out of as much pleasure as possible from it—rather selfish ideals. Still others aim at nothing else but doing what brings shame and misery in the wake of what they do—truly a worthless, ignoble ideal; while many there are who have no aim in life.

There is that without which even the grandest ideals of life can never be attained, for lack of which it is that so many have unworthy ideals or no ideals at all, and which, while it is the motive power to, is also the inevitable and psychological result of, having a worthy one. Our purpose is to ascertain what that is, and to find out what different means there are whereby it may be developed.

Who, when he sees those hanging lamps with prismatic glasses suspended around, thinks not of the time, when, as a child, he used to take such a delight in looking at every thing around him through one of those glasses? But few have taken the trouble of going the length of getting into a room where there was a stream of sunlight coming through a chink in the roof, and, with the aid of one such prism, seeing the light refracted or broken up into some of its primary colours. The majority of us students, however, who have studied light and experimented with it in the laboratory, have not failed to see it refracted into seven at least of all its primary colours with the aid of the prism.

Who has not seen a child at its bath playing with water in the sunshine? But who has taken care to observe how, as the little drops of water were sprinkled hither and thither, they made for themselves apparel of a combination of colours ere they fell around the innocent player? Nevertheless when—of an evening—sunshine and rain were waging their bloodless

warfare against each other, and the rainbow appeared, touching the ground, everyone of us delighted in watching it, or—like the shepherd, unable hitherto to lead his sheep to pasture on account of incessant rain—felt thankful for such a promise of fair weather on the morrow.

The golden twilight of a sunset by the sea is such a glorious thing to see! And how incomparably beautiful is the after-glow! What must it be to see the sun setting in the Arctic North when the light refracted in the sky is also reflected in all its beauty on the icy vastness of the frozen sea, making both sea and sky appear like one? What artist can produce such an imitable painting?

Now, the work of the prism, or the drops of water, or the clouds shews us how the one single substance of white light consists of, and may be split up into, so many colours.

Let us look at ourselves. One meets with an accident, or undergoes an operation in hospital, if not has an experience of such a sort as causes neither suffering nor pain, but makes him feel refreshed, strengthened, invigorated, pleasant. Be his body the sufferer, or be it benefited, what does he say? "I suffer"; or "I am benefited."

Again, he reads hard at college, or revels in the works of some master minds during the leisure hour, taking a peep into Pandemonium with Milton, if not into the court of King Lear with Shakespeare; or rambling through the beauty spots of Scotland with Sir Walter, if not living among the simple poor of London with Dickens; criticising with Marie Corelli what is bad in society; if not learning from Seaton Merri-man that society is never without its ideals, which it cannot afford to cease to aim at attaining. Whereas, it is his mind that aids him here, he says "I study"; or "I read".

Once more. By means of meditation and of prayer he holds communion with the Divinity, or feels himself carried when listening to a highly spiritual-minded preacher. The soul is the medium here, which—part and parcel of the Divinity whom all mankind are groping after—grows and is strengthened by constant communion with Him. And, "I meditate", or "I am enraptured", he says! but it is his soul which does so. God being eternal it is also eternal, while, before we came into being among things transitory, we existed in the mind of God.

As with light, so with man. Fearfully and wonderfully made, he consists of a body, a mind, and a soul.

Contrary to what many do, attaching the greatest importance to one or other only of these three, which are inseparably joined together in this life and are more or less interdependent on

one another, Milton, in his very comprehensive definition of what he calls a complete and generous education, attaches equal importance to all the three, as well as to the development of all the different faculties of each of the three: but he would never disagree with us if we, while agreeing with him in his definition, ventured to add that we do attach, as we must attach, comparatively greater importance to the development of the mind, and the greatest importance of all to the care of the soul.

For, what is the measure of man? It has been truly said that mind is the measure of man; which fact it is that is beautifully maintained by Jevons in proving Mill's contention that in the world there is nothing greater than man, while in man there is nothing greater than the mind. We may venture further and say that character is the measure of man. It is the expression of his very soul, which is undoubtedly far greater than the mind, and certainly more precious.

With the average man of the world, however, character does not seem to count at all as the measure of himself or of those around him. Do we want friends? Is it influence that we desire? Are we eager to benefit from intercourse with people of good society? Is our goal some position in the business world? All we have to do, says the worldling, is to make money. No matter how we do so, be the means employed right or wrong, we must make money. Brave Othello has won the hand of the fair Desdemona, and her other suitor and disconsolate lover, while, still entertaining a forlorn hope to win her, calls in Iago to give him counsel. "Put money in your purse" says Iago.

We admit that money rightly earned and wisely spent, is one of the levers that move the world: but the man of wealth or learning, or position, or even of good birth has, more often than not, to give way to the man who has character, and who carves everything before him by the tremendous force of that character of his.

Among the Sinhalese Buddhists of Ceylon there is a beautiful little legend. One evening a certain prince was out, when he saw a decrepit old man coming along the road towards his chariot. That poor, feeble old man's infirmity, his uncertain gait obliging him to lean on a staff for support, the state of his body, wrinkled with age—his skin shrivelled up, his face marked with the furrows that the weariness of life, its sorrows, trials, failures and disappointments had made, his inability to see and to hear, his utter helplessness—all, all more than appealed to the prince. They made a lasting, deep, indelible impression. Oft in the still night thereafter, up in the terraces of his luxurious palace and in his

chamber, he meditated; and meditated continually on what it was, after all, that life had to give to man, the consequences, he said, of man's satisfaction of desire. So long as desire was satisfied—be it ambition, be it love, be it anything—misery and sorrow followed in its train, so that he who coveted the attainment of perfect happiness must get rid of desire. Prince Siddhanta, therefore, became Gautama Buddha, giving up everything that to him was precious—his kingdom, his glorious inheritance, the wife of his bosom and his greatest treasure—his child; which great renunciation we find immortalized in Sir Edwin Arnold's masterpiece, "The Light of Asia."

What has since happened? This man who gave up all, renouncing everything, has millions of followers in the east, who build temples wherein to worship his very image and wherein to have his teachings read and expounded to them, plant groves to his honour, give alms in his name, have processions to celebrate his birth and other festivals of the religion now called after him, and hope, with him, to attain *nirvana*. The rock temples of Ceylon alone, not to mention the countless shrines in Tibet and China, in Burma and Japan, the very ruins of the *Loma Maha Paya* in Anuradhapura, in the building of all of which the architectural and engineering skill of the Sinhalese is so beautifully displayed, the *dagobas*—which still continue to be built, attest, this fact and bear silent witness to it.

Mahomet too founded his religion, though in much persecution.

On what was Christianity founded? In the most precious Blood of its Founder and of the Martyrs. He had not where to lay His head, and His band of followers is increasing in numbers, and will continue increasing in its influence until the religion He has founded will eventually be the one religion of all mankind.

Examine, then, into the secret of the success of the countless array of heroes and heroines who have gone before us, and say—and say true—what was it that gave them the victory which is their glory and our heritage? It was character. Call it character, call it personality, call it one's good name, call it his moral stamina, call it what you like, it is character—and character alone that counts. It is character—and character only that conquers. It is character—and nothing else but character—that tells. Character determines whether or not a man or woman, boy or girl, shall be trusted and loved. One may break down in health, forfeit friendships, lose employment, fail in business: but his character—Ah! the precious possession—he cannot afford to be without it; he cannot afford to be branded as lacking in character, or one whose

character is either loose or questionable. It is character—and nought else but that—that we can hope to take away with us when the call comes, the call that comes to all to leave this world. It is character alone which is the fully developed expression of our souls, that will remain with us throughout eternity. It is when the beautiful butterfly within is ready for its flight that the chrysalis bursts, and many of us are called away—some young, others later—when we, our true selves, are ready for the regions beyond. And life's one and only task, the noblest of all life's tasks, is the development of character.

F. R. A. S. AMARASEKARA.

Will Indian Women Become Suffragettes?



"DO not give much education to Indian women, for we cannot know to what extremes such an education will lead them. Observe the suffragette movement in England. Heaven forbid that our women should make themselves so ridiculous";—such is one of the common objections, which one hears against education for Indian women. But what a futile objection this seems. Imagine a comparison. Think of a ship-wrecked party on a desert island, where nothing is found to eat but a peculiar kind of shell-fish unknown to the party in question. Now these people know that some kinds of shell-fish are wholesome, and some not so. Would the latter fact, do you think, prevent them from satisfying their hunger with this particular shell-fish? I think not. Now the case of our Indian women is something like this though, I admit, the comparison is somewhat far-fetched. There is English education for Indian ladies. We see nothing else so good for them—for vernacular education will not answer all the purposes of an English education. And yet, what if the results are bad? What are we to do then? Are we to leave our women in their present

uneducated state? God forbid. It is a matter for great thankfulness that—objections notwithstanding—Indian women are advancing up the path of English education—that shining path of light, which leads away so gloriously in front of them to realms unknown, like the silver path of the moon over the sea. May they be blessed in their onward course.

In a number of *The Daily's Realm*, a glowing article is written on the wonderful pageant, the women's procession. "Yet there was one June procession, so strange and so novel that, perhaps, a little of its inner significance did penetrate the popular mind—the great march of the women. What have we come out into the streets of London to see? a woman? Even 40,000 women? So to that crowd the attraction lay, not in the presence of any individual woman, however distinguished; but rather in the great mass of the women themselves; it was the unknown, who had suddenly become known, the insignificant who by their numbers had suddenly gained significance. And as the women's pageant passed, that great white pageant, flecked with brilliant colour, with its triumphal cars, with its badges and its banners, like an army going forth conquering and to conquer, it was impossible not to recognise that its ideals, whether true or false, have had the power to call out the highest qualities in those inspired by them."

So speaks *The Daily's Realm* of the Suffragette movement. It "called out the highest qualities in them". And indeed it gives many more admirable results. It is not my intention here to speak well of this movement. Far from it. "The ideas were false, the causes were mistaken"; the actors made themselves ridiculous and unrespected. And yet has it not convinced the public of the mighty forces held in reserve within the hearts of women. More than this, it has become "a wonderful uniting power". "To the wondering spectator of the suffrage procession, this harmony and union of different classes stood out clean and prominent. There the titled women of leisure mingled with the toiling women workers and the workers of every grade had found a level platform on which their distinctions were forgotten. The procession was a living demonstration of the oneness of womanhood." Then again, it marked a great revolution. "Women have finally come forth from the protected obscurity of the home into the broad light of day in the public streets; always they have been a hidden force; now suddenly they have become an acknowledged force."

Moreover, "the changes are not in essence as revolutionary as they at first sight appear. The barriers have never succeeded in wholly barring the way. Women, who have been excluded from political power, yet have produced great

rulers. Women have been denied administration to even the lowliest office in the Church, and yet, as we recall the great religious movements of the world, how readily the names of women rise up in the mind. Women, to a large extent, have always been the nurses; they have often been the doctors; they have always been the teachers; they have followed most of the arts and crafts. It is not women's work that has so greatly altered as the conditions under which it is done."

And so, let us give credit where it is due. The Indian would not like his woman to be involved in the vortex of a suffrage movement. At the same time, he would not like to see her always immured in her house—if not a force of evil—at least a negative force. As the *Lady's Realm* pertinently observes, "Man may long for the charming spectacle of a woman sitting at her spinning wheel at every fireside, instead of women by the hundred toiling in the whirr and rush of a spinning shed." He may wish that woman, "like a Lady of Shalott, is to watch the rushing tide of life and the slow advance of progress, of civilization as a vision reflected before her in a mirror, without ever coming into actual contact with it. The dust of the streets is never to soil her garments; and yet, through all the ages, women have been workers; they have taken their share of the world's toil; they have borne their share of the world's sorrow. No protection has ever saved a single woman from the troubles that really matter, from anguish and from heartbreak." Such is the unhappiness of life, and such the irony of Fate!

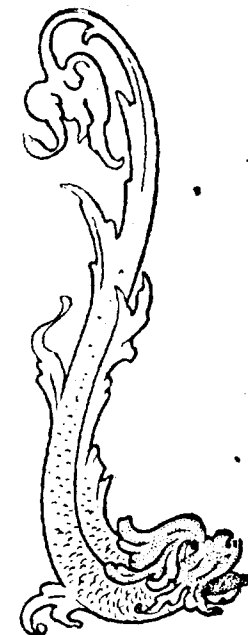
I do not think there is any fear of our Indian women becoming suffragettes. For one thing, the traditions of generations are against such an ideal. Their innate modesty, their instinctive reserve, and their shyness, will prevent them from entertaining the idea. The seclusion in which they have been brought up for years, the customs of ages, and the fear and respect in which the Indian women hold their husbands—are all against it. To the Indian woman, her husband is her god. Will she ever so flagrantly unfringe the traditions of her country as to become a suffragette? No. Besides, she knows now all the ridicule and contempt which such a position has brought on itself in England, and will hold the same situation in India in wholesome dread. Moreover, the conditions of the Indian women are far different to those of the English women. Ages must pass before a suffragette movement can come to pass in India, if ever it does so. By the time that our women have so learnt to rely on themselves, many of the rights of women, for which suffragettes are fighting, would have been granted. Waste no time in useless fear

then, or in vain regrets after the past. Prepare the Indian woman for the rights to which she will hereafter come as to an heritage—for which her sisters in England have so suffered and are suffering. Otherwise, if she comes unprepared for the magnificent legacy, the effect will be far worse than if she falls now into the suffragette pit. And "no one need despair of humanity as long as the great spiritual ideas of truth and faith and freedom can command their martyrs. Sacrifices are not lost; for man can only attain true greatness when he rises above the material."

"The woman's crusade is like the foaming crest of some huge wave, which draws its force from the great ocean deep behind, and is moving onward in a steady irresistible 'whither?'"

I trust to safety and peace.

AN INDIAN LADY.



Bangle Sellers

Bangle sellers are we who bear
Our shining loads to the temple fair
Who will buy these delicate bright
Rainbow-tinted circles of light ;
Lustrous tokens of radiant lives
For happy daughters and happy wives.

Some meet for a maiden's wrist,
Silver and blue as the morning mist ;
Some are flushed like the buds that dream
On the tranquil brow of a woodland stream ;
Some are aglow with the bloom that cleaves
To the limpid glory of new-born leaves.

Some are like fields of ripening corn,
Meet for a bride on her bridal morn,
Some like the Flame of her marriage fire
Or rich with the hue of her heart's desire,
Tinkling, luminous, tender and clear,
Like her bridal laughter, her bridal tear.

Some are purple and gold-flecked gray
For her who has journeyed through life midway,
Whose hands have cherished, whose love has blest,
And cradled fair sons on her faithful breast,
Who serves her household in fruitful pride,
And worships the Gods at her husband's side.

SAROJINI NAIDU

Hyderabad, Deccan.

The Influence of Scientific Thought on English Poetry



IN a remarkable passage, De Quincey clearly defines the nature and value of two kinds of literature and concludes that the object of the literature of *power* is to move, while that of the literature of *knowledge* is to teach, and that the permanent interest of the former resides in its emotional character, while the short-lived popularity of the latter is the inevitable result of the progress of knowledge. Thus, to take his own illustration, Milton's *Paradise Lost* is esteemed above a cookery book, though, in fact, it does not furnish as many unknown items of information as the latter, or again the poetical world of Homer has outlived the scientific world of Newton.

The literature of power, then, as De Quincey conceives all literature of permanent interest to be, may seem to be fundamentally non-scientific in character and to lend support to the view that literature, to be lasting, should be free from any tinge of scientific thought. Moreover, the earnestness with which science has set itself to the task of extricating physical objects from the ramified network in which nature seems to have entangled them and the success which has attended its efforts in this direction, may serve to confirm the impression of an exclusiveness and antagonism between science and literature.

But it should be recognized that the object of poetry, as a form of literature, is not less to appeal to the intellect than to imagination, not less to depict facts than stimulate fancy.

The poet is always regarded as the interpreter of the laws of Nature to humanity through the medium of an imagination which flows but never freezes, which is vivid but never mystical. The Platonic conception of the sun as a luminary revolving round the earth or the Homeric conception of the ocean as a stream girdling the world, may be really interesting when studied in true historical perspective but obviously discordant and untrue in modern poetry.

It is by no means contended that poetry should be cold and intellectual, rather than warm and imaginative; for true poetry is admittedly the heart-language of fancy and passion. It was a mere chimera that impelled the philosopher of classical antiquity to banish the poet from his "commonwealth", in the vain hope of making a substantial reality of a visionary man, stoic and mathematical. . . .

And need it be added that the attempt proved a failure more glorious than most of his successes; for, it demonstrated the fact that in poetry the intellectual and emotional elements of human nature will always strive to find expression.

Thus poetry is concerned with truth, in the expression of which its emotional character is manifested, and as such it should not be regarded as a mere "extract of mist and moonshine." Clearness of conception and delicacy of expression have constituted the merits of the world's greatest poets. It is a remark, which has been often made but which will bear repetition, that *Paradise Lost* reveals its author in a frame of mind uncertain to the last which of the two theories—Ptolemaic and Copernican—to support, willing to recognise the one consecrated by tradition, yet unwilling to discard the other recommended by probability and ultimately relieving itself by presenting both, one as symbolically significant and the other as scientifically true.

Scientific thought, in its influence on English poetry, does not necessarily tend to quench the fervour of its emotion and the warmth of its imagination. Who would hold that the modern poet's line "rolled round in Earth's diurnal course", does not appeal to the imagination, because it expresses a truth verified by astronomical investigation? Again, who would for a moment cry "halt" to the pioneers of scientific progress because, for example, the heavens have grown astronomical and there could no longer be another Jacob's dream of a material ladder keeping the sacred line of communication between Heaven and our Terra?

Far indeed from destroying the charm of unexplained mystery, the development of science has thrown into greater relief the wisdom and order of creation and served as the spur, rather than the curb, to poetical imagination. We can never behold without a thrill of admiration and astonishment the mighty, majestic orbs, continuing their unceasing march through the azure depths of boundless space. We seem almost inclined to believe that the far-off radiant spheres are singing together in a harmony which we could hear, but for our "muddy vesture of decay." The sense of eternity overwhelms us and the poet may well exclaim—

... "Do ye (Spheres),
Sweep on in your unbounded revelry
Through an aerial universe of endless
Extension—at which my heart aches to think
Intoxicated with eternity."

To continue the same strain of thought, there is no longer the consciousness of superiority as the crown of creation in a world round which other worlds eternally spin as if in deference, but there is awakened a genuine feeling of humility and kinship as the inhabitants of a

planet which, like its many brother-wanderers, circles round a central luminary swaying a whole system."

If the achievements of science have as a result given prominence to one fact more than any other, it is the oneness of Nature and the uniformity of her laws. All the objects of Nature seem like skilled musicians in a well-trained orchestra, each knowing his own part and all producing a soul-ravishing harmony. There is nothing, from the tiny coral insect to the mammoth or any other fabled animal of past geological ages, of which we may justly say that its existence is a menace to the economy of Nature. This ensemble of Nature, then, stimulates a poetical conception of unity in diversity, of the organic relation of parts to the whole which has been so well expressed in the familiar lines "All are but parts of one stupendous whole, whose body nature is, and God the soul."

Thus, the greatest Victorian poet would find in the meanest flower in the crannied wall an explanation of the purpose and mystery of existence, if only he could know what it was "root and all, and all in all."

While mourning in the *In Memoriam* for his friend, Tennyson expresses the profound truth that "nothing in Nature walks with aimless feet." This conception of sovereign law ruling the universe is to be found running through all his serious works, and it is no exaggeration to say that all real progress, according to him, consists in the evolution and realization of law. Tennyson has neither the high-strung enthusiasm of the political revolutionist nor the religious fervour of the apostle of mysticism. Hence it is that his conception of progress differs fundamentally from that of Shelley or Browning. Shelley's idea of progress is nothing, if not revolutionary; for to him the French Revolution seems to usher in the longed-for millennium when "Love from her throne of patient power will fold over the world her healing wings." And the aim of Browning's poetry is embodied in its representation of evolution as an unvaried struggle for something unattainable, an unlimited aspiration for something higher than ourselves.

Lastly, the theory of *heredity*, which has gained the support of eminent scientists, cannot fail to leave its own impress on English poetry. The transmission, not indeed of environmental or extrinsic but of constitutional or structural characteristics, has been demonstrated to be inevitable in character and profound in its influence on the conduct and fortunes of individuals.

Hereditary tendencies, bequeathed from father to son, assert their strength with years and put, as it were, "a tragic veto on and

attempt of spontaneous volition to defy their control and be delivered from their despotism." The threads of hereditary disposition control the actions of men and keep them in definite orbits.

In the pathetic tragedy of *Othello*, this truth gains painful and striking illustration; for, how else, if not on the ground of inherited, inflammable element in his character, can we find intelligible the sudden and fatal change of Othello from fondest love and unlimited confidence to torturing jealousy and unforgiving hatred? True enough, the consummate villain Iago was the restless, evil genius who hurried the event to its final catastrophe; but then Othello, the Moor, noble, tender and affable as he had ever been, might well have kept himself free from the snare which Iago's wile and villainy had spread out for him, spared himself all the agonising remorse for his thoughtless murder of gentle Desdemona and thus averted the tragic close worthy of the commencement, if only the hereditary tendencies of his lot had not proved too strong to be resisted and too inflammable to be innocuous.

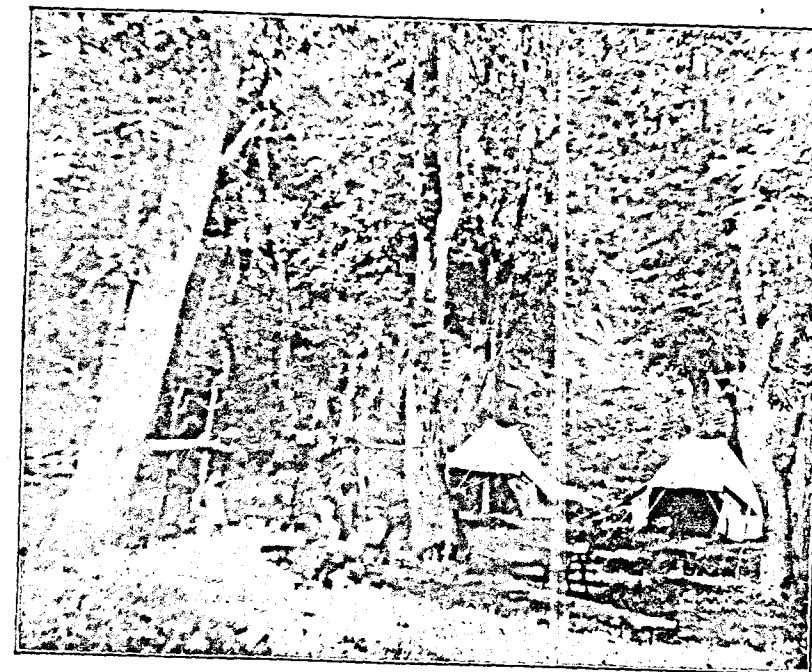
It is also interesting to trace the part played by hereditary conditions in determining the conduct of Fedalma—the heroine of George Eliot's "Spanish Gypsy." Like a true tragedy, this poem purifies us at once by pity and by fear; and the tragic element, as so often happens, is hidden in the cupboard of domestic life.

Fedalma, who had been brought up as a devout Catholic and Spaniard was on the eve of marriage with a Spanish noble, when there suddenly appeared before her a gypsy who claimed to be her father and ordered her to renounce love and faith, and to follow him to Africa where he proposed to be a gypsy prophet. As may be expected, this came on her as a startling and disquieting revelation and here begins that part of the plot which indeed sorely taxes our belief. The heroine, far from stoutly refusing compliance to her supposed father's demand, found it in her heart to desert the noble and sacrifice her prospects on the altar, for the welfare of the community. Surely, our appreciation of her act presupposes a concession which can never be spontaneously offered. Nevertheless, the sole and sufficient impulse towards her conduct was that "in her blood

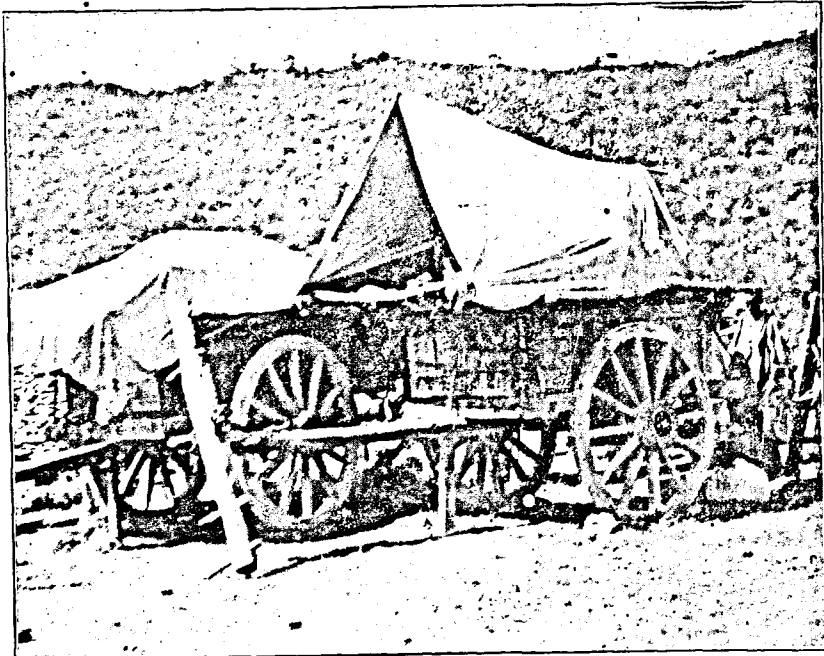
There streamed the sense unspeakable of kind
As leopard feels at ease with leopard."

Though with the progress of scientific thought, the veil of mystery, which has so long concealed from view the face of creation, is being slowly removed, it must still be confessed that there exists a certain limit which, defying all your endeavours, bears on it the word of command.

84 A



OUR CAMP AT SONNAMERG, KASHMIR



CARTS ON THE ROAD TO KASHMIR

"Thus far and no farther." This conception of the inscrutable dispensations of Providence has often been woven into the texture of fine, imaginative poetry. We are like swimmers in the sea, buoyed up one moment on the foamy crest of a wave, thrown down the next into an opening chasm, always uncertain as to whether the advancing billow with its furious but helpful motion will roll us on the strand, or the receding one will render increasingly palpable our distance from the shore and precarious our return to it.

There is another line of thought indicated by Matthew Arnold when, with a touch of supreme art, he makes the flow of the majestic oxus, "out of the mist and hum of the low land" into the frosty starlight and through beds of sand and rushy isles, till the dash of waves is heard and the "home of waters" opens, a striking representation of the chequered life of unhappy Russia in particular and of man in general.

In conclusion, it may be remarked that poetry, far from being anti-scientific, thus gains in intellectual vigour and passionate fervour with the admixture of scientific element. True poetry is indeed the impassioned expression, rather the very breath and spirit of all knowledge. No subjects ranging from commonplace politics to abstruse philosophy can be regarded as quite unsuitable to poetry; only, these in true order are poetry; and in kitchen order, not.

But obviously enough, certain subjects alone can secure permanent interest when used as the framework of poetry, and according to the great critic, Matthew Arnold, these should appeal to the great affections inseparable from human nature and to the elementary emotions inherent permanently in the race.

Well may one be pardoned if he now hesitates to exclaim with the poet,

"When science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold, material laws!"

S. AMBRAWANESWAR.

Glimpses of a Tour in Kashmir

(BY LADY BENSON)

XI



WE found a return to life in a houseboat, after being in tents for two months, to be very delightful. There was a greater feeling of permanence and "home" about a houseboat; the little drawing room is daintily

furnished. You know it will not get wet through with the first heavy shower. There are bookshelves, and flower vases, writing tables, and pictures: it was a comfort to be able to unpack and spread out one's possessions. The state of the river and canals in the month of September was however anything but pleasing. There had been no rain, and the waters had fallen so low that even in the broad river Jhelum there were large tracts of mud exposed; and as to the canal itself there was only a narrow channel of water down the centre, while planks of wood had to be put over the exposed mud on either side of the canal before we could land. The reduced water-space caused a great crowding of boats together. They were packed as closely as sardines in a tin. The yearly fast of the Mahomedans, the "Ramadan," was being observed, when we returned to Srinagar, this meant that the Mahomedan boatmen were eating, and talking, singing and chanting the Koran till late at night and again very early in the morning. They fast during the day-time only, and are allowed to eat at night. The result is somewhat disturbing to those who feed during the day, but try to sleep at night.

The succession and variety of boats being paddled down the canal, past one's sitting-room windows, was most fascinating to watch. One boat would be piled high with bundles of firewood, another with green vegetables, another with quantities of brilliantly red tomatoes (these could be bought at the rate of 23 for 2 annas!), others again with piles of pears and apples and peaches, these could be purchased at the rate of 4 annas a dozen. One boat passed, paddled by 22 rowers, with a Hindu passenger dressed in rose-coloured draperies, reclining under an awning. Another followed slowly with one old man in the prow, paddling himself—a marked contrast to the previous boat. Life on the river is a never-ending panorama of picturesque form and movement, in lovely colours, with a setting of beautiful mountains on all sides, the Takt-i-Suleiman, barren and rocky, taking red and purple hues against the more distant mauve and blue ranges.

We had one more delightful trip to the "Naghum Bagh" on the Dāl Lake. It took an hour and half of hard rowing to reach the place, and every inch of the way was lovely. On account of the Ramadan, the rowing was rather hard on our boatmen. For 40 days no good Mussalman eats or drinks even a drop of water from sunrise to sunset! It is true that they make up for it at night, and have great feasting and carousings then. The consequence is that they are very slack all day, and the nights are very noisy. They begin moving about between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning, bathing in the river, and light-

ing their fires! Fast or no fast, boatmen are always ready for a race on lake or river. Another boat evidently bound for the "Naghum Bagh" caught us up just as we emerged from the long stretches of pellucid canals, into a broad stretch of lake, edged with enormous lotus leaves. Our boatmen sat up, and with a shout challenged a race, and paddled furiously, occasionally changing their stroke, and forging ahead at a tremendous pace. One fat old man we feared would burst himself, he was working with such energy, presently his turban fell off, then Nooroo's turban followed suit, and another man even went so far as to forget his fast and dip his hand into the water and fill his mouth (but I do not think he swallowed the water!) The men get so excited for these impromptu races that they think nothing of "fouling", and the result is often quite dangerous. Once before when they raced, we had the "Colonel Sahib" with us, and he admonished them soundly in fluent and energetic Hindustani in no uncertain tones! As we could not talk to them in Hindustani, we could only shout "Asti! Asti!" but do you think they listened? They simply plunged their paddles into the water with redoubled vigour, and it was only when the other boat gave up, and fell behind, that they relaxed their efforts. The views from "Naghum Bagh" of the Hari Parbat Fort, the Takt-i-Suleiman hill, and surrounding mountains were all reflected in the water so clearly, it looked as if the whole scene had been solidly re-doubled.

This was our last expedition, for the next one arranged for fell through as the wind arose, and rain fell. These sudden storms are dangerous on the Dal Lake. Among the infinite variety of boats that constantly passed our windows laden with stacks of straw, and grain, firewood, grass, fruits and vegetables, there were several bearing coffins. There were no special signs of mourning about the rowers, or the occupants of the boats, no flowers, but a white cloth was thrown over the centre. One of our Kashmir retainers looked so ill one day that I begged the "Burra Sahib" to question him as to the cause. He had lost a brother some days previously from cholera. All our questions evoked nothing from him but that he was "quite well"! Then we said "but something must be the matter with you, what is it?" He then replied that another brother had died, his youngest brother! "Was it from cholera?" "No, Sir, no! not cholera". "well, what was it from?" "Sir! it was a devil!" (a *Bhut*); you remember Flora Annie Steel's story of the "Bhut Baby"? "A devil!" we exclaimed "what do you mean?" "Yes Sir—a devil, he was quite well, and then the devil attacked him and took him." The Butler further translated this as "a nightmare seized him." It is possible

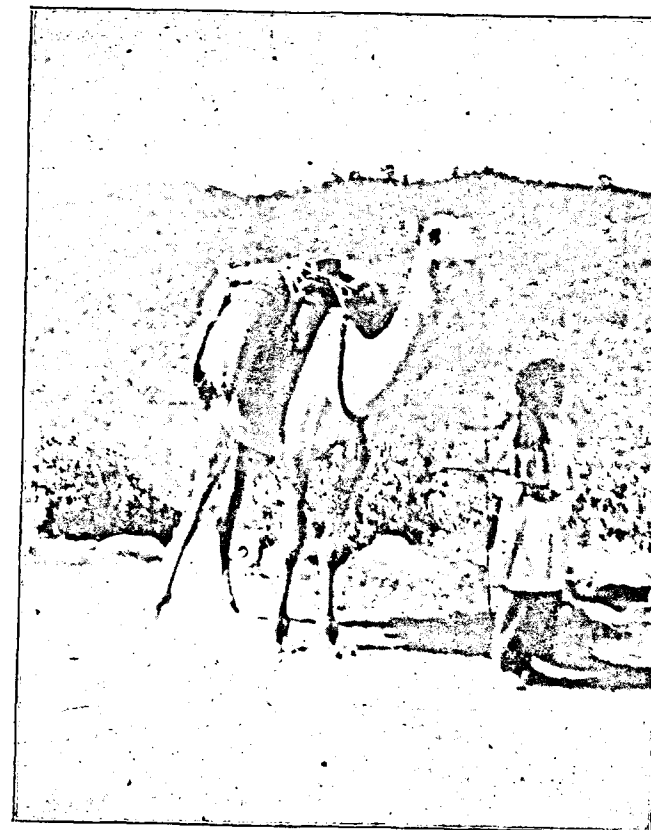
that the man died of heart disease, or some kind of fit, or it may be that it was really cholera, but that the member of the family did not wish to report it as such, wishing to avoid the subsequent visits of the municipality, for the purposes of disinfection. Concealments for such reasons are frequently resorted to. Preparations for our return journey now occupied our thoughts and time. Our pretty house boat was strewn with boxes, yakduns, kiltas, books, clothes, embroideries, house linen, cutlery and plate. Alas! we were to drive the 196 miles from Srinagar to Baramulla instead of going by river in our houseboat, as the villages along the Jhelum were all infected with cholera, and it would not have been safe to take our boatmen into them, or to draw our supplies from them; so we bade a sorrowful farewell to the "Bul Bul" at Srinagar, genuinely sorry to see the last of our Kashmiri retinue.

From Srinagar to Baramulla, 34 miles, we drove through one continuous noble avenue of poplar trees, a wall of wood, silver and green in colouring. The perspective of the avenue was wonderful, culminating at the end in a single snow peak, against the blue sky. Later on, when the trees turn yellow in autumn, the effect would have been gold and silver, instead of silver and green. The chenar trees turn a beautiful crimson and so do the mulberry trees. The glories of colouring in Kashmir during the autumn must be truly brilliant. We only remained at Baramulla for tea, and to change horses, and then drove on another 16 miles to Rumpur. We did not like to risk sleeping at Baramulla, as there had been so many cases of cholera there. The next morning saw us off again at 9, driving past great precipices, buttresses, rocks and landslips. About 100 camels passed us, tied head to tail in single file. They have such supercilious and contemptuous expressions, with their cocky little ears, and protruding underlips. We found the dak bungalows very crowded, and had to sleep 3 in a bedroom; and several gentlemen slept in verandahs.

Our whole 196 mile drive was driven at an average speed of 7½ miles an hour, it was most of the way down hill.

We had several narrow escapes of a breakdown, owing to the loss, or breaking of a portion of the tongo, but on each occasion the coachman produced a rivet, or "nut", or cord, just something to patch up the shaky trap, sufficient to enable us to go on.

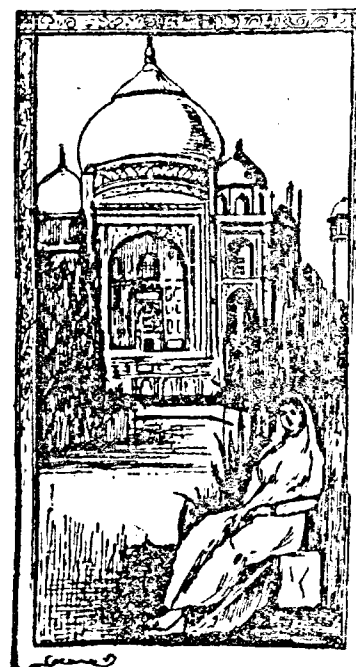
So in a haze of dust, we crossed once more the bridge over the Jhelum that unites Kashmir with India, and realized that our trip to Kashmir was ended: from henceforth it would only be a memory and a vision to be dwelt upon and seen by that "inward eye", which is the bliss



ON THE ROAD TO KASHMIR

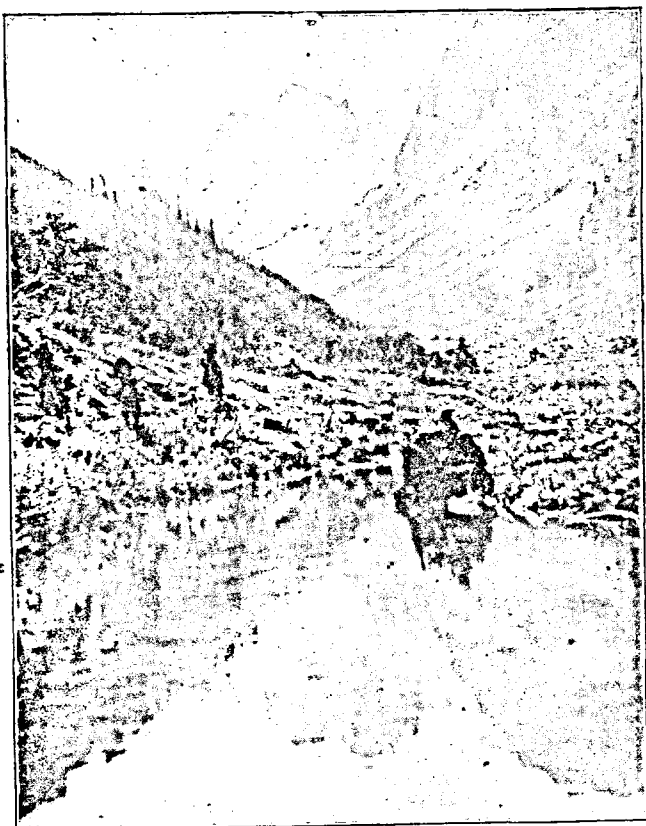
of solitude. It is well to be able to recall such scenes and memories. Many Indian ladies cannot, and may not, travel in Europe, or across the seas, but there is no prohibition to prevent any from visiting a neighbouring Hindu State. To all who find it within their means to be able to travel we can, from our own pleasant experiences, strongly recommend "A trip to Kashmir."

A Letter from England about the Coronation



I never occurred to me that you would like to hear of the Coronation from me, or I would have written before. And now, after nearly six weeks, with my holiday in between, I'm afraid my ideas of it may be getting rather hazy. It was such a bewildering amount of novelty and life crammed into such a short space (I went up on Wednesday and returned on Saturday) that I'm afraid the impression it all made on me may not be as lasting as I hoped. I couldn't have seen it under better circumstances. We arose at half-past five and sallied forth at six-twenty to the underground, found it not unduly crowded, and got down quite comfortably to St. James' Park Station. From there we had only a short walk, and were in our places by 7 o'clock. Our stand was the Midland Railway Offices in Parliament Square, and we were luckily in full view of one of the entrances to the Abbey. I had my glasses with me, and as people were arriving thick and fast even at that early hour, I was not a bit dull, and got many amusing glimpses of gorgeous uniforms and elegant ladies, the latter mostly looking

ing peevish and chilly in their evening frocks. It was a raw grey morning, and I expect they felt as they looked! One old person was well cheered, who walked right across the square, with skirts very well hitched up and her coronet in a little red bag dangling from her wrist. She quite enjoyed the joke I think, but did not let down her garments. About 9 o'clock, more important people began to come, and the excitement grew more marked. There were lots of royal carriages, and then the State carriages of the nobility, most picturesque, and awfully exciting, with bits of ermine to be seen, and very often little pages peering out of the windows. I longed to know whom each belonged to but I only recognized Lord Lonsdale's and the Devonshire's. The Speaker had the grandest of all, a splendid thing of sombre gold and brown, and he looked splendid inside it. Of course he got a great reception, as did the Lord Mayor also. There was constant stir among the troops all about us, and they in themselves were interesting enough to make the time go quickly, and we had the R. M. School of Music band close to us and that also passed the time. Just before the first procession was to leave Buckingham Palace, Lord Kitchener came down the route in a motor and passed quite close to us, and after he left, the route was completely cleared, and there was nothing to do but wait and listen to the Tower guns. There was an awfully tense feeling everywhere and one was quite thankful when the processions began to come. The first one passed curiously fast, not that it went fast, only one was so eagerly expecting the other two. I had quite a good view of many of the foreign representatives; the Abyssinians looked very barbaric in wolfskins and lion's manes, the Indians as of course you know were splendid to look upon, and rather dwarfed all the Westerns. Many of the European foreigners sat very far back in their carriages and one didn't get a fair chance to see them. I saw the Montenegrin well, and the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany were sensible, and leant well forward, and were well cheered, and so was the Crown Princess of Sweden, who was apparently delighted to be in London again, and waved her hand to the crowd and beamed, and generally enjoyed herself. There was quite a long gap between the first and second processions, and again the tense feeling grew. But at last it came and then people really began to cheer, for our own royalties were easier to see. I couldn't really distinguish between the elderly princesses, but thought they all looked rather cross and inattentive. The two Fife princesses were very nice, and so was their mother, though she looked ghastly ill. But of course all eyes were for the



THE FAIRIES' POOL GLACIERS AT SÖNNAMERG, KASHMIR

Prince of Wales and Princess Mary, and there was a roar of cheering as they drew near. He looked very small, and swamped in his garter robe, but extremely dignified, and curiously like his grandfather it seemed to me. Very serious, and very white, poor boy. I could not see Princess Mary then, but on the return journey, I saw her well, a graceful figure with beautifully poised head, and pretty fair hair, wearing her coronet, which I believe fell off because she bowed so vigorously! They passed, and one waited again, and felt thankful to hear the guns signal the King's departure, then one watched Big Ben, and thought he was rather late and wondered if anything had gone wrong, and altogether felt rather uncomfortable. But presently one heard the dull roar up Whitehall, and knew it was all right, he was coming. The cheering was very subdued all about us. I think it was too near the Abbey, and we felt it altogether too solemn for jubilation. There was a quiet welcome as the Royal coach drew near, but as it actually passed a sort of sympathetic silence fell, and one longed to help him through with the ordeal. He looked very serious, and hardly looked at the crowd at all. It must be an intense strain? Then the bells rang out, and the Royal Standard was hoisted and we felt that the King had at any rate got safely into the Abbey, so we went to lunch. It was provided in the M. Ry. offices, and very good it was after so long a wait! But I felt an absolute beast to be frivolling over lunch when such a ceremony was going on within 50-yards or so of me. However it could not be helped, and when we had finished we went out and rambled round about, and again waited, this time for the salute, the bells telling that the crown was placed on his head. There was a great cheer when the signal came and every one seemed happier. It was a good long time of course, before all was over, but when it was so, and the King returned, there was a positive uproar, as different as anything from the first greeting. You could feel that a load was off everybody's mind and they just let themselves go and yelled!

The Queen was on my side, as they returned, and I thought she looked lovely. I couldn't see her face well, but the general effect of queenliness and grace was most striking and splendid. It did not matter at all that she is not really a beautiful woman.

After all was over, we waited for a time, until people were allowed up Whitehall, and then we struggled into the crowd, and wandered slowly up to Trafalgar Square, then on up to Piccadilly, Park Lane to Marble Arch Station, just to feel the crowds a bit, and see the decorations. It was great fun. Troops everywhere, and constables, carriages passing one, with a flash of uni-

form or ermine or satin, or something brilliant. Colour all round, and teeming life, awfully good to feel, coming straight from here! I felt I should like a month of it, just as busy and exciting and important as that day!

The next day was of course a greater pageant, but had not the same significance. I loved it all, and really had as many soldiers to look at as I wanted, which is saying a good deal, but I really don't think I can enter into details, considering this is the end of my third sheet, and you will be weary of reading it! We yelled with all our might as the King and Queen passed, and they looked well and happy and lighthearted, very different from the day before!

That night, in spite of pouring rain, we went down to the Bank and Mansion House to see the illuminations. They were a wonderful sight, all the more so as they were so reflected in the wet pavements and on the buildings and even on the falling rain. One could hardly look at the Bank, it was so dazzling, with lights of much higher power than any others. The crowds were pretty thick, but easy to get through, and we again walked from Trafalgar Square to Oxford Street, via Pall Mall and St. James Street. We got home about 11-30, and the next day I came back here, weary as you can imagine, but feeling I had had the time of my life!



The Purdahnasheen

[BY A. CHRISTINA ALBERS]

In columned hall they gathered for the feast,
Bright was the scene, a vision wondrous fair,
'Mid blaze of colour, fragrance-laden air,
Softly she moves, the daughter of the East.

Fair as the rose bathed in the morning dew,
When sparkling leaves reflect the sun's first ray;
Nor fairer is the dawn of breaking day,
Than is that radiant face of Champack hue.

Upon her brow rubies and amethyst,
And with the diamonds of her midnight eyes
The lustre of the shining emeralds vies,
Which kiss in fond embrace her amber wrist.

Soft falls her robe in folds of clinging grace,
While on her throat the drooping pearls repose;
Sweet chimes her silver anklet as she goes,
And jewelled hands peep out 'mid waves of lace.

But oh, through all this beauty rings a sigh,
There comes a whisper of unwritten woes;
The night-winds murmur of the broken rose,
And 'mid these fairy forms flit phantoms by.

The death wail sounds, lo yonder passing bier!
Light is the burden that they bear away,
A frail young form, a child of laughing May,
Scarce dawned the morning on her thirteenth year.

But oh, the mystery that white cloth doth hide!
Child, mother, wife—who sleeps that shroud beneath,
(Withered too soon her young life's bridal wreath)
Child and child-mother sleeping side by side.

Low lies the land where childhood is no more,
The child's heart quails before an iron fate,
Before a cruel custom time-create,
Which saps the nation's life-blood to the core.

No more those women of the ancient days,
No more their souls in strong endeavour rise,
Or tow'ring intellects soaring to the skies,—
These now are tales, are half-forgotten lays.

Freedom lies crushed where woman fettered stands;
And if thou, India, wouldst dream once more
To scale those heights thy sires did walk of yore,
Loosen the fetters from those trembling hands.

For woman's hands weave nations; where they fail
Hot winds sweep over the dry and withered lands,
The crystal rivers turn to desert sands,
And songs of daring into dismal wail.

To A Dream

Art thou come, oh dream!
 Like the morn of day?
 Art thou come, oh dream!
 But to fade away?
 O'er my fancy's sky
 Dids't thou break so bright,
 Like a mirage fair,
 Flaunting empty light.
 Tell me then, oh dream,
 In thy mystic hue,
 Tell my wondering heart,
 Art an angel true?
 For I see thy wings
 E'er ascending flights.
 Soarest thou, oh dream?
 To ethereal heights?
 Leave me not to pine;
 Gently lead me there;
 Ye that swiftly skim
 Through the mystic air
 Take me, yea, oh air dream!
 Clothe me in thy light.
 Tho' I yet may fall,
 Soar I to thy height.
 Lo! the zephyrs breathe
 One entrancing kiss—
 E'er my spirit parts from
 its dream of bliss!

To The Lotus

Oh lotus flower on thy stem of green,
 O'er the waters fair you sway a queen!
 And the graceful sword in its chaste array!
 Hasten your summons to obey
 Your dwelling fair—yon pond of sheen.
 Ye have meshed with magic wefts of green,
 Ye have e'er woven in my heart
 Your fairy threads by magic art;
 And as they string that silent lyre
 It wakens to ecstatic fire!

Lalita Gupta.

A Lawyer Deceived



It is seldom heard of a lawyer being deceived by his clients, for lawyers are so shrewd that they never give others an opportunity of outwitting themselves. Mr. John Quickton was a very skilful lawyer, highly respected by the judges of the court for his legal acumen, and there was not a case he conducted that he did not win. Although he charged exorbitant fees, litigants flocked to him in great numbers, and were only too glad to pay him the high fee asked for, to get out of their scrapes. Quickton had a peculiar knack of instructing his clients and witnesses, so much so that when they went before the court they could answer the most searching, or puzzling questions during cross-examination, without betraying themselves. But any witness cross examined by our lawyer would be floored at the very second question, and would be able to proceed no further.

How then was such a skilful lawyer deceived? Well, a maiden was at the bottom of it. Kamala was indeed a lovely girl of seventeen, exceptionally so, and looked as sweet as the sacred flower (lotus) whose name she bore. Her face was of a yellow complexion as of all Indian maidens. Her nose was somewhat sharp, the mouth small with fine red lips, the only thing red about her charming face. Her beautiful black eyes with darker eye-brows sent forth a lustre that nobody could fail to observe and admire, a pair of simple earrings was the only jewel about her person, and this almost total absence of ornament only brought out her handsome features to greater prominence. She was a Kshatriya maiden, born to parents who claimed descent from some well-known Raja; but his name unfortunately had not been handed down to posterity. They now possessed no signs of royalty except that they were still known as Rajas. They lived a hand-to-mouth existence, and no wonder the young damsel was obliged to go to the village well, to fetch water for her home. This morning she was unusually early at the well; in her blessed loneliness the buoyant spirit of her young and innocent heart showed itself in melodious strains of music. The birds of the neighbouring mango tops were wondering what new bird had given them a surprise at such an early hour. Not far off from the maiden there was a man that he was unobserved by her and on his sharp ears fell these mellifluous sounds and he stood looking up towards the sky to see what goddess had

condescended to entertain him with her heavenly music. In this pensive mood and still keeping his eyes turned upwards he walked on till unknown to himself he was standing face to face with the sweet singer. The singing stopped abruptly and the maiden tried to lift her heavy brass pot, made heavier still by its liquid contents; she could not do so for every morning others of her sex used to help her in placing the vessel on her head, but now there was none. Ramachandra Maharaj with true heroic spirit, for he was a wealthy Kshatriya, quick as thought ran to her rescue, and before she could refuse his chivalrous offer, succeeded in raising the vessel. If he had stopped with this gallant act, nothing exciting would have transpired, and this story would not have been written. When he found that the warbler of the notes that had ravished his ears not many moments ago was a living human being of radiant bloom, he lost all control over himself; his chivalrous spirit and strong will disappeared like mist before the rising sun; he had no longer that heroism about him that stood by him when he met the fiercest of tigers in the jungle with but a javelin in his hand. Enemies would tremble before him, but here he was like a silly child, bereft of all the daring in the jungle. In his thoughtless moment he imprinted a kiss on the bright-eyed maiden's lovely cheek.

The maiden felt shocked, irreparably shocked, that a man should have been so bold as to kiss her, which even her own dear father would have hesitated to do. The kiss sent through her delicate system a thrill of horror, and shame. She felt as if her womanly modesty had been assailed; and that from henceforth she would be the laughing stock among women; she could almost see the badge of infamy indelibly printed on her cheeks. That she, a Kshatriya maiden, should be pointed at with the finger of scorn, that she should be shunned by society as an object of reproach, was too much for her. The sense of modesty, purity and decency is very strong in a well-born Hindu maiden; with a vehemence strong as the feelings that reigned foremost in her mind, she threw down the brass vessel at the feet of the man, who had dared to insult her, and with sobs and cries ran away as fast as her heels could take her. By this time the whole village was astir, and men and women, boys and girls, followed the crying maiden to the very steps of her house. The father, a tall, broad-shouldered, stately stalwart man, met her with astonished looks. What could be the matter with his darling girl, to whom no angry word had ever been spoken by father or mother? In the twinkling of an eye he gathered the cause of her inconsolable grief and ran to the well and saw the author of the wrong standing like a statue, rooted to the spot,

speechless and ashamed, and yet too dignified to run away from the exasperated man, who would have killed him on the spot, but for the timely intervention of the father and uncles of Ramachandra, who carried away the thoughtless young man from the hands of the would-be assassin.

Kamala's father was not a man to pocket affronts. Without losing time he went to the neighbouring town in search of a lawyer; to the market he went; on mentioning his errand, a number of men, calling themselves gumastahs or agents of pleaders came forward and offered terms on behalf of the masters who employed them; the one who agreed to get the work done for the lowest amount was willingly engaged to file a charge against Ramachandra Raz for insulting his daughter.

On the other hand Ramachandra Raz with currency notes in his pocket went straight on to Mr. Quickton, of whose abilities and skill as a lawyer he had heard from many a person in his village as well as the town. Mr. Quickton remarked that it was a most difficult case to handle; considering his position and wealth the Court would fine him heavily or even imprison him and it would be a disgrace for a Raja to be punished by a Court. Mr. Quickton demanded a fee of Rs. one thousand; the Raja agreed to pay half of it then and there and the other half if the case was dismissed. Ramachandra Raz had to go every day to Mr. Quickton's office, and when the case came on for hearing some days later, he appeared undismayed. Kamala closely veiled was examined in closed chambers, and she gave out the bare facts in plain language, and the Judge was more than convinced that she had been kissed, but could not understand how that simple expression of deepest affection could be regarded as an insult by the irate Hiddu father. Ramachandra was then called; Mr. Quickton asked him whether he knew the complainant; he smacked his lips a dozen times before he could say, No. The Judge felt curious and asked Mr. Quickton if his client had an impediment. "It is evident My Lord" said the lawyer. A few more irrelevant questions were asked, and each answer was introduced by a few smacks. The Judge observed it was not necessary to proceed with the case any further and asked the lawyers if they had anything to say. The defendant's counsel did not wish to take up the time of the Court; Mr. Quickton had only a few words to say; it was very unfortunate, he said, that such a frivolous case should have been brought against his client, evidently to annoy him. His chivalrous disposition to help others was misconstrued into an insult and the natural defect of his lips into a tender kiss. He strongly urged the Court to dismiss the case. The Judge quite agreed with him and in doing so he warned the complainant

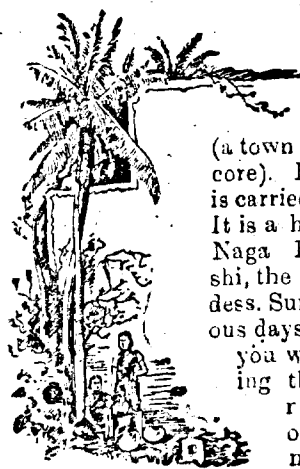
not to annoy respectable persons by dragging them into Court.

Ramachandra Raz salaamed to his counsel and got into his palanquin and was going off when Mr. Quickton ran after him and demanded from him the other half of his fee. Smack! Smack! went the lips of the Raz and the bearers with a heigh ho and a heigh ho carried away the Raz. The barrister found to his cost that the very strategem that had saved the Raz from dishonor and had taken him so many days to make the Raja a through adept in smacking his lips before uttering a word affected his income by five hundred rupees. He would have sued the man for the fee due, but the trick he had taken pains to instruct would be out and he would have been ruined for ever.

D. L.

Reminiscences of a Tour in Travancore

III



MANNARSALAY is a celebrated grove just a few yards off Haripad (a town in central Travancore). Here serpent worship is carried on, on a grand scale. It is a hallowed abode of the Naga Raja and Naga Yakshi, the serpent god and goddess. Sundays are the auspicious days for worship here and you will see devotees flocking there from far and rear with offerings of salt, melon, ghee, money, pepper, etc.

The barren and the childless come to this temple for worship with offerings of various kinds, and it is believed that if the god and goddess are pleased, they (the worshippers) would get children. Nagaprathishta is a ceremony performed by the Hindus to please the serpent gods. In this ceremony the serpent worshippers consecrate an image of a serpent god under an Aswastha tree (*Ficus Religiosa*). There are various traditions as to the origin of this celebrated grove at Mannarsalay and the following is one of them. "The land from Avoor to Alleppy, a distance of over twenty-four miles, was the site of the Khandava forest celebrated in the 'Mahabharata'. When Arjuna set fire to it, the snakes that lived there fled in confusion and reached Mannar

salay and from there the serpents prayed to the gods to protect them from the destructive fire, thereupon the earth around was miraculously cooled down and hence the name Mannarsalay i.e. Mun-ari-salay, the place where the earth was cooled. Soon after this, an ancestress of the Nambiathi, who now performs pooja in the Mannarsalay temple, had a vision calling upon her to dedicate the groves and some land adjoining it to the Naga Raja and to build a temple there. These commands were obeyed forthwith and from that day the Naga Raja became the family deity of the Nambiathi. The female members of this family even now enjoy certain exceptional privileges as proceeding therefrom. During the eleven months in the year the female members alone are entitled to perform the mid-noon service in the temple. The tradition continues that this ancestress (who had a vision) gave birth to a fine hooded serpent, and the Naga Raja once again appeared to her in a vision and asked her to keep the serpent-child in the family cellar as the guardian of their treasures. Even to this day several ceremonies are performed in this cellar on this account. They say that there are serpents in the cellar which will do no harm to anybody in the house. But only the female members of the family are allowed to enter the cellar. We saw this grove and worshipped the god and goddess in the temple and made our offerings in the usual way. The next day we left the place for Mavelikara.

Mavelikara is the birthplace of the present Maharanees of Travancore. The place has the remains of a large fort about two miles in circumference with twenty-four bastions. This is the place where the great Rama Iyer Dalawah, the founder of Modern Travancore, spent his last days of life. In older days, the Dutch had factories here and various treaties have been concluded here between Rama Iyer Dalawah (on behalf of Travancore Government) and the Dutch. After spending a day here, we left it for Chenganoor, an important sanitorium in Central Travancore. Chenganoor is situated on the bank of the River P'ainba, one of the largest rivers in Travancore. A double storied building on the river bank was placed at our disposal here and we found our stay very comfortable. We spent ten days enjoying the sights.

Chenganoor means red hill town, redowing to the nature of the soil. Two traditions are current among the populace as to the origin of the place. One traces the origin to a sage, Chonashilan by name, who was doing penance here, and the other is a story of how a fisherman wrested, from the waves of the ocean, the idol of the goddess that had slipped into the waters when it had been taken for Arat. There is a very sacred

temple here dedicated to Lord Siva and Mother Sree Parvathi. The Chief of Vangipuzha has a palace here. The Chief is the Head of the Potti Brahmin community of the place and has great influence. After our 'ten days' stay at Chenganoor we left it for Quilon and reached it the second day. In the olden days Quilon was an important seaport, and trade at Quilon was more extensive than at Cochin. In the commentaries of Alphonso Albuquerque, Vol. I, the state of Quilon, at the time when the Portuguese first landed in Travancore, is thus described. "At the time when Alphonso D'Albuquerque arrived at Coulas (Quilon) it was a very large city peopled with heathens, with not a single Moor in it nor any foreigner, except the brother of Cherinamermer of Cochin, who had gone thither just lately to reside. This city was a great seaport of the merchants and anciently had in it many merchants stopping there from all parts of India, principally from Malacca. As it was a port sheltered from the wind on every side, the ships which go to India as well as those which passed the Island of Ceylon and Chale made their entree there. In those days the Island of Ceilas (Ceylon) was subject to it and paid tribute to it and it possessed all the land from Coulaio to Chale which is about 60 leagues and the distance from Coulas to the island of Ceylon is 80 leagues. The King of Quilon was a very honest man and very gallant and in the war which he carried on with the King of Narsinga who had many soldiers, both horse and foot, he attacked them with 60,000 archers and overcame him. . . . It was the best ruled city at that time in those parts". . . Such was the position held by Quilon in those days. The Portuguese and the Dutch had fortifications here, but they were all demolished later on. John Yieuhoff, the Chief Director of the Dutch, at Quilon, in those days, in his "Voyages and Travels," gives a short account of Quilon and the Ranees who ruled the place at the time he visited the country, thus:—"Quilon was 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 Chila*. 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." During the reign of Marthanda Varma Maharaja of Travancore, the King of Quilon was defeated in battle and the principality was joined to the Travancore State (1742). From 1803-1830, a strong British garrison was stationed here for the assistance of the Travancore Maharaja, but it was subsequently reduced to one native regiment. As peace reigns in this country now, there is no necessity for troops here and the British Government have recently withdrawn the regiment stationed at Quilon. The Port of Quilon has now declined to a great extent though there are good prospects of its revival. Still it has a considerable inland trade. "Cotton spinning and manufacture of tiles are its chief industries." Quilon is the principal railway station of the Travancore State. Just a few yards off Quilon is the British Settlement, Tangacherry. It was formerly a Portuguese possession (1552-1665), then it came to the Dutch from whom the English got it in 1795. The ruins of the Fort and the Portuguese tower are still visible here. There are here two sections of Roman Catholics, one subject to the Goa Mission, and the other to that of Verapoly. A light-house is recently built here. Coir yarn manufacture is largely carried on here by the people.

After spending four days in this interesting town, we left for Varkala, a place of pilgrimage. What is Benares to the people of South India is Varkala (Jagardhanam) to the people of Upper India. In going to Varkala we had to go through the Varkala Tunnel. We had not seen the tunnels before and we eagerly watched their arrival. The boatman gave us a description of the two tunnels, their origin, etc., and we all listened to him with much attention. Soon he announced that we were nearing the first canal. All of us stood up to have a look at it. It was gigantic and magnificent. 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 Kadinamkulam 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 Varkala 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.

North India School of Medicine for Women



IN India there are 150 millions of women. Many of these, according to the customs of the country, are not allowed to see a male doctor. Learning of their great need, lady doctors have come from various countries, but

they are few and the expense of their travel and support is very great. Would it not be much better for the women of this country to qualify themselves to help their own countrywomen? Years ago this would have been impossible, but female education is on the increase. Every year over a hundred women present themselves for the Matriculation examination and not a few study for the B. A.

The question is how to provide a good medical education under conditions which will make it possible for the best educated girls of the best Indian families to take up the work. Many parents do not wish to send their girls to study in men's medical schools. In order to provide a thorough medical education for women by women in a women's hospital, the North India School of Medicine was started in Ludhiana City in the Punjab by Dr. Brown, with the help of a Committee, in 1894.

The school is governed by a Committee composed of representatives of various Missionary Societies; each Missionary Society helping in

financial support of the school to the extent of £15 has a right to have a representative on the Committee.

The school is recognized by the Government of India and students are admitted to a Medical examination held yearly in Lahore, on the same terms as men.

The Government has shown its appreciation of the Medical School by giving Rs. 25,000 to enlarge the hospital, Rs. 11,000 for teaching apparatus, yearly grant to hospital of Rs. 2,500 and grants to students amounting to Rs. 400 a month.

The local Government also gave Rs. 3,000 to enlarge the hospital and a monthly grant of Rs. 140 to the hospital and a yearly grant of Rs. 150 for the midwives.

When I visited the school in 1910, the new Anatomy building was nearing completion. It is a splendid room with tiled dado and floor and wire gauze windows. It measures 40 x 20 feet and will accommodate thirty-six to work comfortably.

Many visitors come from America, England, and all parts of India. They all express astonishment at the size and work of the hospital and school. The doctors exclaim: "We never had such models and specimens, when we went to college!"

In connection with this school there is a large hospital. It has 100 beds and fourteen well qualified people are on the staff. Its in-patients in 1910 number 1,345 and out-patients 24,483 and their attendance 62,000. There were 1,116 operations. So it is evident that there is abundant opportunity for practical work.

Dr. Brown is very anxious that all interested should help not only in a financial way but by sending students for training, either as doctors, compounders, or nurses, and points out that Missionary Societies would gain financially if they could employ qualified Indian girls in their hospitals instead of having all their doctors come from home.

The students come from all parts of India. Although the school was started first for Christian girls, at the request of Government, Hindu and Muhammadan girls are now being admitted. All will agree that it is a great boon to be able to send our young women to study where they will be protected and be under the refining influence of a Christian home and hospital. The students speak eight different languages, so the language of ordinary use is English. Of 27 medical students in 1910 are 22 Indians and 5 Europeans, of compounders and nurses 24 Indians and 6 Europeans.

We hope that more of our educated women in South India may be inclined to seek a medical

education and to fulfil that desire we hope that that they will attend this the best Medical School for Women in India. Dr. Brown of Ludhiana will be pleased to supply information to prospective students.

Chicacole

MABEL E. ARCHIBALD.

The National Indian Association

LADIES' MEETING, MADRAS



THE third in the series of Lectures in Tamil for Indian Ladies was read by Mrs. Appasawmy, B.A., on Saturday evening, the 9th September, at the residence of Mr. Sreenivasa Aiyangar, High Court Vakil, Mylapore. The subject was "A Lady's Life in England" written by Mrs. Madeley.

These lectures are greatly appreciated, for they not only bring the ladies into closer contact with one another, but they also increase their knowledge of various subjects, and if the branches of the Association in the Mofussil could adopt the same plan of arranging for lectures to be read in the vernacular, the daughters of India would very soon become more educated and interested in all public affairs. Mrs. Subrahmanyam introduced Mrs. Appasawmy, who read the lecture in Tamil, of which the following is the substance.

"There has been a great progress in the life of English people during the last two centuries. Before the railway was introduced, travelling was very difficult and English ladies remained chiefly at home and thus there was not much social intercourse. At home they used to spend their leisure hours in spinning, needle-work, adorning the walls of the houses, embroidery, etc. During summer time they would make jam out of fruits and keep them for use in winter. English ladies have as much general education as men, thus girls go to school like boys and the mothers being educated, they bring up their children very carefully and are able to answer the many different questions which children frequently put their parents.

As regards an English lady's life, she usually rises at 7-30 or 8 a.m., takes her breakfast with her children and husband and after she is left alone, she looks after her household duties. She takes interest in giving orders regarding the daily needs. She reads the daily newspapers

and informs herself in the events occurring in the world. She has lunch at 1 o'clock and spends some time daily in reading good books in the afternoon. She makes calls or receives visitors. At 8 p. m. she has dinner and when the gentlemen retire, if she is musically inclined, she plays or sings a little. She regularly spends some time in the company of her children by telling them stories, helping them in their lessons and playing with them. On Sunday, the whole family attends both morning and evening service and listen to a sermon which deepens their faith in Christ and draws them nearer to God. The children also get a religious lesson at home and attend a Sunday school. This early instruction makes a lasting impression on their tender minds. The lady also spends a portion of her time in working for the poor, visiting the sick in hospitals, and doing any thing that lies in her power to relieve the poor and supply their needs.

Girls do not get married till they are 20 or 25, some even later. Young men or women have every opportunity to converse with one another and if a young man is quite sure that a young lady likes him, he mentions his intentions to the parents for their consent and gets engaged. The marriage ceremony is very short and the happy couple generally spend their honeymoon in some selected place and then make their own abode. English ladies take part in games like tennis, golf, swimming, badminton, etc. Christmas week is generally the happiest week in an English family when all the members gather, exchange presents, entertain friends and celebrate the birth of the world's Saviour.

Mrs. Appaswami very kindly made the lecture more interesting by saying a few words about each paragraph and hoped that the audience would benefit by it. Mrs. Sreenivasa Aiyangar then garlanded her and thanked her for the trouble she had taken. And Mrs. Subrahmanyam proposed a hearty vote of thanks to Mrs. Appaswami and called upon some of the ladies to express their views on the subject. Mrs. Shankar Rao remarked that the Indian ladies were progressing slowly. After *pan supari*, fruit and *sankhanam* were distributed, the guests spent a very pleasant hour in conversation. Among those who attended the lecture were Lady Desikachari, Mrs. M. Subrahmanyam, Mrs. Lazarus, Mrs. Namburumall Chetty and Mrs. Alwar Chetty, Mrs. M. Ranga Chari, Mrs. Nanjunda Rao, Mrs. S. Gopalswami Iyengar, Miss Haskins, Mrs. Rangappa and many others.—By an Indian Lady.

Mrs. J. Yates "At Home."

THE National Indian Association Kumbakonam Branch:—Mrs. J. Yates was "at home" at her residence in Thiruvadamaruthur Road to the ladies of the families of the members of the National Indian Association Kumbakonam Branch, at 4-30 p. m. on Thursday the 14th Sept. when a large number of ladies, numbering in all about 80, was present on the occasion, of whom mention may be made of the following:—

Mrs. N. Krishnaswami Aiyangar, Mrs. A. S. Balasubramania Aiyar, Mrs. M. Venkatasami Naidu, Mrs. and Miss A. R. Chakrapani Chettiar, Mrs. and Miss T. Sankara Row, Mrs. and Miss T. Krishnaswami Aiyangar, Mrs. C. R. Lakshmi-varaha Aiyangar, Miss T. K. Sivarama Aiyar, Mrs. A. B. Venkatachalam Chettiar, Mrs. A. T. Venkatanarayana Pillai, Mrs. K. Venkatarama Aiyar, Mrs. A. Deivasabayam, Mrs. Faziluddin, Mrs. S. Raja Ram Aiyar, Mrs. and Miss A. Govindarajulu Mudaliar, Mrs. K. R. Duraiswami Aiyar and Miss Muthammal.

All the ladies were first introduced to Mrs. J. Yates, who was highly pleased with the hearty response of the ladies to her invitations. This was followed by a nice song by members of the Friendly Union, composed of the teachers and pupils of the Government Girls' School, Kumbakonam. Then Mrs. A. Deivasabayam delivered a short and interesting speech, in the course of which she thanked Mrs. J. Yates and Secretaries of the National Indian Association, Kumbakonam Branch, for having given her an opportunity of meeting a large number of leading ladies of Kumbakonam, and of talking to them. She compared the India of to-day with the India of a few years ago and dwelt at length on the advance made in all directions and in all human activities and pointed out clearly that Indian ladies should not lag behind their sisters in the other part of the world in the onward march of progress in scientific knowledge and sisterly feeling. She expatiated upon the advantages of holding meetings of ladies from time to time and of having a Ladies' Association in their midst, arrangements being made for periodical lectures, social gatherings and circulation of important magazines amongst the ladies, thereby promoting mutual sympathy and a spirit of toleration.

Then the pupils of Sri Sarasvathi Patasala contributed to the pleasure of the gathering by their nice songs and *Kolattum*, which were much appreciated by the audience. This was followed by a pleasant song fiddle by Miss A. S. Balasubramania Aiyar, which delighted the ladies.

There was also a contribution by Miss T. K. Sivarama Aiyar. A short address on the "Women of India" was read by Miss Nagalakshmi Ammal, a pupil of the Government Girls' School, Kumbakonam. She referred to the advance made in female education in olden days in India and cited as instance the names of Avvayar, Savitri, Sakuntala and Damayanthi. She referred to the progress made in England, Japan and Germany in female education. She also mentioned the evils of infant marriage and made pathetic reference to the cries of baby widows below one year, who are 1,064 in number at present in India. She desired them to consider the hard fate of widows who form 1-6 of the female population of India and who may very well be educated to become intelligently useful members of the household.

The daughters of Mr. T. Sankara Rao charmed the audience by their exquisite songs and fine play on the harmonium. Mrs. J. Yates encouraged the party by taking part herself and playing on the piano. Then a paper on the Life of Her Majesty the Queen Empress was read by Miss A. Govindarajulu Mudaliar. She referred to the early training of Her Majesty, the great help she had rendered to her mother in public charities and the great attention she bestows on the education of her young children. She mentioned the interest which Her Majesty evinces in the welfare of her Indian sisters by visiting India and quoted the following extract from her speech at Bombay in November 1905. "One of my chief objects in my tour is to see as much as possible of my Indian sisters; for I believe the more I see the realities of their lives, the more I shall admire and esteem the high qualities for which the Indian women are renowned." She added that her mother prepared a pair of fine head-fans and had presented them to Her Majesty when she visited Madras last, which she had been graciously pleased to accept.

On behalf of the ladies present Mrs. A. Deivasabayam thanked Mrs. J. Yates for her kindness in having brought together all the ladies with a view to promote social intercourse amongst the various races and communities at Kumbakonam.

Kummy by the pupils of the Government Girls' School, Kumbakonam, and the National Anthem, with the distribution of sugar candy, *punsupai* and flowers brought the proceedings to a successful close.

The gathering in spite of its being the first of its kind in recent years was a splendid success and promises well for the future work of the National Indian Association, Kumbakonam Branch, and for the amelioration of the condition

of the women of Kumbakonam. Mrs. J. Yates has thus endeared herself by her kind sympathy and winning manners, and deserves the thanks of the public of Kumbakonam.

It should be observed that the satisfactory attendance of the party was due to the enthusiasm and tact of Mrs. A. Deivasabayam, who assisted by Miss Muthammal of Sri Sarasvathi Patasala, took much trouble to go round and talk to the ladies in person, and thus placed the National Indian Association under great obligation to her.

The Mysore Bindu Albalasrama or Widows' Home

AN APPEAL FOR FUNDS



THIS Institution was started with the object of giving free boarding, lodging and suitable education to helpless women, chiefly widows of tender age. Instruction is imparted up to the Kanarese Lower Secondary, making it practical, as far as may be, by teaching the inmates

some branches of reproductive industry, such as needle-work, knitting, embroidery, cane-work, basket-work, etc. Generally, young women of the age of 17 to 20 seek admission, feeling that they can make better progress in their study here than in any other institution. For, elsewhere, they will have to study with young girls and get promotion once a year. In this asylum, on the other hand, they are able to come up to the Lower Secondary Standard much sooner than in the Maharani's College. After passing the Lower Secondary, they join the Maharani's College in the English classes, or Pandita course, or learn midwifery and nursing in one of the hospitals. The classes in the Home are also open to day scholars, who live in their own houses and attend the Home. The chief merit of this Institution is that it is suited for grown-up women, as well as helpless widows, who have only to begin their education.

2. In the past four years, 87 pupils have received instruction in the Home and 20 have remained therein as inmates from time to time. In the very first year one of the pupils passed the Mysore Lower Secondary, and has been

employed therein as an Assistant Mistress. In the year 1909, five passed the Lower Secondary, all of whom joined the Maharani's College, three being trained as teachers, one to study Sanskrit for the Pandita course, and the last, but not the least, of the three is now fully qualified for a teacher's post and is waiting for a vacancy. In the current year, 1911, six pupils have passed the Lower Secondary, two of whom have joined the Maharani's College to be trained as teachers, and four have joined the English Lower Secondary course. One widow pupil from the Fifth Standard of the Home is now learning nursing and midwifery in the Wesleyan Mission Hospital, Mysore.

3. The Institution has cost from 1907 to 1910 Rs. 13,903. This outlay has been met from the following sources:—

	Rs.	A.	P.
(1) H. H. the Maharaja's Donation, at the rate of Rs. 1,200 per year ..	2,400	0	0
(2) Contribution from the Devaraj Bahadur Charity Fund for Scholarships to Pupils ..	3,637	8	7
(3) Contributed by the Friends of the Home ..	400	0	0
(4) Contributed by Mr. Rai Bahadur A. Narasimha Iyengar ..	8,415	7	5

4. The following gifts have been received by the Institution:—

- (1) A Sewing Machine, by Narotham Set, Morarji Goculdas.
- (2) A Knitting Machine, by Colonel Jones.
- (3) A Harmonium, by Rao Bahadur Maigandadeva Moodliar.
- (4) A Clock, by Miss Palethorpe, M.A.

5. The management of the Institution is now vested, by order of Government, in a Committee consisting of the following members:—

- (1) Mr. V. N. Narasim Iyengar, *President*.
- (2) „ A. Narasimha Iyengar, B.A., *Honorary Joint Secretaries*.
- (3) „ M. Venkatakrishnaia,
- (4) „ R. H. Campbell, I.C.S.
- (5) Mrs. Denham.
- (6) Mr. A. Mahadeva Sastri, B.A.
- (7) Miss A. Park.
- (8) Mr. M. C. Rangjengar.
- (9) Smt. K. D. Rukmini Amma, B.A.
- (10) Mr. G. Subbaswamy Iyer, B.A., L.T.
- (11) „ D. Venkataraniya, B.A., L.T.

6. The Committee think that the time has now arrived, when, in order that the Institution may be placed on a permanent and stable basis, an appeal should be made to all Indians of light and leading, both within and outside the Mysore State, to contribute their quota for the support of the Institution. It is needless to point out that the education and enlightenment of India's daughters is a *sine qua non* for India's advancement in all directions.

7. Ladies and gentlemen wishing to render pecuniary aid to the Institution may do so under any one of the following classes:—

- i. Patrons, by contributing Rs. 500 in a lump.
- ii. Life-Members, do. „ 200 do.
- iii. Subscribers, by subscribing in advance every year, every month, or once in six months, according to their pleasure, whatever amount they can conveniently spare for so laudable an object.

8. Every year a report of the work done in the Institution and of the receipts and expenditure will be circulated in English, to the Patron, Life-Members and Subscribers. Any suggestions which they may be pleased to make for its improvement will receive every deserved consideration from the managers.

9. The Government of His Highness the Maharaja have been graciously pleased to provide, free of cost, a building for the location of the Home, besides a monthly grant of Rs. 60.

7th August, 1911, A. NARASIMYENGAR,
Mysore. M. VENKATAKRISHNAYYA,
Hon. Joint Secretaries.

— RULES FOR THE GUIDANCE OF THE COMMITTEE

The proceedings of the meeting of the Widows' Home, Mysore, held at 8 a.m., on the 11th March, 1911.

The following members were present:—

- (1) Mr. V. N. NARASIM IYENGAR (*President*).
- (2) „ A. NARASIM IYENGAR, B.A., *Joint Secretaries*.
- (3) „ M. VENKATAKRISHNAYYA,
- (4) „ R. H. CAMPBELL, I.C.S.
- (5) Mrs. DENHAM.
- (6) Mr. A. MAHADEVA SASTRI, B.A.
- (7) Miss A. PARK.
- (8) Mr. M. C. RANGA IYENGAR, B.A.
- (9) Mrs. K. D. RUKMINI AMMA, B.A.
- (10) Mr. G. SUBBASAMI IYER, B.A., L.T.
- (11) „ D. VENKATA RAMIAH, B.A., L.T.

The Draft Rules were read:

1. Resolved that:—

(1) The Institution be styled, "The Hindu Ablashrama."

(2) Boarding and lodging be given free in this Institution to poor Hindu women of the respectable classes, preference being given to widows.

(3) Instruction be imparted in the Institution up to a standard to be fixed by the Committee to such of the inmates as are likely to study up to that standard in a shorter time than in the Maharani's College, for whom suitable provision does not exist there. In addition to literary subjects, some branches of industry, such as needle-work, knitting, embroidery, cane-work, basket-work, etc., should also be taught; and

household duties, such as cooking, etc., be also included in the curriculum.

(4) The management of the Institution shall vest in the Committee.

(5) The quorum should consist of not less than four members.

(6) The office-bearers, namely, the President and Secretaries, shall be elected once in three years, and vacancies be filled up by the Committee.

(7) The President shall preside at the meetings. In his absence, the members shall elect a Chairman.

(8) The President, or in his absence, the Chairman shall have a casting vote.

(9) The members of the Committee are empowered to visit the Home at all times.

(10) A Sub-Committee, consisting of the President, the Secretaries and Messrs. A. Mahadeva Sastri, D. Venkata Ramiah and Mrs. Rukmini Amma, be formed, and they be entrusted with the management of the Home, disposal of applications for admission, the award of scholarship, from the Devaraj Bahadur Charity Fund, the appointment and dismissal of the servants of the Home, and every thing connected with the efficient management of the Institution.

(11) One of the members of the Committee be requested annually to audit the accounts of the Institution.

(12) At the beginning of each year, the Committee should prepare the Budget for the same.

(13) The Committee shall meet once in three months, or oftener if necessary.

(14) Any three members of the Committee may send a requisition for a meeting to the Honorary Secretaries, who shall call the meeting within a fortnight.

(15) At the quarterly meeting, two from among the members shall be nominated as visitors, who will visit the Institution at least once a week, and bring to the notice of the Sub-Committee any short comings they may have observed.

V. A. NARASIMMIENGAR,
President, Managing Committee.

The National Indian Association Kumbhakonam Branch

LADIES' GATHERING.—Mrs. Aramanai Krishna Bagavathar was "at home" to the ladies of the families of the members of the National Indian Association, Kumbhakonam Branch, at 3.30 p.m. on Monday the 2nd October 1911, at the magnificent building, the public choultry on the Railway Road which commemorates the great benefaction of Mr. Aramanai Krishna

Bagavathar. About fifty ladies were present on the occasion, of whom mention may be made of the following:—

Miss A. S. Balasubramania Aiyar and three other ladies, Mrs. and Misses T. Sankara Rao, Mrs. S. Rajaram Aiyar, Mrs. M. Venkatasami Naidu, Mrs. and Miss A. Govindarajulu Mudaliar, Mrs. Sundra Sastriar, Mrs. Aramani Krishna Bagavathar, Mrs. A. Devasahayam, Miss Muthammal, Miss Gnanabaranam etc.

The different interesting items of the programme were successfully gone through. The pupils of the Government Girls' School, Kumbhakonam, entertained the audience with their vocal music, kummi, and kolattam. As usual the central figures at the gathering were Misses, T. Sankara Rao, who enchanted the ladies by their excellent songs and fine play on the violin. Miss Muthammal, Head Mistress, Sri Sarasvathi Patasala, read intelligently in a clear and impressive tone, a paper in Tamil on "A Lady's Life in England" which was kindly sent by Dewan Bahadur P. Rajaratnam Mudliar, the energetic Secretary of the National Indian Association, Madras. Mrs. A. Devasahayam, Head Mistress, Government Girls' School, Kumbhakonam, explained clearly the various points referred to in that paper and laid stress upon the importance attached by the English teachers to punctuality, value of time, a place for every thing and every thing in its place, dignity of labour and above all their motherly solicitude for the careful early training of their children and the formation of their character. Then the ladies were mutually introduced and had a lively conversation with one another for sometime. Mrs. A. Devasahayam on behalf of the ladies, thanked Mrs. Aramani Krishna Bagavathar for the kindness with which she had arranged for the evening party. With the distribution of *pan-supari* the gathering was brought to a successful termination.

Vijaya Dhasami day, 2nd October, 1911, was a day of great festivity amongst the Hindus, when all the Deities of Siva and Vishnu temples at Kumbhakonam go in a grand procession past the choultry towards the east. About twenty-three Deities bedecked with precious jewels and adorned with fine garlands were taken on beautiful Vahanams—horses or chariots conveyed by men or dragged by four bulls. All the ladies had the pleasure of witnessing from upstairs that unique and splendid spectacle and spent a very pleasant and enjoyable evening at the choultry. On the whole, the gathering was a success, and Mrs. A. Krishna Bagavathar deserves to be congratulated upon her selection of that happy day for the ladies' party.

News and Notes

AT THE UNIVERSAL RACES Congress held in London in July last an important paper on the seclusion of Purdah women was read by Mr. Mir Sultan Mohideen, a former Presidency Magistrate, who is now qualifying himself for the Bar at the Lincoln's Inn. Mr. Mohideen's dissertation covered a wide ground and traced the origin and growth of the Purdah system in Eastern countries with special reference to Indian Mahomedan women who are shut up like birds in cages. According to Mr. Mohideen the custom of secluding women and of never allowing them to be seen in public except with a thick *burka* on is one which is not enjoined by the Koran which says "let women go about without covering their faces and hands." He maintains that the greatest of the commentators of the Koran are agreed on this point. The Right Hon'ble Mr. Sayed Amir Ali who is no mean authority on the subject and His Highness the Aga Khan, the spiritual head of a large section of the Mahomedans, agree in thinking that the Purdah habit is not inculcated by the Koran and both of them have denounced it in very strong terms. In the course of his learned paper, Mr. Mohideen remarked that the habit of secluding women is not unknown to Christians and Hindus, that in India no women except those belonging to the poorest classes would go out even with veils and that the richer the family, the greater is the rigidity of the restriction. This may be the case in Hyderabad and in Northern India, but it is certainly not true of South India. The universality of the practice so far as Northern India is concerned would seem to be due to that part of the country having remained longer under Mahomedan influence, which it is well known, never affected the conditions of social life in our own part of the country. Even in Hyderabad it is not uncommon to see a cultured Mahomedan lady, like Mrs. Hyderi, a daughter of the late Justice Budrudin Tyabjee, we believe, driving about in the streets without purdah. The prevalence of the practice among the high caste Hindu family in Bengal should be attributed, we fear, to the desire on the part of the Hindu families to copy the examples of their Mahomedan neighbours. It is however a matter for thankfulness that among the Hindus of the Madras Presidency as well as the Parsis throughout the country the purdah system can be said to be almost unknown.

Of course we are at one with Mr. Mohideen in condemning this custom which may have been necessary in more troubled times when greater precautions had to be taken to protect the honour of women. The institution which

has outlived its usefulness can scarcely be defended at the present day when a settled form of government has been established throughout India and when life and property are quite as safe in India as in any other part of the world; and for this reason we sympathize with Mr. Mohideen in his efforts to emancipate Indian Moslem ladies from the evil effects of this baneful institution. It is interesting to learn from Mr. Mohideen's paper that his wife has discarded the purdah while in London and that she has seen many Hindu and Mahomedan ladies in London enjoying perfect freedom in that land of freedom. We commend Mrs. Mohideen's excellent example in this respect, as it requires no little courage on the part of a Mahomedan lady to cast off the Purdah and we hope that even after returning to India she will throw away the Purdah. (*United India and Native States*).

INFLUENCE OF THE WEST ON JAPAN.—Mr. Ananda Rao Mangesh, who is a Japan-returned Indian, writes to the Press on the influence of the West on Japan. He says that while a quarter of a century ago Japan was an almost unknown country, she now ranks among the foremost nations of the world and this is due to the influence of the West. This influence, according to Mr. Mangesh, is particularly noticeable in the position in society occupied by Japanese women. In Japan more than 25 per cent of the teachers are women, while in girls' schools lady teachers form about 6 per cent of the total number. The number of lady doctors and dentists is increasing while kindergarten teaching is managed entirely by women. There is an arts college for women as well as private schools to teach music and fine arts. Girls find employment in large numbers in commercial schools, as well as in banks and public offices, while the number of girl typists, booking clerks and wardresses in women's prisons is steadily increasing. Generally speaking, says Mr. Mangesh, all professions are crowded by women. If Mr. Mangesh is right, the Japanese women have not lost their womanliness and simplicity of home life in spite of the progress they have made on all sides. The picture thus drawn is altogether a pleasing one and although it is too much to hope that Indian women will advance at the same rate, they can have no better examples to follow than the modern Japanese women who though they have advanced on Western lines have still retained all that is best and noblest in their own national civilization.

THE PAY AND STATUS OF LADY DOCTORS.—The Annual Report of the Countess of Dufferin's Fund contains the following remarks on the above subject:—

One of the main grievances of the lady doctors in India appears to be that of pay and status, and on this point the Central Committee is entirely in sympathy with them. In June, 1908, the Committee approached the Government in India with a request that a special grant-in-aid might be given to the Association in order to enable them to offer better terms to ladies engaged in female medical relief work in this country. The Central Committee has recently supplied the Government with full figures and statistics on the point, and it has hopes of obtaining some assistance for this purpose in the coming year.

Both Miss Vaughan and Major Birdwood in their Report state that the pay of Rs. 300 a month is inadequate for a European, considering the general rise of prices and cost of living in India, and the Committee endorses this opinion. At the same time it must be pointed out that the question is very largely one of supply and demand, and in many cases local Committees say they cannot afford more, and the Durbars of Native States steadily decline to give larger salaries. The Committee desires to assure all those who are working under its auspices that this point has been very prominently before it for many months past, that it is fully aware of all the difficulties and hardships lady doctors often have to contend with in this country, and that it trusts it may be able to make its service more attractive in the future.

The Committee would, however, here repeat its remark in its Annual Report for 1908: "The funds at the command of the Association, as will be seen from the financial statements later on, are strictly limited, and it should be clearly recognised by those who accept posts under the Fund that it is essentially a charitable and more or less struggling Association which endeavours to provide as full medical relief as possible to women of all classes in India with a comparatively very small income."

The Committee think it well to again point out that, owing to the steady annual increase in the number of ladies who possess the higher degrees in medicine, the Association cannot guarantee to provide employment carrying a suitable remuneration, immediately it is required, or indeed within any given period. The number of appointments, especially those carrying the recognised pay of the higher grade, are strictly limited, and the most the Central Committee can do is to endeavour to fill such vacancies as arise with the best material at its disposal. In all cases where the Central Committee is asked to recommend a lady for a post in a Native State or for a particular hospital, the claims of each and every registered candidate for employment receive full and impartial consideration. It should also be borne in mind that the final

selection and appointment of candidates for a considerable number of posts rests with the local authorities concerned. The fact, moreover, that the Central Committee has assisted students, who have been recommended by the Principals of Medical Colleges in India as likely to prove successful medical women, with scholarships during their College careers, does not in any way render the Committee responsible for providing them with permanent employment under the Association. Nor does it guarantee to provide with first grade posts immediately on their return to India ladies whom it may have recommended to the United Kingdom Branch as worthy of assistance, in order that they may take the higher degrees in medicine. It has happened on several occasions during the past years that ladies who have not been altogether satisfied with their posts have resigned them somewhat suddenly, sometimes before they have taken the precaution of securing the promise of a new appointment. As the supply of medical women continues to be considerable in excess of the demand, especially where the higher paid posts are in question the Committee takes the opportunity of again warning all ladies connected with the Fund that they run considerable risk in hastily throwing up appointments, however uncongenial they may appear to be.

The Central Committee begs also to remind Honorary Secretaries of Provincial and Local Committees that a list of candidates for employment is always maintained in its office, and to state that, if ladies who wish to proceed on leave would notify their desire as early as possible to their Local or Provincial Committees it would much facilitate the work of those who have to arrange for filling their posts during their absence.

MISS ALICE LONGFELLOW, DAUGHTER OF the poet, was one of the most picturesque figures at the Carmarthen Eisteddfod. Though she describes the singing of the choirs as magnificent, she was, the *Christian World* says, most of all impressed with the singing of the little children, whose sweet voices contrasted favourably, to her, with the harsh and shrill voices in America. A further pleasure of the poet's daughter was her meeting with Mr. Coleridge Taylor, a musical adjudicator at the Eisteddfod and composer of the popular musical setting of Longfellow's "Hiawatha." Miss Longfellow by the way, points out that the pronunciation used by her father was "He-aw-ah-ah," the accent on the first syllable being lighter than on the 'wa', the 'a' sounded like 'a' in 'mar,' not 'war.' Miss Longfellow has silvery white hair, and bears a remarkable likeness to the portraits of her illustrious father.

I hear a story about Queen Mary which, regarding the source whence it reaches me may be accepted as authentic (says the London correspondent of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*). On the evening of Coronation Day, when the processions were over, her daughter, Princess Mary, was met on the stairway of Buckingham Palace by one of the gentlemen in attendance on his Majesty, who genially remarked, "Well, little lady, so it's all over." The Princess went straight to her mother, told her what had passed and protested, "He ought not to speak to me like that, I am a Princess." "Yes," said the Queen, "you are a Princess now, and I hope by and by you may be a lady. You may go and tell him I said so."

AN ELEPHANT'S HUMOUR.—The discovery of a sense of humour in dumb animals may owe much to the observer's imagination, but the following case (given by Mr. E. M. Tarrisse in the *San Francisco Call*, seems to show plainly that an elephant can take a joke.

An old showman was asked by the little daughter of a friend for a private view of the pachyderms attached to the show under his management. Accordingly, one morning the manager took the little girl to the elephant quarters. The child carried an armful of oranges for the beasts. When the two reached the entrance to the enclosure, the elephants scented the fruit, and thereupon set up such a trumpeting that the little girl, frightened, dropped the oranges.

As he gathered up the oranges, the showman found that he had just thirteen. There were four elephants. Walking along the line, he gave one orange to each elephant. When he had given an orange to the fourth elephant, he turned and was about to begin again from that end, when it suddenly occurred to him that if elephant number three were to see him give elephant number four two oranges in succession the beast might fancy himself slighted and cause trouble. There was nothing to do, therefore, but to return and to start anew at the other end of the line, as before.

Thrice the showman went down the line, and then he had one orange left. Every elephant fixed a greedy gaze upon that orange. It would have been indiscreet to give it to any one of them. After a moment's reflection the showman decided that there was but one course to pursue. Accordingly he held up the orange so that all the elephants might clearly see it, then calmly peeled and ate it himself. The showman asserts that the elephants nudged each other, and shook their ponderous sides, and otherwise gave evidence of their appreciation of the humour of the situation.

MOTHERS' INFLUENCE.—Referring to the influence of mothers, the Earl of Shaftesbury said

the following:—It matters not whether it be Prince or peasant—all that is best, all that is lasting in the character of a man, he has learnt at his mother's knee. All those who have been distinguished for purity and virtue, the early culture of their minds and even all the first discipline of the heart are ascribed to the intelligence and affection of the mother.

INDIAN WIVES.—Two sad incidents in Indian (non-Christian) life is reported by Dr. Brown of Amritsar. A Hindu wife aged but 11 years came alone to the Mission Hospital because her mother-in-law turned her out for her becoming sick. Another woman, a Mahomedan young woman, also came because her husband turned her out owing to her having become blind.

THE BEGUM OF BHOPAL bought 4,022 gold and silver watches in Geneva. The good people of the town say that such a customer has not visited Geneva since the time of Byron. Her Highness arrived with 82 boxes and left at the end of a fortnight with 243 boxes, which filled two large trucks and were crammed with Swiss goods of all kinds.

A MILLIONAIRE MISSIONARY.—Miss Constance Mather, daughter of Mr. Samuel Mather, the multimillionaire of Cleveland, Ohio, has given herself to missionary work, and has started for Labrador as a missionary. Sacrificing all her comforts she is going to spend all her life to teach Arctic children. She made this resolve after a visit to her father's home by Sir Dr. and Lady Grenfell, who have successfully worked in the Arctic regions.

MANY REMEDIES for the sting of a wasp or bee have been suggested but the best is the application of raw onion. An instance is given of a member of a luncheon party who inadvertently swallowed a wasp, which stung his throat. He ate a slice of raw onion, and immediately was able to enjoy the rest of his meal. Onion is good for external stings, but is the very best remedy to take internally.

HOW TO COOL ONESELF.—The best way to allay the heated body after any exercise is to hold the wrists under a tap of cold water for a little while, when the whole body will be cooled without any risk of catching cold.

HOW TO KEEP MILK.—Milk that has to be kept for some time should be kept in a shallow vessel. If kept in a deep vessel like a jug, it will turn sour quickly.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Acknowledgments for September, 1911

	RS. A.		RS. A.
1. Dr. Miss Jessie Alley, Pittapuram ..	4 0	20. Mrs. Mariam Hameed, Madras ..	4 0
2. Mrs. Arumanayagam, Cuddalore ..	4 0	21. Mrs. K. Harris, Madras ..	4 0
3. Mrs. Appayya, Coorg ..	4 0	22. J. J. Hensman, Esq., Madras ..	4 0
4. Mrs. Ali Akbar, Bombay ..	4 0	23. Lady Harnamsingh, Simla ..	4 0
5. Bhagirathamma, Bangalore City ..	4 0	24. A. Hydari, Esq., Hyderabad ..	4 0
6. Mrs. B. Chitti Babu, Madras ..	4 0	25. Rev. J. P. Hagthornwaite, Agra ..	4 0
7. G. Chinnaswamy Naidu, Esq., Madras ..	4 0	26. Indian Students' Hostel (Y. W. C. A.) Madras ..	4 0
8. Mrs. N. G. Chandravarkar, Bombay ..	4 0	27. Mrs. Yashodabai Joshi, Amraoti ..	4 0
9. K. Chandu, Esq., Bangalore ..	4 0	28. Mrs. Eliza Jacob, Raipur ..	4 0
10. Mrs. C. S. David, Bangalore ..	4 0	29. N. Jordan, Esq., Moradabad ..	4 0
11. Mrs. Dehdusthi, Bombay ..	4 0	30. B. Koteswaramma, Madras ..	4 0
12. Mohan P. Dave, Esq., Surat ..	4 0	31. P. V. Kothandaramaswami Naidu, Esq., Madras ..	4 0
13. Mrs. Kashibai Devdhar, Poona ..	4 0	32. Dr. Miss Kugler, Guntur ..	4 0
14. Mrs. Arthur Davies, Madras ..	4 0	33. P. Krishnanenon, Ernakulam ..	4 0
15. V. Ethirajulu Chetty, Esq., Madras ..	4 0	34. J. R. Kaliyanamalai, Esq., Bezwada ..	4 0
16. Miss F. F. Fisher, Bangalore ..	4 0	35. Mrs. Kusumkumari, Kathiwar ..	4 0
17. Harabai L. Gorak Shakar, Hyderabad ..	4 0	36. Mrs. Madgackar, Calcutta ..	4 0
18. Miss Ghose, Mymensingh ..	4 0	37. Mrs. Sivasubramanian, Madras ..	4 0
19. Miss Govindarajulu, Bangalore ..	4 0	38. L. C. Williams, Esq., Jaffna ..	4 0



Methodist Publishing House

MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS

A. E. OGG, AGENT

Wanted—English-speaking Indian Christians and others to know that if they desire to serve Christ with acceptability they must get under the influence of a Spirit-filled character. Such a one is Charles G. Finney whose preaching stirred America and England to the depths. We are selling his "Revival Addresses," beautifully bound and printed for Rs. 2-6. You may find it hard to spare the money but you can not afford to be without this book.

Toddy Shops—These are on the increase. Sin of intemperance is overcoming many of weak wills. Get our tract of "true life stories." Sold in packages of 100 for annas 8.

For Zealous People—Those who are Christians and who know it. They are saved, and they know it. We have the finest lot of books on the "Overcoming Life"—not wishy-washy twaddle, but vital truths put in a forceful way. What's the use in being a "Christian" if you are not an overcomer? Send for the list and choose. You wouldn't make a mistake, if you took them all. By Mrs. Penn-Lewis.

Envelopes—We have the best value in Madras in our Silvanite at Rs. 6-8 per 1,000 printed with name and address in corner or on flap. Can't be duplicated for Rs. 10, and though as tough as iron yet as smooth as silk.

Tobacco—A nasty habit, no matter how you look at it. We have a little tract of only one page that tells as much as a book. Annas 2 per 100.

Note Paper—We have it in 5 quire packages "Craigside" A Scotch paper, thick and velvety, takes ink like a duck takes water. This is quality paper, annas 12; should be a rupee. That's what others charge.

Another—If you can't afford annas 12 we have a 5-quire packet at annas 8. "You don't see how we can afford it?" It's very simple. We buy in large quantities, and give you the benefit.

Printing—We do all kinds. We have just finished a book of 1,300 pages—but we can do a ticket or a poster just as easily. We have the experience and the machinery and the men—and we like to work. That is a hard combination to beat.

Notice—If you are a real wide-awake earnest Christian you have felt the force of prayer. Get acquainted with God. "Prevailing Prayer" will put you through your difficulties. Price Rs. 2.

Writing Pads—The M. P. H. made specially for us, 100 full letter size, ruled, with pretty cover and blotter, at annas 8; only a gross left. Order quick.

Visiting Cards—Yes, to be sure! Our price is Rs. 1-8 for 100 gents' size and Rs. 2 for ladies' size, printed from beautiful new type—script or plain lettering.

Ill-Health—We all get sick at times and do not know what ails us until we call in a doctor. Why not get the "Nursing Handbook" from us at annas 8. It will do you more good than many doctors' visits.

Good Eating—We all enjoy a good dinner and here is a chance for every one to have not one but any number of them, all different and suited to India. Mrs. Denning has made everybody like her, because of the dishes she has set before us in "Dainty Cookery." I couldn't begin to tell you of the good things in it, so shall not try. It costs Rs. 2 and this is the third edition. That means it's popular.

Out of Doors—Haven't you wished many a time, when you had a moment to think it over, that you knew the names of the flowers in the Hills. Mrs. Mackay has written all about Wild Flowers of Kodaikanal, and that means all hill stations, in the most charming way. We pride ourselves on the daintiness of it. Re. 1 only.

Ideas—If you are a school teacher you need them. Hard matter, isn't it to get real good stories for the dictation class of little folks? We have received just a few sets of Baldwin Readers that are so full of real good suggestions and selections that you will, I am sure, thank me for telling you of them. Cost only a rupee each if you take the whole set. If you pick here and there the cost will be Rs. 1-8 each.

References—We have heaps of testimonials—new ones every day. We would rather go out of business than have our customers stop saying good things about us.



HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY

This picture was given to the Editor, "Indian Ladies' Magazine," by Her Majesty, when she came to India as Princess of Wales, in return for the service of translation at a Purdah Party in Madras.

Christmas and Coronation number



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. XI]

DECEMBER, 1911

[No. 6



A Welcome to Their Majesties King George and Queen Mary

GO bless our King-Emperor and our Queen-Empress is the universal and heartfelt cry which rises to the lips of the peoples of India in this glorious December of 1911, which witnesses the first crowning of an English King and Queen in an Indian city. We welcome them with open arms; we thank them for the charming tact and the beautiful thought which has prompted them to come so far to show their love for this vast land of India; and we pray God to bless them with a long, happy, and peaceful reign. When our Gracious King, Edward VII, of revered memory, died, the whole Empire was cast into gloom and mourning, and we thought that the place of "the most popular man in the United Kingdom," as an eminent politician spoke of the late King, would never be filled. As a leading paper put it at the time, "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 advisedly as he had staved off possible external dangers." The sense of loss therefore in the death of King Edward VII, which was due, not to a belittling of the worth of the succeeding King, but to the greatness of the memory of the one who had passed away, was great all over the Empire. But this feeling of loss is passing away in the joyous realization of our hope that King George V will follow worthily in the footsteps of his father, who could say in his "Proclamation to the Princes and Peoples of India": "The incorporation of many strangely diversified communities 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."

To Queen Mary, the gracious consort of King George V, who has accompanied her husband to India, the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, as one of the mouth-pieces of the women of the Madras Presidency, extends a right hearty welcome. When Her Majesty visited India in 1905, her visit was a source of intense joy to us, and she was kind enough to say that her first impressions of the women of India were "bright, happy, and hopeful. The more I see of the reality of your lives, the more I shall admire and esteem the high qualities for which the Indian woman is renowned. If my first impression, so charming and so powerful, becomes fixed as I travel through India, then I shall carry home agreeable memories and a sympathy which will bring us into a closer bond of mutual esteem, regard, and goodwill." I well remember, when Her Majesty attended Lady Amphil's purdah party to the Gosha ladies of the Madras Presidency, how gracious and dignified of aspect she was as H. R. H. the Princess of Wales, the kindly interest she took in the Indian ladies and the sweet words she spoke to them. Our hearts felt full of love for this "Sweet English Princess from the far-off land of Britain." It was on that occasion that, with that charming tact for which she is noted, Queen Mary gave a signed portrait of herself to the five ladies—two English and three Indian—who helped her by translating her kind words to the Gosha ladies. I was one of the fortunate five; and the beautiful portrait, which is our frontispiece this month, is the souvenir of her appreciation, which I shall ever treasure as a valued heir-loom.

We know the simple facts of the life of H. M. Queen Mary, the daughter of the late Duchess of Teck, a cousin of our good Queen Victoria. Her Majesty was born in 1867. On July 6, 1893, she was married to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, our present King, then Duke of York. In January 1901, the Duke of York became Duke of Cornwall; and in November of the same year, Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester. In 1901 came the colonial tour; and in 1905 the Indian tour; and now in 1911, the second visit to India, which will ever be memorable. As I said before, the hearts of the women of India are warm with love for their Gracious Sovereign Lady; and our earnest prayer is that she may live long to bless us with her sweet, stately, and womanly presence.

The Editor.

Ode to Queen Mary

MODELLED ON, AND LARGELY QUOTED FROM, SHELLEY'S *Ode to the Skylark*

ALL to thee, our sovereign!
Queen thou always wert,
Even when not crowned Queen.
And now, in royal part,
By right of womanhood's crown, thou reignest in
every heart.

Higher still and higher,
In our hearts there spring,
Like a cloud of fire,
Memories deep that wing
Their flight from deed to deed, that of kindness
ever sing.

In the forgotten brightness
Of our darkness dim,
The reflection of thy goodness
Comes to us to turn
The dawning of our freedom to noontide's
glorious sun.

The pale purple twilight
Of our weeping women,
Melts around thy flight,
As, like a star of heaven,
Sweet Empress of our land, thou dawnest on
our vision.

Keen as are the arrows
Of custom's cruel might,
Whose intense lamp narrows
The clearness of our sight,
Thy example of thy sweet life brings hope into our
night.

This weary world of care
With thy voice is loud,
As when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is
overflowed.

What thou art we know:
Thy tact of priceless worth,
Is like the radiant rainbow,
Which bridges Heaven and Earth,
And merges East and West in one united birth.

Like a poet hidden
In the world of thought,
By the power of kindness bidden,
Thy quiet sway has wrought
The world to sympathy with ideals eagerly sought.

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbidden,
Its aerial hue,
The radiance of thy purity makes clear our tainted
view.

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm love empowered,
Thy kindly fragrance lives
In hearts round which a magic net it surely
weaves.

Teach us, Lady Queen,
Thy sweet thoughts divine
I have often seen
Envious hearts which pine
For the gentle power which radiates influence
such as thine.

We look before and after
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
thought.

Teach us half the charm
That round thy sway doth glow,
Those healing streams of balm
That from thy presence flow;—
We would then steep our lives in harmonious joy and love.

By an Indian Lady.

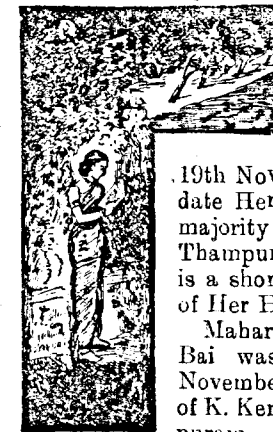


H. H. RAMA VARMA

Her Highness the Maharanee of Travancore



H. H. SETHU LAKSHMI BAI



HER Highness Sethu Lakshmi Bai, the Maharanee of Travancore, completed her 16th birthday on the 19th November 1911, on which date Her Highness attained her majority and became the Senior Ranee of Travancore. Here is a short biographical account of Her Highness.

