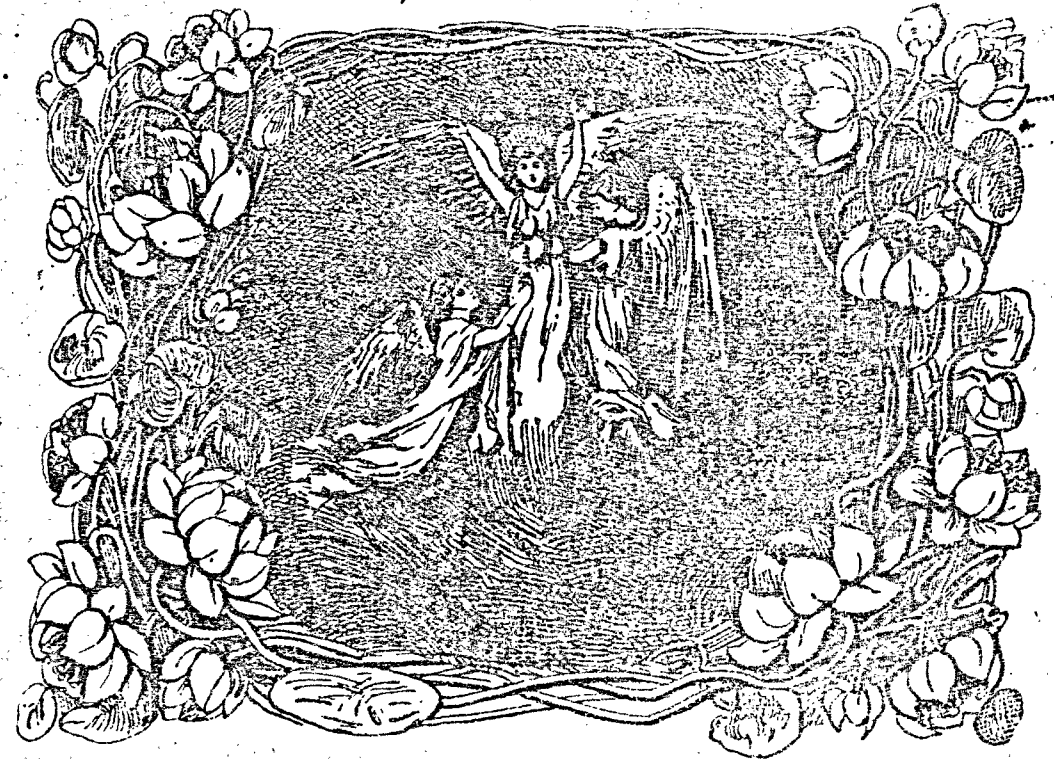




LADY BENSON  
(See article, page 258)



## THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

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VICTORY

*When life is most about one, power and proof  
Of human foresight ; some new conquest won  
By science from the vast unknown ; some gift  
Of art, which shall outworth a nation's debt,  
Heirloom of ages, sealed to earth for good ;  
And through all lands, one smile man's general face  
Lights up, self-glorifying ; oft, then, I feel  
Sunkenest in soul, most faltering in the sense  
Of spiritual reality.*



## 16261 Scout for Indian Girls

WHILE the Boy Scout movement was being recognised all over the world as a brilliant solution of the most difficult "boy problems," five thousand girls of England were begging admission to the local Scout patrols. That alone indicated (if the law of supply and demand could be trusted to work socially as well as economically), that ere long a Girl

Scout movement would be brought into existence; especially science workers among girls recognised that the boys' movement suggested many methods of dealing with outstanding girl problems. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that in America and England, and even among English school girls in India, a movement which may for convenience be called the Girl Scout organisation is already in operation. The Girl Guides of Great Britain, and the Camp-Fire Girls of the United States each deserve a chapter to themselves in modern Scout History, but it is especially of the adaptation of this idea to Indian girls that this article treats.

When the Girl Guide Handbook, by Miss Baden-Powell was still being compiled, and before the artistic Camp-Fire Girls' Manual had made its appearance, some teachers in the Isabella Thoburn High School of Lucknow were searching for a name for a 'girls' organisation which had been living and growing for several months, much like a baby whose individuality is developing while its fastidious parents allow it to go unnamed for lack of a suitable name. That a Girl Scout organisation for India should have a thoroughly Indian tone, an Indian name, and a programme drawn up in the vernacular, was of course the ideal. But several difficulties at once presented themselves. First, it was acknowledged by Indians and foreigners alike that Indian languages do not lend themselves easily to the figurative nomenclature and terminology necessary for such an organisation. A more practical difficulty was that in the school where the plans for the organisation were being worked out, all parts of India are represented, and so anything but English, the *lingua franca* of India, would be a hindrance rather than a help, to the developing of plans. A circumstantial reason was that the person whose time and occupation left her most free to develop this idea, knew too little of the local vernaculars to use them freely. Hence, at the sacrifice of sentiment to practicality and uniformity, it was decided to use English throughout.

This decision was a help to naming the organisation. It was felt that the title should somehow imply ideals of honour, heroism, self-control, obligation to others, purpose in life, physical and moral fitness, keenness of sense, idealism in service and in daily life, love of God, mankind and nature. Military terms, such as Guide and Scout, and terms of rustic life such as suggested by the Camp-Fire organisation did not seem to have appropriate significance. It was necessary to find in indigenous occupations and activities that which would supply the title we wanted. India is not without noble activities, peculiar to herself. One of these is the Service, which, known under many local names, will be recognised as the Service of Runners, or Messenger service, and which, after having been for centuries a familiar part of Indian rural life, has been adapted to become one of the most useful adjuncts in remote parts of the Postal and Telegraph service. Not only in the Himalayas but throughout India, these runners are employed to carry letters and Government messages, though we are perhaps most familiar with the mountain-runner because of Kipling's lines:

"A tinkle of bells far up the trail,

The Empress of India's Overland Mail."

The trail is marked out on the relay system, and the steady faithful runner must stop not for self nor for others till he has fulfilled his commission. Trustworthiness, bravery, endurance, and willingness to risk life is required of these runners, for their path often lies in wild and lonely jungles and the annual loss of life is great. The way in which the runners of India have fulfilled the commissions entrusted to them exemplifies the possibilities of displaying the highest qualification in messenger service. All this suggested the name for the organisation, which, to speak symbolically, was to develop good messengers, entrust them with good messages: the title was therefore adopted of "The Girls' Messenger Service."

A pledge and a law, whose twelve articles were largely borrowed (by permission) from the Boy Scouts, was prepared to set forth in an appealing way ideals of honour, reverence, loyalty, self-sacrifice, self-control, friendliness, kindness, obedience, cheerfulness, faithfulness, thrift, generosity and sincerity. A programme was arranged which was later modified by suggestions from the cousin organisations across the seas. This was first divided under the heads of domestic knowledge, physical lore, nature study, resourcefulness and general knowledge, and practical service. This material was then graded to suit the different ranks of membership. The preparatory order was called the Order of Good Comrades, to enter which the following statement must be made by the candidate:—

*It is my desire to enter into comradeship with these girls who are in training for trusty messenger service. To be admitted to the next Order of Pathfinders a girl, who has passed the prescribed tests and has presented good conduct reports from school and dormitory teachers, must repeat from memory the Messenger Pledge, the twelve articles of the Messenger Law, and make the Pathfinder's Statement:—It is my desire to seek paths whereby my health, my senses, my heart, and my affection may be of service to others. Admission to the Order of Path-makers, and Order of Runners is by similar tests, and after thus becoming a full messenger, special courses may be followed, completion of which entitles the candidate to stars against her name. The badge of the whole organisation is the five-pointed star, made without lifting the pen from paper—an old Indian mathematicians' symbol of perfection and unity, whose points stand for the body, mind, senses, affection (social relations), and heart (or moral nature). The banner is the staff and bells of the Himalayan Runner, tipped with the five-pointed star. The colours are old gold for true worth, and crimson for sacrifice. The flower is Jasmine, because of its Indian connection, its many varieties, its many uses, and its symbolism. The motto—and if this can be actualised it is worth all else that can be said for the organisation—is, Be Trustworthy.*

Great care was taken in preparing the programme to select those items which would help develop virtues and eradicate faults of girl-nature, supply deficiencies in class-room curricula, furnish practical training for later life, teach lessons of trustworthiness, cooperation, thoroughness and efficiency, and encourage, as far as present social conditions in India will allow, acquaintance with out-of-doors. The aim will be accomplished in proportion as each member grows to a clear realization of her relation to her country's need in this generation.

Some attempt must be made to describe how the plans for the movement have worked out. One January afternoon eight girls responded hesitatingly to the invitation to a "Club" meeting which should replace a customary monthly social at which the girls used to be entertained by the teacher. The programme began that day with the announcement that those who would join this new club would meet weekly out-of-doors, or in a tent in the compound whenever possible: would take alphabetical turns in being president and secretary: would have a common badge, and would follow a prescribed course, the first item of which was at once presented. That item was bed-making. The girls giggled and whispered that they knew how to make beds, but it was demonstrated that there were at least twelve good points about the art

that they did not know, and incidentally (but not accidentally), they received a new standard of perfection in homely tasks. And they were enthusiastic. The leader needed no stronger confirmation of her theory that appealed to from the right angle, a girl would rather do a thing artistically and well than poorly. Ten minutes after their dismissal the leader was besieged with requests for admission to the new club. Her serious announcement that membership was for the present limited to thirteen, whetted their eagerness, and put several dozens on the waiting list. Of these, twenty-six were added a month or so later, making thirty-nine members in three groups. The enthusiasm has never abated. Could more leaders be provided, the enrollment in this one school of 150 boarders would reach a high percentage. But at present only one leader is available and her hands are full with four groups, each meeting weekly, with a total membership of sixty. This membership includes representatives of the Nizam of Hyderabad's Dominions, the Gaekwar of Baroda's Dominions, Central India, Central Provinces, Berar, Bengal, Bombay, the Panjab, Oudh, Agra Province, and Tirhut. Religiously it includes Christianity, Hinduism, Islam and Parseeism.

Some exceedingly pleasant hours have been spent with these "Good Comrades." Lessons with illustrations and demonstrations on the simple laws of hygiene, flower study, "wide-awake" quests, discussions on various subjects, and perhaps most enjoyable, a camp-fire afternoon, when the tent was supposed to be five miles from home and the supper "in the jungle" was prepared in the most approved forest-dwellers' fashion. Within eight months thirteen girls had completed the course prescribed for the preparatory order, and were ready for promotion. Their promotion and the admission of seventeen new members was made the occasion of a very interesting display of the work already done by the Messengers. Those thirteen, promoted to the rank of Pathfinders, have been intensely interested in a scientific study of house and compound hygiene (including the fly and mosquito problem), chicken raising, and simple first aid to the injured classes.