Maharanees Sethu Lakshmi Bai was born on the 19th November 1895 as the daughter of K. Kerala Varma, Koil Thampuram, of Kilimanoor, the nephew of Mr. Ravi Varma, the well-known artist of Travancore. The Maharanees mother is the eldest niece of Her Highness the late Senior Ranee Lakshmi Bai, C.I. Since the late Senior Ranee had no issue and since the children of the late Junior Ranee died prematurely, His Highness the Maharaja Sir Rama Varma, C.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., thought it necessary to adopt two princesses to the Royal house of Travancore. Soon the matter was placed before the British Government and the adoption of two princesses was sanctioned. After receiving the sanction of the British Government, arrangements were made to celebrate the adoption and on the morning of the 31st August 1900, the adoption was celebrated with much eclat and rejoicings. Early on the morning of this day, the two young princesses H. H. Sethu Lakshmi Bai and H. H. Sethu Parvathi Bai, accompanied by H. H. the late Senior Ranee and H. H. Kerala Varma, C. S. I. Valiya Coil Thampuram went to the temple of Sree Padmanabha and there performed the well-known *Pattiyetham* ceremony—a ceremony which all the members of the Travancore Royal family have to perform, by worshipping the family deity and by offering silk, money, etc. After the usual worship, the two young Ranees were taken in a palanquin in procession through all the streets inside the Fort and to all the temples in and outside the Fort, for worship; the procession was accompanied by all the principal officers of the Palace, the Nayar Brigade sepoy with band, the troopers of H. H. The Maharaja's bodyguard, Native Music, Harikars, Pattakkars, Valkars and other ceremonial paraphernalia. In the evening a Durbar was held in the old audience hall in-

side the Fort when the adoption was announced by the following Royal proclamation:

"Whereas it is found necessary to secure the continuance of the representation of our house by adoption, we are pleased to declare that according to custom and usage, and with the concurrence of the British Government, Sethu Lakshmi born on the 5th Vrichigom 1071, under the star Pooratam, and Sethu Parvathi born on the 24th Thulam 1072, under the star Moolam, both of the Mavelikara family, have this day been adopted as Junior Ranee and first princess of Attingal."

On the 15th June 1902 H. H. Sri Lakshmi Bai, C. I. the Senior Ranee, breathed her last and Sethu Lakshmi Bai became the senior Ranee of Travancore.

Soon after the adoption, teachers were appointed to give the Ranees instruction in English, Sanskrit, Music, needlework, etc.

About their early education some 5 years ago a writer in the "Men and Women of India" says:—

"The education of the young Princesses has claimed the closest attention of His Highness the Maharaja and their affectionate guardian. They were, as is customary, first initiated into the study of Sanskrit under Mr. Karunakara Pisharoty, a learned Sanskrit Pandit, of ripe experience. He belongs to a family of hereditary teachers called *Asans*, who are engaged to teach Sanskrit and Malayalam to the members of the Royal family. His deceased elder brother Narayana Pisharoti, was the Sanskrit and Malayalam teacher of the present Maharaja. Under their Sanskrit teacher the Ranees have studied a series of Sanskrit and Malayalam books in prose and poetry. During their leisure moments they have cultivated a taste for reading good and moral story books. They have also acquired the art of relating with precision the stories they have read. It is no exaggeration to say that the progress made in their Sanskrit and Malayalam studies is remarkably good. The subject of imparting English education to the Ranees has not escaped attention. The 19th Vrichigom 1077, M. E. was fixed for their initiation into the study of English under Mr. H. Venketaswara Iyer, B. A., who was at the time attached to the clerical staff of His Highness the Maharaja's palace office. He is a young man of ability and has evinced much interest in the education of his pupils. For about eight months he attended on the Ranees three hours daily, teaching English and arithmetic. Subsequently his hours of attendance have been increased to four or five hours. Geography, object lessons, recitation and translation were added to the curriculum of studies. Copy writing and home exercises have been followed daily. Under his

tuition the improvement made by the Ranees is marked. Those who have visited them affirm that their pronunciation is very good. Her Highness Sethu Lakshmi Bai, Senior Ranees, appears to be reserved, but none the less good natured. She is gifted with a very good memory and is also a young mathematician. Her Highness the Junior Ranees has been from the beginning quick and vivacious. Both of them can recite English poetry very well, and many European ladies and gentlemen who have heard them have been much delighted. They are active in their habits and regular in their attendance and take deep interest in all their studies. Playing on the *vina* and singing are gone through daily under the direction of an expert Vainikar, by name Ramachandra Bhagavathar. Suggestions poured in from all sides for the appointment of a European governess to the Ranees. The difficulty of getting one acquainted with the manners, customs and usages of the country was seen to be insuperable. His Highness the Maharaja's choice, therefore, fell upon Miss H. D. Watts, B. A., the popular 1st Assistant in H. H. The Maharaja's College for Girls. She is a graduate of the Madras University, possessing suavity of manners, perfect polish and great talent, and she has, on several occasions, acted for the permanent Lady Principal of the institution with credit. She is a worthy daughter of the late Mr. F. Watts, Chief Secretary to the Travancore Government, who was a man of great intelligence and administrative ability. She was appointed on the 1st Audi 1079, M. E., as Tutoress to the Ranees. She attends on them for three hours a week. The Ranees receive instruction under her in English, Music, Drawing, Needle-work and Kindergarten. The improvement made by the Ranees under her tuition is pronounced to be very satisfactory."

From the above quotation we see that the two Ranees are well up in their studies and also that the Senior Ranees is a young Mathematician and is gifted with a very good memory. How can it be otherwise? Her Highness is the worthy grand-niece of the late Senior Ranees, and so she cannot but be intelligent.

Children's parties are held in the Palace now and then and several girls of respectable families are invited. H. H. the Senior Ranees mingles freely with them and talks and plays with them. There are also visits from, and return visits to, the European ladies of the town. The Senior Ranees attends public functions very often. Her Highness visits several schools, institutes prizes, gives off rich donations, etc. Her Highness also takes a great deal of interest in female education and gives all sorts of help to several school-going girls.

Very recently, the members of the School Club (H. H. The Maharaja's College for Girls) in their annual entertainment to ladies, requested Her Highness to preside over the public meeting in the Jubilee Town Hall and Her Highness at once gave her consent and presided over the meeting and gave away the prizes to the little children, including the Ranees' prize for good conduct.

• Her Highness, the late Senior Ranees, was an expert in Music and it is said that there was none to excel her in the playing of the *vina*. She was, as it were, an incarnation of Saraswati. The present Senior Ranees also takes great interest in music and though she is only very young she plays on the *vina* very nicely. Her Highness plays on the piano and harmonium also excellently well. In the London College Examination of Music in Theory our Ranees has come out successful with honours.

According to the prevailing customs in the royal family, the marriage of the royal princesses should be celebrated before their 12th age and so, when the Senior Ranees attained her 11th age in 1906, H. H. the Maharaja of Travancore issued the necessary commands to the then Dewan, Mr. V. P. Madhava Row, B. A., C. I. E., who at once gave the necessary orders to make all arrangements for the royal marriage. A marriage in the royal family is a very grand affair in Travancore and several lakhs of rupees are spent for it. The consort selected was H. H. Rama Varma, the nephew of H. H. Kerala Varma, C. S. I., and the grand-nephew of the father of H. H. the Maharaja of Travancore. The date of the royal marriage was fixed and on the 6th May 1906, it was celebrated with great rejoicings. A short account of the royal wedding would not be uninteresting and I quote below what appeared in the "Empress" soon after the royal wedding.

"The marriage of Her Highness the Senior Ranees of Travancore was celebrated with great rejoicings on Sunday, the 6th May 1906. The royal consort is H. H. Rama Varma, nephew of H. H. Kerala Varma, C. S. I., the Valiya Coil Thampuran. Early on the morning of this auspicious day there was a procession of the bridegroom, technically known as Mappilapurapad, accompanied by all the Hindu officers of the State, including the Dewan and escorted by the troopers of the Bodyguard of H. H. the Maharaja of Travancore, the Nair Brigade sepoy with band, and with the usual ceremonial paraphernalia from the Sreekanthaswaram temple to the Palace of H. H. the Senior Ranees—the bride. As soon as the procession reached the palace, H. H. the Maharaja of Travancore received the bridegroom and conducted him inside the Palace. Then after some religious ceremonies

both the Maharaja and the bridegroom went to bathe in the tank of the Palace. After the bath, the bridegroom's hands and feet were washed first with milk and then with water, and he was then taken to the adjoining homapira, where the Kathir-Mandapam is built, in which the marriage was to take place. His Highness the Maharaja took his seat in this Mandapam and the Senior Ranees was brought there veiled. After certain religious ceremonies and danams (gifts to Brahmins) the veil was taken away and the marriage proper was conducted, a thali being tied round the neck of the Ranees. At this auspicious time the Nayar Brigade fired a *feu-de-joie* and the Artillery onside the Fort fired a salute of 21 guns. The religious part of the ceremony was thus over by 11 A.M.

At 7-30 P.M. the *Sastra Kuli Potties* came in procession to the Palace of the Senior Ranees, where they were received by H. H. the Maharaja. His Highness also witnessed the performances and rites appertaining thereto.

On Monday, that is the second day of the marriage, at about 10 A.M., the Varriers (a class of people attached to the temple) started from Thevarathu Koikkal to Ponnakal in procession accompanied by most of the Hindu officers of the State, to bring an arecanut tree to plant as a flagstaff (just as is done in temples on Oolsavam festivals). They uprooted a tree without allowing it to touch the ground and brought it on their shoulders to the Anakotil or the portico of the palace of the Senior Ranees. Here it was decorated with flags, etc., and was planted in front of the palace. Then the Pottis and the Varriers danced round the flagstaff several times and ended their ceremony of that day by 2 P.M. This Oolsavam or Kotiyethi of theirs continued six days and ended on the last day of the marriage.

At about 3 P.M. the Karamanai Sri Moola Rama Varma Club presented an address of congratulation to H. H. the Senior Ranees. On behalf of the Ranees, H. H. Kerala Varma, C. S. I., made a suitable reply. Several other letters and telegrams congratulating Her Highness were also received that day. At night there were nautch dances, native dramas, etc.

All the items in the programme of the other days also were gone through satisfactorily. During the seven days of the marriage, there were rope-dancing, thullal, nautch both day and night, native dramas, conjuring, sleight of hand tricks, music and nautch dances. All classes of people without distinction of caste or creed were given sumptuous feasts. Several learned Brahmins, who had come from various parts of the country, were given rich presents. All the State officials were given a grand dinner at the Dewan's quarters, and a grand dinner was given

to the Europeans also in the palace of the Senior Ranees. The European guests were received by H. H. the Maharaja. There were present Mr. Carr, the British Resident of Travancore and Cochin, Mrs. Carr, Lieutenant-Colonel Dawson, Lieutenant-Colonel James, I. M. S. Mrs. James and all the *elite*. After the dinner, the toast of the 'King-Emperor' was proposed by His Highness the Maharaja and that of His Highness the Maharaja and the Senior Ranees was proposed by the Resident Mr. R. C. C. Carr. These were most cordially responded to. The host and the guests then went to the old 'Durbar Hall' and witnessed a fine display of fire-works.

The state procession in connection with the marriage was on the evening of Saturday, the 12th May. At 5-30 P.M. the procession started from the palace. The Senior Ranees was seated in a nicely decorated palanquin and the consort H. H. Rama Varma on a big tusker. The bridegroom had a drawn sword in his hand, they were accompanied by all the state officers including the Dewan and escorted by the troopers of the body-guard and the Nayar Brigade with band, the Valkars, etc., behind these came the Nayar females of the palace shouting their Kuravays. Next to them came the dancing girls, pipers, drummers, etc.

The procession proceeded first to Sreekanthaswaram, where H. H. the Senior Ranees had to bathe and perform certain religious ceremonies; and then it continued its way through Palavan-gady and entered the fort and came to the southern street. Here both the bride and bridegroom alighted, went to the palace of H. H. the Maharaja, paid their respects to His Highness and witnessed a display of fire-works on the maidan in front of the old Durbar Hall.

The procession proceeded again and reached the palace of the Ranees at 9-30 P.M. Thus the last function of the marriage ceremony was over.

Such in brief is the account of the Senior Ranees' wedding.

I said before that the member of the Sreemoola Rama Varma Club presented an address of congratulations to Her Highness. The following is a copy of the address and the reply to it:

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

We, the members of the Sri Moola Rama Varma Reading Club, Karamanai, beg to avail ourselves of the auspicious and happy occasion of your marriage, to offer our humble and heartfelt congratulations to your Highness.

Since your Highness' adoption in 1900, His Highness the Maharajah, ever solicitous of the welfare of his people and conscious of the fact that the future well-being of this ancient State is indissolubly linked with your future prosperity, wisely placed your Highness under the paternal guardianship of that great scholar of rare attainments and culture, M. R. Ry. Kerala Varma Avergal, C. S. I., Valia Koil Thampuran, and the grateful public now deeply appreciate the watchful care bestowed

by him on your Highness and your royal sister. We have every confidence that your Highness' consort will follow in the footsteps of his illustrious uncle.

In conclusion, we fervently pray to the Allwise Disposer of events to grant your Highness and your consort, a long and happy married life and to bless your Highness with an illustrious line of Princes and Princesses, "royally born, well nurtured and qualified by instinct and training to carry on the ancient and honourable traditions" of your Royal house.

REPLY.

The Valiakol Thampuran replied as follows:
GENTLEMEN,

On behalf of F. H. the Senior Ranees, I thank you most sincerely for your address of congratulation on the auspicious occasion of her wedding. H. H. the Maharajah's subjects are proverbially loyal, and the address you have now presented coming as it is from the orthodox Brahminical community is to be regarded not merely as an expression of loyalty, but as a real blessing, which cannot but produce all the beneficial results expressed by you. A time may come when Her Highness may be able to personally express her thanks to you. It has all along been my care to do my best to promote in every way the welfare of the Ranees entrusted to my charge by His Most Gracious Highness, my beloved Sovereign.

I thank you also for the allusion—the very flattering allusion—you have made to me personally in your address. I hardly think that I deserve the encomium you have kindly bestowed on me. It is your goodness that magnifies any little worth I may have.

I thank you once more on behalf of Her Highness, on whom may Sri Padmanabha shower his choicest blessings!

H. H. Rama Varma (the consort) is very intelligent and is of very industrious habits, and those who know him know full well how noble and liberal-minded he is. Always he is cheerful and genial. He has rare abilities and even now at so young an age he shows signs that foretell that he will become as great and as distinguished as the present Valiya Coil Thampuran; his infinite kindness, his unpounded generosity, the all-pervading sympathy and sense of duty command affectionate regard and respect from all the Travancoreans. This noble consort of the Ranees thus lives happily in the Sreepadam Palace, attending to his studies most carefully.

In January last their Excellencies, Sir Arthur and Lady Lawley, visited Trivandram and our Senior Ranees paid a visit to their Excellencies, accompanied by Her Highness' sister the Junior Ranees, H. H. Kerala Varma, C. S. I., and H. H. Rama Varma, the consort. They were introduced to the Governor by the British Resident Mr. Carr, and they had a talk of about 45 minutes. During their conversation Her Highness the Senior Ranees recited the following few lines of welcome to their Excellencies;

"In the shade of waving palm-trees
In the vales where rice-fields grow
Twixt the ghats and girding seas,
Far from roar of life's row,
See the home we love so dearly
See the people dearer still
Please accept no "welcome" merely
But the best of hearts' good-will,

Their Excellencies were much pleased at her recitation and congratulated Miss Watts, Her Highness' Tutoress, on the excellent result produced by her tuition.

On the morning of the 5th June 1908 Mr. L. Davidson, I. C. S., the Acting British Resident, accompanied by Mrs. Davidson, visited the Ranees' palace. When they came to the Ranees' study Miss Watts, the Ranees' tutor showed the distinguished visitors the various pieces of needle-work done by the Ranees. Her Highness the Senior Ranees also played a few select pieces on the piano. Mr. and Mrs. Davidson were very much pleased at these and complimented the Ranees in a few well chosen and encouraging words.

The senior Ranees is a good-natured woman, but is very reserved. Her Highness completes her 16th year this month and we wish Her Highness long life, sound health and continued prosperity.

A LOYAL SUBJECT.



"Gokulashtami"

OR

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.



ONCE upon a time Lord Sri Krishna was born on "Gokulashtami" day. On this day is celebrated the incarnation of the Divine Prophet, the God of love and song. To purge the world of evil and to promote only good, the babe was born on earth at mid-night amidst a terrible thunderstorm, and grew into the Shepherd Hero.

Every Indian heart leaps up with joy when the mind fondly pictures either the boy Sri Krishna playing one of his naughty pranks on his non-plussed parents, or the lovely youth charming all ears by his melodious music, or the charioteer of Arjun confidently expatiating on the philosophy of life. The biography of Sri Krishna thrills the mind, exercises the fancy, and ennobles the heart.

There lived in Madras a young man, Krishna by name, studying at college. He was really one who might be called a 'fine youth.' It was Gokulashtami day. There was a girl whom Krishna had begun to love. Rukmani, a maid of twelve, sweet as a laughing rose, had been espoused to him last summer. He had now paid one or two visits to her or rather to her father's house, and he had but snatched on two occasions ten minutes' talk with his beloved, amidst the shyness, imposed and assumed, which the couple experienced. But, though his visible intimacy with the girl extended but to ten minutes' talk, there was a world of concealed mutual passion in their hearts which was kept the more active for being systematically restrained from expression. Krishna was not slow in weaving a world of romance in his fancy. His passion was not discouraged because it was not actively responded to. The soft rustles of Rukmani's silk sari, touching his person on many a ceremonial occasion, had conveyed to him ecstatic moments over which he fondly mused for many an hour and day afterwards.

To-day his heart received a romantic throb. The day of the birth of the lovely Sri Krishna, the divine lord of the fair Rukmani, at once brought the thought of his own Rukmani to the mind of our young Krishna. To be in her home, to feel her beaming presence, and to doubly feast on a day of such divinely sweet associations, was

now the dearest object of his wish. It is not everyone that bears the name of Lord Krishna, and it is quite rare that a Krishna happens to be wedded to a Rukmani, and it is rarer still that such a worthy Krishna as our friend is wedded to such a worthy Rukmani as his. Feelings of vanity and pride, and affection and love, possessed his heart. He yearned to be with his own Rukmani, but it was not easy for him to satisfy that yearning. To visit his little wife was not in his power. Human gods presided over the accomplishment of such an act. The father of the girl writes to the father of the boy, requesting him to send his son to his home for some festive occasion. The dignity of the son-in-law would generally require that he should be conducted by his own father-in-law or by some other person commissioned by him, and of sufficient importance, when he paid a visit to his father-in-law's home on a ceremonious occasion.

Krishna's prospects on this Gokulashtami day appeared gloomy. He well remembered that his mother-in-law had, some months before, told his own mother within his hearing, that he should be invited to visit their home on the occasion of Gokulashtami. But disappointment seemed to face poor Krishna's hopes. No letter had been recently received from N—, the town in which his father-in-law lived, conveying an invitation for him. If any invitation had been really intended, it should have already arrived, since it was now the morning of Gokulashtami itself.

It was now the month of September—of the rainy season in Madras. This morning it rained rapidly and in thick showers, the wind whistled, and thunder and lightning were in terrible evidence, while Krishna sat upstairs in his room, listlessly looking through the window Krishna lived in a narrow street of high-storied dwelling houses, and as he sat musing to-day, a dull high wall coldly crossed his vision.

The morning drew on. The clock struck ten. It was the dinner hour. Krishna knew in his mind that he would not be visiting his girl to-day, and with a silent resignation, dined briefly with no great appetite. The rain now ceased. The roads looked clean. With all the dust washed away, it was a pleasant sensation when the heels of your shoes trod on the cool road paved with pieces of stone. As the sun shone only through clouds, and as the weather was extraordinarily cool, Krishna was tempted to a walk. He walked away on the broad roads and tried to wile away his rather heavy time by observing the moving world before his eyes.

As he was passing along a road leading to a railway station, on receiving a tap on his shoulder, he turned back to see who it was. It was one of his friends, a young man, who, now

splendidly dressed in coat and vest, and driving in a rickshaw, seemed to be in high spirits.

"I say, whither is this grandeur," asked Krishna. "To take the 11:30 train for N—," replied the friend.

"Why N—?"

"My dear fellow, don't you see to-day is Gokulashtami," he said and winked exultingly. "Yes, the friend of Krishna had also a father-in-law at N—. He had evidently received an invitation and he was joyously going to the home of his bride.

"But why don't you go earlier," asked Krishna.

"Why should I? Gokulashtami is only at night; as a matter of fact, it would be enough even if I take the 4 p.m. train, but of course, I don't mind being at N—a little earlier," he again gave a triumphant merry wink.

Krishna was conscious of his own misery in not having received an invitation. His friend had been so completely absorbed in his own happiness as not to be able to enquire about Krishna's coming to N—. He was hurrying to the railway station and so bade good-bye to Krishna. Krishna wished him joy.

If only a scrap of a letter in the way of invitation had arrived, it would not be too late even now for Krishna. He could take the 4 p.m. train. Giving himself up to despair, Krishna continued walking. He had not walked many yards, when he was arrested by a voice from a carriage coming from the direction of the railway station. Krishna looked into it, it was his father-in-law!

"You know I wrote that I would be here this early morning, but there was some important business to be attended to, and I couldn't come then. I hope you are ready to start for N—," said Krishna's father-in-law.

"We never heard from you."

"Did you not receive my letter?"

"Did you write one?"

"Of course I did, and I happened to post it myself, you should have received it three days ago."

"We never did."

"It is a postal blunder then, but never mind, cannot you make yourself ready for the 4 p.m. train?" asked Krishna's father-in-law.

"I can, but—"

"Your parents will have to be told about the postal blunder and then everything will be all right."

Krishna's father-in-law, a lawyer, had gone out on a professional errand to a place to which the route lay through the metropolis. He hoped to conduct his son-in-law to N—on his way back.

Krishna now went home, feeling delighted. But he was partly troubled that the letter of

his father-in-law had not duly reached his parents. Then alone would their dignity be properly respected and they would be willing to send their son. Not that Krishna's father was so foolish as to exaggerate his own importance and exact all this ceremonious regard, but it was all commonly done in his society.

A great surprise awaited Krishna at home. Krishna's father held in his hand the letter, the absence of which Krishna bewailed. The letter bore many postmarks, but had after all arrived to-day. "You Vakil, you write a horrible hand," said Krishna's father.

"Why, what of that?" asked the lawyer.

"This letter of yours comes all the way from Madura, your 'Madras' is so clearly written as to indicate 'Madura' to the post-office."

N—was three hours' journey by train from Madras. It was sometime after sunset that Krishna and his father-in-law reached home at N—. The parlour was illuminated for the festive occasion. A beautiful bronze idol of Lord Krishna, treading the serpent dragon and playing on his shepherd flute, stood in a prominent place. Flowers lay strewn before it and incense burned in front. There were placed beside the idol plates full of varieties of fruit—the plantain, the orange, the pine-apple, and many others. On the other side were numberless cakes—sweet, hot, round, and flat. The bright cemented floor was neatly swept and flowers were drawn on it with a solution of corn-flour. The whole scene was auspicious, and it filled the cup of his happiness that day when Krishna stood in that brightly illuminated parlour, holding his dear Rukmani's hand, ready to be blessed by the assembled Brahmics.

P. R. KRISHNASWAMI

Reminiscences of a Boyhood

(I) A VOYAGE FROM MADRAS TO JAFFNA



I was then in my teens. For my age I was a strong and sturdy fellow with plenty of fun and frolic and an abundance of energy, which at times spent themselves in mischievous directions. Those days were really happy days, which knew not the cares and worries of life.

How one wishes to live those good old days once again! I was going home to Jaffna for the Christmas holidays. I had just sat for the Middle School Examination. The consciousness that I had done very well in the examination,

and the expectation of getting a first class pass filled me with raptures of joy. And so, in my exultation, I planned for myself a jolly good time for my holiday, and wished to begin enjoying it by taking a sea-voyage from Madras to Jaffna—the longest that was within my reach. My father (he is alas! no more) was a very good and kind and noble-hearted man, but he had the little weakness of an irritable nature. We, his children, therefore, dreaded to approach him, and tried to avoid his presence as much as possible. But whenever we had to go to him for anything, we would beforehand make sure that he was in his pleasant mood. Seizing such an opportunity, I went to him and expressed my desire to travel by sea from Madras to Jaffna. He appeared delighted at the idea, and when I assured him that I could travel quite alone without anybody's help, he readily gave his consent. And, as luck would have it, a steamer belonging to the B. I. Company—the SS. "Chandwara"—arrived that week from Calcutta bound for the coast ports in the south, Jaffna included. My passage was soon booked, and, I think, I embarked on a Friday evening. The weather was pleasant, and the sea smooth and calm; and being a good sailor there seemed to be every prospect of my enjoying the voyage immensely. The SS. "Chandwara" was a large ship whose tonnage, if I remember rightly, was over 3,000. It was at about 5:30 p.m. that the steamer left the harbour. I was standing on the deck watching her exit into the open sea. For a moment or two, I felt a thrill of dread passing through my frame at the thought of my lonely venture out on the ocean; but very soon my spirits revived, and I was myself once again. Even as a child, I was of a reflective turn of mind, and the situation in which I was just then placed lending enchantment to my view, I was simply lost in admiration of the glorious beauty of nature all around me. My thoughts were naturally wafted up to think of the infinite majesty and power of the Divine Being, Who holds sway over the heavens, the sea, and the land. I could not help but utter a prayer in my heart committing myself to His keeping. The sight of Madras from the sea was so very beautiful and grand that it attracted even my juvenile eyes. The Marina looked most picturesque with its rows of splendid buildings, and towers and turrets shooting up here and there—all forming a perfect setting to the back-ground of the sky which was already draped in gold by the setting sun.

Curiously, I was the only solitary passenger until the vessel reached Negapatam. The boyish curiosity in me would not let me keep to one place, but I was boldly running about the ship—now upon the main-deck, then down in

the saloons, again upon the quarter-deck, then down in the holds, and so on, looking at and examining things very closely. Strangely, none of the ship's men took objection to my self-asserted freedom, but on the contrary, from the captain down to the ship's steward, every one was very kind and friendly to me. The chief engineer, who was a tall burly man, was exceptionally kind. I spent several hours with him in pleasant chat. The captain, suiting well his position, had a very dignified and gentlemanly appearance. He too was very kind to me, and invited me to his quarters upon the quarter-deck. A visit to his cabin impressed me that he must be a very religious man, for, most of the things there which attracted my attention, such as a Bible, motto-texts and pictures, were clear indications of the man's religious life and character.

The night-fall was fast coming on, and dinner was soon announced. I had mine in the second class saloon which was amidship. The sea was then getting to be rough, and the ship seemed going at full speed. With the pitching and tossing of the vessel, I found it very difficult to sit steady and eat my dinner. At one moment, I remember, the ship heaved aside with such a sudden jerk, that the plates, dishes, and glasses on the table nearly went down with a crash, but they were saved from a fall by the quickness of the butler who waited on me. The dinner was nice, but under the circumstances, was not enjoyable.

The night was pitch dark and the sea was still stormy, but nevertheless most of the people on the ship did not retire to bed, but were lounging here and there in small groups smoking or chatting. The captain had, with almost paternal solicitude for my comfort, ordered the steward to provide for me sleeping accommodation in the best second class berth. But I was not feeling sleepy, and going up the quarter-deck to take a stroll, I was attracted to the engine-room by the thumping of the pistons. And while watching their alternative rise and fall, an irresistible desire to go down the room and see the working of the whole machinery took possession of me; and straightway I went to my friend, the chief engineer, and intimated to him my desire. He instantly gave me permission to visit the room, and taking me to the entrance, called up the engineer who was on duty and committed me to his charge. The engineer, who also appeared to be very obliging, warned me to be careful of my steps on the circuitous ladder leading down to the bottom of the room. It was so slippery there that it seemed likely that an unwary step would hurl me down to certain death. I felt frightened to go down after the first few steps, but the tool engineer

encouraged me and helped me down each step holding my arm. It was very warm inside there, and I was already beginning to perspire, but by the time I reached the bottom of the room, the oppressiveness of the heat on the one hand, and the deafening noise of the machinery on the other, actually made me faint. I called out to the engineer and said to him "Please take me up, it is so warm here. I am feeling badly." He did not answer, but dragged me by the arm from the spot where I was standing to another a few feet apart. Oh! the sudden transformation of sensation that came on me I can never forget. I was feeling in a moment so nicely cool and comfortable that the change was indeed highly pleasurable. The faintness that came on me was gone, and I was feeling quite all right again, and in the exuberance of delight I burst out laughing. The marked difference in the temperature of the room within a few paces was quite a wonder to me, and while I was trying to find out for myself the cause of it, the engineer, who was all the time busy at his work, moving about here and there examining and oiling the machinery, came up to me and said "You are all right now, aren't you?" "Yes, thank you," I said, "but how is it it is so cool here, while it is so terribly hot there." "That explains," he replied pointing up to a ventilator that was directly over my head, through which the sea-breeze was rushing in in puffing blasts. In my boyish innocence, or rather ignorance, I said, pointing to the ventilator, "I suppose this is put up so that you who work here may cool yourselves whenever you feel very warm. Is that so?" His answer, uttered in such a solemn and serious tone, was still ringing in my ears. He said "My boy, it will be the worst thing I can do. I shall be guilty of the most base and improper act if I give myself to seek my own ease and pleasure when at the post of duty. We Englishmen have too high a sense of duty to prove treachery to the trust and responsibility imposed on us." Then he explained that the purpose of the ventilator was only for keeping the room supplied with fresh air, and that during every moment of the two hours an engineer was in duty in the engine-room, he must be absolutely watchful and attentive to his work, as otherwise he might, by some carelessness, send the whole ship, with its cargo and the precious lives on board, down to the bottom of the sea. The good lesson on 'duty' which the engineer taught me sunk deep in my heart, and has ever since been of great service to me during all the years past. It is this high sense of duty that makes all the difference in the life and character of the Western and Eastern nations. It is that which has made the former advance by

leaps and bounds in civilisation, knowledge, wealth and power—yea, to conquer and to rule wherever they went—while the lack of it has left the latter far behind in the onward march of progress. But to come back to my narration, after explaining to me the working of the machinery in the room, the good engineer took me to the boiler-room. I found it impossible to approach the room owing to its intense heat, and so I stood just at the entrance. As it was, I felt as if I was being scorched to death. There were three boilers at work, I think, with a fireman posted at each, who, with a shovel in hand, was busy keeping up the furnace alive. The whole room seemed one mass of fiery furnace, and the firemen too were glowing from top to toe as if they were beings of fire and not of flesh and blood! The sight made me think of the story of Nebuchadnezzar's seven times heated furnace, and to realise to some extent what the intensity of its heat must have been, when Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were cast into it. I was not however long lost in contemplation, for I was made painfully aware of my surroundings by the scorching sensation in my face. I retraced my steps from the boiler-room and stopped for a little while under the ventilator to cool myself. Finally, taking leave of my friend, the engineer, I got out of the engine-room. It was past 10 o'clock before I went to bed.

I was told by the captain that the steamer would touch the French Ports of Pondicherry and Karikal the next day, and stay at each of the stations for a couple of hours or so. He further said he had business which would take him to the shore at both the stations, and promised to take me with him so that I might have some sight-seeing. But, when I got up early morning I was surprised and disappointed to find that the ship was anchored in the roads of Negapatam. It appeared that the programme of the ship's sailing had to be changed under telegraphic instructions, which were waiting at Pondicherry, from the managing agents of the B. I. Company at Calcutta. We stopped at Negapatam the whole day and night as there was heavy traffic. But I was not inclined to go ashore as I had previously visited Negapatam by rail, and there was further nothing worth seeing there. There were plenty of things going on, in and about the steamer, to interest my mind very much; and so I did not get weary of the detention of the ship for over 24 hours in that port. What with the steamer surrounded with hundreds of boats fully laden with cargo, but harassed mercilessly by the swelling sea making it difficult for them to get near the ship, what with the ship's cranes all working away, loading and unloading bales of cargo, with the attendant din and noise

of the machinery and of the boat-men and coolies, what with the officers and men busily running about here and there ordering and directing everything that was going on, it seemed all confusion and disorder, but nevertheless it was a scene which afforded me much interest and pleasure. Things continued like that all through the night too, so that I found it difficult to catch some sleep undisturbed. By next morning, which was Sunday, everything was quiet: the boats were all gone, and the ship was getting ready to start. Some more passengers bound for Jaffna were already on board. We left for Jaffna, I think, at about 8 a.m. There was nothing eventful thereafter except that the sea was very calm, and the voyage smooth and pleasant. We reached Kangesanturai, the north-western Port of Jaffna, at about 3 p.m. I soon landed taking leave of my friends in the ship and thanking them all for their kindness. After a short delay, due to inspection by the customs officials, I engaged a handy and reached home safely at about 7 p.m.

J. J. H.

Love and Death

AN INDIAN ROMANCE

CHAPTER I



herself to think and act in English ways. And indeed she had shown remarkable taste in the furnishing. The deep green carpet on the floor, the pale green of the furniture upholstery, the green tapestry purdabs to the doors, all showed a pretty eye for colour. But the pictures on the wall, of which there were many, did not show much artistic taste; the vases and ornaments on the little table were flimsy and of poor glass, there were no flowers or plants to brighten up the room, which looked little used. Rukmani's mother sat awkwardly on a chair, with one leg tucked in under her. She did not like English chairs; but her daughter coaxed her to sit in them, to get used to them, as she

said. Rukmani herself sat gracefully in a deep arm-chair. She had on a pretty pink striped dress with lace—but rather coarse lace, for she did not know much about laces. Her bice was made in the English fashion, with short sleeves. Her hair was coiled on her neck in a pretty knot, but was drawn back too tightly from her forehead. She had on just a few jewels, earrings in her ears, a belt around her slender waist, a bracelet on each arm, a thin necklace round her neck.

"Mother," she was saying, "do let us go to the pier to meet him."

"Oh! Rukmani, you are losing all your shyness and modesty. How can you go to meet a man? Let him come here, if he wishes."

"But, mother, an English girl would go to meet him. Why should I not?"

"You are not an English girl. Besides, I hate English girls, with their pale faces, their insipid looks, their bold eyes, and free talk."

"Oh, mother, I love English girls. Am I not trying to be like one?"

"I know you are. Ever since your birth Rukmani, I have been giving in to your whims. You have been the apple of my eye. You wanted education; I have given it to you. You wanted some English ways in the house; I have allowed them, though I hated them. I do not think your poor father, if he had lived, would have liked all this. He was a man of the old school. And yet, when I ask you to do one thing for me, you will not do it."

Rukmani had been fidgetting impatiently in her chair. Now, at the first stop in her mother's conversation, she broke in.

"You are always like that, mother, always twitting me about things. You have been very good to me; but what is the good of counting up all your goodnesses? What harm is there if I go to the pier? He would expect it. He has been away five years. We must welcome him when he comes back."

"He has hardly written to us, my dear. I think he has forgotten you. We never knew he was coming, till our friend told us; and his people hardly notice us."

For a moment a startled look came into her eyes, then passed away.

"Oh, no, mother," she laughed, "He has not forgotten us. He did not write to you because you cannot read English. He was too shy to write to me. Have I not been engaged to marry him now for six years?"

"What engagement is that, child? You were only ten years when we arranged it with him. You hardly knew anything yourself. It is only the last two years you have been thinking about it. It is all due to these nasty English story-books you are ever reading."

"Nonsense, mother. Those books are very good. I must go to the pier, and you must come with me. If not, I go alone."

Her mother burst into tears.

"That will be worse. All the women in Madras are laughing at me, for having educated you, for not having married you at the proper age, for allowing you to go to the beach, and other things. Why, this morning an old woman was telling me to be careful, because she knew some evil would come out of it. The gods are watching us with anger, she said."

Rukmani laughed a pretty girlish laugh, "Do not believe them, mother. They are very jealous of us that is what it is. He is coming from England as a big barrister and he is to marry me, and so—" She broke off and a shy smile parted her lips.

"Whatever happens, my child, may you be always happy," said her mother wiping her eyes, and leaving the room.

Left to herself, Rukmani went up to a mirror on the wall and examined her face long and attentively. "No, it is not a pretty face," she murmured. "But, I think the eyes are very nice, and the mouth also and I am tall and slender, like those English girls. Oh dear! how I am praising myself! I am afraid I am getting too proud. I think my red Benares sari and my white silk blouse will be very pretty, and I shall wear very few jewels."

So the next day, Rukmani and her mother went to the pier to meet Mr. Rama Iyer, who was returning from England after a stay of five years there. They were not the only people on the pier. Mr. Rama's father was there and many of his friends. All looked strangely at the tall distinguished girl in red, who held herself so proudly. The girl began to feel very strange. She wished she had not come. Perhaps it had been too forward of her. But how could she go back now? She saw Rama's father glancing at her out of the corner of his eye and whispering to a friend. She was sure he was maligning her and abusing her English ways. "I shall show them what I am," she murmured. When Rama comes straight to me, how jealous they will be!"

Much time passed. The steamer was late. A chill breeze was blowing off the pier. She was feeling cold. Her mother was grumbling in an undertone. But the wash and the noise of the waves, as they curled themselves at the trembling pier, the calls and shouts of the coolies, the rumbling noise of luggage trains on the pier, the undertones of the men who were waiting for Rama, all helped to calm and quiet her, and she fell into a reverie.

"Am I worthy of him?" she mused, "He is so noble, and I—True, I have been educating

myself for two years, but will he be satisfied with that? Can I compare with the English ladies he has known? I shall be a true wife to him, and yet I must be independent. Oh, I think I know how to manage him. I have read so much in books."

But, while she had been musing thus, the steamer had been sighted. Now it could be seen far out on the sea. Quickly the speck became larger. Soon the steamer was visible. Rukmani watched the pilot's boat go out to meet the steamer. How small the boat looked, she thought, and yet how important it was! It was like that boat she wished to be, piloting the great steamer of Rama's life. Had she not read about the same comparison somewhere?

But now the steamer had been safely piloted into the harbour and the anchor had been let down. Boats were swarming all round it like ants. Rukmani would have liked to go in the boat, but felt too shy with all those antagonistic men about her. Besides, some boats were already returning. She was sure Rama was in one of them.

Yes, there he was, ascending the pier-steps, a tall noble figure with his strong fair face, and how he was talking! What an English accent he had!

Rukmani felt her knees trembling, she could not go to meet him. Besides, her mother was pulling her back. In the meanwhile, he had come up, and was greeting his friends. Rukmani stood in a corner, a fairly conspicuous figure in her red cloth, though the dusk was deepening. But Rama scarcely glanced at her; and, when he did, it was only to bow a distant bow and take off his hat to her. Then he turned away to see to the luggage.

Rukmani felt the pier whirling round her. What could she do? Then pride came to her aid. She was sure he had not recognized her. Then his people must have been poisoning his mind against her. She did not mind. She was sure all would come right in the end. But, Oh! how ashamed she felt! ready to sink into the ground with shame. She turned to her mother and spoke in a voice the old woman never forgot.

"You see, mother, he did not recognize me. I wish I had been writing to him these two years. But you see I wanted to surprise him. Come, we shall walk home."

So saying, summoning all her pride to her poor quivering heart, she took her mother's hand and walked proudly down the pier.

CHAPTER II

Rukmani waited for many days, but Rama did not come to her. Then she felt it was time for her to act.

"Mother," she said, "I think we ought to invite Rama to tea. You know an English lady would have done that."

"What, when he never even came to see you, and when he treated you so badly at the pier!"

"He did not know me then, mother. And now, perhaps, he is waiting for us to ask him here. See, mother, to-day is the Garden Party at Mrs. H's. We have been invited. I am sure he will go also. It is at five o'clock. So I shall ask him to tea at four."

She wrote the invitation in the mother's name and waited for the answer, which was an acceptance. Then she prepared herself for him. She took out her prettiest clothes; she practised over and again her prettiest piece on the piano; she re-read the latest novel in order to discuss it with him; she re-arranged the drawing-room; she sent for cakes to the restaurant and did everything she could, to make the tea a success. But four o'clock came and Rama Iyer had not arrived. Four-fifteen, four-thirty—and still he did not come. The tea was getting black. At last, there was the ring of a cycle-bell, and Rama Iyer appeared. Barely ten minutes were left before it was time to start for the Garden-party. Rukmani met him with out-stretched hand and all smiles and blushes. Her mother also welcomed him. But Rama Iyer did not appear at ease. Rukmani herself felt so shy. He talked a few sentences about his stay in England, drank his cup of strong tea, and then got up to go.

"You see it is time for the Garden Party," he said, "I must go."

"We are going also," said Rukmani, with a faint hope in her heart that perhaps he would offer to go with them in the carriage.

But nothing of the sort. "Then I shall see you there," he said, and was gone.

At the Garden Party, Rukmani's first look was to see if he was there. Yes, there he was, talking to two English ladies. How handsome he looked, and how much at his ease, just like the English gentlemen there. She felt herself very small. The garden was looking very pretty with clumps of flower and foliage plants. Groups upon groups of European ladies and gentlemen were there, laughing and talking happily together. Only a few Indian ladies were there, herself and her mother and two or three others. By natural attraction, they gravitated together and tried to look at ease. But the attempt was a failure. Then Rukmani took her courage in both hands and walked across the garden to a group of ladies, who were sitting at a table next to Rama Iyer's group. She knew one of these ladies and began to talk to her. After a few commonplaces, there was nothing left to say. Then Rukmani rose and with a pale face walked across to where Rama Iyer was talking with a

gentleman. She knew that she was doing a bold and unmannerly thing, but she just could not help it. She was like a monomaniac on the subject of Rama Iyer.

"Mr. Rama Iyer," she said in a low voice, "will you come to speak to my mother? She wants to see you."

He stood up and shook hands, laughing, with his friend and then joined her. Oh! how proud she felt, as she walked by his side. But the pleasure was of short duration. She was rack- ing her mind what reason to give for her mother asking for him. At last, just as she came up with her mother, she hit upon one.

"Mr. Rama Iyer," she said, "my mother wished to introduce you to an English lady, an old friend of hers. I do not know where she is gone."

She looked anxiously about, and Rama Iyer seized the opportunity to make an excuse and leave her.

Rukmani returned crest fallen to her little group of Indian ladies, who all looked strangely and frowningly at her. She knew she was being found fault with. But, what could she do? Her very life seemed to depend on Rama Iyer. So, she stood up and went slowly across to where some pictures were placed on a table to be looked at. Her back was to a thick and high clump of trees, which completely hid her from the other side. As she sat there, she was aware of voices speaking on the other side. Presently she distinguished the words: "Well, Rama Iyer," said one, "I really congratulate you, old man. She is a deucedly fine girl, you know."

"Oh, I don't know, Smith," another voice said, which Rukmani recognized with a leap of the heart. "She is not a bad-looking girl, but I do not seem to care for her much."

"But she cares for you. I could see it in her eyes, when she came to speak to you. By the way, was it not strange of her to come up to you like that? I thought Indian girls were supposed to be more shy."

"Yes, that is just it," Rama Iyer answered. "She is too forward. She runs after me too much. I like the ways of an English girl, but an Indian girl has no business to be so bold. I like them to be shy and retiring as of old. Yes, I know, you are laughing at me, Smith, but I cannot help it. I like them to be educated and all that. But still an Indian girl is an Indian girl. Now, when I came from England, she met me at the pier. I was absolutely astonished to see her there. I could not make her out at first, but when I did, I simply shrugged my shoulders. My people tell me she goes to the beach and talks to men quite freely. Well, let her do it, so long as she does not run after me."

If she did not do that, I might come to like her. She seems rather a nice girl. But she is counting too much on some boy and girl engagement between us, which was arranged by my parents. She—"

But Rukmani waited to hear no more. Her very ears were tingling with shame. She walked across to her mother with a set white face, which fairly frightened the old woman.

"Let us go home, mother," she said, "I am so tired."

CHAPTER III

The next day Rukmani's mother asserted her authority. "Come away with me, child," she said, "and we shall go to our native village to our own people. What is the use of staying here?"

The girl looked up with a listless face. "No, mother, I cannot come."

"Why do you wish to stay here? There is no use of waiting for him. I hear he is going to marry an English girl."

The girl started up. "Are you sure of that, mother?"

"There is a strong rumour about it. So, come away, child. I have some business also in the village."

"You go, mother and I shall follow you. There are aunts and uncles here. I shall come to you with them next week."

And so it was settled. Rukmani's mother went away, in the hope of inducing her daughter to follow soon.

In her little village, Rukmani's mother sat with her own mother, receiving a lecture as usual upon her devoted head—the education of her daughter. Suddenly, there was a commotion outside and a voice shouted, "Telegram." The younger woman went to the outer door, took the telegram, came back and opened it with trembling fingers. Her daughter had taught her to read and write English.

There was a tense silence for a minute. Then a sort of strangled cry from the woman, a gasp and a fall. Rukmani's mother had fainted. The old woman, wearily got up, took the telegram from her daughter's nerveless fingers and called aloud, "Govinda, Govindu." A boy of about fifteen came running in. "Read this," she commanded. The boy read it to himself and gasped. "Tell me," the old woman commanded again. With blanched face, and trembling lips, the boy told the terrible news. Rukmani had committed suicide.

"This comes of education," murmured the old woman, and turned to help her daughter.

Rama Iyer was feeling very happy. He had just been with a party of his friends and had been made much of. He was indeed welcomed

everywhere, for he was really a charming man. Now he came into his house and went straight to his room, because no one appeared to be in. The house seemed strangely silent. Wondering at this, he picked up the newspaper, which was always kept ready for him in his room, lit a big cigar, and threw himself into an easy-chair, prepared to enjoy himself. But alas! what a shock awaited him! In big head-lines, he read the title, "Suicide of a young Indian girl," and underneath in terse sentences, the description of Rukmani's death. His eyes took in the whole terrible affair in flashing glances. "A promising young girl, educated, a love affair, disappointed, too much education," and so on.

How can we describe his agony? He was really a nice man, and he shrank under the blow, knowing that it was all due to him.

"Ah, God, God," he cried, "How weary, stale, and unprofitable are the uses of this world! I thought she was a feather-brained school-girl. I never thought she felt it so much. I did not think she would look upon me as bound to her."

CHAPTER IV

About a month afterwards, Rama Iyer was sitting alone in his room. He looked visibly aged. His eyes gazed pitifully out of deep sockets. He had given up society, everything which had seemed to him to make life worth living. He brooded for hours in anguish. His people had no power to rouse him.

There was a knock on the closed door. He rose and unlocked it, for nowadays, afraid of prying eyes, he always bolted his door. His father stood outside, and by his side a woman, who looked strangely haggard and worn out, but whom at a second glance he knew to be Rukmani's mother. He knew that she had come to accuse him. He set his teeth and asked her to come in and then shut the door on his father.

The woman looked at him with smouldering eyes. This avenging fury seemed strangely unlike Rukmani's gentle meek mother.

"Well, what have you to say?" she asked him.

He bowed his head, "Nothing. It is all my fault."

Her gaze softened, but he did not observe it. "Yes, it is all your fault. Did you think my daughter was a girl to be treated as you treated her?"

"No, no," he murmured, "She acted like a girl of spirit. It is all my fault."

Then suddenly his self-control gave away. He bowed his head on the table and wept—a strong man's tears. "Oh, mother," he gasped, "forgive me. I have suffered and shall always suffer. I did not know her worth. Now I love her. If she only could come back to life,

The Story of the Ramayana

CHAPTER I

IN the far distant past of ancient India, when the gods came down to live with and

make themselves friends among men, when the earth flourished under the rule of mighty kings wise with the wisdom of Heaven, when humanity was blessed with the saintly lives of great and holy Anachorites, when the mighty power of terrible penances obtained for their doer, whether saint or demon, the supreme desire of their hearts, when terrible demons

in the form of Rakshasas harassed the earth and gods took on themselves the form of men to rid the world of them,—in those far-off days, there flourished on the banks of the river Sarayu, the great and pleasant country of Kosala, whose capital was Ayodhya, under the wise rule of the mighty king Dasaratha. And the country was wonderful to behold, abounding in corn and wealth, crowned with stately edifices and beautiful gardens, and thronged with happy men and women, numbering among them great and wise ascetics, noble and high-souled Brahmana priests and mighty men of war. "And in that excellent city, the men were happy and righteous-souled, and widely-read, and each contented with his possessions, and devoid of covetousness and speaking the truth"; and repressing enemies, that city was governed by the great and the exceedingly powerful king Dasaratha, even as the moon sways the star.

But King Dasaratha, the fortunate ruler of this golden country, was unhappy, because he had no son to perpetuate his line. But one day, turning the matter over in his mind, the great one asked himself why he should not celebrate a horse-sacrifice with the intention of obtaining a son. For, in those days, this great and auspicious sacrifice, when a horse was set loose on the sacrificial ground and allowed to roam about the world, followed by a family priest and a competent warrior, who would not allow it to be lost, and then on its return sacrificed with full rites and ceremonies, had the benefit of conferring the desired boon on the sacrificer. "Yet care must be taken that no default occurs in it. For flaws in this foremost of sacrifices are watched by learned Rakshasas. And should it come to be celebrated in violation of the

what would I not give to have her with me! Tell me, mother, what I can do to atone to you for my sin."

"Come with me to my village and be my son," she answered in a low voice.

He started and looked with unbelieving eyes into her face. "Do you mean it? Can you forgive me so easily?"

"Yes," she said, "your repentance is sincere. You did what you did without knowing."

"Oh, noble woman! Hereafter all my life shall be devoted to you."

"Will you never marry?"

"Never. I shall be true to the memory of my Rukmani."

In the village, Rama Iyer sat alone in a lonely deserted garden. His eyes still looked haggard and worn and sleepless. But there was a new purpose in his face. For, he had given up his service to a life-work he had mapped out for himself. But as for happiness, it was beyond his reach. It had gone with Rukmani.

As he brooded thus, a soft step sounded behind him, and a gentle hand was laid on his shoulder.

He started and looked round.

Was it the spirit of Rukmani come to torment him? Had he not enough to already torment him?

"My mother said you wanted me, and so I have come."

"From the dead! Oh, Rukmani, have you come to comfort me?"

"I am not dead, but living."

"What, you have never died?"

"No, I only pretended to do so. I could not leave my mother. Can you forgive me my deception? Do you think me mean and cunning?"

"Forgive you, my darling," he cried, clasping her in his arms, "What is there for me to forgive you? You must forgive me."

"For all my unmannerliness and for running after you."

"You were right. I was bound in honour to you. But you know my nature cannot brook any pressure from outside. And so, I rebelled against you. But I must have loved you all the time."

BY AN INDIAN LADY.



ordinance, the performer thereof shall meet with instant destruction."

So that mighty sacrifice was properly consummated, and the king obtained the wish of his heart, "unto thee, O king, will be born four sons." But yet another ceremony had to be performed, the famous ceremony capable of crowning the sacrificer with offspring. Therefore, the family priest, Vasishtha, set about it and offered oblations to the sacrificial fire. And so great was the power of the sacrifice, that even the deities of heaven assembled there with the principal saints, with the object of each obtaining his share of the offerings. Now at that time, it happened that a terrible Rakshasha, named Ravana, had, by means of his extraordinary penances, obtained a mighty boon from the creator, which had made him "incapable of being slain by Gandharvas and Yakshas (names of gods) and gods and Rakshasas." Blinded with the pride of this boon, he was then harassing the three worlds, with the intention of conquering even the lord of heaven. "And the sun doth not burn him, or the wind blow about him and at sight of him the ocean dare not stir." Therefore, at the time of the great sacrifice of king Dasaratha, the deities assembled there, went in a body to Brahma, the lord of all creatures and prayed him to devise, through his almighty wisdom, some means of ridding the three worlds of this monstrous demon, and Brahma did devise such a means. For, the Rakshasha, when he obtained his boon, had, through contempt of the human race, not asked to be rendered incapable of being slain by men. "Therefore, said Brahma, by men alone he is, capable of being slain, nor can his end be encompassed by any other means." And He advised them to go to Vishnu, the great god, and beseech him to become man and slay the demon. Then the deities besought Vishnu to grant them this great boon. "Do thou, O Vishnu, becoming man, slay in battle this thorn of the worlds." And, who was there more worthy to become the father of the god than the great and virtuous king Dasaratha? Therefore, "Do thou, O Vishnu, dividing thyself into four, become born as sons in the three wives, resembling modesty, auspiciousness, and fame, of Ayodhya's lord, king Dasaratha." To this request, the great god, Vishnu, consented. "Do ye renounce fear! For your behoof, I will abide among mortals, ruling this earth for ten thousand and as many hundred years."

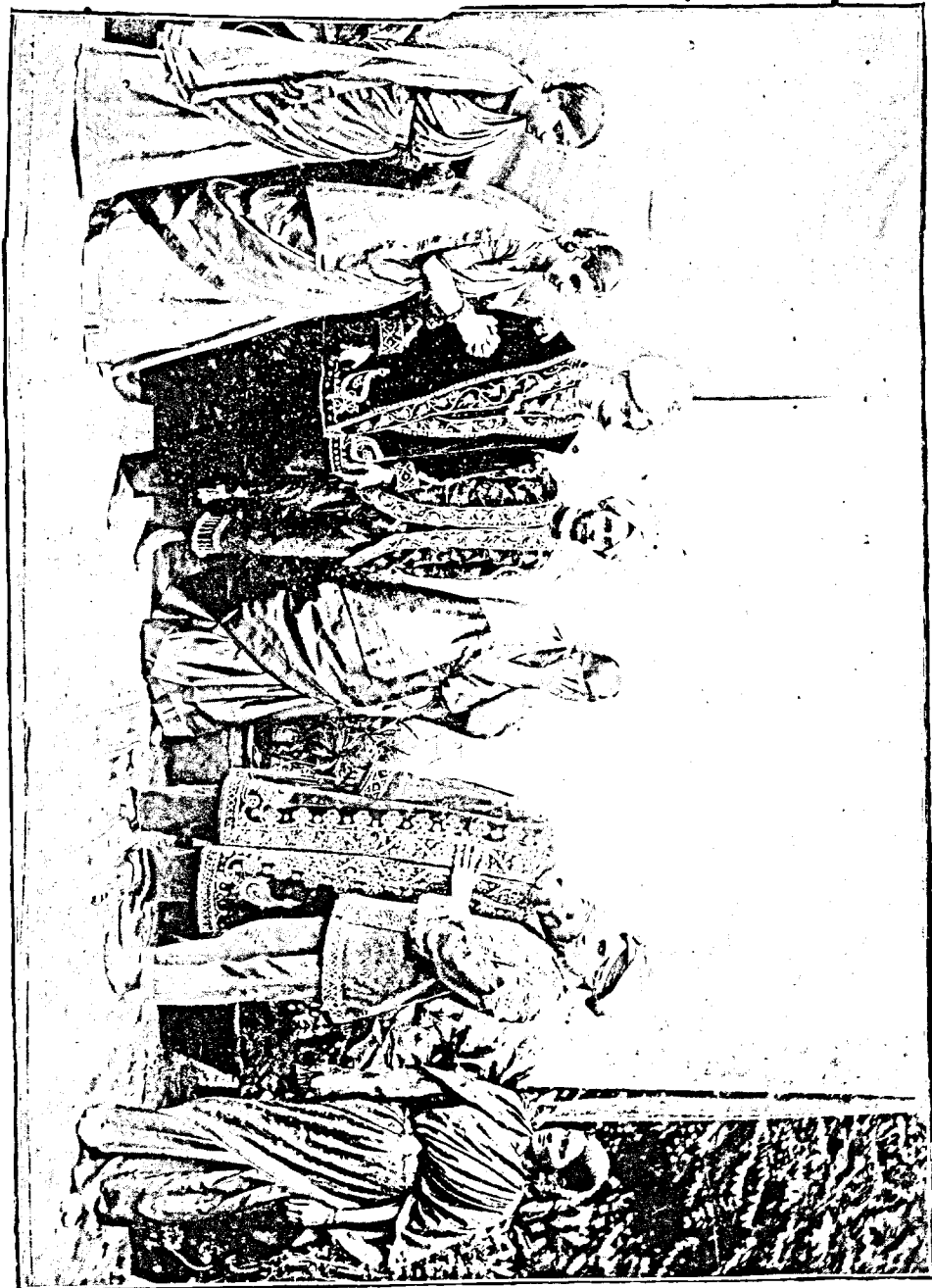
Therefore, it happened that at the son-conferring ceremony of king Dasaratha, there arose out of the sacrificial fire, bearing in his hands a capacious vessel made of burnished gold, with a silver cover filled with celestial *payasa* (a preparation of milk and sugar), a mighty being,

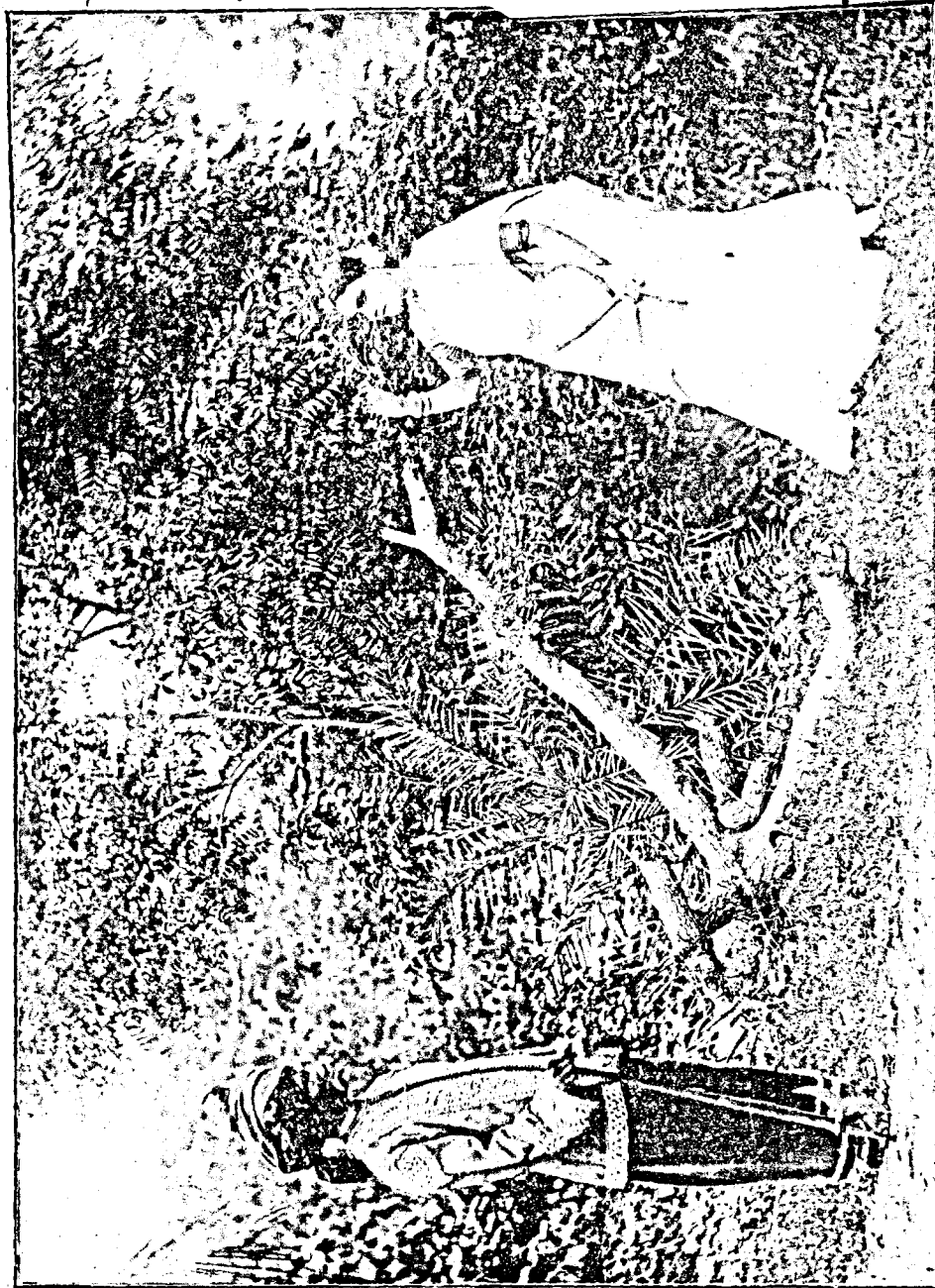
of unparalleled prowess, high energy, and huge strength, black and wearing a crimson apparel, with a red face, uttering the blares of a trumpet, adorned with celestial ornaments, resembling a mountain-peak, bearing the prowess of a flaming tiger, and like unto the sun or tongues of flaming fire. This heavenly being spoke to the king and asked him to partake of the divine *payasa* and give of it to his three wives; and so saying, disappeared. Then that king did as he was commanded and at last obtained the long-desired fruit of all his sacrifices. To him were born, through his three wives, four sons; to Kausalya, the first wife, the great son Rama, being one-half of the god Vishnu; to Kaikayi, the son Bharata, and to Sumitra, the sons Lakshmana and Satrugna; the three forming the other half of Vishnu. And these sons increased in stature and wisdom, and were taught many kinds of knowledge, "crowned with virtues, ever engaged in the study of the Vedas (the Hindu scriptures), accomplished in the art of archery, and always intent upon ministering to their father."

One day, it happened that the great sage and ascetic, Visvamitra, paid a visit to the king, and, after being welcomed with the requisite worship and ceremonies, unfolded to him the purpose of his visit. He was desirous of performing a ten-days' sacrifice, and for those days claimed the protection of the valiant Rama, for two demon-Rakshasas had made known to him their determination to disturb the ceremony with their evil practices. To this request, the king, after overcoming his natural hesitation at parting with his children, consented, and Rama, with his brother Lakshmana, set out with Visvamitra for the hermitage of the latter. After a journey of some days through the pleasant and fragrant interstices of forests, along the banks of rivers and through beautiful countries, the two princes whose travel had been enlivened by many stories and histories told by Visvamitra, at last reached their goal, and were Rama, by the might of his prowess and the many divine weapons of which he had the use, conquered the two dreadful Rakshasas and their forces.

Now, at this time, there lived another great king, called Janaka, lord of Mithila. This king had a beautiful daughter, named Sita, who was really not his daughter; but had been found by him in one of the furrows of a field, which was being ploughed and consecrated for sacrifice. Her beauty was so great that many kings had come to ask for her hand; but king Janaka, desirous of obtaining for her a worthy consort, had vowed to give her in marriage only to that man who could bend and string the great bow of Siva, which had been given to one of Janaka's ancestors and had come down through the generations as an heirloom.

FIGURE II.—(See page 123). Sita beseeching Rama to take her with him to the forest.





Picture III.—(See page 124). Sita confronted with the demon Ravana. It has been found very difficult to portray the ten heads of the demon.

"And formerly this bow of immeasurable energy and dreadful, and exceedingly effulgent at the sacrifice, had been conferred in court by the celestials on king Devarta. And neither gods, nor Gandharvas, neither Aswas, nor Rakshasas, nor men, can fix the string upon it". It was to see this bow now, and if possible to bend it, that the sage Visvamitra proposed to take the prince, Rama and Lakshmana, to Mithula. There then they travelled, and were welcomed with great honour by king Janaka. "And in the sight of countless thousands of spectators, the righteous son of Raghva with exceeding ease took hold of the bow by the middle, and fixed the string upon it, and having fixed the string, drew it. And he snapped the bow in the middle. And mighty was the sound that was heard on the occasion, like unto the bursting of a thunder-clap; and the earth trembled terribly, as it doth in the vicinity of a mountain splitting." (See Picture I.)

Thus Rama, the hero among men, won Sita, the peerless queen of beauty. And worthy was the match, and great the pomp of the marriage ceremony by which they were united. At the same time, the three brothers of Rama were married to three princesses. "And there was a mighty shower of shining blossoms from the firmament accompanied with the sounds of celestial kettle-drums, and choiring and instrumental music. And the Apsaras danced, and the Gandharvas sang melodiously, at the bridal of the foremost of the Raghus."

CHAPTER II

Harmonious was the marriage and beautiful the companionship of the noble Rama and his lovely bride. And great was the delight of Rama's father and his subjects at seeing the happiness of their beloved prince. Then, seeing what a noble and great-hearted youth Rama was, and how popular; king Dasaratha, with the consent of his people, resolved to install him as heir-apparent. Great preparations were made for the important ceremony. Multitudinous instructions were issued to the waiting counsellors; "Do ye, in the Agnihantric hall of the monarch, provide and store up gold and gems and articles for worship; and white garlands and fried paddy, and honey, and clarified butter in separate vessels and clothes fresh from the loom and a car, every kind of weapons and the four-fold forces and an elephant with conspicuous marks, and a couple of chowries and a sceptre and an umbrella, pale-coloured, and an hundred furnished golden pitchers of water, and a bull with horns plated in gold, and an entire tiger skin together with all other necessary articles. And do ye embellish all the doorways of the inner apartment, as well as those of the entire city with garlands, with sandal-paste and fragrant dhupa (incense). Do ye

bestow upon the principle Brahmanas goodly and refined rice mixed with curds and milk—so that hundreds of thousands may be fed and satisfied."

But alas for the glad anticipations of king Dasaratha. There was an enemy to his happiness in the very heart of his palace, a serpent nourished in his very bosom—even his beloved and beautiful wife, Kaikeyi. Years ago this lady had saved the life of her husband by removing him, when wounded and insensible from the field of battle. And, as reward, he had told her he would grant her any two boons she may ask for. Now, prompted by an evil maid-servant, Kaikeyi, though originally good-hearted and happy because of the good fortune of Rama, had her mind bitterly changed and asked Dasaratha to grant her, as the two boons long ago promised, the banishment of Rama to the forest for fourteen years and the installation of her own son, Bharata, as heir-apparent. Alas, for king Dasaratha! He begged his wife to relent, but all his entreaties were of no avail. Kaikeyi insisted on her two boons; and like a good son, Rama bowed to her will and entreated his father not to break his promise to her. And, Dasaratha, like a good man and honest, at last gave in.

So Rama made up his mind to go to the forest! but, naturally afraid for his delicately-nurtured wife, begged her to stay at the court and wait for his return. But Sita was a true *Pativrata* (devoted wife). Sweetly and with tears and entreaties, she begged her husband to take her with him: "I cannot but laugh at thy words, oh best of men; what thou hast said is not becoming of a mighty prince. What more, it is not proper even to hear them. Neither father, mother, son, friends, nor her ownself is the stay of a woman in this or in after-life, it is the husband alone that is her only support. If thou dost repair to-day unto the forest impregnable, I shall go before thee, O Raghava, treading upon the thorns and prickly grass. Unto woman is preferable under all circumstances the shade of her husband's feet to the tops of a palace. Do thou accept my entreaty, whose heart is entirely thine, knows none else, and is ever attached unto thee, and who is resolved to die if forsaken by thee; thus repairing, I shall be in no way a burden to thee." When Rama was still obdurate, she threatened to commit suicide. "When through separation I shall not live after separation, better it is, O Lord, that I die immediately at the time of my being forsaken by thee; I cannot bear this grief even for a moment. How shall I be able to live without thee, for fourteen years?" So, Rama at last had to consent to her wish. (See Picture II.) And accompanied by her and his devoted brother Lakshmana, and

followed by the heart-broken tears of his old parents and the sighs and groans of his beloved subjects, he wended his way to the forest. Some time after, his brother Bharata, for whom Kaikeyi had obtained the kingdom, and who had not been at Ayodhya at the time of Rama's banishment, followed hastily after Rama with the sad news of their father's death. Rama, though naturally much grieved, refused to go back to Ayodhya, as Bharata, who did not want the kingdom, suggested. He asked Bharata to rule in his stead; but Bharata consented to do this, only as deputy of Rama and returned to Ayodhya.

CHAPTER III

In spite of the sorrow attendant on Rama's banishment, he and his wife and his brother spent many delightful days in the beautiful forests they traversed. At last, after visiting many hermitages, and being honoured by many great hermits, and after having killed some of his Rakshasa enemies, chiefly Veradha, a terrible demon, the three along with Jatayu, a vulture, in reality a good Rakshasa, who had been the friend of Dasaratha, found a beautiful asylum on the banks of the Godavari. This place is level, graceful, and surrounded with blossoming trees. Hard by is seen a beautiful pool, embellished with lotuses, resembling the sun and breathing balmy perfume. And this is the graceful Godavari, bordered by flowing trees, swarming with swans and karandavas; thronged with herds of deer; resounding with the cries of peacocks; charming; elevated, containing full many a cave; with hills covered with trees in full flower; adorned with salas, palmyras, tamalas, dates, and other trees. Here, they lived in peace for a long time, but here, at last, trouble overtook them. One day, when Rama and Sita were conversing with Lakshmana, a hideous Rakshasi woman, named Surpanaka, visited Rama and asked him to marry her as his second wife. Rama, who was ever faithful to Sita, naturally refused in gentle words, whereupon Surpanaka rushed upon Sita in anger and nearly killed her; upon which, Lakshmana had no recourse but to return her attack, during which her nose and ears were cut off. Burning with rage and shame, the Rakshashi rushed to her brother, the terrible Khara, and demanded vengeance. Then Khara sent armies upon armies of Rakshasas to attack Rama, who destroyed them all. Finally Khara himself was killed. News of this dread event were carried to Ravana, who was the brother of Khara and Surpanaka,—Ravana, the king of the Rakshasas, who was seated on a supreme golden seat resembling the sun, and like unto a flaming fire on a golden dais kept alive by sacrificial offerings; unconquerable by high-souled saints, celestials

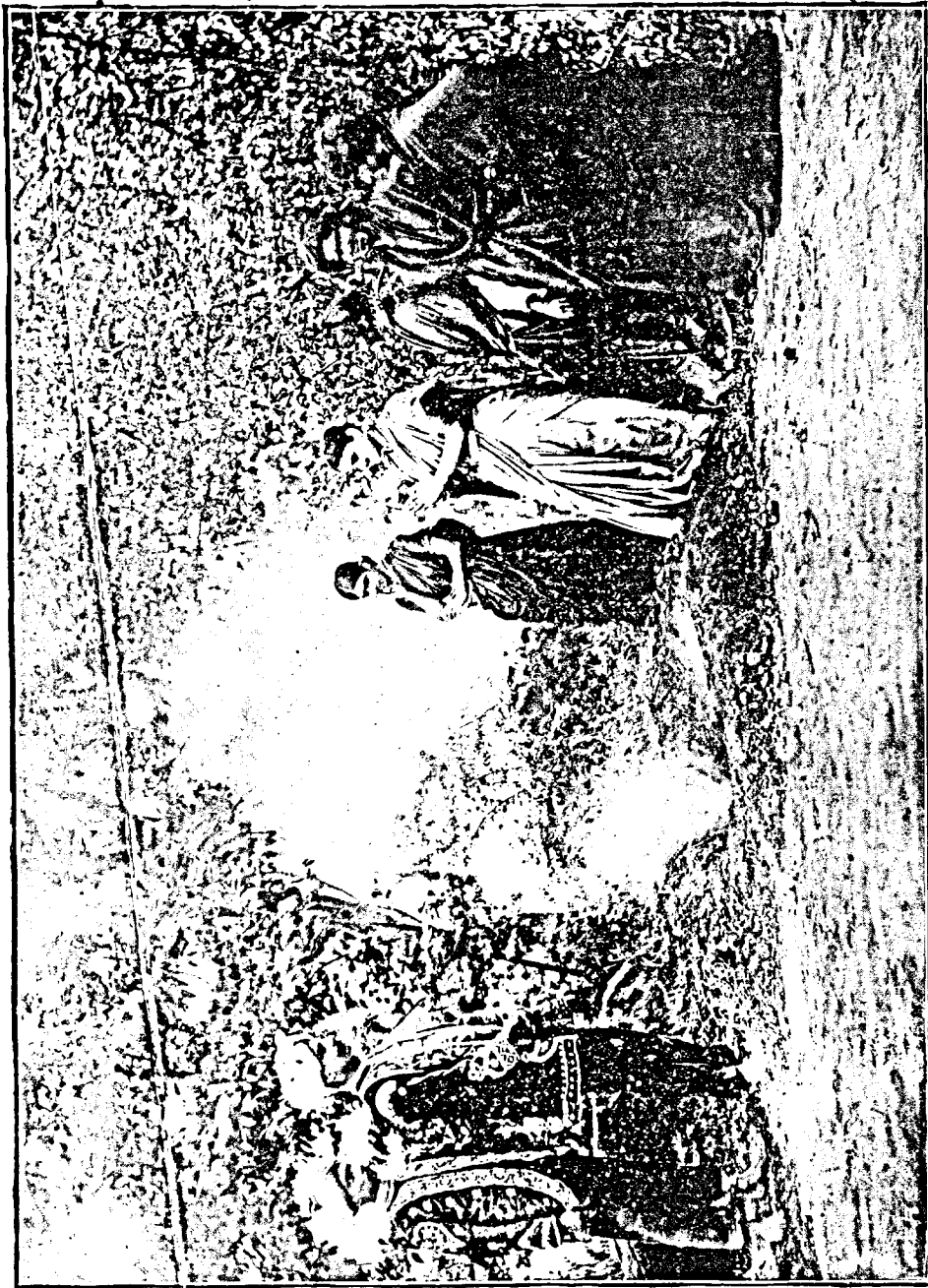
and all creatures; terrible like the Destroyer with his mouth wide open; his person containing scars of wounds inflicted by the thunderbolt and the lightnings in the war between the gods and Asuras; having twenty hands and ten heads; broad-breasted; heroic; marked with royal signs; having a huge face resembling a hill; the destroyer of righteousness and the disturber of sacrifices; of villainous nature; the slaughterer of Brahmanas; of cruel deeds, harsh and kindless, railing furiously at all creatures; the inspirer of fear in all beings." To this terrible Being, who feared death from neither gods nor demons, from none, save human beings, whom he despised, and now burning with anger against Rama, was suggested a way of conquering and humbling his enemy. This was to carry off Rama's "virtuously wedded beloved wife, having expansive eyes, and face resembling the full moon, possessed of beauty, gracing the forest like a goddess, of the lustre of burnished gold, surpassingly lovely, the slender-waisted daughter of Videha. And neither a goddess, nor a gandharbi, nor a Yakshi, nor a Kinnari, had I before seen on earth, possessed of such beauty." This full purpose Ravana set out to bring about, in spite of the entreaties of Maricha, the hermit-Rakshasha, who had himself already experienced the unconquerable prowess of Rama; and who now, against his better judgment, joined Ravana.

Maricha disguised himself as a lovely golden deer and appeared before Sita. That lovely lady as all women would, desired immediately to possess it—that wonderful deer, "having its skin resembling gold, horns resembling exquisitely fine diamonds, like that of the newly-risen sun!" Rama, desirous of pleasing his wife, bade Lakshmana take care of her, and set out after the deer. Being led along and weary chase, Rama enraged at last, let fly an arrow at the Rakshasha in the form of the deer, who, artful to the last, died with the loud cry of "Ah Sita! Ah! Lakshmana!" This cry was heard by the anxious ones left behind; and Sita at once misunderstood it to be the cry of Rama in dire peril. Lakshmana told her again and again that the divine Rama was unconquerable. But in vain; Sita taunted him with bitter taunts and eventually threatened to kill herself; and Lakshmana had at last, much against his will, to leave her and go in search of Rama.

To Sita thus left alone, came a Brahmin, who began to speak to her in unseemly terms, admiring and praising her for her beauty. (See Picture III.) Seeing that he was a Brahmin, Sita did him all honour; but the evil one persisted in his dishonorable talk, and at last, revealing himself as the terrible Ravana, besought her to become his queen. The pure Sita repudiated him with

Picture IV. — (See page 125). Sita defying Ravana and comparing him to the blade of grass in her hand





Picture V.—(See page 126). Sita preparing to enter the fire to satisfy the people of her purity after the fall of Lanka.

harsh and stern words: "One can breathe on this earth carrying away Sudra's wife, Sacbi—but stealing me, the wife of Rama, nobody shall be able to live in peace. O Rakshasha, it might be possible for one to live on this earth, treating contemptuously the wife of the holder of the thunderbolt, but insulting me none shall escape the hands of Death, even if he drinketh nectar."

Ravana, however, evil-minded and undaunted, laid hold of the peerless Sita and carried her away in his car, crying aloud with fear and anger: "O Raghava, for virtue hast thou renounced thy life, happiness and wealth,—dost thou not see that I have been carried away by one of mighty iniquity? I invoke thee, O Godavari, to tell Rama that Ravana hath stolen away Sita. I salute and invoke the deities that live in this forest of many trees to tell my husband of my being stolen away. I do seek the refuge of all deer, birds and other animals that live in this forest." Jatayu, Rama's friend, hearing her, expostulated with Ravana, but was attacked by that evil one and left behind, nearly killed. Eventually Ravana carried away Sita to his kingdom, Lanka, and there again asked her to marry him; but she, holding up a blade of grass between him and herself, told him that he was to her of as little worth as that grass. He had insulted and carried her away. "Thy days are numbered and auspiciousness hath bidden thee adieu. Thou art shorn of strength and thy senses have been dulled. The strong Raghava will compass the end of what remains of thy life. I, the religiously-wedded wife of that one, ever intent on virtue and firm in my vows, am incapable, thou vilest of Rakshashas, of being touched by thee! a sinner." Incensed with anger, Ravana snally placed her amid a group of Asoka trees with a strong force of Rakshesi women to guard her. (See Picture IV).

When Rama came back to the forest, he found no Sita to greet him. Then he and Lakshmana, weeping and lamenting, went in search of her. They met the dying king of vultures, Jatayu, who told them how Sita had been carried away by Ravana. Rama wandered about after this, almost insane with grief, till he met and conquered Kavandha, a hideous headless demon. This demon, being really under a curse, was liberated by the victory of Rama, and told him that, to regain Sita, he must make friends with Sugriva, the king of monkeys. In accordance with instructions given, Rama went in search of Sugriva, a son of the sun-god, met him and won his confidence by destroying Vali, who had usurped Sugriva's throne. Sugriva and he then became friends and determined to march to Ravana's kingdom, Lanka. Envoys were despatched in different directions and different quarters

were assigned to different powerful monkeys; for the monkeys were then a powerful race. Rama gave a ring of his to Hanuman, a son of the wind-god, another mighty monkey, and bade him search out Sita in Lanka and give it to her. Hanuman bounded over the intervening ocean and landed in Lanka. There he met and conquered some Rakshashas, and entering the palace of Ravana, made his way to the inner apartments, where he beheld Sita and handed the ring to her. He gave many consolatory messages to her, to which she replied by handing him a jewel to be given to Rama: "O Hanuman, do thou relate my well-being unto Rama and Lakshmana of leonine prowess, and Sugriva accompanied by his followers. Do thou so describe as the large-hearted Rama may save me from this ocean of grief. Do then narrate unto Rama this my terrible sorrow and the affliction by the she-demons. May good betide thee on thy way, Oh thou foremost of monkeys."

So Rama set out, with his countless host of monkeys to conquer Lanka. A mighty bridge was cast across the great ocean, the army crossed it and siege was laid to Lanka. Then terrible war was waged. "And the Rakshashas, sore pressed by thousands of monkeys, resembling masses of clouds, were seized with amazement. And like unto the roar of water on the ocean being riven, there arose a mighty turmoil in consequence of the forces surging hither and thither." Finally, after many reverses, Rama's forces began to win the battle. "And that army, protected by Rama and Lakshmana as well as Sugriva, became all the more invincible. And like waters rushing a dyke, the Rakshashas could not stand their ground." Last of all the great Ravana himself was killed. "And fell down on the earth from the chariot, the highly effulgent Ravana, gifted with dreadful velocity and shorn of his life. Thereupon the monkeys being greatly delighted roared out the victory of Rama. The celestial bugle was sounded in the sky and there blew the excellent air carrying the celestial fragrance. Flowers were showered upon Rama's car, which was covered therewith. The celestials in the sky began to chant the glory of Rama and praise him. The celestials attained their peace, the quarters were delighted, the atmosphere was clear, calm air began to prevail all over the earth, and the sun appeared in its full rays."

But Sita, though liberated, could not be taken back by Rama according to popular opinion. According to duty he had to repudiate her. "Do thou know that all my labour in the battlefield is for thee. To uphold the dignity of my well-known family, to remove the ignominy consequent upon thy being stolen away, as well as to wipe off my own insult, I have

encompassed this. But what powerful man, born in a high family, takes back his wife, who hath lived long in another's house? Thou wert beheld by him with lustful eyes. How can I, taking thee back, bring disgrace upon my great family? I speak these unto thee, compelled by my sense of duty." So spoke Rama to Sita; and Sita, humiliated with shame, replied to him bravely and sorrowfully: "Oh thou, the conferrer of honour, our affection towards one another was increasing by our living together for a long time; even then if thou hast not been able to understand me, I am ruined forever. O king, when the great hero, Hanuman, was despatched by thee to Lanka to see me, why didst thou not remove me then? Hadst thou deputed the monkey with that message, I could have renounced my life there and then, O hero. Thou wouldst not have been required to undergo this toil at the risk of thy own life and giving unnecessary trouble to thy friends. Thou dost not sufficiently honour my character, O thou conversant with characters. Thou art not sufficiently considering all my devotion and good conduct to thee." Then she ordered Lakshmana to prepare for her a funeral pyre: "Being thus branded with an unfounded stigma, I do not like to keep my life." The pyre was prepared and Vaidehi (Sita) approached the burning fire. And bowing unto the celestials and Brahmins, she, with folded hands, spoke before the fire, "As my heart hath never gone away from Raghava, may thou protect me, O fire, the witness of the people. As Raghava considerest me vile, who have got a pure character, may 'fire protect me on all sides' saying this, and going round the fire, Vaidehi with undaunted heart, entered the flame. (See Picture V). The great assembly there overwhelmed with grief, saw her enter the fire. "The ascetics, celestials and Gandharvas saw that great damsel enter the fire like unto a full oblation in the sacrifice." Then, to Rama meditating sadly with eyes filled with tears, came Brahma with the other gods and spoke to him, unfolding to him that he (Rama) was himself an incarnation of Vishnu, come to earth for Ravana's destruction, and that Sita his wife was his celestial consort. "O Rama, Ravana hath been slain. Do thou go up to heaven delighted. Sure is thy *golly* energy, never goes for nothing thy prowess. Those who shall be devoted unto thee shall attain all their desires both in this world and the next."

Hearing these words, out of the pyre rose the god of fire with Sita in his lap, "wearing a red cloth, resembling the newly-risen sun, adorned with ornaments of burning gold." Then the god of fire, the witness of the people, gave her to Rama with the words: "O Rama, here is thy Vaidehi—no sin hath visited her. Neither

by words, mind, understanding, nor eyes, she, good-natured and beautiful—hath deviated from thee. Her heart is pure, and she is not spoiled with sin—do thou therefore take her back. Do thou not speak otherwise—I do command thee." Then spoke Rama: "If I would take the daughter of Janaka without purifying her, people would say that Rama, the son of Dasaratha, is lustful and ignorant of the morality of the people. I know it full well that the daughter of Janaka hath her mind devoted unto me and hath not given it to anyone else. As the ocean cannot go beyond its banks, so Ravana could not approach her, having expansive eyes protected by virtue of her own chastity. Sita is mine as the rays belong to the sun. She has been purified before the three worlds. So I am incapable of renouncing her, as a self-controlled person cannot forsake his own reputation."

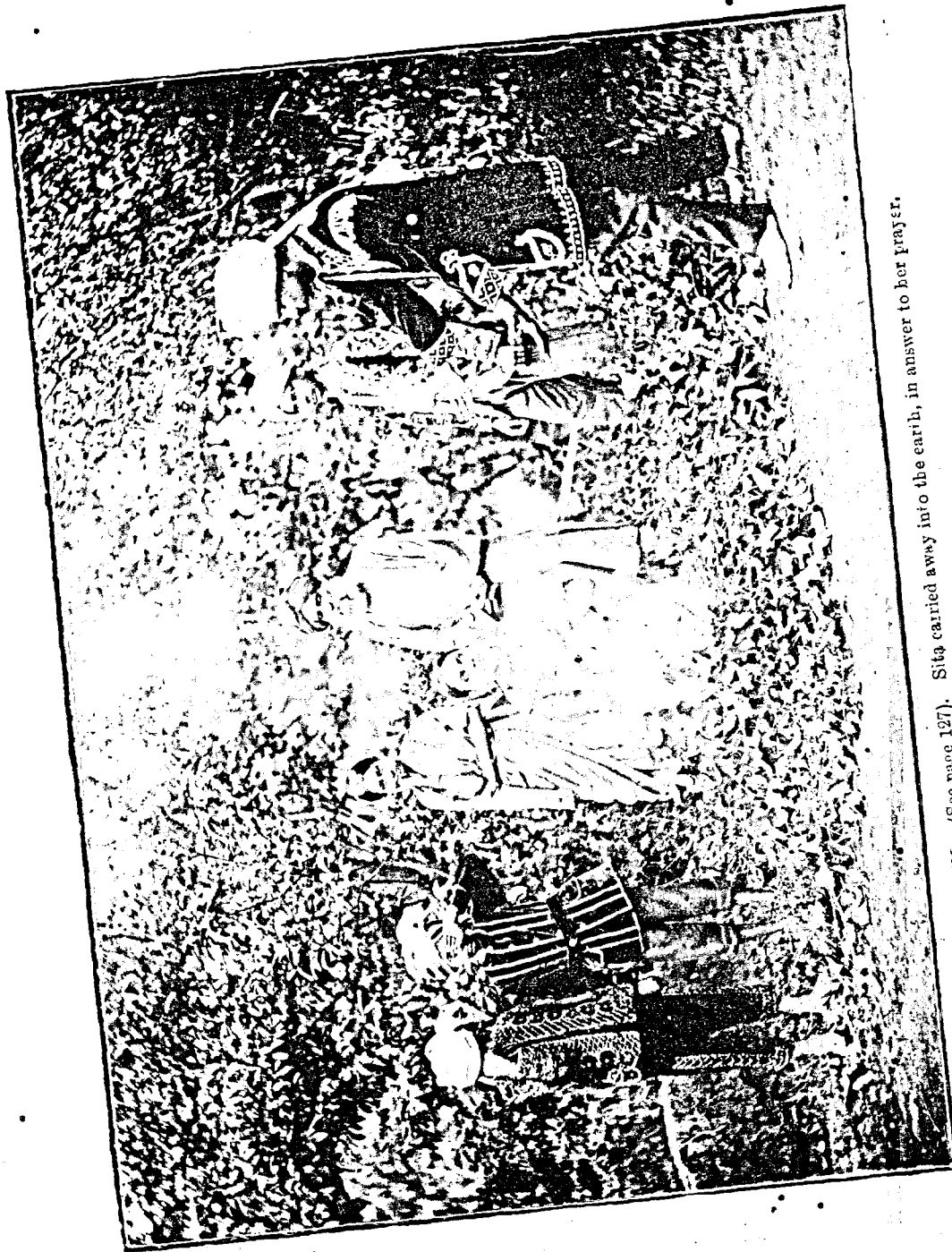
And so, Rama received Sita back and went back to his own Ayodhya, after making Vibbishina, the brother of Ravana, a good Rakshasa, who had often helped him, king of Lanka.

CHAPTER IV

Rama and Sita lived happily together for many years in his own kingdom. But one day, a rumour reached Rama that people were talking badly of him for taking back Sita. Then he, who was ever careful of his duty to his people, even at the risk of tearing his own heart, made up his mind to renounce Sita. He called Lakshmana unto him and bade him take Sita with him to the forest, as if on a visit to the holy hermitages and leave her in the hermitage of Valmiki: "In the presence of all the rishis and gods, the sun and moon announced the innocence of the daughter of Janaka. Indra, the king of the celestials, himself handed over the chaste Sita to me in the island of Lanka. My mind knoweth Sita as chaste as ever. But now a great sorrow, consequent upon the censure of the citizens and villagers, hath pierced my heart. He, who is notorious in this earth, and as long as that notoriety remains current, is classed amongst the vile. Fame is adored in all the regions. Therefore the high-souled exert their best to acquire reputation. Do ye therefore perceive unto what great abyss of sorrow and ill-fame I have fallen. Up to this time, I have never experienced such a mighty grief." Thus, the virtuous Sita, about to become a mother, was renounced by her husband. Did she blame him? never. She sent back a consoling message to Rama thus: "Thou knowest, O Raghava, that Sita is pure, ever devoted unto thee and engaged in thy well-being. She knows it full well, that afraid of a bad name, thou hast renounced her. It is her duty to put a stop to thy ill-name and censure, for



PICTURE VI.— (See page 127). Lakshmana abandons Sita in the forest, according to the order of Rama.



Picture VII.—(See page 127). Sita carried away into the earth, in answer to her prayer.

thou art her excellent refuge. Do thou further more tell that king, established in righteousness to treat the citizens as his brothers, to acquire piety by protecting his subjects duly—for this is the greatest morality. Tell him that I am not sorry for my person, my greatest sorrow is that the citizens have vilified me. A husband is a woman's god—her friend and spiritual guide. It is proper therefore to work out a husband's well-being even at the sacrifice of life." (See Picture VI).

Valmiki, the great sage, saw Sita in her extremity and taking her into his hermitage, took the greatest care of her. In time, twin sons were born unto her, who were named Kusa and Lava. These grew up in stature and wisdom and became learned in all things.

Now, it happened that one day the sage, Valmiki, went to bathe in a lonely river. There he beheld a male bird shot and killed by a fowler, and heard his mate bewailing him. Thereupon all unconsciously, there rose to his lips a stanza of pure and correct verse, cursing the fowler. Valmiki himself was astonished at the natural beauty of his own words. Going home, he found that the Creator, Brahma, had come to visit him. After due obeisance had been done to him, the deity spoke kindly to Valmiki, saying that the gift of poetry had been specially given him, to compose the history of Rama. Saying this, he disappeared, and Valmiki saw in complete vision before him the whole history of Rama, with all his joys and sorrows. Thereupon, he composed the first epic poem of India, treating of the history of Rama. And, when he had composed it, he bethought himself as to whom he should teach it. Whom but to Kusa and Lava, the gifted sons of Rama himself? So he thought them the poem and bade them go out into the world and recite the poem. Then it happened that Rama, who had begun the horse-sacrifice, came to the forest and Valmiki also with Kusa and Lava went there. There, at the bidding of the sage, the two youths began to recite the Ramayana in Rama's presence. Everyone became cognisant of the resemblance between Rama and the youths. Rama himself began to understand from the story that Kusa and Lava were Sita's sons. Thereupon, he, whose heart was ever full of his beloved wife, asked that in front of the whole assembly, Sita should be made again to go through the trial and swear her chastity. And Sita, whose god was her husband, consented to do this.

The next day, arrived before the assembly, Sita was commanded by her husband to give testimony of her pure character. Thereupon with folded palms she spoke to the Earth, her mother, from whom she had originally risen:

"I have never thought of any other person in my mind, but Rama, by the strength of this virtue, let the goddess Vasundhara (the Earth) give me room. I have always with my mind, body and words prayed for Rama's well-being, and by virtue hereof may the goddess, Vasundhara give me room in her womb." Then a wonderful incident took place. A beautiful throne rose up from inside the earth, borne on the head of a huge snake. The goddess of the Earth, who was on the throne, stretched out her arms and taking Sita, placed her on the throne, and so disappeared into the earth again, celestial flowers all the while raining in them in proof of Sita's purity. (See Picture VII).

Who was so grief-stricken then as Rama? But again Brahma appeared unto him and consoled him with the thought that he was Vishnu, that his purpose was accomplished on earth and that he could soon meet his comfort in Heaven.

And so, Rama with his brothers, passed away into Heaven, having accomplished his purpose on earth, and there re-entering his own state of Vishnu, was welcomed back to the arms of his heavenly spouse, Lakshmi, his well-beloved Sita on the earth.

AN INDIAN LADY.

N.B.—The splendid epic poem of the "Ramayana" is familiar to most of us. Its beautiful poetry uplifts our hearts; and its great and good men and women fill us with worthy ideals, and yet, as Lady Benson says, "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. They give rise to poetic license and creative imagination and mental exaggeration."

Otherwise, the ideas of the "Ramayana" instead of being treated as an inspiration to high ideals, become a source of repining regret and disloyalty. If taken as it is by vast numbers, as literally true, how can the people be content with things as they are! but if they know that the scenes depicted were from a poet's beautiful imagination, and that in reality the people of old lived without good roads, lights, hospitals, etc., and had to toil for the kings without payment (forced labour) and also for courtiers they would not be such easy prey to the sedition-mongers of to-day.

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'. Remember also the words of Sir Subramani Iyer:

'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 simple mothers?'

But, if our magnificent epic poems are taken as allegories of life and character, how much we shall benefit by them? The noble Rama, with his high ideals of duty; his sacrifice of even personal happiness to the good of the nation, his perseverance, his courage, his meekness; the beautiful Sita with her chastity, faithfulness, wifely obedience, and purity of life; the faithful Lakshmana, the devoted Bharata—all, all can be taken as ideals of life.

EDITOR, I. L. M.

Which of The Two?

(AN ENGLISH LOVE-STORY WITH AN INDIAN SETTING)

CHAPTER I



the tastefully arranged roses in the centre, the wide window opening on to a garden full of flowers, the soft, balmy, fragrant air flowing in—all made up a scene of peace and content. But Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair seemed at peace neither with themselves nor with the world. They appeared to be having a mild argument together.

"No," the lady was saying, "I do not agree with your views, Henry. Fancy our splendid boy marrying money! I am surprised at you!"

"But I have just been telling you my difficulties, Elaine. You know the boy expects to have a great deal of money, which I cannot give him. He does not like to put his back to any work. He has been brought up expensively and so—"

"But he can live in comfort on the money you say you can give him. We have not required more ourselves."

"I know, Elaine, I know. But," here he fidgeted uncomfortably on his seat—"But I must tell you that even that money is jeopardised. Forgive me, Elaine, my dear,"—noticing her expression—"I could not help it. The speculation was so good that I—"

"Speculation, speculation, always the same. When will you learn your lesson? To think that our boy should suffer—"

"No, no, Elaine. Just listen to reason. Think of that girl now, Miss Ayres. Won't she be a good match?"

"Yes, but—"

"And she is rich also."

"Yes, I would have no objections to her. But our boy must be genuinely in love with her and she also—"

"Oh, I am sure of that. Do you not notice that they are much attracted to each other?"

"Yes, but her parents may look for a higher match, if they know that we are not so rich as we appear to be."

"Nonsense, Elaine. Don't say anything about the money now. No, it is not dishonourable. Leave the boy a chance. If they honestly love each other, what does money matter? I know the girl has a heart of gold."

George Sinclair and Eva Ayres were leaning over a rustic gate, looking at the beautiful view in front of them. Or, at least Eva was. George was only pretending to look at it. In reality, he was gazing with adoration at her lovely face, at the dear little curls wandering over her tiny ears, at her dear little nose standing out so piquantly from the small face, at her sweet red lips, at her wavy auburn hair done up in a careless knot behind.

"Is it not lovely?" she asked him.

"Yes, isn't it?" he whispered fervently back,

"What can compare with it?"

"The green meadow full of flowers, the little babbling brook on one side, the cows grazing so peacefully,—"

"Her face is a garden fair," he murmured.

"Face?" she cried, turning her deep dark blue eyes on him, "What are you talking about? I am talking of the view."

"And I am talking of you, the garden of your face, the rosebuds of your lips, the lilies of your cheeks, the violets of your eyes, the— the autumn glory of your hair, the pink petals of your ears, the—the—"

Eva clapped her hands merrily. Her eyes danced with mischief.

"Splendid, Mr. Sinclair! you are a poet."

"Oh, but Miss Ayres, Eva! Don't always laugh at me. Oh, Eva! I love you, I love you. Will you marry me?"

"Marry you! And you are so young, too."

"So young! And how old are you?"

"I am eighteen."

"And I am twenty-five. Eva, I love you so much. Have you no answer for me? Do you love me a little?"

She gazed reflectively out.

"I like you very much. But I do not think I love you. Oh, Mr. Sinclair, leave the subject, forget it. Let us be friends again."

"Did you not know I loved you?"

"I did think so now and then. But I never thought you were serious."

"I was never more serious in my life. Why cannot you love me?"

"You are such a boy."

She was still laughing at him, and the boy looking deep into her eyes, recognised the futility of his hopes. But he yet showed fight.

"What do you find wanting in me?"

"Oh! how dense you are! I do not want to be serious. But you compel me to be. Let me think. Yes, you are a very nice boy. But suppose—suppose, you should lose all your money. Would you work?"

"Certainly. I have my doctor's degree, and I can work."

"No, you cannot. You cannot be without your cricket, your polo, your riding, your social pleasures, your—"

"How childish and inefficient you must think me to be! But—" and he squared his shoulders—"But I shall make you change your opinion. And if I do,"—he bent towards her and almost whispered in her ear,— "Will you also change your mind and marry me?"

"That depends on a great many things. But don't let us be serious any more. Come, Mr. Sinclair, forget all about it."

"Yes, I will. The first work that I shall do is to forget my love for you. Will that satisfy you?"

She looked at him with a flash of anger. "Of course it will. Do you think I want you to love me? I am going with my parents to India, and I shall have nothing more to do with you."

"And there, if you meet an Indian prince, you will marry him, I suppose."

"Certainly. I love India and the people in it."

"Well, I wish you luck."

—That night after dinner, the young man went to his father's study and expressed his determination that he would work.

"I do not want your money, father. I have my doctor's degree and I shall work. I cannot be idle any longer."

The father was silent a moment and then looked at his son with amused eyes.

"It is fortunate that you have come to this determination, my son, for I have just heard

that your money is all gone. What, so pleased? You are a queer creature. But, I think I understand you. Well, when do you intend beginning work?"

"I am going to India, father; and between us, we must persuade my mother to let me go. Will you help me?"

After a moment, the father bowed his head. "Very well, and now let me ask you a question. What about Miss Ayres? Have you asked her to marry you?"

"Yes," said the youth bitterly. "I have, and she has refused me. What is there in me to attract her? I am trying to forget her."

"Is she going to India?"

"Yes," said the son shamefacedly, "But—but—that is not why I am going. That is the best field for me to work. Also, the money question now makes it impossible that I should marry her. I must earn money first. Do you not see that father?"

"Yes, I see," the older man murmured.

CHAPTER II

Eva Ayres was having tea with her kind old friends, Sir and Lady A—, in the spacious garden of their house in Madras, India. The mild light of the evening sun touched with gold the brilliant flowers with which the garden abounded the lovely pink, red and white roses, the carnations, flocks, petunias, hollyhocks and eucharis lilies that bloomed everywhere. Here and there, the large golden faces of the sunflowers nodded their heads lazily in the soft breeze. A number of crows were hopping about in a secluded part of the garden and were evidently forming a committee of discussion. A couple of gardeners, with no clothes on except a cloth round the loins and a turban on the head, were leisurely filling water pots from the pipe.

Sir A—was trying to talk impartially with Mrs. Ayres, who was a charming old lady, and with a gaunt lady in spectacles, who sat up very straight in her chair. Lady A—was making conversation with a tall, dignified Indian gentleman, at whom Eva now and then stole inquisitive glances. She herself was flirting outrageously with a tall boy in flannels, who looked very young indeed.

Presently, Lady A—brought up the Indian gentleman to Eva.

"Let me introduce Mr. Veera Singh to you, my dear. He comes from the north of India and tells very amusing stories about it. I must go and talk to Miss Grey."

Left alone, Eva and the stranger found it hard to open a conversation. He was a tall well-made man. He had a hawk-like nose and well-trimmed whiskers and beard. A pair of dark glasses hid what seemed to be very piercing

brown eyes. His colour was very fair, almost like that of an Englishman. His voice was deep and cultivated, and his accent was almost English. He was faultlessly dressed in English clothes. Eva looked about her helplessly, and then bravely plunged into talk.

"Have you been to England, Mr. Veera Singh?"

"Yes," he replied, bending towards her with a very polite, and yet aloof, dignity.

"And do you like it?"

"Very much indeed."

"Do you like India better than England?"

"Well, I cannot say. I think we cannot compare both together. Each excels in its own way."

"And the people of England, do you like them?"

"Oh, I do. They seem such genuine, kind-hearted people."

"The ladies of England, do they interest you?"

"Yes, very much. In fact, I think I like them better than my own ladies in some respects. Indian ladies are so shy and retiring. English ladies are very different. Sometimes I even think they are too free with people, especially the women. They flirt too much."

"Then you think we laugh and talk too much?" His eyes twinkled at her from behind his glasses, almost as if he was laughing at her. But his mouth kept its firm lines.

"Oh, not you, Miss Ayres. Though you were laughing much, I noticed."

Eva tossed her head petulantly. What right had this Indian to talk so freely to her?

"If that is the case, Mr. Singh, I am afraid your ladies must be very sober indeed. I hate prim, dignified people."

"Don't you like our people then, Miss Ayres? I am afraid you must think us very dull."

"Yes, in some respects I do."

"That is too bad. Do you not like India?"

"Not much. But, here comes Lady A—I wonder what she wants."

"Oh, here you are, young people," cried that lady, "Come and have a game of tennis. Eva, Mr. Singh plays a magnificent game. Will you have him for a partner?"

"No, I will not," said Eva saucily, "I am going to play with Mr. Tempest" (the boy in flannels who had been flirting with her earlier in the afternoon.) "Mr. Singh can have Miss Grey" (the lady in spectacles).

So the game was arranged. Eva found that she and her partner were nowhere in the game. The other party won a love set. She felt indeed in a bad temper.

"Mr. Tempest," she cried to her partner, when the set was over, "You cannot play. You run about too much. You are like a little boy."

"Boys are no good at all. Are they, Miss Ayres?" said a deep voice from behind her. Eva turned round with a start. "Oh, but they are good in many things, Mr. Singh. I like boys very much. I think men are too serious." And with that, she walked away, unheeding the pleading eyes of Mr. Tempest, who had blushed a feminine pink at her words.

But Eva had not done with her enemy yet. He followed her short steps with long strides.

"Are you coming to the reception to-night, Miss Ayres? I would advise you to go. It is an interesting function to new-comers, though dull to us."

"I do not know," Mr. Singh. Your advice does not influence me in the least. Oh, here is my mother. Good bye, I must be going."

Eva Ayres did go to the reception, which His Excellency the Governor of Madras usually gave the public once a year; and very interesting indeed she found it. As the carriage, in which she was, entered the road leading to the Banqueting Hall, where the function was to be held, it had to fall into line behind two long lines of carriages. Henceforth, their progress was but a snail's crawl. The shouting of the coachmen, the orders of the policemen, the champing of the horses' bits, the tooting of motor horns, and the loud noise which the cars themselves made—as if protesting at their slow progress—all delighted Eva, though there was also an element of fear in it, as many of the horses were restive and very powerful. But at last the gates of Government House were reached and a beautiful sight burst on Eva's eyes. Rows upon rows of electric lights shone under the assemblage of quiet stars in the sky, the grand building loomed up white and large in front; and as they advanced near and stopped, they could see what a busy scene it was. Eva looked very pretty in her chiffon ball dress and created quite a sensation, as she accompanied her mother up a long flight of steps, between a row of red-coated, high-turbanned body-guard officers, who stood one on each step, silent and impassive with arms at rest. At the Banqueting Hall itself, a gay throng had assembled and Eva soon mingled in it and discovered some of her friends. The Hall was a grand one, with its double row of pillars, its polished floor and carved ceiling and with brilliant electric lights, lighting up the nearly life-size paintings of former Governors, which stood all along the walls. Flashing jewels and wonderful dresses stood out in the throng, not the least in the last being the gay and sometime bizarre costumes worn by the princes and high potentates of the Madras Presidency, who had assembled to do honour to their Governor. Tall and dignified, or short and still dignified, these Indian dignitaries stood and asserted their

native and time-honoured dignity. Eva felt quite sad to think that they had been conquered, and at the same time proud that she belonged to the conquerors of such a vast and grand domain as India. She also looked at the pretty and characteristic dresses of the few Indian ladies who were present. She was surprised to see them there. She had heard they were not allowed to come out in public. And how prettily they wore their dresses. The flowing saris round them, how graceful! She had heard that they wore such bright and inharmonious colours. There was nothing of that sort here. And their faces, how gentle and modest and intelligent they looked! They were indeed advancing. True, they talked very little with men, but still it was very good to see them.

But her reflections were cut short. A bugle outside blared a peculiar call, a sudden sharp order was given; there was a flash of arms and the band struck up the National Anthem. Their Excellencies had arrived! Majestically preceded by the Aide-de-Camps and other officers in full uniform, they moved up the centre of the Hall, graciously bowing to right and left and ascended the red-carpeted dais. The members of the *Private entree* were presented, and then Their Excellencies came down the steps of the dais, one on each side of the Hall, to meet their guests. It was the Governor, who came to Eva's side; and our heroine felt quite a moment of triumph, when, on her being presented to him, His Excellency stopped a full five minutes to talk to her. Then a general move was made in the direction of the light refreshments, set out on a long table in the adjoining verandah. Eva felt quite grateful for the cool and delicious ice cream which was given to her. Soon another general move was made, this time in the direction of the other verandah. Eva joined some of her friends and went up to the balcony railings, leaning over which, she saw a beautiful sight. It was a clear night and thousands of stars gleamed and sparkled above. But their light was scarcely necessary to illuminate the scene below; for, each with a torch in his hand, stood two rows of stalwart body-guard officers riding magnificent horses. Their dark, impassive faces, over which the high turban towered, stood out with a certain sense of mystery under the flaring light of the torch. Eva felt a feeling of romantic delight enveloping her. How pleasant it was to be in India, with all the mysteries of India about her! How sweet it would be to have a dear friend standing beside her, to share her delight! Eva looked at flirting couples and experienced a feeling of envy. Would only a friend satisfy her? Would she not want some one dearer? She felt a sense of maidenly shame stealing over her, as this thought

softly entered her brain. She mentally shook herself, Oh, no! she wanted to be free; she did not care to be "engaged" like ordinary girls, unless there was some one to whom she could perfectly and blissfully yield up her will. There was no one like that for her yet. She thought with a blush of the boy who has loved her in England. She did like him, but would she have cared for him? In time perhaps—and yet Oh, no! he was too much of a boy for her. There was no sense of mastery in him, to which she could give up herself. If she married him, it would be she who would be master and not he. She did not wish for such a position.

A deep soft voice stole in gently on her meditations.

"So you have come, Miss Ayres. It was very good of you to accept my advice."

"Your advice? Not at all. Some friends of us told us to go here."

"Will you not take me as one of your friends?" In spite of herself, Eva felt softened towards him.

"Come, Miss Ayres, let us be friends. Do not let us quarrel. I know you were angry with me this afternoon. But you know there was no cause for it."

"No cause, when you said you did not like English girls?"

"Pardon me. I did not say it. I said there were some Indian girls whom I liked and some English—or something to that effect. Lack at those sweet Indian ladies now?"

"You said we laughed too much."

"Pardon me again. I said some did so. But you know there are two kinds of freedom of manner. One is innocent, one is not. Which of the two—"

"Oh, Mr. Veera Singh, it does not matter what you think. Each one must have his opinions, you know. Look at those men now. What beautiful figures they are making?"

Splendid indeed was the sight before them. The body-guard men were trotting to music, wheeling and forming in complicated figures their magnificent horses obedient to the slightest touch. For some moments, both Eva and Veera Singh were silent. Then again the deep voice stole into her ear.

"Do you not like India now, Miss Ayres?" would you not like to live in it?"

"Yes, I would," she murmured dreamily, "I love India now. But I see only the external beauty. What about the inner squalor and misery and cruelty, about which I have read so much?"

"Do not always believe in books. I admit there is misery enough. But there is misery everywhere. And it is the privilege of people like me to try and enlighten it."

Eva again felt herself antagonistic to him. "People like you? Then you think you are a very grand personage, Mr. Singh?" "Not at all," he replied simply, "I think I am a very poor person indeed. But I have received certain privileges, which many of my countrymen have not been able to get. I have some education, have a very little, I admit. I have my Doctor's degree. I have a little money. Is it not my duty to use these for others?"

Eva felt herself inclined to murmur. "What cant? she had no thought of such things before. But, somehow, the man's quiet spirit convinced her. She felt that it was no cant. It was reality he was talking. She fell into a reverie.

"See my life now," the Indian continued. "I have been fairly happy. I have a good father and mother. I wish you could know my mother, Miss Ayres. Such a sweet woman, partly of the old school, but reasonable enough not to object to good reforms. She allowed my father to educate me in England, and now I have come here and very one is so kind to me. But there is one thing now, which is troubling me. My mother wishes me to marry."

"And why do you not marry?" "Because she has chosen a girl whom I do not love. An Indian girl, educated enough, sweet enough, but whom I do not care for. But, excuse me, Miss Ayres. I am wearying you with my confidences."

Eva turned and looked sweetly and seriously into his eyes. "Not at all, Mr. Singh. I appreciate your confidence. And now, I must go. Mother will be looking for me. See, they have finished."

It was indeed true. The manoeuvres in front were over; and their Excellencies were departing. Eva and her parents also left the Hall. But it was not easy to get their carriage. So they stood at the top of the steps and watched the amusing and impressive scene—the deep-mottled orders and cries of 'the police-men,' the carriages rolling up and departing with their human freight, the gay good-byes being called out, the fair faces of the ladies flashing out of sight. She started as the now familiar voice of Mr. Singh fell on her ear.

"Oh, here you are still, Miss Ayres. Shall I get your carriage for you? Oh, there it is, is it? I am so glad you came here to night. Will you allow me to call on you?"

Eva felt herself murmuring, "yes," as his slender, muscular hand helped her into the carriage and closed the door on her.

CHAPTER III

Late one evening, about two months after the Reception, Eva Ayres lay back on a lounge in the verandah of her house, dreamily musing

with her eyes closed. Her father and mother had gone to some brilliant function. She had excused herself on the plea of a bad headache. It was quite true that she had a bad headache. But with all the pain, there was a curious content and happiness in her heart. Why this was so, she hardly dared to ask herself. Her outlook on life was changed. The world seemed full of beautiful things. India itself seemed a land of enchantment.

Suddenly the gate clicked, and the girl sat up with a throb of the heart. Who was coming so late as this, when it was nearly dark? But the leap of her heart had already told her who it was.

Dr. Veera Singh advanced slowly up the garden path and stood uncertainly on the steps. But a sudden involuntary movement from her directed his steps to her. He came up and took her hand.

"How fortunate I am to see you here," he murmured in his grave, slow, fashion. "May I sit down?"

"Yes," said the girl speaking with difficulty. "Mother will be coming soon. I had a bad headache and so I could not go with her to Lady C—'s."

For a minute, there was a silence. He was still holding her hand. Then the man turned to her.

"Miss Ayres, Eva—May I speak to you straight out what I have come to-day specially to say? I scarcely know how to say it. I love you, Eva. Will you be my wife?"

There was no answer from the girl.

"I know it is very presumptuous on my part to ask this of you; you have known me only for two months. It is not generally thought proper for an English girl to marry an Indian, though I do not myself know why this should be so. But for my own part, I feel perfectly unworthy of you. Have you no answer for me?"

Still no word from her.

The man went on heavily:

"I cannot say how you feel towards me. You have not encouraged me, but yet you have not discouraged me. That is why I have the courage to ask you this."

He waited a moment, then went on, "I have spoken to your father about it. He gave me permission to speak to you, but only after much persuasion. I suppose it means, Eva, that there is no hope for me?"

Still no answer from the girl. But the little hand, that he had not yet relinquished, quivered for a moment in his.

"My darling, I am sorry I have disturbed you. Forgive me, I am going."

A sort of moan burst from the girl. He looked yearningly at her.

"Is your headache so bad? I wish I had the right to charm it away. Give me the right, little girl, give it to me. Say, yes."

"Yes," she murmured having at last found her voice.

A long sigh burst from his lips. Then he gently lifted her to her feet and drawing her to him turned her face to the starlight and kissed her on the lips.

After he had gone away, Eva sat for a while in a dream of delight. Oh! how she loved him, every bit of him, his grave serious way of talking, his habit of going straight to the question. Was it wrong of her to feel like this to an Indian? She did not know, she did not care. If society did not receive her, she would not repent. She only knew she loved him.

A few days afterwards, after dinner, at which only the little family of three had been present, Eva's father drew her aside and spoke seriously to her.

"Eva, I am very happy to hear of your happiness. But can you not change your mind, my dear, East and West may not mate happily together."

"Father! I have given my word to him? How can I change? Besides, I love him."

Mr. Ayres sighed. "Well, I have given you a chance. I am sorry you did not accept it, though I quite agree with you in not drawing back. Do you know, Eva, what has happened now? I am sorry to pain you, my child. Will you be brave?"

"What has happened, father? He—He is not dead?"

"No, worse than that. He has run away. He has been accused of embezzlement. He seems to have had an influential appointment in Calcutta before. There he was accused of embezzling the funds of which he was treasurer. He escaped here, and only this morning, a friend at the Club recognized his name as that of the suspected man."

The girl's face was white to the lips. But she made a determined effort and spoke up bravely.

"If he were guilty, he would never have kept his own name."

"That is true, but they say that the very fact he kept his own name shows his cleverness. You see, he wanted people to think that the similarity of names was only a coincidence."

"Has he been identified?"

"No, of course he would be disguised."

"Then, you believe in his guilt, father?"

"Yes, my child. What else can I do? His very running away shows that the man is guilty."

"That I shall never believe, father. The other day only, he told me to believe in him,

whatever happened. Now I understand the reason of it, though I could not then. Some one must have commented to him on this suspicion. He must have his own reasons for absenting himself. I shall always be true to him."

She swept out of the room with head held high and her father could only murmur to himself.

"My poor child!"

CHAPTER IV

"Eva, are you coming to the ball, to-night?" asked her mother.

Eva looked up from her listless reading of a book.

"Yes, mother," she said, "of course I am."

"Do you not think it would be better for you to stay away? People would talk about it."

"Talk about what?" the girl answered proudly. "Let them talk. Let them also know I am not ashamed of him."

So, that night, she dressed in her prettiest dress, a soft gauzy cream, with a string of pearls round her throat and a white rose in her hair. Excitement lent a bright colour to her face, a gleam to her eye. She looked lovely—a veritable enchantress. Her father and her mother looked proudly at her.

At the ball, Eva created quite a sensation. Young men flocked round her, begging for a dance. Young girls looked admiringly at her. Some old matrons nodded their heads wisely. Eva smiled and talked with a sort of forced brightness, while all the while her eyes gazed at the door to see if perhaps he would come in. But he did not.

At last, wearied out, she was resting in a cosy nook in the verandah. Her last partner had left her to seek his next partner, promising to send her own next partner to her. Eva leant over the balcony and gazed at the pretty garden, illuminated by Chinese lamps and little globes of light placed tastefully among the foliage. She could not be seen from where she was. Tired and heart-sick, she was nearly slipping off into sleep, when some voices near her and the purport of what those voices were saying, roused her to complete wakefulness.

"Yes, did you hear the scandal?" one man was saying, "Eva Ayres was engaged to an Indian called Veera Singh, a very nice and distinguished man, as he appeared, it is true. But still, why go against custom? She has her own punishment now. He has suddenly run away, after it was discovered that he had been suspected of embezzlement in Calcutta."

"Did you see Veera Singh and Eva Ayres?" asked a voice which brought a shock to Eva, it sounded so familiar. "Why, I know them both."

"Did you like Veera Singh? Where did you meet him? What was he like? Did you know he had stolen money?" were the questions hurled at him from two or three men.

"Gently, gently, one after another. I met him at a travellers' bungalow in a village where I was staying on a medical case. I met him only a short time ago, just before he came here, in fact. So I did not know he was a thief. As to what he was like, he had whiskers and a beard, and dark brown eyes behind dark glasses, and a straight nose. As to whether I liked him—I do not think I liked him much."

"Yes, that is the man. And you did not like him? Neither did I. Fancy the beautiful Eva falling in love with him. He must have bewitched her with his villainous drugs."

"Yes, I think so," chimed in another. "I wish she would give him up even now. We could have a try for her."

"I say, old man, I wish you luck. They say she is wavering. And serve him right too, for a—"

• But here he suddenly stopped and gazed transfixed at an apparition which suddenly appeared from behind a group of plants. Eva Ayres, her eyes blazing with anger, her cheeks pink with excitement, stood before him like a beautiful avenging angel.

"You cowards," she cried, in a sort of strangled whisper, "to malign a man like that behind his back, when he is not here to defend himself. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Please understand that I have not given him up, that I shall not do so. I believe absolutely in him. And you, George Sinclair," she cried turning to the man, whose voice she had recognized, "to say you do not like a man, when you know the statement will do him harm! I thought you were made of better stuff."

CHAPTER V

The next evening, George Sinclair's card was brought to her. Her mother was not at home, and Eva did not know whether to see him or not. At last however she decided to see him.

He stood up before her, straight and tall, the old George, and yet somehow different. He seemed to her more of a man.

"I am afraid you are angry with me," he said. Even his voice was changed, and yet it was familiar to her. There was, in fact, an effect of close familiarity about him, which puzzled her much. She looked frowningly at him.

"I feel as if I had seen you only lately," she said.

"You must have dreamt of me," he laughed. "But tell me, are you angry with me?"

"Not so much with you as with the others. But how could you say you did not like him?"

"It is quite true. I do not like him much. He seems to me a poor-spirited fellow. But I do not think he was capable of stealing."

The girl looked strangely at him. How calmly he was discussing her accepted lover. Was he not jealous? Had he then ceased to care for her? She felt a strange sinking of the heart at the thought. But what a mean woman she must be to care for one man and yet to be sorry that another man did not care for her—a sort of dog-in-the-manger business. She changed the conversation.

"What brings you here, Mr. Sinclair?"

"Business," he answered lightly, "Oh, you have not heard the story yet? My father speculated unwisely and lost much money. So I am here, working as a doctor."

"When did you come?"

"Only yesterday. A friend of mine took me to the ball."

"I heard from England that you were thinking of being married." This was only a random shot on her part. She felt as if she must know if he still loved her.

"Did you, really? Oh! well, I was thinking something like that, myself. I hope to be married soon."

Her heart felt like lead in her breast.

"And who is the lucky girl?" she asked with a forced laugh.

"You will know soon enough, Miss Ayres. I would prefer not to tell you till then." A veritable turmoil was raging in Eva's heart. She felt so unhappy. She felt as if all hope in life were gone. She could not understand it. What was the matter with her. Did she love this man? What about her love for Veera Singh? Was it possible she could care in this way for two men? What a despicable girl she must be? At this rate, she would go on caring for every one who came across her path.

After this, the conversation languished for a time.

Eva could not concentrate her thoughts. It was getting dark. George got up to go.

"Well, good-bye, Miss Ayres. I hope to see you often. I am here for some time you know."

Then, as she shook hands with him, a sudden thought seemed to strike him.

"Cannot you walk to the gate with me, Miss Ayres? It will seem like old times."

Old times! Eva thought bitterly. Old times were indeed far away. But she walked with him to the gate, forcing herself to talk unconcernedly.

At the gate, she shook hands with him, and she watched him go as far as the road turning. Then her self-control deserted her, and bowing

her head, her hands on the gate-post, she wept in a passion of grief, despair, and anger—anger at herself.

"What am I to do, what am I to do?" she moaned. Suddenly she started. A hand was laid on her shoulder, a deep voice whispered in her ear.

"Eva, my darling, have you no word for me?"

She turned to him with a passion of fear in her eyes. Would he disappear again! But the question was left unanswered, for she was staring at him with distended eyes. The voice was Veera Singh's, the man was George Sinclair. Who was this? George Sinclair or Veera Singh?

She swayed on her feet. Then the man caught her in his arms and held her close, "Yes, I am both, my darling, I came to India disguised as Veera Singh. Have you learnt to love me at last?"

"Oh I am so happy," she murmured from the dear shelter of his arms.

The police never afterwards discovered where Veera Singh had disappeared. They thought he had committed suicide, and indeed he had been dead long before George Sinclair had inadvertently fixed on his name for his own pseudonym.

BY AN INDIAN LADY

News and Notes

A BOOK BY THE MAHARANI OF BARODA. When the late Queen Victoria and Napoleon III, Emperor of the French, could make time, and thought it not inconsistent with their exalted positions to write and publish books, there surely can be no objection to an Indian lady of the status of the Maharani of Baroda entering on the field of literature; and especially when her avowed object, as she states in the preface of her book (Longmans, Green & Co) is to give her sisters in India the benefit of the impressions gathered during travels in England, Europe and America on matters peculiarly affecting the position of women. Her hope is that some of the Western organizations on which she writes might be adapted to the conditions of her native land. The Baroda State, under the rule of the present Maharaja which will soon be reaching the unusually long tenure of forty years, aims at being one of the most advanced and best governed States in modern India, and it is therefore in accordance with the fitness of things that where so much is already being done for the welfare of women in that State, the Maharani should take the lead in endeavouring to show the womankind not only of her State but

of India generally, how they can work to ameliorate their condition and aspire to take a greater share in social and intellectual life, and the development of civilization.

But turning to the book itself, the reader will promptly be struck with two points of some importance. In the first place the name of the book is an entire misnomer. "The position of women in Indian life," the ostensible title, is the subject which is particularly avoided. As her compatriot whom the Maharani enlisted to assist her in the preparation of her book states (giving this point away) in his prefatory note; this volume gives an account not of the present status of the female sex in India but of some Western feminine institutions, the adaptation of which to suit Eastern requirements is likely to help Indian women to achieve a higher position in public life than they at present hold and in the chapter on "Professions for women" the authoress writes: "Therefore in our detailed discussion of the various professions we shall omit practically all account of the stereotyped ways in which an Indian woman may get a living and pass on to consider other callings which she by means of organization might divert partially or entirely to her own profit." There are naturally some statements occurring sporadically which allude to or describe the circumstances of women in India, such as for instance the respected expression. In India matrimony is the goal of all for which no serious preparation is deemed necessary and to all women in India matrimony is the final goal and there are various differences to the existence of caste and the prevalence of the purda. But there is no attempt whatever to show fully how women in India are affected by the system which now obtains, what their daily avocations are, to what extent they are, under the dominion of men or what happens in the precincts of 'zenanas'. Therefore the title chosen does not correspond with the contents of the volume, which might more properly have been designated "Suggestions for the Improvement of the Position, etc."

In the next place the value of the book would have been enhanced if it had represented the outcome of the Maharani's personal experiences and enquiries exclusively. On her own statement her impressions have been edited and supplemented with valuable information by her coadjutor. And it is inconceivable that the encyclopaedic knowledge displayed in the book does not represent the labours of more than the two avowed authors. Literary assistance of a certain kind of the sort required, in fact to produce appropriate quotations and references giving a literary flavour and touch, can always be obtained in London, where Grub Street

and its unfortunate denizens are not unknown. The quotations at the heads of the chapters purport to be taken from Franklin, Swift, Ruskin, Stevenson, Bacon, Balzac, Aristippus, the Bible, E. B. Browning, J. B. Krianeer, Pascal, Fielding, Tennyson, Bulwer, Lytton, Lamb, Frances Swiney, some of whom are not likely to be known well enough for purposes of quotation to even a well-read student. In the body of the book also, we have noted quotations from Shakespeare, an epigram of Martial, the Bible, the first Napoleon, Lord Burleigh on Method, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lord Chatham on Trade, Seneca, Ruskin, Bulwar, Lytton, Charles Dickens, Massillon, Moliere, Quarles, Mrs. Browning, Goethe (in German, the Japanese works Kojiki and Nihongi. It is too much to expect anyone to believe that the Maharani or her coadjutor with all their ability and industry could have had such a wide acquaintance with English, French, Latin and Japanese literature. Some of the subjects again which are treated in some detail would admit of being worked up from books but can hardly have been examined under personal investigation. This is especially noticeable in the chapter on Arts and Crafts which include enamelling, book-binding, lace-making, pottery, weaving, poster designing illuminating; and a similar criticism applies to advertisement writing, newspaper business, the history of such matters as money-lending the treatment of the Jews in England, the history and practice of thrift and savings banks sweating the organization of the culinary department of the new Automobile Club in Pall Mall, the history and development of trade, unionism rescue work and the Salvation Army's success with exconvicts. However whatever may have been the method of production the Maharani is responsible for the results and deserves the credit for the serious attempt she has made to indicate paths of progress for the countrymen—serious indeed, too in another sense for there is the characteristic Oriental deficiency of humour throughout the book.

After a general sketch of the Woman Movement which is traced back to the earliest historical times—with an allusion to the most primitive stage of human life—is pronounced to be probably the most remarkable future in the annals of the twentieth century, affords the opportunity for enumerating many names of women who have been conspicuous in the history of the world and includes some references to the efforts now being made in Baroda. The Maharani takes a survey of the professions available for women, concluding with insistence on the essential need for education, organization, specialization, for the women of India who propose entering on any career of usefulness.

Elsewhere it is emphatically laid down that the watchword in India should be educate, organize, educate, but the advice offered is not limited to theory. Under agriculture for instance (and in an agricultural country like India no subject deserves greater prominence) much is said of the English schools for its teaching of women's farms in France for dairying especially in Denmark, poultry keeping, gardening, florists' work of the value of co-operation in farming enterprise. Under home professions and domestic science the Western experiences may very likely be those to which Indian women would first direct their attention as involving less departure than other spheres of action from the traditional practices of ages: prospects are offered for women workers behind the *purda*. But the Maharani is more ambitious for her Indian sisters. The possible careers in arts and crafts have already been mentioned. She writes with some enthusiasm of the many intellectual callings now open to women in civilized countries, lecturing, art, music, literature, nursing, medicine, physiology, sociology, a catalogue of realities in the West which regarded as ideals for the East almost provoke a smile, but perhaps the chapters on the philanthropic work and charitable organizations now carried on in the West offer even more advanced fields of thought and action for them, speaking generally, assume, for the most part, the performance of voluntary unpaid work (except in the cases of the actual employees of associations and institutions who make their livelihood thereby) whereas in a poor country like India and indeed everywhere women equally with men will and must adopt respectable professions providing them with sustenance for themselves and their families. Thrift, money-lending, anti-sweating, hospitals, rescue work are employments on which separate columns might easily be written but the Maharani says enough to indicate generally how much women have laboured on these lines so far as they had opportunities and what need there is for women inspectors in many departments such as education, factories, sanitation, lodging houses, infirmaries, prisons, poor law administration, reformatories, temperance, the prevention of cruelty to children. The amount of work already being performed will be a surprise to many people in England. Space does not admit of further details here and the book itself only summarises the numerous schemes which have at least made a start in the Western Hemisphere.

At the last B. A. Degree examination of the Madras University, Miss Kausalia had the rare distinction of being the first Malayali lady-graduate of the University. The success of this

young lady is all the more creditable when it is remembered that female education is very backward in Malabar with its peculiar social customs and that Miss Kausalia had not the benefit of a training in a College meant exclusively for girls. The public of Cannanore met sometime ago under the presidency of Mr. P. Braithwait, the Inspector of Schools and presented the young lady with a gold medal with a suitable inscription in appreciation of her perseverance and the other good qualities which enabled her to pass through the difficult ordeal. The chairman, in a short admirable speech which made it clear that he is a good friend of the Indians, dwelt on the significance of Miss Kausalia's remarkable success in terms which were as felicitous as they were well deserved. Incidentally he dropped a remark which leaves no room to doubt that he is in sympathy with the aims of Mr. Gokhale's Education Bill. By far the most interesting item of the evening's proceedings was the modest little speech of Miss Kausalia, thanking her friends and sympathizers for the gift of the gold medal and for their kindness in being present at the meeting. We offer our sincere congratulations to Miss Kausalia and hope that she will bring credit to her country and to her community. Is it too much to hope, now that the people of the ancient land of Kerala have been profoundly moved by the success of one of their girls, that other talented girls of whom there should be several in Malabar will follow Miss Kausalia's good example?

WOMEN AS JURORS.—A law has recently become operative in New York under which men and women are liable for jury duty. There is, however, permission for women to plead sex as an excuse if they desire to avoid the duty, and practically all are so doing, giving rise to the charge that whilst they want the vote they are shrinking the responsibilities of citizenship. Out of twenty-three women drawn for service in King's County twenty-two gave an excuse, and the only one who served declared that she did so because she needed the pay which jurors receive. After serving one day she also demanded to be excused because she did not like being 'locked in the same room with eleven men while considering the verdict. The Judge released her from duty and made an order rectifying this complaint.

LECTURES ON PURDAH.—Mr. M. S. Mohidin of Madras, who had read a paper at the first University Races Congress held in London in July last, on the Purdah system, maintains that it is not supported by the Koran. He would like a legislation enacted for their relief and

offers a reward of Rs. 1,000 to any one who can find support for the seclusion of women as practised in India, in the koran or the traditions of the prophet.

FEMININE ADVANTAGES.—The following are some of the feminine advantages according to their profession. Hospital nurses have the best hair; parlour maids, the best figures; milliners, the whitest hands; dairymaids, the clearest complexions; and lady-gardeners, the brightest eyes. Here are hints to ladies.

Miss Mary Salker, the famous New York Woman Doctor, has offered to sell the index finger of her right hand for grafting purposes provided she can get enough money to start a hospital for consumptives.

WOMEN PATENTRES.—In "Women at Home" it is reported that in the British Isles there are 600 women who register patents every year. The patents are for improvements in the dairy, in corsets, and in the kitchen, etc.

SLEEPING SICKNESS.—Both Britain and Germany have combined for a united effort to make a thorough investigation of the sleeping sickness in the Gold-Coast Colony, Ashanti, the Northern territory protectorates and in Togoland. Each medical man will treat the attacked irrespective of the country they belong to, and to watch the results. The agreement is for three years.

SIX RICHEST WOMEN.—According to the *Ladies' Realm* the six richest women of the world are Cenera Isidora Consino, with a daily income of £1,931; Mrs Harriet Howland Green, with £1,336 per day; the late Baroness Burdett Coult with £193. Miss Garrett Voloshka £246 per day; Marchioness Denoda, £490 per day; and Madame Voleska £240 per day. This means that every second they have incomes ranging from over a shilling to 1½ pence.

LONGEVITY RECIPE.—Mrs. Rebecca Clerk who is 108 years old, and His Majesty's oldest pensioner advises to attain longevity: "eat and drink exactly what you have been accustomed to eating and drinking all your life. Go to bed early and rise early. Work hard. Be contented, and you will live long."

QUEEN MARY'S SYMPATHIES.—Queen Mary's sympathies with the sufferings of Her Majesty's subjects are shown in the following order: An open-air treatment for consumptives being now generally recommended, Her Majesty has ordered a special shelter for the use of those patients who live on the Royal Estate at Balmoral.

• **SEX IN BRAINS.**—In the *Church Quarterly Review* Miss Wordsworth of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, has the following regarding the mental abilities of women. She says though there is no "sex in souls," there is "sex in brains," and however highly educated a woman may be, originality is wanting in her. Discovery and original power are rare among women. But in fiction they show much originality, and in fostering existing characteristics they excel in the interpretative sympathetic powers without which there would be very little progress.

ABOUT SLEEP.—Fernand Mayade, a good authority on Physiology, says that when one goes to sleep, the sense of sight goes first, then touch, after which taste followed by smell. Hearing is the last sense that is extinguished. He advocates for scientists and those engaged in solving problems that the night sleep should be cut into two portions by going to bed as early as possible and sleep till 1 A. M., then awake and work for three hours, followed by a sleep till morning, which plan he is confident will be conducive to perfect health.

TO DRY DAMP CUP-BOARDS.—To dry a damp cup-board place some quick lime in it. It will absorb all the damp and occasionally renew it.

SUBSTITUTE FOR RICE.—As a substitute for rice is the soya bean which is extolled by Dr. Gilbert Brooke, Port Health Officer of Singapore. The soya bean supplies in abundance those essential food elements that cannot in the least

be derived from rice. Bean curd, the Doctor says, is a most nutritious jelly, which has been used widely by the Chinese for the last 2,000 years. Bean milk, resembling cow's milk, bean cheese, bean flour, bean oil, bean cake, bean sauce, could be made, and even bean coffee. The straw of the plant surpasses in nitrogenous value that of wheat or hay. The value of the soya bean is so great that a Chinaman runs a restaurant in Paris entirely with the soya bean. Dr. Brooke is of opinion that if other Asiatics take up this bean, they will find it invaluable.

Mrs. Antoinette D. Leach is Editor of "The Woman Citizen," a new suffrage monthly published at Indianapolis, Ind., price a dollar a year. Its motto is "A denial of justice to one citizen is a denial of such to all."

Mrs. Caroline M. Severance and other women of the Pacific Coast have set on foot a movement to erect a colossal statue of Peace at the entrance to the Panama Canal. It is to be in the form of a beautiful American woman, with a lion and a lamb lying down together at her feet.

Mrs. Belle M. Fowler has been appointed Food Inspector in Spokane, Wash. It is her business to visit some two hundred cafes, bakeries and candy kitchens regularly to see if sanitation and pure food laws are observed as required by the Board of Health. The Mayor wanted for this work a good housekeeper, tactful and keen-witted, so he selected a woman.



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The Last Day of the Year

The day declines, the hours draw near
Of balmy and refreshing sleep;
The sun, the last sun of the year,
Has sunk beneath the waveless deep.
Beside the hearth I sit alone,
While shadows strange before me pass,
The past and present dimly shown
As in a wizard's magic glass.
Long, long the flame arrests my sight,
Waving capricious, then the hand
That counts upon the dial white
Time's footfall, silent, calm and grand.
Another step, another hour,
And then the old year shall be dead;
What mortal can oppose the power
That crumbles worlds beneath its tread?
And why should I pursue that march?
Can I retard its even course?
The fallen pillar, mouldering arch,
Attest its overwhelming force.
And if I could, would I bring back
A single buried day? Oh no,
Only lone journeying on my track,
Each day's farewell oppresses so
My heart, that I perforce must say,
Lo! Lo! Another flower is gone,
Dropped from my crown to whirl away—
Where? In the wild and far unknown.
Another shadow on the shade
Already stretched across my path,

Another spring retrenched and bade
To join those that Oblivion hath.
Hearken! The calm sonorous sound
Slow shudders—twelve. 'Tis done! 'tis done!
While darkness reigns on earth profound,
The old year's dead, the new begun.
Adieu! And hail! O veiled new year,
Greetings! What hearest thou in hand?
Tell us what benefits are near?
Shall peace and plenty rule the land?
What do I say? Oh, rather hide
The secrets dormant in thy breast:
In youth and hope thou seem'st a bride,
And fairy colours on thee rest.
But not the less thy course may bring
Regrets and tears and bitter sighs;
Thus every day upon the wing
Beholds our senseless vows arise,
And thus, before its course is o'er,
It sees our dearest things decay
And vanish to return no more;
Like bubbles,—all, all past away.
All, all, save one, for Hope remains,
And spreads her strange fantastic life—
A spell against our griefs and pains,
Across the future's sombre night;
And guides us on from year to year,
Until at last the happy day
That hath no end, dawn bright and clear.
March, Time! And East thy streak display!

Toru Dutt.

The Character of Imogen from Shakespeare's Cymbeline



THIS is how Mrs. Jameson speaks of Imogen: "There is no female portrait that can be compared to Imogen as a woman—none in which so great a variety of tints are mingled together into such perfect harmony. In her we have all the fervor of youthful tenderness, all the romance of youthful fancy, all the enchantment of ideal grace—the bloom of beauty, the brightness of intellect, and the dignity of rank, taking a peculiar hue from the conjugal character which is shed over all, like a consecration and a holy charm. To conceive her aright, we must take some peculiar tint from many characters, and so mingle them, that, like the combination of lines in a sunbeam, the effect shall be as one to the eye."

Imogen indeed is a woman among women. We can judge of her worth by her popularity, by the high estimation in which she is held by one and all. The nobles love her, and are sorry for her, as seen by what the second Lord says:—

"Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endurest!
The heavens hold firm
The walk of thy dear honour, keep unshaken
That temple, thy fair mind, that thou may'st stand
To enjoy thy banished lord and this great land;"

Even her hateful lover, Cloten, appreciates her worth;

"I love and hate her: for she's fair and royal,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outseils them all."

Iachimo, the traitor, is astonished at her excellence and her beauty:

"All of her that is out of door most rich!
If she be furnished with a mind so rare,
She is above the Arabian bird;"
And later on: "Cytherea,
How bravely thus becomest thy bed, fresh lily,
And whiter than the sheets!"

'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame of the taper
Bows towards her, and would under-peep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under those windows, white and azure laced
With blue of heaven's own tint."

Pisanio, the faithful servant, lays his heart at her feet:

"O master! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear! Disloyal! No!"

She's punished for her truth, and undergoes
More goddess-like than wife-like such assaults,
As would take in some virtue."

Her own father, in spite of the Queen, looks upon her as his treasure.

The two young forest youths, to whom she but appears as a man, look upon her as "an angel," an earthly paragon; "a most rare boy;" "sweetest fairest lily."

"This youth, however distressed, appears he hath had good ancestors."

Lucius, the Roman General, is at once taken with her even as a page and says:

"never master had
A page so kind, so dutious, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like."

And, as for Posthumus, what can show his love for her?

He declares her to be "more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified and less attemptable than any the rarest of our ladies in France;"

"My mother seemed
The Diana of that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this."

and, even after he is sure of her infidelity, he thinks of her as much better than himself, as "the noble Imogen;" and

"I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is every breath a death."

He himself is surely worthy of her. As the First gentleman said:

"By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is."

He is a brave man, a man of honour, of constancy and of proud courage; and above all he loves his lady and believes in her infidelity only on the greatest provocation.

The first time we meet with Imogen is when she is bidding farewell to her husband, who has been banished from the kingdom. She had known him from childhood and her admiration of his character is as great as her love;

"You bred him my playfellow, and he is
A man worth any woman, overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays."

She had disobeyed her father, whom she truly loves, for his sake. And she fears his anger, not for herself, but for her husband's sake:

"I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing,
what
His rage can do on me."

and now, in her deep sorrow, she is hardly aware of his wrath:

"I beseech you, Sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation:
I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears."

She is not ashamed of her husband. Bravely she speaks up in his defence.

"Thou tookest a beggar; would'st have made my throne
A seat for baseness,"

says Cymbeline; and his daughter answers:

"No: rather added
A lustre to it"

Her love for Posthumus is indeed her very life. She glories in it. Her heart now is drowned in grief that she has to bid farewell to him.

"Art thou mad?" asks her father:
And she says: "Almost Sir: heaven restore me!
would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son."

There is no shyness in her love. It is too deep to pretend coyness;

She announces her faithful determination:

To abide the hourly shot,
Of angry eyes, not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world
That I may see again."

She gives him a keepsake; she would fain have him stay a little longer; but alas! he has to go; and his wife is

"Past hope, and in despair; that way past grace,
There cannot be a prick in death
More sharp than this."
"O ye gods! when shall we see again?"

Mrs. Jameson draws a comparison here between the stunned overwhelming sorrow of Imogen and the "impetuous excited feelings of Juliet and her vivid imagination, which lend something far more wildly agitated, more intensely poetical and passionate, to her grief." But, quiet as the grief of Imogen is, it is none the less severe. Still waters run deep.

While she is still quivering with anguish, comes the news that the hated Cloten has drawn on her husband, and Imogen is full of indignation. She is like a lioness defending her young:

"Your son is my father's friend; he takes his part.
To draw upon an exile! O brave sir!
I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back."

But at this very moment there comes a small grain of consolation for her. Her Posthumus, whose every thought is for his wife, as hers is for him, has sent back his one devoted servant Pisanio to serve her; and to Imogen is vouchsafed the pleasure of discussing her absent lord with his faithful servitor.

Accordingly, when we next see her again, she is speaking with Pisanio. Her every thought is still fixed on her husband. She is so grieved that she had not even properly said farewell to him:

"I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say ere I could tell him

How I would think on him at certain times; or ere
I could
Give him that parting kiss which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father
And like the tyrannous breathing of the mouth
Shakes all our buds from growing."

Even small things, which have had the least connection with him, are precious to her. She dwells on his last words to Pisanio:

"It was his queen, his queen."

She chides Pisanio for not having stayed to see the very last of him:

"Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him."

In fact her only hope in life is to hear from him again. Therefore, when a gentleman from Rome comes with letters from Posthumus, she welcomes him with open arms. She takes her letter eagerly; but notice her courtesy here: she will not show her husband's friend the discourtesy of reading her letter in his presence, though her very heart is longing for its message. She patiently listens to his long discourse. At first her thoughts are wholly with her husband; and so she pays but little attention to Iachimo. But his strange behaviour at last attracts her attention.

"What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?"

When assured of his welfare, she again passes back to Posthumus and enquires most tenderly about him. She is astonished that he should be gay, as Iachimo reports him to be. She cannot believe that he is to blame. In fact, she is so innocent and pure in heart, her faith in Posthumus is so great, that it takes some time for her to understand the drift of Iachimo's talk. When he says he pities her, she thinks the pity is due to some defect in herself. She beseeches him to be frank with her.

"Pray you,—
Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born—deserves time
What both you spin and stop."

When he speaks more plainly, his base insinuations fall away harmlessly from her. Her faith is so strong that it cannot be shaken. When she does understand something of what he says, how gentle her comment is.

"My lord I fear has forgot the time."

I think this is meant chiefly as a gentle reproach to Iachimo himself. It is as if she were saying to him: "I hope you do not think that I shall ever believe evil of my dear lord. Far from it, you are a trusted friend of his, and I do not like to believe altogether that you are telling a falsehood. So there must be a basis to

what you say, and I do think you are exaggerating. Perhaps my Lord is gay and happy. I am sure he is pretending to be so, or at least trying to drown his sorrow in gaiety. Britain has been so unkind to him. I think he is trying to forget it by plunging into gaiety. But I shall never fear that he has forgotten me, or that he is falling into the wickedness which you mention.

Then again, when she says: "Let me hear no more," I think this alludes more to Iachimo than to Posthumus. Imogen has begun to perceive his drift of making love to her and does not wish to hear any more of his flatteries.

Then she cries:

How should I be revenged? If this be true,—
As I have such a heart that both my ears
Must not in haste abuse—if it be true,
How should I be revenged?"

We must not understand from this that Imogen has allowed the doubt to enter into her mind. Far from it. Imogen, in her love-sick mind, already pining for her husband, is just supposing what would happen if that husband's love for her failed. And she knows that if it did fail she will not blame him, but just herself for not being worthy enough to hold his affection. But this is only a supposition. She had listened to Iachimo's insinuations because partly she could not understand him, and partly because she is reluctant to think that a man so trusted by her lord can be so false. Perhaps she thinks that there may be a different explanation to his imputations; but, as soon as she is sure, she repudiates him. She had hitherto not noticed his flatteries reluctant again to believe that her husband's friend could be so base; but now when all this is plain, she bursts forth in indignation; she looks upon herself with contempt that she had even listened to him for an instant.

"Away! I do condemn my ears that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable
Thou wouldst have told this tale of virtue, not
For such an end thou seekest,—as base as strange.
Thou wrongest a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour, and
Solicitest here a lady that disdains
Thee and the devil alike."

But Iachimo is a clever man. Knowing now that he can never assault her honour and her faith, he changes his game at once. He tells her it was a trick played on her to see if she was worthy of the "worthiest Sir that ever county called his." Poor, innocent Imogen is at once caught by this cunning shaft.

As Mrs. Jameson says "Can we fail to perceive that the instant and ready forgiveness of Imogen is accounted for and rendered more graceful and characteristic, by the very means

which Iachimo employs to win it? He pours forth the most enthusiastic praises of her husband, and she is gratified at once; but, with exceeding delicacy of feeling, she is represented as maintaining her dignified reserve and her brevity of speech to the end of the scene." And, to quote Mrs. Jameson again, "where there is a real attachment to virtue, there is no need of an outrageous antipathy to vice." Imogen is so pure-hearted that she does not understand all the wickedness of Iachimo. So she is gracious again to him. "You make amends," she says; "All is well, Sir: take my power in the court for yours." Her heart is full of a certain relief. She had been trying hard to reconcile herself to the fact that her husband was gay, while she was sad. Why, indeed, should he not be gay, while yet keeping his love for her? Why should he not be happy in the hope of meeting her again? Men and women were different in their natures and in their feelings. So had Imogen been trying to think. But at the same time, there had been a deep sorrow in her heart at such an idea. Now she is quite relieved, and, in her fear and sorrow, lest she should have said much to wound Iachimo, she is deeply gracious to him and presses him to stay longer.

The next time when we meet Imogen again is when she is sweetly sleeping in her chamber. The scene speaks for itself. We see it, as in a picture, which could make such a good and lasting impression, even on such a vile heart as Iachimo's, as to make him nearly die of remorse afterwards that he could betray so sweet a creature. After this, Imogen again appears before us, as repelling the boorish advances of Cloten. At first, she is kind and courteous,

"But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance."

But Cloten is a conceited fool, who will not understand his rejection. Then Imogen's indignation slowly rises. Yet she still tries to be gentle:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, Sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal.

But Cloten answers this by reviling Posthumus and then indeed does Imogen get really angry with him. She is a Princess, after all, and she answers him like one:

Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom:
He never can meet more mischance than come
To be but named of thee. His meanest garment
That ever hath but clipped his body, is dearer

In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men."

But Cloten is too mean for her to waste a thought on him. So she reverts to the subject which has been filling her mind. She has lost the bracelet her husband had given her, which indeed the traitor Iachimo had stolen from her when she was asleep. Now she bids her servants search for it, the while a tender smile moves her lips, and a tender thought enters her of how her husband would believe her and laugh at the loss, holding it of infinitely little significance, while her love for him was not lost. Poor girl! she little dreams of the significance of that loss!

"I kissed it:
I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss ought but he."

In the meanwhile, Iachimo has gone to Posthumus and is laying his evil report before him. I have not touched here on the point of Posthumus giving his permission to Iachimo to test his Imogen. It seems a base act; but at the same time what else could he have done? Iachimo challenged him and he had to consent, unless he wished to be thought that he was really afraid of his wife's chastity. Posthumus does not believe him till he is really forced to do so; but then, alas! as in most of Shakespeare's jealous men, his anger is very great:

"O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!"

His faith against all women, even against his own revered mother, is shaken. His wife had seemed so pure, so chaste, and now!—He will never more believe in the goodness of women.

"I will write against them.
Detest them, curse them: Yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better."

Afterwards, even before her purity is proved, Posthumus is filled with remorse at this indignation, which would not allow him to let Imogen live,

"You married men,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For worrying not a little!"

and again

Gods! if you
Should have taken vengeance on my faults, I never
Had tried to put on this, so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck
The wretch more worth your vengeance. But,
Alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love
To have them fall no more."

But, as soon as the blow falls, Posthumus does not know what he is doing. Indeed, his jealousy is proportionate to the greatness of his love. His love does not die; but his wrath with the loved one—that she should so fall from

his ideal of her, is indeed great. He writes to Imogen to go to Milford-Haven to meet him, at the same time bidding his servant Pisanio to kill her.

But who so happy as Imogen when she gets his treacherous letter! Notice her tender comments. Ever since Iachimo has told her that Posthumus was gay and happy, the thought has rankled in her heart, though she knows it is not true.

"Let what is here contained relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content, yet not
That we two are asunder; let that grieve him!"

She blesses the senseless wax that "makes these locks of counsel;" she prays for good news. And when she reads that he is at Milford-Haven leaving it to her to go to him or not, she is all eagerness to join him.

"O for a horse with wings!"

She does not know what she is saying. She is all breathless. She is in a heaven of ecstasy. But soon she has to descend to earthly matters; she has to make plans of escape. Then indeed is she impatient; but she has a quick mind. With all her hurry she is able to make some plan and arranges to escape. When poor Pisanio, whose heart is heavy with sorrow at the terrible task entrusted to him, asks her to consider, she waves all such thoughts away.

"I see before me, man; nor here nor there,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away I pray thee.
Do as I bid thee: there's no more to say;
Accessible is none, but Milford way."

But alas for Imogen! sorrow and death are in store for her. Poor Pisanio is putting off the evil moment as long as he can. But impatient Imogen can no longer brook any delay. A misgiving does indeed enter her heart, but it is only for her husband. She is afraid he is in some danger.

"That drug-damned Italy hath out-crafted him,
And he's at some hard point. Speak man: thy
tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me."

At last, she is given the terrible letter. She reads of her husband's dreadful suspicion of her. Her very heart fails within her. The faithful Pisanio exclaims:

"What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already."

That he, her loved one, should think her to be false, is incredible. What had she done to deserve such an accusation.

"What is it to be false?"

To lie in watch there and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? If sleep charge
nature

To break it with a fearful dream of him
And cry myself awake?"

It cannot be that her husband, as he had been could have suspected her. It cannot be that she can be suspected. No; there must have been a change; and since she was not changed; it was he who was changed. Ah! now, she can believe Iachimo. It never occurred now to her to think that Iachimo himself had said that his imputations were false. No! her shocked mind at once seizes on the idea. Some false woman was influencing her husband. And oh! the horror of that idea. She, who had at one time jested with her husband about a new love; thinking that such a jest could never come true, to find at last that it had come true! That was why he thought evil of her. He was not in his right mind. It had been changed. And alas! it had fallen. And with it, fell all the men in the world for her; even as all the women in the world had fallen for him in her fall.

"So thou Posthumus
Wilt lay the heaven on all proper men;
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjured
From thy great fall."

Then she turns to Pisanio and bids him do his master's bidding. Two pathetic allusions she makes here to her husband's old love of her, once when she talks of her empty heart:

Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief;
Thy master is not there, who was indeed
The riches of it."

The other allusion is when she finds his love-letters lying above her bosom, which she lays open to the knife:

What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turned to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith; You shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart."

For a moment her heart turns in longing to her father whom she had disobeyed. Perhaps her husband had thought that because she had been false to her father, she had found it easy to be false to him. Well, he would find,

"It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness."

Just for an instant she feels a touch of resentment that she should have been coerced into grieving her father; but the next moment this is merged in the sorrow and remorse she feels is waiting for Posthumus

I grieve myself
To think, when thou shalt be disdressed by her
That now they tirest on, how thy memory
Will then be panged by me."

Then again she is all impatience to be killed and put out of her pain. She may not commit suicide; the best thing would be that she should be killed.

In fact, Imogen is almost out of her mind with grief and sorrow. Her whole world has crumbled before her. This heinous charge is filling her whole horizon. There is nothing else she can see or hear or understand.

"Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard I am a strumpet; and my ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound."

When the faithful Pisanio tells her that he will not kill her, she says,

"Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? where hide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband."

But in her heart of hearts, she is still longing for Posthumus. His doubt has not killed her love; so when Pisanio tells her how she may disguise herself, enter the army of the Roman general Lucius and be near her husband, her heart thrills with a little hope:

"O for such means:
Though peril to my modesty, not death on it,
I would adventure."
"Nay be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already."

"This attempt
I am soldier to and will abide it with
A prince's courage."

In truth, Imogen is always true to her impulsive nature. She is impatient to be up and follow Pisanio's plan; but it is noticeable that even in her hurry, she is not forgetful of her gratitude to Pisanio, whom in the agony of her grief she had taunted:

"Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with."

Let us pause here while Imogen is wandering in the forest to review some of her characteristics. Hitherto, like Imogen herself, our whole horizon has been bounded by her love. We have been able to see nothing else. But now that the bright cloud has been darkened, we can turn away our eyes from it. In the first place then, Imogen is all woman, a dear, delightful, impulsive, great hearted woman. We have seen the strength of her love, which sets aside all other considerations. She dearly loves her father and yet she deserts him for her lover. And yet she is a woman who can control herself; and she is also reasonable, as seen by her dissection of Iachimo's insinuations. She is a sweet-tempered woman, but when roused, flames into indignation. We have seen her impulsive nature, which is also full of impatience, which cannot brook delay. We have seen also that she is not a *prude*—inasmuch as she finds it difficult to believe in vice, and finds it easy to forgive vice and yet she is perfectly pure and innocent in nature and she is absolutely modest. Imogen

is a woman of honour, who knows her "holy duty." She is a most magnanimous woman and knows how to forgive fully and freely. She is impervious to flattery. She has the true temperament of youth and is high-spirited and buoyant-hearted and rises superior to her troubles. One of the ways by which we see this is the fact that she can drop so sweetly asleep, even when so anxious about her husband. She is a woman who can quickly adapt herself to circumstances. This we can see by her impersonation of a boy. No one then suspects her to be a woman; and yet she is true to womanhood as well, for all give her the deference due to a woman, calling her an 'angel,' a 'paragon'. And this but accentuates her bravery, who could, weak woman though she was, act the part of a man, go into strange places, and even enter the battle-field and be taken prisoner without murmur or whining. Notice her courage and resolution also in defying her father's will. She is intelligent, full of sense and she can read character, as we see by her discrimination of the falseness of her step-mother. She is a woman who can make up her mind quickly. She observes life closely and makes very apt remarks, which are sometimes full of the philosophy of life and of nature.

"Experience, O thou disprovest report!
The imperious seas breed monsters, for the dish
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
"These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man the care on it."
"Thus may poor fools believe false teachers; though
those that are betrayed do feel the treason sharply, yet
the traitor stands in worse case of woe."

And again,

"To lapse in fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars."

Also,

"So man and man should be,
But clay and clay differs in dignity, whose dust
is both alike."

"There is," says Mrs. Jameson, "a certain majesty of deportment, a spirit of accustomed command breaking out every now and then, the dignity without the assumption of rank and royal birth, which is apparent in Imogen." True, Imogen is a princess; but she is kind and courteous to all and we see no pride in her. Even to enemies like her step-mother and Cloten, she is kind and polite and does her duty by them.

She craves to be

"A next-herd's depths, and my Leonatus
Our shepherd's son."

And again;

"Blessed be those
How mean so'er that have their honest wills
Which seasons comfort."

She looks upon life—not like a great lady—but just as any woman and her motives and her words are often as full of passion as any ordinary woman's.

We see also that she is not fond of luxury. She can do without it, as in the forest. She also remembers to be grateful to her servants.

We must notice also that Imogen is a religious woman; as we see when she says:

"Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That craves my weak hand."

She also prays to her gods to shelter her. She also is fond of reading.

But let us return to our story. We see Imogen as a charming boy. She has lost her way. She is very tired and footsore and hungry; but her resolution keeps her up; and indeed her courage would have served her in good stead, if it were not for that ever-cankering remembrance of her lord's treachery. But suddenly Imogen perceives a cave, which she enters with her sword in her hand, but more afraid of that sword than of anything else. Then to the cave come Belarius, Guiderius and Arviragus, three foresters. They see Imogen and are perfectly charmed with her beauty and grace, dressed though she is in boy's clothes. It is pathetic to see poor Imogen trying to disarm the suspicions she thinks they have. She is trembling with the timidity of her womanhood, and yet she has the nerve to stand firm and answer their questions. She gives her name as Fidele—fit name for her, who is still faithful to her love. The boys, however, take her in good part, and—strange thing—say how they would have fallen in love with her had she been a woman. Indeed, they already love her so much that they are anxious to free her from the distress they see she is feeling. She herself looks upon them as perfect gentlemen, as she aptly observes:

"Gentlemen, that had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves and had the virtue
Which their own consciences sealed them,
Could not out-peer these twain."

This feeling of mutual esteem and love, which it does the heart good to see, is carried out during their brief intercourse.

Imogen carries out into her man's life the offices of womanhood and is a perfect housewife for them and a cooker of dainty eatables. Later on she feels ill, her woman's frame worn out by all her activities; and the brothers wish to say with her.

"I love thee; I have spoke it.
How much the quality, the weight as much,
As I do love my father."

But Imogen does not wish them to fuss over her. She is a man now and must take a man's part in earnest. She even manages to wish them

"sport," but her heart is heavy within her. This the boys can see, and also how she tries to hide her sorrow by a smile:

Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, or if she sigh
Or that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple to commix
With winds that sailors rail at."

But alas! for their new-found brother. She has taken Pisanio's drug, and she lies as if dead, which they really believe her to be. The simple foresters sorrow over her as if they had known her for years. It is curious that they talk of her as if she were a woman. They call her "sweetest, fairest lily!" They feel that fairies and flowers and music alone are suitable to bear her company.

"With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee."
"With fairest flowers
While summer lasts and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azured harebell, like thy veins, no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander
Out-sweetened not thy breath."

They sing that sweet pathetic song over her, which has become so well-known:

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task has done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages;
Golden lads and girls all must
As chimney-sweepers come to dust.
"Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak;
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.
"Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder stone,
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan;
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee and come to dust.
"No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!"

But, as it happens, the sweet grave of Imogen has been polluted with the foul corpse of Cloten, whom one of the brothers has killed. Cloten is dressed in the clothes of Posthumus, in which he had hoped to deceive Imogen.

Imogen, after a time, wakes up, and seeing this, thinks the dead body is that of her lord and weeps heartrendingly over him. With sorrow she begins to see that it is Posthumus:

"The garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of his leg; this is his hand;
His foot mercurial; his martial thigh;

The brawns of Hercules; but his jovial face—
Murder in heaven? How! 'Tis gone."

To her poor stricken mind, this loss of the head causes more acute grief than the death itself:

"Pisanio might have killed thee at the heart,
And left thy head on."

For she at once suspects Pisanio of the deed; and it is strange to hear her gentle woman's tongue pronouncing the word "Damned." She is out of herself with grief. Where now is her anger, indignation? Gone indeed, gone with the life of her beloved lord. What cares she now for out herself:

"Oh!
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrid may seem to those,
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord."

The same agony and passion is in Juliet's lamentation over the body of Romeo; but there is in this latter case a very abandon of life. Juliet kills herself, but Imogen will not do it. Juliet never thinks of the outside world. Imogen thinks of it, but only with the idea of making herself dead to it. In the heart of Juliet is an eternal farewell of life, which will free her from her agony. In that of Imogen is the consecration of suffering which will help her to live and face that agony. Here is the farewell of Juliet:

"What's here? A cup, closed in my true love's
hand
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop,
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;
Happily some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative.
"Yea, none? Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!
This is thy sheath; there rest and let me die."

Imogen dare not take her own life. She must live and bear her grief. She falls on the body and weeps, but she is not left alone. The Roman general Lucius enters with his Captains and sees her and questions her about herself and the body. She is still in her boy's clothes. Her courage is seen by the way in which she rallies herself and answers the questions and even finds a new name for Posthumus. But her heart shrinks at the lie and, through it all rings her grief for her beloved:

This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good. Alas!
There is no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master."

Gone is all her resentment against him. She thinks no more of his cruelty, his treachery. She thinks only of the goodness of that heart, which had won her love. Her heart is broken. But life must be lived; and, so scattering flowers over his grave, she weeps and sighs and leaving so his service, follows her new master, Lucius,

who is charmed and attracted by her, as all men are.

Alas! poor Imogen!

After this, events pass quickly. Belarius, Guiderius and Arviragus join the British army; and a battle is fought, in which Cymbeline is rescued by the two youths and by Posthumus himself, who, stricken with remorse at having killed his wife, can no longer fight against her country, pitiless as it had been to him:

"So I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is every breath a death."

His grief indeed is intense and makes up in some measure for his faithlessness and his cruelty. For, when the Roman army is defeated, he, wishing to die, declares himself a Roman, is taken prisoner and is glad:

"For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life."

We see Imogen again, still in boy's clothes, where her Roman master, who is a prisoner, is pleading for her life:

Never master had
A page so kind, so dutious, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like."

But little need is there for him to plead much, for the British King Cymbeline, is at once taken with the lad.

Boy, thou hast looked the salt of my grace
And art mine own."

Thus taken into his favour, Imogen uses her power to question Iachimo from where he had the ring she sees now on his finger, which once she had given to Posthumus as a keepsake.

Then the whole fraud is confessed by Iachimo who is nearly dead with remorse. Hearing this, indignation rises deep in the heart of Posthumus, who is there as a prisoner, but indignation is soon swallowed up in self-contempt and remorse.

"I am Posthumus
That killed thy daughter; villain-like I lie
That caused a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do it; the temple
Of virtue was she,
O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife!
"Imogen, Imogen, Imogen!"

Does Imogen draw herself up and smile at this agony as the proper punishment for Posthumus? No, she does not even wait for the proper moment to reveal herself. She cannot bear his grief.

"Peace, my lord; hear, hear—"

But Posthumus, in his impatient agony, turns on her and strikes her to the ground. But Pisanio rushes to the help of his mistress and

tells all who she is. She, however, like a princess as she is, turns on him with contempt at his imagined treachery in giving her the poison. After this comes the story of the fraud of the false queen, who is however dead. But what care Imogen and Posthumus for such revealings? Their joy is in each other. The only reproach Imogen gives her husband is this: "Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?"

But, hereafter, even if he throws her away again, she will not leave him. She dares him to leave her.

"Think that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again."

But there is no need for it. For Posthumus clasps her in thankfulness to his heart. "Hang there like fruit, my soul, till the tree die."

Only that little reproach. Truly she is a magnanimous woman.

Then come other reconciliations. Imogen has no word of reproach also for her father. She only asks for his blessing. Her great heart is even sorry for the death of the queen. And, when her brothers are made known to her, what joy is hers? Little she cares for the kingdom, the right to which she loses by this discovery.

No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by it. O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? (I never say hereafter
But I am your speaker; you called me brothers,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When ye were so indeed."

Mark the gracefulness of her acknowledgment to Belarius:

"You are my father too, and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season."

And also to the Roman general:

My good master,
I will yet do you service."

Iachimo also is forgiven,
And thus all ends well.

PADMINI



The Widow or A Sacrifice at the Altar of Custom

BY A. CHRISTINA ALBERS

Mine is the garb of death; the deadly white
With ghostly folds around my form is clinging;
My feeble hand pollutes the festal rite,
And at the sounds from hymeneal altars ringing
My young heart quails, I step into the night.

Scarce had my life through ten brief cycles sped,
When dawned upon that fatal day the morning
That placed the diadem upon my head,
For a brief joy my hopeful life adorning;
And now—my weary road is with the dead.

So long, so long, the barren stretch of years,
So bleak the days whence love and hope are banished,
So lone the hours bathed in the widow's tears,
So dark the night when the last star has vanished,
So cold the heart that struggles with its fears!

Still in my dreams, I see a glitt'ring throng
Its merry way on flow'r-strew'd pavement wending,
The blazing torch throws wreaths of light among
The waving rainbow's colours magic blending;
And trembling harp pours forth the bridal song.

And then, methinks, there comes a dismal wail
With the gray dawn into my window-pane,
My pulses throb, my trembling lips grow pale,
Lo, on the harp of life a cord is weeping:
And weeps the heart where hope and courage fail.

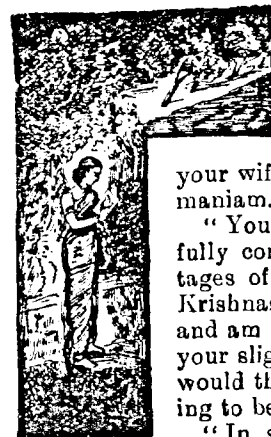
And thus, from early dawn through horrid noon
My sad heart a burning fire is glowing,
Till circling clouds caress the slender moon,
When the mad heart, amid the hot tears flowing,
Implores the angry gods for one last boon.

Implores the gods and curses cruel fate,
And—beck'ning hands draw a black veil asunder,
Reach glitt'ring garlands through the open gate,—
When lo, the pall returns, and 'mid loud thunder
Falls down a withered wreath—too late, too late.

"Too late" calls back the echo from weird gloom,
The bridal rose sees its dried petals falling,
The flow'r of life has lost its golden bloom
And mocks the *bulbul* from the branches calling;
I bow my head and sighing take my doom.

Through haunting dread there clings one last desire,
And I bow my anguished soul but one salvation,
To rest my weary head upon the pyre,
Pass through the burning flames of liberation,
And melt my bleeding heart in the last fire.

Esther's Christmas Hamper



"WITH all respect for you and your wealth, I most decidedly decline the honor of becoming your wife," said Esther Subramaniam.

"You do not seem to have fully considered all the advantages of my offer," said John Krishnaswamy, "I am rich and am quite able to gratify your slightest whim. Most girls would think twice before refusing to become my wife."

"In spite of all that you have just now said, I am sorry that my inclinations do not run your way," said Esther.

"What is your objection to me?" asked John Krishnaswamy.

"My refusal does not necessarily imply any imperfections in you," said Esther. "I am sorry you take it that way."

"Well, I cannot force you," said Krishnaswamy, as he moved away, "but permit me to tell you that fortune may not knock at your door twice."

John Krishnaswamy was not in the heyday of youth—he was past forty and according to the Indian standard, on the wrong side of life, at least so far as matrimony was concerned. He was of an obscure origin, but by various 'shady' transactions he had amassed much wealth. The fact that he had come by his wealth by means not quite honest, did not trouble him in the least, for he on prudential reasons had denied himself all indulgence in the luxury of too delicate a conscience.

People called him a *parvenu* behind his back, but when he came in contact with them, they fawned upon him and 'smothered' him with their attentions. With match-making old crones and spinsters of uncertain age, Krishnaswamy was a phoenix.

The spiritual part of him, like that of Hawthorne's Customs House Inspector, was just sufficiently developed to prevent him from walking on all-fours. Frequent carnivals with Bacchus had dimmed his eyes and had enhanced his natural ugliness.

What had made this man, at whom the aforementioned crones and spinsters had, it might be said without a breach of truth, 'set their caps,' to cast his eyes on Esther, a poor school-mistress?

Love was it? Nonsense! to connect that divine emotion with a man of Krishnaswamy's stamp would be sacrilegious. What else was it then? Esther was very beautiful and physically perfect. Whatever it was, she seemed to hold him with a 'Circe's Spell.'

Krishnaswamy continued to meet her often and she, not suspecting his intentions towards herself, treated him with a frank familiarity. In spite of his 'inflated' conceit, Krishnaswamy was dimly conscious that Esther was not in the least impressed with his importance, he had therefore hesitated for a long time to ask her hand in marriage, not that he thought she would refuse him, but because he wanted her to fully realize the importance of his wealth and social standing. He tried to work his way up in her estimation, but somehow or other, his labour like that of Sisyphus seemed vain—the contumacious stone would persist in trundling down in spite of the trouble that had been taken to roll it to the top of the hill.

After having worked her to the proper pitch as he thought, he had unfolded his momentous marriage scheme and with what result the reader has already been made aware.

On his way home he seriously doubted her sanity—"who but a madwoman could have refused me?" mused he.

Such was the colossal pride of this man that he did not attribute the refusal to any imperfection in himself; the irritating element of mortification had not yet entered his mind.

II.

"O, learn to love; the lesson is but plain,
And once made perfect, never lost again."

Esther had never liked Krishnaswamy, she had seen through the veneer of his outward polished manner, his depraved nature. She was therefore not a little surprised with his offer of marriage. She had obeyed the impulses of her heart when she declined the match, but had she consulted her temporal well-being, she would have thought twice before rejecting the overtures of this social behemoth, for he had it in his power to do her a great deal of mischief.

Not to make a mystery of the matter any longer, it would perhaps be as well to acquaint the indulgent reader with the fact that Esther loved Samuel R.,—a young struggling journalist, who, in spite of his undoubted ability had, to speak after the manner of miners, 'struck nothing rich as yet.' Samuel worshipped the ground Esther trod on, but he was too honourable to marry her on his present slender and precarious pecuniary resources. He had just completed a literary production of rare excel-

ence, on the success of which he had built all his hopes of matrimonial felicity.

Esther one day met Samuel and told him all that had passed between her and Krishnaswamy. Samuel became uneasy, he knew how immensely influential Krishnaswamy was; he would assuredly take Esther's refusal in the light of an insult. Not however, wishing to disturb Esther with his fears, Samuel held his peace.

He told her about his latest literary effort and how much depended on its success.

"But tell me, Samuel," said Esther, "is our happiness to depend on the success of your book?"

"Dearest Esther, I am reluctantly compelled to say that it is so," said Samuel.

"I am not afraid of poverty, Samuel, if that is why you are delaying our marriage," said Esther.

"It is not that, Esther," said Samuel "you see, I am hesitating simply because I have not got an assured income. I would not for all the world render you unhappy by marrying you in my present unsatisfactory state of finances. And believe me, the time is not far distant when I shall make you mine."

Esther said nothing, but with a hopeful glance at Samuel, she retraced her steps homewards. Samuel gazed at her retreating figure which to him was—

"The embodied vision of the brightest dream,
Which like a dawn heralds the day of life."

The shadows were darkening over Esther—Krishnaswamy's astonishment had turned into mortification and mortification had turned into hate.

III

"The Canaanitish Jezebel! I would be a dog if I might tear her with my teeth."—Shelley.

John Krishnaswamy was in a brown study. Esther had insulted him and he would avenge her. His moral code was sufficiently plastic to allow him to approve in everything the *lex talionis*.

An insult for insult! This he would bring about in a way which it would be difficult if not impossible for her to trace to him. This would be the *To Kalon* of his revenge on Esther.

"Mr. Joseph" said Krishnaswamy to the manager of the Girls' High School at Madurapatnam "I wish to have a word with you in private."

"Certainly, Sir" said the sycophantic Joseph, as he led Krishnaswamy to a private chamber wondering what the great man had to say.

"You know, Mr. Joseph," began Krishnaswamy, "how interested I am in female educa-

tion and what a liberal patron of this school I am."

"Yes, Sir" said Joseph wondering still more, and quite at sea as to what this would lead to. Whatever it was, it was bound to come out shortly; so thought Joseph and refrained from questions. "You are no doubt aware, Mr. Joseph" said Krishnaswamy "of the importance of example as coupled with precept; well, it then follows that those who undertake to instil principles of knowledge and morality into the minds of children should themselves be proficient intellectually and morally irreproachable, is that not so?"

"Quite so, Sir" said Joseph beginning to have grave doubts of the sanity of Krishnaswamy, for his conversation seemed so irrelevant.

"Perhaps you think I am mad" said Krishnaswamy, divining Joseph's thoughts; "but I assure you that I am as sane as you are. The fact is, I am very sorry to say that I have reason to believe that Esther Subramanyam, one of your school mistresses, is not quite straight. There are many stories afloat about her, which, I am bound to believe, are not without some foundation. In these circumstances, I regret that I have no other alternative but to ask you to demand her to resign her post. You may tell her if you wish, why this step has had to be taken. You need not of course drag my name in—I do not want to have any unpleasantness."

"I understand, Sir" said Joseph with a diffident cough "and I shall ask Esther to resign, but are you quite sure of what you allege against her?"

"Oh! quite sure" said Krishnaswamy as he rose to leave.

"Madam" said the peon to Esther "the manager would like to see you, he awaits you in the office."

Esther felt the summons to be unusual, but she rose and followed the peon.

"Good morning, Miss, pray be seated" said the manager, returning Esther's salutation. Esther eyed him curiously; the manager seemed uneasy and it was evident from the way in which he was fingering his pen that he was nervous.

In truth Mr. Joseph was in the most excruciating dilemma—he knew Esther to be faultless—yet he dared not disobey Krishnaswamy. During the five years she had been in his service she had been an exemplary subordinate and a conscientious worker.

"You sent for me, Sir?" asked Esther breaking an awkward silence. "Yes, to be sure, Miss" said the manager moving uneasily in his seat "You see—er—I—"

"You have been now five years in the school service and I am bound to say that you have done your work most satisfactorily. The fact is, owing to certain circumstances I am compelled to ask you to resign."

"May I know what 'certain circumstances' mean in the present connection?" asked Esther.

"The reason why you are asked to resign is that there are many stories afloat about your character, but although I don't believe any of them, you see, we expect our school mistresses to be like Caesar's wife, above even suspicion."

"Ah! I see" said Esther, rising, "perhaps it is useless for me to ask you who my accuser is, but I can most solemnly assure you that I am innocent—both in thought and deed. My only regret is, that a woman's honour is at the mercy of a scandal-monger and that without the right of a reply." As she stood quivering in every limb—

"—like a stately pine
Set in a cataract on an island-crag,
When storm is on the heights"—

even the "toad-eating" Joseph could not help pitying her. Such was her excitement that tears like "erring pearls" fell and were "lost in her bosom."

"Really, Miss, I am sorry to be forced to take this step, although I don't doubt your innocence" said the manager "but however, there need not be any hurry about it, you can resign at any time during this month and I shall endeavour to make it look natural."

This was all the comfort that this great moral coward of a manager could give to the poor girl. He accompanied his words with a ghastly facial contortion which he intended for a sympathetic smile, but which was like a—

"A stroke of cruel sunshine on the cliff,
When all the glens are drowned in azure gloom
Of thunder-shower"

"....." "So dearest Esther, you have been forced to resign?" asked Samuel "well, I anticipated something of this sort."

"You anticipated? How?" asked Esther

"Can't you see? It is as plain as daylight" said Samuel "that bound Krishnaswamy has been at the bottom of all this. Your refusal of his offer of marriage must have rankled in his mind and this is his idea of getting even with you."

"Ah! I now understand many things that were dark to me then" said Esther.

"Never mind him, Esther" said Samuel "we will yet be happy in spite of what he has done. I have hopes that my book will be accepted—let me see, to-day is the 20th November, the answer from the publishers ought to reach me somewhere about the 23rd or 24th of next month. Won't we then have a merry Christmas?"

Finding Esther irresponsive and out-of-sorts, Samuel took his leave of her and left her to her own miserable thoughts. Miserable indeed they were, for her sore was unfelt—it was a "crest-wounding private soar".

She meditated no revenge on Krishnaswamy, for the religion of the despised Nazarene, whose humble follower she was, forbade it.

The misery of her soul had visibly affected her health—

"And round about her tear-distained eye,
Blue circles stream'd like rainbows in the sky."

The scarlet letter of shame had been pinned on Hester Prynne's breast by a responsible tribunal on irrefragable evidence, but in Esther's case the badge of shame had been pinned on her honour without a just cause by an unprincipled man.

IV

"Fairer than Rachel by the piny well,
Fairer than Ruth among the fields of corn,
Fair as the Angel that said 'Hail!'
"She seem'd!"

"—For she walk'd
Wearing the yoke of that Lord of love,
Who stilled the rolling wave of Galilee."
—Tennyson (*Aylmer's field*)

It was the evening of the 24th of December, Esther was returning home from a visit to an old widow, a friend of her dead mother. Miserable as she was, Esther felt an ineffable calm in her soul. The cope of heaven was resplendent with myriads of stars, which, as if conscious of the importance of that night, seemed to have borrowed an additional lustre and their rays like Jessica's moonlight, seemed to *sleep* on the fields. A few yards from her home, Esther beheld a human figure, lying prone across the road; her first impulse at the unwonted sight, was to fly; but thinking that it might be some unfortunate sorely in need of help, she repressed her fear and approached the figure.

A glance was sufficient to tell her who it was—it was John Krishnaswamy, a closer examination convinced her that he was not dead, but only *dead-drunk*—a victim of his own desperate folly.

A feeling of exultation rose in her heart at the sight of the helpless condition of her enemy, but she subdued the feeling with a strong effort, for before her mind's eye rose the vision of the immaculate figure of one who cried "Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you." Muttering the beautiful prayer "Father, forgive our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us" she gently lifted Krishnaswamy and with great difficulty dragged him home.

She gazed in pity at the motionless figure which "lay silent in the muffled cage of life."
She chafed his temples with cold water and

towards dawn he opened his eyes and was conscious of his surroundings. In the morning, Krishnaswamy left her house a changed man. To crown Esther's happiness, Samuel sent her a hamper that morning, but the most valuable thing in it for her was, a small note which told her of the success of his book.

John Krishnaswamy is now a religious leader and a true-hearted philanthropist. But strangely enough, when questioned about his conversion, Krishnaswamy attributes it laughingly, "to the lucky chance of having dropped down drunk near Esther's house."

He lives with Esther and Samuel who are now married and it is rumoured that the bond of affection is so strong between these three that the young people call him 'Father.'

S. T. THIRUMALA RAJU PAUL.

The Indian Women



A NATION is composed of individuals. So what is true of individuals cannot be untrue of nations. As individuals have, nations too have birth, death, decay, and desolation. As women are a source of inspiration for individuals to

become good and great, so they give an impetus and help for the rise and development of nations. As individuals of a country are helped in their growth by the women of the country, they in turn further the growth of the Nation they belong to.

But, these comparisons differ only in one point and that when we consider about the fact that women have no influence over the providence of death, decay, and dissolution of the individuals, whereas, in the case of National decay and National dissolution women exercise a potent and pernicious influence. Thus we see that in the case of Nations, their responsibilities are doubled to that of the individuals, and the rise

and fall of a Nation greatly depends upon them.

The position of women in a country is very serious. They are the real hands that build and destroy Nations. They are answerable for the prestige, honour, and character of Nations. This, the history of Nations that had once occupied the highest pedestal of fame and renown, and that have now sunk into insignificance and oblivion, silently tells us.

Now let us turn to India. Though the Indian Nation's progress has been temporarily stopped by the rushing tide of successive invasions from outside, for which India has no other go but to fall a prey to, as a result of the faults of some of her sons; though there exists in India no nation, in the true sense of the word at the present day, still its Nation, which had a glorious past, is not yet gloomy and past. This can be seen and understood by every one who puts off his "prejudice" spectacles, and looks at India as an impartial, observant, and honest critic, and a real well-wisher. Then such an observer can witness readily and rightly that the National "germs" of men's and women's bravery, generosity, honesty, morality, love, self-sacrificing spirit, and above all "true" patriotism, are still inherent in India's bosom like "perennial herbs," and they require only a "favourable weather," to sprout and grow luxuriantly, and some slight exertion on the part of her sons and daughters to exhibit to the world, her still existing Nation. And this "future hope" of our Nation, the sisters of our country should understand, is centered mainly upon them. Let them not forget the fact that Seeta, Damayantee, Savitri, Dera Boy, Queen of Jhanssee—better known as Joan of Arc of India—were their mothers, and that their blood is flowing still in their veins. Let them not forget their responsibility, the duty they owe, to their country and to their brothers and sons. Let them not forget that "what woman has done, woman can do." Let them "awake, arise, and stop not," and lead their "other half" to the goal. Let them not forsake, in the battle of life, the standard of "chastity," and run away from the "field" of morality. Let them infuse into the hearts of their husbands, brothers and sons, the universal truth and the crying news of India that "united we stand, divided we fall."

Thus, let them try to build up an Indian Nation, failing not to keep up their characteristic features of chastity, love, valour, bravery, prudence, generosity and above all the self-sacrificing spirit. Let them be domestic-helpmates, and spiritual guides of their husbands. Let them be conscious of the fact that treachery, licentious morality, love of show, and pride were unknown to and unheard of among the

women of India, in her golden past; and thus shew to the world that they are worthy successors of their noble, immortal, Indian mothers.

S. J. N.

Reminiscences of a Tour in Travancore

III



VARKALAY is a place of pilgrimage. As to the origin of this place and its ancient temple there are several traditions

of which one is this:—In the good olden days, the well-known Sage Narada once went to the abode of Sree Narayana for worship. After his usual prayers etc., he went to pay his respects to Brahma (the father of Narada.) It is the custom with Narada to always sound his Veena wherever he goes. When the sage left Sree Narayana (Vishnu), the sounding of his Veena was so very beautiful that Vishnu was enraptured with it and he followed Narada unobserved with a view to hear the excellent music produced by the sage. Narada soon reached the abode of Brahma. Sree Narayana also reached the place unobserved. When the sage reached the presence of Brahma, the lord Brahma saw Sree Narayana in front of him, but behind his son Narada. As soon as he saw Vishnu, he got up from his seat and offered his salutations to him (Vishnu), on which Vishnu realized his delicate position and suddenly disappeared. Brahma, when he got up found himself, to his surprise, prostrating before his son Narada. The Navaprajapatis who were present at the scene excited Brahma's anger by jesting at his expense. This put him out and Brahma cursed the Navaprajapatis that they should become human beings and suffer the miseries of birth and death. Narada took pity on these Navaprajapatis and consoled them and advised them to do penance at a place he would himself select for them by throwing his Val-kalam (the bark-garment) which fell down on a tree now identified with the spot in front of the temple. Hence the name Varkalay, a corrupted form of Valkala. Soon they built a temple here and consecrated it to Vishnu. Some time after, this temple was washed away by the sea. But

a Pandyan King who happened to visit this place of pilgrimage built a new temple in place of the one washed away. The circumstance that led to the building of the temple by the Pandyan King is this: This King had killed a Brahmin unawares and the ghost of the Brahmin had been haunting him wherever he went. To expiate the sin committed unawares the King performed several ceremonies and went to several places of pilgrimage; but all were of no avail. When he came to this spot (Varkalay) he found to his surprise that the ghost no longer haunted him; at once he consulted the local astrologer as to the cause of this and he was advised to build a temple in place of the one washed away. The King at once began the construction of the temple. One night the King had a dream and the God Vishnu appeared to him and said that the original idol would be found at a particular spot near the beach and asked him to consecrate it in the temple as soon as the temple was built. Accordingly the idol was searched for and taken and was consecrated with due honors. The King stayed there for sometime, endowed the temple liberally and went to his country after entrusting the management to a body of trustees, the chief of whom was Karuthedathu Puizhur Nampoorippad. For a time this Nampoorippad was lord of the temple and usurped all powers. But during the time of Umayamma Rane, the management was taken over by the Sircar. There are several holy theerthams (waters) or rather small waterfalls about which also there are several curious stories. People say that the place is equal to Gaya in point of religious importance. "It is believed that Brahma (the creator) performed a great yagam (Sacrifice) there and the strata of lignite and the mineral waters found in Varkalay are attributed to this yagam."

A few miles off Varkalay is the British settlement of Anjengo. This is the first British settlement in Travancore. In 1684 the East India Company obtained from the Rani of Attingal a sandy spot of land at Anjengo and appointed a Commercial Resident there. In 1695 the English built a fort there, about which Surgeon Ives gives the following description in his diary dated 17th December 1757.

"Anjengo fort is small but neat and strong; it is square with four bastions having 8 guns mounted on each, carrying a ball of 18lbs. Two of these bastions face the sea and the other two the country. Besides these there is a line of 18 to 20 guns pointing towards the sea of 18 and 24 pounders. About a pistol shot from the back of the fort runs a river which besides a security to the factory adds much to the agreeable situation of the place."

This fort served the British East India Com-

pany in later days as a depôt for military stores during the wars of the Carnatic. Several ancient monuments are to be found here, most of them by the Dutch who formerly occupied the place. The earliest of these monuments has the date 1704. The fort is now in ruins. You can now see here only the remnants of the fort and a flagstaff, a British factory and some of these old monuments. It was here that Robert Orme the historian was born in 1728.

This place was selected by the British owing to the abundance of pepper and piece goods obtained there. In return for the place granted, the British Government paid the Ranees of Attingal ground rent and also yearly presents. In 1721 the Ettuvettill Pillamars asked the Chief of Anjengo factory to give them the presents due to the Ranees. The chief of the factory refused, as he suspected treachery among them. The Pillamars grew angry at this and they retreated, as they were not able to take vengeance at that time. The Chief of the factory at once marched over to Attingal and gave the presents to the Ranees. While the servants of the Company were there, the Ettuvettill Pillamars treacherously attacked the English and killed some of them. They then marched against the Anjengo fort but were forced to retreat.

The Ranees knew of this later on and felt very sorry and as a sort of amends for the loss incurred by the British, she granted to the East India Company the garden of Palatadi and Kottadali. The grant ran as follows:—

"Towards Cherreungue are the gardens of Palatady and Kottadali which were formerly bought by the Commander of Anjengo, but when on the 15th April 1721, he and ten other persons went to Attingal to make presents to the Queen, they were killed by the treachery of Pullays and Karikars who seized the money of the Honorable Company. Seeing the loss and damage thus done to the Honorable Company, we have ceded the same gardens to them giving up their revenues and the right of cutting trees and all other privileges which the Company may take and they and their heirs may enjoy these gardens without any obstacle or having any obstruction: but we are obliged to ask for a free passage and protection on the part of the Honorable Company. Thus in truth we confirm (the grants) with our signatures to the Commander on the 10th January 1731." On the 19th March 1726 the Attingal Queen granted to the Honorable Company the factory at Edava. The grant of this ran as follows:—

"All that which the Commander has spoken to Gristnava, he has related to me. The place which is now granted in Edava for a factory is

not for any interest of Government, but that of obtaining the favour and help of the Honorable Company during all the time which this Government and the Honorable Company should last, as well as that of augmenting the custom duties of this Government. No commanders who came in these days here have obtained such a place as this commander, and so that he may acquire greater fame in the service of the Honorable Company, I have granted this place. The presents sent by the commander through Gristnava to me and Pullamars have been received." . . . from these old documents we see that the Attingal Ranees were independent sovereigns and they had nothing to do with Travancore Rajas in the olden days. From the Travancore History we see, that this principality of Attingal was amalgamated to the Travancore State during the time of Marthanda Varma the Great. In the Hamilton's description of Hindustan, the following appears as to the amalgamation of Attingal:—

"The Thampurattas of Attingara possessed the sovereignty of Travancore from remote antiquity until Raja Marthanda Varma. . . . persuaded the Thampuratty to resign the sovereign authority to the Rajas both for herself and for all succeeding Thampurattas. To perpetuate these conditions a regular treaty was executed between the Raja and the Thampuratty which was inscribed on a silver plate and ratified by the most solemn imprecations, limiting the successions to the offsprings of the Attinga Thampurattas." . . . these Ranees afterwards came over to Trivandram and stayed there.

Passing Anjengo and Chirayankel we came over to Trivandram, the present capital of Travancore. Trivandram is an important place and one has much to see and hear in this place. There is the palace of His Highness the Maharaja Sir Rama Varma, G. C. S. I., G. C. I. E. There is the palace of the Ranees of Travancore, there are the Palatial buildings of the Consort of H. H. the Maharaja, of the sons of the past Sovereigns of Travancore outside the Fort, the public offices, the school of arts, the college for boys and girls, the public library, the museum, the observatory, the Pangode line, and what not. It took us one full week for sight seeing. The palace of the Maharaja is a very beautiful building in the *Thekkai Thervu* and the scenery on the southern side of it is grand and imposing. "The elephant is the emblem of the Royal house and the National Coat of Arms consists of two elephants ramping on either side of the conch shell which symbolises the sea."

During our stay here we had the good fortune to witness a Royal procession. His Gracious Highness the Maharaja was dressed in silk and lace and had "a plumed and jewelled turban

We also visited the Trivandram temple—the biggest temple in the State dedicated to Sree Padmanabhaswami, the family deity of the Maharaja. The following tradition is current as to the origin of this important temple:—

"The celebrated *Vilvamangalathu Swamiyar* was performing his usual poojas, when one day a child interrupted him in his poojas: As the interruption was intolerable, he removed the child with the back of his hand. The child was the great god Vishnu whom he was worshipping. The Swamiyar never knew this and so he removed the child. As soon as he did this, the child said "I am Maha Vishnu, and if you wish to see me again, you must come to Ananthan Katu." The Swamiyar at once opened his eyes and found that the child had gone. He felt very sorry for the rash act he had committed and started immediately in search of *Ananthan Katu*. The Swamiyar walked days and days in search of the *Katu*, but could not find out the place. While walking through a forest, he heard the cry of a Pulaya child near the forest. The Swamiyar at once went near the hut when he heard the mother of the child saying:

"Boy, do not cry, if you begin to cry again, I will throw you away into the adjoining *Ananthan Katu*." From these threatening words of the mother, the Swamiyar was able to know the place. On a search, he found the Lord Vishnu lying on *Adhisesha* in an Iluppa tree, extending from Thiruvallam to Thiruppadapuram. The Swamiyar asked pardon for his rash act and received the lord's blessings. This Iluppa tree was at once converted into an idol and was consecrated in the temple. It is said that the cocoanut-shell in which the Swamiyar offered rice to the god, is now represented by a golden cocoanut-shell and even to-day it is in this shell that rice offering is made to the god first. The then Maharaja built a temple and liberally endowed it. The Gopuram and the Seevalipura attached to the temple was built by Rama Iyer Dalawah during the reign of Marthanda Varma Maharaja. The Sreebalipura is 420 feet from East to West, and 226 feet from North to South. It is 20 feet broad and 23 feet high and it is supported by 368 granite sculptured pillars. "The roof of the corridor is a terrace, paved with granite slabs, 25 feet long, 2½ feet broad, and 1½ feet thick". His Highness the Maharaja visits the temple every day at 8-30 a. m. and offers his prayers and returns to the Palace at 9 a. m.

The museum and the public park is a very interesting sight and afforded us much pleasure. Of the various things that attracted our attention here the *Chuckram* was the most important. *Chuckram* is the wheel used in emptying the superfluous water of the paddy fields. The wheel that we saw had 8 spokes. It is considered to

be the smallest. They say that the largest wheel will have 32 spokes. The wheels are made of wood, the sides being strengthened by nails. The axle tree rests in two pockets made on 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 on, in which people sit or stand and work with their legs. They 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 then be begun. But now these wheels are not used, as steam engines do the work in less time and at a cheaper rate.

After staying here for a few days we left Trivandram for South Travancore.

The Deepavali Festival



N days of yore when Thucydides was still an uncertain embryo in the womb of futurity, when the remorseless veracity of the historian was still a meandering stream struggling in the morass of human credulity, there lived an 'asura' or Rakshasa king, by name Naraka. At what period or age he was, mythology loftily disdains to tell us. It is the old story of a wicked king and a noble deliverer—a Ravana in eruption and a Rama crossing the Lanka to spike the crater. This much we know of his century. He was the contemporary of the divine Krishna, the immortal author of the sublime philosophy of *Bagavadgita*. Naraka was not wanting in distinguished lineage or celestial pedigree. In the picturesque garb of mythology, he was the offspring of Vishnu and Mother Earth, during his celebrated passage in this planet in the disguise of a hog or "Vraha Avatar." Naturally such an offspring having the essence of divine presence was even at first an infant prodigy. But unfortunately this youth, though with the celestial blood running in his veins, was full of evil propensities. He grew up into a cruel conqueror with his carnal passions inflamed beyond control at the sight of feminine loveliness. His divine parentage placed at his disposal boundless powers. But the amplitude of his strength and the subtlety of his intellect served only to put a premium on his wickedness. Vishnu resolved to remedy

the festering corruption of his own son's mal-administration. Such was the resolve, we shall trace its execution.

When Vishnu was Krishna, he was so for very many purposes. The chief aim was no doubt to champion the Pandavas in the famous 'Kurusbatra' field. But the correction of Naraka was an accidental recreation, an intentional benevolence.

Krishna had a wife by name "Satyabama." She was the mother of Naraka, the goddess of the earth. I fancy that she must have shed bitter tears to see her naughty son running riot in a thousand noxious ways. So, Krishna and "Satyabama" killed the Asura king and Naraka received the death blow from his too philosophic parents. The moment his earthly career was run, divine inspiration flashed through the memory of this fallen angel and brightened many an obscure page of his birth and boyhood. Naraka bowed to the ground before his august parents and obtained this blessing for mankind which Hindus now enjoy. He who bathes in the hour of his death every year shall reap the rewards of a plunge in Ganga. This temporary acquisition of an unique virtue which was till then the sole monopoly of Ganga—the celestial river—on the part of the well-water or the Corporation reservoir, we owe to the lofty benevolence of the dying Asura monarch—noble Naraka.

I don't pretend to inquire into the significance or the philosophy behind the popular tradition. I leave it to better hands and more ingenious heads. My own unscientific credulity, though it lacks in Aristotelian precocity, richly edifies my intellect with the pathos and simplicity of this majestic picture. To the ordinary Hindu mind of which I may claim to be a decent representative, the festival has a lofty logic and reason superior to the dry trammels of reasoning. From the Pariah to the Brahmin it is a national festival. Its grandeur consists in its freedom from the checks of the caste system. It reminds the Hindu of the greatness of his society, rich with the legacies of a thousand achievements of his distant ancestors. The ancient soil has an increasingly innate ring of cordiality in its invitation to the rising generation. To the present degenerate posterity it darkly illumines "a checkered spectacle of so much glory and so much shame." This time—immemorial national observance has a refreshing continuity in its traditions and there is always a heaven in the past records of its history for the troubled memory to sail into with joy, pride and gratitude. The juvenile explosive expression of mirth in crackers and the sober raptures attendant on the mellower wisdom of older years have

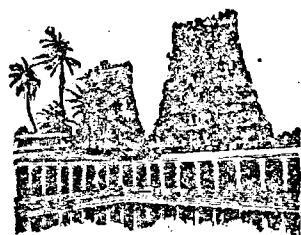
all the stimulating greatness of a national rejoicing. It gives the Hindu a day of joyous repose which strengthens his trust in the destiny of his race and stimulates the social virtues. Caste system is given a transient truce and the turmoils of daily existence a temporary relaxation. In short the Deepavali festival is the enduring symbol of a spiritual pride, a social affinity, a moral and ethical unity, a mental identity, a singleness of purpose, a same civilisation and a common heritage, even amidst the amazing conflict and diversity of modern Hindu activities.

K. S. VENKATARAMANI.

Rambles

IV

A WEEK IN RAMESWARAM



owes its reputation and sanctity to its legend. It has been for centuries resorted to annually by large bodies of pilgrims. The *Vairagis*, the lawless Vaishnava devotees, from the north flock every day in tens and hundreds, making their livelihood all their way by mendicancy.

The legend of Rameswaram is well-known not only in India, but throughout the world, by one of those two great epics of the Hindus, known as the *Ramayana*, being in celebration of the life and exploits of Rama, a heroic incarnation of Vishnu, distinguished by his chivalrous loyalty and devotion, born in the world as the eldest son of the King Dasaratha of Ayodhya. It is unnecessary to mention that the *Ramayana* is a religious book held in the highest estimation by every Hindu and by eminent scholars and thinkers who are not Hindus, as a source of inspiration and consolation to devote people and seekers of truth. So I shall be brief with the story.

Sita, or Sithai, wife of Rama, having been torn from him by Ravana, the demon-king of Lanka, Rama marched in pursuit of the offender, attended by Sugriva, an incarnation of Indra, King of the innumerable army of monkeys, which he brought to the aid of his friend

under the immediate command of Hanuman, born into the world as a son of *Vayu Bhagavan* (god of the wind) by a princess of the monkey race. When Rama and his army reached Tirupilani, otherwise known as *Dharbasayanam*, on the coast opposite to Ceylon, on this side of the main land, nine miles from Ramnad they were delayed for some time till a bridge was constructed, at the suggestion and with the consent of *Vayu Bhagawata* commonly known as *Samuthra Rajah* (god of the sea) to the mount of *Kantamathana* at Rameswaram and from thence to Lanka, a distance of about 100 miles in all. Passing over this, Rama was completely victorious. Ravana was destroyed and Sita was recovered. This event is the subject of the celebrated world-known epic, the *Ramayana*. The victory brought with it a difficulty. Ravana was of the race of Brahma, and this weighed heavily upon Rama who trembled in the midst of his triumph at the thought of being exposed to the attacks of *Birmahatti*, a demon whose peculiar office is to persecute those by whom any of the race of Brahma have been slain or destroyed. Under the influence of those feelings, Rama, on his return from Lanka, betook himself to the mount *Kantamathana* in the island of Rameswaram at a distance of two miles from the temple, where gathering around him his warriors and sages, he took counsel with them how he might expiate his sin in killing Ravana. As advised by them, Rama directed Hanuman to go to Mount Kailasa, the abode of Siva, get a *linga*, and hasten back before or at the appointed auspicious hour for dedicating the temple. At this, Hanuman, as quick as lightning, jumping from the top of *Kantamathana*, sprung up to Kailasa. But the hour for dedication being at hand and Hanuman not having returned with the *Siva linga*, Rama and his council of sages induced Sita to make a *linga* by pressing and moulding the white sand with her hand into the proper form; and thus they were able to establish the *lingam* in the temple, and finish the dedication at the proper hour. At that moment Hanuman returned with a *Siva linga*. Rama explained to him the necessity he had been under of dedicating the temple before he arrived, and told him how they had managed it without the *linga* which he had brought. On hearing this, Hanuman, greatly distressed, urged upon Rama, that the *linga* he had brought from Kailasa, should be established anyhow and the presence of Siva, confined to it. Then said Rama, "O Hanuman, be not in despair, be comforted, for if you can pull up and remove the *linga* that is already fixed, we can confine Siva in the *linga* you have brought, and fix it in the place of the other—else what can we do?"

Hanuman, with great rage, shook the *linga*

with his hand and tried to pull it up; but failing in this he coiled his tail around the *linga*, and springing from the earth he pulled with such a violence and force, that he broke his tail and fell senseless. The *linga* had penetrated downward through the three worlds. Rama and others bewailed the fate of Hanuman, who, however, by the favour of Rama, revived after a time.

Then Iswaran (the Supreme Lord: a term applied to Brahma, Vishnu and Siva) and Iswaree appeared from the *linga* that had been consecrated and said:

"O Rama, whoever visits this *linga* dedicated by thee, and takes in the twenty-four sacred bathing places, they shall be free from sin, and shall, as their reward, inherit Heaven."

Having said thus, they disappeared in the same *linga*. Afterwards Rama in order to please and comfort Hanuman took the *linga* brought by him, confined Siva in it, and placed it on the north side of the one which had already been placed there; observing to him at the same time, that pilgrims who should first visit that *linga*, and then Rama *linga*, should obtain bliss. The whole congregation of sages who were with Rama at the time of dedication, determined that the spot where the temple stood, should be called by the name of 'Rameswaram', because there Rama confined the presence of Iswaran (Siva). The charge of this sacred island was eventually made over to the Ramnad chief, a Maravan, who was styled "Sethu Kavalan," "the guardian of the Isthmus of Rameswaram," or "the guardian of the causeway". The subsequent holder of this title received from a Naidu Ruler of Madura, Muttukrishna, the loftier title of "Sethupatti," Lord of the causeway, which the Ramnad chief now bears, for having conveyed in safety the king's guru to Rameswaram.

The extreme point of this neck of sand at the meeting of waters, at a distance of twelve miles by rail, is the spot where Rama was absolved of his sins, and where the devotees betake themselves to perform their ablutions before visiting the pagoda; and here the ashes of the dead, usually of persons of distinction and wealth brought from the remote parts of India, are committed to the sea. This place is called *Dhanushkoti*, and is visited by tens of thousands of pilgrims from all parts of India almost throughout the year, and persons of all castes bathe together. It is at a distance of a mile and a half from the present terminus of the South Indian Railway. Popular faith is very great in the efficacy of a child being born by a bath in this sea with prescribed rituals. The childless couple make certain ceremonies and pujas and bathe here and it is a curious coincidence that they generally get a child, and visit again the

temple for the purpose of first shaving in the *Lakshmana Theertham*—about two miles west of the temple—or, in the seashore opposite to the temple, mostly at the former, and naming the child. The belief that a bath in this junction of the two seas is propitious is so great and strong by the confirmative result it produces in giving the desired boon, namely a child, generally male, that people from far-off places resort to this island.

The management of such a great temple having gone for a century or so into the hands of Saivites, the Vishnu temples attached to the main temple, and maintained from out of the revenue of the endowments to the great temple, have been so neglected that they are this day in ruins, and it is hoped that the Committee that would come into existence under the scheme now being considered by the Subordinate Judge of Ramnad will see its way to restore and maintain them in a manner worthy of a place of worship. The Ramaswami temple, midway between Pamban and Rameswaram, near *Villoon*, is now in a dilapidated condition. I saw in June last, a large number of pilgrims from the north waiting till midday for worship: neither the temple was opened, nor the officiating priest turned up. The present manager, a Saivite Nattukottai Chetty, thought fit to spend about forty thousand rupees in rebuilding and extending the temple of Ganesh, a mile off from the temple in the west, without even patching up the Vishnu temples now in ruins and falling down.

Villoon or *Vilbouni*, a mile and a half north of the Thangachimadam railway station, and about three furlongs from the trunk road at the fourth mile stone in the Pamban-Rameswaram road, is held sacred, being the place where Rama obtained fresh drinking-water in the seawater, by piercing or darting his bow, within a few yards from the shore for his army, and is in consequence often visited by pilgrims, many of whom have a bath in it. In some parts of the year when the sea is low, the place with its bubbles is seen and the water from these bubbles is not brackish.

P. R. VENKATESALU NAIDU.



Our Special Ladies' Contribution Column

I. ONLY A DREAM.



WAKING up at dead of night or in the small hours of the morning with our nerves in a quiver, and our pulses throbbing with excitement or fear, are common sensations caused by impressions which seem magnified to our three-fourth unconscious minds. Before we fully understand that it is only a dream, that we are not rolling down a

precipice, or being hunted by wild beasts, or in any other dreadful situation, we truly believe its horrible details. Foolish, and without meaning as we find our dreams to be ten minutes after waking, yet they were realistic enough while asleep, because they were palpable partly to all our senses. Often a physical incapacity to move a limb while asleep has helped to form the most absurd dreams.

I once dreamt that I was travelling to a far away place. The country that my train sped through was beautiful, but I took little or no notice of it, for my one thought and longing was for food, to appease a gnawing hunger that was almost unbearable. I made frantic efforts to buy food at the stations, for I had plenty of money, but no one could hear me, as I could not raise my voice above a whisper, try as I might. Failing this, I gesticulated madly to the waiters as they passed in and out of the waiting rooms carrying food to other travellers; but they did not take any notice of me, and two of the boldest stared, then grinned and turned away. This exasperated me so much that I swore at them, but my voice did not rise above a whisper. My next effort was to try to get out of my compartment, so turning the handle of the door I

pushed it with all my might, but all to no purpose, for I was locked in. Worse still there was no porter in sight whom I could ask to unlock the door, so bending as far as I could out of the window I prepared to shout my loudest; just as I opened my mouth to yell, the guard whistled, and the train started. However I made up my mind to call a porter at the next station the train would stop at. I waited a weary half hour before the train halted, then bending out as far as I could, I shouted, porter! porter! but my whispered shouts were not heard, and I tore my hair and gnashed my teeth with rage. At last a porter came in sight with a key in his hand, and I believed that he had come to unlock my door, but he passed me without looking my way, and frantic with rage I yelled after his retreating figure. To my chagrin he did not hear my whispered yells. I resolved then to thrash every waiter and porter within an inch of their lives, and have a grand feed afterwards.

Those weary hours of waiting coupled with my inward anguish were awful. Appetizing meats of all kinds swam before my eyes, and tantalized my nostrils with their delicious aroma. I resolved to eat every one of them.

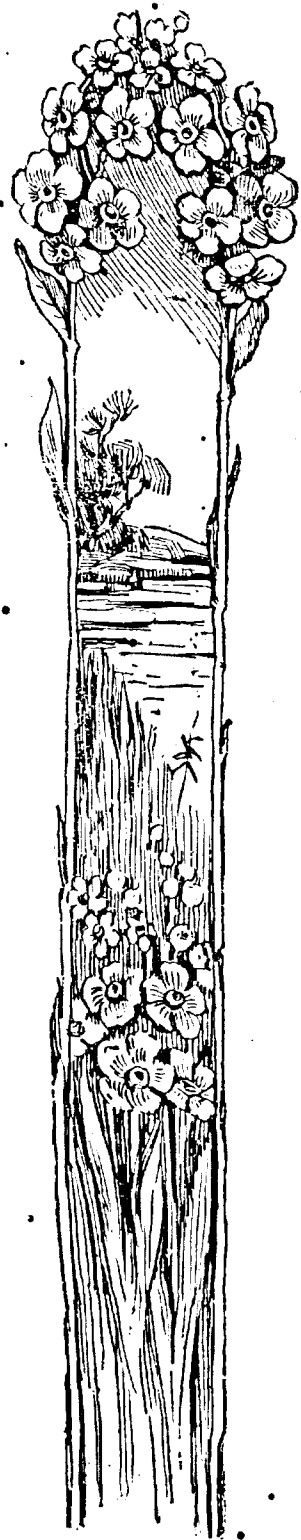
At night I reached my journey's end, and the door of my compartment was unlocked by an invisible porter, for there was not a single one in sight on whom I could execute my threat. But it was just as well there were none, as I did not care to thrash any one just then; my one longing was to get to a hotel, and order a sumptuous supper. Jumping into a standing vehicle I told the driver to take me to a hotel. Instead of driving he stared at me, and asked in dumb show where I wanted to be driven. Getting angry I shouted to him, but my voice did not rise above a whisper. At length I jumped out of the carriage, and tried to whisper my order in his ear, but misunderstanding my intention he took fright, and drove away. I determined then to walk to a hotel, and trudged mile after mile of roads and pavements, but never came in sight of a single hotel or restaurant. Stopping a passenger I asked him politely to direct me to a hotel. He only stared in answer, and made signs with his hands. I fumed with impatience and shouted at him, but as again my voice did not rise above a whisper he did not hear me. I tried next to whisper my query in his ear, but as soon as I drew near him, he bolted shouting, 'police'!

I walked on wearily, when suddenly turning a corner my eyes were dazzled by a dozen electric lights, and I found myself standing before a restaurant. I rushed into it with joy, and took a seat at a small table. A waiter immediately came up, and asked me what I wanted. While

I talked he stared, and waved his hand in a questioning manner. I shouted then with anger, but alas! my shouts were only whispers. Getting up I tried to reach his ear, and seeing this he ran to the further end of the room, and pointing at me spoke to a fat gentleman. Guessing him to be the proprietor I walked up to the portly personage, and tried to explain what I wanted. Just as I finished whispering I heard the waiter say, 'that person is mad, sir.' I glared with rage and shook my fist at him, but this made matters worse, for the fat gentleman looked suspiciously at me. As I drew near him he cried, 'murder! murder!' and bolted behind a counter. Instantly the whole restaurant was in an uproar, and shouts of, 'murder! thief! catch him! lunatic! police!' rang all through the large room. A whole body of diners rushed at me, and I dodged behind chairs and tables, knocking down and breaking everything that came in my way. At last getting desperate I picked up a chair, and brandished it wildly over my head. This violent effort on my part to knock down my adversaries awoke me all quivering with excitement, and so ended my dream.

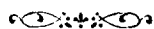
HERA E. JEDDO.





II. TO MY DEAR SISTER

Whom I have lost never to see again



Oh! who knows how many years have passed
Since we two, sister, parted last?

1. Come, come then down and see me, dear,
From eyes so far, at heart so near!
No moment passed but I did say
"I bow to thee with all my heart
For thou, oh! thou my idol art!"
And thus flew time from day to day.
Of words, dear Sis, I have no lot—
I'd simply say "Forget-me not."
2. In ev'ry scene I see thee, dear,
In ev'ry thing be't far or near.
At murm'ring streams I look, 'tis thee,
In still calm lakes thy image find;
Morning music, oh! brings to mind
Thy sweetness full of purity.—
Yet where liv'st thou, and what thou art?
Omnipresent, know'r of my heart.
3. Bravest, noblest, kindest and best,
With ev'ry hea'only virtue blest!
Guardian angel, guiding Spirit,
Guard me, save me from ev'ry sin,
Send me guidance from High Heaven,
Fount of ev'ry saintly merit.
To raise myself then pow'r bestow
On me—a being than low'st low.

Sister A—, once more do I crave,
"Give me bravery, for thou art brave!"

"A"

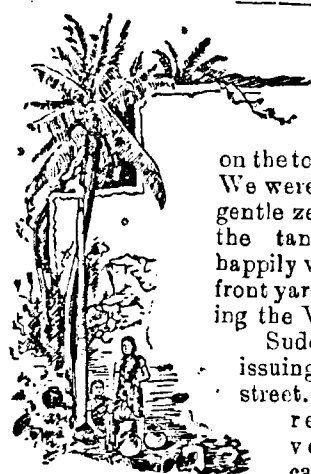
Lahore, 1st October, 1911.

III. The Founts of Pain

Roved the maiden shadow veiled
Through the pleasure parks of life
And its many golden arbours
With the flowers of joy were rife!
There were fruits of beauteous plenty
There were blossoms of delight!
There were waters ever sparkling
In the glory of their light:
There were waking springs of wonder
There were wells of wisdom deep
There were springs e'er murmuring visions
With their latent spell of sleep!
Here fair Nature—Art embracing
Each the other's beauty vied
But the maiden, shadow veiled,
Turned away and weary sighed!
In her heart a cherished longing
Slow had crept into a flame;
And in all that park of pleasure
Nought she found that fire to tame.
Nay! Her soul had tried each power
Pleasure, wealth and fame in vain!
One alone she sought unceasing
'Twas the mystic "Founts of Pain"!
For an angel voice had whispered
In a once beloved voice
"Rest not till ye find that fountain
Having found it once—"Rejoice"!
And she sought it e'er unceasing
Day and night unto the morn,
Till she fell with toil exhausted
All her limbs in anguish torn;
Then the tear drops slowly gathered
And her eyelids fair did steep
Till they fell a rushing torrent
Flowing to a streamlet deep:
And the waters of that streamlet
Soothed her aching soul to calm
And they quenched that burning fire
Leaving only "Holy Balm."
All her being lit in radiance,
Yea her face was wond'rous fair;
As she lifted to the Heavens
All her soul in one long prayer!
Then the angel voice did whisper
Know ye where to seek again—
For the balm of satiate pleasure
In the soul lie "Founts of Pain"!

—Lalita Gupta.

'A Summer Evening'



It was a hot summer evening, the crimson rays of the setting sun were lingering on the top of the banyan trees. We were being kissed by the gentle zephyr blowing across the tank opposite. Thus happily were we sitting in the front yard of my house reading the Vicar of Wakefield!

Suddenly a cry was heard issuing from the adjoining street. At first it did not resemble a human voice: The cry became more distinct and

we could hear some words mingling with it. In a moment a woman, the author of the cry, was seen approaching us, a babe in her arms. The cry became louder than before at the sight of us and the words more distinct. The words Aiya! Aiya! were heard issuing from her mouth in rapid succession.

She came near us and stood opposite to us. One among us asked her:—

'Who are you?'

Without paying any heed to the question she began to speak as clearly as circumstances allowed:—

'Aiya! see how this babe is afflicted with illness.'

'What do you want us to do for that?' asked the same person who introduced the conversation.

She did not care to answer this question either and pretended to be busily engaged in solacing the child which was grumbling, as she said, for food. I was struck with pity at its miserable plight and asked my little brother, who was near us, to fetch her some gruel which was accordingly brought. It was handed over to her and I told her to feed the babe. She did not stop to feed it and began to speak to us. She asked us in a very sorrowful tone if we had seen a man passing that way. With a laugh which the foolishness of the question was well fitted to elicit, though more could not be expected from such a woman (as she seemed to be), I had seen, said I, not one but many passing that way.

She quoted a Tamil proverb which, translated into English, becomes 'play to the tiger, death to the crab.' This I least expected from her, though in the end I came to understand that she was not really what she seemed to be. On our asking her to be more accurate she continued:—

"Aiya! Hear me patiently. His body is shrouded

below the neck, with a long, big, dirty shirt. He has a big tailed turban on. He can sing about the glory of Harishechandra, generally, accompanied with a *thuthi* (a kind of bag pipe). Above all, he is an expert physician and can cure any kind of disease." Unasked, she went on:—"He expects no remuneration from any. He wants only that some holy Brahmins should be fed on that account and nothing more."

She shed a stream of tears and continued with quivering cheeks:—"He promised to treat the babe which, as you see, is suffering from a very bad kind of disease. He went in search of a potent herb, which he said was the sole remedy for this ailment, and has not returned within the time. Aiya! the babe is in a very miserable condition. If any of you chance to meet him, Aiya! God bless you, tell him to go to Kollengode where I put up." She departed invoking the tender mercies of the Gods and crying out Narayana, Narayana.