In this first year's history one girl only has merited dismissal. She acknowledged herself guilty of stealing, but as she was a Muhammedan who, until the previous year had never had much teaching such as the majority of our school girls have had from infancy, the members themselves asked that she be excused, except for public confession and the punishment of the school authorities themselves. A case of cheating in class was treated with a sentence of lengthy suspension from membership. One member, whose besetting sin was quick temper and rude-

ness, finally suggested in pathetic self-desperation, that she thought she would be cured of her rudeness if she gave up her beloved Club, which she felt she was disgracing, for two weeks. This self-imposed punishment was accepted, and has so far worked wonderfully well. The whole organisation was appealed to to exert a strong influence among non-messenger schoolmates in regard to faithfulness in duties, when there is no one to supervise. The leader noticed the successful result of her appeal in one noticeable matter of school discipline. There may be a dozen apparent discouragements to one encouragement, but the leader determined from the beginning not to be impatient of response, and believes that the possibilities of the organisation are great. A *sine qua non* of leadership in such an organisation is the simple creed, "I believe in girls."

While the organisation is still in its infancy, and for several years will be in an experimental stage, we are glad to see the idea being adapted in other schools for Indian girls. It seems advisable for a few years at least to have each school work out its separate plans, suited to local conditions. Present indications are that in India a federation (when the numbers are large enough for federation) will be preferable to any other kind of organisation of the different branches. While it is early to talk about such an advanced stage of the infant movement, it is not too early to say that one of the most valuable results of such an organisation will be the development of *esprit de corps* among its members, and in its own small but, we venture to hope, forceful way, the Girls' Messenger Service may help to teach India the much needed lesson of "Unity in Diversity."

FLORA LOIS ROBINSON.



## The Departure of Lady Benson from Madras

THE departure of Lady Benson from Madras will have caused the readers of *The Indian Ladies' Magazine* as much grief and regret as was voiced by the Indian ladies of Madras on Tuesday the 29th of April at a general meeting of the members of the Ladies' Recreation Club, which had been called to discuss the question of acquiring a permanent residence for the Club, as the present one had been sold and notice had been given to make other arrangements for the Club as quickly as possible. According to Lady Benson's particular request, no special farewell meeting had been convened for her, but, after the Rance of Vizianagram had been welcomed and with Lady Benson in the chair the required business had been got through, an opportunity was taken to bid farewell to Lady Benson whose departure to England for good was very near. A few Hindu ladies spoke in appreciation of Lady Benson, her kindness and friendship to them. They tried to express the gratitude they all felt to her for her consistent devotion to the cause of progress in the education of Hindu ladies. She had been untiring in her efforts to advance the above cause and had eagerly taken part in every movement that encouraged it. Every one realised the great loss her absence would create in Madras. They had come to regard her as a dear friend and had the privilege of always turning to her for sympathy and help. They had become so accustomed to her presence that they would find it difficult to imagine any function without her. For all that she had been for them and for all that she had done for them, they thanked her most heartily and affectionately and trusted that she would remember them in the years to come. Many good wishes for a pleasant voyage and a happy meeting with her dear ones and friends and many blessings followed her from her Indian friends to whom she had proved herself a dear friend and sister and in whose hearts she would always live. Lady Benson was presented with a bouquet of beautiful lilies.

In response, Lady Benson very kindly spoke a few words in farewell and presented the Club with her photo, which was and will be very much appreciated.

The following are Lady Benson's farewell words to the Indian ladies of Madras:

MY DEAR LADIES,

May I say a few words of Farewell to you before we break up our meeting here this evening? You all know that my husband and I are leaving Madras on Sunday next, after over 40 years in India, but you cannot realize with what sorrow we are saying goodbye to our friends here, and to all our many interests in Madras. For me—one of my greatest regrets is in parting from the "Ladies' Recreation Club." With many other ladies I took a great interest in the club when it was first started many years ago in the "Lady Wenlock's Park," and grieved over its feeble infancy and untimely end. Now another child has been born, a stronger and more healthy successor, and from this re-birth we hope for, and expect, great things in the future. We hope that the petition we are sending to Government today will be favourably received and that the "Ladies' Recreation Club" will be given a permanent house of its own, which will assure its future stability. We look forward to many happy meetings, and the formation and growth of many friendships between European and Indian ladies. The question of how to make the club most useful to all its members is the subject of frequent discussion. Some among you wish to have it a club solely for recreation. Some older Indian ladies fear that the club may be too attractive to its younger members, and tempt them to neglect their husbands and brothers and house duties in the afternoons. Others think that the club should be the nucleus for intellectual as well as physical development and advocate monthly lectures. It will be for you to decide, as time goes on, on which lines you wish to proceed.

It will be strange if all the other "Ladies' Associations" throughout the Presidency elect to have lectures and lantern shows, and to discuss papers on subjects of interest, on education, and the customs and manners of other countries, etc., and the Madras Ladies' Club elects to remain purely recreative. I hardly think this is likely to be the case, and sincerely hope not. I was turning over the pages of an old "Indian Ladies' Magazine" for 1907 and came across the 13th Annual Report of the Hindu Ladies' Social Club, Bombay, and there read:—"Various subjects were discussed both in Marathee and Gujarati. Some days were also spent in doing some fancy but useful needlework which was sold. Rs. 200 have been received from the sale, and after paying for the expenses the balance, with the amount collected from the Club's "Voluntary Contribution Box" for the same period, namely Rs. 115 only, will be used for some benevolent purposes." Here is a nobler ideal for the members of the "Ladies' Recreation Club." You know the saying "all work and no play makes Jack

a dull boy"—but there is also the pendant to it:—"All play and no work makes Jill a mere toy." But whether for play, or work, or both, the meetings at the club will develop character. A German poet has said:

"A talent is developed in solitude but character in the stream of the world."

In this club you will meet many, both English and Indian, whom you would not have the opportunity of meeting otherwise. May your motto be to use all such opportunities "as the bee does the flower"—extract all that is sweet and good from them. I know many old Indian ladies fear that some of you may be tempted to copy Western dress, and be eager to extend your freedom on Western lines too rapidly. That you will not be encouraged in this course by English ladies, I am very sure. We all admire your artistic and beautiful dress too much to ever wish you to copy our complicated, and for the most part inartistic dress, designed mainly for a cold climate, and we realize that our liberty, which has come to us from long slow years of practise and experience, is too great a responsibility to be passed on in a hurry to young and inexperienced shoulders. No! above all things learn to "hasten slowly,"—keep to all that is good and true in your home customs, cultivate the low voice, which Shakespeare so praises in a woman, and retain your beautiful dress and the natural courtesy and politeness which is so marked a feature of the East. The club meetings will teach you self-restraint, and self-discipline. In your games you will learn the love of fair play; the self-restraint necessary not to dispute the decision of the umpire; and self-sacrifice in giving way to others in turn, and taking only your share, or in giving up your share from generosity. Much discipline to the tongue can be learned in a club,—not to speak, may not to listen to ill-natured stories, and on no account to repeat them even if true—to learn to respect and tolerate opinions other than your own, and not to criticize captiously, or unkindly, other members of the club. In this way will character be developed, and the harmony and prosperity of the club be insured; you will so be able to dispel the quite natural fears of older Indian ladies. I wish you all farewell and trust you have before you many many happy years of growth and usefulness.

*Editor's Note.*—It cannot be easy for the readers of the Indian Ladies' Magazine to express in a few words their immense debt of gratitude to Lady Benson for the great interest she has always taken in the journal. Her most instructive and beautifully-written articles and series of articles, notably those on Japan, Kashmere and the Delhi Durbar were read and appreciated by many. It was a labour of love that she did for the magazine. We earnestly hope she will continue it and still help us by sending more contributions to the magazine.

## What is Life?

Life is a tree, and we and all mankind  
Are but the tender germ or fruit thereon.  
Some born to blossom, some to fade away,  
Some to endure the end by furthest stay.  
And so it haps, at first in waxen buds  
Doth Infancy appear; then Childhood, rich  
In promise of the great hereafter, smiles  
Amid its rosy bloom; and afterward  
There cometh Boyhood, green in all device,  
In whom as yet the stream of knowledge runs  
But sour and undefined. Then followeth Man,  
Assuming both the tone of rounder thought  
And comeliness more sound. Hence anxious year,  
With mellow grace do dwell within the minds  
Until the heavy-laden weight of age  
Struggleth with life, e'en as the fruitage ripe  
Doth wrestle with its stem; and then both fall  
To earth from whence both sprang.

Yet, mortal, hear,  
And chiefly note, oh man, the fruit shall die  
Whilst thou endure the vast eternity.  
Let then thine end be such as thou may'st rejoice  
In the full garner of thy Master's choice.

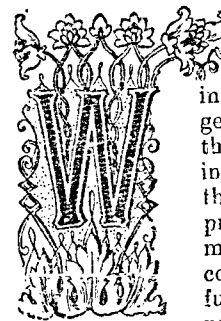
T. M. SATCHIT,

L.B.N.A.

TRIVANDRUM.

## The Path of Progress

"ALL MOVEMENT IS NOT PROGRESS"



WHEN, with reference to the problem of Social Reform in India, we consider the divergence between talk and action, theory and practice, the distressing question presents itself to the mind: "Are we really progressing?" Such a question may well ruffle any complacent conviction that our century furnishes a brilliant record of progress in thought, culture and civilization. Indeed, we can justly pride ourselves on the possession of a priceless literature and the perception of a high standard of moral responsibility. True enough, the telegraph flies to-day as rapidly as thought itself, the iron-horse transforms the world into one great city, the steam-ship seems a floating palace against which winds and waves contend in vain, the airship signalises man's acquisition of the art of graceful flight proper to the feathered race. Science may thus secure for us all conveniences imaginable; our granaries may burst with grain, and our coffers with gold; individual men among us may achieve success as scholars, layers and statesmen; and we as a community may win and deserve concessions of privileges from a sympathetic government. But all this will not avail so long as, in our social life, perverted judgment and purblind sectarianism perpetuate a class of human beings labelled as "untouchables" or "unapproachables." Not the alluring prospect of electoral advantages, but an ardent solicitude for general welfare should be the motive force of all endeavours for the inclusion of these human beings within the pale of Hindu Society.

The toiling and tabooed Panchama is no mere figment of a fervent imagination but a familiar figure in Indian social life. Man's inhumanity to man not only makes "countless thousands mourn," but leaves the ideal of Universal Brotherhood in the region of unrealized aspirations. How long such a state of things may endure is the despair of the Social Reformer and the genuine patriot alike. Idealism, though excellent in itself, can never become the inspiration of conduct until it is transfused with practical sense. Instead of hankering after hallucinations, it is the part of wisdom to extend to less fortunate

\* Limit of space prohibits any elaborate exposition of the cult of Approach-me-not-ism. The "unapproachables" may not unfitly be compared to lepers in the Middle Ages.

brethren privileges and opportunities in a measure suited to the interests of our country. The duty of the higher classes to their submerged fellow-men is at once paramount and unmistakable on considerations, not alone of philanthropy and justice, but also of patriotism and economy. The pace of an entire troop is set by the pace of the slowest horse. And even so is it with societies and nations. The measure of their culture is afforded by the condition of the backward classes; the destiny of a nation is moulded by what the privileged mete out to the weaker members among them.

It is an unfailing generalization drawn from History that social degeneration descends from the higher ranks, and social regeneration ascends from the lower classes. When the possibility of such regeneration is arrested at its source, then it is time for a people to bid farewell to their greatness. Modern social democracy presents a striking illustration of an upward movement deriving strength from the lower ranks. Power is evoked out of impotence, heroism out of indigence, moral growth out of ragged poverty, through the inspiration of a Saviour whose faith rouses fortitude in his followers. Hence it is that "the weak things of the world confound the mighty and the first becomes the last and the last the first." Preach to the victims of starvation, ignorance and oppression, the doctrine of the inalienable sovereignty of the people and so great is the hope and mighty the purpose instilled into them, that their achievements leave a profound influence on the political thought of succeeding centuries.