The manner in which she gave expression to the above was such that we began to entertain a suspicion about her. About the existence of the medicine man, we least doubted; but the qualities she attributed to him we could not believe. And we were sure that the man referred to above would make his appearance shortly. We expected him hour after hour but were disappointed. A week after, the man appeared exactly in the same apparel as had been described to us by the woman. He had the shirt, the turban and the *thuthi*.

He was going from door to door begging and when it was the turn of my house to receive him he came and demanded his share. I came out and saw, my friends also had come with me, glad at heart that we had not erred in our guess. He appeared to be in a hot haste to quit my door and go to another, though in his heart of hearts he wished to stay there for any amount of time. One of us remembering the account given by the woman, asked him whether he could sing the glory of Harishechandra. Cunningly dissembling the joy he felt in his heart at the prospect of his tricks coming to a successful close he answered in a very careless manner that he could do it but very badly.

We told him that we would give him something extra if he would sing an interesting song. While in the act of singing, as if by chance, he caused a bottle containing a green powder to fall from his scrip. We asked him what it was and he said that he was a doctor who, by the grace of God, had not until now failed in his attempt to cure diseases. We asked him what he would charge for treating cases; he replied that he expected nothing; but that we should feed some Brahmins in his name, he emphatically said.

A blind man, who had lost his sight from an attack of smallpox was brought before him and Doctor Beggar promised to restore to him his sight. He pretended to be examining the eyes very minutely and uncorking a bottle he mixed what appeared to be a powder prepared from some dried leaves with some cocoanut oil and wanted the mixture to be applied on the invalid's forehead.

After all these transactions were over he went to the next street. There he undertook to treat cases which had baffled the power of available medicines. From some he took money ranging from four annas to two rupees which he said was simply to prepare some efficacious medicines. He departed, promising to return soon, but never kept his promise.

V. RAM.

A Practical Joke



HE was a very handsome girl but somewhat vain of her beauty. She was however partial to certain fellows and entirely neglected us, because he would not flatter her or send her presents occasionally.

So we three chaps thought of a plan of wreaking our vengeance on her. It happened to be her birthday, and we three got a confectioner to make a very rich cake, thickly iced, highly decorated, with her name JANE in letters of glowing pink surrounded by tiny roses of a deeper red. We took it to her house on the night of her birthday. The family had just finished their dinner and they were right glad to welcome us. We took the cake and placed it at the young lady's feet, as our humble offering on the anniversary of her birthday, the mother hypocritically excused herself for not having been able to invite us to dinner, and the young lady was overjoyed at the grand present. As it was a splendid moonlight night the father suggested that we should all go to the terrace and have tea there. With suppressed laughter at the eagerness of our friends to partake of the delicious cake we carried it upstairs. To avoid unnecessary delay, we all sat down on the terrace-floor and the father with all the gravity and dignity of a patriarch of olden times began to cut the cake. But somehow, it could not be cut. "It is a very hard stuff, Dick! whoever made it I wonder." While he was attempting to plunge his knife into the cake, it suddenly split in two, when lo! and behold! it was a mass of clay. The father's anger knew no bounds. The young lady's face fell with disappointment; we

The Sleepy Tahsildar



ABOUT twenty years ago, while I was travelling in the south, I happened to visit a village that has since grown into a somewhat important town. I went into the Court of the Tahsildar, an officer of the greatest importance and influence in the place. You

should have seen him walking from his home to the Court, followed by a large crowd attended by half a dozen peons, four or five constables—one, carrying his cigar case; another, his snuff-box; a third, his betel leaves; a fourth, his umbrella; a fifth, his large palmyra fan; and so on and so on. As he approached his office, an ordinary tiled house, his numerous attendants made way for him, and all the people stood up and made namaskaram. The Tahsildar was a short man, dark in complexion, rather bulky for his height and age, with a nose broad at the bottom; he was a Sudra by caste; and he was evidently a Vaishnavite by religion for the Namam was well-figured on his broad forehead.

Most ceremoniously he went and occupied the Magisterial chair that had to be dusted by the duffadar. He sat down very leisurely, took off his profusely laced red head cloth (I guess it was upwards of 10lb in weight) and laid it carefully on the papers, evidently, as a paper weight. He then dried his long *juttu* by striking it with his hand and combing it with his fingers. In the meanwhile, the peon in charge of the betel leaves handed them to the gentleman, who chewed them in a way that only Tahsildars can chew. An hour or more was spent in chewing and spitting, chatting, combing, and all the while the peons by turns were fanning him with a mighty palmyra fan, one yard in diameter. At this juncture a pariah came, but dare not cross the threshold of the Court; he fell prostrate on the floor of the verandah and complained that his sister was poisoned by her paramour; he gave a long account of how this was done, all the time standing outside the Court: he had

brought, he said, a number of witnesses to establish his case; before he could proceed any further, the Tahsildar had fallen asleep and was snoring away to the immense amusement of myself and my companions. He had not long been in the arms of Morpheus when it was announced the Collector was coming. But who was to awake this august personage? It might lead to the man's summary dismissal. One favourite poem of his, "Muhammadan," was bold enough to undertake this onerous duty and even he was afraid to touch him with his bare hand; so he gave the nodding Magistrate a gentle stroke with a key, and repeated the all-powerful word "Collector"; thevaral! The gentleman opened his sleepy eyes with fear and looked round about to see where the Collector was. Being assured that he was still at the gate, he conveyed the pulverized contents of his snuff-box to his olfactory concavities, adjusted his clothes, put on his head-cloth, and was now quite prepared to welcome the Collector. But the case of the pariah was not worth further hearing, and so the learned Tahsildar dismissed it without any ceremony.

D. L.

A European Tiger



It was many many years ago, I was then a boy of fourteen; but I remember every bit of the incident as if it took place during the Muharram that has just drawn to a close. The festivities of this great Muhammadan feast are not half as grand or attractive as they used to be in those days—schools and offices would be almost empty, boys running away to follow the vagaries of tigers, girls staying away from school through sheer fright, and officials being obliged to give up work because of the disturbing noise. There was one tiger that attracted crowds and crowds of people wherever he went (mind you it was a human tiger) streets were literally crammed; many were crushed and squeezed to death at times. Not that he was painted in an extraordinary fashion—stripes of mere black and white you do not call grand or beautiful; his tail was not of the flowery type that you see now-a-days being carried by a fellow walking behind a tiger; I wonder if he had a tail at all; he was nevertheless a tiger but quite different in appearance from the other tigers of the day. He was a giant in stature with muscular arms and broad

chest and a determined eye; he looked as if he had no control over himself, walking at the head of a very large number of disciples—for he was a *vastad* of no ordinary kind. His mere name was enough to frighten other tigers; none of them dared to cross his path, and if any of them should ever pluck courage to go in the same street, he should at once glide away to his left, for woe to the tiger that was ill-advised to meet him face to face! He would have to run with his limbs broken, while his followers would run away like so many hares. But our *vastad's* followers would stick to him to the last, and even give blows to the opponents when needed. At this juncture police men always made themselves scarce, for there was not one of them who had not experienced the full force of the tiger, George Taylor's fist. They were too afraid to report him to the Commissioner of Police, for the traitor would receive such a hammering some night or another, that he was too prudent to tell tales against a ferocious tiger of the Caucasian stock. Once or twice Taylor was arrested and sent to the place of correction for a few days for playing with the limbs of some daring tiger, but this, instead of deterring him from further excursions, only stimulated him to worse depredation—more heads were broken, policemen were made lame for life; and yet he was very popular. Every time he was up to some mischief he got off scot-free, for it was rumoured that he had influential friends among the higher officials; "What is to be done with Taylor" was an often-asked question at the Club. But no answer was forthcoming, till the Chief Justice of the High Court, wrote to the Commissioner of Police suggesting that Taylor should be at once appointed Inspector of Police, to save society from his scandalous conduct. It was sooner done than written; and if it had been our modern police administration, he would have become an Assistant Superintendent of Police, for he was highly connected, though not educated; but it was the days of John Company. Suffice it to say he led a quiet life thenceforth, not giving his friends the slightest ground for regretting what they had done for him. The town during the Moharram also enjoyed peace and quiet.

The Srinivasa Mandiram and Charities

(Twentieth Annual Report for the year 1910-1911.)

"The race of mankind would perish, did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment

that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid, have a right to ask it from their fellow-mortals; no one who holds the power of granting, can refuse it without guilt."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

As no undertaking is possible without such mutual help, the above is quoted again to serve as an introduction to this report. We only invite the kind attention of our patrons, friends and the public to the same.

The Institution has passed another twelve months, and brief will be the report for this period. There will not be always progress worth recording. We may simply say we have not lagged behind in maintaining the usual efficiency of the work. Steady and uniform has been our labours. We are only sorry we are growing weak and old and are wanting in physical nerve to work more satisfactorily. Our enthusiasm is not however fading. We speak of so much social service in these days and it will be a matter of great relief if a number of energetic and educated young men of position and respectability came forward disinterestedly to co-operate and work with us. If this is done, we are sure the construction of the Orphanage will become an accomplished fact at not a very distant date. As will be seen elsewhere in the pamphlet that accompanies this report, the start for the work is promised to us by no less a distinguished personage than H. H. the Yuvaraja Bahadur of Mysore, and it is our duty to follow him and take advantage of his kindness early. The following are already our subscribers:—

H. H. the Swami of Sringeri Rs. 150. Amount received	
Sir P. N. Krishnamurthy, K.C.I.E., K.L.	100.
Professor K. Sundararama Aiyar, M.A.	100. Rs. 50 received.
Mr. A. Srinivasachari, B.B.	25.
Mr. R. Ramanuja Iyengar, (Himself and his Office friends, Pumping Station, Hesaraghatta Water Works, Baravar.)	17-2-0. Amount received
Mr. Anandalwar, Assistant Engineer	2. Do
Mr. Rangiah, Assistant Engineer	44-0. Do

It is hoped that others will follow this lead.

There are many who are not satisfied with the working of our Temples, and to a great extent their criticisms are just and right. Though the Srinivasa Mandiram is not a rich and largely endowed place of worship, still it would be no boast to record that its conductors have striven hard to inspire religious emotion and raise the standard of worship from mere material to Divine form, keeping always in aim as to how to influence the feelings of Godsense in man. In

doing so, the needs of the innerman were not forgotten also. 608 needy pilgrims who visited the Institution during the year were fed and sheltered.

The Orphanage roll has stood at eighteen in number during the year. The classification of the strength is as follows:—

Vishnavas 3; Sri-Vishnavas 2; Smarthas 8; Vaisya 3; and non-Brahmins 2. Total 18.

Of these, sixteen are boys and two are girls. One a Brahmin and the other Sudra. The Sudra girl was discharged during the year after a training of nearly two years, having been claimed by her relatives. There were two desertions—a Brahmin and a non-Brahmin boy. These have some grounding in the three R's and are able to earn some wages as workers in rattan and as carpenter assistants. The other boys including the girl have made a good progress and the school report about them is favourable. They are equally good in manual labour. They are trained in carpentry and rattan work. They make sandal wood combs and are also preparing blue-black ink and tooth powders. Visitors who have seen the boys thus working, have appreciated this kind of instruction and a few who have tried the ink and the tooth powders say they are pleased with them. We cannot much complain about their health. It was fair all the year along. It is pleasant to mention that Mr. Masilamony Moodelliar, Senior Hospital Assistant, Channarayana, has given us every help in this direction. Likewise, Messrs. B. Srinivasulu Naidu and Lakshmanasawmy Naidu are taking a kindly interest in all matters concerning their education and manual training. They have secured the services of a carpenter recently, but it is yet early to speak anything particular as to what help he means to render. The boys are always engaged in their studies and they have not much time at their disposal to go in seriously for industrial education. The school curriculum clashes with such training. But the authorities of Doddannah's Free School are doing their best in this matter and we are indebted to them. In November 1910 we had to experience a stormy weather and some unusually heavy rains. To safeguard the lives of the poor urchins, removed them to our own habitation and to the Mandiram Library for some days. It was very kind of the Muzarai Superintendent to have extended his sympathy in providing a sumptuous meal and a money dole to each Brahmin inmate on the Anniversary Day of H. H. the late Maharaja Sri Chamarajendra Wodeyar Bahadur of beloved memory. The Anniversary was held this time (December 1910) in Bangalore. If possible, we hope, this privilege will be continued to be shewn annually. Mrs. B. Baliah Naidu of Madras was kind enough to remember these orphans on the occasion of

her daughter's marriage and she was pleased to present each boy with a new coat. Gifts of this kind bestowed, every now and then, we much appreciate. Mrs. S. Rangannah (wife of Mr. S. Rangannah, L. M. & S.) has shewn a similar kindness, though she performed the marriage of her daughter in Mysore. The boys had also a good feeding charitably provided by Lady Savalai Ramaswamy Moodelihar in memory of the death of her husband, which sad event we had to deplore during the year. Raja Sir Savalai Ramaswamy Moodelihar's death is a great loss to the Institution. He was one of our first donors.

In religious and moral education the boys are up to mark. Their conduct is also good. All of them had their promotions in the year and we are glad to note an all-round improvement in their progress.

As to the usefulness of the Library (*Oriental and Mixed*) and Free Reading Room, we don't mean to indulge in any common place platitudes and observations. We simply wish to say that it has become a centre where knowledge is gathered. Both the sexes gentle and stern are taking advantage of this branch. The return for the year shows 27,403 visitors. Of this number, 20,837 are males, 5,016 are females and 1,500 are juveniles. The work of the Ladies' Association, the Secretary reports, is progressing slowly though the working is not very vigorous. Always enthusiasm stands high in matters of this kind in its initial stages, but as time passes on the interest wears out and members become lukewarm. They require constant preaching and spurring up. Activity cannot be continual for it is the characteristic of our people to grow indifferent, when their curiosity is satisfied. The Secretary however is encouraged to work uninterruptedly by the sincere support she receives from the Lady President and a few working and active members who take an unabated interest in the success of the work. It would be invidious to mention names.

It is a matter of regret to note the death of Mrs. Viswanath Saradabai during the year. She always worked very unselfishly, and the void caused by her is still felt as being empty and unoccupied. May her soul rest in peace! The change in the Residentsip of Bangalore has also damped the spirit of the members to some extent. They all feel the absence of Mrs. Constance Fraser, their friend and guide. She was a connecting link as it were between the English and the Indian ladies. Her *Puriah* parties and evenings "At Home" are all fresh in their memory. They are very thankful to her and are pleased to record their appreciation. It was an honor to Indian ladies that they had an opportunity to join their English sisters to sub-

scribe to her farewell fund. She was requested to have some jewel made at England to her liking to mark her connection with the ladies of Bangalore. Mrs. Fraser, we are glad to note, had a necklace made from the subscriptions and has sent photographs of the same to all the ladies who are her friends. In addition to this, she had a present from the Mandiram ladies of a *Puranic* picture, all worked in gold lace by the deceased Mrs. Saradabai and suitably inscribed on a polished card board and beautifully mounted by Messrs. Barton, Son & Co. Mrs. Fraser acknowledges the same in very cordial terms and expresses her admiration of the chaste and artistic work, which the Indian ladies are capable of doing.

Fifty-two weekly and three specially convened meetings were held during the year. Many interesting and instructive papers were read. Some of these were printed and circulated among the members and others interested in the cause of female education. Lectures by Mrs. Parvathamma, (Mrs. K. P. Puttannab Chetty), Mrs. Kamalabai, (Mrs. Y. Srinivasa Row), Mrs. Sivakami Ammaul of Bowringpet, and Sri Mahalakshmi Ammaul, were much liked and appreciated. Of the three special meetings conducted, H. H. the Maharaja's Birthday meeting and the Coronation meeting of H. M. the King-Emperor on June 22nd, 1911, were meetings of very great social conviviality and solemnity. On the first occasion Mrs. T. Sundarabamma was pleased to feed the poor of the City without any distinction of caste or creed; the number fed being between 600 and 800 nearly. On the Coronation Day, raw rations were similarly issued.

News and Notes

ON SOCIAL REFORM. A large and representative audience of over 800 gathered on Saturday afternoon at 4.30 in the spacious Assembly Hall of the Maharani's College in Mysore, when Miss C. A. Tennant, the Honorary Representative of the Hindu Marriage Reform League, delivered the following address on "The Growing Interest in Female Education and early marriage the chief drawback."

ON FEMALE EDUCATION Miss Tennant said:—"Mysore is considered to be one of the model States in India and Their Highnesses have given their sympathetic support for the advancement of female education. It is with great pleasure to note that the Mysore Durbar has helped the Educational institutions of the State most liberally and the recent official report gives encouraging statistics. As regards female education

there are 294 schools established for girls. The number under instruction is nearly 22,000. The first among these institutions is the Maharani's College, where out of 350 pupils, as many as 300, I was informed, belong to the Brahman caste. There are many widow pupils in attendance and no less than forty scholarships have been awarded to them. It is pleasing to know that we are assembled in this College this evening to advocate and promote the cause for which purpose it has been built. It is most gratifying to learn that a deputation from this institution was most graciously received by Her Majesty the Queen, with expressions of great admiration and approval, when she was in Mysore on her Royal visit when Princess of Wales. One of the tests which determine the character and capacity of a community is its progress in education. Mysore State is entitled to congratulations as it has the reputation for giving higher education to girls.

These institutions for learning are provided with a fair number of female teachers, yet there is a lack and if encouragement be given for girls to complete their education, the Maharani's College can greatly assist in supplying this need. If more scholarships could be given, I believe there are many who are intelligent and zealous to pursue their studies but not financially able to do so. Careful attention should be given to their moral and spiritual training, as those who undertake the instruction of the young must be women of high character having also a personal interest in their work.

It is most desirable that Hindu girls should continue their studies after marriage and unless special inducements or large scholarships be given, they will necessarily be withdrawn from school at a comparatively early age and so continue to miss that intellectual development to which their natural intelligence and personal gifts entitle them. I have had the great pleasure in meeting three lady graduates of this College, one of whom was the proud mother of five children when she received her degree of B. A. These ladies deserve special congratulations, for their successful career is due to steady persistence in the face of many obstacles. It is to be hoped that the example set by this good beginning will, in the course of time, result in the higher education of the training of Brahmin ladies and the detaining of Brahmin girls in school to a later age than is now the custom. As I visited the classes in this College, I was informed that many young wives were pursuing their studies. It has generally been observed over India, that other castes have given more encouragement on these lines, but Mysore is an exception as many Brahmin girls attend this College and other schools.

I see no reason for this as Brahmin gentlemen are as a rule highly educated and are aware of the advantages for their wives and daughters. No one can doubt that as the full emancipation of women, intellectually and socially proceeds, potent results will be achieved, both for themselves and for the race. If they could expend a little energy and perseverance, combating perhaps with some opposition which might arise, in order to attain to a high ideal, every door of knowledge of the various fields of learning would be freely opened to them. It is a confirmed fact that the intellectual and the moral future of the race rest largely in the further ethical evolution of women.

I fear that female education will never reach the desired standard until the marriageable age of girls is raised. In spite of the knowledge of the questions in issue, it is most surprising how parents continue to cling to custom. Although there are restrictions and fines imposed through Infant Marriage laws yet in the months of May and July, I read in the daily press where parents have been prosecuted for permitting the marriage of their daughters aged 5, 7 and 7½ years, respectively.

There are no doubt rare cases, yet fathers and mothers should realize the many great disadvantages resulting from such an injurious custom. I attended the Prize distribution of the Government Grills' School in Bangalore, an institution which is so ably managed by Sow, Puttsubamma, the Headmistress, and the following remarks were given in the report: "Various attempts to provide good ground work for the education of the girls are not seen to advantage, since by the time that they come up to the highest class which prepares pupils for the public examinations, they are compelled to leave school for one reason or another." I was told that the practice of early marriage was one of the chief cause for this interruption.

Mr. H. V. Nanjundayya, M.A., M.L., a member of the Council of His Highness the Maharaja, as the president on that auspicious occasion, in the course of his speech, spoke in eulogistic terms about the management of the school, and remarked that there should be co-operation of each individual for the advancement of female education and that parents take great interest in the education of their boys but why not extend the same encouragement towards the girls? If this is done great progress can be achieved. He also said that education for girls is not up to the mark, owing principally to poverty, lack of lady teachers and the early withdrawal from school. I was informed that out of eighteen teachers in that school, seven are females and eleven are males. The deficiency of lady teachers is felt throughout India. In visiting Hindu

schools for girls in more than twenty large cities during my recent tour I found male teachers were greatly in the majority.

With but few exceptions I seldom found a girl over the age of eleven in attendance as they were withdrawn from school for marriage and only in rare cases were they permitted to return. I appeal to every mother here present to seriously consider the future welfare of their daughters. As an honorary representative of the Hindu Marriage Reform League, or organization which has twenty-five branches in India, I wish to thank you for the kind invitation extended to me to-day, and may we all still continue to take an active interest in these social problems."

The following are the objects of the League:—

1. To raise the marriageable age of boys and girls, and to spread education among girls on a wider scale than at present.
2. To educate public opinion on the question of Marriage Reform by means of lectures, books, pamphlets, tracts, leaflets, etc., and by such other means as may be found expedient.
3. To obtain a sufficient volume of Hindu public opinion which may have the effect of modifying the system of early marriage to an appreciable extent in the near future.
4. To minimise marriage expenses and dowries.
5. To take steps generally for the extension and promotion of the above mentioned objects.

A VOTE OF THANKS

When Miss Tennant resumed her seat, Srirangamma, B.A., gave the lecture in full in Kanarese, after which she extended a hearty vote of thanks in the following words of appreciation: "I am sure that I am voicing the sentiment of all here this evening when I say that we have listened to a very suggestive, thoughtful and interesting address from Miss Tennant on one of the most burning social topics of the day. She has not only placed before you the difficulties that we have to encounter in facing the great social problems, but has also clearly laid down the lines on which we have to act in overcoming the difficulties that beset us. We are under a deep debt of gratitude to Miss Tennant for this stirring address and I hope that each of us will do our humble best to make the cause that is so near and dear to one and all, and for the working out of which successfully she has been so strenuously labouring in many parts of India, we wish the League complete success to which it undoubtedly deserves. In conclusion, I have great pleasure in proposing a very hearty vote of thanks to Miss Tennant."

MARRIAGE LEAGUE BRANCH

The meeting proved a great success, and after an enthusiastic discussion led by Subbamma,

B.A., the ladies decided to organize a branch of the Hindu Marriage Reform League, and the following joint Secretaries were elected:—

Srirangamma, B.A., Headmistress, Maharani College, and Mrs. Mahadeva Sastri, wife of Curator, Government Oriental Library, Mysore.

Including Mysore eight branches of the League have been organized for ladies in the following cities:—

1. Lahore. President.—Mrs. Bishan Dass, wife of Rai Sahab Bishan Dass.

Vice-President.—Mrs. K. B. Thaper, wife of Rai Sahab K. B. Thaper.

Joint Secretaries.—Mrs. Roshan Lal, wife of Barrister Roshan Lal.

Miss Binaj Kumari Nath, daughter of Commissioner Norendra Nath.

2. Amritsar. President.—Mrs. Dhampatra, wife of Barrister Dhampatra.

Vice-President.—Mrs. C. L. Dhillon, wife of Barrister C. L. Dhillon.

Secretary.—Miss Rani Ram, Principal, Girls' School.

3. Ferozepore. President.—Mrs. Shiyarain, wife of Barrister Shiyarain.

4. Saharanpore. President.—Mrs. Jhuman Lal, wife of Pleader Jhuman Lal.

5. Ajmere. President.—Mrs. Debi Dayal, wife of Rai and Honorary Magistrate Debi Dayal.

6. Baroda. President.—Mrs. Sharda Sumant Mehta, B.A., wife of State Doctor.

Secretary.—Mrs. Kashibai Herlekar, Headmistress, Marathi Girls' School.

7. Bangalore.—Sex. Mrs. A. Gopala Charlu.

There are eighteen Branches organized for men.

—*The Daily Post*, Wednesday Morning, October 25, 1911.

ARE INDIAN WOMEN SO BAD?—Miss Cornelia Sorabji, the talented Parsi lady, is an Oxford Graduate and a Barrister-at-Law. She has identified herself with the movement which has for its object the affording of legal advice to Hindu Purdah ladies. Miss Sorabji went to England some time ago and on the eve of her return to India a reception was held in her honor at the Lyceum Club, Piccadilly, when she delivered a short address on the "Legal position of women in India." She spoke but little on the subject proper as the greater portion of the address was taken up with an account of the power wielded by the Indian women who though shut up in the zenana exert considerable influence over the male members of their families. If Miss Sorabji is right a great deal of their power is obtained by resort to artifices such as must be known to Indian women only.

It seems that Miss Sorabji with all her laudable ambition to ameliorate the lot of women in

the zenana indulges in no small exaggeration. For instance, referring to the strictness of the seclusion, she says that not only must a woman remain unseen by any man but her husband, but many a woman would die if the sound of her voice were heard by another man. This is certainly wholly inapplicable to South and Western India while even as regards Bengal the rigidity of the zenana is not, we are sure, carried to such grotesque lengths. The zenana habit is an evil institution to be sure, and there is much in the condition of Indian women requiring amelioration; but nothing could be gained by depicting Indian womanhood in more lurid colours than the real facts warrant. We therefore strongly deprecate all writings and speeches about Indian women which however well meant border on romance. In one place she mentioned the case of a solitary Indian woman who, in order to get something from her husband, made herself a cripple by long remaining with her left foot bent. Even if this be true, it could have been only a solitary instance and it was thoroughly unjustifiable on her part to have conveyed the impression that it was a typical case of Indian women's obstinacy and cunningness to gain their objects. Again, Miss Sorabji says that in every old Indian house there is a room called the sulking room and if a disobedient husband came home he would find nothing but uncooked food and the wife shut up in the room! Though the zenana is bad enough in all conscience, it is not so bad as depicted by this lady. We are sorry we cannot congratulate Miss Sorabji on her performance. Her zeal and sympathy for Indian women are unquestionable but her address before the Piccadilly audience, we must say, must have conveyed a totally false impression on the conditions of life behind the Purdah—(Selected).

A WHITE NEGRESS. With a troupe of black warriors there is a negress in Berlin who is white throughout, even her hair, while her child and sisters, as are others of the family, are black. This is no doubt a freak of nature.

ABOUT SLEEP. Fernand Mayade, a good authority on Physiology, says that when one goes to sleep, the sense of sight goes first, then touch, after which taste, followed by smell. Hearing is the last sense that is extinguished. He advocates for scientists and those engaged in solving problems that the night sleep should be cut into two portions by going to bed as early as possible and sleep till 1 A. M., then awake and work for three hours, followed by a sleep till morning, which plan he is confident will be conducive to perfect health.

Miss GALT, the welfare secretary of a large commercial firm in Louisville, Ky., teaches shop girls how to do their own cooking besides supplying the employes of her firm with cheap and nutritious lunches. According to her system two girls from the office and shop force take charge of the lunchroom for a week at a time. These girls not only cook and serve the lunches, but they plan the menus and buy the supplies.

INFANTILE PARALYSIS, experts have now proved definitely, is a dust disease. Dust has been known to exist outside, as well as inside, the home. What are mothers going to do about it?

READING THE BIBLE. There is an old lady in England who has recently celebrated her 95th birthday. She has on this day completed the reading of the Bible through the 29th time.

FRAULEIN WOKER is the first woman to occupy a University chair in Germany. For some years she has been privat-docent at the University of Berne. She had a brilliant university career, and is now called to Leipzig to be "extraordinary professor" there and to edit a periodical devoted to the mathematical and experimental sciences. Her own specialty is Chemistry. Fraulein Woker comes of a scholarly family. Her father, a Swiss Catholic, is Professor of History in the University of Berne. Her grandfather, on her mother's side, was a Professor of Theology. At Berne, she has been lecturing on the problems of Physical Chemistry and of its application to Biology. She is an earnest "feministe" and has worked in support of woman suffrage in Switzerland.

FEMALE "POLICE MEN." There are thirty feminine Police men in Berlin, who have free access to people's houses, where a male policeman often may not go.



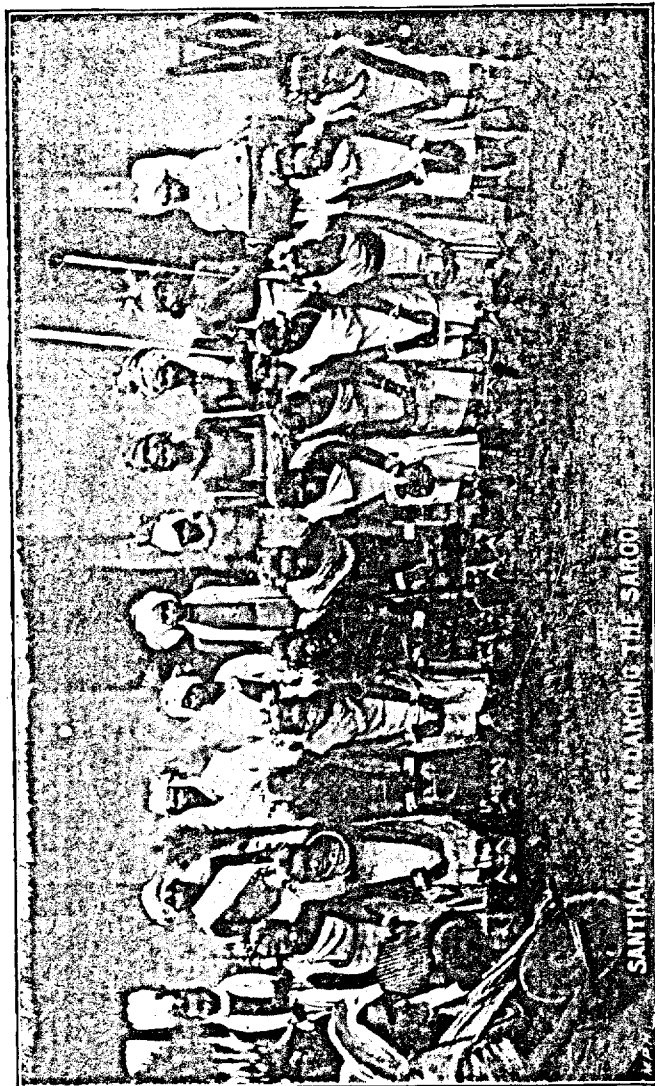
THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Acknowledgments for December, 1911

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SANTHAL WOMEN DANCING THE SAROOL



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. XI]

FEBRUARY, 1912

[No. 8

REVERIES

'Tis eve ; the garish day has past !
Upon their thrones mysterious rise
The silent moon and stars at last :
And like a placid lake and vast,
My soul reflects them and the skies.

Down, down beneath the waves of thought,
The fair lake spreads o'er sands of gold,
And there the vault is balanced, wrought
In colours softer, vainly sought
In the blue pall above unrolled.

Enamoured with the picture grand,
At first I gaze, and only gaze ;
But soon desiring more, my hand
I stretch to touch the fairy land,
And back recoil in wild amaze.

Sudden departs the starry vault,
Departs the light that charmed the view.
O foolish poet, thine the fault !
That sight no more shall thee exalt :
Reflected moon and stars, adieu !

' Fair moon and stars no longer hide,'
My foolish hope renounced, I cry ;
And by degrees the waves subside,
Once more the picture in the tide
Is mirrored—oh so gloriously !

Shall I again attempt, I think,
To seize the mirage as before ?
Ah no ! But leaning on the brink,
The calm that late I drank shall drink,
And dream, and dream for evermore.

Toru Dutt.

Glances of the Delhi Coronation

Durbar

BY LADY BENSON



HERE are probably many readers of the "Indian Ladies' Magazine" who were not able to be present at the "Delhi Coronation Durbar," who may be interested in hearing from an eye-witness yet another account of the many wonderful scenes that were enacted during that ever-memorable fortnight.

We all knew that for many months previously master-minds had been working out the plans and details for the Durbar and the camps. Plots of ground had been allotted for the camps of the Indian Princes and Ruling Chiefs; for the Governments of Madras, Bombay, Bengal, Punjab, the United Provinces, Burma, Eastern Bengal, and Assam, etc. There were 188 camps, in addition to the King-Emperor's camp, the camps for their Imperial Majesties' suites from England, and their Indian suite, and the Viceroy's camp.

Enormous spaces were chosen and prepared for the great Durbar itself, for the Review of the Troops, for the Polo and Hockey and Football Tournaments. In addition to these were the arrangements for the camping of the Troops, and Police and massed Bands, for the Post and Telegraph offices, Press Camp, Hospitals (including a Veterinary Hospital), for a "Central Durbar Market," and "Government Dairy." The Dairy comprised rooms for butter making, separating and pasteurizing rooms, refrigerators, cold storage, and steam sterilising arrangements for the cleaning of the utensils. The daily issues of milk were estimated to be over 25,000 lbs. A herd of 2,000 cows was maintained. The butter supply was 1½ tons daily, and was partly obtained from the Dairy itself, and partly by importation from the Military creameries from other parts of India. This was sold at Re. 1-4 a lb. and cooking butter at one rupee a lb. The Dairy was managed by a staff of 400 men, including sixty Europeans. To provide a complete supply of filtered water for the camps, special installations were erected. The total length of pipes laid down amounted to over 101 miles, and the mains alone (which amounted to 51 miles in length) weighed over 4,000 tons. The Electric Lighting Installation was estimated to consume 3,000 tons of coal, before and during the Durbar period, and to produce energy sufficient to light 72,000 lamps of 25 candle power. To light the

roads (100 miles of roads) 10,000 telegraph poles, with 900 miles of copper wire were erected.

To provide food and bedding for horses, and cattle, a stock of hay, amounting to 180,000 maunds, was stacked, with 75,000 maunds of bhoosa, and 23,000 maunds of bedding grass. To provide for the traffic in the Durbar area, special railway lines on both the broad and narrow gauge were constructed. The local broad gauge trains carried about 1,100 passengers and passenger traffic of all description. To avoid confusion labels of distinctive colours and designs were issued for the five broad gauge camp stations. For the Postal arrangements, a large central Post Office was erected, with 12 sub-offices, and 12 separate post offices for the Indian Chiefs and Troops, in addition to post offices in the King-Emperor's camp and of the Lieutenant Governors of Bengal, Eastern Bengal, and the Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces. One hundred letter boxes were distributed throughout the camps. In connection with the Telegraph Office, a Central Telephone Exchange was established, a fee of four annas being charged for three minutes' conversation.

It will be seen from these details that the conveniences of a modern up-to-date city had been provided for the visitors of the great Durbar Assemblage. Even the question of the Delhi dust had been considered, and dealt with! At the previous Durbar, 1902-1903, guests had been five days in camp without having been able to see anything of their surroundings owing to the air being charged with fine white dust. On the fifth day a slight shower of rain fell, and the effect was exactly as if a curtain had been dropped! For the first time it was possible to see the miles and miles of tents stretched out on all sides, and to obtain a view of the Ridge, and City of Delhi. At this Durbar, dust was conspicuous by its absence! The 100 miles of new roads, and the roads leading to Delhi, and in the city itself, were all soaked with crude oil, which bound the surface together, and formed a sort of macadam. The result was most satisfactory. If it is borne in mind what the traffic must have been during the Durbar, with all the troops and horses, the 2,000 motors, the carriages, tongas, ekkas, and mule carts, it must be conceded that it was no inconsiderable achievement to have been able to tackle and conquer the dust nuisance.

For weeks before the memorable 12th December, the stream of visitors for the Durbar began to move towards the goal. From America, China, Japan, and Australia, passengers "set sail" would have been the old phrase, but "steamed" is the word used to-day. What will be the term in use, we wonder, for the Durbars of the

future! The voyage from England now only occupies either three weeks or a fortnight, so the visitor from England did not have to start so soon; while the enormous distances over the continent of India to be traversed before reaching Delhi, which in ancient days it would have required months, or even years, to accomplish, require now only a few days to cover. The special trains from Madras to Delhi carried all the travellers there in 65 hours. The first train to leave Madras left on November 30th, conveying His Excellency the Governor and Lady Curzon, and suite. On the 1st of December two other special trains left containing Government officials—guests, one in the morning and one in the evening. Each married couple was provided with a spacious compartment to themselves and single men had a coupé. The journey was most enjoyable and comfortable. We greatly enjoyed looking out of the window at the countries we were passing through from the Madras Presidency into the Bombay Presidency, from there into the Central Provinces, then into Bhopal (the Ruler of Bhopal, the Begum, was at the London Coronation) and so into the United Provinces—three of these provinces being each as large as France, Germany, and Spain! Rain had recently fallen over the land, and so the whole face of the country was green with sprouting crops of wheat; such enormous wide stretches of country, stretching away to the horizon all round, as boundless as the ocean, to all appearance!

Over the Satpura Mountains we passed through great rock cuttings, and over skillfully bridged chasms and ravines—the ascent requiring the efforts of two big panting engines. I do not know when this part of the Railway line was constructed, but it cannot be very old, when one knows that sixty years ago there was not a mile of railway anywhere in India!

It is even more marvellous when one realizes that all the tremendous cuttings were done by hand, and the material carried away in basket-loads on the heads of men and women coolies! We saw a group of peacocks in one place, and monkeys in another, while bright blue-winged jays, and king-fishers, and green parrots flashed about. We passed the great Buddhist mound at Sanchi, where are the ruins of splendid gateways, and elaborately carved memorial rails. These could not be seen from the train. It was tantalizing to be passing these celebrated ruins without having the opportunity of inspecting them. The buildings are supposed to have been erected about B. C. 250, and to contain the largest known groups of Buddhist monasteries. The place is wonderfully illustrated and described in Ferguson's "Tree and

Serpent Worship," and General Cunningham's "Bilsa Topes."

On the Satpura Mountains we passed through forests of teak and cork trees, and reached a plateau on the top of 1,600 feet. It was a lovely day, deliciously cool, yet bright and sunny; watching the country we were travelling through was a continuous pleasure.

At last on Monday, 4th December, we reached Delhi! Even while far out in the suburbs, we caught sight of white gleaming tents. Trains had been arriving every half hour for days past, bearing guests, and delegates, and visitors from all parts of India. There was no confusion. Each train-load was met by its own authorized officials, and shown into carriages specially provided for the new arrivals. We, with two others, were allotted one of the Madras Government House carriages and pair of black horses, the scarlet and gold uniforms of the coachmen and grooms looking very smart.

We drove, and entered at once into a world of glittering white tents, driving over beautiful newly-made roads, so delightfully free from dust. The roads were all lined with troops, standing at attention. They were all rehearsing for the "State Entry" on the 7th.

It was bewildering to drive past Camp after Camp in one continuous line down the "King's way," with their stately gateways, lawns, flower beds and avenues, till we turned into one larger, and more spacious and more beautifully "lawned" than the rest and behold! it was the "Camp of the Governor of Madras Coronation Durbar." In a moment we were out of the carriage and had entered the Reception Hall, the entrance to which was guarded by two fine men of the Governor's Body Guard in their scarlet uniforms, and high dark blue and gold turbans.

My first exclamation was "oh! it is bigger, and grander, and more beautiful than at the last Durbar" and that meant volumes, for the last had been most beautifully and wonderfully "got-up" and arranged.

The "Reception Hall" was crimson-roofed, with a green carpet, the cane furniture painted white, and upholstered with a pretty pale green material. On the tables were copies of all the leading illustrated and daily newspapers, while on either side of the room were fireplaces, in which burned cheerful wood fires.

A pretty passage, lined with flowerpots, led on one side to the drawing room, and on the other to the smoking room. The drawing room was specially admired. It consisted of two very large oblong tents joined by a smaller square tent. The general effect on entering was of cream and blue colouring. The roof and walls were cream, with a handsome frieze of dark-blue

stencilled pattern all round, and outlining the door entrances, and alcoves. The floors were covered with lovely white and blue Persian carpets, in the borders of which were woven verses from the love poems of a celebrated Persian Poet to the refrain of "Taza pa taza non be no" (*I cannot be responsible for the spelling*), the meaning is, I believe, something to the effect that "the perfume of my beloved is fresh and fresh as the wind wherever she passes". These and similar verses were woven into lozenge-shaped medallions scattered throughout the carpets, as well as round the borders. The furniture was some of it covered with an artistic shade of French grey-blue to match the curtains, and the rest with liberty cretonne of sprays of tulips on a cream ground. With the tables covered with bowls and vases of flowers and electric lamps in dark-blue china stands, with beautiful shades, and the handsome glass chandeliers hanging from the roof, it can well be imagined what a lovely room, or rather a series of rooms, capable of holding one hundred people, had been arranged.

Another pretty passage led from the drawing room tent into the dining room tent. This also was cream and blue in colouring, and was a specially large and imposing Banquet room, brightly lit with electricity. We sat down every day 82 to meals, while on "dinner party" nights the number was often over 100. The tent was arranged with two long tables, and eight smaller square tables. Every night the tables were decorated beautifully with flowers, a new scheme of colour and arrangement devised for each night. One night the flowers would be all chrysanthemums, another night crimson rambler roses, and another sunset roses, and so on. The guests in attendance being all dressed in scarlet and gold, it is easy to imagine what a brilliant scene was presented each night, with the pretty dresses of the ladies, and the uniforms of the men. On the left side of the Reception Hall, a passage led to the large and comfortable smoking room. This was a "Red room" furnished with very comfortable red leather-lined chairs, and white cane lounges and chairs, padded with red cushions, bridge tables were dotted about, the room was provided with two large fireplaces of white glazed tiles. All the fireplaces throughout the camp were constructed in the same style.

In front of these large Reception tents were spacious lawns with handsome flower beds, except by broad carriage roads leading to the entrance and exit gates, and past the rows of tents arranged on either side of the station tents. There were side roads from the main road, branching off into quite a little network of other dwelling tents. All the tents about the camp had square grass plots in front of them, neatly railed off, with palms in

green pots at the entrance, and a white board at the side on which was painted the name of the occupant. Our living tent was arranged (and in describing one I believe I am describing all the tents) with a pretty sitting room in the centre, carpeted, and furnished with a large comfortable cane sofa and chairs, upholstered and covered with a pretty liberty cretonne of blue and green on a white ground. This room was fitted with a writing table, provided with note-paper and envelopes, stamped with the British Coat-of-Arms, and the address "Camp of the Governor of Madras", in a pretty green blotter and stationery stand, which, I believe, we were allowed to take away with us as souvenirs of our visit. The tents were lit with electricity and each had a movable hand table lamp. On one side of the tent was a double bed room, furnished with two hanging wardrobes, a handsome toilet table, with cheval-glass in the centre and chest of drawers on either side. The bath-room was in the outer passage, a portion on either side of the tent being screened off for the purpose—leaving plenty of room, in the unscreened portion, for the storage of boxes. On the right-hand side of the tent was a large dressing room, provided with another writing table, and bridge-table, as well as with a chest of drawers, and toilet table. Nothing could exceed the comfort of these tents. Each was provided with a list of the furniture, which included a tray and tea service for chota hazari and afternoon tea. Behind each tent were sleeping accommodation; and large zinc boilers were provided, so that hot water could be had at any moment. Each guest was presented with two little well bound red books, one containing the plan of the Madras Camp with the names of the Governor's party and the guests both in the Governor's camp and the Madras Provincial camp and all information as to meals, conveyances, the Programme of principal events, and the arrangements for the laundry, camp bazaar, etc. The other red book was an official Directory with maps, giving every detail about the Programme of events, the routes to be followed, with chapters devoted to administration and miscellaneous information, and last, not least, an index of the names of the residents in the Civil, Central, and Military camps. This contained 5,268 names, with an apology that "It has been found impracticable to include the names of all the Indian officials and guests." In each tent there was an ominous-looking red-bordered "Fire warning" with instructions what to do in case of fire. Every one was much alarmed after the sudden destruction by fire of the beautiful Reception tents in the Punjab Government's camp. Every tent was provided with boxes of dry sand in case

of accidents. A tent once on fire, stands a very small chance of being saved. In fact they burn down in a few minutes, and all efforts have to be directed to preventing the spread of the fire to other tents by immediately cutting the ropes of the burning tent, and not attempting to save it.

On our arrival in camp on the 4th we knew we could do nothing until our luggage arrived from the station, so we asked for a motor car, and a "Pass" to visit their Imperial Majesties' private tents. In a few minutes we were off, up the "King's way", past the camp of the Governor of Bombay, and other camps, to the "King Emperor's camp" which was at the foot of the Ridge of historic fame, in a line below the Magdalen Tower. The entrance was guarded by imposing gateways, at which soldiers were always on guard. There was a large lawn in front, and roads and tents branching off in all directions from the central group of Reception and Private Royal tents. Work was still going on at the Reception tents, the marble on the steps being actually laid, and a group of tailors still at work on draperies. An officer met us at the gate and told us that no more visitors would be allowed in, and that we must "turn back" as soon as we had driven in and turned the car! This was a great disappointment. However as we approached the tents, we saw crowds of Indian ladies, and we turned back the car, but turned in ourselves and followed the crowd! Dhurries had been put down over the lovely carpets, but even so the crowds were bringing in lots of gravel and dust! We passed with the crowd from a blue drawing room to a pink drawing room, and had barely time to note the beautiful writing tables, and brocade-covered sofas and chairs, the palms and pictures. We passed into the bedrooms and saw the rosewood four-poster bed, the toilet tables with glass over flowered silk covers with rows of handsome rosewood wardrobes, and then into the blue dining room, which was hung with small prints in simple frames. Some people seemed to think that the apartments were hardly gorgeous enough compared with some of the Rajah's tents, but of course these rooms were only one out of many to be occupied by Their Imperial Majesties and it would hardly be possible that the maximum of splendour should be reached in every different resting place. The fittings of the tents were beautiful of their kind and well chosen.

We spent the two days before the "State Entry" in visiting some of the neighbouring camps, and calling on friends. The comfort and convenience of motor driving was realized, when we recalled how at the previous Durbar we had often used rickshaws for the same purpose, though for all big functions we were pro-

vided with the Governor's beautiful carriages. The chauffeurs for motors were mainly soldiers, from different regiments, who had been trained by Messrs. Oakes & Co. for some months past, to drive motors of different makes and patterns. It was no easy task to drive in Delhi, the traffic was so congested with cars, mules, motors, troops, and the carriages and four of the numerous Ruling Chiefs. Their coachmen were not in many cases trained for driving under difficult circumstances, and neither they nor their horses were disciplined. The more insignificant the chief, the more aggressive and pushing, as a rule, were their retinue, shouting, vociferating, and endangering every one in their neighbourhood. It was very remarkable that there should have been no serious accident throughout the Durbar festivities. It was a great blessing to have a cool-headed little soldier at the wheel, and also to be driving in a fairly small car, which could find its way first into one line of advance and then into another and down narrow by-ways, where fortunately the huge monster cars could not follow. There were endless notices along the roads to "Drive slowly," and "keep to the left" and there were very many mounted police at intervals, keeping the lines of the traffic. In the city, driving to one of the functions, for some reason or other, one was in a jammed mass of police, and immediately the mass of vehicles—ekkas, bullock carts, large motors, four-in hands, dog carts driven by ladies, camels, tongas, and every sort of conveyance, was in a jammed mass, all of which seemed as if one's last moment, in common with the last moments of many others, had come! But round the corner, the police appeared again and in no time the tangled web was reeled into line, truculent drivers held up, cars motioned on, one by one, and order produced out of chaos.

Without leaving the camp, there was much to be seen from our tent, which faced the "King's way." Down it a constant succession of carriages, troops, and retinues passed, and the "toot" of the motor was incessant in the land. As I wrote, a solid silver carriage and four rashed with out-riders and postillions waving white peacock plumes! Bands marched past, playing spirited marches, and there was a perpetual throb of excitement in the air.

We visited the camp of the Lieutenant-Governor of Eastern Bengal and Assam, which was on the opposite side of the road to the Madras camp, divided from it by a triangular piece of ground railed round with aluminium rails and chains, with a tall aluminium fountain in the centre, the whole looking like silver in the sunlight. The camp was much admired, and deservedly so. The Reception tents had been cleverly raised on a platform made with the soil dug out

from a circular hole which was utilized for a fountain. It formed a very attractive centre, with ferns and flowers, for the Entrance Hall. The Drawing room tent was lined with the palest sea-green, the walls hung with panels of tapestry, and the floors carpeted with beautiful blue carpets, the furniture covered with art shades of the two colours. At the end of the room was a huge mirror almost the width of the tent which reflected the whole. With banks of foliage plants and flowers, the whole made a lovely drawing-room. The dining room was very attractive with a number of round tables, over each of which hung a crimson covered electric lamp.

The Burmese camp, next to it, had at the gateways huge replicas of the Belus, or mythical tigers that guard the entrance to the Suway Dagon, and other pagodas in Burma. At night the eyes and tongues (no! it is only the tongue of the female tiger!) are lit up with electric lamps inside, and they looked fearsome to a degree! Their Reception tents had also been raised on platforms of earth, and were neatly railed off with white painted rails. There were smaller curved wooden Belus at every division. The drawing room looked very pretty with a dado of painted peacocks round the walls.

The camps of the Ruling Princes and Chiefs were ranged on either side of the Coronation Road. On one side, Hyderabad, Patiala, Bahawalpur, Jind, Natta Kapurthala, Sirmur, Mandi, Faridkot, Kas' mere, Rampur, Benares, Thri, Travancore, Cochin, Bahr, Bikaner, Sikkim, etc., and on the other Mysore, Gwalior, Indore, Bhopal, Rewar, Orcha, Datia, Dhar, etc.

Nearly all the camps had imposing gateways with kiosks, and minarets, all of which were picked out with coloured electric lamps, and were decorated with devices "God bless the King-Emperor" or "God bless Their Imperial Majesties." The interiors of the camps were all avenued with roads leading up to the Reception tents, and branching off to the tents of the residents. All had flower gardens.

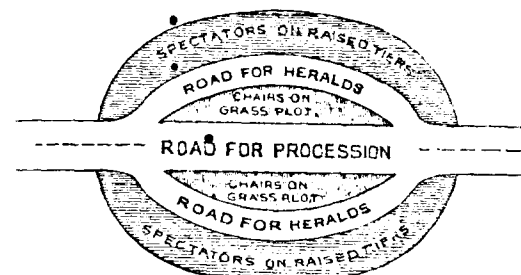
For the most part the gateways and decorations were constructed with bamboo frames, paper and paint, and looked best at night in the blaze of their illuminations. The camp of the *Maha Rajah of Kashmir* was perfect, whether by day or night. He had a whole frontage of exquisitely carved walnut wood screens on either side of two massive feudal-like watch towers—these also were carved from top to bottom; the huge panels carved in bold designs of cheenar leaves, peonies, lotuses.

Both the Reception tent and drawing room were full of most valuable Kashmir shawls and

carpets. There were also wonderful specimens of carved tables and chairs, papier-maché articles and embroidered cushions. At night all these camps were a wonderful sight. The connecting walls of the camps, the gateways, the gardens, and tents were all picked out with coloured electric lights, as well as the mottoes, and transparencies of the King-Emperor and Queen-Empress. It was all the more wonderful when one remembered that in a few days all would have vanished, the tents folded up, the gardens carried away, the roads deserted, and (as we then thought) the land restored to the peasants for the cultivation of wheat and cotton! Looking down from the Ridge at night over the whole enormous sea of tents, scintillating with innumerable lights, the scene was indescribably beautiful with the dark blue vault of heaven above.

The morning of Thursday, December 7th, dawned bright and cloudless for the State entry. A never-to-be forgotten day! What a triumph of modern organization and efficiency was demonstrated by the punctual arrival to the minute of the King-Emperor and Queen-Empress' train at the Delhi Station, at an hour arranged months and months previously! And there at the Station, and all along the line were all the people in their allotted places, all gathered together from all sorts of ways—by sea, by rail, or road! In our camp we had all been told off to different motor cars, and instructed to be ready to start at 9.50 for the Amphitheatre on the Ridge, and had been given numbered tickets for our seats. As the function was likely to be very long, we were all provided with sandwiches or chocolate and biscuits. Printed cards, badges for drivers, and printed instructions as to the route to be traversed were issued to each tent. The Ridge being a narrow promontory, there was not much space on which to park the cars and carriages, so they had to defile away for miles in single rows. It was all as beautifully arranged as under the circumstances it could be. Red and blue tickets were issued, and the red tickets carriages went down one road, and the blue tickets down another, so that much confusion was avoided. The Governor of Madras in his carriage and four, with out riders and five Body Guard Escorts had left earlier for the Station to meet Their Imperial Majesties and to take part in the procession.

It was a pleasure to watch the people arriving at the Ridge, every one looked so happy, smiling, and excited, all in their best array. The Judges, in their red robes, lace bands and full bottomed wigs gave a brilliant touch of colour to the crowd.



This will give you an idea of the arrangement of the Amphitheatre. The spectators in the shaded portion of the diagram were all under cover; while those who were seated on chairs on the grass plots were out in the sun. For two hours one did nothing but look about at the smart dresses and the many quaint figures in all directions, one being a Tibetan grandee, with a papier maché helmet something like the following:—



Then a sort of hush fell on the crowd, the boom of guns was heard, followed by crackles of fire all up and down the ranks of the soldiery, as *feu-de-joie* after *feu-de-joie* was fired. Then appeared the first figure in the long imposing procession of seven miles in length. This was the Deputy Inspector-General of Police, Punjab, followed at an interval by the Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces with his escort; the Lieutenant-Governor of the United Province, and his escort, and four other Lieutenant-Governors with their escorts, namely, Eastern Bengal and Assam, Burma, Bengal, and Punjab. Then came the two Governors of Madras and Bombay with their Body Guards. They wore a brilliant array in scarlet and gold and blue and gold with their finely-matched well-groomed horses all as smart and spic and span as any to be seen in Hyde Park, and more brilliant. So passed the first "A Procession" of high officials.

The silence deepened as "B. the Royal Procession" approached. In the slight pause of breathless excitement, there was time for a flash of retrospect. Here were we standing on the same ground, only 54 years ago red with the blood of our troops and civilians, and splendid men like John Nicholson and Colonel Baird Smith; there, close by, was the Flagstaff tower, where

women and children took refuge from massacre, in that pitiless summer. The ridge remains strong and barren as in those days, but what a different scene it presented to-day! Our blue-eyed English King and Queen arriving, followed by every Ruling Prince and Potentate in India, and the Indian Army, with Bands playing and banners flying! If only the men who gave their lives for England's hold on India 54 years ago could have seen the gathering! No wonder one's thoughts flew in homage to the unadorned graves in the cemetery below the Ridge, and to the grave in the Kudsia Gardens. With such a retrospect, and such a present, no wonder the moment was thrilling and dramatic in the extreme. It was long before Their Imperial Majesties appeared, for first came the Inspector-General of Police, Punjab, then an officer of Army Headquarters, followed by a regiment of British Cavalry, and after them a Battery of Horse Artillery; then the Escort Staff, the Army Headquarter's Staff, and His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief's Staff. They looked splendid in their perfectly got-up uniforms and accoutrements, their waving plumes, and glittering array of medals! Then followed the Indian Trumpeters, the Assistant Herald, British trumpeters, the Delhi Herald, the Body Guard, and the Governor-General's Staff. It was all a continual crescendo up to the King-Emperor's Staff and Household as follows:—

Extra A. D. C.	Extra A. D. C.
Extra A. D. C.	Extra A. D. C.
A. M. S.	Honorary Colonel.
A. M. S. Nawab Sir Mohamed Islam Khan.	A. M. S.
A. D. C.	A. D. C.
A. D. C.	A. D. C.
Equerry	Equerry
Brig.-Genl. R. E. Grimston.	Lt.-Genl. Sir H. Smith-Dorrien.
The Lord Stamfordham	
The Lord Annaly	
Honorary Indian A. D. Cs.	
The Body Guard	
Household Cavalry Orderlies	
The Duke of Teck	H. E. The Commander-in-Chief
Equerry in waiting	Equerry in waiting

THE KING EMPEROR

The Marquis of Crewe. H. E. The Governor-General
Royal Groom

THE QUEEN EMPRESS

in a carriage with the Duchess of Devonshire. Earl of Durham.

Lt.-Col. H. D. Watson, Major Genl. Sir Stuart Beaton

The Commandant of the Body Guard rode on the right, and the Honorary Commandant of the Imperial Cadet Corps on the left of the carriage.

THE IMPERIAL CADET CORPS.

Her Excellency Lady Hardinge (in a carriage).
Members of Household in two landaus.
Indian Cavalry Regiment of the Escort.

Though one can write "THE KING EMPEROR" in larger letters in a programme and so mark out his position in the procession, it was not possible in person to make him bigger than his Generals, or to mount him on a larger horse. He had no Royal Umbrella over him, or any distinctive mark to distinguish him from the rest of the procession! The consequence was that the King-Emperor was in our midst before the majority of spectators realized it, or recognized him. All eyes were fixed on the Queen's magnificent carriage and Royal Red and Gold Umbrella, and glittering emblems of Royalty held over her from behind. Just as the people were beginning to realize that the King was actually riding in front of the carriage, silence fell on the multitude while the Hon'ble Mr. J. L. Jenkins, Member of the Executive Council, Calcutta, read the Address of welcome to which the King read his reply. Only those standing comparatively near could hear what was being said. "Peace, Prosperity and Contentment" summed up the speech. The procession, with the King-Emperor, moved on all too soon to hear the ringing cheers, which broke forth again as Her Imperial Majesty's carriage passed slowly by. We were all proud of our bonny blue-eyed queen, looking so royal and stately, smiling and happy. I think we feel that, apart from her being our Queen, she was a type of the English-woman we should best like our Indian fellow subjects to know—the mother of six children, healthy, and dignified, full of kindness and thoughtfulness for others, and indefatigable in work and in the duties of her position. No wonder that the cheers rung out loudly again and again as the carriage moved slowly by.

After the Royal Procession passed for two hours, Procession C, "Procession of Ruling Chiefs" drove past, beginning with

His Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad with the Resident at Hyderabad and His Highness' escort.

H. H. the Gaekwar of Baroda with the Resident at Baroda and His Highness' escort.

H. H. the Maba Rajah of Mysore with the Resident at Mysore and His Highness' escort.

H. H. the Maba Rajah of Kashmir with the Resident at Kashmir and His Highness' escort.

The Rajputana Chiefs with their Political Officers and escorts then came the Madras Chiefs including the Maharajah of Travancore and the Rajah of Cochin and ever so many minor rulers.

Then the Bombay Chiefs with their Political Officers and escorts.

The Punjab Chiefs.

The Baluchistan Chiefs.

Their Highnesses the Maha Rajahs of Sikkim and Bhutan.

Chiefs of the North-West Frontier Provinces.

Chiefs of the United Provinces.

The Bengal Chiefs.

Eastern Bengal and Assam Chiefs.

Central Provinces Chiefs.

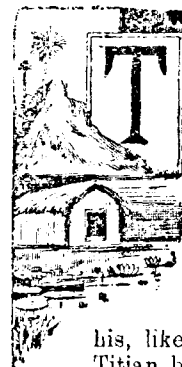
The Burma Chiefs.

These are only the big divisions of the endless stream of magnificent, extraordinary, extravagant, and gorgeous variety of Rulers and their retinues that passed before our dazzled eyes!

The Bhopal Lancers rode by with green and blue pennants, with yellow outriders, and green turbans, these were followed by Lancers in red and yellow with blue turbans. A Chief rode by, clad in pale green; and carriages passed with emblems of the sun and golden umbrellas held over the occupants; then passed a riderless horse, caparisoned with red and gold coverings and chains of gold; an enormous palanquin was borne along, draped with thick embroideries of gold and scarlet, Lancers in grey coats, and yellow facings, then a regiment of men in chain armour and steel helmets looking as if they had walked out of the Tower of London! Camels followed, wearing a most supercilious expression, as well as their gorgeously embroidered saddles, clothes and necklaces of shells. There were green uniforms, with terracotta turbans; peacock plumes being waved, and costumes of every colour under the sun, in every combination of colour, possible and impossible! Baluchi Chiefs charged by on horseback with their long hair hanging down almost to their waist; wild unkempt warriors they looked, strangely framed in their present surroundings. The Burmese Chiefs looked like walking pagodas, their coats which were cut in a series of curves, being wired to stand out firmly, and their hats were made to match, culminating in a golden spike six or eight inches high. The Begum of Bhopal in her carriage, covered over with a white *burka*, received a most hearty ovation, for the fame of her wisdom and good rule is well known to all. The procession as it passed for mile after mile was quite bewildering in its magnificence and variety. It all passed with dignity and state, without a hitch in the programme which augured well for the future.



Portia from the Merchant of Venice



THE terrible inexorable figure of Shylock the Jew stalks dominantly through the play, thrilling us—all in one breath—with repugnance, with horror, with unwilling admiration, and at last with pity. And opposite to him shines the splendid form of Portia, "the brilliant lights of her character set off by the shadowy power of his, like a magnificent beauty-breathing Titian by the side of a gorgeous Rembrandt." But the motive power of the play is that exerted by Antonio, the Merchant of Venice. He it is who first appears before our view, weary and sad—sad, not, as his friends accuse him, because of the danger to his merchandise—but unaccountably sad with a premonition of evils to come. To him the world is "a stage where every man must play a part, and mine a sad one." All his friends love him, and he even compels the reluctant admiration of Shylock, who, in spite of his race-hatred, gives him the credit due to his unstained character. And, as the play opens out before us, we mark with pleasure his sincere single-hearted friendship for his dear friend, Bassanio, who is to him like a younger brother needing the protection of the elder. All his resources are at the disposal of Bassanio, but only if the latter "keeps within the eye of honour." And later on this innate sense of honour of his stands him in good stead in the terrible scene with Shylock. He is a magnanimous man, and is kind—and not revengeful—towards his enemy. He is generous and kind-hearted and easy-going. But there is one fault in him. He has allowed himself to give in to intolerance—some of it perfectly just—and "national religious aversion" against the rich Jew. And, as Gervinus points out, for this he receives a life-lesson from the Jew, "whom with apathetic negligence he allows to get the advantage over him." And as a result of this, his life is placed in danger, and all his friends, whose spontaneous love he is so worthy of, are forced to intercede for him. This is the central situation of the play. His disinterested kindness to his friends has placed them in a sort of obligation to him—an obligation which is not looked upon as an obligation, but which incorporates itself into their love for him; and they endeavour to help him, who can no longer help himself, but stands pathetic before his enemy,

like the bated and unconquerable bull in the arena of his doom.

His friend, Bassanio, is no less worthy of our admiration. He is more light-hearted than his friend, more like "a wilful youth," as his himself says. But his heart is pure gold; he light-heartedness is but the innocent gaiety of youth:

"Pray thee take pains
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit."

He is kind-hearted as is shown by his behaviour to the fool, Launcelot. He is a man of honour and is determined to pay back his double debt to Antonio; "Or bring your latter hazard back again, and thankfully rest debtor for the first."

He is a man of good judgment as shown by his choice of the caskets, and the same choice shows that he is a man who dislikes show and flattery and loves sincerity. More than all this, he is a true friend, faithful and constant in the midst of trials, which may well have strained that friendship; and still more than this, is the magnitude of his sincere, disinterested love for our heroine Portia, of whom he is in every way worthy:

"I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself."

And so the stage is prepared for the advent of the brilliant Portia.

"In Belmont is a lady richly left;
And she is fair, and fairer than that word
Of wondrous virtues:
Her name is Portia, nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia;
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth.
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors, and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat at Belmont, Colchus' strand,
And many persons come in quest of her."

She is a lady of worth—

"Part all expressing
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match
And on the eager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawned with the other, for the poor underworld,
Hath not her fellow."

"I believe," says Mrs. Jameson, "we must assign the first rank to Portia, as uniting in herself in a more eminent degree than the others all the noblest and most loveable qualities that ever met together in woman."

Portia is an heiress, a *gande dame*. She does not know life properly yet. She jests of its miseries:

"By my troth, Nerissa,
My little body is weary of this great world."

Gervinus draws a comparison between the melancholy of Antonio and that of Portia, to both

of which we are introduced with their first presence. Antonio is melancholy from surfeit, from apathy, without cause. Portia, he says, "is melancholy, not from spleen, not from apathy, not without cause, not from the ennu of riches, but from passion alone, from her love of Bassanio, from cause of the doubtful issue of that choice, which threatens to surrender her love to chance." For Portia is in love. We are given that note at the very commencement. We are told that Bassanio did "sometimes from her eyes receive fair speechless messages"; and there is scarcely one of us who cannot recall the moment when he or she did not in the midst of beauty and plenty long for the presence of a loved one, who would help to enjoy it. So it was with Portia. But with all her sickness of love, Portia is light-hearted and buoyant in nature. She is impulsive and fond of getting her own will. She is hot-tempered and knows it, "I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree." Altogether our first sight of her makes us think of her as a dear, delightful, woman somewhat erratic and impulsive, but with depth and tenderness to balance the hot-headedness of youth. And yet withal, how pointed and true are her reflections on human nature, in spite of her inexperience of the world. She is a good reader of character and understands the characters of her suitors. One may perhaps think that some of her remarks seem a little unkind, as for instance her remark about the complexion of the Prince of Morocco. But, as Gervinus says, these remarks seem to be uttered with purpose. "Quick in judgment, skilled in the knowledge of men, and firm in her demeanour, she knows how to frighten away, by her behaviour, the utterly worthless men." Portia, herself, checks her jesting. "In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker." To balance this, is her kindness of heart and her hospitality to strangers; for she is a real great lady. And as Mrs. Jameson points out, "her sportive humour, if it carries her away, is so perfectly good-natured, so temperately bright, so lady-like, it is ever without offence". The same Mrs. Jameson draws an effective comparison between the vivacity of Portia and that of Beatrice. "Portia, with all her airy brilliance is supremely soft and dignified; everything she says or does displays her capacity for profound thought and feelings as well as her lively and romantic disposition; and as I have seen in an Italian garden a fountain playing round its wreaths of showery light, while the many-colored Iris hung brooding over it, in its calm and soul-felt glory; so in Portia the wit is even kept subordinate to the poetry, and we still feel

the tender, the intellectual and the imaginative part of the character, as superior to, and presiding over, its spirit and vivacity". Portia is a woman of unusual powers of mind, mixed with a passionate and poetic temperament; and one cannot find a better comparison than Mrs. Jameson's for the sparkling of her womanly wit, unless we compare it the shimmering movement of the thousand little wavelets in the softly-lit brilliance of the path of glory leading away over the sea to a calm and radiant moon. If, for a moment, we feel a little revolted by the freedom of Portia's speech, we must remember that such was the custom of the times.

With regard to the choice of the caskets, one is tempted to ask whether Portia would have married any other man, but Bassanio, if he had happened to choose the right casket. One is forced to reply 'yes' to this; "she is superior to all circumstances, she would have accommodated herself to any husband." But such a conclusion, in spite of the fact that, as a dutiful daughter, she must obey her father would make us feel disappointed in Portia, were it not for the counter-reflection that her "confiding buoyant spirit," as Mrs. Jameson says, makes her hope while she trembles. She instinctively feels that all will come right; she feels that Destiny is working for her; and, indeed, that instinctive hope must have been strong within her to make her go through that casket-scene with such lady-like calm and dignity:

"O these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom of their wit to lose."

But underneath it all is a palpitating excitement which she tries to cloak by her witty chatter. It makes itself apparent for a moment, when Nerissa artfully brings Bassanio into the conversation. But Portia immediately throttles it and continues to say calmly, "I remember him well and I remember him worthy of thy praise." But, how her heart must have throbbed when the servant announces the ambassador of Bassanio come at last to make his choice. "Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see."

Quick cupid's pest that comes so mannerly."

Portia has already made her own choice. She knows what sort of a husband she wants. Naturally she hates horsey men and drunkards. She dislikes vain men, gloomy countenances and quarrelsome fools. She has met her ideal in Bassanio;

"In terms of choice I am not solely led
By mere direction of a man's eyes."

Then comes the beautiful casket-scene. Here one is irresistibly reminded of the beautiful scene of the *Swayamvara* of Sita, the Princess of the Ramayana, the Indian Epic, when many suit-

ors come to bend the great bow that is to be the test of their fitness for Sita. Only the Prince Rama bends the bow: "And in the sight of countless thousands of spectators, the righteous son of Raghu with exceeding ease took hold of the bow by the middle, and fixed the string upon it, and having fixed the string, drew it. And that foremost of fame surpassed the bow in the middle. And mighty was the sound that was heard on the occasion, like unto the bursting of a thunder-clap; and the earth trembled terribly, as it doth in the vicinity of a mountain splitting."

Thus Rama, the hero among men, by the test of physical strength, won Sita, the peerless queen of beauty. And thus Bassanio, a prince among men, wins by force of moral strength, Portia, a princess among women. Portia appears a different Portia now. She is no longer the grand lady who is mistress of herself; she is caught in love's sweet toils, in wondering confusion, passionate frankness, modest dignity and delicious fear. But through it all, we glean the fact that the young lovers have declared their love to each other. Portia has no pride; she is not ashamed to confess her love:

Beshrew your eyes.
They have overlooked me and divided me,
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own, I would say; but, if mine then
yours,
And so all yours."

One can imagine the lovely blushes on her cheeks as she says this, the half-shy glances and the beseeching fear in her passionate eyes. With all her buoyant hopefulness, she is very fearful and begs him to wait a day or two before he chooses. But the die is cast; and, as Mrs. Jameson points out, for one moment she allows herself to think of the possibility of disappointment.

"Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then if he lose, he make a swan-like end."

"Then immediately follows that revulsion of feeling, so beautifully characteristic of the hopeful, trusting, mounting spirit of this noble creature." But with all her passion of love for Bassanio, we must pause a moment to notice how singlehearted and honourable is the heart of her.

"I could teach you
How to choose right, but I am then forsworn;
So will I never be."

Bassanio is worthy of this honourable love. He stands at first half in wonder before the passionate revealing of the heart of his lady; then spurring the gaudy gold, and the "pale and honourable drudge," he proceeds, through the instinct of his own sincere nature, which hates the trappings of show and pomp, to choose

the right casket. Imagine Portia's delight then

"How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts and rash embraced despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy;
O love,
Be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
In measure view thy joy; scant this excess,
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less.
For fear, I surfeit."

And this divine daughter of the gods, with her passionate heart overflowing with love, proceeds to give herself unreservedly to the lord of her choice. She is calm now, agitated no longer. All the tenderness of her warm and generous heart shows itself then. She is a woman with all a woman's capacity for affection and sacrifice. To quote Mrs. Jameson again, "Because Portia is endued with that enlarged comprehension which looks before and after, she does not feel the less, but the more; because from the height of her commanding intellect she can contemplate the force, the tenderness, the consequences of her own sentiments, the concession is not made with less entireness and devotedness of heart, less confidence in the truth and worth of her love, than when Juliet, in a similar moment, but without any such intrusive reflections, flings herself and her fortunes at the feet of her lover."

"You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am:
Myself and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself
Are yours, my lord."

And the humility of love in this fair creature! With all her culture, with all her intellect, she, who was before this so independent and confident of herself, pathetically feels herself all too unworthy of her lover. But she is ready to learn from him; she opens her heart to his influence. Verily "Love vaunteth not itself, is not proud."

"Though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich,
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, living, friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum of me
Is sum of something; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull, but she can learn;
Happiest of all in that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king."

If any unkind critic raises a criticism that Portia was too forward in her love, we can but answer to his blindness that he does not understand her.

cantile establishment, and then they removed to London where they lived in St. Mildred's Court. Mr. Fry who possessed that degree of general knowledge which enabled him to appreciate the amiability and intelligence of his wife, deeply sympathised with her in all her efforts for the benefit of others and encouraged her in all her undertakings.

From 1809 she began to address the members of the Society of Friends, and in a short time she succeeded to draw about her an active band of co-workers with whom she found a real home of loving sympathy and encouragement.

In those days the condition of the female convicts and their children of the Newgate Prison was very deplorable. Mrs. Fawcett, in her book entitled "Some Eminent Women," speaks of it as being more horrible than anything that can be easily imagined. "Three hundred poor wretches," she writes, "were herded together in two wards and two cells with no furniture, no bedding of any kind, and no arrangements for decency and privacy." Cursing and swearing, foul language, and personal filthiness, made the dens in which the women were confined equally offensive to ear, eye, nose, and sense of modesty. The punishment of death existed in three hundred offences, and though there were many mitigations of the sentence in the case of those who had only committed minor breaches of the law, yet the fact that nearly all had by law incurred the penalty of death, gave an apparent justification for herding the prisoners indiscriminately together. It thus happened that many a poor girl who had committed a comparatively trivial offence, became absolutely ruined in body and mind through her contact in prison with the vilest and most degraded of women. No attempt whatever was made to reform or discipline the prisoners, or teach them any trade whereby, on leaving gaol, they might earn an honest livelihood. Add to this there were no female warders nor female officers of any kind in the prison, and that the male warders were frequently men of depraved life, and it is not difficult to see that no element of degradation was wanting to make the female wards of Newgate what they were often called—a hell on earth.

In the year 1813 several members of the Society of Friends visited the Newgate Prison to see some felons under sentence of death. On their return they gave Mrs. Fry such an appalling description of the melancholy scenes they saw there, that she, accompanied by a female friend, Anna Buxton, went to this "abode of misery, and crime" with the object of affording warm clothings to those wretches. But owing to her ill-health she was obliged to leave the prison after a few days and go home for the rest and change she so sorely needed.

As years passed by her works and responsibilities rapidly increased. In 1817 she again visited the prison, and in a short time she succeeded to form an association for the improvement of the female prisoners of Newgate, with the warm sympathy and assistance of several of her friends. The objects of this Society were to provide them with warm clothing, to employ them in some industry and pay them for their work, and to encourage good conduct among them by rewards.

Hitherto transportation of female convicts was carried out on a large scale in an indecent manner, "and all the evils of the prison existed in an intensified form on board the transport ships." The female convicts herded and chained together, in large numbers, would be shipped to various colonies, and on their arrival "the horrors of the voyage would be followed by a brutal and licentious distribution of the women to colonists, soldiers, and convicts, who went on board and took their choice of the human cargo." Against such atrocities Mrs. Fry fought with all the energy of her nature. She suggested that they should be transported in charge of female warders and that they should be provided with decent accommodation on their arrival. The authorities having acceded to her proposal, the experiment was tried and it proved perfectly successful.

She remained a year at Newgate bettering the state of the prison; and then in 1878 she travelled to the north of England and Scotland with the object of making a close examination into the state of the prisons of those places. On her return her brother, Mr. Joseph J. Gurney, who accompanied her in her tour, published an account of her investigations in the north. His Book further gave some suggestions for the improvement of the prisons, which were in most cases adopted by the Government. The year 1820 saw her back again in northern England moving from place to place, forming societies of ladies to instruct the female prisoners in their own country gaols. Soon afterwards a central association was formed to unite these branch societies in one body so that the work might be conducted systematically and uniformly.

But she did not confine all her efforts in alleviating the miseries of the prisoners only; there were thousands of others who were benefited by her labours. The lonely shepherds of the Salisbury Plain who were leading a life of monotony, were provided with a library which proved very beneficial to them, especially to those who had much of their time unemployed. She also organised many libraries throughout her country for the benefit of the lower classes.

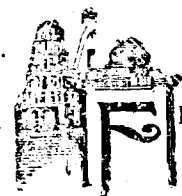
Fatigue of body and mind had long been hastening her death, and in July 1843 she

suddenly fell ill. Her illness was attended by frequent attacks of faintness, and on the 12th of October, 1843 this admirable lady peacefully passed away leaving an honoured name, and a net-work of institutions for the amelioration of her fellow-creatures, of which her country will reap the benefit for many years to come.

At the time she entered the field of her labour, she was beset on all sides with difficulties and dangers, misfortune dogged her footsteps, and everywhere she was confronted with barriers and obstacles on her way; but she defied them all with a firm and steady heart until at last she ultimately succeeded in her mission of mercy. Amidst the most difficult and arduous situations where every inch of ground had to be won by an incessant and deadly conflict, she retained a calm and dignified appearance ever sanguine of the success of her cause. On a close and intimate scrutiny of the present condition of the English prisons, it will be found that the features that are most attractive and enduring are invariably those which owe their origin to Mrs. Elizabeth Fry. She possessed a body with the same feelings, a heart with the same emotions, and a mind with the same craving as other women; but she carried on her labour without thinking of or caring for them. She was but mercy embodied, love and charity incarnated, and held nothing dear unto her so that she might do good. Bliss and felicity followed her footsteps and evils flew at her sight. Every step she took was with the blessing of those who were benefited by her labours. A woman of versatile talents, she is said to have been equally skilful in her deeds as she was in her words. Throughout her life she was a staunch advocate of all that tended to raise up and improve the lives of women and give them a higher conception of their responsibilities.

P. SEKARAN PILLAI.

The Priest and the Plough



NEW transactions of Hindu society escape the censorial authority of the Brahminical priesthood—a fraternity of *Sastris*. The priest has always the vetoing power. His domain is extensive, his sway is imperial. From the placing of the cooking-pot on the oven to the tying of the *tali* in the marriage, everything is done in the auspicious period,

arrived at by the *Sastri*. This panting race after luck affects every department of Hindu activity. Even agriculture, in which there is little scope for spiritual sentiment or sacred-ash orthodoxy, comes under the sceptre of the *sastri* the key-bearer of Fortune's portal-gates.

No two words are more distant to the alien conception than 'priest' and 'plough.' But the Hindu mind recognises a subtle affinity. The welfare of the plough stands in a large measure indebted to the amiable astrological knowledge of the priest. But, really the priest is much more truly dependent on the products of the plough for his daily existence, and more often than not, he receives a decent remuneration for pressing the services of his sky-ward erudition in favour of the agriculturist. Let us relate the instances of such services so far as they have come under my observation.

With the first turbid freshets of the Cauvery the agricultural activity may be said to commence. The river swollen with the Mercara rains brings a gleam of delight into the eyes of the priest as well as the farmer. The local deities are propitiated by prayers which may occasionally find an outward expression in the smashing of a few cocoanuts, when palatal propensities develop a decided taste for the delicious milk of the coconut and human prudence points to an opportunity to kill two birds at a stroke. The seeds are sown in an auspicious hour to insure a successful harvest. The frown of 'Varuna' is an inevitable corollary to the violation of any one of these rules of conduct. The royal anger of the rain-god is unthinkable disaster indeed to a credulous human nature. So, the *sastri* is called for and the pot-bellied, the sapient, individual comes with a Hindu calendar—not Cunniah Chetty's or Addison's—thus already giving a glimpse of his ability to peep into the unknown. The lucky hour is fixed favourable for wind, weather and rain, and the ensuing open-air ceremony is one of considerable interest. The master and the 'guru' go to the field with all the requisites. A few mantras are chanted in a sonorous tone, camphor and incense are burnt in quantities proportional to the purse and the prudence of the master, plantains are distributed, the ubiquitous coconut is smashed, all contributing to an inverted picnic or a welcome breakfast. On the prepared plot of ground which witnessed perhaps with mute perplexity the strange ritual on its bosom, the seeds are sown. A whole village engaged in this propitiation of Providence presents a convivial scene of enthralling simplicity.

The plough though, not standing so much on ceremony as the seed, needs the blessing of the priest for a happy career and for its continued

and undiminished possession of the virtue of tilling the land. The first transplantation too is accorded an equally courteous treatment and solicits as decent a share of the affectionate attentions of the *sastri*.

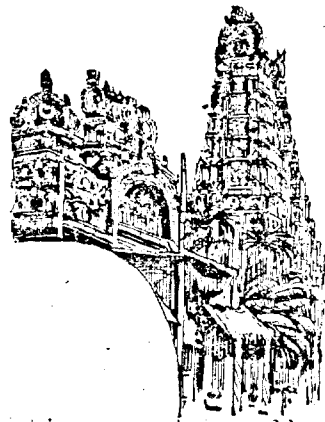
The first miniature harvest has a richer history and is more redolent of the perfumes of sandal, incense and camphor. Thank the generous, kind author of the Hindu calendar for the copious provision of auspicious days and hours, or else these ceremonies would have had to die of sheer starvation or rather want of accommodation, like a weary strange pilgrim in a crowded holy-place. When the field is ripe for the scythe, a lucky day is sought for with the help of the *sastri*. He fingers the few pages of the calendar with dubious precision and in the end says, "Wednesday is good. Saturn is there, Mars is here, Jupiter is favourable. (Neptune?). But this constellation helps the thief." "That won't do, *sastri*, my men are experts in this line even when stars are against them." Well, then, some other day is found suitable, on which a sheaf of corn is brought to the house where ready for reception is a spot kept clean and ornamented with rice-flour—a satirical welcome indeed to the sheaf of paddy now initiation into a probable phase of its future history on seeing its cousin, rice-flour, in so hapless a state. I fancied a shiver through the ears of the corn perhaps due to a contemplation of its prospects. Well, that is all a painful store for the future. But now it is all milk and honey. A *pūja* is performed during which the sheaf is allowed to taste something of sugar-candy and milk. At the close, the *sastri* pulls—sad indeed—the ears out of the stalks and ties them in a bunch, smears it with sandal and vermilion and hangs it in a prominent part of the house.—This is the thing that reminds a visitor to rural parts of the amiable affinity between the priest and the plough.

K. S. VENKATARAMANI.



The Transformation of Japan

A LECTURE BY THE REV. GEORGE WILLIAM KNOX, D.D. LL.D., AT MADRAS, 28TH OCT. '11



GENTLE-
MEN and
Ladies,—

It is a great pleasure to me to meet you to-night making my first address in Southern India. I do not feel myself a stranger in the Orient. It is true that my previous visit to India was a very brief one, but after all the Ori-

ent is very much one and he who knows one part of it feels at home in all of it. It was my good fortune to live in Japan for sixteen years during the most important period of its recent history, while those great forces were at work which have finally transformed the Empire and given it its assured position among the great Empires of the world. It is a very astonishing fact, and I am confident that the events of the last forty years in Japan constitute an important epoch in the history of the world, (cheers) not only of Asia but of the world, for it is a fact of the profoundest significance and of lasting meaning. Japan to-day is the acknowledged leader of the Far East. It was only a few years ago—in those years when I went to Japan for example, when Japan was regarded as a negligible quantity and any European power could dare Japan. I remember very well that there was a cholera epidemic in China and Japan enforced quarantine regulations. A few miles from Yokohama from the quarantine station at Asaka a German ship was detained there according to the regulations and the German Minister sent down a German man-of-war and cut that German ship out of the quarantine and brought it to the shores of Japan and halted it there in that city. No German Admiral or German Minister to-day in the waters of Japan would violate the regulations, which Japan lays down; For Japan is supreme at home and respected everywhere. But it is not my purpose here to dwell upon the events of the last 40 years. They are doubtless well-known to you. Where now in the world is the tale of the Japanese-Russo conflict left untold? Everywhere it is known and everywhere its influence is immense.

I desire to-night to speak of certain ethical factors which have produced this result and to go a little deeper into the matter and not to rest content with the mere statement, wonderful as it is, of what Japan has accomplished. Let us go back, for a moment, into the ancient history. Japan is not like India, a country, of an immemorial and perhaps indigenous civilization. As Eastern Empires so Japan is comparatively new. It is true the Japanese Government as such had as its first Emperor Jim Jimno who ascended the throne in the year 660 B. C. But it is beyond all dispute amongst scholars that the first date in Japanese history of which we are certain (even downward we are somewhat uncertain is 452.) 1100 years later then came the founding of the Japanese Empire. In fact 100 years after that date in 550 A. D., Japan was not yet an Empire but only a group of warlike tribes. But somewhere about that period I do not know precisely, perhaps we may say, 550 A.D., one of the tribes conquered the others and gave peace to the central portions. The land we now call Japan was not then called Japan. Japan, I might say incidentally is a corruption of the Chinese name which is "Nippon" or "Nihon" according to two different pronunciations. Japanese in the old days called their land Yamaoto. That tribe gave relative peace to Lamo Nimato or to Japan and when peace came civilization came, that is to say, the civilization of the Asiatic Continent.

The Buddhist missionaries came to Japan from Corea bringing with them all the elements of the Chinese civilization, and the Japanese proved themselves to be as receptive then as they are to-day. With immense eagerness they turned to this great wealth of civilization brought to them and in the course of two centuries, that is to say, by the middle of the 8th century, Japan had adopted the Chinese civilization almost from beginning to end, and had reorganised every department of its life. I say from beginning to end. In the 6th century of our era, in Japan, there was no tea cultivation for example, no cotton cultivation of any kind in use, no lacquer trees, almost nothing that we regard as characteristic of Japan. A little rice was grown, a very little rice was grown by women. Men were not farmers, but they spent their times in fighting, hunting, and in fishing, leaving the little agriculture to the women; but by the end of the two centuries that followed, Chinese agriculture had been widely introduced and Japan had become a great agricultural nation, besides being great in the arts of weaving, smithy, carpentry etc., and everything that belonged to the manual labour, had been introduced and mastered, but more than that education had

become somewhat common. In the year 550 one of the dates I have already given you, the Japanese were totally without literature. The very first book that was written in Japan was published in the year 712 of our era, and the second one in the year 720. We may think of that in the 8th century just at the beginning of their knowledge of literature; but almost immediately after, sprang up their great interest in education, and schools were established, by and by a university, a university modelled upon the Chinese scheme, based upon four factors of education, viz., art, agriculture, commerce, law. Law was too revolutionised. They had no law in Japan excepting what we call customary law, but they were brought face to face with the Chinese legal system and adopted it. The Government itself was re-organised almost from top to bottom. Their hereditary office remained as it had been before and even so that of the Emperor. They took for the Emperor that Chinese title "Son of Heaven" and they gave to him the Chinese prerogative and also the minister which belonged to the Chinese Empire. Perhaps still more remarkable is the fact that the Japanese remodelled their social system and their ideas of family. I cannot stop to go into that, it is one of the important and interesting events in relatively recent history to see how a nation could remodel its whole social structure, including the shaping of the family ideas in accordance with those which worked better and nobler than those which the people themselves had possessed. Let me now sum up, what I have said, that is, in two centuries, Japan was transformed, from beginning to end and from top to bottom, taking in fulness of the Chinese civilization, government, law, religion, education, agriculture, arts, social structure, and constitution of the family. During all this period there was no war, almost none.

The native priests, or the old aboriginal priests, were not willing at first to accept the new doctrine of Buddha which was brought to them but their position did not very much matter. By and by the very ingenious Buddhist priests declared their native gods as incarnations of Buddha. After that, there was no trouble. A few tribes resisted in looking to the increasing centralisation of the government, but they were easily subdued and Japan was at peace, which continued for three more centuries making five centuries of peace. During that period terminating in the 11th or 12th century of our era, Japanese civilization came almost to its culmination in literature and in art especially. Japanese genius did not go on satisfied with mere copying of the Chinese forms. It adopted Chinese civilization and adopted it thoroughly.

and assimilated it, and thus, at last, no one for a moment would mistake the two. Japanese civilization had characteristics strikingly and distinctively of its own; but at the end of the period of which I have spoken the Japanese civilization was not only elaborate, but effeminate. In the course of centuries the old fighting qualities of the people that is to say of the aristocracy had weakened and I need not say more perhaps, even the court and the nobles and the people of the capital became luxurious and effeminate, and had that continued, Japan would have had nothing to add of value to the world. But something else happened. When the court and the nobles and the people of the capital became luxurious and effeminate, strong men on the outskirts of the Empire removed from these influences, seized the power in their own hands. It is true they did not throw off allegiance to the Emperor, but by and by that allegiance became a very nominal matter and the power of Japan was held by feudal nobles numbering from 200 to 250. Japan broke up into a number of principalities, each noble supreme in his own little region and accepting the shadowy allegiance to the Emperor in far off Kioto. Naturally enough prince fought with prince, baron with baron. Each lived in his own castle which he fortified as strongly as he could and gathered round him a group of warriors. Now these warriors, the retainers of the feudal barons of Japan, became the "Samurai" of Japan (the Samurai is a Japanese word which is defined as the professional soldiers of Japan, and yet not of the Emperor). But all these different feudal nobles and even this position of soldiers became hereditary. Some of the soldiers followed their father's arms and therefore by and by the military class came to constitute the aristocracy of the land, the aristocracy of each of these little principalities. All power was held by the military class. They occupied every important position; every judge for example belonged to that class and to none other; every administrator belonged to that class and to none other. They made the laws, they enforced the laws, they collected the taxes from the people, and they spent the taxes collected from the people. These men corresponded very closely indeed to the Knights of feudal Europe. They became naturally enough very proud, extraordinarily confident in their own powers, feeling that one Samurai was far more than a match for fifty common people and the common people themselves acquiesced in their judgment. They ruled Japan on the whole for 600 years. I say on the whole, because there might be some episodes and exceptions. On the whole they ruled Japan for 600 years down to the

middle of the 19th century. I say *they ruled Japan* you will ask what about the feudal barons. Well, the feudal barons, for the most part, were a set of weak men who were only nominal in control while their strong army and strong-minded soldiers actually governed the Empire. Very well, tribe fought against tribe and principality against principality and baron against barons and these strifes ran on for centuries until the year 1600 (that is a good round year and I might modify that too) but in 1600 was fought the great battle in which Tokemhava, one of those feudal barons, definitely won the Empire and defeated the allied forces opposed to him and in a series of brilliant military campaigns extended his arms throughout the entire Empire. He did not overthrow the feudal system; he did not destroy the shadow of the prestige of the Emperor; he left the Emperor as a state prisoner in Kioto and he left the feudal barons as his own retainers, in their own various castles. It is true that he killed or beggered his chief opponents and put his own loyal followers in their places and in the critical points. His family ruled that Empire down to 1867 and for 267 years. The various barons had still their own local control; they had still groups of Samurai; they still had their castles; they still made their own laws; but they were none the less in all great matters subject to the house of Tokemhava. Many of these clans or principalities became enervated during this long period of peace. They lost the old fighting habit. But certain clans, chief of which were Saxma, Tozo, Chosho. These three clans on the one hand nourished a bitter hatred to Tokemhava during all that period and on the other hand kept the spirit of their Samurai clear and strong. I have had the account which I am to give you now from one of the leading Samurai of this clan of men, who had himself seen a large part of all that occurred and he has been good enough at different times to give to me the history of that transformation. These Samurai (Chosho, Saxma and Tosho) maintained, let me repeat, the old fashioned training—that was a very severe one. For example, the boys were sent at an early age to military schools separate from their families and inured to hardship and assimilation. Everything was done to give to these boys the spirit of courage. In some schools they were separated in different buildings and feelings of enmity were excited by teachers' bet ween these different buildings, so that when they met in their fencing matches sometimes twenty boys on the one side and twenty on the other, it should be no gentle exercise. Besides this they were taught other things. Their teachers would tell them of the fabulous stories of ghosts, hob-goblins and of demons inhabiting the gloomy woods and

caverns and send the small boys out into the woods or caverns, so that they might get over childish fears of demons, hob-goblins and ghosts. In addition to this, the boys were led away and brought up to despise wealth. One of the boys of one of those clans, a boy of very distinguished lineage, who could trace his ancestry back from the Samurai, from the very beginning of the Samurai class told me that until he was twenty years of age, he did not know what was the meaning of any coin of Japan. Until he was twenty years of age, he had never seen one and never spent one. He had nothing whatever to do with it. He had his food; he had his clothes; he had his martial exercises; he had what was given to him and he was to have nothing in common with the commercial spirit. He was not even to know, let me repeat, that such a thing as money existed. (Laughter).

The boys were brought up on such maxims as these, that is, there were such things as gold and silver, they were well enough in their own way, but they were of no consequence when compared with life and life was only dirt compared to righteousness; that was the training of the whole Samurai of Japan, righteousness first and that righteousness meant supremely—first of all, as is always the case with the soldier's righteousness, loyalty, unhesitating, undeviating, limitless obedience and loyalty. The stories as they were told to the boys were those of men who had given up wife and child and home and position and life for the sake of the feudal lords and of the clans. They were led to think that there was nothing so contemptible as cowardice and nothing so evil as disloyalty. I can give you any number of illustrations. A friend of mine, Samurai, trained in one of these schools belonged to the clan which supported Tokemhava, the last of the clans defeated in the war of 1867. My friend was then a boy too young to be compared with the tribe. He was in the castle with many children, he himself being a young boy. The word came at last that the warriors were defeated, a breach had been made and the Tokemhavas were inside. There was no possibility of resistance. My boy friend says that when that word came his mother died, having a little child in her arm. The woman said, "I will never survive the disgrace of the defeat of my husband, father, and brother" and threw the child down dead. Taking a little sword she struck her own throat (here the lecturer pointed out the action by gestures and movements), and finding herself to be nervous turned toward her servant and ordered him to strike off her head, the woman setting the example so that the others might follow her, that they would never survive the disgrace of the defeat of their brothers, fathers and husbands. Well, that was the spirit of all Japanese. I can tell

you a hundred stories illustrating the spirit which animated these men. Now had it been merely such a desperate spirit as this, had it been merely a spirit of self-devotion, I do not think that Japan would have accomplished what she has accomplished. But there is another element joined to it. These boys were trained, not only to the assimilations and to deathless self-devotion, but they were trained in the letters. That is to say they were trained to be scholars from their earliest age. They were set to severest tasks, they regarded arms and letters, as they said, as essentials to a gentleman. The old Japanese proverb was this: that as a bird has two wings so does the gentleman have arms and learning—arms and learning and loyalty, these three things.

The training of the Japanese boys I may perhaps illustrate by an account which one gives of himself. It was this; he was a genius. He lived 290 years ago. I wrote his biography which was published in the year 1890. He says that he had a task set to him of writing so many hundred of Chinese characters every day. He says when the day cut short (mark he was a boy of about eight) and it was getting very cold (for in Japan it gets cold and water freezes), he would have his little desk put up on the verandah and much water was poured upon it and he wrote as hard as he could and when he felt sleepy he would throw back his cloak and speak to his servant to throw a bucket of frozen water over him, and when he got sleepy again by virtue of the second bucket of water he would complete his task (laughter). That is a pitifully hard, self-imposed task and not only this little Samurai of Japan but every boy was as ambitious as that. They had at last the trained intelligence. Now when the crisis came they were ready for it. That crisis came through the overthrow of Tokemhava Government. Those warlike clans hated Tokemhava for two reasons in 1867, in the first place, because Tokemhava had conquered their ancestors and in the second place because he had admitted foreigners to Japan. For, in 1854 United States made a treaty with Japan admitting foreigners under restrictions to that Empire. These warlike clans, living far from all contact with foreigners, were very angry, they declared as war-cry two things,—the overthrow of Tokemhava and the exclusion of the foreigners. Lastly, they defeated Tokemhava and long before their fondest anticipations were realized they were in possession of the Empire. They had the Empire in their own hands and all resistance was crushed. Their watchword now was to expell the foreigner or expell the barbarians. That was to be the second task, the great question, was what should be the attitude of Japan toward the foreign powers.

They sent an embassy to the United States and Europe, asking, to have foreigners withdrawn from Japan, but before that embassy had crossed the American continent its quicksighted intelligence had learnt its lesson. Its leaders turned back to Japan and said "We have been erroneously mistaken. These men of the Far West are not barbarians and it is impossible for us all at present to ask for their expulsion." It was impossible for the Chinese to turn another people out and also to learn the lesson which the Japanese learnt almost at a glance. Let me put it in the way in which the Japanese boys put it. "When I went to Japan in 1877, the movement was then in full swing of its beginning. They said that when foreigners or Europeans came to Japan in the 16th century, the Japanese were their equals, their equals in art, their equals in science, their equals as gentlemen. But 300 years had passed and during these 300 years Japan had been asleep, but the West had been wide awake until to-day after 300 years we recognized a great distance separated Japan from Europe and America."

Very well, so much for the lesson. Now what was to be the inference drawn from it. We must do in 30 years what it had taken the West 300 years to accomplish and the wonderful thing is that they set themselves to their task while everybody laughed at them for various reasons. On the one hand they said a Oriental nation can never learn from an Occidental nation. It was impossible for the Oriental to assimilate the civilization of the Occident. They said in the second place that Japanese were superficial and that though they might take the mere outward polish of Western civilization they could never learn their civilization. As the result, the Western man laughed when they heard the Japanese boy talking. But the Japanese set themselves to master that problem and to really learn from Western science the factors of modern national life. All of us would like to see the result, of science, the results of learning, the results of civilization, but most of us are quite unwilling to take the painful toil which is involved in mastering the elements which alone make these things worth while. Mark what the Japanese did. They were just as proud as any, just as confident of their own powers as any, but they deliberately and patiently and for decades went to school, they never attempted to claim equality until they had fitted themselves to maintain it. They had their intelligence doing its perfect work and they know how difficult it was to acquire and maintain a true equality. You will remember that in the training of this Japanese Samurai there was another element and it was the still more important factor of loyalty. When I was teaching in Japan almost

38 years ago, coming in contact with the young men of the Empire (all of them Samurai without any exception) I frequently asked them this question, "Why are you taking so much pains? why are you seeking this education or that?" I never got more than one kind of answer and the answer was always "In order that I may better serve the country." That was the prevailing sentiment. That is to say, these young men were not seeking fortunes for themselves, they were not for seeking after high posts in the Government, but they were seeking to make themselves fit to serve their country. They had their intelligence and devotion,—these two joined together—the two great factors of national greatness, the two great factors of strong national life. Everywhere without intelligence, self-devotion becomes a folly and without devotion intelligence becomes mere shrewdness, the playing of the game for one's own advantage. But the young men of Japan combined the two—intelligence and loyalty. How far it took them? It took them very, very far and it took them so far that one would almost hesitate to believe the story, for we had no doubt of the established truth.

I have described the Japanese Samurai class. It was separate from the mass of the people by everything. That is to say, through their education, they had a different language from the mass of the people; through their position they had exclusive rights. For example, under no circumstances could a policeman restrict the Samurai, even if a Samurai would misbehave. He would kill the policeman. He was not subject to the common law, but subject to his own class. He could not, for example, suffer a criminal's death. There were no instances where a Samurai suffered a criminal death. He never allows himself to be degraded, because the Japanese had the custom of suicide. They struck the sword into their bodies turning it so as to pass through the limb and killing themselves in that painful way. They could not be put into prison. They were not subject to ordinary execution. Their rights, their position, and their powers separated them by an immense gulf from the common people. They would not eat with them, they would not marry them freely. The Japanese Samurai achieved great success in the revolution holding the power of all Japan in their hands. One of the leaders of the revolution, a very old man to whom I am indebted very much for what I am saying to you now,—he told me that at an early stage, while still the Samurai were in full control, an idea came to him and to others that it was impossible to make a great Empire and to retain the Samurai caste distinction. He said to me that the only way in which Japan could be made

great was to raise the whole mass of the people to an equality with the Samurai rank. He went on saying in conversation "I regarded the men of class as the full equals of Americans and Europeans of best classes, but when I thought of the multitude in my land, the great mass of people whom the Japanese call common people I recognized that they were inferiors and it was impossible that a land should be great if it were to depend for its greatness upon a little clan which I represent." Now that was an opinion which many a man has had, but few men have ever given to it such an actual expression, and the other Samurai associated with him. They abolished every one of the distinctive right privileges and powers of Samurai and put the whole nation upon absolutely the same level. Was it not an extraordinary thing for a set of men so proud, so fixed in their hereditary rights and so triumphant of their own men to voluntarily surrender them all to the men of low caste of Japan and treat them as their own equals in right, and in privileges and before the law and in the entire government? I said to my friend "How is it to-day about the clans' distinction of the Samurai and the low caste men?" He said it was fully gone. He said that the way in which common men fought the last two wars convinced every one that they were worthy of the privileges and the rights which Samurai had conferred upon them. Now he said that some of the leading generals in the army, leading judges upon the bench, leading statesmen in the parliament, even members of the Imperial Majesty's Cabinet are from the old despised common class. They hold in their own hands absolutely what the best representatives of the Samurai of Japan can produce. Yes, the old distinction is all gone. The system of education established in Japan, the vast railway system in Japan, the merchants' marine, naval marine, all the marvels that Japan has created, I am well prepared to say that beyond them all is this fact that the Samurai class of Japan voluntarily laid down its rights and privileges for the sake of making Japan a great Empire worthy of its place among the leading Empires of the Orient. They gave their own privileges, rights and powers to the whole of the vast multitude of people. (Hear, hear).

Now it seems to me that from this brief history we can understand why it is that Japan has attained its position. It has been by no mere chances, and by no happy stroke of fortune. It has been by an intelligent grasp of the situation, and persevering purpose to master the situation, and self-devotion almost unparalleled. Any people who wish to be great and to play a greater part among all the nations of the earth must have these selfsame factors. They must have the factors of intelligence, of devotion and of willing-

ness to surrender even that, which by their old past history is so dear to them, for the sake of common welfare and common good.

You may desire to ask for a moment what is the present outlook in Japan. Japan has won its victory and some of the men who are illustrious have told me within the last two years (men who have come to the United States) that their great concern at present is the fear that commercial spirit will take possession of the younger generation and that they will not be able to maintain the high, ethical, and self-devoting patriotism of old Japan. It is the ethical situation which has become their greatest concern. They say "What now shall we present to the children in school that shall make them as ready to sacrifice as were the Samurai of old Japan?" That measure is the great problem in Japan but it is a great problem everywhere for everyone loves his race. In my country, in Great Britain, in India and in Japan there can be no difference in these matters. What makes the people great in the East makes people great in the West and the laws of national greatness are as certain as the laws of physics, chemistry, or astronomy and there are no exceptions and no possible deviations from that path. Japan has made that path clear. It is for Japan to continue to work in it, and it is for us all who love our country, who love our race, to understand that it is not by schemes, by short-cut and dubious methods, but by intelligence and self-sacrificing devotion that great things are done."

Dr. Knox visits India as Union Seminary Lecturer on Christianity in the Far East. He is one of the most distinguished scholars and public speakers in the United States. He is the Professor of Philosophy and History of Religion in the Union Theological Seminary in New York, the institution of which the late Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D., who twice visited India as Barrow's Lecturer, was the President. Dr. Knox was a resident of Japan for sixteen years and a Professor of Theology there. He speaks the Japanese language and has an intimate and sympathetic knowledge of Japanese thought and life, and has written a book on Japanese Life in Town and Country. He was for a time Professor in the Imperial University of Japan. He has received from the Emperor of Japan the "Order of the Rising Sun" for his active interest in Japanese affairs. He has been in China and knows the Chinese classics. Dr. Knox is a profound student of philosophy in its most fundamental problems, as well as the various religions of the world. He is also an authoritative expositor of Christianity. Dr. Knox spent several weeks in this country; and has, since early manhood, paid special attention to the ancient religious literature of India.

He is the author of several books of importance.

The Chairman (Rev. Mr. Chandler) in winding up the proceedings said that all felt greatly indebted to Dr. Knox for giving an insight into the life of Japan. It was not for him to undertake to add anything to it. But he would call the attention of the audience to one thing in their thoughts with regard to India and with regard to themselves. For they could never hear such a soul-stirring address without applying it to their own situations. India, he said, was one different from Japan. Japan had to go abroad to get her ideals, had to go to China and take the best from China. She went to United States and Europe for ideals and brought them home. India had not to go abroad. As Providence had brought here two great nations. India has the opportunity of both elements working out their united and harmonious destiny and in that respect India had her peculiar position. As had been eloquently said by the learned lecturer, the same spirit of greatness is as necessary for India as for Japan or for any other country.

Moral Education



POLITICAL morality can never have any solid existence on a basis of individual immorality," so writes Smiles in his 'Character'. The happiness or otherwise of a society also depends on the condition of the individuals composing it. Therefore it is highly necessary that particular attention should be paid to the matter of the moral education of individuals, that they may contribute enough to social happiness.

In this short essay I try simply to point out some of the conditions which generally affect the character of a person, and prescribe some preventives to guard against the evils which may result from the influence exerted by unfavorable conditions. It is the interest I take in the welfare of society that actuates me to write a few lines on a subject the importance of which cannot be exaggerated.

The education of the body and intellect is well cared for in the educational institutions in the country; but the moral side of it is not specially attended to, though the character is formed to a certain extent in them. However instructed a person may be, if his moral

character be very poor then he is shunned by society. Because the parents have the greatest chances to watch the actions of a child, it is they that ought to be very careful in the matter of the moral education of their children.

The moulding of character should be done in childhood, lest the faculties should grow too hard to receive impressions afterwards. Again "Childhood is like a mirror that reflects in afterlife the images first presented to it." The character of a man in his whole lifetime depends on the way in which he is trained in his childhood. And what a man will be in his future days can more or less be guessed from what he is in his childhood; and to quote the same author, "Childhood shows the man as morning shows the day."

Now what are the conditions which affect the character of a child? The influence of a bad mother comes first. It is she that plays a prominent part in the bringing up of a child, and so the child will be brought up according to the tastes of the mother. Smiles very effectively writes about the influence of bad mothers:—"Let the mother be idle, vicious, and a slattern; let her home be pervaded with cavilling and discontent, and it will become a dwelling of misery—a place to fly from rather than to fly to; and the children whose misfortune it is to be brought up there will be morally dwarfed and deformed—the cause of misery to themselves as well as to others."

Much depends upon the company a child keeps. The saying "Tell me what company you keep and I shall tell you what you are" is true to the very letter. Bad associates have peculiar aptitude for leading the minds of young men through the channel of vices. It is outside the time that a youth is in his school, that he has the greatest chance of being led astray by his bad associates. And it is very wisely said that "a man is made or marred in his leisure hours."

Some unscrupulous writers, whose main object in writing books is to get money, exert a great influence on the minds of children. "And with the gradual widening of the circle of the female readers much of that impure literature finds its way into our houses unobserved by the male guardians. The moral ideals of society are thus being corrupted to their very core."

There are sundry other things which affect the character of a child. Seclusion is often found, in these days, to encourage the contraction of bad habits. The book-worm who shuts himself up in a dungeon is often afterwards found to have become a prey to temptations. Children addicted to vices, when they grow up to manhood, decidedly fail in life. Many philanthropists circulate brochures wherein they

expose the dangers resulting from following such habits. They are not understood in the right spirit and their advices all become mere cries in the wilderness.

Now, let us see what should be done to escape such a dangerous state of affairs. Firstly, women should be given good education. "A good mother is Nature's *chef-de-oeuvre*." He is really happy who has a cultured woman for his wife; and a child brought up by such a mother will surely be morally happy.

Secondly, the parents should pay particular attention in the matter of selection of friends for their children. Associates selected must be such as can elevate the character of the child concerned. And, once they are chosen properly they are on no account to be severed from each other.

Thirdly, children must be made to read books which contain sound morals. Stories which can teach them good morals must be narrated to them. In short, no word which carries a bad meaning is to be uttered in their presence.

Fourthly, no child should be allowed to court seclusion. Such children as have a tendency to slip into dangerous seclusion must be brought to the broad daylight and made social.

Whenever a child is seen to act against what has been prescribed by its parents it must be punished adequately; and the way in which the punishment is meted out is of great importance. The child must be made to feel that the punishments are only the natural consequences of its actions.

Suppose a child, on account of its carelessness in handling the cup, spills out some of the coffee given to it by its mother. Without inflicting on it any bodily punishment, give it no more coffee that day. The child feels hungry; and yet does not grumble, thinking it is suffering only as the punishment, or rather the effect of its having been careless.

Instead of it, some dry blows are administered by way of punishment; because of the savageness of the punishment the child forgets the justice of it and hates its parents, at least for the time being. If this course be followed for days together, in the end it thinks of its parents as agents bent upon inflicting pain on it and so loses faith in its parents.

On the other hand by the natural punishment "the child, suffering nothing more than the painful effects of its own wrong actions, must recognize more or less clearly the justice of the punishment"; and so tries to rectify itself and when matters have improved to an appreciable extent it feels itself much indebted to its parents for the improvements effected in its own character. Such being the difficulties the parents have to meet with, it is impossible for them to be too careful in dealing with their children.

Above all, the parents should set their children good examples and must well understand the significance of the expression 'example is better than precept.'

These are only certain general remarks on the way in which children should be handled; and parents are required to use their own discretion in special cases.

V. RAM.

Currents of Thought



THERE is time given to labour, also to perform the several duties of life, and to pleasure, but there is no time allotted for thinking. I mean that kind of thinking that is free from the three emotions—joy, sorrow, and anxiety; to be more plain, the sort of thinking that is wholly intellectual.

Food for such thought is never lacking, if the eyes and the brain are made use of in the right way. The two common functions of these organs are observation and memorizing, which, if well used all through the day, will fill the mind with currents of thought for the use of the intellect.

No one can be intellectual without thinking. Thought is as essential to the growth of the intellect, as food is to that of the body. If success in life is to be attained, it is necessary to have a strong well-trained intellect.

Everything in the world has a power to make us think, but if we have not a thoughtful mind, this power has but a superficial influence over us.

No thought, though it be unwritten, is dead, unless he who has given it birth puts an end to it. A living thought not only exists, but grows in obedience to the will of the thinker.

An idea is liable to be destroyed if allowed to remain long in an embryonic state. Like an egg it must be brought out, hatched, and allowed to have freedom to grow.

Thinking begets ideas, and ideas beget wisdom which rules the world. While young we make puzzle pictures of bricks, then why not continue the play when old, and make true pictures of human character by studying the minds of our fellowmen.

Life is a great boon, wherein we have time and scope to learn, and to do great things.

The world is a great treasure-house of wonders, that are waiting for us to solve them.

There is no room for pain, care or sorrow, unless we make room for them ourselves.

Nature smiles on us; what care we if fortune frowns. Death, the end of our life on earth, is but the beginning of a glorious spiritual life.

Thoughts are like rivers which run through the desert of a human mind; and make it fertile; it is then the business of a human being to cultivate this soil by putting in good seed which will bear in time wholesome fruit.

True kindness springs from the heart, and the more we give out of it the greater is our wealth of it.

There are two things by which one can judge a true friend—a true friend will not flatter, and will not intentionally hurt one's feelings.

Patience is a virtue within the reach of all, and if only we acquire it, and allow it to have full sway in all our thoughts, words, and deeds, we would find in ourselves a great change for the better.

A good resolution is half the battle, for to resolve to do a good thing implies something to be overcome.

Very often we show more affection than we really feel for our friends, and thus deceive them. We should be careful above all to do and say nothing that our hearts do not prompt.

Tact ranks as one of the highest qualifications of men, for by it the greatest of difficulties in life are often overcome in the best possible manner.

Superstitions are like the tendrils of a creeper, which, if allowed, will twine themselves firmly round our minds.

Forethought is something we could all be capable of if we tried, as long as we possess our reasoning faculties.

Thank God that love is a free gift. If it was a thing to be bought, the rich could only have it, and the poor would have to do without it, and what would life be without love?

There is no profit in noticing the evil in others, while on the other hand if we look for the good, we may find some virtue which we do not possess, and by imitating the same we will profit by it.

Just as a child would ruthlessly pull to pieces a flower which then could never be what it was before, even if the pieces were joined together, so may we sometimes without thinking irrevocably spoil the reputations of others by exaggerating their misdeeds.

Satan is not always to blame for our evil deeds; much of the evil is in our own hearts, and helped by outside influences eventually manifests itself in our evil actions.

The fruits of acquired wisdom are utterly wasted among unintelligent minds: like pearls before swine, they are apt to be trodden down in the dust of ignorance.

HERA E. JEDDO.

Trivandram Ladies' Association and Coronation Celebration



WELL attended Meeting of the Trivandram Ladies' Association, mostly composed of Nair ladies, was held at the Victoria Jubilee Town Hall on the 11th Dec. at 4 p.m. in honor of the Coronation Durbar of Their Imperial Majesties, presided over by Mrs. Dawson-Light, wife of the English Chaplain, Rev. W. Light. There was a large gathering of the elite of the ladies of the town. In the opening address Mrs. Light congratulated the Association on having called this Meeting in honour of the Crowning of the King-Emperor and Queen-Empress at Delhi, the first Coronation held there since the days of the old Moghul Sovereigns. The presence of the Empress gave to women a special interest in the ceremony. We women may all take example from our Queen-Empress in her devotion to her duties as wife and mother. If the women of India would instill into their sons while they are young and susceptible to good influences, the principles of loyalty to the Throne, we should hear no more in the next generation of the unrest and rebellion against authority which is causing so much anxiety in some parts of India. It is not too much to say that the future of India depends upon the mothers of India.

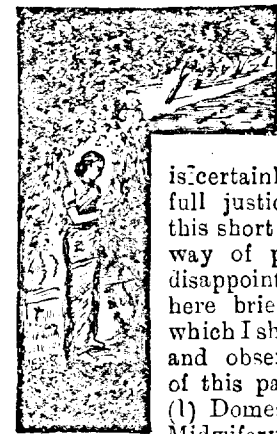
A programme of music was then rendered and a few portions of the Drama "Ravi Varma" was creditably enacted by some of the ladies. The Secretary then read the address and gave the texts of a loyal message to be forwarded to Their Majesties. She thanked Mrs. Light for kindly presiding on the occasion and the latter having suitably replied, the proceedings came to a close with the singing of "God Save The King."

P. K. PADMANATHA PILLAY.



"Indian Homes in Health and Disease"

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,



THE subject treated of in this paper is 'Indian Homes in Health and Disease.' It is perhaps too vague, but it is certainly too vast to admit of full justice being done to it in this short paper. Therefore by way of preparing you against disappointment I shall note down here briefly the few points to which I shall confine my remarks and observations in the course of this paper. The points are: (1) Domestic Hygiene, (2) Our Midwifery, (3) Infant feeding, and (4) Our home remedies for certain diseases.

First, taking Domestic Hygiene, I may draw your attention to certain daily habits of ours, which are some of them conducive to health, while others are detrimental to the same.

The daily bath and change of garments practised by the higher classes as forming part of their religious observance is apparently founded on hygienic principles, as being very essential in a hot country like India where our skin is liable to get unclean on account of profuse perspiration and accumulation of dirt. This has however degenerated into ceremonial baths, far from being conducive to real cleanliness and health. Dr. Thompson says, "The ablutions which the Hindus may be seen performing perfunctorily by the side of the tank or well are, as a rule, more productive of fever and chest diseases than personal cleanliness. In the cold season the practice of standing exposed to a biting wind for some time and subsequently donning partially saturated garments, leads to much disease." So we should instruct our people to take their baths in a way not prejudicial to their health but contributive to personal cleanliness.

The habit of wearing washed clothes every day and observing the ceremonial practice of 'touch-me-not' is certainly preventive of such diseases as are communicable by touch, or contagious diseases. When touched by the unwashed, the higher class people bathe at once and

change dress though sometimes this is carried to an absurd extent. This habit may receive support from the current bacteriological theory of diseases.

In this connection I may also refer to the practice of the members of a family using separate vessels for drinking and eating purposes. In other words, each member has his or her own plates and cups uncontaminated by others. It is for the same reason that leaves are used in place of plates, as they can be thrown off after use. This practice prevents communication of diseases from one person to another through food.

Copper vessels have been in use among the Hindus from times of old. Seeing that they are recommended for use in ceremonial occasions and in 'Pooja' or daily worship, we may infer that the ancients were aware of the germicidal properties of the metal. These vessels were used for keeping drinking water in, but not for cooking purposes.

I may say a word regarding our diet. The diet of the higher classes, especially Brahmins, is mainly vegetarian. It consists of a proper admixture of rice, dhol, ghee, etc., which constitute a perfect diet, suited to the climate of the country. Our fathers were able to maintain themselves in bodily and mental vigour and live long on this diet. If the present generation suffers from diseases such as dyspepsia, fatty heart, diabetes and so forth, it is not the fault of the diet, but it is owing to change of habits, excess, irregularities, sedentary occupations, want of exercise, professional pressure with too much mental work and worry.

Buttermilk forms a large constituent of our dietary. Now, recent researches go to prove that the daily use of sour milk increases the opsonic index of blood and thus raises its resisting capacity against bacterial invasion, besides arresting the growth and multiplication of intestinal bacteria. The Bulgarians in Europe who use buttermilk largely are the longest lived.

The religious observance of fasting on certain days in the month has its own physiological benefit. Certain American doctors recommend fasting at certain intervals to keep the digestive organs in proper condition. Fasting obtains most among our widowed ladies. They keep much better health and live longer, giving the least trouble to medical men. Therefore the practice need not be condemned.

I may here refer to another custom prevailing among the Hindus. That is, when a member of a family dies, the other members are said to be under pollution for a fortnight. Others do not associate or dine with them, or in other words they are kept isolated. Free mingling is allowed only after an elaborate process of

* A lecture delivered by Miss C. N. Mathurakshimi, ammal of the Final M. B. and C. M. Class at a meeting of the "Madras Medical College Association" of which she is the Vice President. Lieut.-Col. C. Honovan, B. A., M. D., I.M.S., presided.

purification which consists of washing the whole house including walls, and throwing away of old rags and mud pots. The period of pollution may be scientifically explained as the period of incubation of most of the bacterial diseases. The religious prohibition of contact is to prevent infection. The cremation of the dead is based on the same principle. And it is no wonder that it has now come to be looked upon as the best method of disposing of the dead.

These are some of the commendable features of our customs and observances which have received the support of the best scientific men of the day and these may go to show that our ancestors were not ignorant of hygienic principles.

I shall now refer to some of our habits which are likely to give rise to diseases. One noticeable feature of our every day life is the irregularity and unpunctuality of the hours of meals, which is one of the causes of digestive troubles. The habit of taking sweets, cakes, etc., at irregular intervals of meals is highly objectionable. This habit obtains most among our children.

The Indians generally pay very little attention to the quality of the drinking water, the source of supply receives no consideration whatever. It may be an ill-conserved well or a foul tank in places not provided with pipe supply.

Even in places where pipe water is available such as Madras, certain Brahmins, especially Vishnavas, get their supply only from wells or tanks, and scrupulously avoid the pipe supply. The vessels, in which water is kept being narrow-necked, do not admit of their insides being cleaned.

In many houses the sewage water is allowed to accumulate in the premises which breeds mosquitoes and vitiates the air.

The houses are built on any plan without regard to the laws of sanitation. The rooms are air-tight and hence ill-ventilated.

When cholera, or small-pox, or plague breaks out in any place, the people, out of sheer ignorance, begin to propitiate certain deities supposed to preside over these diseases rather than adopt the necessary scientific precautions to prevent the spread of such diseases.

There are also other evil habits too numerous to mention. They all arise more or less out of ignorance, superstition, and want of scientific knowledge. It is therefore one of the duties of the medical practitioners here in India to guide, instruct, and enlighten the people on this head.

Taking the second of the points to be considered in this paper, viz., 'Indian midwifery', I am sorry to observe that the people of this country have not made sufficient progress in this direction, as is evident from the crude and unscientific method of treating women.

Our ladies are not only averse to being treat-

ed by male doctors, but they also submit themselves to being treated by the ignorant midwives of the country. In desperate cases skilled medical help is sought for, but generally too late.

Now coming to infants—Born of ill-developed mothers they are puny weaklings indeed and lack that vigour and vitality that characterise English babies. Weak mothers of immature development and hardly in a condition to maintain themselves in health cannot undertake the nursing of their babies.

In the country parts and in poor families the infant food is mostly home-made and such as is recommended by custom and old dames. Ignorance is so dense that the adaptability of the food to the child's condition is never considered. The food prepared consists of water in which rice is boiled, which is nothing more than a solution of starch which you all know is not a nourishing food for an infant and tends to produce rickets and diarrhoea. A child living and thriving on such food is purely a matter of chance. Also there are no fixed hours for feeding infants. Even before they are a year old they are fed on vegetable curries, rice, ghee which are ill-suited to an infant's stomach and no wonder they become subject to various infantile diseases, as rickets, scurvy, diarrhoea, marasmus, etc. The food of children is not kept from contamination and the small feeding bottles, or vessels, or appliances are not kept clean and sterilized. I may here refer to the peculiar feeding 'chank' used in Indian homes. It is a hollow with a spiral cone in it and a nozzle. It cannot be cleansed easily and it is not cleansed, much less sterilized. It is with this that oil, liquid medicines, milk and other liquid foods are given to the child. Feeding bottles are used in some families, but they are not kept clean.

Our children are not well clothed and protected from chill, which makes them liable to certain chest complaints as broncho-pneumonia, bronchitis, etc.

Wet nurses being generally selected from the lower classes, we should see that they are free from disease and that they keep themselves clean and tidy. I am sorry to observe that proper attention is not paid to them in Indian homes, even though the child is left with them day and night.

Indian mothers continue nursing their children till up to the fourth or fifth year or until the milk supply is exhausted. This is of course detrimental to the health of both parties. Teething is nature's sign that the child should be weaned from its mother. Further nursing only weakens the digestive organs and interferes with the moral, physical, and intellectual development of the child. It also impairs the health of the mother.

Children's diseases arising from weak mothers, hired nurses, indifferent hand feeding and other causes are too numerous to mention, and it is therefore no wonder that infant mortality in India is much greater than in Europe. The unsatisfactory nature of the milk supply in cities like Madras contributes much to this mortality. Let us hope that ere long there will come into existence dairy farms conducted on hygienic principles.

In talking of Indian children and their diseases I should not omit to mention certain home remedies generally resorted to in Indian families. These are certain bazaar common drugs, herbs, simple roots and oils, the faith in the efficacy of which is handed down from generation to generation. The mother of a number of children is the practical physician. Her diagnosis and treatment are not altogether to be despised.

Some of the Indian drugs and medicinal herbs and roots are recognized by Western scientists and I may here refer to the 'Pharmacopoeia of India', by E. J. Waring. There are others used extensively by native practitioners, not without effect in all cases. There are several treatises in the vernaculars of the country on 'Materia Medica and Therapeutics.' There have been and are many Indian physicians skilled in the treatment of chronic diseases. Our attitude towards the indigenous system of treatment of diseases should therefore be one of open-mindedness. There may be greater things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in *Our* philosophy. The Ayurvedic and Unani systems, with their local variations and adaptations, are well worth our serious consideration. Here is a vast field for us to explore and we may in the course of our researches strike at rich veins of indigenous medical love and practice. This is another direction in which the West may effect an alliance with the East and both go forward hand in hand to relieve the sufferings of humanity.

There is a good reason for us to consider seriously the medical systems and practices of the East or for the matter of that, of any region of the earth. Man is found in every part of the globe. He adapts himself to the climate and the surroundings. He lives because these render his living possible. These determine the quality and quantity of his food, his raiment and habits. He may also have diseases peculiar to the region he inhabits. Nature around him, like a kind mother, must sustain him in disease as well as in health. For most of his ailments he must have the remedy near at hand. It is not in the economy of nature that a man in the tropics should seek a remedy for his disease in the temperate or frigid zone. There must be local remedies for local diseases. If there is any force in this reasoning we

should, with an open mind, examine the *materia medica* of the different regions of this globe and study their fauna and flora and minerals and verify or discover their medicinal virtues.

News and Notes

OLDEST WOMAN.—The world's oldest woman at present is Fran Dutkiewicz at Posen, Germany. She has recently celebrated her 125th birthday. She is tall and thin, bent and very feeble, though not bed-ridden. Her face is full of wrinkles, is almost blind and deaf, and suffers from rheumatism. She has long tresses of perfectly white hair. Her son is aged 89. The lady was married 90 years ago, and has been a widow 45 years. She has had 10 children. Her descendants now number 200, and she possesses two great-great-grand children.

WORLD'S SECOND RICHEST WOMAN.—Mrs. Edward H. Harriman, widow of the great Railway King, who died about two years ago, holds now the second place as the world's richest woman, the first being Mrs. Russell Sage. Mrs. Harriman was the daughter of Mr. W. I. Averell, the banker of Rochester. If she gets but 5 per cent on her money which amounts to £20,000,000 or 60,000,000 dollars, she will be getting almost 8½ a minute or about £48 per day. She is now 60 years old and has made her will which consists of but 60 words.

A CHILD'S CAUSE FOR LEAVE.—An unusual circumstance is reported in the Chikballapur report of the L. M. Society, Mysore. A child aged six, evidently a girl, asked leave to go out about mid-afternoon, and when asked for the reason, it said that it was to drink toddy! This is an evidence of the depravity of the class to which the child belongs.

EGG-SHELL MANTLES.—Egg-shells are now used as gas mantles. The contents of the egg are drawn out, the ends are neatly cut off and the body of the shell is fixed in position. The light thus obtained is good and the mantle is much more durable.

YOUNG LADIES' EFFORTS.—A few months ago in the city of Montreal, Canada, a small army of young ladies waylaid the citizens, exchanged courtesies with them and appealing to them about the pitiable blind in the country managed to secure 23,000 dollars in a single day. Youthful charm and talent has been well-spent in this case.

MISS EDITH CAMPBELL, member-at-large of the Cincinnati Board of Education, is a graduate of the Cincinnati University, where she took her Master's degree, and also served for a year as Instructor in Economics. She became Director of the Schmidlapp Fund for Girls in 1908, and a year later it was enlarged under her direction into an employment bureau for women and girls. She has been much interested in educational matters, the continuation school for girls, and the Work Certificate Bureau, conducted by the Board of Education, is under the joint direction of Miss Campbell and E. N. Clopper, Secretary of the National Child Labor Commission for the Middle Western States. She has also been greatly interested in the Delaware Industrial Home for Girls, the condition of which aroused club women all over the country and caused a personal visit to the place by Governor Harmon and his wife, with the result that conditions were much improved.

Miss Campbell's victory gives her a threefold distinction. She is the first woman elected to any public office in Cincinnati, though several have been candidates before. She is the first candidate ever elected to the Board of Education in Cincinnati who ran as an independent candidate, and she goes on record as the first woman in the United States for whom a President of the United States cast his vote.

MISS SEARS' ACCOMPLISHMENTS.—The first American girl who went up in an aeroplane is Miss Eleanor Sears, who is engaged to Mr. Harold S. Vanderbilt. She is the greatest sportswoman in America, having walked 108 miles in 55 hours and has driven a car running at 80 miles per hour.

MME. CURIE, of the University of Paris, has been awarded the \$40,000 Nobel Chemistry prize. Unquestionably, what Mme. Curie has accomplished through patient investigation in

one of the most difficult fields of scientific research has placed her in the front rank of the most notable scientists in the world. She was the discoverer, with her husband, the late Prof. Curie, of radium, and in 1903 shared with him half of the Nobel Prize for Physics. Announcement was made recently of her success in producing polonium, "a new element possessing a radio-activity superior to radium." The New York *Evening Post* says:

"The award to Mme. Curie of the Nobel Prize for Chemistry is a signal distinction. Indeed, the assignment of this great honor and emolument to a person who had already been—though jointly with two others, M. Becquerel and M. Curie—the winner of a Nobel prize, seemed so extraordinary that one felt a momentary hesitation in accepting it as a fact. That Mme. Curie's work, however, has been of the highest merit and importance in the years that have passed since the discovery of radium by herself and her husband is well known; and the estimate placed upon her researches and upon her ability by fellow-workers in the domain of Physics and Chemistry has had more than one recent demonstration. In the early part of this year, she missed by only one vote the honor of election as a member of the Paris Academy of Sciences; and at the International Congress of Radiology, held a year ago at Brussels, it was to Mme. Curie that the task was committed of preparing a standard specimen of a pure radium salt, to serve as a basis of reference for all workers in radiology. The discoveries she has made since the death of her husband have been such as to dispose completely of the notion entertained by some that in their joint work in the discovery of radium her part was subordinate to that of M. Curie—who himself, of course, always asserted her claim to a full and equal share in the discovery. But the present award of the Nobel Prize fixes beyond possibility of mistake the achievement by this woman of an undisputed place among the foremost scientists of her time."

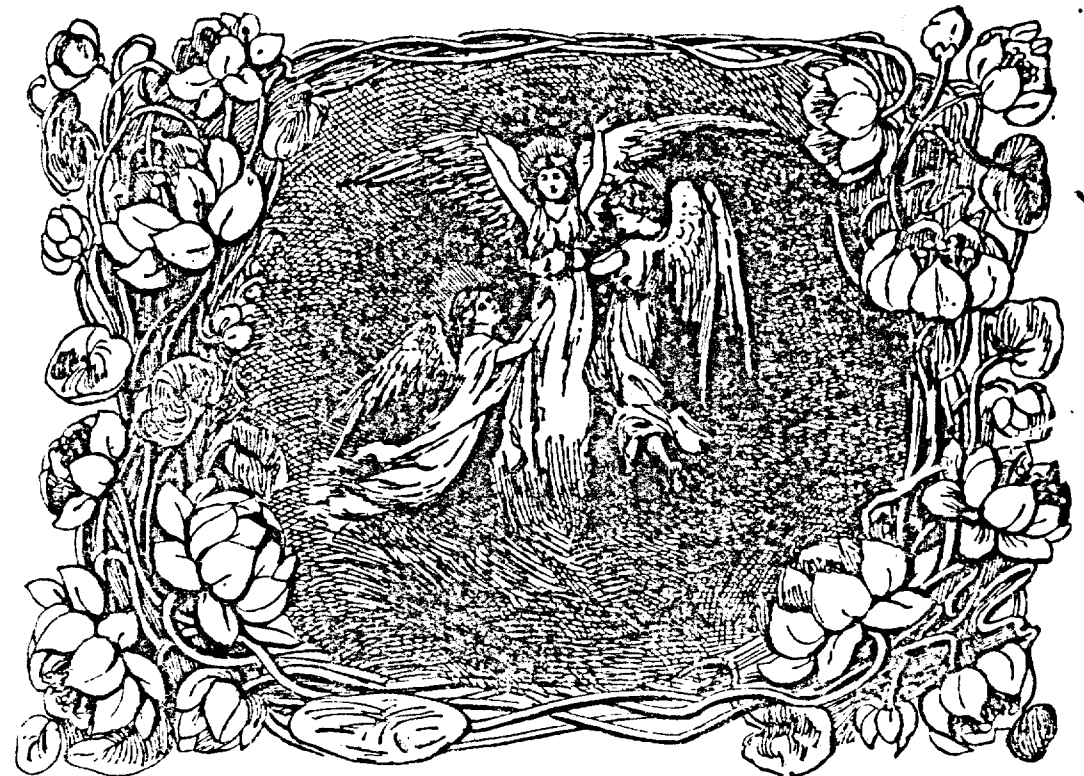
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MISS HILDA LAZARUS
A Madras Lady Graduate of this year



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

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[No. 9

Sonnet—The Two Processions

Two processions met on consecrated sod.
One was sad—it followed the bier of a child,
A woman was there, whose sobs bursting wild
Attested a heart crushed under the rod ;
The other was gay—a mother who trod
Triumphant, friends, and a babe undefiled
(Who sucked at her breast, prattled nonsense, and smiled),
To be sealed with the seal that marks us of God.
The service done, the gatherings crossed each other,
And then prayer's mighty work was seen achieved,
The women barely glanced at one another,
But oh, the change in both the glad and grieved !
One wept by the bier—'twas the joyful young mother,
And one smiled at the babe—'twas the mother bereaved.

Toru Dutt.

Further Glimpses of the Delhi Durbar

IHAVE been asked to give an account of one or two events in the Delhi Durbar, at which I was apparently the only spectator from Madras. The first of these was the assembly in the Fort of the people of all the different Indian religions, to offer up prayers for His Imperial Majesty. This took place on the morning of December 13th, and was really quite an impromptu ceremony arranged at short notice by Sir Louis Dane, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab. I am afraid I cannot give a very clear account, for I do not know how many different religions were represented there, or when exactly the ceremony began or ended, for we had to leave early. Also, as I have said before, it was quite an impromptu ceremony, and as far as I could gather, there was no distinct order in the proceedings. I am afraid I only looked at it from a pictorial point of view, but that in itself was so striking, that I think there was some excuse. We watched it from the walls of the Fort, a height of about 70 or 80 feet, so we had an uninterrupted view of the whole brilliant mass of colour spread out below us. To the left were the Sikhs, the yellow-turbaned ones from the Patiala State, all clustered together in a knot. Their priests were seated on elephants, and swayed to and fro as they led the prayers—the people joining in all together from time to time, making a great hum of sound, (distinct from the murmur of the crowd), which came up to where we stood. To the right were the Mahomedans, with their banners all inscribed with picturesque Persian lettering, and in the middle were the Hindus, as I could tell from the salmon-coloured dresses of the sanyasis who moved in and out amongst them. There were clusters of Burmese too, and a great mass of people with "Brahmo Samaj" written on their banners; there must have been many other religions there that I did not know about—if I had known that I was to write this account, I should have been more careful about these facts, but as it is, I can only say that this scene was one of the most gorgeous of all those I saw at Delhi; the immense crowd of gaily-dressed figures, all moving and mixing up together the whole time, and the tremendous variety in the appearance of them, which made one feel as if the people had been collected from every farthest corner of the Indian Empire. We were only too reluctant to leave the brilliant picture, in order to dress for a more sober-hued European function.

The next thing that I have to write about is the military tournament and point-to-point races. As far as the latter goes, I am afraid I cannot say much, for we only saw the first jump on the course. However we had a very good view of the tournament. I think the most effective event was the musical ride by the 17th Lancers. The horses were most beautifully trained, and, amongst other performances, actually waltzed round in circles with each other. Of course I suppose it was chiefly their riders who were responsible for the beautiful time they kept, but the horses must also have had a say in the matter. There was also some wonderful trick-riding by the 18th Bengal Lancers. They rode their bare-backed horses and at full-gallop; it was really a wonderful exhibition. They galloped past, one after another, some bending right down off their horse to pick something up off the ground, others riding two abreast and exchanging horses as they went (this at full gallop!) and others again spearing two tent-pegs in succession, first with a lance and then with a sword. Really there were so many different events and the riders went by at such a pace, that it is hard to remember all they did. At the end of the tournament there was a musical drive by the Horse Artillery; it made one hold one's breath rather as one saw the wheels of the guns shave each other as they circled in and out, for one knew that if the drivers miscalculated their distance ever so little, it meant a collision and a horrible accident. However I am happy to say no accident occurred, and the whole wonderful display of horsemanship was fittingly brought to an end by the men driving their guns four abreast over a wall about four feet high (there were a very few inches between the wheels of each gun-carriage!) and drawing up in front of the Royal stand.

The last event that I have to describe is the departure of their Majesties. There is not much to say about it, for it was in no way a function. The King and Queen, with their escort, just drove straight through the pavillion on the Ridge, where we had assembled to see them pass, and did not stop at all. It made one feel very sad, for one realized as they passed, that this was actually the very end of all the beautiful time we had had at Delhi. It brought home to one that it was all over, and that by the next day Delhi would have lost nearly all her gay visitors, the tents would be beginning to be dismantled, and everything would have a deserted look. Fortunately we were not there to see that aspect, and by the time we, any of us, see it again, Delhi will, I expect, be gay enough, with buildings, well worthy (we hope) of the Capital of a great Empire, rising in all directions.

B. ATKINSON.

A Drama

KING ROBERT OF SICILY

SCENE 1.—THE CHURCH.

The Priest chanting the magnificent.
King Robert, apparessed in magnificent attire, proudly sits in the front with a club beside him.

Priest.—Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles.

King.—What mean these words, clerk?

Clerk.—He has put down the mighty from the seat and has exalted them of low degree.

King Robert:

'Tis well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne.

King leans back, yawns and falls asleep as the chanting goes on.

All the people leave the church and the sexton puts out the lights except a little one in front of a saint's image. An angel descends, strips the King of his royal robes, while he is yet sleeping and snoring and puts a ragged and filthy garment on him; the angel himself puts on the King's robes and goes out quietly. The King awakes, starts from his seat and gazes around; seeing no living thing and hearing no sound, he gropes towards the door, but finds it is locked; he cries aloud, and listens, and then knocks and cries:

All woe betide the wicked men and saints,
That locked me in, unheeding my complaints;
Let me go out, you wretched priests: if not
I'll make your flesh within these walls to rot.
You brutes, you fiends, you imps, you dogs, you hounds,
Are you so deaf? can you not hear the sounds
And peals that echo from the roof and walls
As if dead priests are laughing in their stalls?
Ye creatures vile, that round my table sat
And filled your inner selves with all the fat
That this my island can well afford, why close
The door against the very King you chose?

The Sexton:

Hear ye, my wife, the knocking and the shout.
The bangs and drumming coming from without?
I fancy thieves are in the house of prayer.
My lantern fetch. I'll go.

(The Sexton goes) Who is there?

The King.

Open: 'tis I, the King! Art thou afraid?
I'm Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urban
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaunt.

The Sexton:

A man here, on him rest heaven's curse
This is some drunken vagabond, or worse.

(The sexton turns the great key and flings the portal wide, and the king, half-naked, without hat or cloak, rushes by him into the darkness of the night.)

SCENE 2.—THE PALACE.

The Guard:

Who dare comes here, despoiled of all attire
Bare-headed, breathless and gasping with pain;
Rushing through the court-yard, thirsting in his face
To right and left each seneschal, and page.

(The King half-naked, his clothes covered with mud, thunders at the palace-gate and rushes in).

He hurries up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches glare;
From hall to hall he passes with breathless speed
Voices and cries he hears, but does not heed;
There he at last has reached the banquet-room
Where on the dais sits our beloved King
Wearing his robes, his crown and signet ring.

(King Robert gazes angrily at the Angel in his royal robes).

The Angel:

Who art thou? And why com'st thou here?

King Robert:

I'm the King, and come to claim my own,
From an impostor, who usurps the throne!

(At this up spring the angry guests, and draw their swords ready to slay King Robert).

The Angel:

Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester: thou
Henceforth shall wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counsellor shall lead an ape;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall.

(The guests begin to thrust him from the hall.)

King Robert:

Dare you to lay your hands on me, your King?
Away, you cads, lest I your swords should fling,
And to the ground your brains should surely dash,
And to thousand pieces your flesh lest I should hash,

(As the men come near to thrust him down the stair, he cries pitifully.)

King Robert:

Spare me, oh spare me, my men.

(King Robert is however thrust down the staircase with a group of tittering pages running before. From a distance is heard "Long live the King," and the boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms.)

SCENE 3.—A CHAMBER.

A Courtier:

The proud King Robert fancies 'tis a dream,
As he wakes up with the first day's beam,
But the straw rustles as he turns his head,
There are the cap and bells beside his bed,
Around him rise the bare discoloured walls,
Close by, the studs are clamping in their stalls,
And in the corner a mouthing shape
Shivering and chattering, sits the wretched ape,
It is no dream: the world he loved so much
Has turned to dust and ashes at his touch.

A Citizen:

King Robert is gone; and now returns again
To Sicily the old Sarranian reign;
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island dances with corn and wine,
And deep without the mountain's burning breast
Enceladus, the giant, is at rest.

(King Robert, dressed as a Jester, followed by the ape, walks along the road.)
The Angel on the way to the palace meets him and says.

Art thou the King?

King Robert:

I am, I am the King.

One of the Ambassadors; (all make a bow):

We are ambassadors
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemanie
We bring a letter from Pope Urbano
Requesting you forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.

The Angel shakes hands with the guests and gives them presents of vests, mantles, rings and jewels, and then the whole party depart.

The Angel:

Let us depart
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose beauty will be more resplendent made
By the mere passing of our cavalcade
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings and the stir
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

(The party is followed by King Robert riding on a piebald steer, his cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind, with the ape seated behind him, causing huge merriment in all the country towns through which they go).

SCENE 4—SAINT PETER'S SQUARE

The Pope receives them with great pomp and blare of bannered trumpets and embraces his brother, giving him his benediction.

Welcome! my brother Robert, to thy home,
To this the ancient city of Rome.
Right glad am I on holy day to greet
My youngest brother dear, with welcome meet.
Here rest thy wearied limbs; when Easter Sunday
Bright gleams upon the sky with unclouded ray,
Receive the papal blessing with thankful heart;
And when Saint Peter's see lets thee depart
With joyous heart homeward return, again
To Sicily to resume the glorious reign.

Robert, the Jester,

(Bursts through the crowd, rushes into their presence and cries aloud)

I am the King! Look and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
This man who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a King's disguise.
Do you not know me? Does no voice within
Answer my cry and say we are akin.

The Pope (in silence gazes at the Angel's countenance)

It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy fool at court.

(And the jester is hustled back in disgrace)
Another citizen.

In solemn state the Holy week has gone by
And Easter Sunday gleams upon the sky;
The presence of the Angel with its light

Before the sun rose made the city bright,
And with new fervour fills the hearts of men
Who feel that Christ indeed has risen again.
Even the jester on his bed of frieze
With haggard eye the unwonted splendour sees;
He feels within a power unfelt before
And kneeling humbly on his chamber floor
He hears the rushing garments of the Lord,
Sweep through the silent air ascending heavenward.

(The visit ending, the Angel and his party return homeward.)

SCENE 5—THE PALACE

The Angel is seen seated on the throne in his great hall.

(Beckoning to King Robert and asking the rest to retire.)

The Angel:

Art thou the King?

King Robert (crossing: both hands upon his breast) meekly answers "Thou knowest best—"

My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven.

The Angel smiles, the monks are heard chanting in the Chapel near.

He has put down the mighty from their seat
And has exalted them of low degree.

The Angel:

I am an angel, and thou art the King,
Take back thy robes, thy crown, thy signet ring.
Robert, I charge thee fling away that pride
You loved so deep within thy heart to hide;
That ugly pride, that brought thee down from seat
Exalted, to ride about from street to street,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
Surrounded by the menials in mock state,
Your cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
Now be a King, all humble, good and true;
Thy people will rejoice in what you do.

By all:—Long Live King Robert of Sicily.

D. LAZARUS.

The Ideal of the Future.



THE alternation of power between the East and the West furnishes the most interesting and instructive chapters in the history of the world's progress. Asia was once the nursery of mighty Empires which flourished long before the emergence of any Western power into historical existence. The Chaldean and Persian Empires were then at the summit of their glory. But the pendulum

swung westwards and Greece under Alexander sighed for worlds to conquer, while later on the Roman Eagle overshadowed the East.

It seems as though mighty Empires were breaking one after another on the shores of Time and the Divine Ruler himself was swaying the strength and succession of these tidal waves of history. Asia then had its turn and in two successive waves of invasion deluged the growing European civilisation. The Huns swept over Europe with irresistible force, crushing before them struggling nationalities, but leaving behind them an indelible mark in the name and character of the people of Hungary. Again, the civilised Moors, carrying with them the culture of Greece and Persia, carved out for themselves an Empire in Spain and though themselves expelled by the rigour of the Inquisition, they scattered broadcast over all Europe the seeds of scientific knowledge which were to produce such abundant harvest in succeeding times.

The fire which scared them out of Spain was a remarkable blessing in disguise; for it may almost be said that the torches of science which blazed in the midst of medieval darkness were lighted at the flame of the Spanish Inquisition.

Then was the signal given for the retreat of the East before the onslaught of the West, which slowly but surely found its way into the recesses of Asiatic civilization. But the passion for victory quenched the zeal for righteousness; the lands newly acquired were assumed to be solely for the exploitation of the conquerors. So, it happened that the interests of the East were subordinated to the commercial advantage of the victorious race.

Eastern ideals were at their gasp when they were galvanized into fresh life by the success of Japan and the amicable agreement between the Land of the Rising Sun and the Empire on which the Sun never sets.

Thus glancing back on the course of the world's history, we become conscious of the interactions of East and West which seem destined to result in the formation of a civilisation common to all humanity. Superficial observers may explain these frequent impacts as having been created by the necessities of national aggrandizement. But to those who would fain see the index finger of Providence in the fluctuations of national fortunes this fact is indeed full of profound significance. What else can such overflowing, as it were, of the East into the West and vice versa indicate, if not the nobler, more comprehensive ideal of a civilization comprising in itself all that is purest and best in the thought, life and character of the East and the West? Just as there are involved two distinct yet complementary sets of characteristics in the

male and female halves of humanity; one representing the brain, the judgment and strength, the other the heart, sympathy and solace; so, there exist ideals in East and West which, though apparently antagonistic, can be blended together into a model whose merit will be its excellence and whose triumph will be its universality.

Before considering the scope and character of the resultant civilization, it is desirable to remark the distinctive characteristics of Eastern and Western ideals. It must be borne in mind from the outset that neither the East nor the West monopolises all noble and realisable ideals; for, unfortunately imperfection is predicable of everything human, in conception or achievement.

Imperfections there are in every society and the best course is not to gloss over them, but minimise them as far as possible by perspicacious adaptation to changing conditions or by wholesome assimilation if need be, of foreign elements. Those, who would hold that either Eastern or Western civilization alone represents the acme of perfection and who would not hear of any possible assimilation, are with unconscious tenacity sticking on to their own prejudiced conception. Need we say that even so the classical frog, to which the limitless ocean appeared only as big as its own well and which, as if unconvinced, leapt from one side of it to the other for asserting the vast extent of its home, found it equally difficult to believe or imagine that there existed in very truth an unmeasured expanse of water with which its own well could not stand comparison?

(A) THE IDEAL OF THE EAST. *

The Anglo-Indian poet's line "East is East and West is West" expresses the truth to a certain extent; for it cannot be concealed that there is a palpable difference in the genius and development of the two civilizations.

The spirit of the East is essentially one of absolute quietism and stoic indifference. The keynote in which it is set is otherworldliness; the ideal which it holds up is harmony with the eternal soul of the universe. The priceless refrain of Eastern life is Peace, and eminently indicative of the contemplative turn of the Eastern mind are the following lines of Matthew Arnold—

"The East bowed low before the blast,
In silent deep disdain.
She let the legions thunder past,
And plunged in thought again."

But this quietism, though in consonance with the character and traditions of the East, cannot by itself reach the fuller harmony of a noble life

The reader will be pleased to keep distinct "ideals" from "actually working realities."

set in happiness, spent in devotion and marked by distinction. It is also true that action is greater than inaction, that philosophy and religion should be practical in character and beneficent in activity.

Again, the corner-stone of the social edifice in the East is Duty, the discharge of which alone in the light of reason and conscience can secure the privileges of citizenship. The State is accordingly the family writ large; for the obligations which a person incurs as a member of the family should be recognized in social life as a citizen of the State. Power carries with it responsibility and it is only in the fitness of things that those who are blessed with abundance of the world's goods should make the lot easier for those not favourably circumstanced. The doctrine of Rights is alluring, but that of Duty is ethical. The cry of socialism in the industrial Europe of to-day is raised against the theory of freedom of contract which, though fine as such, becomes intolerably oppressive when the weakness of one party is conveniently ignored in the interests of the other.

Thus, individual liberty, so often declared to be unheard of in the East, consists in strict servitude to those moral laws of Nature and nations which, more than representative institutions and universal suffrage, guard the existence and guarantee the progress of freedom. Indeed, when all due allowance has been made for the habitual cynicism of Carlyle, his vehement assertion, that "to those ignorant of the truth which makes us free, a pair of handcuffs were much usefuller than a ballot-box" is of course calculated to damp the fervid enthusiasm of many a political agitator; but it is all the same a somewhat forcible presentment of the generally admitted fact that the real basis of freedom is the recognition of certain limitations.

The stately serenity of the Eastern ideal of scornful indifference to the sordid world affords the explanation of the ancient Indian maxim that wisdom is the goal of humanity and that the whole world is not worth having at the expense of the soul. At a time when the widespread lust of lucre seems to have enthroned Mammon in popular favour, it is hardly to be expected that such an ideal of self-effacement will appeal to the intellect or imagination of those, whose evangel of life may be profitable work measured in money. It is no more a fanciful danger that in the future it is likely to be forgotten that true wisdom and sterling character may be found in association with direct poverty and distress; that underneath the beggar's rag a noble heart may beat while costly raiment may conceal hideousness unspeakable.

If ever such a time should come, then will the austere ideal of simplicity and wisdom

assert itself once more and though it be feared that it is already gasping in the land of its birth it will certainly rise again, like the immortal Phoenix from her ashes, in all the freshness and vigour of rejuvenated life. Then will the chord of quiescence first struck in ancient India thrill and vibrate through the centuries with its divine symphony and unspeakable repose; then, if at all, will the swords of nations be beaten into plough-shares; their menacing flags furled in loving brotherhood and they themselves gathered in the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World. Will the world willingly forget the inestimable service of the East in bringing in the millennium, which will begin, on it?

(B) THE IDEAL OF THE WEST

The spirit of the West, on the other hand, opposes practical usefulness and untiring enterprise to the dreamy idealism and negligent repose of the East. Hence it is that such marked divergence of aims has afforded the basis of the philosophy of history. The tendency in the West has always been the subjugation of Nature to man and in the East the submission of man to Nature. It is least surprising that in studying the history of the West we are tempted to admire the achievements of human intellect over the external world, while in studying the history of the East we are disposed to pity the peoples whose destinies were so completely moulded by the force even of fortuitous circumstances. The contribution of the West, then, to the evolution of perfect humanity will be the critical and scientific faculty which in the world of concrete reality has bound the once-dreaded forces of Nature to the service of man.

We have evidence on all sides of the fact that the mastery of the concrete in the West has been unique and perfect, especially in a century, the keynote of whose progress is the marvellous development of science and the record of whose achievements is an eloquent testimony to the reason and ingenuity exercised in compelling "captive science to yield her last retreat."

Even the great men who figure prominently in the scientific world of antiquity can now claim credit, perhaps only for their crude speculations and realization of the value of selective observation and verification in the study of Nature. Indeed, the few experiments which they may be supposed to have performed were merely tentative and were not, as the West has now made them, based on the certainty of scientific explanation; they were mostly accidental and were not the results of strenuous work animated by a desire to unravel the mysteries of the natural world; they suffered from all the disadvantages of an inharmonious isolation and were not like

so many links in the long chain of progressive research.

What has been already achieved in the West more than justifies any reasonable anticipation of future triumphs not less remarkable. The trend of recent developments has prepared us to find with perfect complacency an airship flying over our heads and let us hope that further improvements in its construction will establish as *fait accompli* man's participation with the feathered race of the gift of graceful flight and demonstrate the perfect feasibility of picnic parties in mid-air or of flying visits in summer to the Poles.

It is however regrettable that scientific progress should preclude moral fervour and that some advanced thinkers should question the value of ethical principles. But it is to be remembered that there is nothing in science essentially irreligious and that between the two possible extreme views a *modus vivendi* can be discerned, based on the dependance of Science on Religion for progress and of Religion on Science for stability. Though it is painfully true that Science in the last century was limited in outlook and materialistic in tendency, it is certainly gratifying to reflect that such conquest of the visible world has been only the prelude to the exploration of the invisible, and that modern Science is peering into the mysteries of what we were once wont to call the unknown region of the dead. Science and Religion working hand in hand, united in the common pursuit of the Truth Eternal, will be the guardian angels guiding the faltering steps of devoted humanity to the goal of all earthly and heavenly ambition—oneness with the Infinite.

Turning now to Western Society, it has already been remarked that its basis is the doctrine of Rights and not the discharge of duties as in the East. The "State of Nature" with its valued characteristics of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, admirably described by Rousseau, was regarded by the enthusiasts of the French Revolution and the founders of the American constitution as the model to which all perfect governments should conform. This ideal of perfect liberty and absolute Equality appeals indeed to our imagination and sense of justice; for, is not man eternally free, a spark of the Divine fire and is it not manifest justice that all men should be equal? But reflection reveals the fact that man is free, but not the whole of him and that the vaunted equality is bound to prove chimerical so long as there exist inequalities of endowments and opportunities.

Apart from the abstract principle, it may well be doubted if the merit of the theory is unequivocally confirmed by facts. One illustration

will suffice. The organized abuses (!) in the English factory-system were the unintended but inevitable outcome of the "Laissez Faire" doctrine of some economists who fondly believed that Labour and Capital would automatically maintain their equilibrium. Strong in the security of their own position and in the weakness of the labourers, the factory-owners had their own way, displacing costly adult labour by uncomplaining child and female labour. This instrumental practice grew rampant until at last it threatened to undermine the strength and impair the sanity of the young generation of employees. The pathetic "cry of the children" furnished the mouthpiece to the unuttered and unutterable anguish of the children who, toiling early and late, were martyrs to the pang without the palm. The conscience of England was stung to the quick and with the prevalence of better counsels and sounder economic theories, regulations were enforced as to the minimum age and maximum labour of the employees with the result that the despotism of factory-owners faded away into a bitter memory of the past.

Of course, the above is an extreme instance of the remorselessly logical working out of the theory of freedom for wage-earners. Freedom is indeed a divine thing, but freedom to die of overwork or starvation is not so divine. But it cannot be seriously contended that "Western society is the only human arrangement built on the travesty of a great, fundamental Truth—Inequality." Excesses are always to be deprecated, be they of freedom or servility and one almost instinctively feels that the Western spirit of Civic freedom will be the more wholesome for the admixture of the Eastern sense of social duty, even as the latter will be for the refreshing cordial of the knowledge of Rights. The ideal of the West is of a lifegiving, vivifying character, and, as such, will be as it were the Promethean spark which, when applied to the dormant energies of the East, will conduce to the development of the perfect humanity.

(C) THE IDEAL OF THE FUTURE

Different and irreconcilable though these ideals of East and West may appear, it will be clear on reflection that they are complementary and not antagonistic; for, beneath their apparently repellent tendencies, there still lurk the forces of mutual attraction which point them out to be, in ordinary parlance, "made for each other"—made indeed for assimilation.

The familiar epigram, "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet" is thus true with reference to the distinctness in outline of the two civilizations, but imperfect in disregarding the possible, nay desirable, fusion of the best elements of both into the one grand, common

ideal of the future. Rather, it may be said that such assimilation of the purest elements in both civilizations is impossible only in so far as virtues may be mutually exclusive. But the nature of the assimilation should not be mistaken, it is the assimilation of methods, not the imitation of results. Imitation, servile imitation however far carried to finesse and artistic propriety, can never make for real, substantial progress; or as the greatest art-critic Ruskin puts it, the *essence* of vulgarity lies in the imitation of manners without the comprehension of consequences.

In the words of a distinguished Irish woman whose noble life is lived and whose eloquent voice is raised for the cause of knitting together the East and West in closest bonds of sympathy, "the hope of the world's redemption lies in the twinship of both; from the East will come the spiritualization of all religions, the philosophical conception of the solidarity of mankind, the relief from the nightmare of industrialism; from the West will come the forces which yoke Nature to the service of humanity, the energy and accuracy which turn commerce into an art, the imperial power of organization and the genius of applying principles in practice." Such in broad outlines are the contributions of the East and the West to the formation of the glorious ideal. Let it be understood that it is *not* the amalgamation of the two civilisations in their entirety, but the assimilation of all that is *best* in them, that should engross the attention and stimulate the endeavour of all who cherish in their minds the hope of one civilisation as priceless as it will indeed be universal.

In this light, let us consider the question of elevating the status of the women in the East about which such endless discussion has centred. The forward sisters of the West spend time and thought, life and labour, to prove that their brains are just like men's and that therefore they also should be allowed to appear on the exciting arena of political strife. They would plunge into the vortex of party struggle and bring to reason, if need be, by material arms, the man who holds so light their proper charms. Conceding that the proper sphere of the Woman is the Home and deprecating any parallel suffragist movement in the East, it is to be desired that without loss of the sanctity and sweetness of family life the women of the East, like their sisters of the West, should refresh themselves at the fountain of social intercourse and intellectual greatness and thus exercise the self-control ingrained in the character of Eastern people.

What then, it may be asked, is the most practical step to be taken by those who have at heart the blending of the ideals of East and West into one perfect whole? It must be answered that the evolution of the grand ideal

will be materially assisted by a wide outlook and deep sympathy among the people themselves—a wide outlook because such an ideal should enlist their support, and deep sympathy because, after all, isolation is the nurse of ignorance, and ignorance of suspicion. Even if all other conditions were secured and sympathy alone were lacking, it would mean no appreciable advance in this cause; for "It is the little rift within the lute that, by and by, will make the music mute." So it is misunderstanding that will in time mar the desired harmony of all humanity unified in the common pursuit of a great ideal.

The possibilities are boundless, the difficulties are appalling. Glory to those who, by sympathy, kindness and sacrifice, serve heroically a worthy cause. In truth, the labours of such people are like lights which guide the weary wayfarer on life's common road. Such lights can never be extinguished; they shine for eternity through the portals of the past.

This glorious ideal, then, which should command the service of noble minds and the devotion of sympathetic hearts, may indeed seem to touch the imagination by its splendour and arrest the reason by its very simplicity. But the true wisdom of cherishing ideals too remote and attractive for immediate realization needs no vindication, for, we believe with Lord Acton, the most philosophic of historians, that such ideals *alone* can sustain the energy and stimulate the enthusiasm of all those who, without fostering illusions, fall under the spell of their fascination.

Again, if the theory of evolution and the teaching of history have served to emphasize one fact more than any other, it is the *gradual* accomplishment of purposes divine in origin and universal in importance.

The saying that "the mills of God grind slowly" throws light on the essential feature of those silent forces which are transforming the world of Nature and with it the destiny of humanity. Vital changes, with possibilities for good or evil, are not wrought in a day or even in a generation. They represent, as it were, the accumulated result of centuries of thought and labour. Long periods inevitably elapse before the conception of great ideals, and longer periods before their realization. Even so is it with this ideal of unified humanity. The race itself may be long and wearisome, but the goal is glorious and divinely appointed. With firm reliance on the teaching of history and unfaltering faith in the eternal destinies of the universe, it is no flattering self-delusion to believe that the ideal of unified humanity will be as real in its manifestation as it is to-day inspiring in contemplation and will thus resemble the beacon-light which, though distant, shines clear and bright, sending strength

of hope and assurance of safety to the struggling mariners on the surgy ocean.

So, in the far futurity, some tongue yet un moulded will sing in strains sublime the glories of a worldwide civilization expressing itself in progressive tendency, and philosophic temperament, civic freedom and social discipline, inherent capacity and unspeakable calmness, mastery of the concrete and knowledge of the transcendental. And let us hope that under the guidance of the Divine Ruler, who shapes the destinies of the universe, will be blended together into one homogeneous current the intellectual streams—the imaginative, the metaphysical of the East, the positive, the practical of the West—with the devoutly-wished-for consummation that there will be neither East nor West, but one glorious ideal formed by the fusion of the ideals of both, to which individuals worthy of respect and nations worthy of freedom shall grow with increasing glory and everlasting grandeur.

S. AMBRAVANESWAR.

Malati—Madhavam



THIS is an exceedingly interesting Drama composed by Bhavabuti, a distinguished Sanskrit poet, who secured a rank in the literary field equal to that of Kalidasa. Bhavabuti was not a contemporary of Kalidasa, but lived subsequent to his time. This point, however, is not free from contradiction. But the bulk of circumstantial evidence according to the opinion of some scholars, is more in favour of the view that he lived subsequent to Kalidasa's time than that he was his contemporary. The fact that females are described in this drama as going out wherever they pleased without any social restraints and also without any fear of their modesty being outraged shows that he lived in pre-Mo'lamadan times. In fact it is concluded by some that he lived in the 8th century A. D. as the court poet of Yasovarma, king of Panchala (Kanouj).

The plot of the drama is as follows:—In ancient times, Devārata, prime minister of the king of Vidharbha, Bhoorivasu, prime minister of the king of Padmavatipura, and Kamandaki, a Buddhist lady—all these studied under one guru. When they finished their education, Devārata and Bhoorivasu mutually promised, in the presence of Kamandaki and her lady disciple Sādamani, to marry their children to each

other. Subsequently, Devārata sent his Madhava to study Shastras relating to morality in Padmavatipura (Bhoorivasu's place) along with his early companion Makaranda Malati, the daughter of Bhoorivasu who, having often seen Madhava pass by her palace, became enamoured of his beauty, painted his likeness and delivered it to her favourite maid Lavangika, who in her turn gave it to Mandarika, the lover of Kalahamsa who was the servant of Madhava. And it having been stolen from Mandarika by her lover, she went to fetch it from him. She came to the pleasure garden (Udyanavana) where she met Madhava who was recounting to Makaranda and Kalahamsa how in that garden he had met Malati that morning, who came to "worship" at Cupid's temple, how they had stolen glances at each other from between the trees, and how Lavangika had taken from him a flower garland made by him saying that it would be very much liked by her mistress. Mandarika then demanded of her lover, Kalahamsa, the portrait above referred to, when he handed over to her in its stead the portrait of Malati drawn by Madhava. She delivered it to Lavangika who gave it to Malati together with the flower garland got from Madhava, assuring her of his attachment to her. Accordingly, Malati fondly preserved them both with great care. But as she had previously learnt that at the king's bidding her father had agreed to give her in marriage to Nandana, a friend of his, the assurance of Lavangika tended more to excite anxiety and dejection in her than to fill her with hope and delight. But Malati's father had, in fact, no intention of marrying her to Nandana. On the other hand, he had expressed his assent to the king's proposal solely to please him. And he even desired his friend Kamandaki (Buddhist lady, to give his daughter to understand that, if she should make bold to marry Madhava secretly, it would, far from displeasing him, only please him and relieve him from the blame to which he would be exposed in case he should, of his own accord, marry her to Madhava in disregard of the king's wishes. Malati, however, was unaware of all this.

(To be continued.)



cave, and up the side of the glacier on to the top. The boulders were piled pell-mell one on the top of the other 5, 10, 15, or 20 feet deep, and we had to scramble from one to the other as best we could. A slip at any time would infallibly have meant a broken arm, or leg. The ice cave was wonderful, hollowed out of the solid glacier. There were great cracks in the ice, in curves, all round it, and on the floor lay masses of fallen ice, which *steamed* as if boiling. All round the curved cracks fell little streams of melting snow water. On the topmost curve of the glacier above the cave, stood enormous rocks, just ready to fall when the sun melted the snow and ice beneath them. All the time, at intervals, fell little rushes of stones and rocks, brought down by the melting of the ice. Had the day been hot and sunny, this phenomenon would have been still more striking. It was marvelous to find exquisite flowers growing amid this mountainous rubble of rocks.

We descended from the glacier very cautiously, the shikari digging little holes in the ice for us to put our feet into, by turn—a slip might have meant broken limbs, or disappearance into a crevasse! By the time we had crawled down the ice, dug our heels into the snow declivity at the side of the glacier, and stepped from boulder to boulder over the masses surrounding the ice-cave, we were extremely glad to sit down under the shadow of an enormous rock on the level, and have a good hot breakfast. Even before our meal was over, the clouds and mists were down on us again, but at any rate we had accomplished our trip to the Kolahoi Glacier!

The next day we marched back in sunshine to Liddervat. It is delightful to retrace one's steps over the same march, the reverse journey looks quite different. Even our servants exclaimed at the height of the cliffs, and the beauty of the river and trees. Our coolies pitched our tents on a new camping ground across the river on a high grassy knoll, with a steep fall to the river, so that we did not hear so plainly the noisy rush of its waters. We spent a delightful afternoon among the cathedral-like cliff scenery. The march from Liddervat next day to *Sekwas Camp No. V* was at first up a very steep mountain. It was extraordinary that though we were at an elevation of 12,000 feet, and so far north of Madras, yet we wore much the same clothing as in Madras. The sun was very hot, and the air soft and balmy, with none of the "nip" in it of the Nilgiris. There were no trees to shelter us during our midday halt, so the shikari rigged up our umbrella on to our alpine stocks and stuck them into the ground and these gave us grateful shade. We found ourselves at Sekwas at two o'clock, surrounded by a panorama of mountains, wreathed

with clouds, veiling and un-veiling the summits. The hill sides and marshes were brilliant with pink, mauve and blue colour, from the abundance of wild flowers missed in groups amid the grass.

We knew that the next day's march over the Pass would be a difficult and trying one, so we started off early, before the coolies, or even the butler and tiffin cooly. It is impossible to convey to those who have not seen it, the dry givers of stones and boulders we had to cross, these were piled ten feet high, the line of boulders coming down from the heights above; these had to be crossed over and over again. For two miles we toiled over the boulders, our ponies scrambling after us. In the early morning the clouds overhead were blue-black, in a dense mass, over the Pass; this was very disappointing as of course we wanted to see the scenery, but as we wended our way onwards, the blue-black turned to silver grey into their folds of tissue paper texture, and bit by bit these floated away like flecks of fluffy cotton wool, till lo! the mountains were revealed clear before and around us with a lovely blue sky overhead. At the end of two miles we found ourselves in a Conemara-like amphitheatre, there were green bays, blue tarns, welters of rocks and boulders, and above all, grey crags and peaks streaked with snow. We had still to climb over 1,000 feet to the Pass above! This we did on foot, with our alpine stocks, resting many times *en route*. It was here that we first caught sight of our coolies far below, appearing like a procession of ants, but we missed the butler! We watched and counted numbers, and looked again and again, but no! he was *not* there! The answer to a shouted enquiry was "butler sick, headache got", and they had calmly left him behind alone! Away down the valley we caught sight of him, a lonely little speck, advancing slowly, miles away. It was well for him he had a master, less unfeeling than his fellow creatures. A pony with two coolies was speedily sent to his relief, while we sat down and waited till we saw he had been met and mounted before we went on ourselves. It was "mountain sickness" from which the poor man was suffering; it was only a wonder that more of our party had not experienced it, considering the great height at which we were marching. A dose of aspirin, and a rest under a rock, soon restored the butler, and he accomplished the remainder of the march without further discomfort. At the summit of the Pass, we were again enveloped in clouds, the whole scene wrapped round as it were in sheets of white blotting paper! It was impossible to advance, so we "unspanned," and sent a cooly to get water to make tea. But there was no water anywhere to be had! The cooly, however, backed off a large lump of snow

which he carried stuck on a pole in one hand, while he had a couple of kettles in the other!

While we were at tea, the wind blew the clouds aside, and revealed our position on the knife edge of the Pass, with an icy blue green lake, 1,000 feet below us, and crags, precipices and snow mountains all round. It was a truly startling vision! It also showed us the narrow, precipitous shaley pathlet by which we had to descend! It really did not seem to be, within the range of practical politics that I could trust myself to that awful looking slide, and I had visions of having to end my days on the summit of the Pass! Fortunately a good breakfast did much to restore one's courage. The shikari took charge of me, and step by step, putting my feet in turn alongside of his, I slowly descended 1,000 feet to the Yemheer lake. Another 500 feet brought us over a chaos of boulders, without the semblance of a path visible, to the twin lake at Kemsu. Here we wished to camp, but the coolies all petitioned vehemently to go on another four and a half miles to Zaiwin, saying that it was too cold at Kemsu, that there was no firewood to be had there and no shelter, while at Zaiwin there were Gujar huts, and woods. As we were all feeling quite fit after our six miles of ups and downs, and as the road before us looked, for the first time, rideable, we decided to go on. It was amusing to see the joy of those coolies! they almost ran, even with their loads! and one and all began to sing! quite a tuneful and exhilarating chorus! indeed they never ceased singing all night, for after we reached Zaiwin at 4 o'clock, and they had pitched our tents, they tramped off to the Gujar huts, and sang there the livelong night, for whenever we awoke in the night we still heard them singing! The road to Zaiwin was not as rideable as it looked at first sight, for we kept on coming to very steep ravines, down which we had to slide, and then toil up the other side, to mount once more. In the centre of one of these numerous ravines was such a deep snow-covered stream that we had to be carried over pick-a-back by the pony men. The last two miles of the march was through a pine, birch, and sycamore forest, which clings valiantly to the side of the steepest mountain you can imagine. We had to creep down with great caution, the ground was gay with the most glorious spread of wild flowers. It is marvellous how they could grow out of such oceans of stones, loose sliding shale, and enormous boulders, but there they were in sheets, and clumps, large, elegant white columbines, as beautiful as if they had had all the care, and cultivation of Kew or Glasnevin! also large ragged-petalled sun-flowers, and mauve michaelmas daisies, purple fox-gloves lined with white

and yellow rock cistus, mauve anemones, crimson potentillas, and fields of yellow ragwort. We were overjoyed to see our tents; they were pitched in a clearing of the forest, with a gorge front, facing a stupendous range of mountains. For the first time in our Kashmir experience, we were away from the sound of rushing torrents. The river was 5,000 feet below us. All we could hear in our forest camp was the cooing of doves, the gruff grunts of the buffaloes, and the mooing of cows, herds of which were grazing around. As we were all thoroughly tired after our long eleven-mile march, we decided to rest for a whole day amid these lovely surroundings.

We started for our next march to *Gugangir* at 8 o'clock on Friday morning, with renewed spirits and energy. For four miles we descended through the forest, down a very steep path. The strain on one's muscles to hold one's self back is nearly as great as the strain on them to lift up, and how one's knees ache and shake after a long descent! We crossed the Siad river and thus reached the king's highway, or rather the Maharajah's highway, the six-feet-wide road looking quite civilized after the many miles of mountain paths we had traversed. We passed through villages, under shady walnut trees, surrounded by crops. In the edges were quantities of yellow and pink balsams. Our tents were pitched at Gugangir on grassy swards by the roadside, under spreading walnut trees, heavy with walnuts. The Sind river dashed by over a very rocky bed, only 100 yards away. We spent a long time in the evening watching its tempestuous flow. We had seen nothing to equal it since the Magara rapids. At Gugangir the torrent descends at a steeper gradient than the Maga river, the bed is a mass of boulders, and the flood is churned up into a seething cauldron of white foam and spray, and swirled into whirlpools. Great logs of pine are sent floating down the river, to be finally landed at Baramulla. It was a fearful fascination to watch these logs being swept by, sucked down into holes, and then thrown out again, as if in cruel sport. It made one shudder as one recalled how two Europeans last year had been swept into the river, and their bodies recovered forty miles down stream. The next day we had only eight miles to ride to reach *Sonnamerg*. It was a very hot march, and rather steep; we had to ascend 1,200 feet. The whole upward path was through glorious scenery—the river is twice as wide, steep, and tempestuous as at Pablgam, the mountains close in, and soar up into gigantic peaks, and nothing could exceed the beauty of the ascent. We emerged on to Sonnamerg, the golden meadow, after a final struggle up an extra steep climb at the end—to find our tents pitched in a lovely wood of

husband: "Then who was it, and where is he now?"

"That can easily be found out to-night," said Mr. Good. "Would it put you out if I stayed with you to-night Mrs. Richardson?"

"O certainly not," I said; "we would be grateful for your company."

"Well, Richardson, I propose that we two should watch in this room to-night, and nab the rascal who scared Khansama by stepping on him in the dark. What do you say?"

"Right; I consent. It is lucky I have my revolver with me, just to threaten the fellow with, in case he shows fight."

I told the servants to sleep in the dining room that night, to be at hand, though my husband said they would not be needed. The gentlemen sat in the pantry with a lighted lantern, but having a slide that completely hid its rays. I felt too nervous to sleep, so I sat up in an easy-chair fully dressed, and dozed fitfully.

It was a little before one in the morning that I heard the sound of a scuffle, and a chair falling over. Hastily taking the night-lamp, I went into the dining room to wake the servants, but they were already scrambling out of their beds and had begun to shout, "chore! chore!" (thief, thief.) I told them to hold their tongues, and go in and help their master. To my relief the scuffling soon ceased, and so did the swearing in Hindoostani. In the pantry I saw my husband and Mr. Good tying up some one, and on a closer view I was surprised to see it was Mottielal that lay on the floor. When the man was well secured with ropes, my husband turned to me and said it was Mottielal and none other who had stepped out of the cupboard, and was so taken by surprise when the light of the lantern had flashed on his face, that his subsequent capture had been easy enough. The gentlemen then tried to cross-examine him, but he would not answer them until he was threatened.

Slowly, bit by bit, the truth came out. He had entered the cupboard through a trap-door beneath it. Below ground was a cellar, that had another exit by a trap-door into the compound. He knew this secret entrance into the house for he himself had contrived it, when the house had been tenantless for a year or more. On being asked if he had robbed any one resident in the house since then, he looked down sullenly, and would not answer. His present object for entering the house was to help himself to all the valuables and money he could lay his hands on. Here it struck my husband, he must have an accomplice waiting for him outside. Groggling the prisoner, so that he might not warn his partner, Mr. Good and my husband crept out with their lantern. They were unsuccessful

however, for the man showed them a clean pair of heels, and hid, and dodged behind the shrubs, besides tripping Khansama who had gone to help in the chase. We locked up the prisoner in a small lumber room, and turned in to take what rest we could.

The handing of the prisoner over to the police was the first duty performed on the morrow, after which we turned to investigate the new-found cellar. The cupboard was merely a skeleton, for it had no shelves, but on the ground at its base yawned a trap-door leading into the cellar, which was not dark, because the second trap-door outside was left open by the thieves. We got down into the large cellar, and looked about us. At first we could distinguish nothing but dust and cobwebs, presently we perceived in a corner a circle of small stones placed so evenly that it was easy to see somebody had arranged them. Moreover the soil within the circle had the appearance of being lately disturbed. Picking up a stone, my husband dug into the loose soil, and to our amazement, bits of jewellery, and some nick-nacks made their appearance, since the hole was hardly a foot deep. The finding of these articles was a damaging bit of evidence against Mottielal, and brought him six months' rigorous imprisonment, and he fully deserved it. His accomplice had escaped entirely, and that was most unfortunate. However justice would dodge his steps if he ever attempted to rob anyone.

Mr. Good kindly got us a new Ramosi, but, before he came, both the trap-doors, leading into and out of the cellar, were nailed up, and thus ended the whole matter.

HERA E. JEDDO.

An Ideal Indian Home



IN a frequented part of M—, where the tram cars traverse daily, near the road side stands a decent dwelling house of a Brahmin pleader, a popular and influential gentleman of great literary attainments. The gun has just fired twelve o'clock. The Vakil, his gumastabs and a throng of clients have left the house at eleven o'clock, their usual office time. On the outside pial of the house, two elderly Brahmin widows are seated. They are busy twisting wicks for lamps. While their hands are engaged, their tongues too are busy talking. Meenatchee, the

elder sister opens the conversation. "Balamma, it is now about three months since I left my village home, I must go before Sivarathri. My son and other members of my family may think I am very selfish to stay and enjoy myself so long here with you. My nephew Seetharamiah, your daughter-in-law Punkajem and yourself and all the inmates of your family treat me very kindly indeed, but I should not any longer trespass on your hospitality. How refined and enlightened you all are! I cannot find adequate words to express my impression of everything I see. How wisely and well your house is conducted, I want to understand more. Some things are hazy, I cannot see my way clearly. It is this, the great progressive change which is rapidly developing around our women, and the social, moral, and intellectual attainments among our Indian women and in our community too.

Sister Baloo, I am a simple village woman, but I have a keen observation of things and up to this period I have not let out my thoughts to you in words, I kept pondering on till now, I may not have another opportunity of returning to your city, hence I wish to ask you some questions to satisfy my own curiosity and to have more knowledge of things. My nephew, Mr. Seetharamiah, is a thorough gentleman. How much he loves his family! It can be seen how harmoniously everything in the house goes on. I am only a female without any learning, how can he be so kind and good to me, a village woman? The cruelty of mothers-in-law to their daughters-in-law is proverbial. Even in this I am nonplussed. There is no discordant or jarring notes in you both, a wonder I cannot fathom or follow. Dear Punkajem, when she is so loving to me, her aunt, how much more love she should have for you? The other day some females who came here remarked, "You are a fortunate woman to be related to this blessed family." Baloo—Sister Meenatchee, if you need an answer it will not be brief. I must answer you in detail to impress you more fully. Our dear parents married us both to good and respectable husbands. You married a large village landowner, so you were taken to the country, while I stayed in Madras with my husband who was a school master. My mother-in-law was not an exception to the general rule, she was strict and unbearable as others were. I learnt some lessons under her, to be patient and gulp down all taunts and insults. But why probe up old wounds. My husband was an exceptionally good man? He always poured oil over the troubled waters and tried to make us to forgive and forget. The peace-loving, gentle-hearted man died leaving Seetharam, Padhma and myself to the mercy of his brothers who divided the family property be-

tween themselves and left me this house and a few acres of land which supplied our small family for the year. My son was ten years old then, he was in the same school where his father was a teacher, he was acute and clever, he was at the top of the class, till he passed his B.A. The College granted him a full scholarship, some of his classmates were envious of him. He never gave me trouble for books. He had kind, good friends who supplied him. He had a really sympathetic and thinking mind. "Poor mother," he will say, "do not be anxious about us, your children, our needs are few, let us be thankful father has left a roof over our heads. With a little economy we all can live well till I pass my B. A." The next year he was good as his word. He did pass creditably and he was taken in the College as a teacher. Then he taught Padhma some English and Tamil. Padhma was just seven when our pernicious custom of marrying girls put a stop to her learning afterwards. I was glad nobody hinted at marriage, while Seetharam was in the College. After passing his B. A. and when he had sufficient funds in his hand, he consulted me whether he could write to his father's sister, who had a girl to his liking. Of course the child Punkajem was ten years or younger.

The world then of our Indian community was not so enlightened as it is now. Seetharam's aunt and uncle and family came down from Tanjore to settle about the marriage. My son and I had a consultation. He said, "Mother, Punkajem is too young for me, you and I must protest against my marrying her so early. Let aunt and uncle make an engagement now and let them understand that Punkajem is our own girl after the engagement. We both of us must stand together. The actual nuptial marriage must be when she attains her 14th year. I hope you will be on my side, mother. Stick to my words. The old order must change, giving place to new." So my son and I made a compact not to give in to old ideas of marrying. Well, at first they demurred that usage and custom and caste and country should be discarded, if our proposal was accepted. They were not after all, obstinate and unreasonable. We came to a reasonable conclusion, she should stay in her parents' house till her 14th year. She should be educated to read and write her own mother tongue and also English, be taught sewing and fancy work and music, also, the most useful of woman's education to be a good cook. The long and short of it was Punkajem was married according to her husband's wishes. My dear son persisted that his future wife should be an accomplished woman in every way! well her parents had a hard time of it. The neighbours and friends shook their heads and prophesied that no good would

acquire by educating a girl. So, dear sister Meenatchee, in the face of opposition my son carried the day. The secret of his success was I, his mother, who stood up to help him when he needed it and seconded him in all his plans. As a son he loves and obeys me, who love him dearly, why should I not love his wife Punkajem, my daughter-in-law and treat her like my own daughter? Twenty years and more have passed since you, my brother-in-law, and all your family were here for the wedding, your stay then was only a week or so. Now see, sister, the prediction of our best friends failed, nothing happened to disturb the peace of the family. Punkajem has many points for which I like and love her. My daughter Padhma came home to us a widow ten years ago. Did you observe in what relationship she holds her, that of her own sister. Our custom is to treat the widow as if she was a beast of burden and as a drudge, see for yourself now, Punkajem has made her a companion. They both look into the affairs of the house. From morning to evening no time is lost in foolish gossip or idleness. Padhma, her sister-in-law, is preparing the children for school and teaching them many a difficult lesson. She is clever in kolam drawing. Early in the morning, did you not observe what pretty designs of kolam are drawn just in front of the house and on the pial? The office rooms and koodum and murtham court yard, all the work of these two. Sometimes, my grand-daughters while they have holidays help, and learn to draw on the floor. Both go to the kitchen to inspect the cook, to see whether he keeps everything clean. Once a month the vessels used for cooking are cleaned. Punkajem is so very particular about it, Padhma gives out the store things for the day to the cook and superintends the cooking. Sister Meenatchee, Punkajem herself serves her husband as you have seen her doing and did you not observe how she forces me and you to sit along with the children and take our meals. It has become a habit now and after she has seen that all of us are satisfied, she and Padhma sit down for theirs. Punkajem herself prepares cakes and sweetmeats for her husband's tiffin and sends it off by the cook to the Court. Padhma has a sewing machine, she uses it for making her brother's shirts, jackets, children's shirts and school dresses. As members of the National Indian Association they are invited to its meetings, they go and hear lectures given by European ladies of distinction and learning. When there are no "at home" engagements, Punkajem invites her neighbours and friends, not only Brahmin ladies, Hindu ladies of all castes are welcomed. They devote an hour or two to any useful conversation, she offers her veena to any one who knows to sing and play it. Sometimes she asks any one

present to deliver a discourse on the topics of the day. You have observed, sister, while talking to others, she will be knitting socks for her husband or vests for the children. The other day did we not go up to see what the European and Indian ladies were doing? While they are listening to the discourse, all are engaged in some fancy work which they have been accustomed to bring on such occasions.

My husband left a few acres of land and my son has bought some more acres since which bring in a supply of paddy for the year, dhals of kind and all other cereals you supply. But do you know who supplies our vegetables throughout the year?

Meen. Yes, Balamma, I know, your grandchildren, supply you. I see them bringing in a basketful of vegetables for the day's consumption.

Bal.—Streenivasa, Rajamma, Gopalun and Savithri learn gardening under our head gardener. In the month of June my son gets different kinds of seeds, and has it sown by his children in the kitchen garden at the back of our house. Streenivasa, the eldest, eighteen years old, is now in the intermediate senior class, so Punkajem does not allow him to work in the garden. He has to work at his examination, moreover he has his badminton and tennis. When he has holidays, he comes and gives a helping hand in the garden, when he sees his sisters doing the work alone. Women too must know something of gardening nowadays. Punkajem, when she has spare moments, takes Padmavathi to the garden in front where they see the gardener at work. Daily a jessamine, or rose garland is put round our shrine in our private room, where no strangers are allowed. The children and Punkajem use these flowers for decorating their hair.

Punkajem brought us those cows. They are fine and strong ones. I used to draw milk and churn butter a few years ago. They do not want me to work hard. Punkajem and Padmavathi do that work now between themselves. Just a few months ago, we got a machine for churning butter. The ghee is so fresh and nice made at home. Our Indian women are generally very economic, their tendency is to be thrifty housewives. Is it not so?

Meen.—Balamma, you are a townbred woman. As a village woman, I am at home about cattle. In the village it will not cost you so much as I see it costs you here. We village people can be more thrifty than you are, if we only make up our minds to do it. I shall just relate a story I heard lately. In a small village near a big railway station, a Brahmin clerk and his wife were living. The pay he received was only just enough for him, his wife and two children. All of a sudden he died, leaving

her destitute with two children. She went to a field where the cattle were grazing, gathered the dung, took it home and made cakes and dried and then sold them. She made a little money by this. A friend suggested to her she would have more money made if she reared hens. First she hesitated as she thought what people would say if she, a Brahmin woman, were to rear hens. She cast her scruples to the winds, she bought and reared hens by dozens and sold all the eggs. In a very short time she made a lot of money and she has cows and buffaloes, by which she makes a great deal more. Her thrift has reached such a height, she petitioned to the Government for lands to cultivate. Do not you think she is a very clever and thrifty woman? She and her children are now well-to-do.

Look there, Sister Baloo, who is that lady who was passing us smiling in her phaeton. What lovely children she has? I did not see her before this.

Bal. Sister, she is a great man's wife. I have seen her often going this way. Perhaps her home lies somewhere here. She is going to the Marina with her children.

Meen. Why, I took her for a European lady, and her children, too, are dressed in style.

Bal. Why, she was trained perhaps in England. Indian ladies of wealth and rank make England their home. She is a Brahmin lady, with all her European dress. Meenatchee, if my son and daughter-in-law were to dress like the lady you just saw, they can. But both object to it. They do not like it. My son when he goes to Government House has to put on some such dress. As soon as he comes from the function, he throws them away and puts on his own dress. He feels it irksome. India, our country, is such a hot one. It does not require warm clothing. My son looks very grand and respectable when he wears both the European and Indian dress. Both look well. The former costs more, but it is durable and goes a long way for years. The latter needs replenishing every year, and our women's dress is a splendid affair. Our Indian made Kore nett silk sarees too are durable and can be worn in all weathers and can be easily washed at home. Not only our women, our children, too, have jackets and skirts made out of the same material. It does not look soiled like cotton, chintz, etc. Our Indian clothes excel all other nations' clothing. This is not a pressing subject, Every one to his own taste. Our white kaves for us widows.

Meen. Balamma, Padmavathi is so young. If she had not been a widow, she would have been a mother of a family by this time. She seems to have no such care. She is well and happy as she is.

Bal. Sister, yes, as she is now she is happy no

doubt, but we do not like her to remain always so. There are so many reformers, and reforms going on in the air that my son received many applications for her hand. I have noticed how many young men and middle-aged persons applied for her; well my son wants to marry her to a good man who proves worthy of her. As a lawyer he knows many cases in which the wives after their marriage are left destitute, and the husband absconds, making it more miserable than before the marriage. The reformers do good to their country; men and women, but their care is only till the widow's and widower's knot is tied. They do not look into the affair again, thinking they have done their duty. Some marriages are happy and some are not. The latter state of the woman is worse than the first. I leave this part of the affair to my son, I will not meddle in this. Seetharam knows how and when to do it, if necessary. I leave, as I said before, to his discretion entirely. Many mothers and sisters are dropping here every day. They want my grandchildren in marriage for their sons and brothers. My son and Punkajem had decided long ago. Both are firm and resolve not to marry their children till the boys are twenty-one or more, and girls eighteen. They do not care for ostracism.

Meen. Baloo, this morning I saw Punkajem giving our third street woman a cheebul warm milk and cakes and some gruel. Is the girl improving?

Bal. Oh, that is a sad tale. She is one of the victims of child marriage system. Poor girl, she was very badly treated by her husband, who is an elderly man. She has no mother-in-law, but her husband has a young woman in the house, who treats her cruelly and dreadfully. She is the drudge of the house, she had no proper or sufficient food. The parents of the girl are poor, too. When she came to them, they scolded her and wished to send her back. Punkajem heard about it, went and saw the girl herself, gave a good dose to the parents and took the child to the hospital. The girl was in the hospital for one month, the child was born premature and died. Only a week ago she came out. How weak and thin she is. Punkajem sends her nourishment and goes to see her now and then. The husband does not want her. She is such a wreck. My son thinks to send her to a home where she will be looked after carefully and become a useful woman, earning her own bread and will be of no burden to anybody.

Meen. If such cruel things are happening in a great enlightened city as this, what can you expect in a village? Our village boasts of a hospital and there is a nurse too who has been trained. Very few women avail themselves of her help.

Our old custom of employing barber caste women still prevails, the ignorant rich and the poor foolish people stick to custom, custom, custom, the bane of the country and more to ciste its curse.

Baloo. You took me several times to the Gosha hospital, to the Maternity hospital and to the hospital in the north, I mean mission hospital. I have lost caste by coming to you; you take me everywhere, caste or no caste. I observed, how clean and airy the hospitals are. How comfortably each one is lying on the bed. Each bed has a crib to hold the baby. Lady nurses and Indian nurses are attending them. What a great boon these hospitals are to our country. Those who have been under their walls gratefully acknowledge it; do not they, sister? Yes, the girl Dhanamma related how kind she was treated by the doctor and the nurses, because her case was more pitiable. Whether the patients are rich or poor, all are treated alike and if you care to know, more attention and care is bestowed on poor forlorn cases. Once a gentleman asked a doctor, why should such care be taken of these poor women. The Doctor said the rich who command money cannot command comfort in their homes, so they come here. *The poor lack both*, so they have to look after them more carefully. Did you notice the elderly nurse who comes here now and then? Her name is Anbai. The name suits her temper, she is a loving woman.

"Mother," said my son, a long time ago, "Punkajem will become a mother soon; do not invite the old-fashioned barber woman. This evening after I return from the court, I shall go to a lady doctor with whom I am acquainted and bring her to see my wife. The lady doctor made acquaintance with us all and promised to come at the earliest opportunity. A week after she was sent for in hot haste, she brought a nurse with her and our Anbai was that nurse. Next day the glad news of a baby boy born was spread over the place and many friends and well-wishers congratulated Seetharam on becoming a father. Nearly twenty years are over now, the lady doctor was the wife of a great magistrate. She did a lot of good to Indian women. My four grand-children saw the light of day through her help and Anbai made herself useful in many general ways, washing the babe and tidying up the room and staying with the invalid, sleeping in the room with her. Well this good woman had been reading to Punkajem from books, and she used to read to me when Punkajem was asleep. I know many good stories from her book, the Bible. Though doctors and nurses came to our house, I did not forget my old way of cleaning according to our *achcharams*. Many of our female friends would not come near our house. They said, our house has been

polluted by *Ferringhees* coming in. Now they themselves have these ladies' into the innermost rooms of their houses, are they not defiled? Now they do not think so. Their enlightened views are developing into more broad views. Our Indian sisters vie with each other in inviting to their homes, zenana ladies who teach them music and English and fancy work, which the ladies think will be useful and good. They have assistants who daily go from house to house, diffusing light in their homes, however humble and poor they may be. Not only the missionary ladies and their helpers, the Government itself has colleges, schools and institutions on a vast scale to educate our women, for instance, the National Indian Association for Indian ladies. It holds out wider scope for learning. Titled ladies and ladies of great distinction enrol themselves as responsible voluntary teachers and willing lecturers. Their whole aim is for the sole good of millions of India's daughters.

Meen. Balaamma, whom do you mean by India's daughters?

Bal. The Brahmins, the Kshtryas, the Vaisias and Sudras, Mohammedans, Christians and all. The rich and the poor, the high and the low classes as well as the masses.

Meen. What does this Western civilization and education tend in the long run to our Indian women?

Bal. It tends to the amelioration of all concerned. It makes good and useful and true helpmeets to their husbands. It tends to make women to bring up their children in love and obedience, and to train up their children's young and pliant natures to honesty and truth, and to instil into their impressive minds, sympathy and love to the less favoured. Love to their country, to be noble citizens and loyal men and women to the Crown (the British Raj).

Meen. Well this bettering of our women may take years and years to unfold and produce such grand results.

Bal. If these two or three decades have brought about so many perceptible changes, what could not another decade do? wonders I believe. Sister, let us hope for the best. There is much good in Indian women. *Be an Optimist*

Meen. Do you cling to your ancient religion? Are there any transformations going on? I do not think so from what I see.

Bal. No, sister, we do not neglect our religious duties. It goes on as usual with more embellishments. We have temple worship, we perform poojahs, wayside shrines are not neglected, Kalatchaipam, Theerthams, Jathras, Kirthikai, sea-bathing, river-bathing, yearly kushpakkaram, all these our festivals throughout the year are not forsaken. Did you not notice

what precautions are taken by the Government authorities for the welfare of the people? when vast crowds of people congregate at the several places of pilgrimage, nobody interferes with our religious customs and rites. We, Hindus, acknowledge God as our Creator, Preserver, and Saviour in common. We attach too much importance to our duties. While we say we have one God, we worship or make poojah to all He has created. Our gardener and I were searching for a herb, a medicinal herb. We were told it would be found near the river Adyar. There is a large building just near the river; while the gardener was looking about for the plant, I stepped inside the building to rest awhile. It was undergoing some repairs and masons and bricklayers were out and in, so the doors were open. It was not a dwelling house; it had a large hall. A man told me it was where the Theosophists held their meetings. What was my astonishment and fright, when I saw all on a sudden two figures in marble, which I understood later on as Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott, leaders of the Theosophical Society. I wanted to get away, as I was trespassing on their ground, when a young man, a Brahmin perhaps, said "Amma, what do you want?" I told him my purpose. "Oh," he said, "do not be afraid, Amma. See to your right our leaders." And opposite to them on the wall were figures, one was Muhammed, opposite to him, his symbol, the crescent; Krishna and opposite, his symbol; Buddha and his symbol, his feet, opposite; and Jesus Christ, opposite to him the Cross. The young man explained to me all. I understood the first three as I know myself about them. But about the fourth figure, I never saw his figure anywhere in our house. Well, Anbai, the nurse, told us sweet stories of His doings and words. He went about doing good, she said. Christ had a lantern in His left hand and with His right He was knocking at a door. A lamb was lying at His feet. The young man told me, "Amma, these are the emblems of His work. Like the other three, He was the founder of His religion. Christians belong to Him. See, He knocks at the door. It is the door of our heart. He knocks and if we open the door, the lantern He holds has Light and Life, He lets it into our hearts. The lamb is Jesus Christ. Himself is the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world. The Cross you see opposite is where He died to save those who believe in Him. Now, Amma namaskaram, the muttum bell rings; I must be off." My dear sister, my story has come to an end. We have twisted all the wicks and our work too is over. We two must go soon, our days are short. The old order changeth, giving place to new. So let us have

serious thoughts about ourselves. From whence did we come, and whither are we going?

Meen. Perhaps you will estrange our family from yours. We have prior claim to your children, however educated and refined yours may be. Will your son allow his children to be married outside the family circle?

Bal. That is a question which needs an answer from my son himself. This evening, when he sits out after his meals, ask him about it.

So ends the conversation of the two sisters. Let us see what answer Mr. Seetharam has to say. It is about nine o'clock, he is seated on an easy chair. Punkajem stands by and gives him betel folded by her. He sees the advancing figures of his mother and aunt, tells them to sit down. The children and Padmavathi are gone to bed. Only these four remain speaking. His aunt tells him she wants to go home in a few days and asks him timidly what his intentions are about her son's children. Says Mr. Seetharamiah: "To-day's post has brought a letter from Appadurai, my cousin. He wants you to come home soon. He writes that he charged you with a message; you did not tell me in till now. Appadurai too is of my opinion; none of his children are engaged. He is sending them to Madras to be educated. Your grandchildren are welcome to our house, auntie. There must be no engagements made between us so soon. Let them be educated.

"When they reach manhood and womanhood, I mean the marriageable years of 21 and 16 or 18, respectively, let them engage themselves to whom they like. They are free to choose. Why should we bind our children to engagements. Let them come to years of discretion and discernment. Their physical as well as their mental capacities must be fully developed. Now, auntie, you have so many interesting news to tell your son when you go home. I shall write and let him know my views, and also of your starting from here. He has given me a promise that he will stand firm. Let our two joint families carry out our purpose. Many will join us in no time. Ours is certainly a crusade against child and infant marriages.

"In religious ceremonies and rites, women lead the way, do they not? Then why should they not join with their fathers, brothers and husbands to eradicate this great social evil from our midst? In every individual household ~~woman~~ reign supreme. The husband does according to the wife's wish. Women are queens in their own houses. For instance, my dear mother and my dear wife and sister, will stand by me and help me, and be staunch to the end. So you too, my dear aunt and Appadurai, try to uphold this cause. You have great influence over the vil-

lagers. It will be hard at first to convince the ignorant. They will all come round slowly and surely at last."

Thus ends our story of an ideal Indian home.

Seva Sadan Society Tract

LIFE A TRUST



LIFE is a sacred trust for loving self-sacrificing service. Discharge the trust, and you will be truly happy.

Will wealth make you happy? Hear what a millionaire, Carnegie, says in his "Problems of To-day:"

"Beyond a competence for old age, which need not be great and may be very small, wealth lessens rather than increases human happiness. Millionaires who laugh are rare. The deplorable family quarrels, which so often afflict the rich, generally have their rise in sordid differences about money. The most miserable of men, as old age approaches, are those who have made money-making their god. Like flies bound to the wheel, these unfortunates fondly believed they were really driving it, only to find, when tired and craving rest, that it is impossible for them to get off, and they are lost—plenty to retire upon but nothing to retire to—and so they end as they began, striving to add to their useless hoards, passing into nothingness, leaving their money behind for heirs to quarrel over, only because they cannot take it with them—a melancholy end, much less enviable than that of their poorer fellows.

Wealth confers no fame, although it may buy titles where such prevail. Nor are the memories of millionaires, as a class, fondly cherished. It is a low and vulgar ambition to amass money, which should always be the slave, never the master of man."

Will fame make you happy, the fame of a man or a woman who did no service to humanity? Has history given a good name to any one who did not look upon his life as a holy trust?

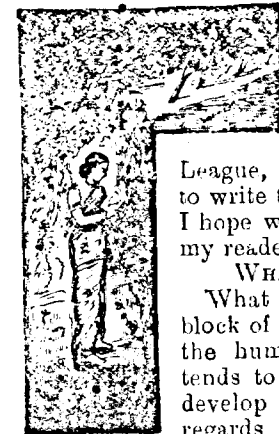
Be not a jungle or a desert, or a cemetery,

except to bury the faults of your friends and the cravings of passion. Be not a popularity-hunter, a power-hunter, or a hunter of pelf, but a warrior of the soul, knowing full well what forces are latent and what potent within you, and the allegiance you owe to the Lord of Life. You receive but what you give. You are used as you use. Be not on the wrong scent, and believe that happiness does not consist in "having and getting and in being served by others" but "in giving and serving others." Do not identify yourself with the flesh, or become a slave to evil habits. Master the senses, limit your wants, and be self-reliant, self-conquering, fearless, unselfish, and kind to all living things. Do your duty as a trustee of what means, skill and knowledge you possess, and you will be trusted with more, and no fear will haunt you and the might of the Holy One will be yours.

It is so great, yet so awful,
So bewildering, yet so brave,
To be king in every conflict,
Where before I crouched a slave.
'Tis so glorious to be conscious
Of a mighty power within,
Stronger than the rallying forces
Of a charged and marshalled sin.

Looking upon your life as a trust, take an account from yourself, every night, when you turn in. Ask yourself whether you have spent your time profitably? Were there not, at least, a few odds and ends of your leisure, which you could have used for the greater glory of the Author of Life and for the service of your brothers and sisters? In your own home could you not have spread more cheerfulness and peace, by means of a few kind words and kindly forbearance? Could you not have limited your wants, and saved a little for those who have not your opportunities? Could you not have taught one child or man or woman something useful, which you knew and he or she did not? Could you not have dried at least one of your fellow creature's tears? Could you not have spoken at least a single helpful word or done a kindly act? Is the quarter you live in a model of cleanliness? Is your own dwelling a model of cleanliness? Was it not possible to improve both? Were there no quarrels which you could not have composed? Was there no harm done which you could not have prevented? Could you not have made a beginning of earnest work by starting family prayers? Could you not have started a useful class? Could you not have brought to the notice of a benevolent society the case of any one you knew who deserved help? Could you not have sent a sick person to a hospital, a homeless person to a Home for the Homeless, a person willing to learn an industry to an Industrial Home, a person willing to learn the Three R's to a school, a person willing to

Female Education and Age of Marriage



It is solely on the encouragement of Miss C. A. Tennant, the enthusiastic organizer of the Hindu Marriage Reform League, that I have undertaken to write this little leaflet which I hope would be appreciated by my readers.

WHAT IS EDUCATION?

What a sculpture is to a block of Marble, education is to the human mind. Education tends to expand the mind and develop the faculties. Carlyle regards men without education as mutilated beings and insists that to deprive men and women of the blessings of education is to deprive them of their eyes and hands.

Education is therefore the most important factor in a woman's life as well as in a man's. To deny women, from mere selfishness, the benefits of education and to keep them unlettered and ignorant is the greatest error on the part of men who, on the other hand, fully appreciate the advantages of education for themselves.

FEMALE EDUCATION AS IT IS AT PRESENT.

It must be admitted that female education in India has not advanced beyond the most elementary stage even though our country has been under the Western influence for over a century. Remember that out of every 100 girls of school-going age only four are now attending the school as against 47.6 in Japan. There is no doubt that early marriage of girls is a sort of bar to female education and is at the root of all evils. It is this early marriage that is the greatest impediment to all future progress of girls, drawing them away from their schools before they complete their 11th or 12th year, before they can gain even a rudimentary knowledge of the world around them. What can we expect the girls to learn in the short space of three or four years? They make shameful mistakes in addition and subtraction. Their writing is almost illegible and swarms with blunders in spelling.

There are a few Indians, converts to Christianity, who show a great eagerness and aptitude for learning, pass high examinations and compete with men. Look at those few who join medical schools and colleges and qualify themselves as lady doctors and nurses; what invaluable services they do for the suffering humanity. I

work for the poor to an institution where he could be useful? Could you not have made a special investigation, protected some one requiring protection, prevented a casualty, worked for the removal of a social evil, spread useful knowledge, effected civic improvements, ministered unto a body or a mind diseased, cheered the last hours of a dying person, obtained employment for one unemployed, collected valuable information, in short, done something to show that you regard your life as a trust from above. A great Indian thinker has 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." If the reader is a Hindu, let him or her ask if, during the day, anything has been done to reduce the volume of such evils. In the other communities, also, there are such evils, and the same question may pertinently be put by a Mahomedan, a Parsi, a Native Christian and an European? Let us, in all humility, work as if we were servants of the Lord of Life and trustees of all we have, for His greater glory and for relieving human estate. Let us never forget that as we sow, so shall we reap. There are wheels which grind slowly, but they do grind, and, in the long run, they give us what we deserve, nothing more nor less. You can never cheat the Chancery of the Supreme, whomever else you may be able to cheat. Life is truly a trust, and we beseech thee, brother, we beseech thee, sister, to realize that truth, and act accordingly. Do not delay. Remember, procrastination is the thief of time, therefore, of life.

To-day, man lives in pleasure, wealth, and pride,
To-morrow, poor—or life itself denied.

Remember also,

Little deeds are like little seeds—
They grow to flowers, or to weeds:—

To flowers, if they are good, to weeds if they are bad. Awake, therefore, and arise, plant good seeds, and prevent evil-thinking, evil-speaking, and evil-doing, and encourage good thoughts, good words and good deeds, to the best of your ability. He that neglects time, time will neglect. To hope and strive is the way to thrive. Discharge one trust well, and you will have a larger trust.



know some girls who have joined music schools and technical institutions and have exhibited their extraordinary powers.

OUR HIGH CASTE GIRLS

Why should not our high caste and Brahmin girls have the same longing for the acquisition of greater learning. I should say they are equally capable and even more. I am afraid India will never come to the front unless her women are educated, because it is the mothers who shape the character of children, on whom the future prosperity of the country depends.

HINDU CHILDREN NEVER ENJOY CHILDHOOD

I have often heard my school teacher remarking that Hindu children never enjoy childhood. It is exactly so in the case of Brahmin girls. They are only babies until their 7th or 8th year. The moment they attain their 8th year they are thought to be of marriageable age and their parents have the girls married irrespective of their inclinations. In her 11th or 12th year the little girl, almost a baby, I may say, has to take upon herself the responsibilities of her household. When in her 12th year she is perhaps already a mother; where is the time for her to enjoy her childhood?

In a European country a girl of twelve is looked upon only as a child. The child's whole attention is directed to her books, her play and her amusements. A young girl who is at school here has all the hopes of a bright future before her and wishes to become an ornament to her society, but her marriage comes between and all her hopes are frustrated. Her endeavours and aims for a higher life in the educational world come to nothing.

NURSING AND HOUSE-KEEPING

To women and to men alike education does not consist in mere book reading. Good education of girls should necessarily include a proper training in nursing and house-keeping. It should also aim at a high physical and moral standard.

It is sometimes argued that if women are educated they will bury themselves in books and neglect their household duties, wasting their time in reading imaginary and worthless novels. On the contrary I am of opinion that most women attend to their work all the better by refreshing their minds in the intervals of leisure by some light and interesting reading.

EVILS OF LITTLE KNOWLEDGE

Some girls it is true are puffed up with pride by the little learning they might have acquired and think it beneath their dignity to look after their household. Such women are sure to grow careless, lazy, extravagant and domineering, too.

These evils, however, will surely pass away with the advancement of true education.

CONCLUSION

In conclusion I beg to emphasise that a girl would be far happier and better qualified to undertake her domestic responsibilities after a proper school or college career than without it. It is absolutely necessary that a girl should not be married until her educational course is over and until she finds herself fit to manage the husband's household. It is therefore not the age limit that qualifies a girl for married life but it is her inclinations and tastes that should decide when she is to take upon herself the new responsibilities.

CHINTADRIPET, MADRAS, } A. RUKMANI.
15th Jan. 1912.

News and Notes

A LADIES' COLLEGE FOR BOMBAY.—A Correspondent writes to *The Times of India* :—

I ask the favour of your columns to re-open a question that must have considerable interest for the Bombay parent. An Indian lady from the Bengal side expressed surprise to me that there was no ladies' college in Bombay, a defect absent from Calcutta. It occurred to me that a little more than a year ago a prominent member of the Educational service, whose main experience has been of college life, advocated in his yearly report the speedy separation of male and female students into different colleges. I forget the reasons for his proposals. But it would not be difficult to bring forward very strong arguments in their support. I think it is scarcely worth while to argue the point of the intrinsic value of a ladies' college. I am convinced most Indians who have ever thought seriously about the education of their daughters, regard such an institution as an imperative necessity. The Indian lady to whom I referred was emphatically of the opinion that the cause of education among the women of India is retarded in places where parents are deterred from sending their daughters to college through a very natural reluctance to their attending lectures in colleges where the female element is a very small minority, and where there is no supervision similar to that which we know in England as a "dragon," (why so-called, I do not know, unless some horrible pun lurks in the name.)

Anyhow you have merely to ask Indian parents to discover that many more of them would send their daughters to college if there were a college for girl students only. We have heard much of

the civilising influence of cultured mothers. But I do not see how we are to encourage it unless we make female education acceptable to Indian parents by meeting their scruples against mixed colleges. At the beginning I fancy it might not be unwise to put at the head of a ladies' college some well-known and trusted married professor with a considerable experience of college life in India. I do not think it would be hard to find one. There is surely wealth enough in Bombay to inaugurate the type of foundation I advocate. So far as I can judge, it is the merest oversight that it is not already in existence. I know of no serious argument against it and I am pretty sure that the average lady student would be less irksome to be among members of her own sex than to be surrounded by loud-voiced youths whose manners are not always beyond reproach. What we wait for now is the co-operation of charitable men of wealth with Government in the foundation of a ladies' college for Bombay.

Mrs. Maud Wood Park, at one of the big Ford Hall meetings in Boston, was asked by a man in the audience if there was anything in the Bible in favor of woman suffrage. Mrs. Park answered smilingly, "Yes. 'Do unto others as we would that others should do unto you.'" This brought down the house.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, in a private letter accompanying her communication to the *Woman's Journal*, says: "This trip has been the greatest experience of my life. The bearing on economic and social conditions, the history of the natives, and the women's doings in the recent war, are the things which have stirred me most."

We note with pleasure that Miss Joshi, daughter of Mr. M. V. Joshi of Amraoti, has taken the degree of L. R. C. P., M. R. C. S., of London. She returns to India after visiting some leading hospitals in France and Germany. She is an L. M. S. of the Bombay University and is the first Hindu lady to get the London degree. This is a bright example and we heartily congratulate Miss Joshi on her success and wish her a most useful and successful career.

When Mrs. Pankhurst was asked if she thought it seemly for women to sit in Parliament, honorable for them to become judges and hold other high offices, she replied that such positions were always honor-conferring, and she scarcely saw why men should be dignified and

elevated by their acceptance and women degraded; that it was not undignified to be a queen, and the two countries—Finland and Norway—where women are serving as members of Parliament have no reason to be ashamed of them.

TO TREAT A COLD.—The following are recommended to cure a cold. The sufferer should put on extra clothing and walk hard and fast until he perspires. Then to go home, quickly undress and get into a warm bed and take a glassful of hot water or lemonade. If there be cold in the head, put a teaspoonful of camphor in boiling water, make a cone of a thick paper and hold nose and mouth over the smaller opening and hold the vapour for four or five minutes, and the cold generally yields to the treatment.

FRIENDSHIP WITH SPIDERS.—There have been people who made spiders their pets. Beethoven when studying the violin as a boy of eight, a spider in the room always came out to hear him. It would leave its web, climb on his arm or even the bow and listen to the music. Paganini, the great musician, knew a spider which will come out of its web to hear his playing, and after he has done go back to its corner. King Charles II of Denmark was taken prisoner in 1531 by Frederick I. In his cell he too contracted a friendship with a spider. This creature knew the sound of his voice and ate out of his hand.

THE FIRST AERIAL POST.—The first aerial post was in China thousands of years ago. The legend is a Tartar Chief was offensive to the Chinese Emperor who sent a special envoy to warn him. But the Chief took the Emperor's servant prisoner and made him shepherd his flocks. This man one day caught a wild goose, and with the idea of sending a message through it, with a letter secured to its leg a message and let it go. It so happened that the goose was found in the grounds of the Emperor's Palace where it was killed, and the Emperor discovering the letter read it and sent a punitive expedition rescued the captive and punished the rebel chief.

TOMATO AS FOOD.—Dr. Kellogg says that the tomato unquestionably possesses a high dietetic value, and has been specially recommended for use in cases of blood impoverishment, a suggestion which rests upon the fact that it contains a considerable amount of iron. As a food for supplying iron it is far superior to many of the combinations of iron so commonly used as a means of enriching the blood.

NEW YEAR SUPERSTITIONS.—The people of a little island in the North Sea have a kind of superstition which is that they should not be first seen by females on a new year's morning, and a fire lit in the morning should not be allowed to go out till the evening.

A CURIOUS DIARY.—A man who died in Germany at the age of 73, has kept a curious diary. The entries are as follows:—During 52 years he has smoked 628,715 cigars, of which 49,692 were presents, and the remainder cost him 43,818 marks, equal to £2,190. In the same period he drank 28,786 glasses of beer and 36,085 glasses of spirits which cost him £1,120. The diary closes with the words "I have attempted many things; I have seen many things; but I have accomplished nothing!" He had mis-spent his opportunities.

MOST ACCURATE CLOCK.—The world's best clock is the electric clock in the basement of the Berlin Observatory which was installed by Professor Förster in 1865. It is enclosed in an airtight glass cylinder. Its variation is only $\frac{1}{1500}$ of a second in three months, which means only a second in 16½ years. Astronomers are not yet satisfied with this accuracy, and efforts are continually made to perfect clocks to such an extent as to minimise the deviation, that they may not vary even a thousandth of a second in a century, if not absolutely correct. To place them in air-tight cases and in underground

vaults where atmospheric and barometric influences could be avoided is the present endeavour.

STATUE OF THE QUEEN-EMPRESS.—Immediately after the announcement that H. H. the Maharaja of Gwalior would present a statue of His Imperial Majesty the King-Emperor to the New City of Delhi, H. H. the Maharaja of Bikanir generously offered to provide a statue of Her Imperial Majesty the Queen-Empress for the City, and this offer has been accepted.

It is reported that the women of California are making definite plans to render all possible assistance to Oregon in its struggle for the enfranchisement of women, so that the Pacific Coast may stand solidly for equal suffrage.

Miss Belle Squire and a number of other Chicago women are refusing to pay their taxes, as a protest against taxation without representation.

WOMEN'S HATS.—Women in Ithaca, New York State, have decided to remove their hats in Church. Should all women have this good sense when they go to Church, it will be a great relief to worshippers.

MARTIAN CANALS.—The most recent discoveries made in the Pulkowa Observatory, Russia, are the "canals" of Mars are reported to be really water canals, and that the Polar caps are ice and not snow.