In an age of brotherly feeling and corporate consciousness, it need hardly be said that the problem of elevating the submerged classes in India acquires special interest and demands speedy solution. Beginnings are never made and ideals are never realized without incidental difficulties, occasional blunders and repeated disappointments. It assuredly augurs well for the future that the higher classes should have, after a torpor of decades, roused themselves to a sense of responsibility towards the down-trodden, and that of late several "Depressed Classes Missions" should be organised for the amelioration of the material, moral and social condition of the submerged population. Collective or individual activities in this direction are bound to find themselves confronted by the forces of orthodox jealousy and sectarian exclusiveness. But who has heard of any serious reform effected unopposed among a conservative and tradition-clinging people? Painless progress is pure illusion; opposition is the mainspring of achievement.

But, in deprecating the attitude of indifference, let us be careful how we condemn the conduct.



and impeach the wisdom of our fore-fathers. Light and darkness in the world of Nature never exist together, nor does the one exist for a long time without being followed by the other. Even so is it with the unfolding of human destiny through the ages. "If the pages of the present and immediate past of the History of Hinduism with reference to the depressed classes are darkened by deep shades, let us not forget that this History has its lights also which show that Hinduism in its purest and best forms contains elements favourable to the cause of elevating the down-trodden" (Sir N. G. Chandavarkar). Noble reformers, saints and prophets in the higher and in the lower classes alike attest to the liberal creed and sympathetic instinct of a people who, in course of time and under stress of historical vicissitudes, seem to have forgotten the nature and forfeited the exercise of their privilege—for privilege it is to be able to help the less favoured way-farers on the road of life. It is futile philosophy to say that the position of the depressed classes is the Nemesis of their past actions and to discern in their present destiny the working out of the inexorable law of *Karma*. Such an argument cannot appeal to those who, condemning all oppression, recognise in humanity itself a claim to immortal bliss. What insight can perceive and sympathy suggest, must be applied to the alleviation of human suffering.

Some would hold that the status of the depressed classes is rigidly bound up with the organization of Hindu Society and that it must ever remain what it is, unless Hindu Society itself chooses to move on more advanced lines than those provided by a bill legalising promiscuous marriage. There was indeed a golden age in India's past when caste-distinctions did not exist in an aggravated form and when many of the crying evils now calling for removal were really unknown. This idyllic state could not, perhaps from its nature, last long, so that, in time, a section of the people found themselves the lowest in the social scale. Despite efforts made in the past, the depressed classes are still with us. The names of Ramanuja and Chaitanya, Buddha and Dayanand are associated with attempts at social reform. But whether as "Classes" or as "Castes," distinctions remain and will remain; for, inequality is the rule of life from which there seems to be no escape. While it is admittedly true that even among great European nations social inequalities still persist, it is singularly appropriate to speak of the conception of caste in India as a component part of the intellectual atmosphere itself. Caste is verily in the air of India. It infects the Muhammadans; it exists among the communities of Indian Christians—Independently, therefore, of the Caste-system in Hindu Society, the

misery of the depressed classes is of so unique and aggravated a character as to require alleviation in the manner and to the extent determined by the conditions of the time.

Economic and political wisdom alike formulate the unalterable law whereby the constituent parts should be elevated before the whole. How, then, can we boast of prosperity and enlightenment when nearly half the people are wallowing in ignorance and poverty; or hope to rise in international estimation without first realizing that our progress is conditioned by the capacity of the backward members belonging to our community? It was this consideration that induced Prof. Har Dayal\* to make the embittered and embittering assertion that "all Hindus are *Pariahs* in the society of civilised men and women, be they rajas or valets, priests or sweepers, *sāraswats* or *namasudras*, *mahamahopādya-yas* or *chandālas*. Your internal distinctions do not raise any among you to the pedestal of humanity. You may classify yourselves as ringworms and tapeworms, silk-worms and hook-worms, but that does not raise you above the genus of worms." A bitter and pungent pill indeed for educated Indians!!!

It is clear that the elevation of the depressed classes is bound to give a momentum to the movement for the improvement of our international position. When in the social sphere human susceptibilities are not hurt by the presumptions of overweening orthodoxy, when the tyranny of priest-craft is swept into deserved oblivion and when zeal is manifested in a worthy cause, we shall have advanced nearer the realisation of the ideal of enabling the down-trodden to stand shoulder to shoulder with their educated fellow-countrymen in striving to secure for themselves just and equal treatment from all civilized men and women on the face of the earth.

But reforming enthusiasm, if not sobered by practical sense, may work havoc on the structure of any society. On the other hand, fond attachment to fossilised customs may breed a stolid conservatism, opposed to necessary improvement in whatever direction. Let us, therefore, be neither red-hot revolutionaries nor retrogressive reactionaries. Let us be *practical* in our aims and methods and ever follow them with a wholesome consciousness of our limitations. Let us not ignore the past but recognise that ancient good is not wholly "uncouth," remembering that the present is the product of the past even as the future will be of the present. Above all, let our foresight and reasonableness

\* For Mr. Har Dayal's article, see *The Modern Review*, Vol. XII, No. 5, page 471. (November 1912).

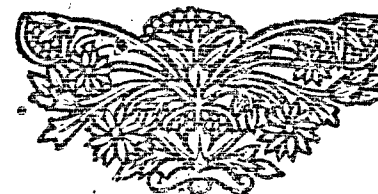
For the writer's remarks on the above, see Vol. XII, No. 6, page 649, (December 1912) of the same review.

help us to comprehend future possibilities and reconcile us to concessions demanded by the conditions of modern civilization. Considered in this spirit, there can be no gainsaying the fact that the betterment of the depressed classes is as practicable as it is noble, as necessary as it is desirable, and that on the sympathy and support of the higher classes their submerged fellow-men have a claim eternal and indisputable.

It will be for India the revival of her pristine greatness and the realization of a lofty destiny when thus every form of injustice is forgotten; when the infidel, the outcast, the *chandala*, exist or exasperate no more; when the mothers of future citizens forsake the *Purdah* fully to share the profit and pleasures of intellectual pursuits; when infant-marriage and life-long widowhood take their proper place beside sati and infanticide as curious customs of a bygone age; when her children of whatever caste, creed or colour feel that theirs is the heritage of a great past, the example of a living present, the hope of a glorious future; when, as worshippers of one God though known by different names, as travellers to one eternal home though by diverse routes, they all love their land with

"Love far-bought  
From out the storied Past, and used  
Within the Present, but transfused  
Thro' future time by power of thought.  
(with) True love turn'd round on fixed poles,  
Love, that endures not sordid ends,  
For Indian natures, freemen, friends,  
Their brothers and immortal souls."

S. AMBRAVANESWAR.



## Vimala Devi

(Continued from the previous issue)

THE TRANSLATION OF A TELUGU NOVEL

BY MR. BHOGARAJU NARAYANAMURTHI

### CHAPTER XIX



SIVA SINGH carefully assisted Samul Pundit over the window and then himself going before, bade him follow. But the Pundit would not stop talking and though reprimanded again and again, would not listen but even began to sing. Then Siva Singh cried: "O mad Brahmin! Will

you or will you not listen to me? Your voice is getting louder and louder. If others hear us, you are sure to be captured and punished. Be careful."

"O Siva Singh," answered the Pundit, "when I took the message of Rukmini, none punished me. So, why will such a contingency happen to me now? When I went to Dwaraka city, I went singing to my heart's content."

"O foolish priest," cried Siva Singh angrily, "listen to me and be quiet till we descend down this rope. You have come like the messenger of Death to us. Padma, after searching the world over, seems to have found a rare treasure in you."

The Pundit started answering, but Siva Singh stopped him and threatened, if he spoke again, to cut the rope, so that he would be dashed to pieces. So the Brahmin, at last frightened into quietness, silently followed the other down the rope. After a while, however, he suddenly called: "O Siva Singh, Siva Singh! my anger is gone. Come quickly! come! come!"

Thinking some harm had happened to him, the prince climbed back again the intervening space and eagerly asked what the matter was; to which the Brahmin softly answered:

"Matter? Why nothing is the matter. I only called to you to ask whether it is allowable to talk now."

So, again and again asking if he may speak, he at last reached the ground with Siva Singh, and they soon reached the place where the Bhils were waiting for them. Then they went on through the forest. Samul once again asked if he could speak, but Siva Singh bade him not to open his mouth, till told to. Marching through

the mountainous forest, and bidding his followers hasten, after a while, the prince at last turned to the Brahmin and laughingly gave him permission to speak, as now they had surmounted one difficulty in getting clear of the town. Bursting into a fit of delighted laughter the pundit girded up his loins and, shewing no fatigue, but walking even in front of the Bhils, began to talk aloud, the while he accompanied himself with gesticulations with both hands:

"Aha! at last my lucky star is in the ascendant! By the grace of Vimala Devi, I can get as much wealth as I want from Raja Singh. So let us go to him quickly. As soon as he sees me, he will not fail to ask me my welfare. Then, using all my wit, I shall reveal all Vimala's state to him, and, marvelling at my intelligence, he is sure to give me a fitting reward. Moreover, he will make me a feast with many toothsome dainties. Then indeed will be the time to exhibit all my skill. That I am self-retiring cannot be thought of even in dreams. I shall ask for all the food that I want and eat to my heart's content. Cakes, milk-rice, ah! my mouth waters at the very thought. When will such luck happen to me?"

Siva Singh and the Bhils followed, laughing heartily at the buffoon. But after a while the poor man began to feel tired and could not walk. Then Siva Singh said, "O Pundit, you seem to be tired. There is a little pond close by here, where we can rest for a time. Let one of my Bhils carry you comfortably till we go there." But said the Pundit:

"What! what! I suppose you wish to satisfy your spite against me by throwing me into the pond. I am the only son to my mother. I have a young wife. How can I leave them and die? You all wish to deceive me, but I am not one to be taken in. Who do you think Samul Pundit is? I have a gift of prophecy, so I know everything. Take care."

Siva Singh laughed and tried to humour him.

"What, Sir! are you endowed with the gift of prophecy also? Can you tell me what is going to happen in the future?"

"Of course, I can. Listen."

It will surely happen that the illustrious Raja Singh, the king of kings, will go to Rupaganaram, defeat the miscreant Aurangzebe in a great battle and return, taking with him the flower of women."

"Aha! how true a word have you said? Will you be the officiating priest at Raja Singh's wedding? O—"

"What doubt can there be of that? Just as I formerly solemnized Sri Krishna's marriage, so shall I solemnize Raja Singh's also."

"Can you tell me what reward Raja Singh will give you?"

"What a reward!"

Will he not send me an invitation? Will he not give me a gold-lace-edged shawl, deck me with gold bracelets and load me with heaps of treasure? On that auspicious occasion, will there be aught wanting to me?"

So talking, they came to a pond. There they halted, and the Bhils, after quenching their night-long weariness by long draughts of cool water, cooked some food and ate it. Siva Singh and the Pundit also ate and rested under a tree. The whole day they stayed there, and started again in the cool of the evening.

After some distance, they saw under a tree, a man lying on the ground with his feet drawn up under him and moaning. Siva Singh, full of pity, asked him what the matter was, to which he replied:

"Sir! whoever you are, you have come like a God. While returning home from another village, I sprained my foot, and have lain here from the morning unable to move. There is none to help me. You are like my parents. If you will kindly help me and take me along a little way with you, I shall never forget your goodness."

Siva Singh ordered a stalwart Bhil to carry him on the shoulders and bring him along. This was done. The poor man seemed to suffer much and groaned in many different keys. But none noticed that, when anyone spoke, his groans lessened, and increased when there was silence. Perhaps he wished to over-hear their conversation, but owing to Samul Pundit's grumblings, it was not much that he could hear; a pause of a minute was like an age to that worthy man. The sick man begged Siva Singh to request the Brahmin to stop, on the ground that it gave him a headache. The prince did so, but the Brahmin replied that, if he did not talk, he would become ill. So they walked on, till they halted for the night under a tree. The sick man was gently lowered into an easy position, and the others also rested as comfortably as possible.

Early in the morning, waking up before the others, the sick man began to limp about. Some of the Bhils, waking up, noticed him, and began to ask themselves who he was. Siva Singh then woke up and ordered a start, but the sick man said to him—

"Sir, I am a little recovered now. My weariness is gone, and I am able to walk a little. So I shall not trouble you any more, but continue my own way slowly." The prince consented and went on with his people, and the supposed sick man, after watching them a while, ran away as fast as he could.

## CHAPTER XX.

Our readers will remember that Kunda, with the intention of doing harm to Padma, had read the message on the paper round the pigeon's neck, had written a contradictory message on it and had then secured the paper again to the pigeon. We know also that the pigeon took its usual flight into the sky. That day, Saadut Khan was sitting at his tent's entrance, smoking his hookah. A servant was sitting near feeding the hookah with fire, and with the pipe in his mouth, Saadut Khan was blowing voluminous smoke through his mouth and nostrils, accompanied by a pleasant gurgle from the bowl. As he cast up his eyes in ecstatic contemplation to the sky, suddenly his gaze fell on the flying pigeon. Immediately, to test his aim, he shot at the pigeon. As the poor bird fell, he took it in his hand, and found the paper tied to its neck. Rejoicing that by so casual an accident, he should get hold of an important secret of his enemies, Saadut Khan opened the missive, but could not make out the Mahratta characters on it. Handing it to a Hindu peon, he bade him read and he did so: "It is not necessary for you to come. When the time arrives for you to come here, I shall let you know. Be ready to come then."

Saadut Khan was immediately filled with doubts. That Vijaya Singh was planning some great and effective stratagem in the city, that he had besought the help of his brother-kings, that he had long been in secret communication with them, and that suddenly the Kshatriya princes were sure to attack him—all such thoughts made him afraid. Moreover the words; "You need not come now," made him suspect that Vijaya Singh was not expecting outside help, but was making a great effort by himself to defeat the Muhammedans, and that then if the Kshatriya princes came to help him, his own defeat was sure. With the Kshatriya princes behind, and with Vijaya Singh's army in front, he and his armies would be surely crushed and overcome.

Resolved to prevent all such contingencies, he gave orders that scouts should be sent out on all sides, who were to quickly acquaint him with the approach of the enemy. Before this, he had been in the habit of sending out scouts and when they returned with the information that no enemies were in sight, of punishing them.

One day it happened that a scout returned and told him with many salaams: "Sir, I have followed your orders and discovered one fact. I have seen a prince, with a Brahmin and some Bhils, going along the forest path, and by their conversation it seemed to me that they were going to Udaipur."

Saadut Khan was much pleased with the man

and told him that he was the best of them all, but enquired how it had been possible for him to know their secrets. The other replied: "I lay in the middle of their path, groaning like a sick man, and told them that I was not able to walk as my knee had been sprained, and begged for help. The prince pitied me and made one of his servants carry me. I would have given you more information, if the Brahmin did not from time to time talk loudly and so prevented my hearing properly. I am sure that some one from the fort itself is sending a message to the Lord of Udaipur."

Saadut Khan was much astonished and immediately sent a party of two hundred men towards Udaipur to capture the messengers and bring them and the letter with all haste to him. Not satisfied with this, he sent a letter by a trusty messenger to Aurangzebe, begging for four thousand more men to help him to overcome Vijaya Singh's armies on one side, and on the other those of the princes who were coming to his help.

Saadut Khan's men went on towards Udaipur. As before, Siva Singh, Samul Pundit and the others were going along happily and came near Udaipur. The Pundit then haughtily told Siva Singh that he did not want his help any more, but could go along by himself without fear.

"Suppose any one should overcome you on the road, oh Pundit?" asked the prince, upon which the Brahmin angrily replied:

"Do you think I am such a useless man? Perhaps you are not aware of my prowess and my courage. I am the unrivalled warrior, who has overcome a hundred kites, four thousand rats, six-hundred and thirty-two village lions." Siva Singh and the Bhils laughed. Suddenly Saadut Khan's retinue fell on them. While the Brahmin trembled, Siva Singh and the Bhils fought hard, till the Muhammedans after a while gave in and scattered in all directions.

Samul Pundit also had disappeared. After searching for him a while, they found him hiding behind a tree. The prince caught hold of him and laughingly exclaimed: "Is this your courage?" but the Brahmin, still in fear of his foes, answered nothing but went on glancing in all directions. After a while, by Siva Singh's order, the Bhils took him to Udaipur, delivered him to Raja Singh and went back. The king was cordial to him, made him sit down and asked his welfare. The Pundit told him all that was necessary and handed him the letter, reading which, the king was filled with combined feelings of sorrow, surprise, anger; which he expressed aloud in muttered words interpolated between the phrases of the letter.

"What insolence! perhaps the Emperor"

thinks that all our valiant princes will be silent and timid like women. So long I have borne all his wicked acts. But his cruelties have been getting worse and worse."

Then in the letter:

"Consider, O King! what it will be for a royal woman to be wife to a crow!"

Muttering to himself: "What! I see Aurangzeb has become the evil spirit of chaste women. The pathetic words of this tender damsel melt my heart and thrill me through and through."

Then again in the letter:

"He has sent a letter to my father, bidding him choose between war and submission of his daughter."

"What! has the Emperor become such a man? Because our princes, peaceful-natured and faithful to their Kshatriya duty of self-control, have been patient under his exactions, he thinks perhaps that their spirits have been cowed by him. How can he be sure in a hurry how the choice between war or submission will be made? Vijaya Singh can give him the proper answer, only when he stands before him, sword in hand, on the dread battle-field."

In the letter, "Defeating all the Kings, he is determined to take me to Delhi and marry me."

"O foolish Vimala! Though the radiant sun may fall in his course, though the earth may turn upside down, though a thousand such Aurangzeb should come, there is no fear for you. He seems to have forgotten me for a long time. This time I shall so cow his spirit and worry him that he can never forget me for all time."

In the letter: "Just as once before the divine Krishna took unto himself Rukmani, you also, great King, come near and take me. Save our world!"

"Alas! God knows in what trouble she is in that she should write to me a stranger, such a letter. What is the use of my life, if I, a Kshatriya warrior, do not save her from her enemies."

To the grief-racked man, Samul Pundit said: "Sire! Do not waste time, but get your armies together and go to Vimala's help. She will be looking for you day after day. Hesitation is often fatal to success."

Then the King after taking the Pundit in, and feasting him, began to set forward mighty preparations for war.

## Ladies' Social Gathering at Chingleput



LADIES' social gathering was convened by Miss Pakenham Walsh at her bungalow at 4-30 p.m. on Wednesday the 23rd April, 1913, under the presidency of Mrs. Graham when a good many ladies, European, Hindu and Christian were present, of whom mention may be made of the following:—Mrs. Graham, Mrs. and Miss M. A. Rangachariar, Miss Pakenham

Walsh, Miss C. M. Lynch, Mrs. and Miss A. Govindarajulu Mudaliar, Miss Sage, Mrs. R. M. Rangachariar, Miss Cassie, Mrs. Alagiasinga Chariar, Mrs. and Misses Eswariah, Mrs. Sreenivasa Chariar, Mrs. and Miss P. B. Krishnamachariar, Misses Chinnasamy Aiyangar and others. The bungalow, decorated with flags and evergreens, presented a gala appearance. Light refreshments were served. A very interesting programme consisting of vocal, instrumental and gramophone music and games was gone through successfully. Miss A. Govindarajulu Mudaliar read a paper on the life of Her Imperial Majesty the Queen Empress in which she explained how, as a daughter, she had proved a most indefatigable secretary and co-adjutor to her mother, how, as a mother, she was very careful to give a right education to her children so as to inculcate the principles of self-control and unselfishness in the minds of the little ones with, above all the higher religious duties which were so much a part of her own training, and how, as the Queen Empress of India, she was greatly attached to India and her Indian sisters. "One of the chief objects of this tour" said Her Imperial Majesty to her sisters at Bombay in 1905, "is to see as much as possible of my Indian sisters, for I believe, the more I see of your lives, the more I shall admire and esteem the high qualities for which Indian woman is renowned." Mrs. Graham was pleased to give away the prizes to the winners in different competitions. Fruits, flowers and pansupari were distributed to all the ladies. The ladies of Chingleput are lucky in having in their midst Miss Walsh who is ever anxious to promote free social intercourse amongst the ladies of all ranks and creeds and thus to promote better understanding between the rulers and ruled. She did the same while at Negapatam and Bellary. At the latter place she formed a ladies' association which was doing good work. Here also Miss

Walsh will form a similar association for the benefit of the ladies at no distant date. She is visiting now the Indian ladies at their homes with a view to get herself acquainted with them. With hearty votes of thanks to Mrs. Graham, the President, and Miss Walsh, the hostess, the ladies' gathering which was a great success, was brought to an end.

## Scheme of Work of the National Social Conference



DRAFT scheme "for the better organization of the work of the National Social Conference" has been issued by Sir Narayanrao Ganesh Chandavarkar, the General Secretary, and Messrs. G. K. Devadhar, M. A., and D. G. Dalvi, M.A., LL.B., Assistant Secretaries, of the National Social Conference. The scheme is in the following

terms:—

It is an undebatable fact that of late there is a wider and deeper awakening on the part of the Indian educated classes regarding social problems whose importance is being daily recognized by them; that the question of social reform is receiving day by day more sympathetic and intelligent attention at their hands they having come to realize the needs of national advancement; and that there is now observed a deeper and higher earnestness amongst the younger generation for social work, which is characterised by greater readiness for bold action coupled with some kind of genuine sacrifice marked by faith and determination.

2. These are the unmistakable signs of the times and it is very necessary that full advantage must be taken of them by those who feel very keenly that the true progress of a nation depends upon the full development of the capacity and character of the individual and through him of the society, and that real reform must proceed from within. But this result is difficult of achievement without an organized and persistent effort made in the direction (a) of instructing the popular mind, (b) of widely diffusing ideas of social reform, (c) of formulating well-informed and influential public opinion, (d) of focussing it by means of Conferences—National and Provincial meetings regularly every year, and (e) of making the popular enthusiasm about advanced social questions run into channels of well-defined and well-regulated activities all over the country in the form of institutions.