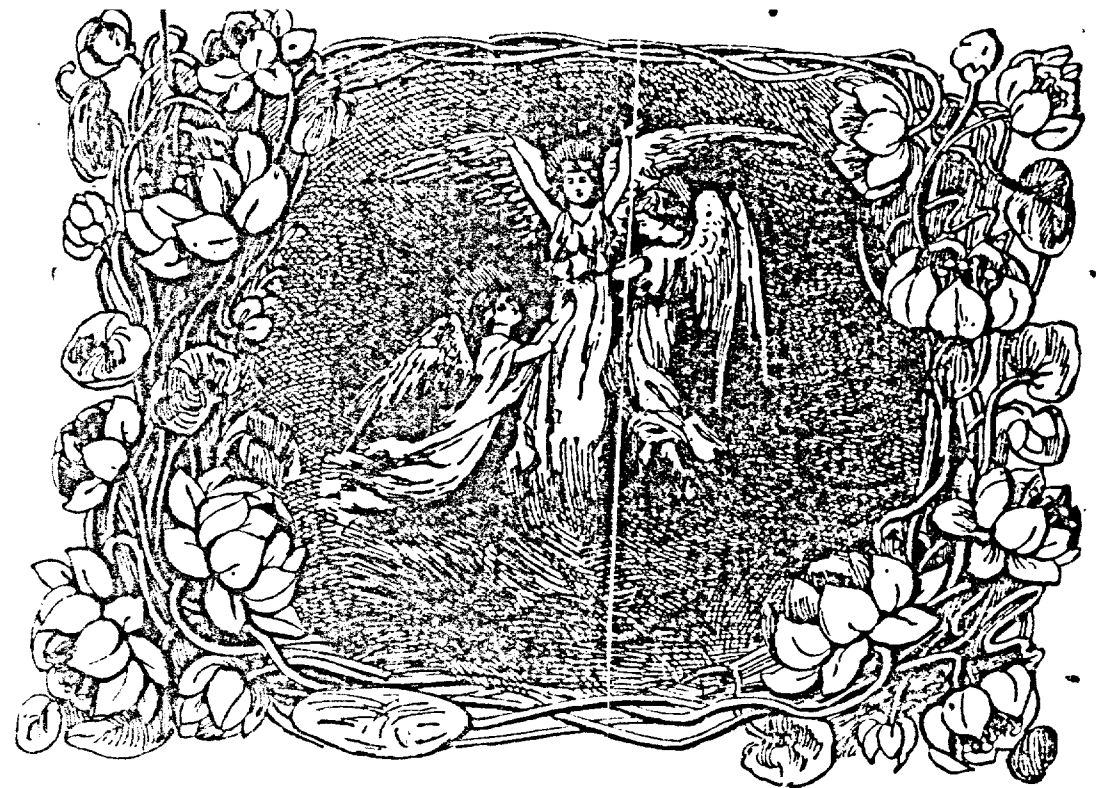
THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Acknowledgments for February, 1912

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MISS PARU
A Malayalee Lady Doctor at the A. E. L. M. Hospital,
Guntur. See page 230



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. XI]

APRIL, 1912

[No. 10

Life

But who
Would care to live unless he loved, and were loved ;
Unless he had all things young and beautiful,
Bound up like pictures in his book of life ?
Some live like unenlightened stars
Of the first darkness; lifeless, timeless, useless ;
With nothing but a cold night air about them ;
Not suns ; not planets ; blankless, limbed and framed ;
Orbs of a desert gloom : with not one soul
To light its watch-fire in their waste of being ;
Or seem so, miserably ; but how or why
They live I know not. This to me is life ;
That if life be a burden, I will join
To make it but the burden of a song.

Selected.

Glimpses of the Delhi Durbar II.

BY LADY BENSON



AFTER the State Arrival of their Majesties in Delhi, there was a pause for a few hours. We were all very tired and glad of a rest, but were told that Her Majesty, far from being tired, went out shopping that afternoon! The next day, after lunch, we were given tickets for the ceremony of the unveiling of the Memorial Tablet of the "All India King Edward Memorial."

The site for the proposed Statue is a fine open piece of ground, in front of the Jumma Musjid, the mosque Aurangzebe built in 1658, the very year he deposed his father Shah Jehan, some few years later than Cromwell's dethronement of Charles I in England!

The scheme for a Memorial to "King Edward, Emperor of India," was inaugurated by His Excellency Lord Minto. His intention was that all classes throughout India should subscribe to it, so the maximum amount for any individual subscriber was limited to Rs. 5000 and a total of Rs 5,00,000 was aimed at. In a little over a year this amount was given from 75,000 subscribers. The memorial is to take the form of a bronze Equestrian statue of the late King-Emperor, on a pedestal of red Agra sandstone. The statue is being prepared by Sir Thomas Brock, the same sculptor who designed the Queen Victoria memorial in front of Buckingham Palace in London. The drive to the site for the memorial through the Kashmir gate into the fort, past the Queen's gardens, and through the town was very nerve-shattering! The crowds were enormous, and there were such hundreds of tooting, panting and shuddering motors, all having to proceed at snail's pace. As long as all the vehicles kept in line there was no cause for alarm, but drivers would get impatient and try to lose their way in between, and break rank, to

the infinite peril of those in their neighbourhood, their example being followed by the coachmen driving carriages and four of various Ruling Chiefs. The more insignificant the chief, the more aggressive were their retinue, and the louder their vociferations. You never heard such a babel and pandemonium as they set up! In one place, a crowded bystreet, the splendid supply of mounted or even dismounted police vanished, and confusion reigned supreme. It seemed as if we should never be disentangled! but at last on reaching and turning a corner we once more saw the mounted police, and the familiar white posts at short intervals, placed in the centre of the roads, with "drive slowly, keep to the left" printed on them, and we fell into line again—lines three and four deep! On arrival we found the usual raised tiers of seats provided in great semi-circles round the central pedestal, with large spaces left for the troops, the heralds, and bands.

Their Excellencies the Viceroy and Lady Hardinge, with an escort of cavalry arrived first, and were received by the members of the Memorial Committee. Their Majesties drove in a state landau with four horses and outriders, with a British officer on either side of the carriage, and a squadron of British cavalry, and a squadron of Indian cavalry. There were a number of little ceremonies after their Majesties alighted. The heralds sounded blasts on their silver trumpets, as they stepped out of their carriage, and the national anthem played as they walked round to the two large gold chairs provided for them under a crimson canopy. The pedestal on which the statue is eventually to be placed is very lofty, and the King had to walk up a flight of steps to unveil the tablet at the top. When there, he became visible to the throngs of people around and shouts and cheers greeted him. Though we were seated close behind the Dais, we could not hear a word of the address, or the King Emperor's reply. The Governor General read the address, in which, among other sentences, he said: "In the statue that is to adorn this pedestal will be enshrined a lasting pledge of the gratitude of the many millions of your Indian people for the peace, justice, prosperity that prevailed during the late King-Emperor's all-too short but strenuous reign, which brought him in the glorious victories of peace, the reward of high endeavours, and of duty unflinchingly fulfilled. In this city of ancient historic memories and heroic achievements the statue of our great and revered King-Emperor will stand, not only as a splendid sentinel guarding the records of the great dynasties of the past, and of the loyal devotion to your throne of the countless races and people of your Majesty's great Empire in India, but it will remain as a lasting

symbol of the love of England and her rulers for India and her peoples, and a guarantee of their power and desire to lead India forward on the path of noble aims and high aspirations. And now, in asking your Imperial Majesty to place this stone in position, we entrust this noble memorial of a most illustrious Sovereign to the homage of posterity and to the loyal keeping of your Imperial Majesty's Indian subjects."

The King-Emperor then rose and replied:—"The address which you have just read has touched my heart and awakened memories of what we all, and I most of all, owe to my dear Father, the late King Emperor. He was the first of my house to visit India, and it was by his command that I came six short years ago to this wonderful land. Alas! Little did we then think how soon we should have to mourn his loss. You tell me that this memorial represents the contributions, not only of a few who may have had the privilege of personal acquaintance with my father, but of thousands of his and my people in India. I am glad to know that the deep and abiding concern which he felt for India has met with so warm a response from the hearts of her children. I rejoice to think that this statue will stand a noble monument on a beautiful and historic site, to remind generations yet unborn of your loyal affection, and of his sympathy and trust, sentiments which, please God, always will be traditional between India and the members of my house." After this reply the King-Emperor laid the great stone on which is engraved:

"This tablet was placed in position
By His Majesty King George V.
On the 8th December 1911.

Another tablet on the other side of the pedestal bears the following eloquent inscription:

"EDWARD VII KING-EMPEROR.

"Let this monument, erected by the voluntary donations of thousands and thousands of his subjects throughout his Indian Empire—the rich giving of their wealth, and the poor out of their poverty—bear witness to their grateful memory of his virtues and his might. He was the father of his people, whose diverse religions and customs he preserved impartially; his voice stood for wisdom in the councils of the world; his example was an inspiration to his Viceroy, his Governors, his Captains, and the humblest of his subjects; his sceptre ruled over one-fifth of the dwellers upon earth. His justice protected the weak, rewarded the deserving and punished the evil doer. His mercy provided hospitals for the sick, food for the famine-stricken, water for the thirsty soil, and learning for the students. His sword was ever victorious. Soldiers of many races served in his great army, obeying his

august commands. His ships made safe the highways of the ocean, and guarded his wide dominions by land and sea. He ensured amity between the Nations of the world, and gave well-ordered peace to the peoples of his vast Empire. He upheld the honour of Princes, and the rights of the defenceless, his reign was a blessing to his well-beloved India, an example to the great, and an encouragement to the humble; and his name shall be handed down from father to son, throughout all ages, of a mighty Emperor, a merciful Ruler, and a great Englishman."

After the King-Emperor had descended the steps, the senior member of the Executive Council presented to His Majesty a miniature of the proposed Memorial. The procession was then reformed. To the disappointment of a great many present, their Majesties walked back to their carriage by the same half circle of the pedestal dais by which they had arrived, so that the people who were seated on the other side lost the opportunity of seeing them—the high pedestal quite hid out the procession from one half of the spectators, and they were naturally very disappointed at not getting a nearer view of the King and Queen. It was unfortunate that (it was said) a rich Parsi who had given several lakhs to the King for charitable purposes, another Prince who had given most liberally towards the Edward VII Memorial, were not given good seats on this occasion. It was the only ceremony about which we heard any complaints as to the arrangements. All the others were models of organization, and most successful.

On the afternoon of the 9th we went to the semi-finals of the Polo Tournaments. Their Majesties were present, and as our seats were close by we saw them very well. She was dressed in a cream satin, with painted sprays of pink roses over it, and wore a cream hat with shaded pink feathers. The costume suited her beautifully. The King was in a grey suit, with a sun helmet to match, on which was a very broad gold band. It was interesting to watch ladies being brought up to them to be presented and spoken to, and to see the ladies' courtesy straight down to the ground as they touched the King and Queen's hand. Several Indian Princes were brought up to the Queen, they were beautifully dressed, and blazing with jewelled necklaces and aigrettes.

The polo playing was most spirited, and at this Durbar the game could be very well seen and watched, for the whole enormous space had been well turfed and watered, and there was hardly any dust. There were two polo grounds and a football field lying side by side, the division between each being a large mound, with a terrace on either side affording plenty of accommodation for spectators. There were matches

being played on both polo grounds. We watched the Inniskillings playing Kishengarh. At one point in the game there was a dreadful collision between two of the players, both horses and men went down to the ground as if they had been shot! one man got up, but the other remained motionless—all the players dismounted, and soon there was quite a crowd round the fallen man, and messengers were seen running for the ambulance. A great silence fell on the throng of spectators, for we all thought the man had been killed.

However, as soon as the wheeled ambulance car arrived, he was carried off, and the report soon circulated that he was "doing well." Another player was chosen to take his place and soon the riders were again teaming over the ground, smiting the little white ball. Some kites overhead evidently thought the ball was a big white egg, for they kept on swooping down over the players. It was amusing looking at the crowd of spectators and seeing their dresses which were, of course, very smart, and of every conceivable variety and colour, mauve, pink, white, pale blue, and black and white. White cloth and white serge dresses were favourites, and it was quite remarkable how many ladies wore sun topees covered with silk to match the colour of their dresses, and with large coloured motor veils. This was a most sensible as well as an economical arrangement, and did away at the same time with the necessity of using a parasol, greatly to the benefit of their neighbours. We noticed a couple of very smart miniature parasols with hinged handles, so that the shade could be adjusted close to the face at any angle. This 'dodge' must have been invented by some one who had suffered many annoyances from parasols in crowds. Many were the hats that "hid all but the smile"—and we could not but be thankful and grateful to Her Majesty that she had not adopted the present fashion of enormous hats, for how many would have been disappointed if they had only been able to say "we saw the Queen's hat, but not her face! As soon as the sun set (about 5-15), ladies put on every sort of smart wrap, black satin coats, with skirts of every variety, being the favourites. In motors and carriages, the thickest of ulsters and warmest furs were used, and most necessary they were for the air became extremely cold after sunset.

That evening, after dinner, we returned to our tents and changed our evening dresses for short skirts and thick coats, and warm wraps, and some walked and some drove to the polo ground, to see the *Military Tattoo*, and hear the *massed Bands* of 1,500 performers. We found seats, in the dark, on the terraces—mounds that divide the two Polo grounds. Here, in peace and quiet

we watched the troops, each individual with a flaming torch in his hand, march and manoeuvre, forming intricate figures, while the glorious Bands played "Here's a health unto His Majesty"; the "British Grenadiers," "Red, White, and Blue"; Rule Britannia: These were followed by the beautiful hymn,

"O God our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,"

and Handel's splendid Coronation anthem: "When all drums and trumpets thundered out "Long live the King! Long live the King!" one felt inclined to get up and shout too!

The bandmaster was standing on a very high pedestal, and conducted the bands with a torch on the end of his baton. It was very quaint to see the starlike thing bolting up and down and to and fro. I heard some one in the crowd say "It looks like Venus gone mad." At intervals the Scottish regiments marched round with bag-pipes. These appeal to Indians very much. There were 25 bands of 50 each playing under one central conductor, but each set of instruments had its own conductor, who was responsible, to watch the central conductor. It reminded one of Yethro's advice to Moses as to division of labour and responsibility "to appoint captains of tens, captains of fifties."

In accordance with the invariable custom of Their Majesties, Sunday, the 10th, was observed as a day of complete rest. In the morning they attended Divine service, at which 8,000 of the British troops in and around Delhi were present. The service was held at Yagatpur Island. Only twenty tickets for this *State Service* were issued for the Madras Camp, and we were among the fortunate few allowed to attend. The site was at some distance on an open plain. Raised seats had been provided for the soldier choir of 500 men. Two open raised shamianas had been erected, one for the eight Bishops and their chaplains, in which was an altar with a very large wooden cross over it; opposite the Bishops was the raised shamiana for the King and Queen, in which were two large carved chairs covered with crimson velvet, with prayer stools before them. The seats for the congregation were arranged in Blocks A, B, C, etc. so that we could easily find our place. The troops were all standing in blocks, holding their colours. A long broad path covered with red cloth led from the road up to the two shamianas. The eight Bishops with their Chaplains marched in procession to meet their Majesties. As soon as they and their suite had alighted, the Band struck up slowly, and we all sang the hymn

"Now thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In Whom His world rejoices;

Who from our mother's arms,
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love
And still is ours to-day.
O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed place to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

During the singing of this hymn their Majesties with the Bishops leading, walked up into their shamiana. The Bishop of Lahore, in a really fine clarion voice, read the special prayers for "the King-Emperor," "for the Royal family," for the "Viceroy and Government of India"; for "the Indian Princes"; for "all the peoples of India," and "a prayer for unity." I think the Indian ladies who read this Magazine would like to hear the words of these prayers, so I will copy them for you. Indeed they would be good for us all to use at all times.

This is the prayer for the King-Emperor: "O God, who providest for thy people by Thy power and rulest over them in love, vouchsafe so to bless thy servant King George, that under him this great Empire may be wisely governed; and grant that he being devoted to Thee with his whole heart, and persevering in good works unto the end, may, by thy guidance, come to thine everlasting Kingdom; through Jesus Christ Thy Son our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end."

For the Royal Family:—"O Lord our God, who upholdest and governest all things by the word of Thy power; Receive our humble prayers for our Sovereign Lord George, set over us by Thy grace and providence to be our King and Emperor of India; and together with him, bless, we beseech Thee, our gracious Queen Mary, Alexandra the Queen mother, Edward Prince of Wales, and all the Royal Family; that they, ever trusting in Thy goodness, protected by Thy power, and crowned with thy gracious and endless favour, may long continue before Thee in peace and safety, joy and honour, and after death may obtain everlasting life and glory."

For the Viceroy and Government of India:—"We beseech Thee, most gracious God, to send Thy heavenly blessing upon Thy servant the Viceroy of India, and upon all who are set in authority, whether Civil or Military, under our King; that by all their counsels and endeavours they may glorify Thy Holy Name."

For the Indian Princes:—"We make our prayer to Thee, O merciful God, for all Indian Princes and Rulers within this Empire, beseeching Thee so to guide and bless them, that under them

Thy people may live peaceable lives in all godliness and honesty."

The Bishop of Madras preached a short and eloquent sermon on the text, "The kingdom of the world is become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ"; which was so clearly delivered that a great many could hear what he said. In the course of his address he said: "Our service this morning forms part of a great historic event unique in the history of the British Empire, and it is more impressive because it is being offered not only by this congregation, but by many thousands of our brethren and Europeans throughout India. The prayers which we have used are being said this morning in cities and villages, in cathedrals and mud prayer-houses in twenty different languages, and this union in prayer on this historic occasion expresses our deep sense of the spiritual and religious truths which lie behind the Coronation Durbar. We believe that all power comes from God. The splendour of the scenes, amid which our Emperor is crowned, emphasises the truth that he reigns as God's representative. Behind all the magnificence of this Durbar stands the supreme Sovereignty of God. And as we worship this morning before God's throne, the whole meaning of the Coronation of our King lies in our profound belief that he is truly called by God to his high office, that he has received from the hands of God the crown of the British Empire, and that he is anointed by the Holy Spirit of God to give him wisdom and strength for his great work. I speak only as the representative of the Christian community in India, but our non-Christian fellow subjects believe no less firmly than we do in the divine authority of their sovereign; and the enthusiastic loyalty felt by the whole people of India towards their Emperor is due in no small degree to their belief that he rules over them as the representative of God. This service too brings home to us the vast responsibility of Empire. As all power comes from God, so it is given us to fulfil the purpose of God. The history of the world is the gradual fulfilment, even through the working of human passions and ambitions, of God's eternal will. Whatever is out of harmony with that will comes to naught, whatever opposes it is swept away. The Kingdom of the world must at last become the Kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ, that Kingdom where the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man reign supreme. It may seem now a goal that is very far off, but whether far or near, it is the final goal towards which God is guiding all created life. And the permanent value of any Empire or any social institution must depend upon its power of bringing nearer the Kingdom of God, by making real and effective in the world the ideal of brother-

hood. Here then lies the work of our Empire in the coming years. And let us not forget that the achievement of this great end does not lie merely with statesmen and politicians, but far more with ordinary people in the ordinary routine of daily life. What is needed above all things is the sweeping away of the narrow traditions and unchristian feelings that make brotherhood impossible, and a sincere effort on the part of individual man and woman to look fairly at the facts of life in the spirit of Christ, and to apply to their relations with all classes and all races the principle of brotherhood. The Englishman in India stands for efficiency, for duty, for justice; let him also stand still more definitely for brotherhood and love; nothing less than the love and self-sacrifice of Christ will avail for the great work of Empire which God has entrusted to us to-day. There are high barriers and deep gulfs that separate race from race and class from class in our Empire and in the world. The one power that can enable us to bridge the gulfs and break down the barriers is the love of God, and the power of the living Christ in our heart and lives. God grant that this power may be ours. May this great gathering at Delhi of so many races and people united in one common sentiment of loyalty to our King-Emperor be the foreshadowing of a still higher unity in the days to come when, through stress and storm, through conflict and self-sacrifice, through faith and love, we move steadily on towards the final goal when brotherhood becomes no longer an ideal, but a reality, and the Kingdom of our Lord and of its Christ."

The Bishop of Madras when writing his impressions of the Durbar for the "Madras Diocesan Magazine" for February, writes:—"The State service was wonderfully solemn and impressive in itself, and it added immensely to the solemnity of the Durbar itself. It brought out and emphasized the religious ideal of Kingship before the whole of the people of India. And this aspect of the services was heartily appreciated by Mahomedans and Hindus quite as much as by Christians. It was significant that next day the Rajah of Nabha, one of the most orthodox of the Hindu Chiefs of the Punjab, sent the Bishop of Lahore eleven sovereigns as a gift to his Church funds, as a thankoffering for the King and Queen having attended the State service."

The Bishop of Bombay, in writing about the Delhi Durbar, said: "The State service was a great service, simple and impressive, and the Bishop of Madras' sermon was worthy of the occasion. But after all the actual service was not what impressed me most. An Indian Chief, a Sikh by religion as well as by race, sent to the Bishop of Lahore a gift for our Church as a thankoffering because the King-Emperor had

attended Divine service on that Sunday in the middle of the Durbar festivities. So far from the State service being regarded as a breach of the neutrality of Government, it was what struck this Chief as most appropriate. So also, another non-Christian, I think a Parsi, told me that, after the Durbar, what had most impressed him in the fortnight was the presentation of colours to seven Regiments with the well-known customary religious service. . . . Indians expect us to have our own religion and to practise it."

Government could be perfectly neutral in the sense of the Queen's Proclamation, while at the same time every member of Government professed, as openly as the Queen did in the Proclamation, his own firm convictions about his own religion. I have little doubt that the King-Emperor's public attendance at the State Service alienated no Indian hearts, but rather attracted them to him. And further, considering the veneration that he was to receive at the Badshahi Mela, it was of the highest importance that he should have been known to have done his own public homage to the King of kings."

On Monday, the 11th, we went at 10 o'clock in the morning to the Polo ground to see the ceremony of the presentation of colours by the King to several regiments. The seven British Battalions to be so honoured were drawn up on the Polo ground, the form of three sides of a hollow square. The new colours were uncased and placed on one big drum apiece. The Bishops and Chaplains stood round and facing the drums. This was a stately and imposing ceremony. The King-Emperor arrived on horseback, preceded by Heralds, attended by the Commander-in-Chief, and all manner of A. D. Cs. and Generals, in slow procession. The Queen-Emress followed in a carriage and four, with the Crimson and Gold umbrella and Royal emblems held over her. The King dismounted and walked forward, with the Commander-in-Chief, Sir O'Moore Creagh, and his Generals behind him. He was received with a Royal salute—after which he inspected the Battalions. On the left were the scarlet tunics of the Northumberland Fusiliers and the Durham Light Infantry. Facing the spectators, a brilliant mass of kilted warriors, stood the Black Watch, the Seaforth Highlanders, and the Gordons. If any think that the British are "falling off" as a race, they should have gone to Delhi and seen the Highland regiments on parade. Whilst not running to great height, they were splendid men, sturdy and in magnificent condition. On the right were the Highland Light Infantry and the Connaught Rangers. On one side stood the Bishop of Lahore in red robes, with his domestic chaplain, and next him two Presbyterian ministers in black robes, and then the Roman Catholic Bishop

with two attendant priests. Whilst the King was inspecting the troops, Her Majesty the Queen left her carriage, and stepped up into the Big Royal Pavilion to her gold and crimson chair.

After the inspection, the first to consecrate the colours for the Northumberland and Durham Battalions was the Bishop of Lahore. In a clarion voice he addressed the assemblage—

"Dearly beloved in the Lord, forasmuch as men at all times have made for themselves signs and emblems of their allegiance to their rulers, and of their duty to uphold those laws and institutions which God's providence has called them to obey; we, following this natural and pious custom, and remembering that God Himself led his people Israel by a pillar of fire by night and a pillar of cloud by day, are met together before God to ask his Blessing on these colours, which are to represent to us our duty toward our Sovereign and our country. Let us therefore pray Almighty God of his mercy to grant that they may never be unfurled save in the cause of justice and righteousness, and that He may make them to be to those who follow them a sign of his presence with them in all dangers and distresses, and may increase their faith and hope in Him, Who is the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."

Almighty and everlasting God, we are taught by thy Holy Word, that the hearts of Kings are in Thy rule and governance, and that Thou dost dispose and turn them as it seemeth best to Thy godly wisdom; we humbly beseech Thee so to dispose and govern the heart of George, Thy servant, our King and Governor, that in all his thoughts, words, and works, he may ever seek Thy honour and glory, and study to preserve Thy people committed to his charge in wealth, peace, and godliness: Grant this, O merciful Father, for Thy dear Son's sake, Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen."

The Bishop then laid his hand on the colours, said very slowly and solemnly:—

"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, we do dedicate and set apart these colours, that they may be a sign of our duty towards our King and country in the sight of God." This was followed by another prayer, and the benediction. Next followed the Presbyterian Minister's prayers, consecration and benediction.

Then came the Roman Catholic part of the ceremony. Unlike the other priests the Roman Catholic Bishop had not put on his robes, and much time was spent by the two attendant priests in putting on his gold mitre (a head covering) and canary coloured coat, they themselves being dressed in white lace overcoats. The prayers pronounced by him were in Latin and quite inaudible to those present. After that each regi-

ment advanced in turn, and one of the officers came up to the King-Emperor and knelt in front of him, and the King gave the new flag into his hands, after which he rose and marched slowly and solemnly away to his regiment, the massed bands playing a "Troop," as the colour parties advanced to receive the new colours: this went on until all the regiments had received their new colours. The next part of the ceremony was very touching. The old colours flying in the wind, were marched to the rear in slow time, and there folded up—cased! "the day's high work is over and these no more will see the sun!" As they were being marched to the rear, the Bands played "Auld lang syne." It was hard not to let the tears come!

The new colours were then "let fly" while the Bands played "God save the King", the officers and the men uncovered, and gave "three cheers." This impressive ceremony was repeated by His Majesty to the Indian Regiments, formed up on the second Polo ground.

The old colours were carried by the 3rd and 4th senior jemadars. The senior jemadar receiving the new colours, sinking on the right knee. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the King-Emperor walked round to see the Mutiny Veterans who were drawn up to receive him, and he shook hands with many of them. The Queen followed the King in her carriage, for by this time it was very hot and sunny. There were 800 Mutiny Veterans present, thirty-two of whom were Europeans.

In my next paper I will try and describe the Durbar ceremony.



Lecture to Ladies at Cocanada

By Miss Carrie A. Tennant,

*The Honorary Travelling Representative of
the Hindu Marriage Reform League, 3rd
February, 1912*

"WESTERN WOMANHOOD COMING IN CONTACT
WITH THE EAST TENDS TO PROMOTE HIGHER
IDEALS"

Mrs. President and Ladies:



I come to you as a stranger and foreigner, I desire to give a few words of greeting and express to you the deep love and sympathy I have for my Indian sisters.

I have been in your beautiful land just three years and have taken a keen interest on behalf of your womanhood, visiting more than twenty-six cities and I am now making a lecture tour of the Northern Circar Districts, holding meetings for women as well as for men in every large town.

I wish to encourage you in the humble beginning you have made in trying to interest your sisters in matters educational and social.

I fear that the male members of your household have not given the sympathy and support as they should, but it is more to your credit that you have been persevering on these lines.

I am also pleased to know that the "Indian Ladies' Magazine" is edited by one of your women in this district. It would be well if other Indian ladies would edit some paper or magazines in the vernacular.

Many talented ladies allow their gifts to be dormant, when, if a little effort was put forward on your part, you would not only be a blessing to your land, but by your example you would encourage others to do likewise.

Indian women are very intelligent and I find that all that is needed is encouragement and instruction.

To deprive Indian womanhood of the advantages of higher education is a great injustice.

No foreign lady has taken greater interest in you than Her Imperial Majesty Queen Mary.

She most beautifully gave expression to the following words when on her first visit to India, as the Princess of Wales:—

"One of my chief objects in this tour is to see as much as possible of my Indian sisters: for I

believe that the more I see of the reality of your lives, the more I shall admire and esteem the high qualities for which the Indian woman is renowned. If my first impression, so charming and so powerful, becomes fixed as I travel through India, then I shall carry home agreeable memories and a sympathy which will bring us into a closer bond of mutual esteem, regard and goodwill."

To be a noble woman and benefit and bless your nation, you must expand your thoughts and acts beyond the domestic sphere.

Queen Mary has rendered to the nation equal devotion to home and society. It is said that she was trained to think of others, and to serve them loyally with a mother's love, who gives her time and thought freely and generously in the service of the poor and the needy.

As a girl she was taught to act on her own impulses and to grudge no effort where she might give help or pleasure. The same spirit was carried into her married life and has developed into more and more effective service with every year that has passed.

She has made herself personally acquainted with the conditions under which the poor live, by personal visits to the Slums of London.

While showing herself thoroughly efficient as a wife and mother, she has kept her individuality and cultivated her personal tastes and gifts.

She showed her motherly love when she expressed her regret in leaving India, by saying:

"But how I am looking forward to seeing my dear children at home."

I am very anxious that every Indian mother may not only feel this love for her children, but endeavour to take a deeper interest in their education. You educate your boys, but the girls are married so young and too early become mothers. Their offspring is often delicate and sickly and the mother's health impaired.

There are many schools opened for girls, but few parents allow their children to attend a secondary school, as they must be married, at 10 or 12, and then their education too often ceases.

I have been endeavouring to enlist the orthodox ladies especially in these reforms in your Hindu society.

The following are the six objects of the League to which I desire your co-operation and sympathy, and to establish a branch of the "Hindu Marriage Reform League" in Cocanada as has been done in all the southern towns.

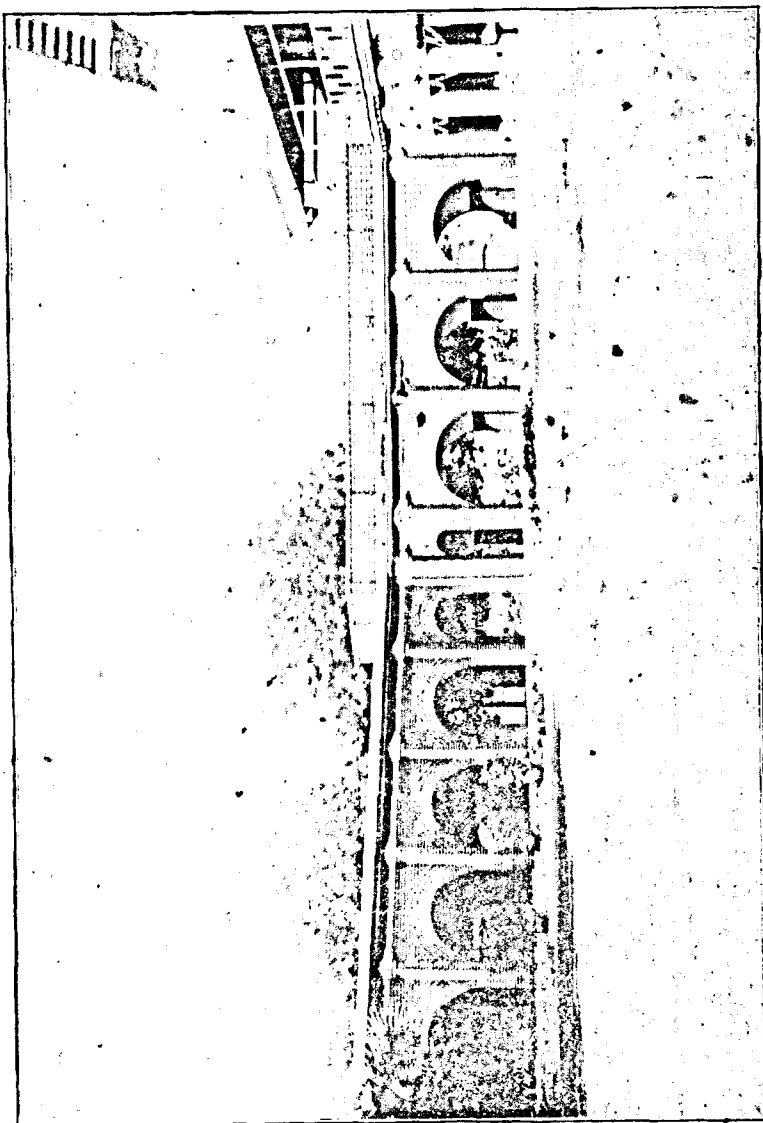
1. To raise the marriageable age of boys and girls as well as the age of consummation.

2. To spread education among girls on a wider scale than at present.

3. To educate public opinion on the question of Marriage Reform by means of lectures, books,



This is a mother and her children, all of whom have at different times been patients at the A. E. L. M. Hospital, Guntur



THE HUGH HENCKEN CHILDREN'S WARD, A. E. L. M. HOSPITAL, GUNTUR

pamphlets, leaflets and by such other means as may be found expedient.

4. To establish *Varasulkam* and *Kanyasulkam* and to minimize marriage expenses.

5. To encourage marriages among the different sects of the same caste.

6. To take steps generally for the extension and promotion of the above mentioned objects.

A discussion followed after Miss Tennant's lecture had been given in Telugu, and several papers were read by leading ladies of the local ladies' society.

There was a large assembly and the ladies unanimously agreed that a Branch of the "Hindu Marriage Reform League" should be organized.

The following were the office-bearers elected:—

President.—B. Venkatasubamma, wife of B. Suria Pragas Row Garu, B.A., B.L.

Vice-President.—W. Subbamma, wife of Nagabushanam Garu, District Sheristadar.

Secretary.—A. Venkatanarasamma, wife of A. Veeraraghava Garu, B.A., Pleader.

Treasurer.—D. Ramanamma, wife of D. Devalraju.

A large membership was then enrolled.

Twenty-five Branches of the League have been organized for ladies in the following cities with prominent orthodox ladies as office-bearers and are doing good work:—Calcutta, Madras, Bangalore, Mysore, Lahore, Amritsar, Ferozepore, Saharanpore, Ajmere, Baroda, Tinnevely, Madura, Trichinopoly, Tanjore, Nellore, Guntur, Masulipatam, Bezwada, Ellore, Rajahmundry, Cocanada, Vizagapatam, Vizianagaram, Berrampore and Cuttack.

The Hugh Hencken Ward for Children. A. E. L. M. Hospital, Guntur



THE opening on Christmas Day, 1911, of the Hugh Hencken Ward for Children was an event of more than ordinary interest. The ward is a granitoid structure 68 feet long, 37½ feet wide and 15½ feet high. It is composed of one large room in the centre, 20 feet by 20 feet, and of one smaller one 10 feet by 20 feet in the east end and of two smaller rooms each 10 feet by 9½ feet on the west end. At the back are bath and latrine rooms and a small diet kitchen. The whole is covered by a terrace roof and surrounded by a segmentally-arched verandah. It is connected with the main hospital building by an arched passage 12½ feet wide by 42½ feet long. The wood-work is of the best Burmah

teak. The opening services were especially arranged with a view to Christmas and consisted of Christmas dialogues, songs, etc.. The opening ceremony was performed by Mrs. Alfred O. Becker who, after unlocking the door of the main building, delivered the following address:— "I open this Hugh Hencken Ward for Children in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.

"May He who said 'Suffer little children to come unto me' be an abiding and eternal presence within these walls and may the little ones who come to this place find the same tender touch of Jesus' love and compassion shining through the hearts of those who will go in and out ministering to their needs.

"May this ward be a shelter to homeless waifs who are cast adrift to perish, and may this be a portal to the Heavenly Kingdom for many little feet which enter here! May our Saviour use it as a means of raising the fallen, of curing the lame, the halt, and the blind, and may it ever stand as an altar whose ascending incense will be prayers from compassionate and loving hearts on behalf of the occupants of these rooms.

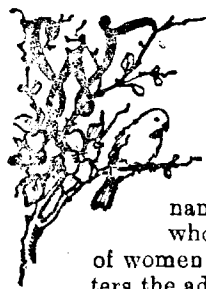
"May the donor of this building be blessed in proportion, as this building which she gave becomes a blessing to India's little ones.

"May the lives of those who minister here be precious in the sight of the Master of us all and may He graciously guide and control them by His wise counsels, and may He be pleased not only to preserve them from dangers of body but may He give them many souls that will shine to His glory throughout the ages of Eternity.

"I declare this building to be henceforth set apart with all its furniture and other appurtenances as a means to be used in healing children of Guntur and its vicinity of bodily sickness and infirmities and as an agency for the amelioration of the ills of India's little ones."

Dr. Kugler made a short address in which she gave a brief account of the way in which Mrs. Mary C. Hencken, of Greenwich, Connecticut, U. S. America, had been led to give the money for the building—the whole amount being a little more than Rs. 10,000. At the close of the exercises, one of the Hindu gentlemen present proposed that a vote of thanks be sent to Mrs. Hencken for her munificent gift of Rs. 10,000. A large audience of Hindu ladies and gentlemen and also a number of the Europeans and missionaries of the station were present and inspected the new ward which was prettily decorated for the occasion. At the time of writing this account, there are nine children in the ward. During the twelve years since the opening of our hospital about 2,000 children have been treated in the wards. We are very glad to have a special building for the little ones.

A Malayalee Medical Lady at the A. E. L. M. Hospital, Guntur



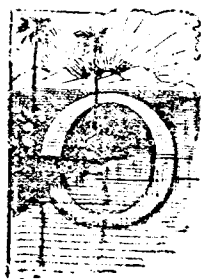
We are glad to present to the readers of the "Indian Ladies' Magazine" the picture of Miss P. Paru Ammal. She is the daughter of Mr. P. Kunjambu, a well known lawyer of Cannanore. Her father is a man who believes in the education of women and he is giving his daughters the advantages of a liberal education. One daughter is studying for the Intermediate examination in a College in Mangalore and another is in the High School in Cannanore. Miss Paru, after studying as far as Matriculation, spent four years in the Madras Medical School and qualified as a Medical Practitioner. During this time she was a resident in the Y. W. C. A. Hostel for Indian students. She made many warm friends among her fellow students and the Missionaries.

In January, 1911, she joined the staff of the A. E. Lutheran Mission Hospital for Women and Children, Guntur. Here, in addition to the major part of the work in the Dispensary, she has charge of the Laboratory work, and in addition has several Telugu classes in the Training School for Nurses.

She has made many friends during her year in Guntur, and is an efficient and much loved worker. She has a wide field of usefulness in our midst, both as a physician and as a Christian worker and we hope that she will be able to spend some years with us.

Reminiscences of a Tour in Travancore

IV



OUR travel by water ended when we reached Trivandram. From Trivandram we had to travel by road and so we engaged a bullock cart to take us from Trivandram to Cape Comorin, making halts at convenient centres on the way. The first halt was made at Neyyattinkara, the place

where the "butter river" flows. This is the boundary of the Malayalam-speaking country. Every one speaks Tamil. In fact Tamil is the popular language of South Travancore. Neyyattinkara is a small town with a large Nayar population. There is a temple dedicated to Sri Krishna, where there is a jack tree which is of some historical importance. This is the popular tradition regarding this jack tree: "At the time when Marthanda Varma Maharaja was flying from his enemies—the Ettuveetil Pillamars and Yogakkars—His Highness came to the other side of the Neyyattinkara river one day and was crossing it when one of the chieftains of the enemies was found to be following. The Raja at once swam the river and reached the temple and found this large jack tree close to the temple. Seeing a large opening in the body of the tree, the Maharaja entered it and hid himself from the enemy. The persons who followed the Maharaja also entered the temple and seeing no person there walked off towards the road thinking that the Maharaja had gone in that direction. Thus we see this jack tree saved the life of Marthanda Varma in those troublous times. Hence the tree is still called "Mother jack," and is kept in great reverence. We stayed at Neyyattinkara one day and then left it for Kuzhithura, the next station. Kuzhithura is a small town in the Vilavandedde taluq. There is a Tahsildar's cutcherry and a Munsiff's court. "The famous chitral rock-cut temple here has many Jaina sculptures and some inscriptions," which will be found very interesting by the archaeological people. The *Thamparai* river flows to the east of the town and is crossed by a large iron girder bridge, by far the finest in Travancore. This bridge was constructed at a cost of nearly 13 lakhs of rupees. The bridge stands thirty feet high over the bed of the river and is protected by iron railings and lighted by lamps on either side. The total length is nearly 700 feet in eleven spans of sixty feet each. The abutments and piers are of admirable granite work, and the approaches are level and well metalled. On the river side is the palace building which the Maharaja and other members of the Royal family occupy when on tour. The next town we visited was Thiruvattar, a place of historical importance. During the reign of Umayamma Rani (1678—1684) the Ettuveetil Pillamars treacherously murdered her five sons. Finding it unsafe to live in Trivandram, the Ranees and her surviving son went and lived at Neduvangad. Owing to the confused state of affairs in Travancore, a Moghul Sirdar invaded Travancore, drove out the Ettuveetil Pillamars and made themselves supreme in the State. The exiled Ranees hearing this, collected a force with the assistance of Kerala Varma Raja, a relation

of hers, and defeated the Moghul Sirdar at Thiruvattar. It was at Thiruvattar the Moghul Chief was killed and after this fight the Ranees obtained supreme power in the State. It is also a place of religious importance.

The Adhikeshu Perumal temple here is a very ancient one. The God Adhikeshu is said to have taken his rest at Thiruvattar after having killed an Asura who had been the cause of immense misery to the world. Daily poojas are offered here similar to those offered in the Sree Padmanabhaswamy temple at Trivandram. There is a Sreevali Pura here similar to that in Trivandram, but it is smaller. The temple contains several inscriptions which reveal various interesting facts of the early history of Travancore.

Our next place of halt was Padmanabhapuram, the old capital of the Travancore Maharajas. The place has its old palace, an admirable building which resembles the palace buildings in Trivandram. The palace is a good specimen of the Malabar style, a very extensive gallery-like building two stories high with tiled roof. The Durbar Hall, somewhat resembling the Old Durbar Hall in the Trivandrum palace, has fine polished chunam pillars and ground floor, open to the courtyard on the inside. The town is surrounded by a square fort of stone about 2½ miles in circumference intended in olden days for defence. People say that there is an underground passage from this palace to the Charattu-kottaram, and that this underground palace helped Marthanda Varma Maharaja very much at the time when he was in danger. Since the capital was removed to Trivandram, Padmanabhapuram has declined considerably. The fort too is in ruins. The walls of the fort are three feet thick and they are of granite stones up to within eight feet of the parapets, the remaining portion being laterite. At the four corners of the fort there are four main bastions more or less of one size and shape. One of these was evidently intended as a sort of watch tower, since it runs out to the summit of a detached hill. The fort has ramparts only for half the length of the wall, the walls alone being defences for the remaining length.

The principal entrance to the fort are four gateways, one on each wall, and there are also other small gateways near three of the bastions. The fort is now overgrown with jungle. The walls to all appearance are generally sound. Over one of the gateways however there is an unfilled breach in the wall of eight feet and at another point it is observed that the wall for a length of twenty-seven feet consists of nothing but laterite from top to bottom.

A few miles off from Padmanabhapuram is the Udayagiri Fort built by the Travancore

Valiyakappithan, the celebrated D'Lanoy. The area of the ground enclosed within the walls of the fort is 8½ acres. Within this area there is a small tank and a number of ruined buildings, among which is a church. In the centre of a large square of the fort there is a hill 260 feet, which commands the whole of the fort. The walls enclosing the fort are on an average fifteen feet thick and eighteen feet high including the parapet. They are lined within and without with stones, the outside lining or fencing is of laterite imbedded in chunam. The parapets are three feet thick and on an average of four feet high. The inner lining is of rough stone two feet thick and on an average of six feet high. The space between the inner and outer lining consists of earth which goes to form the ramparts. The fort has in all ten bastions, five of which are intended for cannon, the others being pierced for musketry only. The main entrance into the fort is a gateway near one of the bastions which is 10 by 6 feet. Besides the gateway there are smaller inlets near three other bastions. The fort walls are in a fair state of preservation. The entire area is overgrown with jungles. This fort was built by Captain D'Lanoy, one of the prisoners taken by Rama Iyer Dalawah, when the Dutch were defeated at Colachel, and who was afterwards made *Valiyakappithan* or commander-in-chief of the Nayar troops of Travancore. It was this D'Lanoy who built various forts in Travancore. It was he who trained the Native troops in the arts of war. In fact he reorganized the Travancore army and made them good soldiers, able to defend their own land. The success of the various wars during the time of Marthanda Varma Maharaja was mainly due to the ability of this D'Lanoy and his troops. This able captain died in 1777 and was buried inside the Udayagiri Fort and his tomb there has the following inscription;

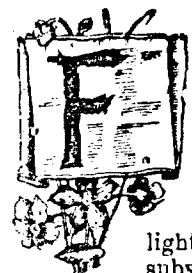
"Here lies Eustachius Benedictus D'Lanoy who was commander of the general Travancore army, and for nearly 37 years with the greatest faithfulness he served the King to whom, by the strength and fear of his armies, he subjected all Kingdoms from Caneolam to Cochin. He lived 62 years and 5 months and died 1st day of June 1777. May he rest in peace."

In this fort are to be found large numbers of cannon balls which persons who resort to the place carry away as a relic of ancient warfare. A powder magazine is also to be found near the Padmanabhapuram Fort and the sands close to it resembles pure gunpowder. A look at these places of historical importance is indeed very interesting.

The next place we visited was Nagercoil. Then we came over to Suchee-dram, a place of Hindu worship, and then went over to Cape

Comorin. Near Cape Comorin we saw a hill called *Maruthkamala* or Medicine Hill, "being supposed to be the very hill which the monkey God, *Hanuman*, brought, as related in the *Ramayana*, from a distance of 1,500 miles further north and threw it down here. He had been sent to it for medical herbs to restore the dead and wounded of Rama's army and not being able, in his haste, to recognize and gather the particular plants, he pulled up the mountain itself and brought it on his shoulders. It seems, however, in his hurry he turned it upside down." We climbed over the hill and found various interesting sights there.

South Indian Mutts



FEW institutions of public utility have ever run a more systematic career of decay than South Indian mutts, especially those that are non-Brahminical. Their original purpose as the upholders of the torchlight of culture has been totally subverted and their masters are now no more the ideals of purity and saintly life they were once. The mere name is now a by-word for voluptuous ease and indolent luxury. The responsibilities of their affluent position are scarcely realized by them and the palatial buildings suggest to the happy inheritor a code of ethics more consonant to the conceits of epicurianism than consistent with the ascetic simplicity of their yellow robes.

These mutts which once attracted the flower and cream of Hindu society have cruelly suffered in the quality of their present masters, whose mediocrity coupled with vicious tendencies sums up the very disqualifications for the post. While even men of iron-will need no strong inducement to exchange a life of arduous work for one of luxury and rank indulgence, the invertebrate masters of these mutts, easily forgetting the ancient traditions of their seat, embrace with all the ardour of youth the opportunity for a welcome sojourn in the land of lotus-eaters. Modern Hindu society has ever been a sleepy sentinel and its innate ill discipline is the potent cause of the demoralization of the mutts.

Once dethroned, tyrant custom holds but an empty sway. With a break in a single link, the chain loses its strength. The masters of the mutts with their forensic instinct all on a sudden surprisingly sharpened, defend their disorderly

life by a hundred precedents, and their logic is all the more cogent when we remember that in their case the sense of duty does not take its inspiration from within but has to rest upon the misty, the ambiguous, the many-times violated traditions of the past. Thus custom loses its force and the juvenile master so justifies his first fault in conduct. Then, of course, one step downwards will do on the glacier of crime or indolence.

The feeble-minded master uncoerced by the animating spirit springing from a continuous record of unbroken and so sacred traditions of the mutt, giddy with the resources of pleasure at his command, naturally evidences a greater fascination for dainty dishes than for social service. His morbid cravings receive no check from society. When the teacher himself sleeps, the redeeming feature of the situation lies in the activity of the students at least. But Hindu society drugged with the morphia of polar passivity sleeps over the scandalous corruption of its self-elected gurus. Our reverential credulity—the mischievous offspring of Hindu gratitude, in the papal infallibility of these well-fed gurus, puts a premium on their ignoble leanings, by withholding even the reforming influence and salutary effect of public opinion. The gurus free from the healthy vexations and trammels of popular criticism, sure of their seat and spiritual authority to cloak their misdemeanours, naturally degenerate into creatures whom we may call men only after recognizing their emaciated anatomical identities. Indolence is the spawning ground of many vices and, as at present the mutt gives the highest scope for professional indolence of a chronic type.

So much of corruption has crept into an institution which was once the noble embodiment of every inspiring virtue—piety, generosity, culture and simplicity. To purify and restore it to its original purpose as a temple consecrated to higher learning and research must be the sincere endeavour of every true son of India. The task of reformation, to use a conventional but vivid phrase, is an uphill and gasping work. Nor can the reformation be permanent unless the Hindu society is cohesive or educated enough to keep sentinel over the doings and drift of these regenerated mutts. An unorganized effort can lift it only for a time from its present state of asphyxia and can electrify the paralytic only into a transient convulsion of limbs which may be mistaken for the real signs of resurging life. Individual feats may be heroic, but systematic work is needed to reclaim an institution encrusted with the faults of many years. So, national enthusiasm alone for social service will help us.

K. S. VENKATARAMANI.

Education of our Women



WHEN we speak of the need for educating our women we have to face a storm of animadversion, from men of narrowminded ignorance and prejudice. In the limited space before us let us venture to enumerate a few of the numerous objections raised by the opposers of female education and explain to the reader how unfounded they are, and cite a few out of the large number of instances from the feminine world respecting their natural capacities.

In the first place those objectors urge that the intellect of woman is not so powerful as that of man and that woman is unfit to learn and to be taught. Secondly, education would breed vanity in her and take her from her natural duties to a world of books wherein permanently she will bury herself. Lastly, there is not any necessity to educate her nor does she derive any advantage from education.

The discussion of these points is as important as it is interesting and seems an appropriate opening to the vast vista before us. While discussing the potentiality of their intellect and their natural capacities, we have to ask ourselves "How do they compare with and wherein differ from man?" Let us for a moment turn to history to study the physical, mental and moral constitution of women.

Her physical constitution is peculiar. But what of it? In those half-forgotten times when there was not much difference between man and woman in the way of intellectual capacity or physical strength we have references to the fact that women were subjected to the same manual exertions as men, nay at times to more arduous tasks. And in China even to-day among the lower 'orders' all the hard labour is laid upon the wife while the husband does but light work. But the waters of civilization began to leap and bound in pleasant fury in the gradual evolution of time and somehow or other it so happened that the poisoning culture of a Brahmin asserted itself and denied the blessings of education to women under this silly pretext.

"For contemplation he and valour formed, for softness she and sweet attractive grace." Then monstrosity soared higher and found many a pithy expression on many a lip.

"He for God only; she for God in him." Perhaps this sentiment might have been instilled into the Hindu mind by so many years of Muslim rule when the Mahomedan creed pronounced "Woman has no soul." Then a Bordicia or a Joan of Arc or Chand Bhai or a Lakshmy Bhai, a Samyukta or a Padmini was universally considered as disloyal to her sex. A masculine woman and an effeminate man are in equal disesteem. The woman that arms for the battlefield or that battles for ballot is according to the notions of the modern Hindu unsexing herself only to bring ridicule to the community of women. But to us it seems that those solitary exceptions who escaped from the sorry lot of our modern women are glowing testimonies to the fact that physically women are capable of doing as much, if not more, than man.

While considering the potentiality of their intellect it is hardly too much to say that the intellect of women is not different in kind to the intellect of man, while young boys and girls are wont to run about indiscriminately in the streets and in the mire, to the river sand or to a mountain pool; and they are precisely alike. Seize one half of that merry group and educate them in a particular line and they will "reap" particular tastes. Train the other branch in another line and you will have a new set of specimens. The boy of the particular group is sure to be much the same as the girl of the same group in a particular set of actions and opinions. Boon nature sheds her bounty without any bias or prejudice on man and woman alike. Look for a moment at the marvellous works of Lilavatti and Avvayar. One may say "We do not find such women here. They are exceptions to the general rule." "Ascribe this difference if you please to the neglect of their education, say that man is only superior because of his higher advantages of culture." How many of our best literary productions have flowed from her facile pen! The influence exercised by womankind on the intellectual condition of the world is by no means little. Science owes much to woman. And woman's intellectual capacity is in no way inferior to that of man's.

Now to her moral power. There is none to stand on a par with her. In the realm of moral power she holds undisputed sway. Our ladies have been in the past, firm repositories of our religion. In the religion of the ancient Greece, historians tell us it was 'she' who presided at the tribunal of fate. Her native zest and enthusiasm qualified her for this office. "A

man," says Diderot, "never got on the sacred tripod; a woman alone could deliver the Pythian oracle; she alone could raise her mind to such a pitch as seriously to imagine the approach of a god and panting with emotion to cry, 'I perceive him, perceive him, there! there! the God!' Woman's mind is more pliable than that of man. She is capable of stronger impressions than men. Whatever objects she fixes her love on she is sure to live with as long as she lives and the object lives. Her devotion to duty, to principle, to her long-cherished object remains unshaken. She has an adamant firmness in her spirit. What moral power can compare with hers! she is not fickle. She is not a weather-cock to waver. And surely civilization, refinement and the manners and the habits of society depend much on her character. How often have we come across illustrious examples of female heroism, sisterly love, conjugal affection! Rome, the old-world mistress, allowed women free intercourse in social life. The famous Cornelia "was hence a representation of no small number of the age."

Now let us consider the second objection the enemy of female education is fond of planting before the public gaze. According to him education would make women vain. Has education made men vain? It is only anticipating 'the things that are to be.' We have known the proverbial folly of counting the chickens before they are hatched. Educate your women and you will see that if vanity be in them education will be the cause of its disappearance.

Now to the last aspect of the question—the necessity of imparting education to our women. Education would help them in the narrowest sphere of womanly duty. When he asked what was needed for the educating of the youth of France, Napoleon was told in reply "good mothers." Turning to the "numberless numbers" of the "barbaric east," how many are the narrow-chested, sunken-eyed weaklings that we meet with in the vast Indian country! If any body wants to know the cause of this he is sure to understand that the uneducated Indian mother who knows not how to rear up her sons and daughters into healthy men and women is solely responsible for it. Nor is the Indian mother to blame. She is like a marble in a quarry that shows none of its inherent beauties until the skill of the polisher fetches out every ornamental vein that runs through the body. Education has not manifested the perfection already in her—education which has been denied to her from long ago. Ruskin says that the body must be made in youth as beautiful and perfect as it can be whatever be our thought for the future. "A healthy body maketh a healthy mind. If the Indian is a weakling,

unable to help himself in times of danger and sits down with folded arms when he should be up and doing, it is all due to the bad training imparted to him in the plastic period of youth. If there had been little rivulets in the past, it was because the Indian mother was an accomplished mother and knew full well how to bring up her child. But their accomplishment is no longer seen in the feminine world. We do not deny the fact that we find occasional stars shining effulgently in the sphere where women live. But it is only occasional. If India wants to rise from her despair to occupy once more her proud and time-honored position of most illustrious of all the countries of Asia, we will ask the Indian to educate the Indian women. For as Sheridan has it:

"Women govern us, therefore let us render them perfect; the more they are enlightened so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of women depends the wisdom of man. It is by women that nature writes on the hearts of men."

S. RENGIER.

Class Day at the Isabella Thoburn College

(FROM THE INDIAN DAILY TELEGRAPH)



On Friday afternoon, February 16th, the annual "Class Day" exercises of the Isabella Thoburn College and Normal School were held before a large and appreciative audience in the College Hall, even the zenana gallery being filled. Mr. H. V. Lovett, C. S., Commissioner of Lucknow presided. This occasion is anticipated with peculiar pleasure by the numerous friends of the college, for it is then that a public demonstration is made of the year's work and the programme this year fully justified the expectation of the audience, who, from the moment that the long line of graceful students, in their white and gold Grecian costumes, walked up to the platform, until the pretty tree-planting ceremony "in the twilight shade," followed each item with deep interest.

The programme opened with the anthem "I will lift up mine eyes" and was followed by the invocation made by the Rev. Bishop F. W. Warne. Miss Whelmina Singh, a student of the Normal School, read a very interesting essay on "The social position of women in Vedic

times compared with that of women under the Caesars." The Physical Culture Department was next represented in a well rendered drill with Indian clubs. The grace and ease with which the students wielded their clubs would disprove the pessimistic theory that higher education is often at the cost of physical deterioration. A discussion followed on: "Is the study of the Indian Classics of more value to the Indian student than the study of English Literature and Science." Both the debaters were Indian students, and debated each side very ably, each bringing forward cogent arguments in defence of her own side of the question. Miss Esther Ahmad Shah spoke for the study of the Indian Classics, and Miss Gertrude Mays Das in favour of English Literature and Science. The next item on the programme was a plaintive Persian song sung by the Persian students.

THE PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

The Principal of the College, Miss Robinson, in her report said:—

"The year has on the whole been one of progress and steady growth for the College. His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor in his last general report on public instruction stated: 'The Isabella Thoburn College continues to retain its well deserved reputation for thorough and conscientious work. The number of its students, who are drawn from all over India, continues to rise. Its buildings are improving, and its standard is being steadily raised.' The College numbers thirty, the Normal School thirteen, and the High School two hundred and eleven. In addition to the regular College students we have two students who are taking a special course in science in connexion with their work at the Government Medical College.

The examination results of last year were satisfactory, three out of three passing in the B. A. Examination, five out of seven the Intermediate, and seven out of seven the Matriculation. The Chief Inspector of Girls' Schools conducted the examination of the Normal School, in which all seven of the candidates passed.

Miss Hill, who held the position of Principal last year, went on furlough in March, leaving a gap in the number of missionaries on our staff which has not yet been filled. The College department has, however, been strengthened by the addition of Miss Mays Das who returned in July from America and the Normal School by Miss Finch who came in December. Unfortunately, Miss Landrum, who had so successfully conducted the work of the Normal School for two years, had to be transferred to the Vernacular Normal School in Moradabad in January. Miss Davis has taken the position of Head Mistress of the High School, and has done much to raise

the standard of efficiency in that department. Miss Bose, who last year passed the examination in the Lower Grade Training College with honors, returned to the High School in July, and Miss Lall, Miss Massey and Miss Swift took the places of teachers in this department who had been obliged to leave.

Much progress has been made in buildings. The Lilavati Singh Memorial Hostel for the High School costing Rs. 60,000 is nearing completion, and will be ready for occupation after the summer vacation. It contains eight large dormitories, each accommodating twenty-five pupils, with a teacher's room adjoining each. One room will be used as a play-room for the little ones, and another as a reading-room for the older girls. The wide verandahs will furnish excellent sleeping accommodation during the hot weather.

The new High School building has been begun since the New Year and will be completed in about a year from now. These two buildings, with the Hazard Building which was added to the College last year, will give us the very best equipment in all departments of our work.

An addition to our curriculum has been made by offering the Intermediate course in Biology, which together with the Intermediate courses in Physics and Chemistry, is in charge of Miss Oldroyd. It has also been possible to allow our students to study for the B. Sc. degree through the courtesy of the Reid Christain College, which has opened its science classes to our pupils. This department, however, labours under peculiar disadvantages. The one year class this year has eight science students, and if that number is increased next year, it will necessitate enlarging the laboratory. The College has not yet been able to afford a gas plant, the lack of which causes most serious inconvenience and constitutes our most pressing need. Almost as great a need is a large number of microscopes for the laboratory.

Lectures have been given on Friday evenings throughout the year, the first three Fridays of each month being reserved for our College and Normal School students, and the last Friday for the zenana ladies of Lucknow, for whom lectures in Urdu illustrated by stereopticon views have been given. We are greatly indebted to the friends of the College who furnished the excellent lecture courses that have given been during the year. Mr. H. Banbury of the Jubilee Government High School gave three lectures on "Methods in Teaching History, Geography and Nature Study"; Dr. Beggess, of the Reid Christian College, lectured on "Some By-Products of College Education," "Women Who Have Influenced History," and "The Child as a Social Problem." Miss Saravati Singh of our own staff gave "A sketch of the History of Art" and "Two

Noted Modern Painters." Miss Oldroyd, also of this College, lectured on "Beneficial Bacteria" and Mr. M. B. Cameron, of Canning College, on "Some Points in the University Study of English." Lectures in Urdu illustrated by stereopticon views have been given on the following subjects: "Women the World Over," by the Rev. B. T. Badley, "How wool is made," by the Rev. J. R. Chitambar, "A trip through Norway," by the Rev. H. Menzies, and "Sight-seeing in Egypt," by Mr. N. L. Mukerjee. The purdah ladies who attend these lectures occupy the screened zenana gallery in the hall. This lantern used for these lectures was kindly loaned by a friend, and the slides by the Y. M. C. A. of Calcutta. It is hoped that by some means the College may be able to add a good lantern to its equipment as well as a number of sets of slides.

Under the able direction of Miss Inglis, the Music Mistress, musical recitals have been given in the College once a month, and a successful concert field, in which a number of friends in the station kindly assisted. The proceeds of the concert were for the benefit of the music department.

The Bilgrami Prizes of Rs. 100 a year, the gift of the Hon'ble Syed Husain Bilgrami, are this year awarded as follows: Rs. 50 to Miss Gertrude Mays Das of the B. A. department, the subject of whose essay is "A comparison between the works of Jane Austen and Charlotte Bronte"; Rs. 50 to be divided between Miss Esther Ahmad Shah and Miss Minnie Michael of the Intermediate Department, the subject of whose essays is "Three phases of Kipling."

Athletics, including drill and out-door games, commands as much enthusiasm as in other years. The apparatus is, however, very limited, and the need of a well equipped gymnasium with a swimming pool is being increasingly felt.

The students in the College have, through the social and religious activities in connexion with their Young Women's Christian Association, done much to broaden the life of the College. Several very pleasant socials have been arranged by them, and a successful concert given by the Glee Club, the proceeds of which furnished carpets of three large dormitories. A Student Conference was held in connexion with the Dasheara meetings in September and the Y. W. C. A. Camp of North India was held in the College during the Christmas vacation. It would be difficult to over-estimate the help and inspiration brought by the leaders of these two conferences.

The High School students have also, through their Saturday Morning Club, kept in touch with current events, followed a course in Mission Study, and had three lectures on the following subjects: "Helen Keller" and "Longfellow" by Miss Davis, and "The Scout Movement" by Miss

F. L. Robinson. Three bands of girl scouts have recently been organized in the school which promise to be very popular. In addition to the ordinary work of the School curriculum, lessons in practical cooking and poultry raising have been given which have been much enjoyed. While work has been somewhat irregular and the energies of the staff to some extent dissipated in efforts to adjust themselves to the inconveniences involved in the course of building operations, we hope that when our equipment is complete, the period of expansion will be followed by one of intensive development, and that the plans for better organization which at present cannot be carried out, will then have full chance for realisation.

In conclusion, I wish to thank Mr. Lovett for so kindly consenting to preside on this occasion, and to present the Bilgrami Prizes, and this audience for its kind interest and attention."

MR. LOVETT'S SPEECH

Mr. Lovett, in his speech, warmly commended the work done in the Isabella Thoburn College. He enlarged on the broadening influence of the education given there which proved equally intelligent and inspiring, calculated to make girls think for themselves and assimilate knowledge afterwards. He eulogises the progress made during the year both in buildings and in education. He noticed that the College had embarked on the teaching of science—an expensive project, but, no doubt difficulties in money would be overcome as had previous difficulties. He wished the Isabella Thoburn College every kind of success.

The Bilgrami Prizes were then presented, and after the singing of the "Spinning Chorus" by the students, the audience joined in the National Anthem, and then adjourned to the quadrangle where the graduating students planted their class tree. The address to the Juniors and Freshmen was made by Miss Iris Harris, and the response by Miss Rachel D'Souza, with the usual exchange of the pretty white and gold lamps, and the audience dispersed with the lines of the tree planting song echoing in their memory:

"For like its growth we too aspire,
For India's weal to live;
And for all good that comes to us,
As we receive, to give."



Selections in Malayalam Poetry

A SERIES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS

(A REVIEW)



It is a matter for legitimate pride that during the last half-century, the Malayalam language and literature has made rapid strides, and the rapidity of its progress would have been all the more if we had publishers and book-sellers of the type of the enterprising

firm of the B. V. Book Depot, Trivandrum. The printer and publisher contributes to the growth of a language as much as the author and editor, if not even more than the latter. In his recent publication of "The Cochin State Manual," Mr. C. Achyuta Menon, B.A., the well known Malayalam scholar and critic, observes:—"In point of literature, Malayalam is poorer than Canarese and considerably more so than Tamil and Telugu." With the increase of such discriminating publishers as the B. V. Book Depot of Trivandrum and the Mangalodayam Company of Trichoor, Malayalam, one may fondly hope, will, in the near future, stand on a level with Canarese, though not with the other two older members of the Dravidian group of languages.

The student of Malayalam owes no small debt of gratitude to the thriving firm of the B. V. Book Depot for the very many valuable publications in that language they have called into being. The first four parts of a uniform series of "Selections" from minor Malayalam poets under the title of Padyapattavali were issued by them a few years ago, under the distinguished editorship of H. H. Kerala Varma, C. S. I., Valiakoil Tampuran of Travancore, than whom a profounder scholar and greater poet, Malabar has yet to produce. These series have been freely used for recitation in the elementary classes of the Vernacular and English School in Travancore and Cochin. The same editor has now issued Parts V, VI, and VII of the series for the delectation of the general reader as well as the student. Such selections are the first of their kind in Malayalam. They contain the cream of Malayalam poesy. In a nutshell are presented the best representations in the realm of higher Vernacular poetry. They comprise varied subjects, including among the rest, ancient and modern, fictional and historical, descriptive and didactic and interesting and instructive. Many are original, others being translations from Sanskrit and English. Selections from almost all good works beginning with the Ramayana of Kannaasah of the 6th century M.E. down to

"Nalini" of 1037 M.E. have been freely made. At a single glance, one could familiarise himself with the fragments of the poetical masterpieces in the language, marking as he studies them the several stages through which poetry has passed in Malayalam in its evolutionary march. Each part opens with a brief preface in English and Malayalam from the pen of the learned editor. The selection is very carefully made and among the general subjects treated of, the following are only a few:—Individuality, Duty, Imagination, Honor, Life-time, Gratitude, "The need for death," Friendship, Industry, Caution, Moral Sayings, etc. Copious extracts are made from the works of our departed poets, such as Kannassan, Cherusseri, Yezhuthachan, Kunjan Numbiyar, Erayimman, Tampi and Ramapurathu Variyar as well as from those of the living authors who still continue to shine resplendent in the literary firmament of Malabar, such as H. H. Kerala Varma, C. S. I., Messrs A. R. Raja Raja Varma, M. A., M. R. A. S., Kimjukkuttan Tampuran and Kochunni Tampuran of Cranganore, S. Paramaswara Iyer, M.A., B.L., Mr. R. A. S., M. Raja Rajasarma, M. A., B. L., Kantur Narayana, B. A., Vallatol Narayana Monon, Otuvil Kimjukkrisna Menon, B. A., K. C. Kesava Pillay, N. Kumaranasan, Padmanabha Kurup and Padmanabha Panikkar. Each piece is prefaced with a brief note by Mr. K. R. Krishna Pillay, B. A. From the introduction, we learn that this gentleman and Mr. P. K. Narayana Pillay, B. A., B. L., have co-operated with the learned editor in bringing out these publications. They are well-known Malayalam scholars. It is gratifying that their services have been secured in this laudable work. The selections are of the best, viewed either from the standpoint of the literary critic and of the strict connoisseur of morals.

The Vth, VIth and VIIth parts now reviewed deal with 44, 49, and 52 subjects of varied interest and contain 68, 84, and 103 pages and are priced As 5, 6, and 7, respectively.



The Prevention of Beriberi.



BERIBERI is a disease of the peripheral nerves of the body attended with changes in sensation and motion, and an affection of the heart. Beriberi occurs principally in tropical countries among people whose chief article of diet is rice. There are parts of India in which it never occurs. It however is very common among the Telugu people who live along the coast between Masulipatam and Ganjam.

Its Cause.—In the Malay Peninsula rice eaters and non-rice eaters live side by side. It has been found that beriberi attacks those who eat rice, but never those who eat no rice. Among the rice eaters it attacks only those who eat a certain kind of rice. Three classes of people eat rice, the Chinese, the Malays, and the Tamils who go from Madras. The Chinese eat rice that has been hulled or decorticated in mills; this rice is always old. The Malays use rice that is fresh and that has been pounded by hand. The Tamils use rice that is prepared by soaking and steaming and that is known as cured rice. During the last 30 years about 250,000 cases of beriberi have occurred in Malay. 79 per cent of these cases have occurred among the Chinese, that is among those who eat highly polished stale rice. Very few cases have occurred among the Malays and Tamils.

There are to-day two theories in regard to rice as a cause of beriberi. One theory is that in stale uncured rice there is developed a toxin that by being introduced into the system causes beriberi. The other theory is that in the preparation of the white or polished rice there is removed from the rice the outer part that is essential to the nutrition of the nerves. This outer part is not removed from the cured rice.

It is still an open question as to which of these theories is correct, but for practical purposes it makes little difference. The Government of the Malay Peninsula has introduced cured rice into all its institutions and beriberi which was a terrible scourge has been almost stamped out. Here in the Madras Presidency we find beriberi almost unknown among the Tamils and very common among the Telugus. Cured rice is used by the former and uncured rice by the latter.

Symptoms of Beriberi.—In the onset of the disease the symptoms most commonly complained of are pains in the calves of the legs, slight oedema or dropsy of the heart and oppression over the pit of the stomach. Later there will be a loss of sensation in the legs resulting in the stagger-

ing gait, gradual wasting of the muscles with loss of power until the patient becomes bedridden. Instead of the wasting or atrophic form of the disease there may be the dropsical form where the whole body is very much swollen and the heart symptoms are very marked, the patient suffering from intense dyspnoea—and agonizing for breath. In both the atrophic and the dropsical forms, the patient may recover, but as a rule only after long months of suffering. Some cases improve, but never fully recover. Many cases end in death. One attack predisposes to another attack.

Prevention of Beriberi.—"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" is especially true in regard to this disease.

The experiments in Malay certainly seem to prove that beriberi is not dependent upon the conditions in which persons live, so much as upon the food they eat. Chinese and Tamil coolies have lived side by side under exactly the same conditions. The Chinese using the polished rice have succumbed to it. The Tamils eating cured rice have not been attacked. Tamils living in the Telugu country use cured rice and escape. Telugus use uncured rice and in great numbers suffer from beriberi. Beriberi patients, early in the attack, improve when put upon cured rice.

It is true that all people who use uncured rice do not have beriberi. This is probably due in part to their using some other articles of food that counteract the effect of the uncured rice. It is not in all places possible to obtain the cured rice. In such cases meat, bread, eggs and cholam are among the things that can be added or substituted.

A word in conclusion to Missionaries and Mission Workers:—

We, in the Telugu country, whether medical or non-medical, become very familiar with the sight of the victims of beriberi. We have it in our power to do much to stamp out this disease. All those in charge of boarding schools, orphanages and hospitals can either substitute cured rice for uncured or use some other grain, such as cholam for one meal. Missionaries and their agents working in the district can instruct the people in regard to the use of cured rice. Principals of colleges and managers of schools can give talks on health and recommend the use of cured rice to their masters and pupils, many of whom fall victims to beriberi. A vigorous stampede against beriberi by all intelligent people can not but result as favorably in the Telugu country as it has in the Malay Peninsula.

A. S. KUGLER, M. D.

The Position of Women in Indian Social Life *



"THE hand that rocks the cradle rules the Empire" is a familiar saying. Like other sayings of the kind, it is the crystallised common sense of those who invented it and means in effect that the woman in a Commonwealth directs its course and determines its future.

In other words as the women are, so the nation will be. The leading characteristics of a nation or community are formed and shaped mainly by the women who compose it. The physical environments play but a subordinate part. Even the endowments of nature are greatly affected by the human surroundings; and in the infancy and during the impressionable periods of human growth generally the influence of women is undoubtedly great. Some one has said: "Tell me the condition of the women of a country and I shall tell you the condition of the people of that country." If the women are regarded as little better than mere drudges, no solid good may be expected of the country to which they belong. If nations and communities have advanced, not a little of that advancement may be traced directly or indirectly to the influence exercised by the female section of them. If the women are ignorant, illiterate and know nothing of their duties and responsibilities, whatever other advantages there may be, there will sure to be stagnation and decay. There is nothing dogmatic in these observations. If the structure of society and the laws of its growth and working are carefully studied, the truth of these observations will become apparent. There may have been progress in isolated cases without the active and intelligent co-operation of women. But such cases will have to be considered in relation to other factors of which we may have no accurate knowledge. No nation can advance if, while one half is believed to be enlightened, the other half constitutes a silent and inert mass which constantly acts as a drag on the wheel of progress.

Among the prehistoric communities, the relation between man and woman was not well

* A paper read by Mrs. Raman Pillai at the Presidency College Union Society. Mrs. B. G. Hensman, M.A., presided on that occasion.

defined. But proofs may be obtained to show that the woman enjoyed, not only individual, but to some extent, social freedom; and she used it to the common advantage and for the benefit of both. It was but seldom abused, and it promoted the growth of those simple virtues for which the primitive races of mankind were so famous. Though in the dark ages, the niceties of the principle of the division of labour were not known, between the two sexes there was some understanding about what each should do. The idea of mutual co-operation seems to have been well known. There was practically no exclusion, no degrading subjection such as would impede the growth of the one and deprive the other of the benefits which flow upon simultaneous growth and development. It has been said that in primitive times the woman "would appear to have been fully equal both mentally and physically to man; and observations made among the savage races of the present day who are presumably at a similar stage of civilization also point to this conclusion; since we find among them little or no difference between the male and female either in physique or in brain-power". But my subject to-day is not to prove by means of evidence taken from the history of the human race, the equality between the two sexes, physical and mental. My task is the humbler and less ambitious one of discussing the question about the place of women in Indian society, though indeed in the course of the discussion, some remarks will have to be made, as to the physical and mental aptitudes of both the sexes.

Foreign observers have often been led into the error of supposing that the women of India have been benders of wood and drawers of water. There is of course nothing to be ashamed of in the domestic occupations of drawing water and splitting wood. But if by the use of these terms is meant that Indian women have from time immemorial been treated as slaves, as beings without any great influence on the community to which they belong, it is a great mistake. Both in ancient and modern India nothing like slavery has been known among the women of the higher castes and classes. Their influence has always been great and sometimes beneficent.

In the Vedic period, women actually assisted their husbands at sacrifices and otherwise took part in devotional exercises with their male relations. "Still more grateful to us," says a Hindu historian, "is the picture of cultured ladies who were themselves Rishis, and composed hymns and performed sacrifices like men. For there were no unhealthy restrictions against women in those days, no attempt to keep them secluded or uneducated or debarred from their legitimate place in society. There is mention

of veiled wives, and brides, but no allusion to women being kept in seclusion. On the contrary we meet them everywhere in their legitimate spheres of action taking a share in sacrifices and exercising their influence on society." "Hindu women held an honourable place in society from the dawn of Hindu civilization four thousand years ago; they inherited and possessed property; they attended great assemblies on state occasions; they openly frequented public places; they often distinguished themselves in science and in the learning of their times; and they even had their legitimate influence on politics and administration."

Hindu literature abounds in examples of women who were intellectual companions of their husbands; and who in fact held a high and honourable place in society. The Ramayana and the Mahabharata, the two great Indian epics, give us an idea of the part that women played in ancient Indian society. No country in the world could show a better and brighter record of the achievements of women. In later times too, Indian society recognized the position and influence of women as a factor in national progress. The Gosha system and other practices which have tended to lower the status of Indian women find no sanction in the ancient literature of India. They were more or less the result of the Muhammadan conquest; and superficial observers have often mistaken what was associated with the Muhammadan invasion for the social customs of the Hindus. It is, however, a matter for congratulation that the myth about the complete and abject subordination of women in Indian society is being rapidly exploded. Foreigners as well as Indians now know a great deal more about the real India of the past, and every effort is being made to improve the condition of Indian women and give them the facilities of knowing themselves and the world without.

In December last Her Majesty the Queen-Empress held a reception at Delhi of the distinguished ladies then present at that city. In the course of a reply to an address, presented by the ladies, Her Majesty said, "The pages of history have set forth what splendid influences for good can be brought to bear in their homes by the women of India; and the annals of its noble races are coloured by acts of devoted fealty and magnificent service as fruits of the lessons instilled by mothers in the hearts and minds of their children. I have learnt with deep satisfaction the evolution which is gradually but surely taking place amongst the inmates of the purdah."

The evolution, Her Majesty spoke of, has been slow; but the fault lies with those who alone have the power to impart the necessary stimulus.

What, however, India wants is reform, and not revolution—revolution, if need be, to be effected for reforms. The process of adjustment and adaptation must go on more satisfactorily. The extent and character of the responsibilities of the enlightened Indians of to-day will be realised by them if they, for a moment, examine how much India has been losing for want of the co-operation of the women with men in furthering the cause of progress. The population of India is over 300 millions, of whom not less than half are females who have been doing little or nothing effectively for the uplift of the nation. It is not because they are unwilling. Provided they have the knowledge, the training and the opportunities, they will prove worthy companions to their male relations.

A great English writer has, in reviewing the social habits of the Greeks, drawn attention to the reverence which they attached to women in Greek legend and poetry and he has moralized thus—"Respect for women has been the characteristics of free races; and contempt for them the mark of a lower civilization and slavery." Indians, as a rule, respect their women. But the feeling of respect cannot be cherished long, if the qualities that evoke it are not developed. In the domestic circle, the feeling of the affection and love will always be shown, but outside it, if respect should be inspired, there should be other qualities. Briefly, if women should have a place in Indian society, their faculties should be developed in such a manner as to enable them to understand their duties inseparable from the relations of life.

The first question then which we shall have to consider with regard to the elevation of Indian women is their education. Without the light of knowledge burning within them, it would be folly indeed to raise their status in society and to give them more social freedom. The child must be kept under the protecting restraints of the leading strings, and the man who knows not how to use his liberty, under the care and guidance of his betters. It is knowledge of oneself, one's duties, one's surroundings and the world without, that constitutes one's title to freedom and to the rights of self-government; and without freedom there cannot be social efficiency. When all or nearly all the members of a society who have fully developed their faculties and whose mental horizon is sufficiently large, are active in healthy directions, that society will surely improve. Education is the chief factor in this improvement. In Europe and in America the people have advanced, because apart from national peculiarities, due to various causes, their women are better educated. If there have been defects in their social organisation and their civilization, they may be attributed

among other causes to the defects in the educational system. But as an Asiatic people Japan gives us an object lesson. Japan has become one of the great countries of the world, and not a little of its success is due to the education that is being given in that land to its boys and girls. Nearly every girl of school-going age is in the school, and what is more, after learning the bare rudiments of knowledge, boys and girls alike are trained to undertake their duties of life, for which they are severally fitted. And among us too, it is being slowly recognized, that the emancipation of women means their emancipation from ignorance, from the evils of ignorance, and the thralldom of superstition.

It has been rightly the opinion of our rulers that through female education a far greater impulse could be imparted to the educational and moral tone of the people than by the education of men.

But the question has been asked, whether the women of India should at all receive a university education, whether their physical organization and their place in society, as it is at present constituted, entitle them to the advantages and benefits of higher education. The question is too comprehensive to admit of a categorical answer. It may, as well be asked, whether every boy in the land should be given a university education? If I may be allowed to venture an opinion it is this: that the sort of education that a boy or girl should receive is a question mainly of his or her capacity, aptitude, sometimes even of ambition, means, or station in life. If a girl has the talents and the desire and if she possesses the health and her parents the means, why should you deprive her of the blessings of a University education, even apart from the path she means to pursue in after life? No one has said or can say that higher education as such is a dangerous thing. Knowledge is both a source of power and of pleasure, and a highly educated woman, provided you give her the facilities, can exercise her influence for good on her sisters and on society generally and be happy herself, since happiness consists in one's ability to make use of the advantages life offers. Among us, I am afraid, the purely commercial aspect of education has been too much emphasised, and the Indian Universities have been partly responsible for it. But irrespective of the question of careers, I see no harm, on the other hand much good, in intelligent women bearing their part in University contests. It improves them and widens their outlook and, through them the society to which they belong. I do not, however, suggest that women can educate themselves to the fullest extent of their powers only through the University. Nor does it follow that all the women turned out by our

Universities are the most enlightened. There are women, as there are men, in this land of ours who, without any University education, have made themselves ornaments of their society by their liberal culture, their knowledge, and their virtues. My remarks apply only to normal conditions of life, to the position in which we now find ourselves. I am, however, firmly persuaded that if a larger number of intelligent women take to University education the country's gain will be greater. But more women will not now proceed further than the elementary or secondary stage, so long as there are no separate colleges for women. Mixed colleges are good enough in their own way. But there are scores of girls whose parents, though wealthy, yet send them not to such Colleges. Madras is a great city, and yet it has not got a single college for women. Travancore and Mysore are much better. Both these States have colleges for girls, maintained at great cost to the Governments concerned. They now train up girls only up to the intermediate stage, and are, therefore, second grade colleges. But if the idea of teaching and residential Universities is to take shape, I have no doubt that separate Colleges for women will be established; in all the most important educational centres; in which case the lady graduates will understand what social life in a University means. On leaving the University they may be relied upon to improve the condition of their less fortunate sisters and create a more healthy Indian social atmosphere. It follows as a matter of course that if separate Arts Colleges are established for women, professional Colleges for them should likewise be created. The two professions for which women are deemed fit and which are now open to them are medicine and teaching. In both these professions women can do a great deal for their sisters and for their country. The question of medical aid for the women of India has been receiving attention, and it is admitted that women are better fitted to undertake the task than men. If a far larger number of Indian women, especially Hindu women, should take up medicine, there must again be separate medical colleges for them. Similarly, for training women to be teachers, separate schools and colleges are necessary. Female education is no longer a question of controversy. With very few exceptions, the orthodox party and the reformers are agreed that for the progress of the country the women of India should be educated. What, however, the majority of them want or can afford is elementary education. A sound education, elementary secondary or technical, will equip them for the duties of their position, which will make them better wives, better mothers, better sisters and certainly infinitely more useful members of

society. In this connection let me call attention to a book recently published by Her Highness the Maharani of Baroda, entitled "The position of women in Indian life." She discusses what she calls 'the woman movement' the question of the professions for women in reference not merely to intellectual callings, but to arts, crafts and industries, agriculture, charitable organisation, philanthropic work, rescue work and so forth. Her remarks and suggestions cover a wide area. What is noteworthy in all that she says is whatever work woman undertakes, must have, as its basis, a sound education. If women take upon themselves useful work calculated to benefit themselves directly and indirectly their community and their country they must have a knowledge of the same of which the groundwork is a good general education. If every woman in the land is enabled to realize her own position and help herself, not only will her own status be raised, but social progress itself is ensured. I can think of no social service more sacred and greater than that which has for its object the general education of the women of the country.

Cynics may say that no tangible good can come out of giving the mere rudiments of knowledge to women. But there is nothing like a sudden transformation in a matter of this kind. It is a question of slow and gradual evolution towards a better social state, and nothing helps this evolution better than education. In the beginning there will be cause for disappointment. Even the higher education of women cannot, at the outset, be all satisfactory. But society is a living organism. It grows slowly and imperceptibly; new ideas and new influences must necessarily be slow in their operation, and sometimes the result may appear to be the very opposite of what was expected. But if you wait patiently and have faith in the virtue of knowledge, everything will come out right in process of time and in the steady course of evolution.

What are called the rights of women seem to have frightened a few as to what female education may bring in its train. It is feared that the Western system of education will have among its products the new woman and the suffragist. Dealing with the question of female suffrage in England, a great Englishman once said:—"I have no fear lest the woman should encroach upon the power of the man. The fear I have is lest we should invite her unwittingly to trespass upon the delicacy, the purity, the refinement, the elevation of her own nature which are the present sources of its power." We in India need have no fear that the present system or any other well-considered system of education will radically modify the character and the

distinguishing peculiarities of Indian womanhood. Woman has been made to temper man. There is in woman, as the poet says, "Amazing brightness, purity and truth, eternal joy and everlasting love." These qualities, emanations from a great past, are latent in the Indian woman, and education will draw them out. Whatever else may be her claims, the woman's proper sphere is the home, and Indian women, if properly educated, will not encroach upon the chosen domain of the sturdier sex. It is the cultivation of the domestic virtues, the duties to be performed at home, that should be their first care. But there are certain rights of women which should be recognised and respected; and in India to-day the social reformers have been striving hard to maintain those rights. A social system which allows the man to marry more than one wife, but which dooms the widow, even the child-widow to life-long disfigurement and solitariness which consigns a great portion of the women of India to the mystery, the obscurity and the gloom of the Purdah which imposes other depressing legal restrictions on women, stands very much in need of revision. In these matters, the Indian woman claims or ought to claim her rights, not as the equal of man, but as a rational human being.

It has been said that in India the charms of social life are comparatively unknown. Domestic life there is. But what is called social life has seldom been a living factor among most of the Indian communities. Among a people divided and subdivided into communities and castes the obstacles to free intermingling are formidable. Marriages and other ceremonies, feasts and festivals are practically the only occasions for the free interchange of ideas and for the cultivation of the social instinct. But in a promiscuous crowd the social instinct cannot have free play. A crowd is indeed no company; and the occasions I have referred to, very often leave no permanent and healthy impressions behind. Attempts are, however, being made in some places, among the enlightened and wealthy classes to bring women together often, so that by their frequent contact they may know something of life beyond the home. So far the result has not been very satisfactory. But if the leading spirits organise these parties on broader and better lines, the success will be greater. It must be borne in mind that in the case of many an Indian woman one day is quite like another. She goes through the same routine of domestic toil, with no incentive anywhere to make her wish for a higher, sweeter and brighter life. In some parts of the country ladies' clubs and ladies' associations have sprung into existence. I fear that several of these clubs and associations exist only in name,

and not many of them know what they should do to improve their position. But the idea in all these cases is excellent; and if the enlightened women in every community and locality work it out, if need be, in conjunction with the best men among them, ladies' clubs and associations will exercise a wholesome influence on society. One word of warning I may be permitted to utter. In whatever Indian women do, they should never lose sight of the ideal of Indian womanhood, and should try to take in, absorb and assimilate only that which is best and most enduring in Western life and Western social practice.

There are spheres in which the enlightened women of India can do a great deal for the elevation of the status of their sex. They are eminently fit for philanthropic and charitable work. In relieving the distress of the famine-stricken, in lightening the load of the child widow and in helping the poor generally enlightened women especially of the higher and more well-to-do classes can interest themselves actively. I have read with pleasure and profit of the noble work Mrs. Ramabai Ranade has been doing as President of the Seva Devan and in various other capacities. I am sure there are hundreds of others elsewhere who do similar work in an unselfish spirit silently and quietly for the general good of the country; and nothing can develop Indian womanhood better than work of this kind. It extends and increases the usefulness of the woman and enhances her social value. We have among us enlightened and cultured ladies like the president, but I venture to think that the community is not making the best use of their services for its own advancement.

I have tried to indicate that in the past Indian women had a high and honorable place in society, that they did much for its welfare and that the record of their achievements has not altogether been lost to us. Owing to political convulsions and other causes, Indian women lost their position. Under British rule, their cause has again begun to receive attention. It is clear that education is the chief agent in their uplift and that with education such as would tend to form and improve character and widen their intellectual horizon and increase their usefulness in society they would be able to get rid of the unjust restrictions which now impede their growth and doom most of them to a life of barrenness and uselessness. I have pointed out in what other ways they can improve themselves and the society to which they belong. They can not only help but supplement the efforts of the members of the other sex and make the latter better citizens and more useful and responsible members of society. In the

family, in society and in the larger life of the nation, the influence and example of women of enlightenment and character, will be great and far-reaching. Need I say that in the present state of society in India, the duty rests on its men assiduously to toil for the amelioration of the condition and social status of women. In the meantime educated and enlightened women on their part, must work on in the spirit of the words of the illustrious man who said: "Be inspired with the belief that life is a great and noble calling; not a mean and grovelling thing that we are to shuddle through as we can, but an elevated and lofty destiny."

News and Notes

MEDICAL PROFESSION FOR WOMEN.—The Government of Madras has issued the following:—In order to encourage women desirous of entering the medical profession to obtain the degree of M.B. and C.M. of the Madras University, the Governor in Council has resolved to award annually three stipends each of Rs. 25 a month to young women who undertake to study for that degree. The stipends will be allotted each year by the Provincial Committee of the Countess of Dufferin's Fund and may be awarded either to students who have already passed the Intermediate Examination in Arts or to those who are reading for it. The maximum period of tenure of a stipend will be seven years and the Committee may attach to it such condition as they think fit.

His Excellency in Council is of opinion that as a further inducement to obtain this higher qualification, enhanced salaries on the following scale should be given to those possessing it:—

	Pay.	Allowance when in independent charge.
	Rs.	Rs.
First two years	100	...
3—7	100	25
8—14	125	50
15—21	150	50
22—28	175	50
29—35	200	50

To enable the Committee to meet the expenditure on stipends and to assist, by grants-in-aid, those local bodies which are unable to defray the cost of giving enhanced salaries to medical women possessing higher qualifications than those now employed, the Governor in Council directs that a grant of Rs. 12,000 per annum be made to the Provincial Committee of the Countess of Dufferin's Fund with effect from the 1st April 1912.

H. E. LADY HARDINGE'S LINEN LEAGUE.—The results of the first year's working of Her Excellency Lady Hardinge's Linen League have been most encouraging. The number of articles of various kinds contributed to the League amounts to 2,701, in addition to which Rs. 3,565 have been received in donations and subscriptions. This money has been expended in purchasing extra articles of a similar nature to those already contributed, such as beds, mattresses, pillows, etc., bringing the total up to over 5,000 articles. These have been distributed among 25 Hospitals and Dispensaries in Calcutta, Bengal, Behar, Orissa and Eastern Bengal and Assam. Her Excellency is much gratified by this success and feels greatly indebted to all those ladies and gentlemen who have so kindly responded to the appeal which she issued last cold weather. The gifts have been much appreciated, and Lady Hardinge hopes, therefore, that the public will continue to assist the League in the future in the same liberal spirit as they have done during the past year.

Any information regarding the League can be obtained from the Honorary Secretary, Mrs. C. R. M. Green, at 6, Harrington Street, Calcutta.

MEDICAL COLLEGE.—A Medical College for Women is a great educational need of India. The statement in Mrs. Ramabai Ranade's letter that there is not a single such institution in India is not quite correct, as the Ludhiana School of Medicine has, as we mentioned some time back, been thrown open to all classes. All the same, however, the need especially in Bombay for a Women's Medical College is urgent, and we trust it will be supplied at an early date. Mrs. Ranade's letter runs as follows: "The *Times of India* recently made a powerful appeal in favour of a separate Indian Medical Service for women. May I, through your columns, point out the very obvious need of a separate well-equipped Medical College for women in India. It will be the best memorial of Their Imperial Majesties' visit, and may well be called the Royal Medical College. There is an Arts College (the Bethune College) for women at Calcutta. But there is not a single Medical College exclusively for women in the whole of India. In our Presidency we have little of the *Pardah* system, and I think a Medical College for women at Bombay will be a success. The Seva Sadan Society is about to build a Home and Institute for Indian women on the New Gamdevi Road and will be glad to give every facility to Indian lady students in the proposed Medical College, as well as in the other Colleges. There will be boarding arrangements on a large scale, and even scholarships may be granted."

MEDICAL AID FOR INDIAN WOMEN.—We are glad to learn that a movement has been set on foot in England to induce the Government of India to add to the medical service a special branch consisting of lady physicians with a view to provide aid to "*pardah nashin*" women. In no other country is female medical aid so very poor as in India; and as a result we see the mortality among women and children so very high. Our local boards and municipalities do practically nothing to provide relief. The time has surely come to devote a thought to this subject, to remove a want which is so very seriously felt. Indian ladies must be trained and there must be a preponderance of Indian ladies in the proposed branch. Indian lady doctors know the needs, and susceptibilities of Indian women much better than European ladies; and that is why we are particular about the preponderance of the Indian element. Money spent on the training of Indian women will be money well spent; and it is to be hoped that the movement will commend itself to the Government of India.

INTERMARRIAGES.—Two intermarriages of some note were reported last week. One was the marriage of a princess of Cooh Behar with an Englishman named Mr. Manders, and the other was the marriage of a great-granddaughter of Raja Ram Mohun Roy with a Punjabi gentleman, Dr. Mohunlal Dhinra of Kashmere. The former was celebrated according to Brahmo rites and was registered under Act III of 1872. The latter is reported to have been performed according to the Vedic and Sikh rites. We trust that Government will note the inconvenience of having to observe two rites in such cases in order to keep on the safe side of the law.

"THE GIFT OF SLEEP" by Mr. Bolton Hall is the subject of a review in an American exchange. Although Mr. Hall tells many good and beautiful things about sleep, says our contemporary, the best thing he tells us about it is that we ought not to worry if we do not get it. "The fact," he says, "that we confound rest and sleep makes us regard wakefulness as an evil." The popular notion that all of us need eight hours is sheer nonsense. One man may need less than another, and may need less at one time of his life than at another time. "Sleep," says the author, "is a natural need, and, like any other natural need, varies in degree in different persons. Drowsiness is a sign that we ought to sleep, just as hunger is a sign that we ought to eat. Natural wakefulness means that we ought not to sleep. We are slowly learning that there is no need or function of the body or of the mind that is exactly the same in all individuals, or that is always the same even

in the same individual." Napoleon, Frederick of Prussia and Richard Baxter were satisfied with four hours of sleep, and the author says that Paul Leicester Ford told him that he found four hours enough. Bishop Taylor is cited as believing in three hours, and I have somewhere read that Helmholtz predicted that with the great improvement in artificial light men would come to two hours of sleep.

ARCHBISHOP WHITESIDE says, girls now-a-days can quote Milton, and give a disquisition on art. "But," he adds, "they do not know how to darn stockings or peel potatoes."

SMALLEST WOMAN.—At the Richelieu Hotel, an extraordinary pie was placed on the table at luncheon which caused considerable surprise. When the crust of the pie was removed, to the astonishment of every one, a perfectly dressed little lady stepped from it and bowed charmingly to the assembled diners. She was the "Lady Little" who is now appearing in the Hippodrome and who is the smallest woman in the world. She is only 23 inches in height, and weighs but 12 pounds. She carries herself with much dignity, and joining in the table conversed with the other guests. The contrast between her and others was most marked.

A WOMAN ELECTED HEAD OF A CLAN.—The only case on record where a lady has assumed the headship of her clan recently occurred in the appointment of Miss Menzies of Menzies, the only living representative of the ancient house of that name. A meeting was held in Glasgow with Sir Walter Menzies, M. P. in the chair, at which it was proposed that as the hereditary chieftainship of the clan was dormant, Miss Menzies of

Menzies should be acknowledged as head of the clan, and she was acclaimed as the chieftain of the clan.

TO TREAT A COLD.—The following are recommended to cure a cold. The sufferer should put on extra clothing and walk hard and fast until he perspires. Then to go home, quickly undress and get into a warm bed and take a glassful of hot water or lemonade. If there be cold in the head, put a teaspoonful of camphor in boiling water, make a cone of a thick paper and hold nose and mouth over the smaller opening and hold the vapour 4 or 5 minutes, and the cold generally yields to the treatment.

WOMEN'S HATS.—Women in Ithaca, New York State, have decided to remove their hats in Church. Should all women have this good sense when they go to Church, it will be a great relief to worshippers.

HOW TO KEEP THIN CHINA.—When buying new thin china, put them first in a basin of cold water and allow it to come to a boil. Let them cool in it and then wipe them dry. This prevents their easily cracking.

ONE-ARMED ARTISTIC.—There is an one-armed girl at Yarmouth who turns out excellent tapestry work, and which finds ready sale.

ORIGIN OF BRACELETS.—Bracelets which are now worn so extensively and proudly was once the sign for an insane person. Before lunatics were confined in the asylums they had the armlet put on them to identify them from others.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Acknowledgments for March, 1912

	RS.	A.		RS.	A.
1. Mrs. Gideon, Hyderabad ..	4	0	13. Mrs. B. Rama Rao, Madanapalle ..	4	0
2. Mrs. Handoo, Madras ..	4	0	14. Elya Rane, Kollengode ..	4	0
3. Mrs. Hamnett, Madras ..	4	12	15. T. S. Sreenivasa Rao, Esq., Tanjore ..	4	0
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7. Miss A. Pichamuthu, Madras ..	4	0	19. Mrs. Swaminathan, Madras ..	4	0
8. S. G. Patwardar, Esq., Wardaghanj ..	4	0	20. Mrs. N. Eubramanian, Madras ..	4	0
9. Rajah Ali V. Patel, Esq., Bombay ..	4	0	21. Secretary, Chambers Hall and R. Room, Nellore ..	4	0
10. H. H. The Rane Sahiba of Wadhwan ..	4	0	22. Mrs. H. J. Smith, Madras ..	6	0
11. Mrs. Roy, Tanjore ..	4	0	23. Secretary, Union Club, Madras ..	3	0
12. Mrs. W. Rama Rao, Madras ..	4	0	24. Mrs. Walker, England ..	3	110
					4

PRESS NOTICES

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Messrs. Harrison & Co., the well-known Confectioners of the Broadway, Georgetown, supply not only the people of Madras with ices, wedding cakes, sweets, biscuits and many sorts of confectionery, but promptly attend to country orders in every part of Southern India. A visit to their establishment is very interesting, for almond paste, chocolate and other things of their floral sweetmeats may be seen in the making; and visitors can satisfy themselves as for the cleanliness of the surroundings and the genuineness of the sweetmeats which are commonly supposed to come direct from Paris. A Gramophone plays twice a week, and excellent meals are served upstairs. Ladies who are shopping in Georgetown can get a quiet cup of tea in the garden, on the terrace, where pretty trees and shrubs give a pleasant shade, and chairs and tables are provided.

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Edited by C. S. RAMASWAMY IYER

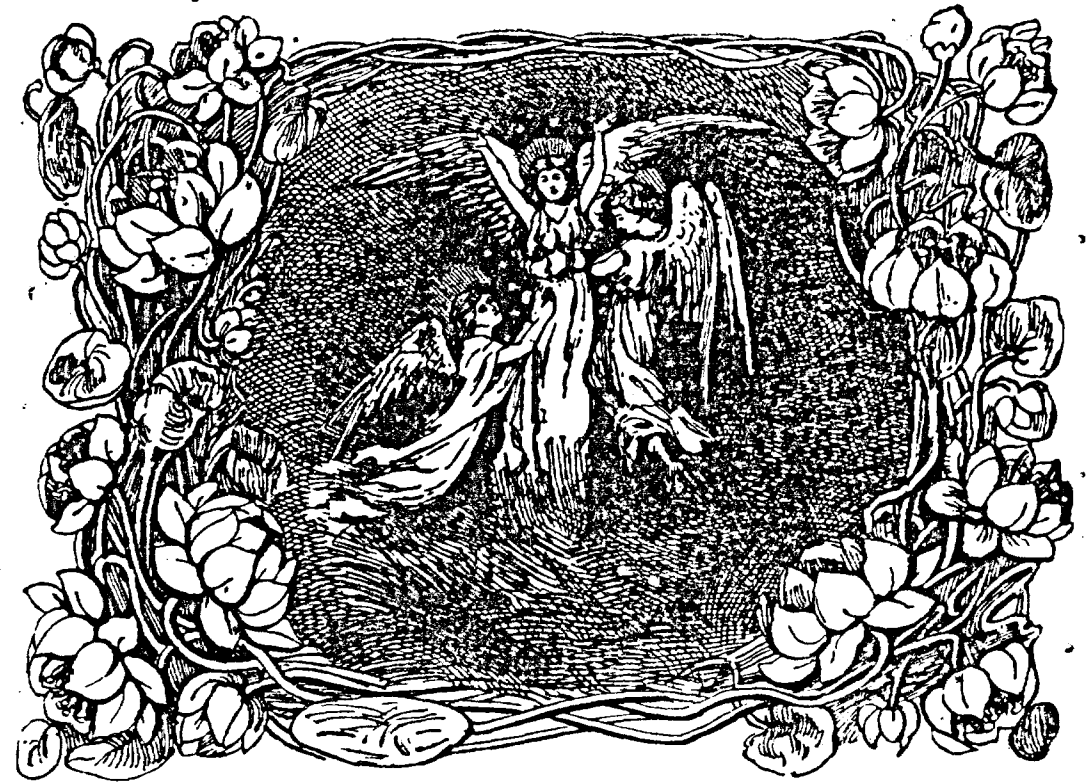
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THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

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, MAY, 1912

[No. 41]

PEACE

Heart goodness shows its truth in self restraint,
In acts of peace and kindness. Hand and heart
Are one thing with the good, as thou shouldst be.
Corruption's splendour hath no vital power.
Content in sin shows apathy, not peace.
All things that speak of heaven speak peace.
Peace hath more might than war. High brows are calm.
The host of stars is still. Their silence weighs
More mightily with the mind than though they spake
Thousand tongued, musically; and truths like suns
Die not; though systems round them come and go.

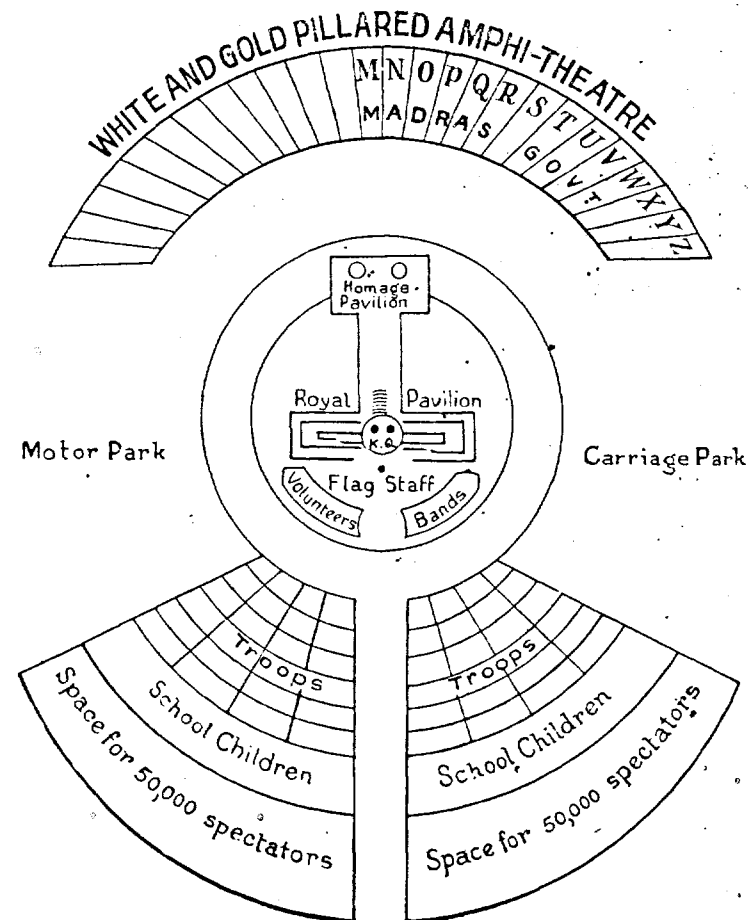
—Selected.

Glimpses of the Delhi Durbar—III

By LADY BENSON

EVERY one was up early on Tuesday, December 12th, the great Durbar Day. It seemed as if the day ought to dawn differently, that it was hardly right that on such a wonderful and historic day, one should have chotahazerie and breakfast as on ordinary mornings! The air was bright and clear, the skies blue, and all felt that every thing was being as propitious as possible. Type-written directions had been distributed to the occupants of each tent in the camp as to the hour of starting, and the method of conveyance to the Durbar amphitheatre. Our directions said that a Ford motor would be at our tent door at 9.30 A. M. and that an officer of the Indian Police would accompany us. So at 9.30 we were ready, my

husband in his Judge's red silk robe over a black velvet court suit and a full bottomed wig. We drove off, following a route we had never traversed before. The roads were lined with soldiers on both sides, there was no crush in spite of the enormous numbers of motors and carriages; all moved forward in orderly procession. As we approached the amphitheatre, men met us with tickets, one ticket was attached to the motor, and a corresponding one given to the owner of the car. After alighting, we were shewn up to our particular block-entrance which was "Block P." We walked up a flight of about thirty steps, and found ourselves inside a huge, broad, covered, white and gold-pillared Amphitheatre, the projecting eaves of which were upheld by richly carved white brackets of Hindu design. From this amphitheatre we looked directly on to the Royal Durbar Hoag shamiana, and away to the great central domed pavilion, and beyond that again to the much larger uncovered amphitheatre. This will give you a little idea of the plan:—



For more than an hour a stream of people kept pouring into the covered amphitheatre, and finding their places. The front row of all had very handsome carved arm-chairs, beautifully upholstered, and the occupants were given the option of purchasing these chairs for Rs. 200 each as a memento of the day. We were seated in the second row, behind Their Excellencies, The Governor of Madras and Lady Carmichael and the Maharajah of Travancore, and the Rajah of Cochin. All the rows were raised, so that one's vision was quite unimpeded. The Governor and Lady Carmichael had on either side of them the Maharajah of Travancore, and the Rajah of Cochin, two of the Travancore Princes were in the second row. As there was plenty of time to spare before the arrival of Their Imperial Majesties, we took a little walk round the amphitheatre to see how the different Governments and Principalities were accommodated. It was an amazing assemblage of Governors and Members of Council clad in rich gold-embroidered coats, with white silk breeches and stockings, and cocked hats; Judges in scarlet robes, and long wigs; Indian Princes and Nobles in every description of gold and silver brocade, embossed velvet and embroidered garments and turbans, wearing necklaces and aigrettes of diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. All the troops were in position, and so were the massed bands, with their conductor perched on a very lofty platform by himself. So were the school children, for whom 6,000 places had been reserved. Their position could be recognized by the masses of colour. The occupants of one block were all dressed in pale yellow, of another block in green and of another in blue, and so on. It was feared at one time that the standing accommodation for spectators had been provided on too liberal a scale, and that, if not filled, the effect would be patchy, and detract from the general appearance of the Durbar; but these fears proved to be quite groundless. Every inch of standing ground was occupied. On the roof of our amphitheatre photographers and owners of cinematographs had taken up their position. At the end corner of the roof was a signaller with a flag, who signalled to the bandmaster throughout the Durbar ceremony when to strike up the national anthem, and so on. It was thrilling to watch the waving of that flag! Just as the exciting time was approaching, 800 mutiny veterans marched into the arena to take up their places, to the strains of "See the conquering hero comes" and all the vast throng cheered heartily. The poor old heroes were within an ace of being late and missing the whole Durbar! This was owing to the enormous crowds on the Durbar Circular Railway, the veterans were kept waiting for 1½ hours on a

side platform, before they could be taken on. That little railway carried daily from 20,000 to 25,000 people between Delhi and the Camps!