3. This is a task which for its fulfilment mainly depends upon several factors such as (1) a well-planned and vigorous organization with branches all over the land; (2) devoted and earnest-minded voluntary workers having full faith in the steadily advancing tide of social evolution in the country; and (3) funds (a) to carry on the work of propagandism by means of lectures, literature, and occasional demonstrations; (b) to finance weaker branches or centres so as to enable them to employ paid workers; (c) to subsidize institutions started with the specific purpose of promoting questions of social reform; and (d) to train a band of social missionaries who would undertake the work of social regeneration.

### WORK OF THE CONFERENCE

4. The well-planned superstructure of social reform in the country on the lines laid down in the foregoing paragraphs is not an easy matter and it will be long before anything approaching it can be accomplished; but the present is the most opportune moment to make a humble beginning in that direction attempting just as much as is within the power of the very best friends and advocates of social regeneration of the country. To make such a beginning, the institution of the National Social Conference should be re-organized and its work should be put on a sound and systematic basis, by opening a regular office in Bombay where the two Assistant Secretaries of the National Social Conference reside. The work should be divided and be carried on regularly with the assistance and guidance of a Board of Councillors, to be chosen first from Bombay. The General Secretary will exercise general supervision and will direct the Assistant Secretaries in the discharge of their functions. The Board of Councillors who will lay down the lines of work should meet once a month and regular minutes of their discussions should be kept. The Assistant Secretaries should divide between themselves the work of organization of branches or centres and their programme, correspondence, and preparation and distribution of literature. The *Indian Social Reform* should be considered as the accredited organ of the National Social Conference and efforts should be made to enlist the sympathies of other journals and specially the vernacular papers all over India in the cause of social reform. There should be lecture-tours arranged and undertaken by the members of the Board and the Assistant Secretaries and special endeavours should be made to bring together men and women friendly to social reform to form "District Committees." There should be several Sub-Committees with members from outside Provinces who will do their work by correspondence. One of such

committees should be called a Legislative Sub-Committee and it should give a lead to discussion on questions involving legal issues. The Assistant Secretaries should also collect as much information as is possible from all over the country, relating to the advance made by social problems that seriously engage the minds of the people, with the help of one of the sub-committees, formed for the purpose of collecting such information from various provinces. They should also be responsible for the better organization of the National Social Conference, meeting every year and should also see that the resolutions passed at its sitting are properly given effect to.

#### FINANCIAL NEED

5. In order to commence this programme of work on the lines sketched above and to supply the first requisites mentioned in para. 3, it is necessary that the following provision should be made:—

|                                                                          | Rs. | A. | P. |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|----|----|
| (1) Office room ...                                                      | 120 | 0  | 0  |
| (2) Clerk ...                                                            | 240 | 0  | 0  |
| (3) Servant ...                                                          | 60  | 0  | 0  |
| (4) Stationery, postage, typing and miscellaneous ...                    | 120 | 0  | 0  |
| (5) Printing and reports ...                                             | 300 | 0  | 0  |
| (6) Tours by members of the Board, Assistant Secretaries, and others ... | 200 | 0  | 0  |
| (7) Annual Conference ...                                                | 150 | 0  | 0  |
| (8) Occasional expenses ...                                              | 60  | 0  | 0  |

Total... 1,250 0 0

6. The amount of Rs. 1,250 or so, should, for the first year, be made up as follows:—

|                                                                                               | RS. | A. | P. |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|----|----|
| (a) Bombay contributions and donations ...                                                    | 600 | 0  | 0  |
| (b) Organized Social Reform Bodies or affiliated branches ...                                 | 200 | 0  | 0  |
| (c) Outside friends specially interested in the furtherance of the cause of Social Reform ... | 300 | 0  | 0  |
| (d) Delegation fees and fees from visitors to the National Social Conference ...              | 150 | 0  | 0  |

Total... 1,250 0 0

7. The following items of work should be undertaken first:—

- Organization or reinforcement of Provincial Social Reform Associations.
- Organization of District Social Reform Committees to be undertaken first in the Presidency of Bombay.

(C) Affiliation of Social Reform Bodies other than those mentioned in A and B.

(D) Preparation of a list of institutions in the country carrying on the work of furthering Social Reform in the fields of—

- (1) Education and elevation of women.
- (2) Marriage reform.
- (3) Widow-remarriage.
- (4) Social work by women.
- (5) Abolition of Pardah System.
- (6) Elevation of the Depressed Classes.
- (7) Fusion of castes and sub-castes by inter-dining and inter-marriage.
- (8) Relations between various communities in India.
- (9) Foreign travel.
- (10) Temperance.
- (11) Social purity.
- (12) Communal charities or religious endowments.

(E) Collecting reports from various institutions and bodies working in these fields.

8. Any one who is in sympathy with any five of the above mentioned reforms should be called a sympathiser. A member of the various Associations and Committees affiliated to the Conference paying an annual contribution of Rs. 25 in the case of a Provincial Association and Rs. 10 in the case of a District or affiliated Committee should subscribe to at least five from among the first seven of the above mentioned items of social reform and should endeavour to create public opinion regarding these by precept and example.

9. A Sub-Committee should be formed to frame a constitution for the National Social Conference to be adopted at the next meeting at Karachi, the same being duly circulated a couple of months earlier among various associations and recognized social reformers.

#### APPEAL FOR HELP.

10. Those who are eager to push forward and popularize the cause of national regeneration by promoting social reform will kindly help the Secretaries by undertaking work in any of the following ways:—

- (1) Organization of committees and branches or centres.
- (2) Lectures and classes in connection with social topics.
- (3) Preparation of leaflets, pamphlets, and books on social questions in popular style.
- (4) Collection of statistical and other information regarding provincial social problems and useful social institutions of a progressive character.
- (5) Collection of subscriptions or donations from local friends in furtherance of the work of the Conference.

(6) Personal regular subscriptions or donations.

11. The above draft scheme is submitted to the public and suggestions and criticisms are invited from friends interested in social reform. It is hoped that in making these they will give us their best help and co-operation in putting the National Social Conference in working order and share the responsibility to make it a living organization in the land.

### Literary Compositions of the Hindu Girls' School at Conjeevaram

(Continued from previous issue)

As soon as the girls learn how to form words they are asked to write in their own broken sentences, on slates, what they see on their way home while going from school, what they do at home, etc. They bring it to their respective teachers, who correct their mistakes. As they advance into higher and higher classes, the slate is changed for paper, bold hand for fine hand, disconnected sentences changed into connected well-balanced sentences, and stray sentences into a complete diary of the day. This diary, which each student of this school is required to keep, serves two purposes, it makes them learn how to express their thoughts and informs the teachers how their pupils spend their time at home.

The writing of a diary—which is never dispensed with—leads to composition on various subjects. The subjects which these little girl pupils—none of whom is more than thirteen years of age—write about, range from purely literary to strictly historical and topographical subjects. To illustrate this point I shall give here a list of subjects taken from only three copy books, which I picked up from a heap of note-books that I had the pleasure to see:

1. Rama, 2. Buddha, 3. Asoka, 4. Vikramaditya, 5. Sri Sankaracharya, 6. Ramanuja, 7. Akbar, 8. Victoria the Good, 9. Conjeevaram, 10. Mahabali-puram, 11. Madura, 12. Tanjore, 13. Humpi, 14. Delhi, etc.

I have got with me outlines of all of the above mentioned subjects, rendered into English for me by Mr. Sarma.

The essay on Vikramaditya is outlined thus:

1. The great Hindu king, renowned in Hindu tradition.
2. Character of his rule:
  - (a) Personal solicitude for his subjects' welfare, going about in disguise to acquaint himself with the condition of his subjects.
  - (b) His ideal of justice.

3. Patron of learning—the nine gems of his court,—Kalidasa and Amarsinha.

4. His age—an age of prosperity and literary activity.

On Asoka—The outline:

1. Accession to the throne, extension of Empire.
2. The spread of Buddhism in his reign.
3. The Asokan pillars, edicts and inscriptions.
4. Asoka—a pious king.

(1) His moral teachings:

- a. Mercy to all living beings.
- b. Obedience to parents and preceptors.
- c. Respect for servants and masters.
- d. Mutual love and sympathy.

(2) His charitable and good works:

- a. Hospitals for both men and animals.
- b. Rest-houses for travellers.
- c. Digging of wells and planting of trees on the road side.

5. The death of Asoka—The fall of the Maurya dynasty.

I have also with me, rendered into English, at my request, by the same gentleman, the substance of some particular portions of some of these essays.

In the essay on Madura under the 6th section—Tamil learning under the Pandyas—one girl essayist gives the following brief note:—

*The Tamil Academy.*—The Pandyan kings of Madura were great patrons of learning and literature. There was a Tamil Academy composed of reputed authors and professors of Tamil literature. New works were submitted to it. The authors of original works were made members of this academy and received their rewards. The works approved of by the academy used to be patronised by the public.

*Tiruvalluvar* was once the leading professor of this academy. He was a *Pariah* by caste and his admission was first disputed.

Another girl in her essay on Akbar under section 5 dealing with his policy, writes:—

*The Policy of Consolidation*—he consolidated his Empire by bringing together the fragments of the Empire by the strong but trustful and winning hand.

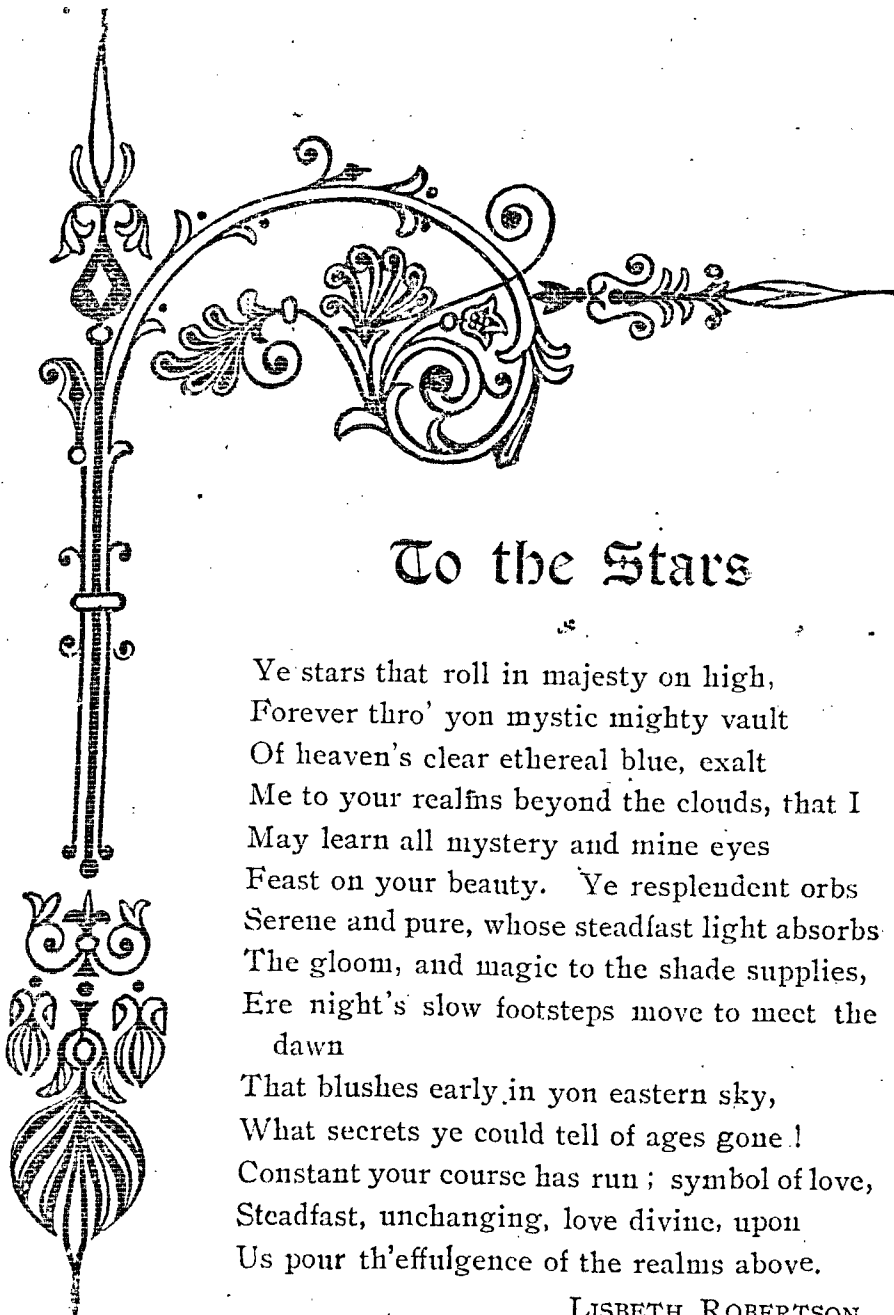
*The Policy of Conciliation*—he reconciled his conquered subjects the Hindus by concessions and giving them high posts in the management, administration and defence of the Empire. He abolished the jaziya and encouraged inter-marriages between the Hindus and the Muhammadans.

*The Policy of Toleration*—he tolerated all faiths and religions among his subjects, and gave them full freedom to follow their own customs and religion.

It was this broadmindedness and farsightedness of Akbar that laid the foundations of the Mughal Empire. He seems to have really cared much for the welfare of the subjects.







## To the Stars

Ye stars that roll in majesty on high,  
 Forever thro' yon mystic mighty vault  
 Of heaven's clear ethereal blue, exalt  
 Me to your realms beyond the clouds, that I  
 May learn all mystery and mine eyes  
 Feast on your beauty. Ye resplendent orbs  
 Serene and pure, whose steadfast light absorbs  
 The gloom, and magic to the shade supplies,  
 Ere night's slow footsteps move to meet the  
 dawn  
 That blushes early in yon eastern sky,  
 What secrets ye could tell of ages gone !  
 Constant your course has run ; symbol of love,  
 Steadfast, unchanging, love divine, upon  
 Us pour th'effulgence of the realms above.

LISBETH ROBERTSON

## The Progress of a Term\*

By P. R. KRISHNASWAMI

### CHAPTER I

#### A PROFESSOR'S REPROOF



It was the splendid structure of a Metropolitan College, facing the sea. In one of its large corridors, one afternoon in December, were walking arm in arm two young men, Mohan and Krishnan, both of the highest class of the Arts College. Both the lads were of the same stature and they were much alike in their outward manner. But, through the similar English costume could be distinguished the bright face of the Brahmin of the East in the one and the not less striking but distinctive features of a native of Malabar in the other.

"I have been feeling quite wretched all these months," complained Mohan in a slow, languorous tone.

"That you always do," replied Krishnan in his frequent perverse and taunting manner which however had passed into an endearing quality to the intimate friend beside him.

"I have not been studying properly at all: you know I am vexed with a world of little troubles," continued Mohan as they passed farther on.

"Nor have I been doing much, and while you have the satisfaction of a legitimate cause of distraction, I myself have none," rejoined Krishnan.

Krishnan knew that Mohan was dotting on his little fiancée, who by the curious institutions of his society had been wedded to him in solemn ceremony some years ago. The people of Malabar did not favour such early marriages and Krishnan was yet unwedded. But his soft nature had already begun to yearn for a friendly soul bound to him in eternal companionship, on whom he could centre his warm affections and who by the offering of true love would cheer him in the pursuits of his eager life.

As the two friends were approaching their class room, a tall middle-aged Englishman with a genial countenance overtook them and desired that they should follow him to his private room. There the professor untied a bundle of answer papers, written by the students at an examination held previously. The papers of Mohan and Krishnan were picked out for comment on this occasion.

"I don't say you have done badly, but I expected you to fare much better. These results are very disappointing."

The two lads had almost feared such a reproof when they received the summons from their professor. They were themselves conscious of the very unsatisfactory progress they had been making in their studies and that was indeed the cause of their melancholy as they walked along the corridor. And now they kept silent because they were touched that the professor's displeasure was mingled with paternal concern and a high regard for themselves.

"You have not been profiting by my lectures; indeed, I have frequently noticed both of you talking away your time and I have been put out considerably. Learn to pay proper attention to your professors." Mohan's mind echoed within himself: "My results are indeed disappointing, but the cause is elsewhere than in my having yet to learn to respect you."

Yes, the professor was naturally enough keenly offended at the inattention of his pupils and they suspected that their papers had received rather an unjustly low valuation, when compared with others that profited greatly by offering the examiner the flattery of reproducing, in great part, the very form and matter of his own lectures. But it was of no use to protest. The large gallery class which they joined for the lectures in this particular subject had generally tempted their already distracted minds from concentration on the serious work in the class.

The professor dismissed them with a parting word: "Work up and do not falsify my originally high opinion of you." The friends were cast down with regret for the past and the difficulty of keeping up to their dutiful resolution for the future.

As Mohan sat at the desk day after day, the mental grasp required in his studies, had been continually impaired by constant reflection on the very annoying relations in which he seemed to stand to his beloved girl who lived away in the mofussil, in her father's home. She had indeed been made his wife about three years ago, but he was hardly content with such a prosaic contract, largely brought about by the elders and sanctified by ceremony. Mohan was filled with a longing for real love to enliven the alliance he had been drawn into. The embarrassing conditions of the domestic life of his people prevented the free expression even to the smallest extent of the natural emotions of the heart. It was not as in the west a simple interrogation and an answer, "Will you love me?" "I will love you ever." Mohan had snatched many a feverish meeting with his dear girl but the feeling yet remained with him that he had not obtained her love.

\* Published by the courtesy of the Editor of the Student's Own Magazine.

## CHAPTER II

## THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

Christmas was drawing near. The College enjoyed a short respite. Mohan could hope to achieve something in the interval. But the holidays also provided occasion for the "world of little troubles" which he used to complain of to his friend Krishnan. A few days after, in the very ceremonious and respectful diction current in the letter-writing of his vernacular, he received a letter from his Lila, his bride of fourteen, informing him that she and her parents as well as their other children would be going to the city the next day and intended to spend there the Christmas week for a holiday. Here was exciting news and Mohan was filled with anxiety that the arrival of his Lila in the city should be turned to happy account.

The next day, as Mohan returned home at dusk after tennis, he took Lila by surprise on the brightly-lit staircase as she was coming down from the terrace. Lila smiled in delight at meeting her husband, and Mohan caught her gentle hands lest she should slip away through the bashful fear of being interrupted by a third person. Lila's face had acquired an unusual splendour in the first flush of womanhood and her large black eyes added a beaming charm to it. The bright golden face was lit up by a couple of earrings each set with seven little rubies shedding a brilliant light through their spotless purity. Lila loosened from Mohan one of her pretty hands to adjust more neatly the upper end of her brightly coloured *saree*. The couple conversed for a few minutes, but Mohan observed that Lila was somewhat troubled through fear of being interrupted by one of her husband's people.

"Lila, we should have more time together. Will you consent to drive with me to the Marina to-morrow evening?" asked Mohan.

"Yes, but the people at home—" "You needn't mind their jests,—and you know they fear me."

Mohan took her consent for the drive the next evening and then they parted.

He then undressed and assuming a simple *dhoti* and a shirt, dropped into an easy chair in the verandah half in exhaustion and half in thought.

There were two sets of ceremonies concerned with the institution of marriage in his country. The first was the more important and quite essential, while the second was generally gone through before the married couple actually began to live as man and wife. Till the second ceremony took place they met each other but sparingly and generally only in obedience to their parents or elders. The family to which Mohan belonged

was advanced enough in rational ideas for Mohan to carry out the drive with Lila he intended for the next evening. But it would be better for him if the suggestion of the drive came from some one at home. He could count on a sympathetic soul in his own sister-in-law. His mother lived in a distant town where his father was an official. Mohan lived in the city with his brother, a rising young lawyer of the High Court. The lawyer's wife, Mohan's sister-in-law, who was about twenty—the same age as Mohan himself and who had been residing in his brother's home for the last five years, was presently passing along the verandah and observing Mohan in the long chair, she half conjectured that he was thinking of Lila.

"Lila is so shy at home, why didn't you take her out for a drive to-day?" asked his sister with a smile half friendly and half jesting.

"I shall do so to-morrow," answered Mohan blushing, "will you prepare her for it?"

"O, yes, with great pleasure." Mohan was completely pleased to see that his dearest wishes were going to be fulfilled quite easily through the kindly intervention of his sister-in-law.

## CHAPTER III

## AT THE MARINA

The city of Madras extends for more than eight miles along the coast of the Bay of Bengal. The sea-shore is the favourite resort for refreshment and recreation in the evening for the inhabitants of the city. But there is a section of the beach about two miles long, planned and preserved in such an exceedingly charming manner as has rendered it quite a pride of the city and an unrivalled sight in the whole world, according to the testimony of the most distant travellers. Beginning about the southern limit of the Fort St. George, the public road along the beach attains a spacious breadth and is edged on the sea-side with green shrubs and trees affording delightful shade, while a raised platform, lined in stone and paved with gravel, runs alongside and serves for a promenade, on which may be observed walking in the evening the most distinguished people of Madras, not rarely including the ruler of the province. And on the other side of the road stand stately edifices serving as temples of learning or as offices of public utility and importance. These structures facing the noisy bay strike the casual passerby with a weird majesty, especially as night comes on and the last red blaze of the sun sinks beneath the horizon. To this place, popularly known as the Marina, and originally planned and executed by a former Governor of Madras, Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, a connoisseur in life, on a pleasant evening, Mohan

drove with his Lila in the pretty landau of his brother.

They had gone round in the afternoon to visit some of the public sights of Madras. They had together inspected rare and interesting specimens of animal life, observed historic relics of terrible battles and pompous courts, and admired notable productions in the arts of painting and sculpture.

Much that Lila observed through the solicitous assistance of Mohan was new to her and yet she showed a calm self-possession which surprised her husband and impressed on him that she was no silly girl overpowered by wondrous sights, but had already acquired a serious view of life, though ready to acknowledge the beauties that the superior intellect of Mohan brought to her notice.

Now at the Marina, the carriage was drawn up a few yards beyond the band stand, a crowded spot in the promenade where the band plays twice a week for public entertainment.