No sooner had the veterans taken their seats than the Viceroy's splendid bodyguard, out riders, and carriage appeared. They were received with salutes by the troops massed in the arena, and by the guards of honour. Everyone in the amphitheatre rose, and remained standing until their Excellencies entered the Durbar shamiana and took their seats, a little to one side behind the Royal chairs. By this time everyone was on the tiptoe of expectation. Their Imperial Majesties left their camp at 11.30, attended by two equestrian regiments on horseback, and with an escort of one regiment of British cavalry, a battery of Royal Horse Artillery, the body guard, Imperial cadet corps, and one regiment of Indian cavalry. We knew they were approaching by the crackling of the feu-de-joie firing as they passed along the route, and again as they entered the far end of the larger amphitheatre opposite to us, after which the royal salute of 101 guns began to boom. On they came, preceded by the Royal heralds on horseback, blowing blasts on their silver trumpets. These heralds in their brilliant red and gold coats of the Royal arms of England looked so like knights out of a fairy tale, it was no wonder that the whole scene took on a magic touch, which reached its highest point when the King and Queen wearing their Golden crowns and robes of state appeared in their splendid carriage and four, with outriders, and red and gold umbrella and emblems of state held over them.

The whole assemblage rose and hurrahs and shouts rent the air. The Viceroy and Lady Hardinge rose, and went forward to receive Their Majesties, Lady Hardinge courtesying low. The little Indian prince-pages followed. It took quite a long time for Their Majesties to get out of the carriage, as the robes they were wearing had very long and heavy trains, and these had to be lifted out and arranged in the hands of their pages before they could advance slowly up the steps to their seats in the shamiana. It must have been no easy matter for the King and Queen, so heavily weighted, and with their crowns on, to have stepped out of that high carriage with slow dignity, and without any contretemps! They slowly walked up the steps to the chairs, stood for a minute bowing, while the massed bands played the national anthem, and the royal standard was hoisted; and then they took their seats. It was as splendid a picture as could be imagined to see them there with the little Indian Princes grouped around them at their feet, seated on the corners of the pedestal on which the royal chairs were placed.

The King-Emperor wore an Imperial Crown, consisting of a band of diamonds one and three quarter inches wide, studded with four large emeralds, and large sapphires. Above this were four crosses, alternating with four *fleur de lis* with emeralds in the centre. From these sprang eight diamond arches supporting the orb or monde, which was surmounted by a Maltese cross in diamonds, with a large square of emeralds in the centre. The cap was of purple velvet, turned up with ermine. His Majesty wore an Imperial purple robe, white satin breeches and silk stockings, and the collars of the Order of the Garter and the Star of India.

The Queen Empress wore a white satin robe, embroidered with a design of gold roses, thistles and shamrock, with a border of lotus flowers. The Star of India was embroidered in front of the dress. She also wore a robe of purple velvet, trimmed with an ermine border and gold bands, the Order of the Garter, the Order of the Crown of India, ornaments of diamonds and emeralds, a diadem of diamonds, and an emerald necklace and brooches.

The pages in attendance on the King Emperor were Bir Singh of Orcha, Krishna Singh of Bharatpur, Hindum Zafar Khan, (a grandson of the Begum of Bhopal) Bisewar Singh of Idar, and the Maharaj Kumar of Bikanir.

Those attending on the Queen were the Maharaj Kumar of Faridkot, and the Maharaj Kumar of Rewa. Those attending on the Governor General were Kurram Singh of Orcha, and Bahadur Singh Thakur Sahib of Palitana; Lady Hardinge's train was supported by Rafi Kullah Khan, a grandson of the Begum of Bhopal.

As soon as the King-Emperor and Queen-Empress were seated, the master of the ceremonies came forward to obtain the King Emperor's command to open the Durbar. This was signified by a flourish of trumpets and a roll of drums from the massed bands. Then the King Emperor rose and in a loud voice read an address to the assemblage. Unfortunately I cannot now find a copy of this address. It was, as far as I can remember, stating his reasons for holding the Durbar, and expressing his love for his Indian subjects, and his wishes for their welfare, prosperity and contentment. It was such a nice address, and you can fancy how the King was cheered!

Immediately after the King had taken his seat, the acts of homage began. The Queen-Empress really looked beautiful as she sat there, with the Crown on her sunny hair, her bright cheeks and blue eyes, holding herself splendidly, and wearing those gorgeous robes, the gold embroidery in front, a rich web of lovely flowery design,

looked so *light* as well as rich. They both looked most regal.

The ceremony of bringing up each person was very elaborate, slow, and dignified.

The first to come was the Viceroy. He advanced a few slow steps, and then bowed low, then a few more steps, and again bowed, then a few more steps to the foot of the throne, and then made the lowest bow of all, then two steps aside and a bow to the Queen and then two steps aside, and several steps backwards, a bow, and more steps backwards, and he was succeeded by the next man.

This was Sir O'Moore Creagh, the commander-in-chief, who looked very splendid with his masses of medals, and his plumed helmet. He went through the same forms as the Viceroy, and so did all the Ordinary Members of the Governor General's Executive Council. They were followed by the new Nizam, who had only recently become Ruler of Hyderabad on the death of his father.

The homage of the Maharajah of Mysore was in very marked contrast to his predecessor. He looked such a magnificent Prince and gentleman. It was most interesting seeing the Maharajah of Kashmir, and the rulers of Rajputana, Central India, Baluchistan, and Sikkim and Bhutan advance in turn and pay their homage. The chiefs of Sikkim and Bhutan bent low at the steps below the thrones, and fluttered out great scarves of silk at the feet of the Emperor and Empress. This was a most novel and interesting form of homage. The above were the eight principal Rulers, and after them followed 35 sets of Governors, Judges, Councillors, and Ruling Chiefs in political relation with the Governments of Madras, Bombay, Bengal, United Provinces, Punjab, Burma, Eastern Bengal, Assam, Central Provinces, Baluchistan, North West Frontier Province.

Each and all were dressed in their "very best," and *such* a best! Daday Khan, the well known Madras embroiderer, told me that his embroidery for several of the Princes was worked on satin that cost Rs. 18 a yard, minus the embroidery! The whole scene was like a pageant in fairy land. When the homage ceremony was over, the King and Queen rose; the Princelet pages, so serious-eyed and dignified, took their places on either side of the King and Queen's trains, and held them up. Lord Crewe (Secretary of State) and Lord Durham (Lord High Steward) preceded Their Imperial Majesties with gold sticks in their hands, *walking backwards* before them. Golden umbrellas were held over the King and Queen. They advanced hand in hand and were followed, in procession, by Their Excellencies the Governor General and Lady Hardinge, the Minister in

attendance, His Highness the Duke of Teck, (the Queen's brother) the Duchess of Devonshire, the Countess of Shaftesbury and the Hon'ble Venetia Baring and at a suitable interval the remainder of the suite in attendance. All rose as the King-Emperor and Queen-Empress left the thrones in the Durbar shamiana, and remained standing until Their Imperial Majesties were seated in the royal pavilion. The massed band played a slow march as the procession moved by. I cannot tell you how splendid that procession looked, specially when walking up the lofty flight of steps leading up to the gold-domed royal pavilion. There Their Majesties stood, on the highest summit of all, quite alone! On the right of the second tier stood the Viceroy and Lady Hardinge, and on the left the Duke of Teck, the Duchess of Devonshire, the countess of Shaftesbury, and the Hon'ble Venetia Baring, while the pages were grouped around.

The staffs stood on the next lower platform. The bands then sounded a summons to the heralds, who with the trumpeters were posted outside. They replied with a flourish of trumpets and rode up to the amphitheatre. Outside the "spectators' mound" they halted again, and sounded another flourish, and then rode to the front of the royal pavilion, formed up, and sounded a third flourish. The herald was then commanded to read in English the Royal Proclamation announcing the solemnity of His Imperial Majesty's Coronation in London on June 22nd 1911, after which the assistant herald read the same Proclamation in Urdu, and the trumpets sounded again. As the blast died away, all the massed Bands thundered out the national anthem, and the troops presented arms, every soul in the assemblage stood up, the royal salute of 101 guns was fired, and those outside the arena fired a *feu-de-joie*. Then His Excellency the Governor General, by command of the King-Emperor, read His Gracious Majesty's commands, which were received with continued cheering. These related to the *grant of 50 lakhs* for the promotion of truly popular *education*, adding that "it is the firm intention of the Government to add to the grant now announced further grants in future years on a generous scale;" to concessions to the army of half a month's pay to all whose pay did not exceed Rs. 50 a month; and further graciously ordained that from henceforth the loyal Indian officers and reservists of his Indian army should be eligible for the grant of the Victoria Cross for valour. These boons were followed by a long list of others, relating to grants of land, Budgets, and pensions and an award of a month's pay to all permanent servants in the civil employ of Government whose pay did not exceed the sum of Rs. 50 a month. The trumpeters blew

another fan-fare. The herald raised his helmet high above his head, and standing high in his stirrups shouted for three cheers for the King-Emperor. A thunderous outburst responded and was repeated again and again. The shouting reverberated to the camps, and the city, and all Imperial Delhi knew that the King-Emperor had been proclaimed in its midst. The herald's voice was again lifted calling for three cheers for the Queen-Empress, which were vociferously given. The procession was then reformed, and their Imperial Majesties descended slowly, hand in hand, from the royal pavilion and returned to the shamiana pavilion. To our surprise and great pleasure, the King-Emperor, after they had first taken their seats, rose and read aloud himself the great historical announcement of the transfer of the capital of India from Calcutta to Delhi. The announcement simply took everyone's breath away! Never before in history I suppose, had a state secret been so well kept! No one had an inkling of it beforehand, and it is thought that among the hundreds of thousands in that assemblage not ten people knew of it beforehand! It was so astounding and unthought of, that for quite a long time no one would venture an opinion. But without venturing an opinion, a vision flashed before one of Delhi re-created, the airy fabric of the snowy white-tented city of the Durbar to be realized in stone, and the thread of history, broken off when the Moghul dynasty died out—to be taken up again and worked up by English and Indians together into a noble and splendid fabric. Not as in old days for the good of the *Rulers* alone, but for the good of the peoples of the great continent themselves. True it would be only a continuance of the same policy which had always been carried out by the British Government, a policy bent on the development of the people and country by railroads, irrigation works, schools, hospitals, engineering, and local self-government. But by focussing the motive power and driving force in old historic Delhi, it would surely appeal to the people of the whole land, forming with authority from themselves, as well as from the British: they would feel that they were indeed members of the great Empire, and take a pride and more personal interest in the new developments and improvements.

Later on, in his speech to the Delhi Municipality, the King voiced the feeling of all his loyal subjects when he said:—

"I pray that this Empire, of which Delhi is now the capital, may ever stand for peace and progress, justice and prosperity, and that it may add to your city still brighter chapters of greatness and glory."

As the King-Emperor was making his stupendous announcement to a breathlessly still

and silent assemblage, in the clear blue sky groups of vultures floated overhead wheeling and circling, round and round in the air. They evidently expected a rich harvest of victims, or in the old days such a concourse of people could only have been drawn together for battle and death, for massacres and pitiless loot and wholesale spoliation, for prisoners to be taken and trampled to death by elephants, and men and women to be butchered in cold blood.

It was not so very long since Nadir Shah in 1739 had invaded the city and repeated the awful massacre of Timur the Tartar. For fifty-eight days he plundered the rich and poor without distinction and returned home with a booty estimated at nine million sterling. In 1759 the Emperor himself was murdered by the heartless Ghazi-ud-din, and later still Shah Alum II was defeated and his eyes put out. If vultures live as long as parrots (over a hundred years), and can remember themselves, or have hereditary instinctive memory of former events, it is no wonder they hovered overhead expectant of a rich harvest of victims; that such hundreds of thousands should be gathered together in peace and goodwill, in friendship and harmony, had not been heard of before in Indian History; it was a new experience for the vultures! The enormous contrast between the past and the present would never perhaps be so strongly brought into juxtaposition again!

As the echoes of the cheers that greeted the announcement died away, the master of the ceremonies came forward and asked the King-Emperor's permission to "close the Durbar," whereupon the massed bands played the national anthem, the whole assemblage standing. Then their Imperial Majesties moved down to the carriage, their pages and suite in attendance, and drove away with all the stately pomp and ceremony of their arrival, preceded by the heralds and troops. Every one cheered as long as they could. The Viceroy and Lady Hardinge followed next with their body guard, and then in due order of precedence followed the Governors and Princes, and Rulers, "and all intrusted with authority in this land." Little by little the vast assemblage melted away, the motors fussed up, carriages and horses rolled past, and that most memorable event was over!

After the departure of Their Majesties, and the occupants of the amphitheatre seats, the crowds outside rushed forward, and running to the central coronation pavilion, before the police or troops could prevent it, ascended to the royal throne and bowing and kneeling kissed in adoration the place where their Emperor and Empress had stood a few minutes before. They took away as relics handfuls of dust from the place where the King-Emperor had stood, for they look

upon the King as divine! For twelve long hours this wonderful, spontaneous, unrehearsed homage continued! I only wish we could have seen it. There is a remarkable picture of it drawn by an artist on the spot, in the "Sphere" for January 6, 1912, a picture well worth possessing and preserving. I cannot close this paper better than by quoting the words of the English correspondent to the *Times of London* in which he summed up his impressions of the marvellous scenes of the day.

"All these proceedings were invested with profound and moving dignity. There was not, either at this moment, or later, a single jarring note, no slip in the ceremonial, no awkward pause, no lapse into merely histrionic effect. From first to last, the Durbar partook of the character of a solemn rite performed with stately and almost sacramental fervour, tinged with high emotions; the outward manifestation of an episode, which touched the lives and destinies of countless millions. One is forced to write mainly of its spectacular side, but no one who stood on the plains of Delhi to-day can have failed to feel that it recalled and symbolized the long and majestic story of two races, whose fate has become interwoven, that it expressed the promise of a still more glorious, and more closely united future. It epitomized the centuries; it made visions of the years to come seem real and immediate. Ships sailing into unknown seas, handfuls of men battling amid myriads, had set in motion a train of events culminating in this mighty gathering; all the past strife and turmoil of India, the splendour and the misery, the conquests which flowered and bore fruit, and were overwhelmed in chaos, had been a preparation for this day of days, in which princes and peoples gathered, after more than fifty years of tranquillity, to do glad homage to a British Emperor, who came as guarantor of peace and upholder of justice and freedom. One felt, as one gazed upon the scene, that the Durbar was not the apotheosis of a tinsel imperialism; it was the ritual of that unreasoned but increasing faith which has linked the people of a distant island with the ancient nations of the East in a common striving towards an exalted end.

Despite past differences, the mutual aims of Indians and Englishmen to-day found united expression in joyful devotion to the Crown."



Their Excellencies Sir George and Lady Clark's visit to Janjira.



THE distinguished visitors have come and gone—and all is quiet again. A curious stir and excitement prevailed in the quiet town of Murud. There was bustle and hurry all over and a spontaneous fervour on the part of all to offer their best help and combined efforts in giving

a magnificent and hearty reception to the notable guests—their strenuous labour was indeed crowned with mighty success.

It was a distinct mark of friendliness on the part of His Excellency the Governor to accept the invitation of His Highness the Nawabsahib of Janjira and condescend to come over and perform the opening ceremonies of two important buildings in the State and more specially at a time of the year when the work is so heavy.

The lovely town of Murud was gay with tasteful decorations with bunting, flags, palm-leaves and arches, which elicited admirable comments.

The Palace, originally a veritable storehouse of rare objects of art of personal choice and selection, now looked a magical fairy land of art treasures. All round was a perfect harmony of tones. On each carved door-way hung an exquisite specimen of gold cloth and old embroideries, difficult to procure in these days. The subdued hues of the carpets shed a radiance, fragrance escaped from the choice blooms of Her Highness' favourite garden, scenting the atmosphere. Mr. S. R. Samuel's paintings with which the walls were adorned gave evidence of the artist's power of accomplishment as a great painter. Her Highness the Begum Sahiba's portrait is one which makes one dumb with admiration and wonder.

Their Excellencies' staff consisted of four guests, three ladies and one gentleman and three officers on board.

His Excellency the Governor's steamer was sighted at 2:30 p.m., and his arrival at the Murud port was announced by the booming of guns, and the proceedings of the programme commenced and ended without a hitch. His Highness the Nawabsahib with the State Dewan and Political Agent, Mr. Kabraji, went to meet His Excellency on board the steamer.

Her Highness the Begum Sahiba, accompanied by Mrs. Kabraji and myself, received Her Excellency at the Bunder and drove to the Bazm Mahal in motors.

The programmes for both parties fitted in very well, as during the time His Excellency was engaged in the opening ceremony of the State hospital—which was named "The Fatima Begum Shaffakhana" after the Nawabsahib's deceased mother—Her Excellency was occupied in a similar function, i.e., the opening of the Bazm Mahal and the proceedings of this event were as follows:—

PROGRAMME

Programme of the opening ceremony of the Bazm Mahal and the annual Gathering of the Bazm-Ittihad.

1. Her Highness the Begum Sahiba will meet Her Excellency at the Bunder and drive with her to the Bazm Mahal.

2. Her Excellency will be received by the members of the managing Committee who will be introduced to Her Excellency by Her Highness.

3. Her Highness will then request Her Excellency to declare the Bazm Mahal open.

4. After this ceremony is over Her Excellency will be conducted to a seat inside the Hall by Her Highness. Her Highness will then request Her Excellency to take the chair.

5. Welcome song.

6. A short annual Report of the Bazm will be read by Miss Atiya Fyze in English on behalf of the Secretaries. A vote of thanks will then be proposed and seconded for the retiring Committee.

7. Her Highness will thank Her Excellency for gracing the auspicious occasion with her presence.

8. Presidential Address.

9. Inspection of ladies' work in which His Excellency will join.

10. Their Excellencies will be garlanded and will leave amidst cheers for the Palace.

His Excellency the Governor joined in the inspection of the ladies' work done by the members, with which the spacious hall of the Bazm was furnished. All appeared impressed and pleased with the graceful and numerous specimens displayed.

Her Highness the Begum Sahiba presented Her Excellency with a beautiful piece of hand-made lace and a hand-made garland and a bouquet. This was an extraordinary composition of roses and leaves artistically worked and arranged in the shape of a garland and a bouquet. A similar bouquet was presented to His Excellency. They drove to the Palace for tea, went over the entire building and saw a portion of the garden as well, and left at 6 p.m. amidst cheers. Her Highness here presented both with bouquets of lovely roses from her own garden.

Their Excellencies repeatedly expressed much pleasure with all that they saw and appeared highly gratified with their short but happy visit.

HER EXCELLENCY'S SPEECH

YOUR HIGHNESS, MISS FYZEE, AND LADIES,

I thank you most heartily for the warm welcome you have given me to-day and for the very kind expressions you have used with regard to me. I can only say that I shall never forget the cordial manner in which I was received by the Indian ladies on my arrival in this wonderful country, and any little services I have been able to render them can only express a tithe of the gratitude I shall always feel for the warmth of their welcome. Her Highness the Begum Sahiba was one of the first Indian ladies I had the pleasure of meeting, when she came with Miss Fyzee to see me, and we met again like the same afternoon at a large party which was very kindly given in my honour to introduce me to the Indian ladies. I shall always remember the wonderful sight displayed that evening—my first experience of anything of the kind. From that day it has been my great pleasure to do all that lies in my power for my Indian sisters and I can assure you that His Excellency and I are most pleased to have this opportunity of visiting Janjira and seeing you in your own home. The cause that brings me here to-day is one that must appeal strongly to everyone who has the interest of the Indian ladies at heart, and I congratulate His Highness most sincerely on the kind thought that prompted him to build this Hall for their use and amusement. It is not likely that any English woman, even those who have visited India, can have any real conception of the secluded and monotonous lives led by many Indian ladies, and now that a movement has been made to bring them out more and to encourage them to meet each other in such places as this and take a part in social life, their characters will develop, their minds will expand and their homes will be happier, because they will be better able to share the interests of their husbands and be true helpmates. Only last month Her Highness the Begum of Bhopal addressed the ladies of her State at the Ladies' Club, as I dare say many of you know, giving them a short account of her experiences in Europe. I cannot do better than quote some passages from her speech—she said:—

"It is on account of education that Europe is the most progressive country in the world . . . Members of the Club, you should therefore make the education of your sex the chief object of your lives; you should help the poor and always remember that the best of all things you can do is to help the members of your sex to get a good education. Remember that among us, even if one generation gets a good education, the ship of our country will be steered clear of the rocks of poverty and shoals of ignorance. . . . Educate

yourself therefore if you wish to improve your condition and to achieve successes in this world."

I hope you will all follow the advice of this great leader of Mahomedan women, and do not think that because you may be grown up and married your education should stop. I am prompted to give you this warning as the result of a conversation I had lately with a young Mahomedan who said,—when I asked if his wife aged 20 was learning English, as he is a good English scholar himself,—she was past the age for education, that men do not cease to learn when they are married, but it is not customary for women to continue their education after a certain age.—Social intercourse in a Club like this is an education in itself, for it gives ample opportunities to learn from others and it is difficult to estimate the amount we affect one another, the humblest and the weakest in her daily course can if she will shed around her a heaven; kindly words, sympathising attentions, watchfulness against wounding the sensitiveness of others, are priceless in their value, these things are almost the staple of our daily happiness and here you have an opportunity of practising these virtues, and contact with others will help you, and awaken in you the consciousness of responsibility.

HER HIGHNESS THE BEGUM SAHIBA'S SPEECH

YOUR EXCELLENCY,

It is my duty to thank Your Excellency for taking the great trouble of coming over to Janjira and it is a deep pleasure to me to offer a very warm and cordial welcome from us all to His Excellency Sir George Clarke and yourself to our little State.

2. It is extremely good of you to kindly consent not only to open the Bazm Mahal but also to preside at the Bazme-Ittihad's Annual Gathering.

3. This event is marked and made doubly conspicuous by its coming off in the epoch-making year of Their Imperial Majesties King George and Queen Mary's memorable visit to India which is of such Historic significance to their Indian subjects.

4. Though Your Excellency's stay in India has been so short, the interest you have evinced in the welfare and happiness of the Indian women is so well known that I need not make more than a passing remark upon it. We all know how graciously you have responded to the various calls and shown such genuine sympathy on similar occasions—thus endearing your kind self more and more. For Your Excellency this is merely one of the numerous functions of the

kind you have attended. But to me and to the ladies of Habsan I can assure you this day will ever be remembered with feelings of joy, and now once more I thank you heartily on behalf of the Bazme-Ittihad and myself for your extreme kindness to us.

MISS ATIYA FYZEE SAHEB'S SPEECH.

YOUR EXCELLENCY, YOUR HIGHNESS & SISTERS,

At the request of the Secretaries I have the pleasure of reading in English a short report of the working of the Bazme-Ittihad. The present occasion is a landmark in the history of the progress of the Bazm which aims at free and intellectual intercourse between the ladies of different classes and creeds.

2. The magnificent gift of this Hall for the use of the Bazm is a clear evidence of His Highness' usual liberality and interest and assures us of his appreciation of our work. This occasion, namely, the opening of the Bazm Mahal sets upon the Institution the stamp of stability and permanency; this, in itself is a matter of no small satisfaction and pride in India where social movements and institutions are notorious for dying speedy and untimely deaths and sinking into obscurity and inertia. The idea of some such association for ladies first originated with Her Highness the Begum Sahiba, whose tender heart was deeply touched to see the life of social seclusion and sickly monotony led by local women. Eventually Her Highness' idea crystallized into a definite form and the present Bazm was started in 1909. Since then the Bazm has advanced and prospered even beyond expectation under the fostering and watchful care of Her Highness, who has practically inculcated upon us the valuable lesson that when merit and goodness join hands with perseverance, success is certain. Even in the short three years the Bazm, though its field is limited, has done such a practical work and shown such a progress as will satisfy even a fastidious critic. It has organised a series of weekly lectures and occasional exhibitions of artistic work done by its members. It has tried to cultivate music and other womanly accomplishments and to promote a love for healthy outdoor exercise among the local women without giving any paralysing shock to orthodox minds.

3. In order that a definite idea may be formed of the work of the Bazm, I will now submit before Your Excellency a short account of the year.

4. The number of members is fifty-five, of whom twenty-six are Mahomedans and the rest Hindus. This number includes three life members, two honorary members, Her Highness the Begum Sahiba being the Patroness and President of the Association. During the year, the Bazm

held thirty-one sittings and the average attendance was about one-third. I would chiefly mention that at the last Annual Gathering the Exhibition of needle-work showed such a remarkable success, that we were tempted to lay it open to the State Officers who were much impressed with the beautiful work done.

5. The Bazm's literary activity can be estimated from the thirty essays read during the current year. These essays dealt with all sorts of subjects that are interesting and also practically useful to women.

6. The Financial condition of the Bazm is very prosperous. In spite of the various demands, the balance on hand to-day is very satisfying.

7. In conclusion I may add that the opening of the Bazm Mahal will give an additional impetus to our activities and we shall make still further progress with a will that overcomes all obstacles.

Life's One Task

THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHARACTER



HE first method, and that which sets its seal on all other methods of developing character, is a good, holy, happy and peaceful home, where refinement reigns supreme, cheerfulness is the key-note to all that is done there, gentleness the general rule, and religion the motive-power;

where healthy discipline is maintained with no undue restraint of any pure pleasure and innocent merriment, where one cannot help being free and yet must not take undue liberty and can be familiar without being vulgar, and where all trust one another with the most implicit and tacit confidence and faith in the good motive and end in view of every unselfish service rendered spontaneously, without the least unwillingness, and naturally. It is here that a child first begins to imitate the conduct, and follow the example, of his elders, especially of the parents. An ill-tempered child, for example, may be so not only from an inherited tendency, but also, and perhaps more so, as the result of unconsciously having imitated the parents' lack of control over themselves. How very careful then should parents be in their deportment and behaviour in the presence of their children! Nor should they forget that they are very grievously in error and very seriously at fault, if they either expect, or

even intend, to help their children on the one hand in cultivating what is seemly and proper in conduct from their very youngest days, without, on the other hand, helping them towards curbing and restraining themselves from all outbursts of passion, impatience, and selfishness of any and every sort. Nature does not forbid or prevent our breathing fresh air from our infancy: but the rather are we so made, that our physical growth and development would cease, if we did not breathe. Could it then be too much to expect of parents that they take well in hand, at the earliest possible opportunity and at the earliest possible stage in their children's existence, their spiritual, moral and intellectual training which is more important and has far greater and infinitely more serious results than the physical training?

Home being the first, the next important factor in the development of character is companions. We all unconsciously imitate those who are our most intimate friends and constant companions. None of us can ever help doing so. Children should, therefore, be taught and that too in the home, what qualities in others they should first appreciate and then imitate as well as not admire or cultivate. As the mother, in the story told me at the Training College, trained her son how properly to blend colours together in his paintings by continually bringing before him such coloured woollens in her knitting as blended well and tastefully, so must every parent strive to bring their children continually in contact with none, as far as possible, but those, whom, in their opinion, their children will be all the better for knowing.

It is again in the home that the first seeds of religion are sown in the hearts of children, to mature into faith and belief later—faith and belief such as give colour to their lives. Here it must not be forgotten that the religious training of a child should be the very fundamental basis of his training in other respects, and that he will never eventually become either religious or spiritually minded in the least as a matter of course; but the spirit of true religion must be cultivated in the home. And, in the home, what better, nay! what sweeter, holier place is there than a loving mother's tender lap at which to learn to lip our first orisons? From the mother, who first feeds us, must come also the food for our souls, to strengthen and refresh in our childhood. Read by her, and from her lips, must we first hear what our religion has to teach. And, led by her voice, must we first begin to sing our praises and our thanksgivings.

It is religion that teaches man what his destiny is; it is religion that teaches him what he must do to attain that destiny; and it is religion

again that helps him to do what he must in regard to this. What is man's destiny? As I sit at my table I can picture to myself some giant rock that has stood for ages, while one nation after another has risen and fallen, whose empires having had their day have now ceased to be, as do all empires. They come, and they go. Governments have changed; social customs and systems of education have all changed; the old gods have also gone away—even their images are not, while the temples once consecrated to them are now dedicated to Him Whom all mankind from its very genesis have sought after and Whom some have found; but this rock still remains. On the plains at its broad base many a bloody battle has been fought, glorious victories won, shameful defeats sustained, and terrible reverses met with. In height it seems to soar right up to the very zenith of our vision, while on its top the king of birds has built itserie. Along its ledges many varieties of animals feed the livelong day or bask in the heat of the noon-day sun.

It is a very monster in the way it can inspire with abject fear and pardonable alarm those that dare entertain the audaciously bold idea of making the attempt to climb to the top, whence may be seen the deep and broad river winding its way along, appearing from so great a height like a boa-constrictor, while the craft that ply on its sullen waters look like the toy-boats children are allowed to play with. The graceful foliage of the luxuriant palms and of the rich life-sustaining vegetation pleases the eye, stretching far and wide in layers upon layers of verdant green for miles around, away down to the horizon in the distance, where on more than one side is the deep blue sea appearing as calmly still as a lake, the clear line, where the two blues join distinctly seen even from such great distance, proving from its curve the rotundity of the earth as well as from the way it interferes with our vision of a vessel coming toward, or going away from us. Thence may we see men toiling at their work, that with the sweat of their brow they may eat their bread, or wending their way along to their appointed tasks, seen no bigger than, and in size more like, little ants, than those whom these insignificant creatures with their still more insignificant minds cannot comprehend any more than can man with his limited knowledge comprehend his Maker. Look there and look here—what flights of birds! What an almost eternal stillness reigns supreme, able to inspire even the sceptic with awe and fear and reverence!

But ah me! Who be those men? Surely they are from the king of the land? The royal decree having gone forth, they have come with the mandate that this mighty rock, impregnable

and unassailable as many thought it to be, be blasted. Bit by bit therefore this huge pile is laid low by this vast army of the king's engineers. But why does he not stop there? For here come his masons. And soon, shaped and smoothed and polished, slab by slab—of a variety of sizes and of a variety of shapes, well nigh the whole rock is removed, its pieces borne on the back of many beasts of burden, these also of different kinds and various sizes, as well as in conveyances of one sort and another.

I can also let my imagination dwell on what is hard by this rock. It is a tree. No! not one tree but several trees are there, abounding in the forest close at hand. Their roots go ever so deep into the soil, there to ramify again and again, forming a beautiful network of rootlets intertwining one another in all directions. Their branches give ample shade by day to the hunter tired by the chase or to the weary gatherer of twigs for fuel; and by night graceful antlered monarchs of the chase, fleet of foot and noble in appearance, having drunk their fill at the rill near by, where the silvery moon does oftentimes dance, choose to make their midnight lair beneath the shade of these mighty, silent witnesses to the wonder-working power of the Creator, Who not only has called into being such giants as these trees are, but also during their existence—sustains and develops them. Birds of rare and beautiful plumage, of sizes various and notes enchanting, have been wont to warble forth their matins morning by morning on the branches of these trees, announcing to the dwellers around and one to another the fact of the day's return, heralded far away in the east now gorgeously resplendent with the advent of another dawn. Some of these trees—if they could only talk—would tell you how they have witnessed the solemn pledging of their troth by faithful lovers to one another; they would tell you of men, strong and able, endowed with will divine and godlike and supreme, who have chosen to weep in the midst of this loneliness, ashamed and considering it a weakness as well as want of manhood and lack of courage to give way to their heart-rending sorrows and soul-racking griefs elsewhere; and they would witness to having seen how the reprobate, unable to repent, would come and abandon himself to abject despair and utter despondency over his hopeless condition—the result of wasted opportunities, misused talents, misdirected energies and a life irrevocably lost and doomed as well as irreparably wretched. Simultaneously with the blasting of the rock goes on the work of cutting down—merciless task—these magnificent trees. See how the birds fly away here, there, everywhere, neither knowing whither to go nor how to defend their helpless tender offspring, or the shapely-looking and beautifully-coloured

eggs of which they are both proud and fond. The animals wonder why this fate has overtaken them, that their dwelling place should be reduced to such chaotic disorder. Unable to rest here any more, they wend their way into the deeper recesses of the forest, which stretches away for miles upon miles beyond. The branches are lopped off. The huge trunks are laid low with the aid of axe and rope, wedge and hammer. The sawers come. The carpenters follow. More sheds, wherein to attend to the wood-work, are added to the number of those already existing for the stone masons. The wood, sawn and planed and polished, also goes side by side with, and whither, the stones go.

Where go they? The king is building a beautiful, magnificent and grand palace and the stones go to be reared up into the walls and the wood into the beams and rafters of it. Our destiny too is a like one. Are we not one day to form part and parcel of an everlasting palace, a temple eternal in the heavens, neither made with human hands nor planned by the mind of man? And our trials and temptations, difficulties and troubles, hardships and worries, afflictions and disappointments, and even our failures shape and mould our character, filling it and preparing it for the world to come. My religion teaches me this, and also helps to do with my hard lot just what the pearl oyster does with the rough grain of sand which irritates it; to resign in the submissive acceptance of them as absolutely and essentially necessary for me and my eternal welfare, as is the furnace for the refining of silver and gold and for the removing of all dross from metals; to rejoice in them and derive comfort in them by prayer and meditation.

Prayer and meditation develop character. In them we hold communion with God, to become like Him Whom we so converse with. Prayer develops among others the qualities of thankfulness, of humility, of unselfishness—three splendid traits in anybody's character, by no means to be belittled or despised—thankfulness for mercies and blessings showered abundantly on our unworthy selves; humility, because we have sinned, and yet have been pardoned again and again; and unselfishness, for we cannot help interceding for and remembering others as well as ourselves in our prayers.

To me personally there is nothing on earth sweeter than friendship. The simple, self-sacrificing, unselfish loving-kindness of my friends, which finds expression in all that they do for me, their ready sympathy, their advice and loving correction, the trust they place in me—which I cannot abuse, their confidence which I cannot forfeit, Nay! and they themselves,

of whom I must try to be worthy, whose goodness I may well attempt imitating, whose example I may profitably copy—all this is a very inspiration to me, a very incentive. When the heart is broken, and the spirit wounded, when life's hopes are dashed to the ground and prospects for the future blasted, every communion with them is a healing balm. My friends trusted and trustworthy, proven and tried, true and sincere, sustain and purify and strengthen my character. They expect a certain standard of conduct from me. And the best reward I can give them for all they have done for me and for all they are to me—which can never be repaid, no! not in this life—is to see that I never come down from my ideal which they know I have placed before me and believe I am striving after; and that I am strongly sincere; and that I am perfectly straight in all I say and do. Utterly unsought for, altogether unexpected, and entirely undeserved of me, has their friendship come, that I must needs try to be deserving and worthy of this, to me, my only treasure here.

The school fulfils not its mission and fails in its object if it gives us not a thoroughly complete and an altogether generous education, which none can boast of who only knows to read and write and talk: but they have reaped the best harvest from their school career, who have not only their physical and intellectual powers highly developed and cultivated, but also their moral strength, as well as the qualities of the heart and of the soul, the resultant, the sum-total of all of which is character—a poise or balance of the faculties attainable only by rigorous and careful training, a deepening of sympathies and a broadening of judgment, the latter with precision such as enables us to see life steadily and to see it whole "with an eye open wide to the beauties of the world, with an ear attuned to the harmonies, yet not deaf to the discords of human life."

An asset in the development of character as great and valuable as friendship is books. Of the power of books may say what Burke said of manners: "They are what vex or soothe, barbarise or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation like that of the air we breathe." "A man is judged according to what books he cares to read, just as he is according to what company he keeps."

Work—done conscientiously for its own sake, with a view to the faithful fulfilment of one's duties, develops character. It makes him patient and persevering, earnest and whole-hearted, willing and obedient to authority, determined and successful, cheerful and bright. Want of work makes one dull and miserable and melancholy. An idle man's mind is the devil's work-

shop. And he who cultivates idleness fulfils that first condition necessary for the ruining of his character by sin, wickedness, and vice, whereas he whose heart is in his work, who throws his entire self and his whole soul into the satisfactory performance of it, to the doing of it with all his might, is perfectly safe from being easily led away by inclination to do wrong, and has marvellous powers of concentration, giving him a strong will-power and a marvellous personality.

Our actions and words—in themselves the result of character—also affect it in their turn. For character and conduct are both entirely and altogether dependent on each other. That is not all. Our thoughts also have a lasting effect on character, either making them or marring them. Still more. They are the seeds of action not a whit so unimportant as some think. Do they not, to say the least of them, determine the appearance of our face—the index of our character, and give expression to our eyes—the windows of our soul? It is very essentially necessary then, and truly important, that in order to possess a character such as we ought to, we keep our hearts with all diligence, out of which are the issues of life, govern our tongues, use our will aright, discipline our bodies, have our spirits under proper control, guard our eyes, and keep ourselves always busily employed.

F. R. A. S. AMARASEKARA.



To Sarojini Naidu

Imperial tombs of Maharajas dead,
Vistas of Orient pageantry that sweep
Down purple evanescent roads of sleep,
The tapestry of dream-wrought looms outspread,
By divination's craft interpreted,
Are conjured by the fire that smoulders deep
In eyes, that hold within their radiant keep
The flower and mystery of ages fled.
But in thy voice I hear the bulbul sing
In boughs of orange wafted by the breeze,
Freighted with promise of awakened spring,
New bursts of immemorial rhapsodies,
New lyrics of the Indian heart of fire,
New voicing of the world soul of desire.

(SD.) CHARLES KEELER.

HYDERABAD,
February 27th, 1912.

Editorial Note.—This poem was written by the well-known Californian poet during his visit to Hyderabad.

Kamala

"As for the accomplishment of my desires, I serve the world preserver who is invisible and beyond expression and is the undivided, eternal, spiritual pleasure!"

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

1. Dhanendra, King of Cashmere.
2. Kamala—His daughter.
3. Indumukhi } Friends to Kamala.
4. Patnavathi }
5. Minister, Jester, Constables and Attendants to Dhanendra.
6. Arunesa—King of the Punjab.
7. Trivikrama—His Minister.
8. Jester to Arunesa.
9. Prabhakara—King of Bengal.
10. Sage Narada.

ACT I—SCENE I

(Kamala and her two friends talking together in the Royal palace at Cashmere.)

Indumukhi—Dear Kamala, do you know that Prince Arunesa was here last evening?

Kamala—Indeed, no, dear Indumukhi. Was he here in this palace? Did my father receive him hospitably and is he as brave and beautiful as fame reports? (anxiously).

Indra—How many questions to be answered in one breath! you speak as if you are his nearest kinsman. Does she not, dear Patnavathi?

Patma—Surely. Why do you show so much anxiety in your face? Are you greatly interested in him?

Kamala—(Bows down her head) Why Patma, you know that my father is on inimical terms with the prince. It is but interesting and happy to know that the two great rivals have come to peace. So, proceed, Indumukhi.

Indu—Well then, the King did not know him until the prince had left the city. He was disguised as a warrior and won the gold cup last evening in the horse-race. Your father wanted to have his portrait, as he was the bravest warrior in the realm, but he was gone.

Patma—I have just seen the painter here, by the bye. He is speaking to the king and has a bundle of pictures with him.

Kamala—It is well, dear Patma. When my father has dismissed him, bring him here to me. I like to see pictures.

Patma—I will (exit).

Indu—I like to see a portrait of my mistress.

Kamala—You are very curious, Indumukhi; but we shall see. (Patma enters with the painter and his attendant. They bow to Kamala).

Patma—Here is the painter, Kamala.

Kamala—Good Mr. Painter! we have heard of your great fame in your art. Let us see your pictures. We would buy one.

Painter—As your Grace desires (unties the bundle) (Kamala runs over many of them and hurriedly selects one as the best. Indu reads the label "Prince Arunesa" and Kamala feels bashful).

Kamala (aside) Yes, I have the right one. (Indu notes it). (aloud), You may bundle up the rest. I will have this one alone. What will you have for it?

Painter—Oh! Nothing, your Grace.

Kamala—Give him five pieces of gold and send him away, Indumukhi.

Indu—We want a portrait of our Princess. Will you undertake to paint one?

Painter—I am too much honoured. My attendant shall bring it here on Sunday next. (Exeunt painter, attendant and Indu).

Patma—You have made a good bargain, dear Kamala.

Kamala—Yes, Patma. I shall always keep this with me. (Exeunt).

SCENE II

(Enter a man thickly veiled) (soliloquy) A room in a hotel in Cashmere).

Man—Ha! This is a safe place, quite beyond the reach of eaves-droppers. Let me throw off my disguise and seat myself in that chair (Throws off the disguise and sits).

A grand place for one like me! well, how could it be otherwise? Necessity has no law.

Trivikrama is a good fellow. All his attempts have been crowned with success. But I think he loves the maid Indu to distraction and in his passion for her, will he forget the mission on which he has entered? Let me not do him an injustice by thinking so. God help his memory. Then suppose he gains admission into the palace. Will he not be able to see Kamala? For, is he not a clever painter?

Ha! There is a picture on the wall. Let me look closer. It is surely the face of Kamala. She is the most beautiful girl on the face of the earth and the hotel-keeper is proud to keep her picture on the wall. It fills the whole house with pleasure and delight. My own experience tells me that one is enraptured at its sight. (Speaks to the picture) Oh! dear one, now indeed you are true Kamala. Yesterday you looked on me with a coy face. Your coyness has melted away now at my sight? The moon has many scars on her face. Perhaps they are from self-inflicted wounds to keep her from shame; for she is inferior to you in beauty. Ha! fair one, love the brave warrior who distinguished himself in your presence last evening, if not an enemy of your father. (Steps on the stairs are heard.)

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Hark! steps on the stairs, and I have been foolishly talking to a picture. Let me veil myself (hurriedly puts on the veil.) The door opens and the attendant of the painter enters) (The man takes away the veil).

Man—Welcome, friend jester. Where is Trivikrama?

Jester—My lord Prince, Mr. minister and painter Trivikrama is at the artist's studio to have two pictures of the wounded princess.

Prince Arunesa—Which Princess?

Jester—Princess Kamala, my Lord.

Arunesa—Wounded by whom and when? (anxiously)

Jester—Wounded by the famous bowman Maomatha, when she saw your portrait my Lord, (bursts into laughter). (The painter enters with two pictures).

Painter—(to the jester) Demon! What hubbub! Thank God that Kumbhakarna is not here to kill you for breaking his sleep. (Thrusts him out of the room).

Painter—My Lord, Prince, the mission is successfully accomplished.

Prince—That's good, Trivikrama; but are you sure?

Trivik—My Lord, I am sure of it. Her love towards you is still as firm and constant as that of Sita. The fair Indumukhi suspected the whole and told me so, for I made myself known to her (the King looks puzzled). But depend upon it, she will never breathe a word of it to any other living soul. For see here, my Lord (takes a third picture and hands it to the Prince).

Prince—Ho! ho! both of you side by side. I congratulate you, Trivikrama, but how did you get it?

Trivik—When I received the price for your portrait. Here are two pictures, my Lord, of Kamala, one for you and the other to be given to Kamala herself on Sunday next by my attendant, the jester (smiles).

Prince—Good! let me keep it in my iron safe. (Kisses it and rises from his seat).

Trivik—And I shall make arrangements to send the other picture to Kamala?

Prince—Yes; do so. (exeunt.)

SCENE III

(Kamala sleeping on the lap of Indu in the Royal garden and Patma arranging two pictures—Arunesa and Kamala—side by side.)

Indu—How prettily you have arranged them. Dear Patma, let us sing to their happiness. (They sing.)

(Enter Dhanendra at the opposite side and unseen by them, closely observes them.)

Patma—Dear Indumukhi, our efforts are useless. Kamala is fast asleep and in order to

wake her up you must keep time on her back while we sing together.

Indu—You are right, sister. I will do so, begin again. (They sing—Kamala moves her band in sleep.)

The King—(aside) Ha! what a sight for me! What do the girls mean by placing the picture of my beloved child side by side by that of my bitter enemy? I have little doubt it is the picture of Arunesa. And they are singing to their prosperity! What! does my daughter love my enemy? Impossible! she is innocent. (The song continues—Kamala starts suddenly and sits up).

Kamala—(with surprise) Why my fair sisters you are singing an epithalamium! (looks at the pictures) Ho! ho! to the pictures! (looks bashful).

Indu—Well, Kamala, dear, it is found out. No endeavours to hide.

Kamala—But, my dear Indumukhi—

Indu—No, Kamala, your face betrays your words.

Kamala—Well, then, how did you get, my picture? Tell me that.

Indu—There, you forget everything in your love. Don't you remember the painter from whom you purchased your lover's picture? His attendant was here but 15 minutes ago.

Patma—Look! sister, (altering the position of a garland) How agreeable they look! I shall hang them upon the wall in this very same fashion. They shall not be separated.

Kamala—Be it so. (Dhanendra goes to them. The girls start up in fear).

King—(smiles) Why! fair ones! do not fear. Gentle Patma, I caught thy song from the palace window. Continue it, dear. (Patma finishes the song).

King—(Looks at the pictures) Dear Kamala, is that not your picture? Let me see it. Bring it here, that one alone. (Indu looks at Patma and Kamala at both of them. None of them move).

King—Why darling, you are so weak dissolved in the prospects of your marriage with the prince of Rohilkhand that you hardly hear me. Well, I shall take it myself. (Moves to the picture).

(Kamala heaves a sigh. Her eyes are dimmed).

Indu—Dear Kamala!

Kamala—Indumukhi, it shall not be so. (The king turns round).

King—Why, Kamala, what is all this? (Kamala raises the skirt of her robe to her eyes).

Indu—My Lord, they shall not be separated Lovers.

King—What! Lovers! The originals of the portraits? Ha! I expected as much from that decoration (to Kamala) But, my darling,

let me tell you one thing. You cannot think of marrying an enemy of your father. God has ordained that the prince of Rohilkhand should be your husband. He is good and amiable. None can beat him in war. Take him to be your husband. Give ear to thy father's words and banish forever from your mind the image of our enemy Arunesa. (Kamala badly suppresses a sigh).

King—(angrily) Look before you leap, Kamala; then do as you like (Exit).

Patma—So the king gives his consent at last?

Indu—(Sternly) No, Patma! You are wrong. He suppressed his anger as much as he could, but it burst out in his last words.

(An unknown voice, "Alas! a poor picture-seller has been imprisoned in the palace of Dhanendra!")

Indu—Hark! Do you hear it? That piece of information shows the anger of the King. Oh! Kamala, I do not know what amount of misfortune there is in store for us.

Kamala—Alas! my dear sisters, what shall I do? Am I to love and marry the prince of Rohilkhand—a prince unknown to fame? Dreadful! Indumukhi. Banish! what a word my sire uses! He asks me to banish, forever, the image of my lord from my thoughts! Oh! Patma, would that I had never seen the Prince of the Panjab or his portrait!

Providence is against me and has even denied me the consolations of a mother. Oh! I am very, very miserable! (Kamala falls down and bursts into tears. Patma catches her up in her arms and dries her tears with the skirt of her dress).

Indu—Do not abandon yourself to despair, dear Kamala; a secret voice whispers to me that the sun shall clear away the mist that hangs upon us.

Patma—Look up, Kamala; "Hope" is your place of rest. It may be that your father changes his mind and makes peace with his enemy. Then you shall be married.

Indu—Cheer up, Kamala, and let us enter the palace with an unruffled countenance (exeunt).

ACT II—SCENE I

(A room in the palace in Cashmere. The King and his minister talking together.)

Minis—You did well, my Lord, in sending after the man. Who knows he is not an emissary of Arunesa?

King—That's it. Shall we not take up his case before anything else?

Minis—Surely, my Lord, as it is of greater importance.

King—Who is there? (a constable enters.)

Cons—My Lord.

King—Two of your party go to the jail and bring the prisoner here.

Cons—Your Majesty shall be obeyed (exit). (a short pause).

Minis—The prisoner is a very clever man, they say, my Lord. He has all the qualities of a jester.

King—We shall see. (Enter two constables leading in the prisoner.)

Minis—Shall I question him, my Lord?

King—Yes. Do so.

Minis—Who are you, prisoner?

Prisoner—A native of the Panjab, my Lord.

Minis—What is your occupation?

Prisoner—Selling pictures, my Lord.

Minis—Do you know why you were arrested and imprisoned yesterday in the name of the King?

Prisoner—I have done nothing to injure the King by selling pictures. I am therefore sure that I have been most illegally and arbitrarily put in prison.

Minis—I do not ask you whether it was legally or illegally. Answer to the point. Do you know the cause of your imprisonment?

1st Cons—Take care of thy foolish tongue, or you will be made shorter by the head.

2nd Cons—You are now before the King's Bench and not at your uncle's dinner party. Go on, answer point blank.

Prisoner—Then I do not know, my Lord.

Minis—Do you know the attitude of Cashmere towards the Panjab?

Prisoner—I know that the feelings of Cashmere towards the Panjab are in no way better than those of a heron towards a hawk. And I have also heard that my young king beat the greatest warrior of Cashmere in the horse-race.

King—(frowns) The fellow has a slanderous tongue. We can elicit nothing from him by questioning; (to the constable) search him.

1st Cons—The ravenous birds of the field are longing for your flesh. You will make a very charitable man ere long.

(The 2nd Constable searches the prisoner and takes out a heavy purse and a pocket-book.)

2nd Cons—Here is a purse, my Lord, found in the person of the prisoner. (Hands it up to the King.)

King—Nothing else?

2nd Cons—A pocket-book also, my Lord (gives it to the King who looks into it).

King—Mr. Constable, conduct him back to the jail and let him remain there until further orders. As for his purse, restore it to him; we have enough of it here.

Prisoner—And pocket-books, too.

Constables—Silence, Lord Prisoner, have some regard for thy foolish pate. (Exeunt all except King and Minister.)

King—Our suspicions were not altogether

groundless—For, see, here are entries made. Read them—(Minister reads).

"By Prince Arunesa's orders, I, the jester, disguised myself as an attendant of the minister, who impersonated a painter, and sold a picture of the Prince—intended to be a present—to Kamala, the Princess of Cashmere."

Minis—So the fellow is the jester of the Prince.

King—Yes; and it is a dangerous game we have played by putting this man in prison.

Minis—So it is, my Lord. But what are we to do? If we set him at liberty, he will complain against us to his King and if we detain him, the Prince will come to know of it from the people. In either case his anger will be kindled and he will come upon us at any time. (Enter one of the constables in a hurry.)

Cons—My Lord, the prisoner has escaped! I have run all the way to carry the unpleasant tidings.

King and Minis—Escaped! How?

Cons—My Lord, we took him to a house, for he wanted to quench his thirst. We were standing outside, when we found two horsemen galloping through the other side, we knew not where.

The prisoner did not appear again and when we entered the house, it was deserted.

King—Ha! The bird is flown. Well, it sets us all right. We have no time to lose. Give orders to our men to repair the defences and let the enemy find us well prepared in case of an attack.

Minis—I will do so, my Lord (exit).

SCENE II

(A room in the palace in the Panjab—enter Arunesa with a picture of Kamala.)

King—(Soliloquy). How many times have I looked at this, these two or three days! I will never grow tired of her (a pause). Trivikrama managed it very well. Yes. I have no doubt she loves me dearly. But half the work is left undone. How am I to gain her? I am an enemy to her father and so he will never give his sanction to the match. Is it the will of God that there should be hostilities between us to the end of the world? I am sure I shall conquer his kingdom, but will Kamala's heart break when the news of her father's defeat reaches her? No, let me think quite the other way. (Speaks to the picture). Kamala, my love, with your image always before me, to direct me in all my actions I will subdue thy father and then, with his consent, carry you triumphantly to my kingdom. But what shall be the immediate cause for war? (The door opens, the jester enters breathing heavily).

Prince—Welcome, friend jester; you bring good news of Kamala, of course?

Jester—Ah! my Lord! very good news indeed! Throw down that picture first, my Lord, and then promise not to send me again to Kamala.

King—Alas! my faithful jester, you tell me that Kamala does not love me?

Jester—I don't tell you so, my Lord. I know nothing of her faithfulness to you. She was sleeping when I delivered the picture and the maid Indumukhi gave me a casket for the minister. But let me have justice, my Lord. I suffered imprisonment at the hands of Dhanendra. His constables searched me!

King—What nonsense do you speak, boy? But here comes the minister. (The minister enters.)

King—Here is a casket for you, Trivikrama, from Indumukhi. Look at its contents.

Minis—(Taking and looking into it) Here is a letter, my Lord, (reads it) 'Kamala's love to Arunesa will die with her own death.'

King—Good! I am satisfied. (To the jester) You said that the constables searched you. How did you save this casket then?

Jester—Let me tell you the minutes of my meeting with Dhanendra. (In a sing-song way). I received the casket along with the price of the picture. Then I was imprisoned for being suspected to be your emissary. I was searched in the presence of the King and the constables took out my heavy purse and pocket book. He looked at the former steadfastly for some time and then at me and I winked to him to search no more. My pocket book made the King's eyes twinkle. I was to remain in prison until further orders, but I bribed the constables. A servant showed me the nearest way through the wood and promised to serve me till his death. I escaped with my life. I now crave justice at your hands.

Minis—And you speak of this important matter in that sing-song way of yours with stops here and there. (A pause.)

Prince—My mind is made up, Trivikrama. Make preparations to march upon Dhanendra. Our jester shall be avenged.

Minis—Yes, my Lord. (Exit.)

King—Best satisfied. Your cause has aided mine. Now to other duties—(Exeunt.)

SCENE III

(A palace in Cashmere—the King in his room.)

King—Everything happens as I had foreseen. What oh! who goes there? (enter the King's jester.)

Jester—My Lord.

King—How goes the fight? (Shots are heard.)

Jester—Hark! There, my Lord. It is the

shots of our men. The minister manages it well.

King—Do you think the enemy can be baffled?

Jester—I cannot say, my Lord. (Shots; cries) There! it is the shout of the formidable Prince. His bravery knows no equal, my Lord. Your daughter did well in loving him.

King—(Angrily) Miserable prattler; foolish Coxcomb! Why do you always worry me like this? I must either mend or end it. So, never again speak in my presence. (A pause.)

King—Where has the minister stationed the Golden Phalanx? (The jester does not answer.)

King—(Sternly) What, won't you speak? (The jester writes something on a piece of paper and gives it to the King.)

King—(Laughs in disgust) Oh! take back my order—Yes, I do so.

Jester—Then I don't know, my Lord.

King—(aside) what a use he makes of his licence.

Jester—Let me have your mind, my lord, in a case. A man sees a kite fly from the top of a banian tree. He gets to the top of the tree and jumps down to see if he cannot fly also. He falls down and breaks his bones of course. Now, what will you do with the bird that taught him to fly? your opinion, my Lord. (Shots—cries of 'hurrah')

King—Hark! The shouts of the enemy! Have they come out victorious? (Enter the minister hurriedly.)

Minis.—The prince has entered the palace and is coming towards you, sword in hand, with his fierce men. Fly, my Lord, fly!

King—Alas! Has it come to this? I shall not fly, but let me die here!

Minis.—But your daughter, my Lord! you will sacrifice her!

King—The prince will carry her off and she will marry him. (The door is burst open—enter Arunesa and his minister)

Prince Arunesa—My Lord, king—

King—Oh my God! (Throws up his hands)

Prince—Fear nothing, my Lord! I have slain enough to-day; but let me finish. The majority of your well disciplined army has been irretrievably broken and scattered like chaff before a whirlwind. The field is slippery with their blood. My jester in his anger towards you is still reaping your soliders, and he shall not desist in his sanguinary engagement until the news of your allegiance reach him. Make your own terms, my Lord, but promise to give me the hand of your daughter.

King—Promise the hand of my daughter! Never, Prince. I would sooner throw her from the high palace window down into the moat than give her to you in marriage! Do your worst!

Jester—My Lord, your kingdom is at his mercy. The destinies of the people depend upon you in this crisis; make the terms.

King—No, sycophant!

Prince—Unfortunate king, your soldiers and sentinels have been driven out of the palace and their places have been filled up by my men. They shall not allow any one to pass out. Now, I give you a day's time to think, and in the end if your answer be not according to my wish my wronged jester and I shall wreak a heavy vengeance upon you, and the next sun shall shine upon a heap of ruins instead of the Palace of Dhanendra. (Exeunt Prince and Trivikrama.)

Minis.—The Prince is a man of his word, my lord. We can do nothing but give in to his terms.

Jester—I told you so, my lord, in the presence of the king.

King—Alas! my reason will desert me in a minute. Let us go to the council chamber.

ACT III—SCENE I

(The council chamber in the palace in Cashmere, the king talking to his minister.)

Minis.—So, my Lord, there is no other go for us, it seems and as the jester remarked, the whole people depend upon you for their lives and prosperity.

King—But how shall I give my dear one to my enemy and expose our name to public talk and misconception?

Minis.—You cannot but make some terms to save your kingdom from the ravages of the soldiers let loose upon it. By marrying your daughter to him, you strengthen that alliance and draw the Prince closer to you. And this is what all Kshastrias do. (Enter the sage Narada—they prostrate themselves before him and seat him.)

King—Reverend sage Narada, we are much honoured by your kind visit and our palace sanctified by your presence. May we know the purpose of this visit?

Sage N.—Well. By the divine power that God has graced me with, Oh King, I understood that you are in a perplexing difficulty and I have come here purposely to assist you in your councils and help you out of this dilemma.

King—We hardly know how to express our thanks for this act of kindness.

Narada—I know the disputed point you are dwelling on. From policy, your daughter should be married to Arunesa. Apart from this, you will easily forget the enmity towards him when you hear my narrative. Listen:—you will remember that the King of Bengal was married to your sister who brought him a son. The child was five years old when its mother died and the King then married another princess, who gave him a daughter. Now, the step-mother disliked the son very much and so gave

orders to one of her faithful servants to leave him in the forest. She then spread the report that the child was killed by a tiger while chasing a peacock in the wood hardby. The king believed his wife's story and was much grieved at his son's premature death.

Well, I was on a visit to one of the rishis, and as good fortune would have it, I found the child sitting on a flat piece of stone under a tree in the thickest part of the wood. The boy had often seen me in his court and now recognising me, flew into my arms and wept upon my breast.

In repentance to one of his misdeeds, the King had been fated to mourn his child's death, when it was not actually dead. This was the time fixed for it. I therefore took the boy to the King of the Punjab who had no heir and asked him to rear (him) as his adopted son. A few years afterwards, the King of the Punjab died and his queen soon followed him. The adopted son was the heir to the throne. His precocity and courage earned for him the name of "the Prince."

Now you see that Arunesa is your nephew and—

King—God be praised! Sage Narada, I acknowledge my heartfelt thanks to you for this pleasant news. My ministers shall tell the Prince that he is my nephew and invite him to my palace that I may embrace him and reward him for his bravery.

Narada—The period of mourning for the King of Bengal expires by to-morrow. Invite him also that he might meet his lost son.

King—Your reverence is right (to the minister). Send at once a messenger to Bengal with a letter of invitation and then yourself go to tell the good news to the Prince and invite him.

Minis.—I hear and obey, my Lord. (Exit.)

Narada—I shall visit you again the day after to-morrow, to see you all together (Exeunt).

SCENE II

(A room in the palace of Dhanendra—the King talking to Prabhakara of Bengal.)

Prabhakara—So my dear brother-in-law, I believed my wife's story and have been mourning these many years. She was afraid of my vengeance when this pleasant news reached her and poisoned herself. But here comes Narada. Enter Narada—the two Kings welcome him.)

Prabhak.—Revered sage Narada, we acknowledge our mingled thanks to you for your kind consideration.

Narada—Well, but have you seen the Prince?

Dhanendra—No, but we expect him at this hour; (sounds of distant drums) we hear the rolling of drums. He is coming.

(Enter Arunesa with Dhanendra's minister)

(Arunesa prostrated before Narada. Prabhakara embraces the Prince.)

Prabha—Ah! my son, do I see you or do my eyes deceive me? the very picture of thy mother who cherished and fondled you! 'Step mother' oh! what a dreadful name! Proverbially indifferent to the grief of her own husband and conspiring against him. The world shall know of thy misdeeds and you shall be the common talk of tavern-house and the gaming table. Thou hast met with thy doom. (Dhanendra embraces his nephew.)

Prince—Dear uncle, you will not accuse me of—

Dhanendra—Nothing of the past. You are my nephew and son-in-law. That's the punishment for your misdeeds, if there were any.

Prabha—I wish to see my would-be daughter-in-law.

Dhanendra—Who is there? (A servant enters.)

Attendant—My lord.

Dhanendra—Bid our daughter Kamala come here.

Attendant—Your Majesty shall be obeyed. (Exit). Kamala enters with her friends. She clings to Indumukhi and bends down her head. Arunesa bows to the assembly and retires.

Dhanendra—Dear Kamala, prostrate before Sage Narada—(Kamala prostrates).

Narada—(Blesses her) May you live long and be happy with Arunesa.

Dhanendra—Arunesa is much fatigued with his journey; attend to him (Exeunt minister and attendant).

Narada—My mission is accomplished. Let me to my daily duties (Exit.). (The two Kings follow him.)

Patma—Dear Kamala, I have arranged the pictures on the wall in the very same fashion as I did in the garden the other day.

Indu—Patma, your predictions have been realized.

Patma—Dear Indumukhi, good news have turned her head dizzy. She does not speak but bends down her head in bashfulness. Perhaps she courts solitude for an hour. Let us leave her to her own thoughts.

Kamala—Not so, Patma. It is getting late and I will follow you. (Exeunt).

Arunesa and Trivikrama were married to Kamala and Indumukhi respectively. The prince (now king) ruled over the three kingdoms, the Punjab, Cashmere and Bengal, and lived in unalloyed happiness and prosperity to the end of his life with Kamala. Patma was married to a cousin of Trivikrama, who became the commander-in-chief of Arunesa's army.

V. S. SUBRAMANIA IYER.

An Adventure in the Khyber Pass

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HERE comes uncle." Now we will have some real true stories." "Tell us some of your adventures, uncle." "Yes, we want one of your latest adventures." These and similar exclamations burst from a group of children as a sturdy old man entered the room in which they were playing. "We heard something about your visiting the Northern Punjab during the Terah campaign, and we felt sure at the time that you would have something to tell us about it." "Yes, uncle, we want to know all about your adventures." "Well, I haven't got very much to tell beyond an incident or two—" "Yes, that is what we want; the incidents," chimed in the youthful voices.

"All right, I will try to tell you what you want, for I did have one rather exciting incident. I was up at Peshawar where it is bitterly cold in the winter and a perfect furnace in the summer. During the cold season the finest camels to be met with in Asia are used to carry goods in the caravans which leave Peshawar twice a week for Cabul. They are huge beasts with a thick breast-plate of hair. In point of comparison they are to the camels seen in the plains of India, what the big-limbed Australian waler is to the Indian country tat. In the summer season when the wind comes through the Khyber Pass, hot as if it was off a furnace, the camels are found less able to stand the heat than mules which are then used in the caravans. The Mall at Peshawar is a charming road. On either side of it is a beautiful and well kept flower garden about twenty-five feet wide and which extends the entire length of the Mall. The city of Peshawar is not a particularly nice place; there are dark corners and long dark passages where it would be an easy thing for an assassin to take anyone's life and escape unnoticed. I have been in some of these places and on such occasions I was ever ready to receive an attack, for I knew that I carried my life in my hands.

Nine miles from Peshawar is Jumrood where there is a fort to guard the entrance to the famous Khyber Pass, which commences just beyond the fort. The hills that rise on either side of the Pass and are seen away in the distance beyond as far as the eye can reach, look sterile

and stern, forbidding and inhospitable. The inhabitants of these rough and rugged mountains are true children of their native wilds, partaking largely of their characteristics. They delight more in fighting than in the arts of peace. Often at war with each other, their hand is ever ready to strike an intruder who ventures within their valleys or dares to enter into the Pass alone. The prevailing law amongst them is that of "might is right." They are excellent shots and have a fair number of quite modern rifles in their possession. They will risk a great deal to obtain a good gun or revolver, as the sequel will show. Whatever their faults may be, cowardice is not one of them. They are hardy and courageous, and behind *sangars* will very rarely retreat before a foe who has only the same arms as themselves. They are only kept in a degree of subjection and order by fear of the military force at Peshawar. The experiment has been tried—and with a considerable measure of success—of making some of them soldiers. The "Khyber Rifles" are a fine body of men and are usefully employed in escorting and protecting the caravans, twice a week through the Pass. Some idea can be formed of the insecurity of the Khyber Pass, when I tell you that even in times of peace from four hundred to five hundred of these "Khyber Rifles" accompany the caravan for its protection, and two men of the same regiment are stationed on nearly every peak throughout the Pass. Petty raids are occasionally made by the wild mountaineers upon the agriculturists of the Peshawar valley. To protect themselves from the raiders, the inhabitants of the valley build their houses on solid round towers of large diameter. These towers are run up about twelve feet, before the house is constructed on the top thereof. The entrance door is therefore a considerable height from the ground. Admission to the dwelling is obtained by means of a ladder, which is pulled up by the resident after he has ascended.

During my stay at Peshawar I desired to see some of the men in a regiment at Lundi Kotal, which place is on the other side of the Khyber Pass and on the Afghan border. The regiment had just returned from Terah, having constituted part of the expeditionary force into that valley. I knew that it would be useless to ask for a pass from the Governor-General's Agent to proceed through the Khyber in a time of war, so early one morning I mounted my bicycle at Peshawar, and slipped past fort Jumrood into the Pass. There is a rather steep hill between Jumrood and Ali Musjid and the road was so much cut up by military traffic that at certain places I had to dismount and walk. On one of these occasions when I was dismounted, I observed a group of Afridis coming towards

me from the direction in which I was going. I took care to keep my bicycle between us for what small protection it might afford, and as they came toward me I unbuttoned the holster of my revolver, and which was strapped on my handle bar, keeping my hand carelessly near it and carefully watching the Afridis without seeming to notice them. They passed me by about fifty yards and then stopped. I still watching them, observed that they were evidently discussing me. Presently one of the group detached himself and came in my direction. I did not think much of this at the time and pushed on up the hill, but I found he was taking short cuts and seemed to be eager to overtake me. This caused me to hasten on, for I began to grow suspicious. At the top of the hill there is a small cutting and when I arrived there, pretty well blown, seeing no one, I placed the bike at the side of the cutting and had a rest. But my rest was of short duration, for in less than five minutes I observed the Afridi coming up the hill about forty feet away. As soon as he saw me he grasped his knife and came for me. I had to think quick. My first impulse was to shoot him. Then I remembered that a shot in the Khyber Pass was a signal, sure to attract, and draw to the spot from whence it was fired, either Afridis or the military pickets. Which would come first if I fired my revolver at the man? was the thought which came to me. If the picket came first I would be safe, but if Afridis came, though I might dispose of some, I would be overwhelmed and cut to pieces. I decided that the risk involved in shooting was too great to run. All this thinking took but a bare second of time, for the man was coming at me. I got hold of the bike, swinging it round to mount, and I fancy the Afridi had never seen a bicycle before and thought that, with all its tubes, it was some new kind of mountain gun. He started back and I leaped on to the machine and peddled away as hard as I could without ever looking behind me. When I arrived at Ali Musjid, my tongue was cleaving to my mouth from thirst and I was glad to see that the 4th Goorkhas, who were encamped there, had got a soda-water machine by the side of the river. I jumped off and had a long drink, then mounted again and was off as fast as I could go; but I was soon stopped by a havildar of the Goorkhas who said: "Where are you going?" "To Lundi Katal," I replied. "But you can't go there," he said "you'll get killed;" "Who will kill me? I have got a revolver." With a contemptuous smile the old campaigner said:—"What is the good of that thing. These Afridis will kill you when six hundred yards away." I tried to persuade him to let me go on. But he said: "No, you must come and see the Captain

sahib." I knew it was no use being obstinate, so accompanied him to Captain H— who expressed his surprise at seeing me and wanted to know where I was going. I told him "Lundi Katal." And in reply to his further enquiries I admitted that I had no pass, had come on my cycle from Peshawar, and without an escort. "Well," he said, "there will be some trouble over this, for General G— has issued orders that, owing to the dangerous condition of the Khyber Pass, the coolies on the road are not to work without an escort. You certainly cannot go to Lundi Katal without one. I will see if the Colonel will give you one, but I am doubtful of success; meanwhile you had better go into the mess tent and get some refreshment." I thanked him and entered the tent, observing as I did so that the havildar mounted guard over the door. I was a prisoner! I don't know what Captain H— thought might happen, but anyhow I was in good quarters for the time being, with plenty to eat and drink. It was not long before Captain H— returned, when he told me that the Colonel would not let me go to Lundi Katal, but was going to send me back under escort to Fort Maude. So I had to undergo the humiliation of being marched back over the road I had come. On arrival at my destination, I was told I could go on to Jumrood, that the black houses would receive heliograph instructions to see I was protected.

I informed Captain H— what had happened to me in the Pass and he assured me that I was exceedingly fortunate in escaping with my life. "Why," said he "They would kill half a dozen people to get hold of a good revolver. And it was a good job you did not fire your revolver, for the pickets were up in the hills looking out for snipers (that is Afridis who were firing from hiding places on the troops)." I got back to Peshawar all right and the next day started to bike down to Rawalpindi. I was not a mile outside Peshawar when my tire punctured! I thought of what might have happened if this had taken place when I was in the Pass. I soon repaired the defect and started on my way again, but before I had covered another two miles the joint in the inner tube gave way. I managed to get to Nowshera and there I remained for the night. That is my "Adventure in the Khyber Pass." "Tell us another one, uncle; tell us another adventure" was chorused from all the audience. "Not now. Some other day I will tell you another incident."

F. T. A.





The National Indian Association, Kumbakonam Branch

THE 6th LADIES' GATHERING

MRS. A. Govindarajulu Mudaliar, wife of the Joint Honorary Secretary to the National Indian Association, and the Sub-Assistant Inspector of Schools, Kumbakonam Range, invited

the ladies of the families of the Association Members for an interesting gathering at the Brahma Vidya Lodge, T. S. Hall, at 4-30 p.m. on the 21st instant in memory of the death anniversary of Rajambal Ammal. A large number of ladies responded and the following among others were present: Mrs. and Misses T. Sankara Rao, Mrs. and Miss A. S. Balasubramania Aiyar, Mrs. K. S. Sankara Aiyar, Mrs. S. Raja Ram Aiyar, Mrs. Visalakshmi Ammal, Mrs. and Miss T. K. Sivarama Aiyar, Mrs. K. Venkatarama Aiyar, Mrs. and Miss T. S. Ganapathi Aiyar, Mrs. and Miss P. Kuppusawmi Aiyar, Mrs. A. R. Chakrapani Chettiar, A. B. Venkatachellam Chettiar, Mrs. and Miss M. C. N. Muthukumara Chettiar, Mrs. Fuzluddin Sahib, Mrs. and Misses J. W. Wright, Mother Jane and another lady of the French Convent, Mrs. A. Devasahaya Ammal and Miss B. T. Muthammal. Miss T. Sankara Rao started the proceedings with prayer song and the students of Sri Sarasvati Patasala performed *Kummi* plays in a beautiful manner. The students of the Government Girls' School entertained the gathering with nice English songs and then followed a high class discourse by Mrs. Visalakshmi Ammal on "The development of virtues." She referred to the twenty-six divine qualities enumerated in the opening verses of Chapter XVI of "The Lord's Song" and for

those not advanced enough in spiritual life to appreciate them, she emphasised the necessity of following the golden advice given by Rishi Kanwa to his adopted daughter Sakuntala when he sent her to her husband's home. She pointed out how in one Sloka the Rishi comprised as in a nut-shell the comprehensive virtues of reverence and devotion to elders, love and friendship to equals and compassion and helpfulness to inferiors—all growing out of one root—Love. She exhorted the audience to cultivate and extend the divine love in every person by beneficent activities, avoiding waste of time and life in useless gossip and seeking the company of the virtuous and the holy.

Mrs. A. Devasabayam continued her instructive address on human physiology and "Lungs" formed the theme of her discourse on this occasion.

The next item was the reading of the life of the late Rajambal by her daughter Sow. Vilwambal, and Miss A. Govindarajulu Mudaliar, A Tamil rendering of the life, originally published in English, in the "Indian Ladies' Magazine", placed before the audience the inspiring life of the deceased lady who had worked for the social amelioration of her sisters. Her skill in bead-work had been recognised and rewarded by several Education and Exhibition Committees. She had been the recipient of a silver medal and a certificate of merit of the 1st class. In a note to her, Mrs. J. N. Atkinson had said: "... I am always very much interested in my Indian sisters and so glad when I can get to know them. I hope I may have the opportunity of meeting only one day."

The gathering dispersed after distribution of fruits, sugarcandy, pansupari and flowers. The hostess was congratulated by those present on the success of that evening's pleasant gathering.

The Hon. Secy., N. I. Assoc.,
Kumbakonam Branch.



Prevention and Treatment of Malarial Fevers

By U. RAMA RAU, MEDICAL PRACTITIONER,
MADRAS.

CAUSE AND SYMPTOMS

MALARIAL FEVERS are caused by the presence in the blood of minute animal parasites. These animalcules multiply in the blood and when they have become sufficiently numerous, determine an attack of fever.

2. The prominent symptoms are fever of a very definite and peculiar character. The fever ceases at intervals; the temperature alternately falls to normal or below and rises again. The habitual tendency of the fever is to recur at stated intervals of time. The fevers may recur at intervals of 24 hours (called *quotidian fever*) or of 48 hours (called *tertian fever*) or of 72 hours (called *quartan fever*).

3. Whatever may be the types of fever, the attack is represented by three stages: a cold stage, a hot stage, and a sweating stage. At the cold stage the whole body shakes from head to foot. Temperature begins to rise in spite of the feeling of cold. After a time the shivering stops, the temperature rises to 103 or 104 or sometimes 105 or more. After an hour or so the hot stage passes off and the patient begins to perspire profusely; the fever quickly declines.

PREVENTION

4. Malarial fever is contagious. It is conveyed through mosquitoes. If a mosquito bites a man suffering from "malarial fever" some of the parasites are carried into the mosquito's blood. If the mosquito is of a particular kind, *viz.*, one belonging to the *anopheles* genus, further development of the parasites occurs in the mosquito. Thence they are conveyed by circulation to the salivary glands of the mosquito. When the mosquito bites a man it injects some of these malarial poison into the blood, and produces a malarial infection similar to that of the man from whom it has originally sucked blood. Therefore, malarial fevers can only be contracted by the bite of an *anopheles* mosquito.

5. We cannot contract malarial fevers from drinking impure water, or from the soil, or by breathing impure air as it was once thought; water and air are only indirectly connected with malarial infection in the sense that they are the homes of the malaria-carrying mosquitoes. The

fact that malarial fevers are communicated by the agency of mosquitoes and can be carried from man to man in no other manner, is now absolutely established.

6. Never go to sleep except under a good mosquito curtain. Never go out in the evening or sit in the house or verandah, without wearing sufficient clothes to protect the whole body from mosquito bites. The doors and windows of houses must be covered with mosquito-proof netting.

7. No adult mosquito can stand the direct rays of the sun and hence the mosquitoes seek the shelter of houses, trees or some such protection during the heat of the day; so that there is very little danger of being bitten during the hours of daylight. The important characteristic of *anopheles* mosquitoes is that they bite almost exclusively at night (*v.e.*, between sunset and sunrise). So there is more danger of catching malarial fever at night than in the day.

8. Fill in all stagnant pools of water with dry earth. Have effective drainage all around your house. Keep the house dry everywhere. Any superfluous water, which cannot be drained away, may be made an impossible breeding place for *anopheles* mosquitoes by covering it with a layer of kerosine oil, which not only kills all larvæ but also any adult mosquitoes that may come to lay their eggs on the water. Any and every collection of water capable of standing for ten days or a fortnight should be regarded as dangerous to health, where malaria is known to exist.

9. All domestic rubbish capable of holding water, such as disused flower pots, empty tins, etc., should be carefully destroyed, or disposed of. All reservoirs and channels constructed for obtaining and storing water for various domestic purposes should be cleaned at least once in eight days. After a brisk shower of rain the entire surface of the garden should be inspected and all small puddles filled in and levelled.

10. Do not allow dusty draperies, curtains, untidy collection of clothing, etc., to hang about on nails and pegs. These are mainly responsible for attracting and sheltering mosquitoes. So keep them in properly-closed wardrobes.

11. Smoke from almost any source will put mosquitoes to flight, and if sufficiently intense will stupefy them. To kill mosquitoes all openings must be closed as completely as possible, so that the fumes may reach the insect in as concentrated a form as possible. The least objectionable and easiest method is to burn a little *Loban*. Other things which may be similarly used are sulphur, leaves of the *neem* tree, (तेन्दुल), tobacco, etc.

12. The best and the most reliable method of preventing malarial fevers is, to take in ten grains of quinine on two successive days, once

in every seven days throughout the time the individual remains in a malarious place. Disinfect all people who harbour the malarial parasite by administering quinine.

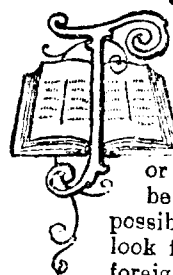
TREATMENT

13. As for the treatment of malarial fever, quinine is the only reliable drug and if given in a proper manner and in sufficient quantity it has never failed to cure. For adults, take at once twenty grains of quinine mixed with lime juice irrespective of the stage of the fever. Six hours after the first dose take another ten grains. In the same manner, take till you have finished six such doses of quinine. After that, take five grains of quinine three times a day for a week.

As Others See Us

(Selected)

By MRS. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLS.



THE observations made in my previous articles upon American women have been the expression of the views of one of their compatriots, and consequently more or less partial or prejudiced. It may be both amusing and interesting, possibly also somewhat wholesome, to look for a time through the eyes of foreigners and note the impressions produced by a type which one and all, whether moved by disappointment, envy, or alarm, seem never to regard with indifference.

Sometimes these criticisms are most surprising, but it is necessary to live with a people in their own environment, and possibly for more than one generation, to understand them thoroughly. Circumstances and customs strangely modify the viewpoint. Familiarity breeds indulgence as well as contempt, and long-continued condoning makes a fault very nearly approach a virtue.

Perhaps the most remote from our way of living are the Orientals, to whom our customs and habits appear as strange as theirs do to us. Huang Hsiang-fu, an eminent Chinese lawyer, some years since published a book in which he fotted down his observations of our Western life. The book is unique, it is needless to say. One of the strangest of our customs, in his eyes, is our habit of kissing, and as described by him it would certainly appear so to us. He remarks that "the most respectful form of this courtesy consists in applying the lips to the lower part of the chin and making a smacking sound." He

notes that women commonly do this, "which is exceedingly strange." "Husband and wife go arm in arm along the street, yet no one smiles." "The husband will perform any menial service for his wife and nobody will jeer at him." "No man may smoke while women are at the table, but occasionally, when they have finished eating the women leave purposely, letting it be known that this is done out of compassion." The author was also much astonished at the fact that women "must go out walking in the streets every day."

This astonishment at the fact that men are willing to perform a menial-service for a woman is not confined to the Orientals. Quite recently a young American woman in Berlin entered into a discussion with a German gentleman upon the relative position of women in America and Germany, and, upon his defence of his position that the women of Germany were as highly honoured by the men of their country as are American women by American men, she put to him as a test the inquiry whether he would be willing to put his wife's overshoes on her feet, to which a scornful but embarrassed "nein" was the reply.

Not only have the men of the Orient commented upon our countrywomen, some of the women of the East have not refrained from criticism. The Maharani of Baroda has twice visited the United States. On her last visit, quite recently, she talked with the newspaper representatives freely. She is reported to have made the following remarks: "The women of your big, vast young country, I confess, disappointed me. I had heard so much of them: that they equaled the Frenchwomen in their two most striking qualities of *chic* and vivacity; that they dressed far better than the Englishwomen; that they were as coquettish as the Spanish, though in a franker way; that they were, in short, as fascinating as the most fascinating women in the world—the Russian."

"Well, they are not. They are less *chic* than the Frenchwomen because their clothes are more exaggerated, less becoming, and not always appropriate to the occasion. They dress better than the Englishwomen—more conspicuously, perhaps; but their clothing is not so durable, suggests nothing of the solid qualities of modesty and station as do the tweeds and broadcloths worn by the English. Their coquetry is not attractive, for it possesses no subtlety. I understand that some American women make the proposals of marriage. That I do not doubt after watching them making themselves agreeable to a man at dinner. I am not at all surprised that American men do not make love well. The women save them the trouble."

Commenting on the foregoing, the Indian

editor reminds his readers that the Maharani "is not a Western woman, and therefore she does not know, not having cultivated it, the trick of concealing or glossing over her thoughts." Which comment rather takes one's breath.

Another woman of India has also expressed herself concerning us. The Princess Prativa was reported in London to have said this:

"The women of the rest of the world are so unhappy. We of India alone know the art of happiness. I am glad that there is an opportunity to carry the gospel of peace into the nations of the restless. I want to go to America, for it is the most restless, unhappy land of all. I have been told that America is very rich. Yes, yes; but what of that? We judge a nation by the status of its women, and the status of the American woman is eternal unrest. One woman once said to me, 'I have nothing but money, and I'm tired of that!' They lack that calm center of philosophy without which life is a whirlpool and the world is in a vast turmoil. They talk loudly. They try to be sprightly, and only succeed in making ugly faces. They are not enough alone. They do not read enough. They chatter too much and think too little."

And this from a land where the percentage of women who know how to read and write is less than six in a thousand!

There are evidently calms and calms, or is there a difference between stupidity and peace? It was a different story that was told by another woman of India who looked into the face of her American teacher and said, "Your *shastras* must have been written by a woman, they speak so tenderly of us."

But, after all, we are more concerned with the opinions of our nearer neighbors, the people of a civilization like our own.

This opinion appeared as a stimulating breeze, or a sudden slap in the face, to one American reader who had by chance picked up a copy of "Über Land und Meer," and was attracted by a beautifully illustrated article on the Yellowstone Park, the opening sentence of which was substantially this: *We all know that Americans are so given to exaggeration that we cannot believe all they say, but really they cannot overstate the beauties of the Yellowstone Park.* A delicious frankness that causes one to gasp, but it is something to have the scenic beauties of America recognized.

But to return to the subject. A few years ago a German author, William Polenz wrote a book on America which he called "The Land of the Future." One chapter is devoted to American women. We read with humility:

"The American family life has, like all which is good and real in the New World, its roots in the motherland of Europe."

For sacredness and purity, place in the first rank will be given the position which women hold in the family, and the consideration which men give her." (Why not give American men credit for their peculiar respect and consideration for women, since it is unique?)

He is particularly interested in our treatment of marriage and divorce, and, while severely criticising the lack of uniform laws of divorce in all the States, he approves of the ease with which divorce may be obtained:

"But generally the tendency in the practice of law is towards making divorce easy. In spite of family scandal attending unusual events in America, divorces are the order of the day; and in all conditions. For the morality of the people this is indeed no injury, for no mistake is more human than in the choice of a life companion. But to make good this fault by separation seems wiser, more courageous, and more honorable than to let stand longer the life bond become a lie by love grown cold."

"In America marriages are seldom arranged from pure considerations of reason. Neither by man nor by woman is marriage there looked upon as 'maintenance.' The American girl does not know the overhaste of many a German girl to 'come under the *Haus*.' She only gives her consent if the right one comes; if he does not appear she need fear no disgrace in remaining unmarried, for woman there is considered an individual, not, first of all, a dependent."

"The possibilities which in America are open to woman for earning her bread independently, as teacher, in the office, in choirs, by literary work, or, if she belong to the lower classes, in the factory, give girls safety and reserve."

"That many women remain unmarried works favorably on the consideration which is paid the sex; they do not underbid one another; on the contrary, they hold themselves of high value."

"If in her choice greater freedom has been given the girl, women also have been assured a higher degree of independence in marriage than their European sisters. . . . By her position in the family woman has also won before the public an authority often denied to her by us." And here follows a native confession:

"Even if a woman should allow the tyrannical inclinations of a man to please her, which, in her self-regard, is not likely to happen, public opinion, which over there freely takes sides, would soon show the tyrant his limits. To let go in his own house impoliteness towards the mother of his children, ill humor, and the like customs which the husband with us often regards as his good, God-appointed right, is forbidden to the American who gives something for the esteem of his fellow-citizens."

"On the other hand, the reverence for woman

does not degenerate into that ecstasy which, among romantic peoples, has made an idol out of woman before whose divinity one experiences pretended religious awe, while he lies on his face before the sex."

He finds it strange and not altogether commendable that the education of youth should be so largely in the hands of women.

Co-education in America interests him keenly and, on the whole, he concludes that it is the best method for a country whose aim in general education is to give to all individuals, without difference of condition, color, or sex, a symmetrical civilization, to educate them as good citizens and as practical men. Such an aim cannot exclude women; on the contrary, it must depend upon her as its best helper. When, however, knowledge is elevated to be an end in itself, as in the older universities, the feminine element, he finds, withdraws of itself. In the beginning, girls are far ahead of boys, and so far as concerns the acquiring of knowledge they get on well, but as soon as the application of the thing learned, or criticism—in short, the especial search work—begins, the youth overtakes the girl. Women, in a certain measure, come to an entire stop on which her satiated spirit quickly hardens, while the masculine endowment begins first its action in the harder atmosphere of free investigation.

But he grants our women still to be good home-makers. "Everywhere they have a somewhat different comprehension of domesticity than our women. There is also an American ideal of family happiness, and the capable woman knows how to arrange for her husband and her children whether she is a college or only a high school graduate."

He recognizes the influence of women on American literature, but thinks this is because of a lack of interest in general culture on the part of men. "The women of the New World have more time than their German sisters, who are more occupied in housekeeping, and they turn themselves in some directions which have nothing to do with their own domestic affairs. They have taken possession of art and literature as their domain. They read much, and in all knowledge worth knowing are far better instructed than men. Outside of their interest only is the business life, which they gladly leave to their husbands. Among them one finds what is called over there 'refinement,' a mingling of mind culture, taste, and way of living. They are especially fruitful in letters. Writing has received through them, in many lines, a really feminine stamp, in newspaper lyrics and the short story. But it acts here as in science; the woman possesses promising gifts whose limits, nevertheless, are quickly reached. The

lack of originality, of depth, and the train of dilettanteism which appears in American literature of the day, must be reflected, so that the great part is written for women and not a little of it by women."

The American traveling in Europe is generally shocked by the common sight of women working in the fields, but Herr Polenz finds in this a more wholesome condition than in our large number of women at work in factories. "The significance lies in this, that the woman is drawn away from the family by work outside of the house. From this view point factory work is more unfavorable than field work, so much scorned by Americans, and considered as a remnant of barbarity. The factory work goes through the whole year, and is mechanical. Field work is confined to a season, and offers many changes in itself. Certainly work in field and garden does not lure away from house and herd, and can be united much better with the conduct of domestic affairs than the tending of many looms demanding all the powers."

The novel experiences of a group of waitresses during the past season would somewhat confirm the writer's view of field work for women. A waitress in one of our Western States overheard a farmer lamenting a probable heavy loss because of the impossibility of securing farm help. The girl thought over the matter, consulted with several friends, with the result that they offered their services at three dollars a day (they had been receiving fifteen dollars a week). After several weeks in the field they reported the work as no harder than that which they had been doing, that the change to outdoor life for the few weeks had been more pleasant than otherwise, the hours were no longer, they were no more on their feet than in the restaurant, that they had had nothing harder to do than their usual carrying of trays full of heavy dishes, and that they wished to re-engage for the next season. Whether this is the beginning of field labour for American women remains to be seen. If it should so come to be, field labor has not been forced upon them. In this case, at least, the action was wholly voluntary upon the part of the girls.

Herr Polenz sees for the American woman a peculiar mission. She has an important part to play. "The feminine sex brings color and variety into the monotony of the American business life. The men in their frock coats, whose black is never broken by a uniform or other mark of position, wear only the outer garment of their common, sober existence all too plainly in sight. The normal Yankee (Germans usually consider the term "Yankee" as applicable to all Americans, because we have no adjective coming from the name "United

States"] is a business man; even politics he carries on from a business view point. Knowledge exists for him only as he can attain something practical through its help. He is inclined to confound literature with the newspapers. Art he is interested in, at most, as a collector. There is wanting among men every finer instinct.

"Here," he says, "lies the great mission for the future of the American woman. Woman may not remain content with decorating herself and developing her gifts. She must also help man to become refined—must lead him to the treasures of art and science which are not yet open to the highest thought of this people. She must lure him out of his business one-sidedness and teach him to live worthily."

Professor Münsterberg, who has lived in America, is more flattering:

"He [the foreigner] wanders in vain through the colleges to find the repulsive creature he expected, and the funny picture of the German comic paper changes slowly into an enchanting type by Gibson. And when he has made good use of his letters of introduction, and has met these new creatures at close range, has chatted with them before cozy open fires, has danced and bicycled and golfed with them, has seen their clubs and meetings and charities, he finds himself discouragingly word-poor when he endeavors to describe, with his imperfect English, the impression that has been made upon him. He feels that his vocabulary is not sufficiently provided with complimentary epithets. The American woman is clever and ingenious and witty; she is brilliant and lively and strong; she is charming and beautiful and noble; she is generous and amiable and resolute; she is energetic and practical and yet idealistic and enthusiastic—indeed, what is she not?"

Nevertheless, he sees points of weakness. "The feminine mind has the tendency to unify all ideas, while a man rather separates independent classes. Each of these positions has advantages and drawbacks. The immediate products of the feminine temperament are tactfulness and aesthetic insight, sure instincts, enthusiasm, and purity; and, on the other hand, a lack of logical consecutiveness, a tendency to overhasty generalization, underestimation of the abstract and the deep, and an inclination to be governed by feeling and emotion. Even these weaknesses may be beautiful in domestic life and attractive in the social sphere; they soften the hard and bitter life of men. But women have not the force to perform those public duties of civilization which need the harder logic of man. If the entire culture of the nation is womanized, it will be in the end weak and without decisive influence on the progress of the world."

Dr. Dunker, in his report of the Royal German Commission in 1904, says:

"Everywhere there is a credulous optimism coupled with harmless dilettanteism. Everywhere high aim, liberal execution, but lack of solidity in matters of detail."

Unanimously they comment upon the delicacy of physique, the nervousness which seems to be on the edge of nervous prostration, the lack of a sound basis of health, which is entirely comprehensible to those who have visited a German watering-place, or the *gartens* in every German city, and observed the physique of the German woman in all its height, breadth, and size of shoe.

The Frenchman has not failed to express his opinion of us. His natural gallantry carried him further than the German when Rochefort could said: "It is impossible to meet with what is called a plain woman;" which we should like to believe in spite of much ocular demonstration to the contrary. He expresses in a truly French manner the position of the young girl in the United States, which is a constant surprise to the Continentals. "In the United States she is under the guard of no one, but under the protection of all," is the way one writer puts it. Monsieur de Varigny, who has written a volume called "La Femme aux Etats-Unis," agrees with Herr Polenz as to the American woman being more interested in general culture than the American man, but goes even further:

"Her intelligence has developed and extended itself; that of man is specialized and concentrated. Remunerative work awaits him and he enters it at an early hour. As for her, in the beginning the equal and companion of man, she has gradually become his superior by the leisure which he has created for her and the use she has made of it, by intellectual culture, by the extent and variety of her knowledge, by the progress which she knows how to make and keep. She is the result of a union of circumstances which have never before been united anywhere in the same degree, and which have all contributed to make of her the superior type of the race."

He, too, is struck with the great number of marriages ending in divorce, and is much alarmed at this condition:

"It is astonishing, and not without reason, to see the institution of marriage thus put in peril there, where, more than anywhere else, it seems, one would suppose, to be grounded on immovable foundations, surrounded by all desirable guarantees. How explain, indeed, such a result among a people religious by conviction, cold by temperament, moral by instinct, profoundly respectful to woman, to whom, indeed, it accords, outside of equality of rights, social privileges

which are possessed only in the New World? How admit that these different factors, each of which, taken individually, constitutes in itself a moral force at the service of a society whose aggregation represents a sum of conditions sufficient to assure to the conjugal state a double consecration, divine and human, result finally in relaxing these limits to the point where one could believe that they exist no longer than the wish of the contracting parties, and not by the authority of law?"

He is especially shocked at the lack of a uniform divorce law for all the States, and the anomalous position in which some couples find themselves divorced according to the law of one State, but still united according to the law of other States.

"That disorder consecrated by laws makes a strange contrast with the moral and religious theory considered as unalterable, with the apparent respect professed for the conjugal state, with the solemn ritual which invests and consecrates it. The contradiction is striking between the point of departure and the point of arrival, between that which was desired (by the founders of the Republic) and the results obtained.

"To the eyes of the observers the situation is grave, and, if the cause is not yet lost, the results are at least much compromised. To a period of development moral and intellectual, of prosperity without precedent, has succeeded a period of restlessness. One is filled with doubt, in the face of the resulting conditions, of the excellence of the institutions, and queries whether a false road has not been taken, in seeing the worship of women, the prodigious regard of her, ending in such unlooked-for consequences."

He also is impressed with the absorption of men in business to the exclusion of all else, but attributes a different motive. "Money," he says, "is the only sign of success which the American has. More than anywhere else, we in France hold a great philosopher, a great artist, a great writer, in entirely different esteem than a rich man, however rich he may be. Above fortune we put many things; indeed, we make so much of them that, in our appreciation of others, the money which they may possess is only a secondary consideration, and no one is more conscious of this than those whose fortune is their only title to consideration." He sees in America nothing but the possession of wealth as a measure of a man's success and ability.

He comments favorably upon the adaptability of the American woman, and her readiness to enter into new conditions and make herself at home in them. "If, to safeguard their religious faith and their liberty, their ancestors did not

hesitate to cross the Atlantic at an epoch when such a voyage was long and perilous, to engage in a struggle with nature and the Indians, their descendants do not hesitate to emigrate from the Atlantic to the Pacific, to India or Australia.

"The American woman applies in all its rigor the precept of the Bible. She will leave family, friends, her country, to follow the husband whom she has chosen, and in so doing she lays upon herself no painful sacrifice, no sorrowful separation. Together they commence the struggle for existence, but without expecting anything from others, and without asking anything. According to their ideas and their traditions, it is not for the parents to provide for the need of the children from the day when the children leave them to found a family. It is not for those who are old to despoil themselves for those who are young.

"Few women in Europe possess to the same degree as the American the faculty of identifying herself with a new environment, of changing country, climate, surroundings, with such marvelous adaptability. She is the true woman of a nomadic race, ready for displacement, careless of surroundings, holding as good that which carries her to her end, where her husband meets a field free and large.

"In all this she differs profoundly from the young French girl, brought up differently, accustomed to see, before everything else, in marriage an association of interests and an emancipation from guardianship. With us the home is stable. If our language has not the word, we have the thing. About the permanent home others group themselves, allied or associated. They support each other mutually, lean upon each other; they make part of a community in which each of the members has his relations, his interests, his friendships. Then the limitations of the family are all-powerful."

Dwelling upon this point, he attributes much of France's failure to grow and extend itself to this unwillingness on the part of Frenchwomen to leave their own location. He says that in the opinion of many—perhaps the majority of thoughtful Frenchmen—this is one of their most serious problems, an insurmountable obstacle to the development of their foreign colonies.

He takes a view of international marriages which is a revelation to an American.

"Some years ago several women of high rank met in the anteroom of the palace of the Empress of Germany. In passing through Berlin they had solicited the favor of an audience through their respective ambassadors, and an hour had been appointed when the Empress would receive them. They did not know each other. English, Russian, Austrian, Italian, the chances of travel united them for the first time. The hour appoint-

ed had passed and the Empress did not appear. Addressing her neighbor, one of them expressed her surprise at the delay, excusing her impatience on the ground that, being an American, she was not familiar with court etiquette. Her neighbor replied, smiling, that she also was of American origin, married recently to an Austrian of rank. The others drew near, took part in the conversation, and were astonished to find that the entire six were from New England and the Western States."

Commenting upon this coincidence, which, he says, only illustrates the frequency of the marriage of American women to Frenchmen, Germans, Austrians, Russians, Italians, and Englishmen, he gives as explanation—what will certainly surprise most readers—that this is because the American girl, while she has more freedom and adulation than any other young woman of the world, loses this freedom on her marriage day. "Then she abdicates, not without regret. She resigns herself with difficulty, after having been queen of the drawing-room, to a rôle of effacement in comparison. So the American woman—does she secretly envy her whom she eclipsed, but whom marriage has set free, while it enchains her? Compared with the advantages of the life of a young American girl, those of the married European woman form a seducing ideal. It is sufficient to explain the frequent unions which Americans make on the Continent."

"His sympathies and admiration seem to be entirely for the American woman. He closes his volume with the following tribute:

"If the American Union is to-day one of the first countries of the world, she owes it in large part to the American woman, who was, and is yet, an important factor in her astonishing prosperity. The United States owes to her its having conserved its religious faith, that principle of vitality carried by the Pilgrim Fathers to the shores of America. She has been the efficacious artisan of the highest work; she has kept, extended, enlarged it by church and school. In difficult hours, in the war of independence, and later in the war of the succession, the patriotism of woman sustained the courage of man. In all circumstances she was his companion and his equal. As such he has respected her, and that respect which she has inspired in him by her abnegation and courage in the beginning, by her intelligence and her culture, has been strengthened by her charms and her confidence in his protection. She has fashioned the American customs; has strongly impregnated them with the idea that respect for his companion was for man one of the first conditions of moral life. That moral life is his work through her; she has created it and she

has sustained it. In the worship of which she is the object, in the homage which man pays to her, there is more and better than the attraction which sex inspires; there is the instinctive recognition of a great and salutary influence nobly exercised.

"Being given the point of departure of the woman of the United States, equality with man, then intellectual and social preponderance, the charms of her sex refined and developed by natural selection, by the union between young girls free in their choice and a race of colonists energetic, vigorous, profoundly imbued with religious convictions and respectful of the conjugal yoke, woman ought necessarily to appear at a given moment as the definitive expression, the superior type, of her race and her environment. She is that to-day, and it is with legitimate pride that the American shows her to Europe as the most finished product of his twentieth century civilization."

We are not surprised that the opinion of the Frenchman is so flattering to American women. It is characteristic of the race that homage should be considered the woman's due. The same writer characterizes in an interesting way the conception of woman which each nation has formed for itself:

"If for the French woman personifies our ideal, incarnating in herself all the exquisite details of civilization, for the Spaniard she still is a madonna in the church, for the Italian a flower in a garden, for the Irish 'a piece of furniture for his comfort.' One knows the naïve lament of the young Arabian woman: 'Before he became my husband he kissed my footsteps; now he harnesses me with his ass to a cart and makes me labor.' The Englishman, precursor of the American, sees chiefly in woman the mother of his children and the mistress of his home."

Nearest of all the nationalities to us are the English; nearest geographically, historically, and in their views of life. With a common ancestry, literature, and—until the last century—a common history, there surely should not be a wide separation in our customs and manners. But they see much upon which to comment—sometimes favorably, frequently severely.

The best type of Englishman is represented by Ian Maclaren (the late Dr. John Watson), who paid two visits to our shores, and wrote a series of papers on his impressions concerning us, which were published some years since in *The Outlook*. He wrote this courteous and, on the whole, complimentary opinion, though he did not entirely approve of the attitude which the American woman has assumed and the position which she is given:

"From end to end of America a woman is

respected, protected, served, honored. If she enters an elevator, every man uncovers; in a street car she is never allowed to stand if a man can give her a seat [Did he *always* ride in cabs or automobiles?]; on the railways conductors, porters, and every other kind of official hasten to wait on her; any man daring to annoy a woman would come to grief. The poorest workman can travel with security and comfort in the United States, which, to a European, seems most admirable. Her richer sister has a maid and footman in Europe; she has a nation in attendance. In society she holds a court, with every man listening to her, deferring to her, reflecting her. Perhaps the American woman may be unconsciously exacting at times—it is the penalty of absolute monarchy; perhaps the men exceed in deference when they allow the women to read for them and think for them in everything except politics—this is the drawback of hereditary loyalty. The American queen might complete an almost perfection by granting her subjects an occasional experience of equality; upon which they would never think of trifling. Perhaps the American loyalist might do his ruler true service and safeguard her from selfishness by an occasional and quite limited assertion of the rights of man. It remains, however, that it must be good for a strong and restless people to be possessed with noble ideals of woman, and from the poorest to the highest man to be engaged and sworn into her service. The woman cult in the States is in itself a civilization and next door to a religion.

The London "Times" has been sufficiently interested in the subject to publish a number of articles upon the American woman. One article is given to a comparison between English and American girls, in which the writer, whose name is not given, says of the Western girl:

"Her conversation is usually brilliant, especially as she always possesses that sense of duty to herself and her hostess which causes her to exert every faculty in order to show herself off in the best possible light. She has the infinite capacity for taking pains in her dress, which amounts in this case to positive genius. Her English sister, with considerably more natural possibilities, such as complexion, hair, and general health, lacks the realization as a duty of good dressing, with that attention to small details which go so far to make up the general appearance of a well-dressed woman.

"It is a curious and notable fact that in the greatest democracy in the world the trend of feeling is far more individualistic and local than collective and national. There are very few links, usually none, between the American girl and her fellow-citizens. She has her own set, but the lower classes—so termed—hardly come

within her horizon; at any rate, far less so than is the case with her English sister, in whom the feudal idea is so strongly implanted that the well-being of those who were and are still more or less subordinate is a matter of genuine concern.

"By nature, the American girl is colder and less emotional than the English girl, and her attitude towards men is one of unfailing good comradeship. Yet, at the same time, women are considered as a race apart, who must be placed upon a pedestal and propitiated by much attention and many offerings.

"In England, before marriage the man and the girl see comparatively little of each other, but after marriage the common life is a necessity and the woman must be prepared to study his interests and to make them more or less her own. In America, before marriage the man and the girl are excellent friends and comrades, enjoying much freedom in their intercourse; after marriage the two seem to lead separate lives. The man is wholly wrapped up in his business, and the woman, when her work in the house is over, devotes most of her energies to the pursuit of social pleasures. In fact, they cannot really be said to lead a common life. To a large extent this is the man's fault, for he, as a rule, considers his wife such a delicate object that she is, so to speak, put under a glass case, and all cares and worries, and even rightful responsibilities, are carefully kept from her.

"She takes no active part in the man's every-day life, for she is often completely ignorant of the financial position, and is absolutely dependent upon him for every penny. The idea of marriage settlements or a definite allowance is abhorrent to the American mind, and yet, when all is said and done, the American woman, with all her independence, is the most dependent of women, for is not he who holds the purse-strings, after all, her real master?

"In no other country does one feel so profoundly that women are what men have made them. It is probable that the large number of divorces in America are due to the unconscious desire on the part of women to find a real partner and comrade in life, instead of the mere financial agent that the average American man is contented to be."

With all this great variety of expression in regard to the women of our country, one conclusion may be deduced. The "woman question," in its large meaning, not in its minor political signification, is a vital subject, and is not confined to any one land, but is the expression of a distinct forward movement in civilization, and, whether or not any particular indi-

vidual is interested and sympathetic, or critical and annoyed, the movement will go on just the same. If it results in more intelligence, more ability, more strength and power, even more independence, society will be so much the richer by so much as woman has really gained.

News and Notes

Her Highness the Maharani Sahiba of Bhavnagar is an accomplished lady of high attainments. She has identified herself with all good movements for the welfare of the subjects of the Maharajah and her efforts to promote the cause of female education in the State of Bhavnagar are well known. The honour of C. I. recently conferred on this exalted lady by the King-Emperor at the Delhi Coronation Durbar was therefore a fitting and worthy recognition of her earnest labours in the cause of women's elevation. The ladies of Bhavnagar comprising members of the Hindu, Mahomedan and Parsi communities and headed by Mrs. Pattani, wife of the worthy Devan, convened a large and influential meeting at Bhavnagar on the 7th ult. to present an address of congratulation to the Maharani on the much-coveted distinction conferred on her. The Address after expressing gratitude to the King-Emperor for conferring this distinction on the Maharani, recounted the wifely and womanly virtues of Her Highness and her ceaseless efforts to promote female education throughout the State. Mention was also made of the noble manner in which Her Highness had been seconding the Maharajah in all his varied activities. The Maharani's reply to the address was short, sweet and dignified. She referred scornfully to the agitation in the outside world for the so-called rights of women and equality with men and congratulated her hearers on the fact that they were worthily maintaining the best traditions of the country. The Maharani of Bhavnagar is one of a small band of earnest Indian women-workers in the cause of female emancipation. So long as there are accomplished and earnest women like the Maharani of Baroda and Bhavnagar and the Begum of Bhopal who realize the backward condition of Indian women, and are prepared to do all they can to raise them socially and educationally, the future is one full of hope. We offer our respectful congratulations to Her Highness the Maharani of Bhavnagar and hope that she will not relax her efforts for the betterment of her Indian sisters, to whatever classes, castes or communities they may belong.

The progressive state of Bhavnagar has rendered excellent service to the cause of female education. It opened the first girls' school in Kathiawar in 1857 with a small Gujarati class of

only fifteen girls. Since then, the school has gradually fought its way up against strong popular prejudice which at one time prevailed in every part of the country till to-day, the Majiraj Girls' School, as it is called, boasts of having 800 pupils on its rolls learning all Gujarati standards, and going up to the sixth English standard, besides receiving instructions in music, embroidery and needle-work. There now exist eighteen Girls' Schools in the State, the number of girls studying in them being 3,000. We congratulate the people of Bhavnagar for their good fortune in having enlightened rulers to guide their destinies and for the great advantages that they must have reaped by the continuous progress of female education for the last fifty-five years.

Amid the noise and clatter of "higher education" (all for boys of course) few of us have ears for the humbler sort of instruction, especially for girls. It is a pleasure, therefore, to hear of a little school for Mohomedan girls, started last year at Calcutta by Mrs. Sakhawat Hossein, widow of a Government servant, who had left a goodly portion of his small savings for the purpose. The widow, a purdah lady, seems to have entered heartily into the spirit of this pious enterprise, and gives the little pupils the love and devotion of a mother more than a mere school mistress. The school has been visited by English as well as Indian ladies who speak with one voice about its working. We hope it will soon receive a grant from Government and support from the Mohomedan community.