Away from the society of their vulgar people who had never realised the ecstasy of love but stifled it in an endless train of ceremonies and a hypocritical conduct of life, alone with her Mohan beside the life-giving sea, Lila's heart opened out with new freedom,—even as though the ceaseless waves could instil into her the spirit of liberty—which she had never before been permitted to enjoy during the brief interviews she had had with Mohan. Her loving interest in young Mohan was now manifested in a series of questions regarding the course of studies he pursued at college, the number of years it lasted, the nature of the degree granted at the end, the sports he played and the hours he spent in work at home. Mohan was delighted to answer these. Lila's powers in music displayed in gatherings on occasions of marriages among her relations, and the skill of her fingers as evidenced in the pretty little useful knitted things that came as presents to Mohan, did not fail to receive affectionate commendation from Mohan on this occasion.

The western culture imbibed by Mohan had taught him the foolishness of practices current in his society, persisting through force of custom in spite of their baneful results to individuals and to the communities at large. Mohan had already determined to give up those practices in his own life and adopt a reformed mode of life regulated by broad-minded and rational ideas. Some of his theories came up for discussion to-day with Lila. In the unprejudiced simplicity of her youth, she accepted heartily the rationality of Mohan's views and moreover the open and yet strong nature of Mohan had already drawn Lila's implicit faith in the honesty of his principles. Mohan's own manner of

dressing his person formed one of the lighter topics.

"You know there is a cry among our people against what they call your heathen practices," said Lila.

"Why! do they object to my shaving the face daily?"

"And to your not putting on the castemak,—"

"And to my habit of cosmopolitan eating,—"

"And indeed to all that you do," concluded Lila with a little laugh:

"They don't like my wearing trousers even, but what is your opinion of all this, Lila?"

"Trousers are quite well adapted for cycling and your shaving keeps you clean and trim," replied Lila.

"And I cut my hair short, for that facilitates my bath," Mohan justified himself.

"But they call you an irreligious person, if not an outcaste," put in Lila.

"And don't you think that religion consists in something other than these trivialities?"

"Oh, of course, but we have to yield to what they call the sentiments of our people, till we get to be independent ourselves," replied Lila. Mohan was cheered to see his wife at one with him in all his principles and he admired her prudence in advising a yielding spirit towards their people till they became independent themselves.

The conversation took a different turn and Mohan gently took his wife to task for not keeping up a regular correspondence by post with him when she was away in her father's home.

"You tortured me all through last summer by your silence, although I wrote to you more than once" said Mohan.

"What could I do? there was such a crowd at home," pleaded Lila. Yes, the summer vacation saw the influx of a large number of relations in Lila's home and a letter to her husband was much too great a venture for young Lila.

"But should you not brave the jests of relatives to do me a good turn?"

"You talk as if the love were all on your side and not on mine." Lila spoke slowly and solemnly in reply.

This was the answer he had longed to hear all the past years and now it made him happier than the most direct assurance of love could ever have done. Coming from the subdued spirit of Indian womanhood, Lila's answer was sufficient to transport Mohan with unspeakable joy, but he concealed his feelings and quickly turned to other topics of conversation with just a hint that she had never let him know her heart.

It was already late in the evening and the close succession of the electric arc lights along the Marina cast their blinding effulgence on the long train of motor cars and other fashionable

vehicles drawn alongside the promenade. Lila had experienced the happiest evening of her life in the glorious air by the sea, with Mohan the hope of her life beside her. Yet she would not forget herself in the pleasure of the evening. The thought of older people at home making unkind comments on her venturing to accompany her husband on a drive before she had been taken into his home after another little formal ceremony, the confusion she would experience if any one of her near relatives beheld her at the Marina, and the assured hope of the unalloyed happiness that would be hers when Mohan had taken his degree and earned his independence in life, all these induced her to urge Mohan return home.

"The sea is so pleasant, we might stay longer," protested Mohan.

"Yes, and we will be happier still when we have a home by ourselves, but now—"

Mohan was touched by her deep good sense. A few days after, Lila left the city with her father. The evening at the Marina had knit her heart to Mohan much closer than before and now she braved the vulgar traditions of her people and sent to her Mohan, more frequently than ever, messages of loving enquiry and solicitude, not rarely accompanied by pretty tokens, the productions of her deft fingers. Mohan felt he had obtained the heavenly gift of Love, of which he had long been dreaming, and the assured knowledge that the tender heart of Lila, away in her father's home, beat passionately for him encouraged him to strive whole-heartedly for brilliant distinction in his collegiate course. All that remained was to get his degree, and then endless bliss awaited him.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

When Krishnan visited his native home in Malabar for the Christmas holidays, he was surprised with the presence there of a fair girl of raven locks and black eyes who appeared to be fifteen whom he could not recognise at once as any of his private acquaintance or relations and yet whose face struck him as eminently familiar and dear to him. His mother soon dispelled his confusion by asking him if he had forgotten his little Mani of eight years ago. He remembered her immediately as having been a chubby girl that was just a child of seven years, as he saw her last—that had been a little favourite playmate patronised by him in brotherly affection. She was the daughter of Krishnan's uncle, his mother's brother. This uncle had originally occupied a humble clerical post, through want of University success. But possessing a rare genius for business and the technical branches of life, he ventured with the

introduction of certain friends to enter one of the large business concerns in Bombay where during the last eight years he had won considerable distinction and made a large fortune. This man now visited his native home for the first time after eight years, with a view to see his daughter settled in marriage. While Krishnan looked a promising youth at College, it was in the fitness of things, according to the customs of his people, that he should wed his uncle's daughter, Ammani, briefly called Mani. She had been brought up by her enterprising father amidst liberal ideas and Krishnan's mother had already set her eyes on Ammani as the most worthy bride for her son. Ammani's father proposed to leave her in his sister's charge when he returned to Bombay after the holidays. The old affection which Mani bore to Krishnan continued to be displayed, though tempered by the modesty of youth, and the kindly little offices of his cousin. Ammani during his stay at home this vacation exercised no small fascination on Krishnan's feelings. When he left home for College after the holidays, a new force set him to work at his studies. The consciousness of the devotion to himself of sweet Ammani at home, the fear of disappointing that fascinating cousin who would ere long share with him the fortunes and miseries of life, and the vision of entering it with the most friendly companion to preside over the home he would have, all these instilled into him a new and strong sense of responsibility in the work that lay for him at College and endowed him with a rare energy and steadiness of purpose.

We have only to note that when the next terminal examination was held in April and the results were known, this time the work of Mohan and Krishnan came for special comment, not in the professor's private room but in the open class, and the comment was absolutely of a congratulatory character, and this time also the friends were conscious of influences at work in bringing about their success of which the professor was not aware.

#### The National Indian Association, Kumbakonam Branch

15TH LADIES' GATHERING.

Mrs. Karpahavinayakam Pillai (wife of the Town Police Inspector) gave a pleasant evening party to the ladies of the Association who attended in large numbers. There were present Mrs. N. Krishnaswami Aiyangar, Miss T. K. Sivarama Aiyar, Mrs. and Miss M. C. N. Muthukumara Chettiar, Mrs. S. Raja Ram Aiyar, Mrs. and Misses V. S. Narayana Rao, Mrs. A. Srinivasa Aiyar, Miss T. S. Subramania Aiyar, Mrs. A. R.

#### News and Notes

##### THE MABILA SAMAJ FANCY FAIR, YEOTMAL.

Chakrapani Chettiar, Mrs. Nery, two ladies of the European Convent, Misses Govindaswami Aiyar, Misses B. T. Muthammal and the staff of the Government Girls' School, the Sri Sarasvati Patasala and the Pettai Street Girls' School.

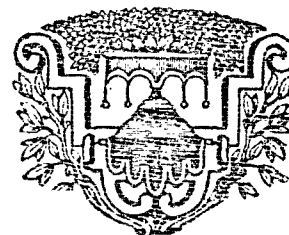
The girls of Sri Sarasvati Patasala opened the proceedings with welcome songs. Mrs. R. Paull, 1st Assistant Government Girls' School, gave an instructive lecture on the heart as the centre of the circulatory system. Miss K. Muthammal, 2nd Assistant, gave a graphic discourse on water and its composition. The necessity of using pure water, preferably boiled or filtered water, for human consumption and the dangers of taking water from impure sources or unclean vessels, the fact that disease-bearing germs get into our system through polluted sources occasioning epidemics such as cholera and that many preventable diseases can be avoided by a careful study and use of water were all clearly sketched before the ladies. A girl of Sri Sarasvati Patasala gave a short discourse illustrating the evils of procrastination and emphasizing the benefits of doing duties in the right time. "Do to-day" was her subject and it was well appreciated. At suitable intervals Misses Pichammal, Milambal, Parvati and Bhagirathi sang beautiful songs to the harmonium. Distribution of sugar-candy and *pan supari* closed the proceedings and the ladies returned thanks to the kind hostess who had arranged that very useful and enjoyable evening.

#### Indian Cookery

##### KARABUNDI

Mix together Bengal gram, 9 tolas; green gram 6 tolas, black gram 3 tolas, and soak well.

Mix 1 tola salt with above and grind all till very soft. Grind together dried chillies  $\frac{1}{2}$  tola, green chillies 2 tolas, coreander 1 tola, and mix with above. Then mix with enough water and press down into boiling ghee, through a spoon with holes, so that it falls into the ghee like seeds. Fry till a golden yellow.



The Mabila Samaj or Ladies' Association of Yeotmal (Berar) has been working for the last twelve years. The work, if not on a large scale by the very necessity of the situation, has yet been steady and earnest. Ladies meet every Wednesday and Saturday either to read an essay or to discuss some useful subject or to read important contributions bearing on women's advancement appearing in the vernacular papers. A series of lectures by educated ladies and gentlemen is in progress. Besides, the daily classes for the education of grown-up women opened last year by Mrs. Ramabai Ranade are growing and the work of sewing and embroidery has increased a great deal. The result is that the Samaj feels the need of an independent building very badly. Up to this time Mrs. Bhai, the President of the Association, has, at considerable inconvenience to herself, placed a part of her house at the disposal of the Samaj. This is, however, altogether inadequate for the growing needs of the Samaj. With a view to remove this want, the Samaj has decided to hold a Fancy Fair in next October. A committee of ladies and one of gentlemen have been formed for the purpose. Mr. R. Lakshmaiah Bhai is the president and Mrs. Sitabai Landge the secretary of the ladies' committee, while the president of the gentlemen's committee is the Deputy Commissioner and the secretaries are Messrs. L. V. Kaikini, V. G. Bhai and G. V. Khandkar. Gentlemen volunteers will be at the stalls to sell.

Ladies desiring to send articles to the Fancy Fair will please address the undersigned for the necessary particulars. It is earnestly hoped that ladies will extend cordial assistance to this endeavour devised in the interests of women's progress and without being required to forego anything will earn the credit of having helped a good cause.

SITABAI LANDGE,  
Secretary, Fancy Fair Committee.  
Mahila Samaj, Yeotmal.

##### MRS. SAROJINI NAIDU

Mr. K. C. Ramaswami Sastri's article on "Mrs. Sarojini Naidu" in the February number of the *Indian Review* forms an interesting reading. It contains some biographical details and a thoughtful survey of her poetical works.

"Sarojini Chattopadhyaya was born at Eyderabad on 13th February 1879. Her father, Dr. Aghorenath Chattopadhyaya, is descended from

the ancient Brahmin family of Chatterjees of Bhramanagram. He took his degree of Doctor of Science at the University of Edinburgh in 1877, and afterwards had a course of study at Bonn. On his return to India he founded the Nizam College at Hyderabad, and has since then laboured in the field of education for the advancement of enlightenment in our land.