One of its pressing needs is an omnibus carriage, to bring over and take back the pupils daily; it would hardly do to walk them through the crowded streets, apart from heat and rain. Mrs. Sakhawat Hossein has started a special fund for this purpose, to which H. H. the Aga Khan and others have contributed handsomely. We should like orthodox Hindus and Mohomedans to start schools of this description, managed by ladies and under the supervision of voluntary lady workers. It is woman's work essentially, and if women wait for the M. A's, L.L. B's of the other sex, it will be a weary waiting. Our gentlemen workers are busy founding universities (on paper); let the ladies be content with humble undertakings that are real. Will some of these write to Mrs. Sakhawat Hossein, 13, Wallyulla's Lane, Calcutta?—*The Indian Spectator*, of March 16, 1912.

MEDICAL PROFESSION FOR WOMEN—HIGHER SALARIES.—Order No. 1128, Public, dated 26th October, 1911.—In order to encourage women desirous of entering the medical profession to obtain the degree of M. B. & C. M.

of the Madras University, the Governor in Council has resolved to award annually three stipends each of Rs. 25 a month to young women who undertake to study for that degree. The stipends will be allotted each year by the Provincial Committee of the Countess of Dufferin's Fund and may be awarded either to students who have already passed the Intermediate Examination in Arts or to those who are reading for it. The maximum period of tenure of a stipend will be seven years and the committee may attach to it such conditions as they think fit.

2. His Excellency in Council is of opinion that as a further inducement to obtain this higher qualification, enhanced salaries on the following scale should be given to those possessing it:—

	Pay.	Charge
	RS.	RS.
First two years	100	...
3—7 " "	100	25
8—14 " "	125	50
15—21 " "	150	50
22—28 " "	175	50
29—35 " "	200	50

3. To enable the committee to meet the expenditure on stipends and to assist, by grants-in-aid, those local bodies which are unable to defray the cost of giving enhanced salaries to medical women possessing higher qualifications than those now employed, the Governor in Council directs that a grant of Rs. 12,000 per annum be made to the Provincial Committee of the Countess of Dufferin's Fund with effect from the 1st April, 1912.

Dr. Miss Kashibai Nowrange delivered a very spirited address on educated men's shortcomings at a series of lectures organised by the Hindu Union Club. Miss Nowrange laid stress on the fact that educated men would not talk to their womankind about the ideas which they had themselves imbibed from their Western education and about the great problems which were agitating the world outside the narrow precincts of the home circle. The explanation is that these ideas are not really incorporated in the mental constitution of many of us. If they were, without a man's taking any special trouble to talk about them, he would, unless he had taken a vow of silence, be conveying his own thoughts and impressions of the outside world to his kith and kin. Naturally, the person who holds the convenient view that women have no business except such as pertain to pots and pans and the duties euphemistically termed those of motherhood, will deliberately avoid giving his female relatives an inkling of what is going on outside

the purdah. In justice to educated Indians it must be said that there are very few of this aggressively Philistine type at the present day. Many of them can only plead that they talk so much outside that they are perforce reduced to silence at home from sheer physical exhaustion. We trust Miss Nowrange's rebuke will have some effect on those for whom it was intended. Perhaps the increasing attendance of women at our public meetings will to some extent improve matters. In any case, men have arrogated to themselves so long the right of criticising educated women that it is refreshing to see the reverse process commenced in right earnest. The Chair at the lecture was taken by Mrs. Lakshmi Bai Ranade and we may be sure that Miss Nowrange's observations were adequately rubbed in by the worthy lady in the chair.

There is a certain directness and unaffected humility about Lady Clarke's speeches which stir up brainwaves that linger when words are forgotten. Thus, speaking at the annual prize distribution of the Girgaon Girls' Schools, Her Excellency dwelt in earnest terms on the fact of personal influence and the tremendous responsibility which it entailed on every man, woman and child. In simple words, she impressed on the children that that was a solemn thought and one of which they could not be too often reminded. "We cannot set ourselves," said her Excellency "too high an ideal of life. We must try to check little faults, and to keep our minds as temples into which no unclean thing is allowed to enter. If we do this, the society in which we live must be the better for our example. All who cherish a lofty standard of life and conduct will insensibly help to raise the tone of their associates to a higher level. Let us wage a constant fight against all that is small and low and selfish, let us never lose faith in the ideal life, in what we ought to be and do and say, and let us never forget how unworthy we are of the blessings God has showered down upon us." No better advice could have been given to children or to many who are no longer, though they would be glad if they were, children.

Perhaps the most interesting portion of Mr. Pradhan's address is that devoted to the position of women and the remedies suggested for improving their present unsatisfactory lot. He says that the ignorance of women is a serious obstacle to progress, that the education of women must be pushed on with greater vigour, that the limit of marriageable age for girls must be raised to twenty and that the seclusion of women, wherever this exists, must disappear if society is to advance on proper lines. All these are desirable changes doubtless, but they presuppose a degree of advancement of

public sentiment which can be hardly said to exist at present in any marked form. It was only the other day that the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, the exponent of Indian radicalism in politics and the upholder of "India for the Indians" policy referred to the Age of Consent Act passed by the Government of India in the best interests of the country and for the protection of Indian womanhood as "that abominable measure."

The same correspondent writes: "Mrs. Ranade, President of the Seva Sadan, accompanied by three other ladies of the Seva Sadan, came here day before yesterday, and alighted at Rio Banadur Lalsnankar Umashankar's. They spent a very busy day yesterday. Among other institutions they visited the Mahipatram Orphanage, which they thoroughly inspected. They expressed their pleasure at the thoroughness of the arrangements, and the care taken of its inmates. They visited the Female Training Colleges, the Ladies' Club, and other institutions."

A novel feature of the present Allahabad municipal election contest is that for the first time a Hindu lady has offered herself as a candidate. Mrs. Mohanlal Nehru, the candidate, is an enlightened lady who ably manages the *Stri Darpan*. She is one of the candidates for the Civil Station ward. We believe, says our contemporary, this is the instance of a Hindu lady offering to serve on a municipal board and we congratulate Mrs. Mohanlal Nehru on her public spirit.

Her Highness the Begum of Bhopal, whose advanced ideas on female education are well-known, has given a practical proof of her interest in the elevation of sex, by devising a scheme for forwarding female education, says the "Englishman." She intends to start a well-equipped school which is intended to serve as a model for others of its kind. In this the rich and the poor alike are to share in the benefits of education. It is estimated that some twelve lakhs of rupees will be required to start the scheme, and Her Highness has offered one lakh from the State coffers and Rs. 20,000 from her private purse; while her daughter-in-law have promised another Rs. 19,000. This is an example that might well be followed by other Native States in India for there is no doubt that the backwardness of female education is one of the great obstacles to progress in India.

THE JAIN LADIES' CONFERENCE MET AT Belgam on the 4th ultimo when 2,000 ladies assembled and were welcomed by Mrs. Sulachanabai Lengade in a festspeech. Mrs. Sakinabai Hatachand presided and delivered her inaugural address, in which she described the progress of female education in the Jain com-

munity, and held up Rama and Sita as ideals to be realised. The first Resolution deprecated child marriages; the second Resolution requested Jain widows to devote their lives to learning and the good of their sisters; and the third Resolution emphasised the necessity of female education. The Conference closed after an appeal for funds in support of female education, which was well responded to.

FEMALE EDUCATION.—A characteristic feature of the last Convocation of the Calcutta University was the conferment of University Degrees on seventeen ladies, twelve Indians and five Anglo-Indians, by the Vice-Chancellor. Comparing our own presidency with that of Bengal it seems to us that sufficient attention is being paid to the most important subject of female education in Bengal. The Hon'ble Sir Harcourt Butler in his speech on Hon'ble Mr. Gokhale's Compulsory Education Bill pointed out that the Elementary Schools in England are practically in the hands of female teachers, whose number at the present day is 111,000 as against 35,000 male teachers. This figure is a really commendable one, and it may be easily surmised that, in England, as much attention, if not more, is paid to the education of girls as of boys. On the other hand, the people of this country are eager to educate their boys, but unmindful of the education of their girls. For instance, we have, in our own district, scores of instances to illustrate the most deplorable apathy exhibited in the matter of female education thereby languishing the institutions intended for it. No one can deny the truth that in India, we are still wanting in a sound and practical system of female education, as a result of which we have only a handful of female teachers. The apathy on the part of the parents in the education of their girls turns out to be a stumbling block to the progress of female education. Educational advantages are also wanting to a certain extent, and we think that if the women of India are to receive the educational advantages they require, it should be their aim to secure the services of highly educated Indian ladies, who, unfortunately, are few and far between. We think it is high time that our educated country men, who have the education of their women at heart, established a Training College for women in India for training and educating girls. It is however very gratifying to learn that a movement has been started in England under the name of "the Indian Women's Education Association," which promises to do much for the cause of Indian female education. The object of the Association, it is said, is to help Indian women to be trained as teachers of their own countrymen. The working body consists of some high English and Indian ladies, among

whom are the Maharanis of Cooh Behar and Mourbhauj as patrons, the Countess of Minto as president, the Princess Sophia Duleep Singh and Lady Lyall as Vice-Presidents, Mrs. P. L. Roy as Honorary Treasurer and Mrs. Bhola Nath and Miss Bonnerjee as Honorary Secretaries. The funds raised hitherto amount to £118, and it is satisfactory to learn that an Indian girl, Miss Chatterjee, has been sent to England and has commenced her training career in the Bedford College. We have no doubt that this Association which has set itself upon a noble task will have the hearty support of all.

One of the last acts of Lady Carmichael during her brief stay in our midst was the formal opening of the new building of a Poor School near the Elephant Gate established by Mrs. Lazarus of this city more than twenty years ago for imparting the rudiments of education to the "Street Arabs" of this city. The school which began with half a dozen neglected street urchins has now on its roll 105 pupils, of whom 37 are girls. It has been maintained by public subscriptions supplemented by a small grant from Government.

Indian Messenger says: Miss Hempraha Bose, M.A., has been appointed Secretary of the Calcutta Congregation of the Sadharan Brahmo Samaj for the current year.

LADIES' CLUB.—The Indian ladies of Madras at the Ladies' Recreation Club, Mylapore, met to bid farewell to H. E. Lady Carmichael. The members and the guests had a very enjoyable hour in various games like badminton, billiard, etc., and music. Some purdah ladies were treated separately to the recreations. A group photo was taken. Refreshments were served under trees. The ladies expressed regret for the departure of such a good friend as Lady Carmichael from their midst. Her Excellency was much moved and thanked the ladies. She presented her portrait to the Club as a souvenir. She was garlanded

with rose and gold. The garden was illuminated brilliantly with electricity.

In addressing the students of the Majiraj Girls' School at its annual prize distribution the other day, Her Excellency Lady Clarke laid before them an high ideal, which their education ought to enable them to attain. That beautiful model of perfection described by Her Excellency is especially noteworthy and deserves careful consideration, coming as it does from a highly cultured woman who has assimilated all that is best in Western civilization. "The chief object of education," said Lady Clarke, "is to create a true woman, with all the best attributes possible, to make her a fit helpmate of her husband. It is useless to compare the abilities of men and women, or for the one to try and rival the other. They are both quite different, and each is necessary to the other. They should both strive to reach the highest ideals in their separate expenditure hat it would involve. But the very cautious and moderate measure contemplated no such thing. It only aimed at the introduction of compulsion in selected areas.

PROTECTION OF WOMEN AND GIRLS.—The Hon'ble Mr. Dadabhai has presented a draft Bill to the Legislative Department for the protection of women and girls under 16 years of age and has applied for leave to introduce it this session. The Bill is being examined by the law officers of the Government.

Mrs. Scharlier, M.D.S., speaking at the annual dinner of the New Hospital for Women, Euston Road, said she had lived for more than 20 years in India and considered it was impossible for any one to realise the great need that existed there for women doctors. The women of India were debarred by their social customs and their religious beliefs from availing themselves of the services of any man and it was absolutely imperative to have a sufficient number of medical women for work in those countries.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

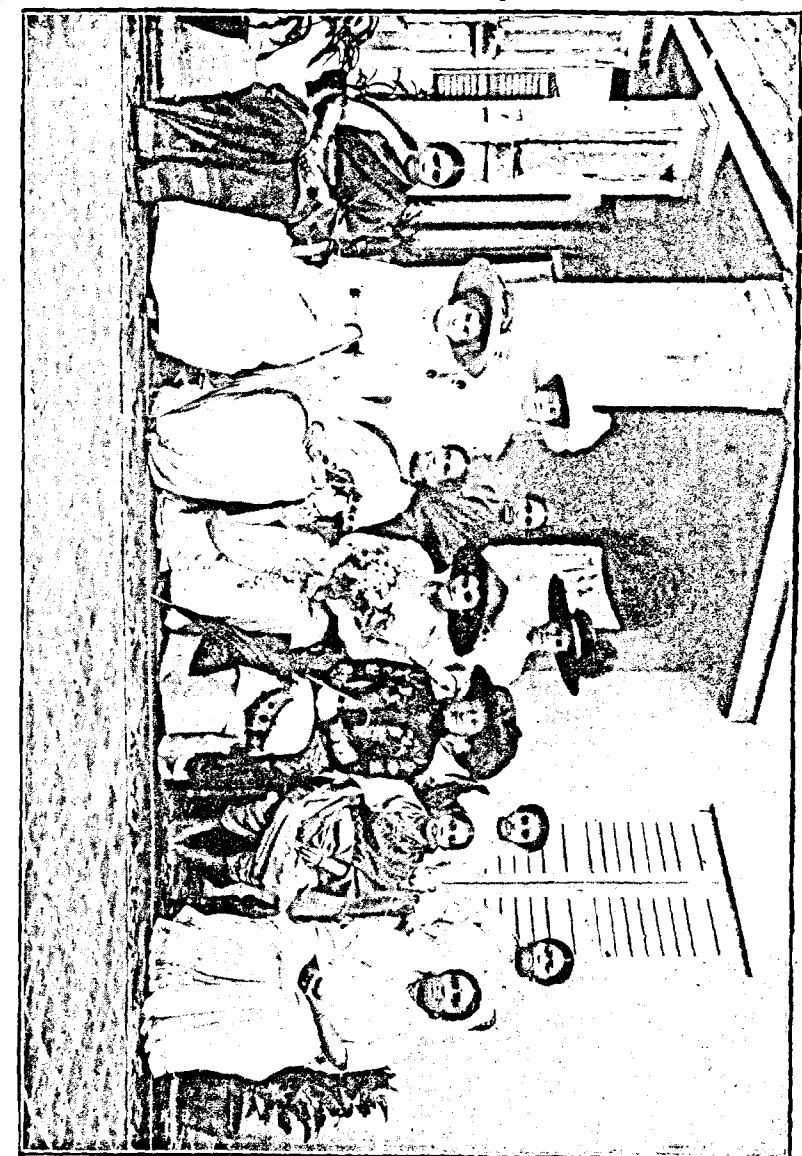
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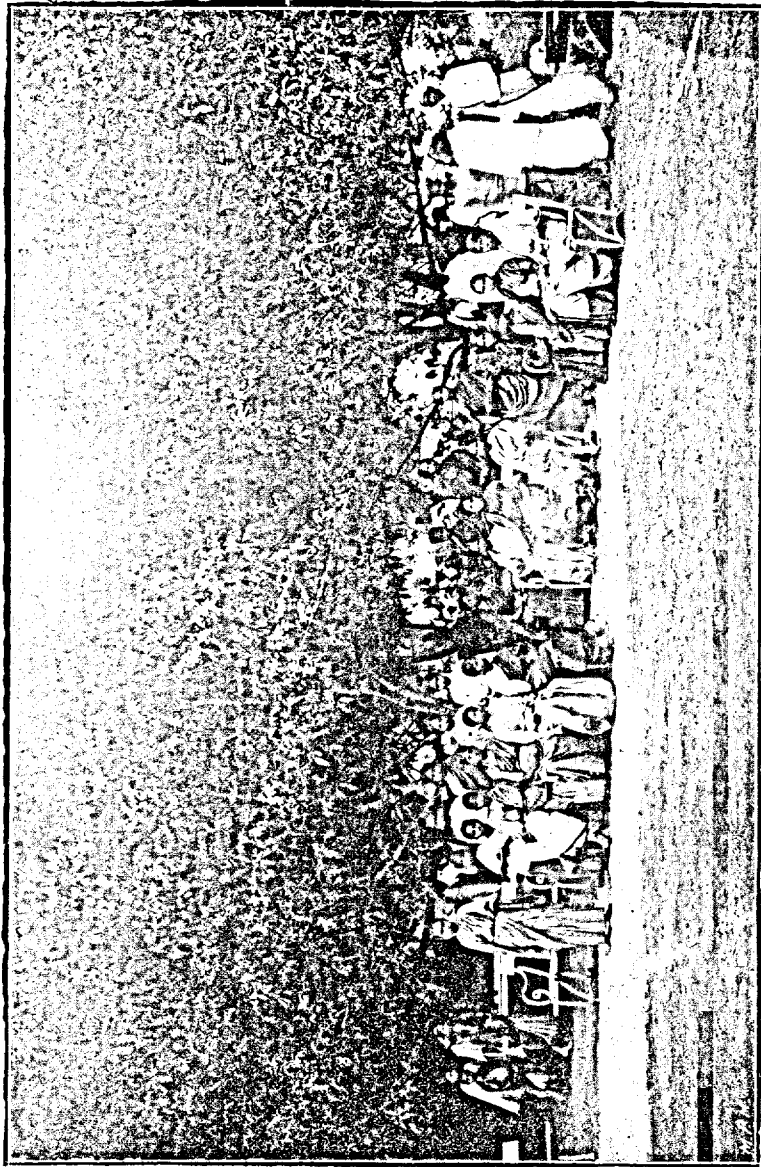
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LADIES' RECREATION CLUB MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE
Taken at an 'At Home' given by the Committee Members Club to bid farewell to H. E. Lady Carmichael on the eve of her departure to Bengal.

March 1912



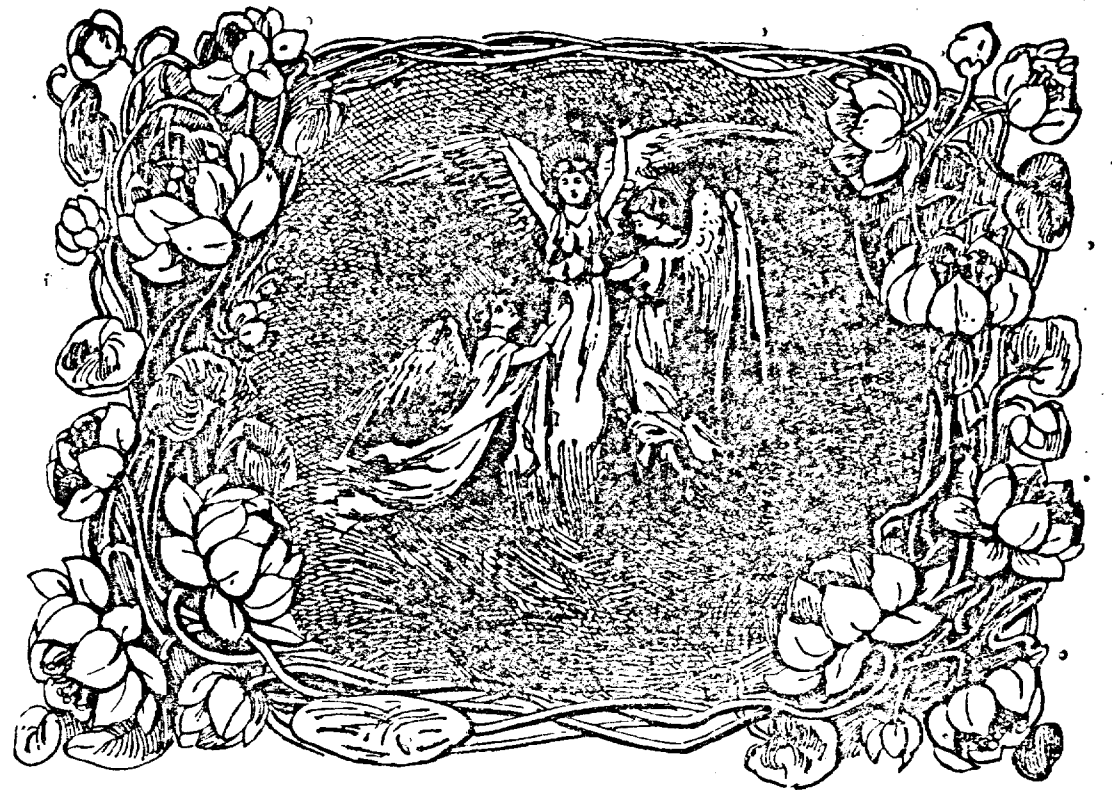
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LADIES' RECREATION CLUB: GROUP OF MEMBERS

Taken at a farewell 'At Home' given in honour of H. E. Lady Carmichael

March, 1912



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. XI]

JUNE, 1912

[No. 12

Divinity's Sign

*Search thy heart ;
Search, wouldst thou enter these abodes, and know
There is a secret sign whereby the soul
Feels certainty of safety and of power
Imparted, public to the universe,
By a single world unqvist of, but to one
Conscious of soul's divinity, a sign
Infallible of the life immortal ; sign
Stamped in the spirit as is the gleaming seal
Thou stwest on brows of those imparadised,
The true triliteral monogram of God.*

The Cat-Fugue *



PICTURE to yourself a little house, half-hidden in dark-green myrtle bushes, overrun by vine-leaves, surrounded and overshadowed by wild roses and orange-trees; in the back ground, Naples, the queen of all the towns, resting on a magnificent couch, and spread above it, the ever-smiling Italian sky. Such a richly-coloured little picture is extremely charming to eyes half-blinded by winter-snow and ice, and we inwardly dream with our yearning hearts, of all this luxuriant loveliness, so that at last we speak of the deep blue shining Heaven, as though we ourselves had felt the ravishing, life-giving kiss of the sun, and beheld the strange enchanting beauty of the South.

When you have enjoyed this little picture a short time, then turn your eyes, likewise, to a carelessly-dressed old man, who sits before the door of the house, and gazes thoughtfully into the distance. Sometimes an orange-tree sheds a single fragrant blossom upon him, he heeds it not; roses freakishly kiss the crown of his head; gay butterflies flutter playfully around him, to no purpose; the charming, stirring life and motion does not affect him; and yet there was passion and emotion in his dark, nobly-cut face, and the fiery Italian eyes contrasted strangely with the northern snow of his head.

It was the Master *Alessandro Scarlatti*. A harp leant against his chair, and before him, with an inexpressibly solemn mien, and inimitable dignity, a great black cat took its place. He amused himself by letting the tip of his tail, which like his left ear, shone out a spotless white, dance gently over the strings, which odd experiment naturally drew forth all manner of strange sounds. Every morning (at which time his great master never took these musical studies amiss) he was wont to give himself up to his genius quite unreservedly, draw the tip of his tail up and down the harp, amidst the merriest quips and cranks, and sing those old melancholy measures of his race, which, as the saying goes, are able to soften stones, and make men mad.

All that never troubled the Master *Scarlatti*; on the contrary, he laughed like a good-natured beggar, when his cat fell into his musical raptures. But in the evening the cat always sat in a corner of his beloved master's room, with a face like a contented alderman, and the master himself then played upon the harp. That

* Translated from the German of Elise Polko, by Sylvia M. Ratley.

might well indeed be glorious to hear, for all the little birds which sang in the orange-trees, and myrtle boughs, came flying to the open window to listen, and the roses stretched out their little heads one after the other, in such haste and impatience, that very often thereby a tender little bud lost its sweet life. But the master was like a wonderful old bard *Ossian*, to behold; only not so sorrowful and melancholy. What wonder, if with such magic sounds, the sensitive mind of an uncorrupted cat (who moreover still bewailed a dead love) should break forth in grief, and his green eyes overflow, like the King of *Thule*. *Scarlatti* noticed this precious moisture, so he drew his faithful four-footed companion to him, stroked, petted, and kissed him, till he again recovered his wild-cat freaks. Altogether the cat led quite a delightful life with his gentle master, to whom he was every thing,—friend, wife, and child; whom he never forsook, day or night. When the old master composed, then *Ponto* must needs softly, softly glide the famous white tip of his tail over his head, at which he sat motionless on his left shoulder. Sometimes *Scarlatti* would become angry, impatient, when a thought would not come clearly to him; if his hand became tired, or the spiteful ink got condensed into a formless blot, then through a sudden indignant shrug of his master's shoulder the cat would often fly from his high seat into the middle of the room. But he did not take that amiss either, but remained friendly under such roughness, like a wise woman towards her scolding husband; always came meekly back again, and then after some minutes of painful banishment, leapt afresh, with the pleasantest purrs, on to his deserted throne. For then, when his master had pushed aside pen and paper, he also kept a thousand loving caressing words and other things, which gratified his appetite immensely. Everything went well and splendidly, if only there had not been Sunday, the one sad day for the cat *Ponto*. On Sunday quite a strange wild companion was accustomed to take up his quarters with the Master *Scarlatti*, and to stay with him till quiet night covered the weary earth from the glare and heat in its starry robe. The young Sunday guest was a beloved pupil of the master; had come far away from distant Germany, and was called *Hasse*. The cat observed him, also his red and white face, and his brown curls. Now in the wide world there could not be a merrier, more daring fellow than this identical young German, who teased and worried the faithful *Ponto* in every possible way: now tying a bell on his tail; now putting a little child's shoes on his feet; sometimes crowning him with roses, or sprinkling him with orange-blossoms, which strong scent the cat-nose absolutely could not endure, and in return for which it always retaliated with repeated convulsive sneezes. Moreover the young German

possessed a mischievous little dog, to which even *Ponto*, his sworn enemy, was obliged to concede because he was charming, pure white, nimble and graceful, with knowing brown eyes. This spoilt pet was scarcely more wild, ungovernable, and reckless than his master, and the cat fretted himself quite thin over his insolence, and it was Sunday when the cat, wildly mad, sprang up and down the harp, but his master was thoughtfully gazing by into the distance as I have described him to you. And lo! the dreaded guest actually appeared during the first prelude. Lightly and joyfully he stepped thither, the youth with the beautiful curls and the fresh cheeks, and beside him jumped and frisked his beloved comrade. "Good-morning, Master *Scarlatti*," cried the new-comer, with a hearty tone and look; "how I have rejoiced for you!" *Scarlatti* nodded and smiled half kindly at the affectionate greeting, half mockingly at the peculiar German accent of the speaker, and replied: "I am a bad companion and friend to-day, *Hasse*; I have a very great deal on my mind; all sorts of sounds are dinning in my ears, all confused, and I can make no time out of them; I am seeking for something, particularly original; that I cannot find it, is bringing me to desperation; I pray you, leave me in peace from your jokes; or I will wing the neck of your spoilt little dog!" "Stop, stop, Master *Scarlatti*!" cried the guest "that is not so easily done; you are in a bad temper, that I can well see, but you must not touch my faithful little pet. You know also that he was the parting gift of my sweet, fair, German maiden, and will follow me, as her love and faithfulness follow me." The master turned to the young man with a kind smile, and looked into his bright, still almost child-like face. There stood the young enthusiast, leaning against the orange-tree, surrounded by the splendour of the South, his eyes raised to heaven, and seeming to dream of his far, beloved home, of beautiful Germany with the clear sky, the bright green trees, gay flowers, and snow-crowned mountains. Or did his longing thoughts fly to the loveliest of all flowers, to his faithful, distant beloved one? But soon the clouds vanished, which had overshadowed his youthful brow; *Trenlieb* sprang up to him, and kissed his hands. The master became once more lost in deep thought, and left it to the student to guard the peace and order of his little kingdom. The young man did so for a little while, during which time he preached the two animals an admirably reasonable sermon, at the conclusion of which, however, he drew a little wig and spectacles out of his pocket to dress the infuriated *Ponto* in them, in spite of all resistance. That particularly seemed to delight the wild *Trenlieb*; he barked loudly, and danced up and down before the sorely tried sufferer, with the agility and gracefulness of a dancer. *Scarlatti* looked round

at the group, and had to smile secretly, but took good care to hide this weakness from his mad pupil, but on the contrary growled at him rather harshly, so that *Hasse*, fearing a tremendous storm, lured his pupils into the Master's little room. The old harpsichord stood open; the young man's hands glided over the keys; he played a wild witches' dance. *Trenlieb* sprang up half-possessed; and at last jumped with the utmost impudence, with a yell of joy, upon the back of the unfortunate *Ponto*, tenderly clinging round his neck with his front paws. Then at last the long-suffering patience of the noble cat gave way. With the thought "to be or not to be," he began to rush madly about, yelp, almost to fly, with his little burden on his back; he tried to run up all the walls; he sprang, spluttering and squalling over chairs and tables, so that the Master's papers were scattered about like chaff, and a cloud of dust smothered the little room. *Hasse* ran up; in vain, no callings, no scoldings were of any avail. At last *Ponto* was tired out. Shame for the insult done to him, anger over his own weakness, inspired him with a brilliant idea. He would call in his master to the rescue. Without hesitation, he sprang on to the harpsichord keys, trampled them down, rushed wildly up and down twice, so that the heart-rending cry of his race pierced through joint and marrow. At the first strange sounds, *Trenlieb* already sank half unconscious from the fanatic's back. A heavy mass of chords proclaimed this event.

The cat's spectacles followed, only the wig remained. The confused sounds became melody. *Hasse* listened; but amid all the vine-leaves and wild roses, the face of the old master looked in, flooded with the sunshine of a most passionate joy, and cried: "To my heart, cat! Thou hast found it!" and *Ponto* rushed, nearly fainting, into his master's arms. But *Scarlatti* sent the wild student immediately away till the next morning. When the young man came before his master the following day, the latter showed him with a bright triumphant look, a page thickly covered with notes above which was set forth in great letters, the title: "Cat-Fugue." Master *Scarlatti* sat down at the harpsichord and played; but the youth instantly recognized with joyful astonishment, in the wonderful, skilfully interwoven and constructed theme, the strange cries for help, and unearthly melodies of the wild hunt, which had been drawn from the notes by the form of a frantic cat. Master and scholar laughed equally over the conclusion, but the crowned cat sat on his master's left shoulder and he affirmed to his dying day, that *Ponto* joined quite humanly in the laugh. Finally I impart to you the great news that *Ponto* was a great-great-great-great, uncle of the sister-in-law of the niece of the mother of the famous *Hoffmann* cat *Murr*.

A Rajput Love Song

Padmini at her Lattice

O Love! were you a basil-wreath to twine among
my tresses,

A shining clasp of mystic gems to bind around my
sleeve,

O Love! were you the *Keora's* soul that haunts
my silken raiment

A bright vermillion tassel in the girdles that I
weave;—

O Love! were you the scented fan that lies upon
my pillow,

A sandal lute or silver lamp that burns before my
shrine,

Why should I fear the jealous dawn that spreads
with cruel laughter

Sad veils of separation betwixt your face and mine?

Haste, O wild-bee hours, to the gardens of the sunset!

Fly wild-parrot day to the orchards of the west!

*Come, O tender night, with your swift consoling
darkness*

And bring me my Beloved to the refuge of my breast!

SAROJINI NAIDU.

A Rajput Love Song

Amar Sing in the Saddle

O Love! were you the hooded hawk upon my hand
that flutters,

Its collar band of gleaming bells a-tinkle as I ride,
O Love! were you a turban-spray or heron-feather,
The radiant quick unconquered sword that swingeth
at my side;

O Love! were you a shield against the arrows of my
foe-men,

An amulet of jade against the perils of the way,
How should the drum-beats of the dawn divide
me from your bosom,

Or the union of the midnight be ended with the
day?

*Haste, O wild-deer hours to the meadows of the
sunset,*

Fly wild-stallion day to the pastures of the West!
Come O tranquil night with your sweet and shel-
tering darkness

And bear me to the fragrance of my Beloved's breast.

SAROJINI NAIDU.

The Will and the Way

"We are what we are,
One equal taper of heroic hearts
Made weak by time and fate, yet strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield."
PENNYSON.



It is often that we find persons attributing their failure in life to an unjust denial or, perhaps with greater modesty, to their unwise neglect of opportunities. But the man of will does not wait for favourable circumstances but creates them; for the possession of what Shakespeare calls "the dauntless temper of the mind" affords him the clue to triumph over trials and difficulties, which to the irresolute may seem almost insuperable. Strength of will which is the central force of character—and character is but a well-educated will—achieves what mere physical exertion and intellectual activity can not by themselves effect and it is not hard to realise that the stammering Demosthenes who rose to be the greatest of the Greek Orators of antiquity, the nervous Disraeli who, smarting under the contemptuous laughter of an unfeeling assembly, exclaimed, "The day will come when you will consider it an honour to listen to me" and ultimately thrilled the Houses of Parliament with his eloquence, owed all their success to their resolute determination and steadfast perseverance in the face of disheartening influences.

What wonder then that Alexander the Great, at whose name the world once trembled for its security, and Napoleon whose ambition rudely convulsed the political conditions of his time, owed their ever-increasing military prowess to their dauntless spirit of resolution?—a spirit which thus saved the distinct outlines of their character and personality from being rubbed down into a common shape scarcely distinguishable amidst the throng of average humanity.

Thus too it is that even Satan almost awakens in us a feeling of sympathy and admiration when, standing on the mound near the lake of liquid fire, he says,

"The mind is its own place and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell or a Hell of Heaven;
What matter where, if I be still the same?"

The man who is constrained to regard force of will as though it were wrapped up in enigmatic obscurity, and who "wallowing in the bogs of doubt is drawn into the quicksands of fear or is blown ceaselessly about by the winds of anxiety", finds himself at the tender mercies

of superior intellects, like the helpless straw whirled about in the winter torrent.

But there is the cheering thought that in the words of Lord Buddha "all that we are is the result of our thoughts, it is founded on our thought, it is made up of our thoughts", and with it begins the realisation that weakness of will indicates all but the *literal* absence of backbone and that

"Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt."

But it may savour of too optimistic an exaggeration to assert that "whatever we wish, that we are; whatever we wish to be sincerely and with true intention, that we become;" because we are all painfully conscious of certain limitations which the slender resources of human nature can never overcome, but which can only be reclaimed from the darkness of fatalism by the glimmering light of will power and firm decision.

It may be that we are sometimes so chagrined by difficulties or ruined by reverses as to be inclined to reject even the qualified statement that merit consists in attempts rather than in achievements and that *they* fail and they alone who have not striven. But even then unflinching hope and dispassionate judgment alone can restore complacency and prepare for the recognition of the sublime practicalness of the thought enshrined in the following lines:—

"Defeats are steps by which we climb
With purer aim to nobler ends;
Loss leads to gain and joy attends
True footsteps up the hills of Time."

Speaking of Lord Palmerston, Gladstone declared that his force of will made the principles of his life the watchword of his ardent admirers and that the same force of will alleviated; if it could not repel, the infirmities inseparable from old age. And indeed, what are the irresolute but "so many rudderless ships buffeted about on the wild sea of passion or shuttlecocks which circumstance tosses to and fro at its pleasure?"

Strength of will, a great moral power which is susceptible of cultivation and by which we can mould the world as we would, has been declared to depend on the firmness of the constitution and its capacity for exertion. But so, it may be said of all mental conditions; for the mind can not completely extricate itself from the trammels of bodily influences. Moreover, the scientific world is waking to the consciousness of the fact that the mind determines physical conditions to such a great extent as almost to render untenable the claims of the body and to establish beyond doubt the mastery of thought over matter.

It is not to be supposed that firmness of will is synonymous with that blind persistence which knows not the boundary line between the possible and the impossible and which is maintained more by the impulses of the heart than by the judgment of the brain. Decision of character which makes creatures of circumstances is unthinkable without ultimate success and it is not hard to conceive that the great men who adorn the illustrious roll of the world's great benefactors would have sunk into insignificance if they had not struggled against the besetting evils of humanity, wrestled with the thwarting elements of their surroundings only to gain strength from repeated trials, until they succeeded in making their way to the far pinnacle of human greatness and perfection. Flexibility of purpose, on the contrary, involves neglect of legitimate duties, than which perhaps nothing is more grievous; for the path of duty is the way to Glory and every country, not England alone, expects her children to do their duty.

It is interesting to note that Samuel Johnson could observe with perfect accuracy that all performances of human nature which elicit wonder and praise are instances of the resistless force of perseverance and that resolutions and success reciprocally produce each other. But it is rather painful to reflect that in practical life he was often driven to the verge of melancholy—not far removed from despair—by apparent failures and that the significant line printed in capital letters, "Slow Rises worth, by Poverty Depressed", was dictated by bitter, personal experience and conviction. The scrupulous and almost blind Johnson, whose want of reputation obliged him to close his school at Edial,—and here Boswell characteristically exclaims, "had the academy been established after the publication of his *London*, *Rambler* or his *Dictionary*, how would it have burst upon the world, with what eagerness would the great and the wealthy have embraced the opportunity of putting their sons under the learned tuition of Dr. Samuel Johnson!!"—had perhaps enough reason to depict in his poems the influence of poverty in involving real merit in obscurity.

But the innumerable instances of distinction wrung from adverse circumstances have established more strongly than ever the validity of the statement that poverty affords the *real* stimulus to noble endeavours and that it constitutes, as it were, the *sieve* which separates the great from the little minds. Indeed, the same Johnson must be regarded as the most remarkable writer, who, by dint of a resolute will, unmindful of obstacles, secured for himself an enviable place among the great authors of English Literature. In fact, it seems to be the

invariable condition of genius that it is nurtured in poverty, but that it forces its way to a recognition which in consequence of previous obscurity is enhanced all the more in its value and universality.

In the world of American political activity, there is no brighter name than that of Abraham Lincoln, who, brought up under the most distressing and least inspiring of circumstances, continued to raise himself to a position from which he guided the destinies of a great nation and demonstrated once for all the invariable triumph of will power over the turmoils of life and the equally invariable recognition of real merit, though previously wrapped up in obscurity.

S. AMBRAVANESEWAR,

"Hindu Marriage Reform League"

[SUCCESSFUL PURDHA MEETING]



AFTER a continuous lecture tour of India for over a year, organizing forty-one branches of the 'Hindu Marriage Reform League' for men and thirty-two for women, Miss Carrie A. Tennant, the Honorary Traveling Represent-

ative, delivered her last lecture of the season on "Female Education," to ladies at Anant Rani's Dharamsala, Cawnpore.

Miss Tennant then departed for Simla for a few months' rest, after which she proposes to visit the remaining branches of the League in Northern and Southern India to revive interest.

It is most remarkable to note the interest manifested by the zenana women in Social Reform throughout India.

Great credit is due Miss Tennant for her earnest endeavours and her persistent efforts to hold such meetings for women in every city and town she has visited.

The meeting at Cawnpore was the first of its

kind held there, which was also the case in many other places.

Three hundred ladies responded to the invitation and many others who were reluctant to attend a public gathering, owing to the prevalence of plague, sent their regrets.

Dr. S. N. Sen, I.M.S., one of the Secretaries of the Cawnpore Men's Branch, had Miss Tennant's address translated into Hindi and printed copies were given to all present, which was deeply appreciated.

Many of the ladies freely discussed the advantage of female education and the evils of early marriage.

The meeting proved a great success and lasted for over two hours, terminating with forming a Ladies' Branch of the League, with the following office-bearers, and sixty ladies enlisted at once as members.

President, Mrs. Wazim Sabai, mother of Mr. W. Sabai, District Engineer.

Joint Secretaries—Mrs. Raina, wife of Mr. T. N. Raina, Vakil, and Mrs. Thulal, wife of Mr. B. N. Thulal, Pleader.

MISS CARRIE A. TENNANT'S SPEECH AT THE
SIXTH (UNITED PROVINCES) PROVINCIAL
SOCIAL CONFERENCE HELD AT
CAWNPORE

In seconding the Seventh resolution on Prevention of early marriage which runs as follows: "That in view of the urgent necessity of the intellectual and physical development of the people of these Provinces, this Conference is strongly of opinion that every effort should be made to persuade parents not to marry their boys before the age of 25 and their girls before 16." Miss Carrie A. Tennant, the Honorary Representative of the Hindu Marriage Reform League, said:—

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—In reading over the Resolution given me to discuss, the latter part, in which it is the opinion that every effort should be made to persuade parents, seemed to me to be the most important, as that has been a part of my earnest endeavours these past three years, and although I have partially succeeded in bringing the truth home to many a father's and mother's hearts, nevertheless resolutions passed yearly at Social Conferences help to educate public opinion—but a more vigorous campaign should be carried on against this pernicious custom of child-marriage.

It is a great hindrance to the intellectual advancement of the people in general, and has a demoralising effect on the lives of young men and girls.

If betrothal was a sort of an engagement like in western countries and could be dissolved for

any good reason or be annulled at the death of the proposed bridegroom—there would not be such serious objections to these early betrothals. In India the selection of a proper bridegroom is the first thought that enters the parents' mind when the daughter is but six or seven years of age; some have even been betrothed at infancy and at the age of eight in years past as a most common occurrence, but the age is now much higher.

Many are the evils of early marriage and when the boy marries in his teens, very often he becomes a father when but eighteen or nineteen years of age. If he be still at school, he is unable to concentrate his mind on his studies. Of course the caste system tends to increase the parent's difficulty in forming suitable matches, but if the physical development could be the first consideration and both the boy and girl allowed to improve the mind as well as the body, both at mature ages would be more fit to be fathers and mothers. The death-rate of child-mothers and their infants is enormous, and I am told by a Calcutta Physician that in his 25 years' practice one out of every three babies born of mothers under sixteen have died.

Happily there is reason to believe that the leaders of Indian Society are fully alive to the disastrous consequences both to the individual and the race.

Those especially in the Punjab, Burma and in Rajputana have set examples which deserve to be followed by others.

No one who has seen a Punjab regiment march past or has watched the sturdy Jats lift their heavy water jars, is likely to have any misgivings as to the effect of late marriages on the physique of the race.

The evil effects of early marriage on female life are clearly shown by a comparison of the proportion of females to males between the ages of ten and fifteen, where females are considerably less.

In Burma practically no girls of these ages in question are married and the proportion of females is highest as compared with the proportions at other ages.

In many cases, I find the age at marriage is largely influenced by the expense which the marriage involves. The bride price is highest, where girls are scarce and the bridegroom price is often fixed according to his educational degree.

When there is a scarcity of brides, as is sometimes the case in certain communities, some young men have remained unmarried through want of means to pay the price. Similarly when a highly educated bridegroom has to be paid a high price, the father of several daughters is often unable to raise that sum, and is obliged to

keep his daughters up to fifteen and sixteen years of age.

Others again, who are not well-to-do, endeavour to marry a boy off while he is still very young, so that the bride's father may help in defraying the cost of his education. Moreover, as it is often difficult to contract a suitable alliance for a boy who has no educational qualifications the father of that stupid lad will endeavour to procure a bride for him before he is old enough for his want of intelligence to be noticed by others.

In spite of these disadvantages of custom and of the rules of caste, there should be a serious consideration of the physical development of both the boy and girl before marriage or even betrothal is contemplated.

The medical men of India almost unanimously condemn early marriage.

Dr. Sir J. Fayrer, M.D., writes:—"The fact of a girl having attained the period of puberty does not by any means imply that she is fit for marriage. Physiological science, common sense and observation, all teach that an immature mother is likely to produce weak and imperfect offspring.

I consider the minimum age at which Indian girls should be married is sixteen, and I think it would be well, as a general rule, that marriage be deferred to a later period say to eighteen or so."

Dr. Chevers, M.D., writes:—"If safe child-bearing and healthy offspring are to be regarded as being among the first objects of marriage, the rite ought seldom be allowed before the eighteenth year. The sixteenth year being the minimum age in exceptional cases."

The late Dr. Atmaram Pandurang of Bombay even fixes the age above sixteen from a medical point of view.

He writes:—"The custom of premature marriage, thereby acting injuriously upon the morals of the people among whom it prevails, has undoubtedly the tendency to bring about early growth and this is strangely mistaken for climatic influences which is not true. This is not the best criterion of the marriageable age, for development is not complete nor is the mind well adapted for the requirements of the mother to bring forth an intelligent and healthy offspring or to properly care for them. The proper answer for the age of marriage should be, without hesitation, twenty years and there are sound anatomical and statistical reasons. When girls marry at that age the best results are obtained, there are less number of deaths of mothers at child-birth."

Dr. Indu Machav Mullick, M.A., A.D., one of the leading Physicians of Calcutta and a Secretary of the Hindu Marriage Reform

League' and who was recently quoted by His Excellency Lord Hardinge as the best authority on the health of the students, in delivering a lecture on "The Health of our Student Community," said, "The educated middle classes under which he styled the students, suffered most from ill-health, and no less than fifteen per cent died of diabetes and consumption."

The cause of this state of affairs was the climate, improper food, social conditions, defective marriage laws, early marriage and close caste marriage from generation to generation."

The Indian people themselves must no longer hesitate to wage a war against this pernicious custom of child-marriage and the Social Reform Associations and every Branch of the Hindu Marriage Reform League should not be an organization on paper but active working bodies.

The words of His Honour Sir John Hewett, the Lieutenant Governor of these Provinces, voiced the attitude of the Government on social reform at the last session of the Legislative Council in Lucknow, which throws greater responsibility on every Indian. He said:—

"It is with some hesitation that I venture to refer to a matter in which Government itself can exercise no direct influence—I mean social reform. I do not propose to make any but the briefest possible reference to these subjects. There are many earnest workers in this field, and to them, in all humility, I offer my cordial sympathy and goodwill. They must often chafe at the sluggish pace at which social improvement moves along, but they can take heart at the thought that, if they are marching in slow time, their footsteps are continuously going forward."

May the Resolution before this Conference to-day to raise the marriageable age of girls and boys to sixteen and twenty-five respectively be unanimously passed, for it is actually a disgrace to India, that the pernicious custom of child-marriage should grip and bind the people of this fair land.

(The Resolution was unanimously carried).



The National Indian Association, Kumbakonam Branch



Kumbakonam Branch, on Friday, the 29th ultimo, at 4 p.m. at No. 5, Dabir West Street, which presented a grand appearance. The Hall was decorated with fine pictures and bunnings. In response to the kind invitation of the hostess there were present many ladies on the occasion, of whom mention may be made of the following:—

Mr. and Misses T. Sankara Rao, Mrs. and Miss A. S. Balasubramania Aiyar, Mrs. Ramakrishna Aiyar, Mrs. A. Chakarapani Chettiar, Mrs. S. Raja Ram Aiyar, Mrs. Visalakshmi Ammal, Miss Fuzluddin Sahib, Mrs. Panchapakesa Aiyar, Mrs. Gopalakrishna Chettiar, Mrs. Samamurthi Rao, Mrs. Vasudeva Chettiar, Mrs. Srinivasa Aiyar, Mrs. Lakshimivaraha Aiyangar, Mrs. A. B. Venkatachalla Chettiar, Miss T. N. Venkataswami Naidu, Mrs. T. Krishnaswami Aiyangar, Mrs. A. Devasahayam, Mrs. C. S. Venkatarama Sastrigal, Mrs. Swaminatha Aiyar, Mrs. Annaswami Aiyar, Miss Sundara Sastriar, Mrs. and Miss A. Govindarajulu Mudaliar, Miss B. T. Muthammal, Mrs. R. C. Krishna-swami Aiyar, Mrs. Raja Sastriar and others.

After light refreshments, all met in the spacious hall which was overcrowded. The proceedings began with a fine prayer song by Miss T. Sankara Rao. This was followed by an address of welcome by Mrs. T. K. Sivarama Aiyar. The ladies were mutually introduced and engaged in happy conversation. Afterwards a very interesting programme of vocal and instrumental music was successfully gone through. Miss A. S. Balasubramania Aiyar, Miss T. K. Sivarama Aiyar, Miss T. Sankara Rao, Miss T. S. Subramania Aiyar and Miss T. Krishna-swami Aiyangar contributed many items. Then Mrs. S. Raja Ram Aiyar, wife of Mr. S. Rajaram Aiyar, Municipal Secretary, spoke

of the "Formation" of a Ladies' Association, the advantages to be derived therefrom and how it should be conducted. Books on various subjects would be bought, different journals subscribed for, and a good library formed in course of time. The suggestion was well received by the ladies, with the result that an association of ladies was formed and Mrs. A. Devasahayam and Mrs. T. K. Sivarama Iyer were requested to be Joint Secretaries, and many ladies were enlisted as members. The sister of Mrs. T. K. Sivarama Iyer promised to make a substantial gift to the Association.

Mrs. A. Devasahayam, Head Mistress of the Girls' School, Kumbakonam, who has been working hard to enlighten her Indian sisters, delivered a very instructive lecture on "Japan" which was much appreciated by the ladies. She explained clearly the manners and customs of the Japanese ladies. The girls of Sri Sarasvati Patasala enacted a short drama on "The evils of avarice" to the delight of the ladies, who being struck with the beauty of the language, the fine choice of the subject, the apt illustrative quotations and good moral lessons conveyed by the drama, applauded the girls heartily.

In compliance with the kind request of the hostess, Miss A. Govindarajulu Mudaliar, Misses T. Sankara Rao and the girls of Sri Sarasvati Patasala brought with them their knitting and sewing work and placed them on the table for exhibition. Their fine exhibits excited feelings of admiration from the ladies.

The meeting was brought to a happy close by the distribution of fruits, sugarcandy, pansu-pari and flowers.

All the ladies were much pleased with the cordial hospitality of Mrs. T. K. Sivarama Iyer and accorded their hearty thanks to her. This is the first gathering of this kind ever held in a Hindu Brahmin Home at Kumbakonam and the hostess deserves to be congratulated on its great success.



Queen Mary Memorial

[PROPOSED DELHI GIRLS' SCHOOL]



THE following letter has been addressed by Her Highness the Begum of Bhopal to some of her friends regarding the girls' school she proposes shall be erected at Delhi in commemoration of Queen Mary's visit to Delhi:—

"The visit of Their Imperial Majesties to India in December last was an event of unique importance, and we, who saw the memorable scenes at the Imperial city of Delhi and elsewhere, are never likely to forget their unparalleled significance. I believe I am right in saying that from the tablet of our hearts the impressions which the great ceremonies of Delhi made on us will never be effaced, and the visions of those gorgeous days will always remain before our minds' eye, with their brightness and lustre undimmed by the lapse of time. It is to the coming of the Queen-Empress that I, as a woman, wish particularly to call the attention of my sisters. The women of India owe a great debt of gratitude to Queen Mary for Her Majesty's gracious kindness and courtesy to them. The great enthusiasm which Her Majesty's coming evoked in the female world everywhere was largely due to the fact that but for Her Majesty's coming the *Purdah* women of India would, through the *Purdah* system and the ways of their living, have lost their share of the interest in the great ceremonies. The presence, however, of Her Majesty in our midst, her kindly interest in everything that concerned us, and her charming courtesy, were sources of indescribable delight to all of us.

QUEEN MARY'S OBJECT

"As far as I can think, one of the principal objects of Her Majesty's visit to this country was her desire to acquaint herself better with the women of India."

This object of her visit Her Majesty undoubtedly fulfilled: she asked ladies of rank to visit her and graciously afforded them an opportunity of renewing their acquaintance with her at the *Purdah* party Her Majesty held at Delhi. Needless to say, the charm of Her Majesty's courtesy was nothing short of magical, and every one of us who had the good fortune of being

there felt the spell of it. In connection with Their Majesties' visit to Delhi the thought has occurred to me that though the great event of December last will live in the pages of history for all time, and though the memories of those days will even be handed down to future generations, the event yet demands a notable monument of public utility raised by the grateful women of India to commemorate the coming of the great Queen from across the seas to Delhi for her Coronation. Delhi has known great events and gorgeous celebrations; but none of a more significant character than the visit of Queen Mary, and it is all the more incumbent on us, the women of India, to signalise her visit in a suitable way and thus prove to the world at large that behind the *Purdah* also beat hearts quite as grateful as those of men to their Sovereign and his consort, and quite as appreciative of the necessity for moving with the times. After careful consideration I have come to the conclusion that no memorial could better serve our purpose than a well-endowed and well-conducted institution at Delhi for the education of women. It is evident that the education of women is necessary in all countries and in all stages of civilisation, but in India, of all countries of the world and at the stage of civilisation in which we find ourselves, it is most necessary, for it is universally acknowledged that the ignorance of women in this country is the greatest clog to the wheel of progress.

THE SCHOOL SCHEME

"That men have done a great deal for our sex in the matter of education is evident, but they have done much more for themselves, forgetting probably that our education was more important than theirs. At the end of the last year the number of school boys in the whole of India stood at about 39½ lakhs, whereas that of girls was a little under 7 lakhs. Men have eloquent supporters of their cause in Legislative Councils and elsewhere, and there is no fear of their educational requirements suffering from lack of attention. It behoves us, women, therefore, to show some signs of awakening also—for in the present state of affairs though men and women are side by side in bearing the burden of the old chariot of this country progressing slowly in the ways of enlightenment and culture, men have, if I may say so by their endeavours, constituted themselves a nice rubber tyre up-to-date wheel which wishes to glide swiftly onwards, while women, on the other side, are still the unaltered, unimproved, and unfashioned structure of the olden times.

My idea regarding the institution I have proposed is that we should begin with a well equipped school which, in the course of time, will be

come a model institution of its kind. In this school provision ought to be made for the education of girls of rich as well as poor families. Twelve lakhs of rupees are in my opinion necessary at the outset—4 lakhs for building purposes, and 8 lakhs for endowment. The details of the scheme are being worked out, and I shall be very pleased to receive suggestions in this connection. For my own part I shall be delighted to give a lakh of rupees from the State and Rs. 20,000 from my private purse. My daughters-in-law have also expressed practical sympathy with my scheme, the eldest and the second contributing Rs. 7,000 each and the third Rs. 5,000.

Female Education

[OPENING OF A SCHOOL BUILDING]
(Selected)



THE beautiful Sylvanus Stall building for the higher education of girls and women, in Guntur, was opened in the presence of a large audience. Mrs. Rhenius, Inspectress of Girls' Schools, Northern Circle, presided. Four addresses were delivered by four leaders in the educa-

tion of women from different parts of India. The first address was by Miss Walford, of the Sarah Tucker Institution at Palamcottah, on "The Aims and Difficulties in the Work of Educating the Christian Girls of South India." Miss Walford spoke as follows:—

"The chief aim is the development of Christian character. The difficulties in the way may be many, but that they can be overcome is evidenced by the work of the Sarah Tucker Institution. It is only fifty years old. At first there were no girls to be educated. They had to be paid to attend school. Now there are 375 girls in the school. During the last ten years 300 girls have been trained. All these are labouring for the good of India. There are sixty now reading in the High School, and six in the Intermediate classes of the Madras University. Education, if it aimed only to educate a chosen few, would have to be called a failure. Our aim ought to be the general uplift of all, and so there are four different departments in the institution. It is difficult to teach girls the higher studies and at the same time prepare

them for the ordinary domestic duties. But this two fold object must ever be kept in view if we are to do the most good in our schools."

Miss Metzgar, of the Basel Mission High School for Girls, Calicut, next gave an address on "Female Education on the West Coast." She said in substance—Female education of an advanced kind on the West Coast, as elsewhere, was first carried on by convent schools. Protestant Mission schools are only seventy years old. Our Calicut High School is only ten years old. The average fees paid by pupils in the High School is Rs. 10 per year. Difficulties are many, but we are glad to see some of them disappearing. Chief among these is that the marriage age is rising among all classes of the community. After the girls pass through the High School they enter the College classes in our Mission College, which is mainly for boys. This is not the best arrangement, and I hope for the time when they may be sent to a Women's College. Physical education is much needed to meet the strain due to increased intellectual effort on the part of girls. We now have seven of our girls reading in the Intermediate classes of the Madras University. In spite of the fact that in some cases higher education unfits girls for their life, on the whole the advantages far overbalance these, and my work has led me to have a very high regard for the qualities of mind and heart of the Indian woman.

Miss Smart, Principal of the United Free Church of Scotland Training School for Mistresses, Madras, followed with an address on "The Importance of Higher Education for Indian Women" in the course of which she said: "The time is here for a large advance. There is a demand for higher education. If money is yet the first consideration in the marriage contracts that are made, the second surely is education. In India the needs of the community have ever been the opportunity of Missions. It has been thus that Hospitals have been built up to care for the welfare of human bodies; is it less important to build schools that shall care for and develop their minds and characters? The last twenty years have witnessed much progress. Parents are more willing to send their daughters to school and keep them there. We are going towards the time when what is now the privilege of the few shall become the right of the many. The magnificent buildings we are opening to-day is a sign of progress in this direction."

Miss Martin, Principal of Girls' Schools, Pasur, Punjab, followed with an address on "The School Girls' Service for India." She said:—"In the Punjab in a certain town a large number of young men have gone to England and have become enthusiastic in all matters

pertaining to progress. The enthusiasm in many cases dies down and the reason given is that they are afraid of their women who are less advanced in their ideas. India is a land where the family and the caste, not the individual, rule and, therefore, the great necessity is that all members of the family share in the blessings of education. School girls can do a great amount of good while in school. Their influence, however, properly only begins when they leave school. Often have I been told that the presence of one woman educated in our schools in a village has influenced the life of the whole village."

THE REPORT

The Rev. McCauley read the Report of the Building Committee. The building, which is declared to be one of most substantial and best equipped buildings devoted to female education in the Presidency, cost Rs. 77,000. Of this amount the Women's Societies of the General Synod Lutheran Church in America gave Rs. 33,500, Dr. Sylvanus Stall, of Philadelphia, gave Rs. 33,500, and Government gave a grant of Rs. 10,000. Dr. Stall not only gave this amount towards the building, but is also giving Rs. 75,000 as an endowment fund, of which he already has paid over more than half. He is the author of the "Self and Sex" series of books, which have given him an international reputation. A number of these have been translated into Indian vernaculars. Because of his liberal patronage of the school, it has fittingly been called after him. While at present only a High School, it is Dr. Stall's wish that it may, as soon as possible, develop into a College. The institution is to become a sharer in the profits from his books, to enable it to reach and maintain this standard. The building took two years in building, and much credit is due to Mr. J. Samuel, the contractor, for the way in which the work was done.

After the substance of the Committee's Report had been given in Telugu by Mr. J. Samuel, Mrs. Sreenivasa, Assistant Inspectress of Girls' Schools, Northern Circle, in an appropriate way opened the school building and expressed the hope that it might become the Sarah Tucker Institution of the Northern Circars.

MRS. RHENIUS'S SPEECH

Mrs. Rhenius, who presided, delivered the following address:—

It is to the Indian gentlemen present that I wish particularly to address these remarks. I have just been to England on a long visit. After an absence of several years from that country I was particularly struck on my return there by the impressions I received of the important part

played by women in the life of the community. No matter what the field of activity, whether social, professional, philanthropic or political, the spirit that characterises the Englishwoman of the present day, in her own country is one of intense earnestness.

Women who work in their livelihood and women of independent means alike throw themselves heart and soul into some absorbing interest, having for its aim the study of industrial conditions, the setting right of some wrong, or that work hitherto considered to be woman's only legitimate sphere, the education of the young, the nursing of the sick, the amelioration of the condition of the poor.

This steady purposeful work is of direct and far-reaching benefit to the community, and what shall I say of the effect upon the individual herself, in the fullest realisation of that beauty of character, which comes from the subordination of selfish interests to high moral aims? These conditions are as much in evidence in other Western countries.

Another great movement in London, with which came into touch, was the Universal Races Congress. This has for its object "the establishment of a fuller understanding, friendlier feelings and a heartier co-operation between the peoples of the West and those of the East."

A paper written for this Congress by Sister Nivedita of the Order of Ramakrishna, struck me as being most illuminating in the light thrown on the differentiation of two distinct types of modern womanhood.

In reviewing the position of women in the present day with regard to the stage of development reached, Sister Nivedita based her classification, not so much on differences of nationality as on divergent ideals. The Hindu woman she took to be the product of the feeling that regards the family as woman's proper and characteristic sphere; while the Civic Ideal under which women tends to be recognised as an individual first, has given birth to the American and the English woman, and in recent days—in proportion to the extent to which she has assimilated Western ideas—the Japanese woman. Sister Nivedita had much to say on the sanctity and sweetness of home life in India, where wifehood is a religion, motherhood a dream of perfection. But she glorified the one ideal at the expense of the other. In another paper which I have since read, she tacitly admits that the first does not exclude the second. On the contrary, I think it may be claimed for the "Civic Ideal" that it is wider in extent and all comprehensive in its scope. If the woman be regarded first as an individual, the right to realise herself as such to develop her powers—moral, mental and physical—to the

fullest extent must be conceded her. Her capacity for wifehood and motherhood is determined by the degree to which she has attained perfect womanhood. It is surely unnecessary to explain the bearing of these remarks on the customs that obtain in this country, the requirements of the women of India before they receive any training in any direction whatsoever to play the parts required of them. We have the testimony of those who know that in the womanly graces of tenderness, gentleness and piety, the Hindu woman yields first place to none. She is on the same plane with the best of her Western sisters, but these essentials are not incompatible with such intellectual development as will fit her to be an intelligent and sympathetic companion to her husband in all the affairs of his life, and to exercise some control in the moral and mental training of her children.

If we turn to Japan, the nation which more than any other in the East has responded to Western thought and culture in matters pertaining to national development, we find that the same conditions prevailed there originally as prevail in India at the present day. Under the influence of Confucianism women had sunk into a position of ignorance and insignificance, but the Japanese have shown themselves past masters in their manner of triumphing over social and religious prejudices. The Samurai, finding that their destructive rights and privileges as a class stood in the way of national expansion deliberately and of set purpose waived these privileges and put the whole nation upon the same level. A further change in the position of the women of the country, it is said, will ultimately affect the whole economic and political life of the nation.

To turn to a consideration of the problems that confront us here, early marriage and the life of self-abnegation required of the widow constitute the chief obstacles to education. Involved in these is the additional difficulty of obtaining women teachers. In England and other Western countries the bulk of professional work is undertaken by unmarried women. There is no corresponding class in India, but the custom of the country in requiring perpetual widowhood of those, whom death has deprived of their husbands, would point to a solution of the difficulty of obtaining women teachers. The religious life in Europe to which numbers of women devote themselves takes the form of definite religious duties, coupled with services for the good of the community.

It is difficult to establish a parallel, where conditions of life and thought are of such diversity as in India and Europe, but the thought suggests itself how great a gain it would be to the Indian nation, if the Hindu widow would en-

large her conception of the devout life, to include in it work for the community not of the nature of menial duties in which her powers of heart and mind are wasted, but actual educational work for which she would fit herself by training?

The way is open, not only here at this institution, but everywhere. I might mention here that for the Northern Circars again proposals have been made for a High School for girls to form the nucleus of a College with a Widows' Hostel attached, and I have reason for thinking that the Director of Public Instruction views the scheme with favour. As I say, the way is open. All we ask is your co-operation. Nothing can be done unless we work hand in hand, and you receive what we give in the spirit in which we give it—an earnest desire to give the women of India the blessings we Englishwomen and Americans have so long enjoyed.

News and Notes

A MUSLIM GIRLS' SCHOOL FOR MADRAS.—An adjourned meeting of the Mahomedans of Madras was held at the Lady Hobart's School. Among others present were the Hon. Mr. Justice Abdur Rahim, Miss Lynch, Mr. Asad Ali Khan Bahadur, Mr. Yakub Hasan, Mr. Raoof Ahmed Khan Bahadur, Mr. Abdur Rahman Shatir, Mr. A. Hameed Hasan and Mr. Sultan Mahmood.

Mr. Sultan Ahmed informed Miss Lynch that since the last meeting he had consulted the wishes of the parents who were willing to send their daughters to the proposed school, and learnt that they were all anxious that Hindustani should be the first language, and not English as proposed.

Miss Lynch pointed out that if Hindustani remained the first language of the school, it would be merely an Elementary school, and that it would not be possible to locate the new school in the premises of the Lady Hobart School, where poor and respectable Mahomedan girls were taught gratis.

Mr. A. Hameed Hasan remarked that if English was not to be retained as the medium of instruction in the proposed school, there was absolutely no advantage in starting it. Moreover, there would be a conflict between the new and old school, which will be run practically on the same lines. The new school, he said, should not be located at the premises of the Lady Hobart School, if there was no distinguishing feature therein.

Mr. Yakub Hasan was of opinion that there ought not be an individious distinction between a poor girls' school and a rich girls' school. If

the original scheme of retaining English as the first language was adopted, such a distinction would not arise, and a great impetus would thus be given to Mahomedan female education. After all, it is the girls of the poor and middle classes who will resort to the school, as is the case with Mahomedan boys. It would not be improper if they asked the Government to raise the present Lady Hobart School to the grade of a Secondary school, where Mahomedan girls already receiving instruction at that school might have an opportunity to prosecute their studies further and to qualify themselves as Lower Secondary teachers.

Miss Lynch expressed the fear that the expenses of maintaining a Secondary school might be very heavy, and that Government might not be prepared to undertake the same. Moreover, if the Hobart School was made a Secondary school it would inflict a great hardship on the poor Mahomedan girls, who would be unable to pay their tuition fees, as the instruction in the Secondary school, unlike the Elementary school, would not be gratis. It might in a way defeat the wishes of the kind donor, Lady Hobart who desired a free education of the Mahomedan girls of poor and respectable families.

Mr. Yakub Hasan suggested that along with the Secondary school an Elementary school might also be run, where education up to standard III would be free as hitherto, and from Standard IV half fees should be charged, or the Government should be asked to make still more liberal concessions. He inquired of Miss Lynch whether the girls at present reading in the senior classes would come forward to avail themselves of the Secondary education.

Miss Lynch replied that there would be plenty of girls, as they were anxiously desirous to prosecute their studies further. She thought that there would not be any want of girls if the present school was made a Secondary school, but she apprehended that the charging of fees would not enable as large a number of Mahomedan poor girls to come to the school as under the present system. A suggestion was made that their tuition fees should be paid by the Mahomedan educational bodies in the shape of scholarships or stipends.

The Hon'ble Mr. Justice Abdur Rahiman approved of these suggestions and wished that the present school might be raised to a Secondary school. He was also of opinion that there was no necessity for the proposed school if English was not retained as the first language.

The meeting decided that the question of requesting the Government to raise the Lady Hobart School to a Secondary school should be discussed at the forthcoming Provincial Educa-

tion Conference, which is to be held at Bangalore in the beginning of July.

THE BEGUM OF BHOPAL'S SCHEME.—The mother of the Maharajah of Bharatpur writes from Ajmer, to the *Pioneer*:—

"I came across, to my great delight, in the *Pioneer* of the 3rd instant the admirable scheme of Her Highness the Begum Sahiba of Bhopal for female education. Various plans have already been set on foot to mark permanently in the pages of Indian history the brilliant occasion of His Imperial Majesty the King Emperor's visit to Delhi. But the scheme proposed by Her Highness to commemorate the visit of Her Imperial Majesty the Queen-Empress to India is one that will be highly appreciated. I should indeed be glad if the Begum Sahiba would unfold some of its details if already worked out.

The Begum Sahiba says in her open letter above referred to that provision will be made in the institution for the education of the rich as well as the poor class of girls. Before I could express any definite opinion on the subject I should like to have the following information:—

(1) Whether this would be a Royal institution to impart education to the daughters of Chiefs' families only, in something of the same way as the Mayo College now educates the sons of Chiefs, or whether it will be a general school for all classes of girls?

(2) If the latter, would the girls of Delhi only be allowed to avail themselves of its advantages, or will it be open to all from any part of India?

(3) On what lines is it proposed to impart education in the institution.

Any information that Her Highness the Begum Sahiba can furnish with regard to these points of the scheme will be most highly valued and most warmly appreciated.

A PURDAH PARTY.—Another enjoyable party was given to the ladies of the Recreation Club, Madras and a few friends yesterday, when Mrs. L. C. Miller was at home at her residence, "Beachborough," Adyar. A large number of guests attended the function, amongst those present being Lady Benson, Lady Desikachary, Mrs. C. Sankaran Nair and daughters, Mrs. Dallis, Mrs. Sadasiva Iyer, Mrs. J. W. Madeley, Mrs. Chitti Babu, Mrs. Tiruvenkatachari, Mrs. Westropp, Mrs. Krishnan, Mrs. Robinson Ward, Mrs. Numberumal Chetty, Mrs. Kupprawmy Moodelliar, Mrs. Srinivas Iyengar, Mrs. Firth, Mrs. Subramanian, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Ramanadha Senai, Mrs. Hensman, Mrs. Lazarus, Mrs. Komán, Mrs. Swaminathan, Mrs. Sundram Iyer, Mrs. S. Rama Rao, Mrs. Krish-

nama, Mrs. Handoo, Mrs. S. G. Hensman, Mrs. S. Subrahmanyam, Miss Shunmugam, Mrs. Kothandarama Naidu, Mrs. Kamath, Mrs. Rajamannar Chetty, Mrs. C. Krishnasawmy Chetty, Mrs. Alwar Chetty, Mrs. Lakshmiipathy, Mrs. Pinto, Mrs. M. O. Parthasarathy Iyengar and many other ladies.

As we alighted from our carriages, after the long though pleasant drive through shady avenues of spreading banyan and margosa, we were received by our genial hostess, who made us feel quite at home. A little time was spent in greeting old friends and forming new acquaintances while complaints were continually made against the weather. The guests were then ushered into the dining room, where refreshments, both Indian and European, were served. Mrs. Buchi Babu Naidu's daughters and nieces treated the audience to a fine selection of Indian airs, accompanying themselves, on the *sitar*, a sweet-toned instrument resembling the *veena*. The young people amused themselves with several keenly contested competitions out of doors, the grounds of "Beachborough" lending themselves admirably to the purpose. There were two sets of musical choirs, the music being supplied by a unique band composed of tiny Boy Scouts who were no bigger than their instruments. The prizes were won by Miss Janaki and Mrs. C. V. Krishnasawmy Chetty. Mrs. Sadasiva Iyer's little daughter was successful in the Egg and Spoon Race. The first prize for sketching was carried off by Miss Narasimma, who drew a life-like picture of two birds, with their plumage all ruffled after a long flight. Miss Rathnabai came a close second for her drawing of a parasol. Mrs. Miller, Lady Benson and Mrs. Madeley were the judges in this competition. Ice and cool drinks were then served, after which Mrs. Miller distributed the prizes to the fortunate competitors. While bidding our kind hostess good-by we thanked her for the very pleasant time we had spent, and wished her *bon voyage* on her impending visit to Australia.—(From an Indian Lady.)

THE PALANCOTTAI SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND—Miss Askwith, last evening at the Parish room, addressed a well attended Meeting regarding the work of the School for the Blind at Palancottai, the only institution of its kind in Southern India. The speaker said that the last Census showed there were 50,000 blind people in the Madras Presidency out of 60,000 in the whole of India. One hundred and forty blind children of all classes, excepting Brahmins, attended the school. The cost of upkeep of the institution, which got a Government grant, was Rs. 1,000 a month. In this school blind children were taught to read and write, also

several useful industries to enable them to get a living. The authorities of this school intended to put up a hostel and also a chapel. The speaker appealed for funds and workers among the blind.

Bishop Williams, after endorsing the speaker's address, said that Miss Askwith's work among the blind appealed to everyone. The Rev. Mr. Neve, of Travancore, who presided said the work was charitable and philanthropic and deserved all the support it could get.—(From a correspondent.)

A PRIZE DISTRIBUTION AT MADURA—The Annual Distribution of Prizes to the pupils of the Government Girls' School, Madura, was held on Friday evening, Rao Bahadur G. Srinivasa Rao presiding. An interesting programme was gone through. The Headmistress read the Report on the working of the school during the past year and it was an encouraging one. The number of pupils on the rolls had increased considerably, but she regretted that the attendance in the higher standards was still poor. The Headmistress appealed to the parents to provide their daughters with education which would make them better wives and useful mothers. The Government Girls' School pays particular attention to the teaching of music and domestic economy to the pupils. The educational authorities are trying their best to improve the quality of instruction imparted in the school. Liberal scholarships are awarded to poor deserving pupils, and the authorities are prepared to sanction scholarships to widows one of which has already been awarded.

The prizes were then given away, and in bringing the proceedings to a close, Mr. G. Srinivasa Rao addressed a few words of advice to the girls. Addressing the parents, he said that one of the most pleasant sights he saw in England was girls going to school. There were more than 7,000 women at present employed in England in the various walks of life, as typists, telegraphists in the Postal Department, and as school-mistresses, the last of which he would recommend to Hindu widows as a sure method of improving their condition, and at the same time it would make them useful members of the community.

The proceedings terminated with the usual vote of thanks and the singing of the National Anthem.

PURDAH PARTY AT RAWALPINDI—Mrs. Boota Singh of Rawalpindi gave a Purdah party to meet Lady Dane on the 27th March at 5 p.m. The workshop of R. B. Boota Singh, C. I. E. was specially decorated and presented a gay appear-

ance triumphal arches erected and decorated with Union Jacks and bunting at various places on the road to the workshop lent a special charm to the day. The ladies of all leading families, European and Indian, assembled to do honour to Lady Dane, who on arrival was received by Mrs. Kitchin, Mrs. Boota Singh, Mrs. Harnam Singh, Mrs. Jaidev Singh and the other ladies of the families and was garlanded and conducted to the dais and the following address was read and presented in a silver casket of Kashmir work to Her Ladyship. The girls of the Khalsa High School sang a hymn from Guru Granth Sahib. Refreshments were then served to all present. Lady Dane expressed herself highly pleased and all had a very pleasant evening. The following among the guests were present:—

Mrs. Kitchin, Mrs. Strange, Mrs. West, Mrs. Morphet, Mrs. Coleman, Mrs. Porch, Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Leader, Mrs. Lang, Mrs. E. B. Powell, Mrs. Monak-Mason, Misses Juayatullah, Mrs. Lloyd, Mrs. Elliott, Mrs. Cochrane, Mrs. Sanders, Mrs. Aziz Ahmad, Mrs. Shute, Miss White, Mrs. Mark Synege, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Farquhar, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. William Seymour, Miss Finch White, Mrs. Cowie, Mrs. F. C. Bridger, Mrs. Smallowood, Mrs. Lachlan, Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. McCreedy, Mrs. Samuel, Mrs. Rooke, Mrs. Rocher, Mrs. Fowle, Mrs. Swinhoe, Mrs. James, Mrs. Daulat Rai, Mrs. Ram Chand, Mrs. Thakar Dass, Mrs. Hardit Singh, Mrs. Sardar Dial Singh Man, Mrs. Baba Ujagar Singh Bedi, Mrs. Gobind Ram, Mrs. Hans Raj, Mrs. Khan, Mrs. Ata Mohamad, Mrs. Mohamad Ali, Mrs. Saraj-ud-din, Mrs. Muzaffar Khan Azim Begam. The following is the address:—May it please Your Ladyship—We, the undersigned representatives of the leading families of Rawalpindi, beg to avail ourselves of your visit to our town to welcome you in our midst and give expression to the feelings of love and esteem that we all cherish for yourself and for the person of your illustrious husband.

Ever since His Honour has assumed the government of our Province he has endeared himself to all classes of our people by his active sympathy with and encouragement of all movements for our general well-being. His loving concern for us, as shown by his readiness to join us in all social functions and thus gladden our hearts by the geniality of his disposition and his warm-hearted affability.

Your Ladyship, we all know, has been very helpful to His Honour in the promotion of our peace and prosperity and we need hardly assure you how delighted we are at having this opportunity of meeting you to-day paying our respects to you.

Your Ladyship's dutiful servants.

Mrs. Boota Singh; Mrs. Mohan Singh, Malik; Mrs. Ujagar Singh, Bedi; Mrs. Ram Chand; Mrs. Adamji Mamooji; Mrs. Abdul Majid Khan. **Lady Dane's Reply**—I thank you heartily for your very kind welcome and am very pleased to have been able to see you. It is true that nowadays in the Punjab mutual effort is being made to promote love and friendliness between Europeans and Indians. It will be a pleasure to us if I and His Honour can in any way help in the furtherance of this object, for we are the true and real well-wishers of the Punjab and the Punjabis.

GOVERNMENT GRANT TO THE DEV SAMAJ GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL, FEROZEPUR CITY—Our readers will be glad to learn that at the recommendation of Miss L. M. Stratford, B.A., Senior Inspectress of Girls' Schools, Punjab, the Director of Public Instruction, Punjab, has been kind enough to sanction and pay a grant of Rs. 2,736 for the extension of the building of the said school for which we are deeply thankful to them. These extensions have already been completed. Two new rooms have been added to the eight class rooms already existing to meet the growing needs of the school. Another big dormitory has been built for the growing number of boarders and two segregation rooms have been built, besides several other minor additions, for the removal of contagious cases such as small-pox, mumps, etc., which may occur among the boarders. The rest of the cost of these additions has been incurred by the Managing Committee of this school. Shriman Govardhan Das, B.A., Pleader, the very painstaking Secretary of the Committee, has been supervising the building work with great diligence and sacrifice.

THE OPENING OF A READING ROOM IN THE GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL—The most worshipful Shri Dev Guru Bhagwan performed the very pleasant ceremony of opening a Reading Room in connection with the Dev Samaj Girls' High School at Ferozepur City on the 15th March 1912. This Reading Room has been opened to commemorate the Silver Jubilee of the wedding of the worshipful Shrimati D. Agnihotri with Shri Dev Guru Bhagwan, an happy event which was celebrated on the 23rd October 1910 in all the centres of the work of Dev Samaj with great enthusiasm. The worshipful Shrimati, whose life has been the source of great blessings to many in different ways was also present on the occasion by the side of her most illustrious husband. The Reading Room has been named *Pujniyaji Jubilee Samarak Pathagar* (Pujniyaji's Jubilee Commemoration Reading Room). In his

brief but very impressive speech, Shri Dev Guru Bhagwan pointed out the great need of acquiring useful knowledge beyond the text books of the school and directed that only such literature as imparts true and useful knowledge and helps in the proper development of the intellectual and moral faculties of the girls will be allowed to be placed on the shelves of the Reading Room. The meeting ended with four acclamations of victory to Bhagwan and the distribution of sweets among the audience.

AMBULANCE IN MYSORE.—It is really gratifying that Her Highness the Maharani Vijnayilasa, C.I., takes a deep interest in encouraging female students to undergo St. John's Ambulance Course. H. H. the Maharaja is the Patron, and H. H. the Yuvaraja is the President, and Sirdar M. Lakshmi Kantharaja Urs is the Honorary Secretary of the Ambulance Association in Mysore. Students, male and female, the police and the sepoys, and the men of the Health department all are arranged to undergo this course. The Maharaja's College and the Widows' Home are given the benefit of this course by a series of lectures. In the examination of the Ambulance pupils of the Widows' Home, five students passed in the Junior Course. Her Highness the Maharani, C.I., very kindly sent for these successful students to the Palace, and gave them each a valuable silver article. This kind and gracious act on the part of the mother of the Sovereign is really very encouraging. It is indeed a very happy sign for the prosperity of Mysore that the different members of the Royal family are taking personal interest to encourage such useful knowledge amongst the men and women of the country.

The readers of the *Indian Magazine and Review* will be interested to hear of a unique theatrical event which took place at the Royal Court Theatre early last month, when the Indian ladies who happen to be living in London to-day emerged from their retirement, and appeared on the boards of a London Theatre. What reason urged them to take this revolutionary step? Anyone who has been brought into contact with the gentle, soft-voiced women of the East will understand it was no love of notoriety.

These ladies, to whom has been given the dauntless spirit of the pioneer, feel that the education of the Indian womanhood is a pressing need. They were therefore prepared to sacrifice their own intuitive preference in a good cause. Money was needed to carry on the work of the Indian Women's Education Association, and one way of raising it occurred to them—they determined to give a theatrical performance.

It may be explained that the London Women's Education Association is a society which aims at training Indian girls in England in modern methods of teaching. After a three years' training they are to return to India and become schoolmistresses. There is a little misunderstanding on this point which it would be well to clear up. People say, "What is the good of teaching just one girl, when you remember there are over a hundred and forty million illiterate women to be dealt with in India?" The Association hopes, however, that each teacher it trains will return to India and spread the modern gospel of woman's right to education among hundreds of her compatriots. The Association at present is inspired by members of the reformed sect—the Brama Somaj, with a committee of Calcutta ladies, headed by H. H. the Maharani of Cooch Behar. The writer hopes that some day the Association may increase its influence and have a branch in every important city in India.

At the present moment, however, owing to lack of funds, it is bound to work on a very small scale, and can scarcely arrange to finish the training of the one girl who is now in London. It may be of interest to mention that this student, Miss Chatterjee, is a sister of the talented poetess, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu.

We who are interested in the education of Indian women may deplore the fact that India is still blind to the knowledge that the education of her women is her most primary need, and therefore refuses adequate support to this pioneer effort. Yet we rejoice that the Fates made the theatricals a necessity. I think all the spectators were charmed and touched by the performance. The sincerity, grace and beauty of the players was undeniable. The London public had a rare opportunity of seeing a true representation of the East, not a substitute provided by people dressing up and pretending to be somebody else, but the veritable thing. Some forty high caste Indian ladies and children presented scenes from the Sanskrit play "Kuma Sambhava," or the "Birth of the War God," by the famous Hindu poet and dramatist Kalidasa. The play was preceded by five tableaux from the "Rubaiat" of Omar Khayyam. Mr. Edmund Dulac, the artist, helped to arrange the scenes. Two energetic Bengali ladies, Mrs. P. K. Ray and Mrs. P. L. Roy, were responsible for the beautiful pictures in the Hindu drama. Most of the Deities of the Sanskrit mythology, which bear such obvious family resemblance to the kindred Theogonies of ancient Greece and Rome, were included in the personages of the Kalidasa play-poem. It should be mentioned, however, that all the parts, both of gods and mortals, were taken by ladies. There was one

scene in particular which impressed the audience. This was a gorgeous marriage ceremony, and all the actors played their parts so earnestly and seriously that one was reminded of the atmosphere of a religious drama such as the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play. No important ceremony connected with a royal marriage was omitted.

INFANT MARRIAGE PREVENTION ACT.—According to the Census Commissioner of Baroda the Infant Marriages Prevention Act has not been much of a success. The *Times of India* thus summarises his views thereon. In the ten years under review no less than 22,218 applications were made for exemption from the provisions of the Act and 95 per cent. of them were allowed. Over 23,000 marriages were performed even without this formality of an application for exemption, in violation of the Act. The parties responsible were fined from a few to a hundred rupees, and the Superintendent thinks that there must have been an equally large number of marriages which were connived at by the village patels who are also the marriage registrars. The age returns are notoriously unreliable, but even thus there were 158 per thousand males and 277 per thousand females, married and widowed, under 10 years of age while the legal minimum ages are 16 and 12 for boys and girls respectively.

A FEMALE COOLIE RECRUITER.—A sensational story of a coolie recruiting, in which a female recruiter of Beliaghata named Kristo Bhabini is alleged to have played a part, was related by a young Bengali woman named Kiron Bala Dasi, residing in Bachu Chatterji's Street. The woman stated that some three weeks ago she was going to bathe in the river when Kristo Bhabini made her acquaintance on Harrison Road and took her to her (Kristo Bhabini's) house where she was told she would be better provided. She was forced to stay there for three days during which she said she was made to drink a good deal. She next, according to her own statement, found herself in a state of intoxication at Raneegunge Station, where she had been taken by Kristo Bhabini and two male associates. She missed her ornaments and was told they were in the safe keeping of Kristo Bhabini. From the station, she said, she was taken to a place which, after thirteen days' residence, she came to know to be a coolie depot. She was subsequently rescued by a Bengali gentleman who brought her back to Calcutta. The Magistrate ordered a police inquiry.

THE MADRAS GOSHA WIDOWS' AID FUND.—The Annual Report on the working of the Mahomedan Female Aid Charity Fund, Madras, shows that the receipts during the year 1911 amounted to Rs. 1,418-10-1, and the disbursements to Rs. 1,610-15-0. The cash balance in hand was Rs. 3,940-10-5, Rs. 3,400 of this being in the shape of Government Promissory Notes. During the year there was a considerable falling off in the receipts from subscriptions, Rs. 802, being collected as against Rs. 1,161 in the previous year. The Government gave an enhanced grant of Rs. 563-3-6; the charges included a sum of Rs. 966 which was distributed amongst forty-one widows. Rice doles were also given through Mrs. Firth and the cost amounted to Rs. 600. Though much useful work was done during the year, thanks to the exertions of Mr. A. R. Cumming, President of the Fund, and Mrs. Firth, Joint Honorary Secretary, Rs. 1,351 in the shape of subscriptions remained uncollected. It is to be hoped that steps will be taken to collect all realisable arrears and that the necessity for regularity in the payment of subscriptions will be impressed on all subscribers, so that the stability of the Fund may be maintained.

A CONFERENCE OF WOMEN STUDENT TEACHERS was held last week, under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A., Madras, delegates from 27 different educational institutes being present. There were 135 delegates from Mangalore, Calicut, Mulky, Bangalore, Palamcottah, Madure, Nellore, Masulipatam, Secunderabad, Guntur, and Saidapet.

The object of the Conference was to help the members in their Christian lives as teachers and students and to strengthen the bonds between the different Christian organisations among the Colleges and Schools.

The chief topic of the evening meetings was "Unreachable Riches of Christ" and under this head addresses were given on "Forgiveness," "Victory over Sin," "Vocation to Service," and "Friendship with Christ." The morning Meetings included Prayer Meetings in Tamil, Telugu and English, and special sectional talks to the teachers, students and school girls. There were also discussions on Y. W. C. A. student branches and Bible studies, on the subject of diligence, enthusiasm, prayerfulness and love.

The Conference was presided over throughout by Miss R. McLeod, of the Saidapet Teachers' College, and the speakers included Mrs. White, Mrs. S. G. Hensman, Mrs. N. Bennett, the Misses Herring, Jemmett, Haskins, Lenwood, Grover, Bretherton, Guitner and Maduram and the Revs. W. Meston and J. J. Ellis. The addresses were exceedingly helpful.

THE HINDU LADIES' LUXMI-VILASA SABHA, TRIPPLICANE.—Srimathi Luxmi Ammal, the Brahman Lady Baghavather of Madras and recipient of a number of medals, brought the series of Kalakshepams on the whole of Ramayana which she has been performing with great success and appreciation at No. 1, Car Street, Triplicane, to a close on the 4th ult. with Rema Rajya Pattabhishekum. The hall was decorated with flowers and thoranam. The premises were packed to suffocation with Hindu ladies. She pointed out to the audience the importance and responsibilities of women in the world and the disastrous consequence that result in their failure to do their duty. As every woman was known from her friends it was essential, she said, that Hindu ladies should join a good society and she urged the ladies to join the society which is intended to promote sisterhood, education and the amelioration of their status without least deviation from religion.

THE UDUPI GIRLS' SCHOOL.—A correspondent writes:—The prize distribution to the pupils of the Board Girls' School at Udupi took place on the evening of the 11th instant. Mrs. Ruzzak, wife of Captain Ruzzak, I.M.S., presided on the occasion. The proceedings began by the Headmistress Mrs. P. L. Kantammay reading the Report on the working of the school for the last two years. The school was started on the 1st March, 1910, by Mr. W. H. Doig, the then President of the Taluq Board. The school began with a strength of 60 children and with two mistresses on the staff. At the end of the first year the strength rose to 160 and two more mistresses were appointed. Now the strength has risen to 205, and the Board has recommended to the Government for sanction the appointment of three more Mistresses. The school is becoming more and more popular with all classes of people. The girls entertained the visitors with excellent songs composed for the occasion. The President of the gathering, as also the Taluq Board President, eulogised the Head Mistress and her assistants on their success in bringing the school to an efficient and satisfactory condition in so short a time. The prizes, which consisted of books, boxes, and toys, were distributed to deserving girls by Mrs. Ruzzak. Several local gentlemen also liberally contributed towards the purchase of prizes. Mr. Chantod, President of the Taluq Board thanked Mr. Ruzzak on behalf of the Board for presiding on the occasion.

THE LATE MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S WILL.—The late Miss Florence Nightingale left

by her will a sum of £250 at the disposal of Sir William Wedderburn for any purpose of his choice. Sir William made over that amount to Sir Narayan Chandavarkar together with a contribution from himself bringing up the sum to Rs. 5,000. With this sum for nucleus, a fund was started last year for the encouragement of village sanitation in India, a subject in which Miss Florence Nightingale was much interested. The fund now amounts to nearly Rs. 14,000. At a meeting of the subscribers to the Fund held on Thursday evening, with Sir Narayan Chandavarkar in the chair, the following resolutions were passed:—1. That Rs. 13,000 be invested in Bombay City Improvement Trust Securities, to form the nucleus of a fund to be called the Florence Nightingale Village Sanitation Fund and that the securities be purchased in the name of Sir Narayan Chandavarkar. Sir Bhalchandra Krishna, and the Hon. Mr. Lalubhai Samaldas, as the Trustees of the said Fund, 2. That the balance of the Fund be placed at the disposal of a committee consisting of (1) Mr. G. K. Devadhar of the servant of India Society, (2) Mr. Bhavanidas Motiwala, (3) The Hon. Mr. Lalubhai Samaldas, (4) Sir Narayan Chandavarkar, (5) Major Kukday, I. M. S., (6) Mr. K. Natarajan, and (7) Mr. Vaikunt L. Mehta (the last two to be the Secretary and the Treasurer respectively of the committee), for the purpose of commencing work on the lines suggested in Mr. Devdhar's memorandum, in two villages, one in the Poona District and one in the Thana District; (3) That a trust deed be drawn up of the fund or lines to be laid down by the Committee in consultation with Sir William Wedderburn; 4. that the committee be authorised to collect further subscriptions by way of addition to the fund from time to time; 5. that any vacancy in the committee is to be filled up by nomination by the Trustees mentioned above.

A PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.—The annual prize distribution of the Alexandra Girls' School was held on Saturday the 13th ult. with the Hon. Mr. Gokhale in the chair. It was stated in the report of the working of the institution that a movement of great importance, supported by expert educationists, has been afoot since the early part of last year for the purpose of providing Bombay with a first-rate school for Indian girls on the model of one of the girls' high schools nowadays to be seen in England, where they will receive a liberal education of a high class, practical and most up-to-date character—intellectual, scientific, social, domestic and hygienic—such as is fully calculated, in the opinion of the enlightened promoters of this great scheme, to make of the girls well trained, capable, accomplished and

healthy women, fully fitted to perform all the varied duties of a woman's life in this country, whilst keeping well abreast of the progress and requirements of the times. The Alexandra Institution is intimately concerned in the realization of this important project of female education. The scheme which is a very hopeful one, is under careful consideration and is likely to come to maturity in the course of this year, provided certain difficulties in the way are overcome, as it is expected they will be. Such a high-class school for Indian girls on the lines proposed gives every promise of becoming a potent factor in the higher development and advancement of female education amongst us. With the public support, which should not be wanting, such an educational undertaking as is here foreshadowed, carried out by experts of approved character and capacity, may be assured of success. Its success will, it is hoped, lead in the near future to the further strengthening and expansion of woman's moral and intellectual instruction in the direction of women's college in the city. Mr. Gokhale in his speech also emphasised the need of a Woman's College in Bombay.

SANATORIUM FOR HINDU CONSUMPTIVES.—A Sanatorium for Hindu Consumptives has been established at Karla, a village a few miles distant from Lonavla on the G. I. P. Railway. The opening ceremony was performed on Saturday the 13th instant by Sir George Clarke on his way to Mahabaleshwar. The President of the Managing Committee, Sir Bhalchandra Krishna Bhatwadekar, in his introductory speech requesting His Excellency to declare the Sanatorium open, gave a short account of the institution. Of the different communities inhabiting Bombay, Mahomedans suffer most from the ravages of tuberculosis, and next to them come the Hindus with a mortality rate of 5.4 per mille. Sanatorium treatment for consumption, especially if resorted to in the early stages of the disease, has proved effective as a cure in India as well as in other countries. Sir Bhalchandra showed that the climatic conditions of Karla more well adapted for the purpose in view. The Sanatorium covers thirty acres of land and consists of separate cottages for middle class patients and two pavilions with accommodation for 24 poor patients. The inmates of the cottages will pay their own expenses, while the inmates of the pavilions will be maintained at the cost of the Committee. A Dispensary, a provision shop, wells for the supply of drinking water, and a garden are the other chief features of the Karla Sanatorium. Sir Bhalchandra intimated that it was in contemplation to introduce the treatment with Tuberculin in the Sanatorium at an early opportunity. The

institution should prove a blessing to the Hindu community, and Sir Bhalchandra and his colleagues on the Committee are entitled to its gratitude for their unselfish labour.

A EURASIAN LADY TO THE FRONT.—As reported in these columns recently, Miss Zebina DeCruz, daughter of Mr. J. E. DeCruz of Cochin, who had been to England to prosecute her studies in Medicine, returned to Cochin last Monday. She has passed high in the L. R. C. P. E., L. R. C. S. E., L. F. P. S. G., L. M., and some other examinations. On her return journey she visited some of the important places in Europe including Paris and Lourdes. We understand that she has been offered some posts in Northern India.

PURDAH CLUB.—A Purdah Club has just been opened at Shahajapur under the direction of Mrs. Jwalaprasad, wife of the Pundit Jwalaprasad, I.C.S., the object being to afford European and Indian ladies a common meeting place.

BURIED ALIVE.—A case of burial alive is reported from Shoranur, South Malabar, the victim being a two-year old child of the Chetty caste. The unfortunate child is alleged to have been buried alive on the bank of the river by its mother. Immediately after the latter quitted the spot another woman arrived there to bathe and happened to notice a motion of the sand as if something was moving underneath. To satisfy her curiosity she hastened to the spot and removed the sand, when the little child was found still struggling, with sand in the mouth and eyes. The woman lost time in washing off the sand and restoring the child. It is reported that the crime was due to her inability to support the child.

FEMALE EDUCATION IN MANGALORE.—The silver jubilee of the Victoria Caste Girls' School was celebrated on Saturday the 13th instant with Mr. K. Srinivasa Rau, B.A., B.L., presiding. A long and interesting programme consisting of drill, humorous songs, recitations and a small farce entitled "The Prince and the Chimney sweet" was gone through. The chairman after the distribution of the prizes complimented the Rev. Sisters on their excellent work and report and the proceedings terminated after the singing of the National Anthem. It must be said that this institution is one of its kind maintained by the Rev. Sisters of Stann's started in 1887 to commemorate the memory of Victoria the Good.

ELECTRICITY FOR CHILDREN.—According to the *Matin*, Svante Arrhenius, a famous Swedish

physician, has just completed at Stockholm a series of curious experiments, extending over several years, the results of which are likely to be far-reaching. He devoted at first much study to the influence upon diseases of the arteries and bones of the electric vibrations of high frequency discovered by Professor d'Arsonval. Then he turned his attention to their possible effects on the nervous centres and the mentality of children.

One hundred children were carefully chosen in the communal schools and were classed in two groups, of about equal condition as to age, health, stature and weight. Each group was placed in a separate room. One of these was transformed by means of wires and vibrative apparatus of high frequency into a vast electric cage through which alternative currents were continually passed. The fifty children who occupied this room, while at their studies, were bathed in a strongly magnetised atmosphere. The other fifty children were not subjected to any electrical influence whatever, but otherwise the conditions under which they worked were precisely similar to those existing in the other "cage." In both classes the masters and the pupils alike were ignorant of the installation of the electrical devices or of any special experiment being in progress.

After six months the pupils in the electrified class room had grown in height 51 millimetres (about two inches), while those in the other class-room had gained only thirty-two millimetres (less than 1½ inches).

The intelligence of the children under electric treatment had developed, it is said, in quite as remarkable a degree as had their bodies. The average relative efficiency of the "electrified" class and of the non "electrified" was as hundred and eighty-four to hundred and fifty. The masters of the former class profited by the treatment as much as did their pupils. Their power of resisting fatigue in particular was greatly increased.

REPAIRING THE BRAIN.—Can we repair the human brain by removing decayed cells and transplanting new ones? According to an experiment now being made at St. John's Hospital, Baltimore, says the New York correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, such repair can be undertaken, and has been undertaken satisfactorily. The patient was a wealthy land-broker, named William Buckner, who suffered from coma. Examinations under X rays showed that a portion of the brain was decayed, and that the frayed tissues were causing the healthy sections gradually to become affected. The case seemed hopeless, but Dr. Cushing, a well-known specialist, decided to procure the brain of an

other patient as soon after death as possible, and transplant a portion of it to the skull of Mr. Buckner. The brain had to be healthy, and from as young a person as possible.

That day a child born in one of the wards died of inanition. Here was the opportunity. Dr. Cushing hurried to the ward, and, after obtaining permission, removed the brain. Assistants had rushed Mr. Buckner to the operating room, and prepared him for the ordeal. Then, in view of a score of professors and students, Dr. Cushing performed his greatest operation, after administering an anæsthetic, he removed the back of Mr. Buckner's skull, and, with great care, took out the entire brain, which was placed on a piece of linen beside the head, and could be seen to pulsate with each heartbeat of the patient. The diseased portion was then very carefully severed from the minor brain, and while Dr. Cushing was severing the diseased section another surgeon was transplanting the infant's brain. The major brain was left untouched.

After the transplantation the entire brain was restored to its proper place, and the section of the skull which had been cut out was replaced. The operation took place some time ago, and though Mr. Buckner's life is still in danger, he is reported as "improving."

CURIOUS PARASOLS.—Parasols, shaped like inverted tulips, or in Eastern designs resembling strange pagodas and quaint temples, are, it is said, to be fashionable in Parisian Society this summer. They will be made in rich silk, woven in most gorgeous pattern. Some of them will be bordered with feathers of brilliant hues. Hand-painted designs representing Futurist pictures, or the Cubist "masterpieces" in an orgy of colour, will form pretty decorations. Turkish turbans and the curious pointed head dress worn by the domestic slave in Southern Persia will also furnish designs for the new parasol.

DEMON POSSESSION IN A MYSORE JUNGLE.—The article in the *Madras Mail* a few days ago on "Spirits in Babylon and in India," recalls my experiences on a single day during a recent tour on the edge of the Western Ghats. The country is ribbed with lines of hills, thickly covered with evergreen forests. In the valleys between the hills lie the plains below the Ghats. Gardens of areca and fields of rice yield them their substance. Their forests these Mysore highlanders have peopled with evil spirits. In the hot weather one may come across an old man sweeping away the leaves from the foot of a tree lest a jungle breaking out, the abode of some baneful spirit should be

destroyed. The tinz' clearing he is making at the foot of the tree will reduce the possibility of such disaster and so win for one jungle home the demon's favour. The names of the spirits of the forest are legion. The chief of them in these Ghaut taluqs are *Choudi* and *Gutti*, though such generic titles as *bhuta*, *preta*, *pishachi* and *pide* are common. One morning we approached a farm whose situation obviously made health impossible. Several deaths had occurred, and an iguana the other day ran into the central room. The family at once decided that the house was haunted and retired to live in the cowshed. When we visited them they were hoping against hope to be able to sell the farm. It was they who told us of the *Dombas Habba* to be celebrated that night in the adjacent jungle. The *Dombas* are the acrobats of Mysore. Their presence is necessary to all the devil-dances that take place in these hills in the spring of the year. The women dance to the men's music. For 15 seers of rice and Rs. 64, and as much chutney as they need, they will grace any devil-dance with their presence.

When we reached the jungle at midnight, the procession, headed by the *Dombas*, had just left the river. As we approached the torch lit clearing, we heard pantings and groanings and a voice:—"The boy is a lad, only young; the devil will not go without speaking to him, but there will be delay." The object of this sympathetic remark was a boy of twelve or thirteen, stripped to the waist, trembling violently and groaning aloud, his elbows help close to his side, his arms moving like pistons. He was the second to be possessed that night: the first was seeking to elicit the name of the demon that had come upon the lad, and to ascertain the doom that, perhaps, rested on the village. In this he was assisted by the leading farmers present, whom the crowd styled *Vakils*. To all their pleading there was no reply, and to the end the devil in the boy remained nameless. After a fruitless hour, a move was made some fifty yards forward, to the music of the *Domba* band. The boy's frenzy increased, and they circled above the ring of spectators—I had almost said like one possessed. His companion was supplied with powdered ash, which he every now and then blew on to the lad and the spectators.

The devil in the boy refusing to disclose his name, the two possessed combined to try to induce a third to enter one of the six bearers of *kalasha*, who formed the background to the scene. Nothing would persuade the youths, to whom in turn the devils specially addressed themselves, to suffer a spirit to enter them. One hid his face behind his much-bedecked *kalasha*, the others stood stolidly, save when the demon-

ridden child flung himself at them. The chief of the *Dombas* lent the aid of his rude wit to the attempt to bring in another devil, but it was too cross to achieve its end. "No acrobat," said in name, he was the clown of the piece. The banging of the drums, the flare of the trumpets and the wild solicitations of the dancing girls alike failed to attract a third spirit.

Suddenly, at the fourth halt, there dashed in to the arena a young man, who like the bearers of *kalashas* was one of the *ganamakkalu* or children of families in which devil-possession is a hereditary gift. Such families provide the exorcists who attend the sick when forest herbs have failed to cure. The new-comer was far more vigorous than his predecessors. His word, such as is said often to afflict a man under the influence of spirits of another kind. *Sh nanu yarendu sh keluttiro* ("Do you ask who I am?") The child sank exhausted to the ground amid cries of "*Mei bittutu*" ("It's left my body.") The precedent seemed a popular one, for within half an hour the other two demons, as also a fourth, who came on for a ten minutes' turn, had yielded up their names and their secrets, and had left their victims. All three were *Choudis*. At 3-30 A.M. the group gave itself up to watching the *Dombas* dance, preparatory to going to an old forest temple to which one of the spirits had bidden them repair. The next night fowls were sacrificed to complete the *Choudi's* pacification.

The whole thing was most manifestly a performance, and from the point of view of the devil it must have been a very disappointing one. The only possession manifest was self-possession, save, perhaps, in the case of the boy, who was a beginner in the black art. Even he had him, silt in hand, answering all questions put to him treading only where it was safe and collapsing cautiously. We saw nothing like the much shorter, but very terrible, paroxysms that sometimes well-nigh rob the possessed in the plains of their life. It was evident from the jocularity that prevailed that very few believed in what the debauch stood for, though doubtless, with jungle credulity, they all believed that they believed. They may even go many days in the security the revel afforded—though, perhaps, not so many nights. Such superstitions pass slowly, but they are vanishing before the gradual drawn of knowledge and its accompanying desire for self-improvement. Even in the wilds of the Western Ghats the people are beginning to shake themselves free from the practice that for centuries have held them down.—(From a correspondent.)

A girl aged 18, who fell asleep at Hettstedt, Saxony, in the beginning of February is still

slumbering peacefully in spite of all efforts to wake her.

MR. ROBERT CRICHTON, OF THE MARSHES, Caterham, who attained his 100th birthday on the 3rd ult., is described as the oldest bachelor in England. He is a non-smoker and practically a teetotaller, but enjoys a pinch of snuff. He has lived in the reigns of six Monarchs and has seen five Coronations. Mr. Crichton received a letter from the King conveying His Majesty's congratulations.

COUNTESS FEODORA GLEICHEN, the daughter of the late Prince Victor Hohenlobe Langenburg, has been commissioned to model a memorial statue of Florence Nightingale. By permission of the King, the Countess still lives in St. James' Palace, and it was in her studio, overlooking the Park, in which Prince Victor used to work that a representative of the *Daily News* saw her. "The memorial of Florence Nightingale," said Countess Gleichen, "is to be placed in front of the Hospital at Derby, and will take the form of a semi-circle, with seats round, while the marble figure, some 6 ft. 9 ins. high, will stand on a stone pedestal in the centre of the semi-circle. Florence Nightingale will be depicted as the Lady of the Lamp." The design is said to be of classical simplicity and beauty.

News has been received by Major Richardson of a fine piece of work done by the Airedale Police-dog *Jack*, which was bought recently by the Colonial Office from his Harrow kennels, and sent out to Singapore. A Chinese prisoner who was serving a life sentence escaped from the prison by climbing over a wall by means of a roughly constructed ladder. Two hours was lost in searching the prison before *Jack* was sent for. The dog immediately took up the trail, tracked the man across the Sepoy lines golf course, and ran him down in a piece of jungle. *Jack* is on patrol three or four nights a week, and it is said that there has been a notable falling-off in the number of robberies.

Those who hold that the teaching at our Universities is futile, says the *Globe*, now learn with

utter dismay that two Philadelphia monkeys, under the tuition of a Professor at the University of Pennsylvania, have mastered the alphabet as far as the letter H.

THE CENTRAL SCHOLASTIC COMMISSION AT BERNE is of opinion that a woman is too old to teach after her thirtieth year, and during the last two years in all the Government schools in the Swiss Capital women teachers have been dismissed on attaining that age. The Commission paid no heed to the storm of protests against this absurd rule, but now a young teacher who was about to be dismissed under "the old age" regulation has appealed against the judgment under legal advice, and the case has come up before the General Council, which has decided in her favour. The verdict will completely change the existing regulations.

THE DEATH has occurred of the Hon'ble Lady Welby, mother of Sir C. E. Welby and widow of the fourth Baronet. Lady Welby was a god-daughter of Queen Victoria, after whom she was named, and she was for some years before her marriage Maid of Honour to Her late Majesty. Deriving paternally from the family to which Lady Mary Montagu belonged, and maternally from the family of the Dukes of Rutland, Lady Welby inherited literary and artistic tastes, but she developed a special interest in Science, and it was her distinction to open up a field for research so untouched that she had to invent a name for it. The term "Significs" which she gave to her new science was speedily adopted by the "Dictionary of Philosophy", by the compilers of the great Oxford Dictionary, and by the "Encyclogolia Britannica," to which last work she contributed the article "Significs." Her books, "What is Meaning?" and "Significs," represent what was avowedly only preliminary research into the extremely difficult problems of sense, meaning and significance, but these enquiries greatly interested some of the foremost philologists and men of letters of her time, and she lived to see the new science definitely recognised.

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