Sarojini is the eldest of his children and was given a very good training by her talented father. Sarojini Chattopadhyaya passed the Matriculation Examination of the Madras University in her twelfth year and at once became famous throughout India. She was sent to England in 1895, and stayed in England till 1898, studying first at King's College, London, and afterwards at Girton till her health again broke down. During a short period before 1898 she travelled in Italy. Italy with its radiant sunshine and warmth and beauty, Italy the home of Virgil, Dante, and Petrarch—Italy made the mistress of the world of Art by the genius of Raphael and Michael Angelo—stirred her heart by its beauty and its rich legacy of noble memories and artistic achievement.

She returned to Hyderabad in September 1898, and in the December of that year married Dr. Naidu though he belonged to a different caste. We have nothing to do in this sketch with the problem of inter-caste marriages but her bold step shows the sincerity of her soul and her love of freedom. She has given beautiful names to her children. They are called the sun of Victory (Jaya Surya), the Lotus-born (Padmaja), the Lord of battles (Ranadheera), and the Jewel of Delight (Lalimoni.) Her wedded life has been happy and has left her ample leisure to fulfil the great purpose and passion of her life—the dedication of her soul to the service of the Muse of Poetry."

The writer says that the first characteristic in Mrs. Sarojini's verse is the predominance of the lyric element. The next aspect is the character of her nature poetry. "To her nature does not convey in communicable messages of peace and joy and inner illumination. Nature is to her what it was to Tennyson—a background for the portraiture of human emotions. But the ecstasy of the heart that wakes into being at the sight of the loveliness of the world is beautifully expressed in words that thrill with a passion of happiness in Mrs. Sarojini's verses." Some of her poems breathe her passionate love for her motherland. Speaking of the qualities of her poetic form, the writer says that "there is a thorough air of naturalness, freedom, and delight about her songs and lyrics," that there is an 'exquisite' melody of rhythm and consummate mastery of metrical form," and that there is an exclusively Indian character of the imagery and sentiment."

"Taken all in all," says the writer, "Mrs. Sarojini is the most gifted poet of our century in India. She has not merely 'the vision and the desire' of a poet but has the voice of a great singer and is a magician in the realm of words and emotions creating new worlds of thought and feeling. She is one of those poets

Whose thoughts enrich the blood of the world, and who lead mankind by the force of their emotional appeal to higher stages of aspiration and achievement. It is the expectation and prayer of all of us who are her countrymen that she will live long and give us works of beauty that will endure for ever and thrill us with new and elevating emotions."

#### LADY CHANDAVARKAR'S INFLUENCE HER HUSBAND'S TRIBUTE

Sir Narayan Chandavarkar has accepted the Dewanship of the Indore State and retired from the Bench. To bid him farewell, a gathering of the members of the Prarthana Samaj was held at the Sir Mangaldas Nathubhai's Gardens, Girgaum, Bombay when in the course of his speech Sir Chandavarkar is reported to have said:—

"In a personal interview the Maharaja impressed the offer upon me as a call to duty. Nevertheless I was seriously hesitating. But my wife would not allow me to refuse. Sisters and brethren, I would let you in the secret of my life. In all the momentous occasions of my life it is the advice and direction of my wife that I have implicitly followed. Her cool courage, her shrewd common sense, her intuitive appreciation of the right course of conduct have ever stood me in good stead and I have ever been showered with God's blessings. She said to me that in spite of the noble and generous way in which the Maharaja has made the offer, if I refuse, I would be merely shirking a duty which I was called upon to do. The Maharaja, she said, had generous impulses, he desired to do good to his subjects, he wanted to improve his administration and he wanted my helping hand. Would it be manly on my part not to accede to his wishes? And as usual I have yielded to her. It is really a case of a prince proposing to me and my wife disposing of me."

Another report of the speech is as follows:—

After that the Maharaja of Indore offered him the post of Dewan but he wanted to work on the bench till he was entitled to full pension. The Holkar waited and in his case it was 'Man proposes and wife disposes (laughter.) The Holkar and Lady Chandavarkar urged him to take up the post. Whenever he had worked on his wife's advice God had never forsaken him. Those who were married knew well what it was

to have a good wife. She would be the real Dewan and he would be the figurehead (Cheers and laughter).

#### TELUGU LADIES' MEMORIAL

The following Memorial to His Excellency the Governor in Council, Fort St. George, has been sent to us for publication:—

May it please Your Excellency,

We, the Secretaries of the Andhra Mahila Sabha (Ladies' Conference) beg to submit that the Conference has held 4 sittings in different parts of the Telugu country during the past 4 years. It has just concluded its fourth session during Easter at Masulipatam. The Conference was composed of about 200 delegates who came from Vizagapatam, Coconada, Tanuku, Ellore, Bezwada, Gudiwada, Kavutharam, Avanigadda, Hyderabad, Tenali, Amruthulore, Guntur, Kur-nool, Bombay, &c., besides 4 or 5 hundred visitors who evinced the greatest interest in the deliberations of the Assembly. Amongst the resolutions relating to the social and economic development of the country particularly of the womankind hereof, passed by the Conference, we beg to invite attention specially to Resolutions Nos. 1 to 7 and 9.

We hereby express our gratitude and thanks to the Government for the facilities they have afforded towards the advancement of the cause of the women's education but we submit that compared to what has been done for boys in this country the progress so far achieved in the education of girls cannot fail to strike one as greatly limited and slow. Advanced education apart, female literates in the Telugu country do not number more than 70 thousand and in Kistna which is most advanced in the Telugu country in girls' education, the female literates number 16,199 against a female literate population of 9,30,000 giving a proportion which is very low and indicates a grievance that calls for immediate redress. The Conference has ventured therefore to request for a school in almost every big village and town, side by side with the numerous elementary schools now being generously established by Government for boys.

The figures that have been quoted in the preceding paragraph do not connote in the large majority anything more than bare literary and a knowledge of the three Rs'. In any case the number of women who have advanced beyond the primary standard is highly limited while those who have gone to the higher Secondary and University course may be almost counted on one's fingers.

We submit that a great change has come over the minds of the people in the Telugu country especially in the Northern Circars in their

attitude towards the long-neglected problem of women's education. The present complaint is not that there are not willing parents who would permit their grown-up daughters to attend schools, but that there are not schools enough readily accessible and in all respects altogether unobjectionable, to which girls may be sent for Secondary education. In Kistna we feel the want of such an institution in particular and while thanking the Government for having ordered the establishment of Lower Secondary schools at Ellore and Bozwada, we pray Government will be pleased to consider the urgent necessity of establishing a women's High School at Masulipatam. At present in this ancient and historic town facilities for women's education are wholly wanting. In a town so big and so important as this there is not even a single Lower Secondary School for girls established by Government. The time has come for establishing High Schools one for each District and while the Telugu country is under deep debt of gratitude to the authorities for the High School recently founded at Vizagapatam, we venture to express our belief that school-going population whether amongst boys or girls and particularly amongst the latter always increases in proportion to the facilities afforded for education and the circumstances of most girls are such as will not readily permit of their going to distant and out-of-the-way places for their studies. In view of these facts and also of the fact that Kistna is most advanced in the matter of girls' education, we beg to request you will be pleased to establish a High School at its Head Quarters.

The April number of the magazine entitled the "Great Thoughts" contains an article on the "Home Life of a Hindu Woman." And a perusal of the article goes to show how lamentably misleading are the contributions about India and her people. The writer of the article says that the Indian woman has to pray not for her own soul but for her husband; that she listens to stories unfit for human ears; that they are vile from beginning to end; that they are not properly fed and clothed; that if they are sick they are cursed by the gods; that thousands of women die of neglect; that the first day that a Hindu boy abuses his mother is a festive occasion with his father; that to be a widow is the sum of unhappiness; that she is cursed by the gods; that when a husband dies, a dozen barbers' wives rush upon her and tear the jewellery from her ears and nose; that she is kept in a dark room for 14 days; that at the end of this period, her husband's ashes are taken to the river and that then his soul is free to enter an insect or an animal and that the worst punishment for the soul is to enter the



body of a woman. Reckless exaggeration can go no farther. It is upon opinions like these that the people of the west form their ideas about men and things in India. The Indian women may not be literate but they are more educated, more faithful, more devoted to their husbands, more respectful to their elders, more humanitarian and saintly than their sisters of any other country on the surface of the globe.

No Indian woman has been ever seen to attack cabinet ministers, break windows, set fire to houses and play the part of termagants. The Indians are really proud of their women. They treat them as goddesses of their household. Exceptions there may be, as there are in all communities all over the world. But exceptions do not constitute the rule in India.

The "Militant" Suffragettes still go on their destructive way, burning houses, damaging property, and smashing windows. Yesterday's reports state that they are getting from bad to worse and continue acts of incendiarism as a protest against the sentence on Mrs. Pankhurst, who is hunger-striking, but is not being forcibly fed. The "Advanced" (?) women have now openly declared that human life would no longer be respected.

**JAPANESE DESCRIPTION OF ENGLAND.**—In a mission school at Tokio, Japan, a student wrote the following about England:—The England which occupied of the largest and greatest dominion which rarely can be: The Englishman always works with very powerful hands and the long legs, and even the emminent mind and his chin is so strong as deserves now. Being spread out from Europe to Australia to America, his dominion is dreadfully extensive so that his countrymen boastfully says, 'the sun are never set on our dominion. The testimony of England say that 'he that lost the common sense he never had any benefit though he has gained a complete world.' The English are cunning mention to establish a great empire of the Paradise. As the Englishmen always confide the object of the pure and the order to be holy, they reproach him if any of them are killed to death will the contention of other men!

**MAHARANI'S COLLEGE, MYSORE.**—Recommendations are said to have been made for a Hostel in connection with the Maharani's College, Mysore. The necessity for it has been felt for a long time, and if one is created, we are confident that many women and girls in the Mofussil will take advantage of it. With a hostel managed and superintended by a band of earnest women, the usefulness of the College is bound to increase.

**MILITANT SUFFRAGETTES.**—The most attractive foods are daily being placed in Mrs. Pankhurst's cell, but remain untouched. Mrs. Pankhurst will touch nothing but water. Mrs. Pankhurst has been released.

The Home Office announces that Mrs. Pankhurst has been licensed out for a limited period. She has been taken quietly to a nursing home in the West End. Her friends describe her condition as grave. Suffragettes recently set fire to council schools at Gateshead, soaking a carpentry shop with paraffin. The fire was quickly extinguished. Labels were scattered about the premises inscribed, "We burn to get votes for women."

**THE FIRST TELEPHONE** ever installed in a private residence is still to be seen at Marlborough House. It was made in 1878 on board the warship *Thunderer*, and was subsequently fixed up between the schoolroom and the boudoir of the then Princess of Wales.

**MRS. WALDO-SIBTHORP**, who was married three times and was arranging for a fourth marriage when she died, bequeathed £4000 to be invested, the income to be devoted to providing annually a wedding dowry for two poor girls of Sleaford Lincolnshire.

**LADY STATION-MASTER.**—On the Shropshire and Monmouthshire Railway which connects Shrewsbury with Llanymynech may be seen Mrs. Were, the lady station-master. She has full control of the station, holding the position of station-master, booking clerk, ticket collector, and porter. There is only one other woman who fills a similar position in England, and she is employed by the same company.

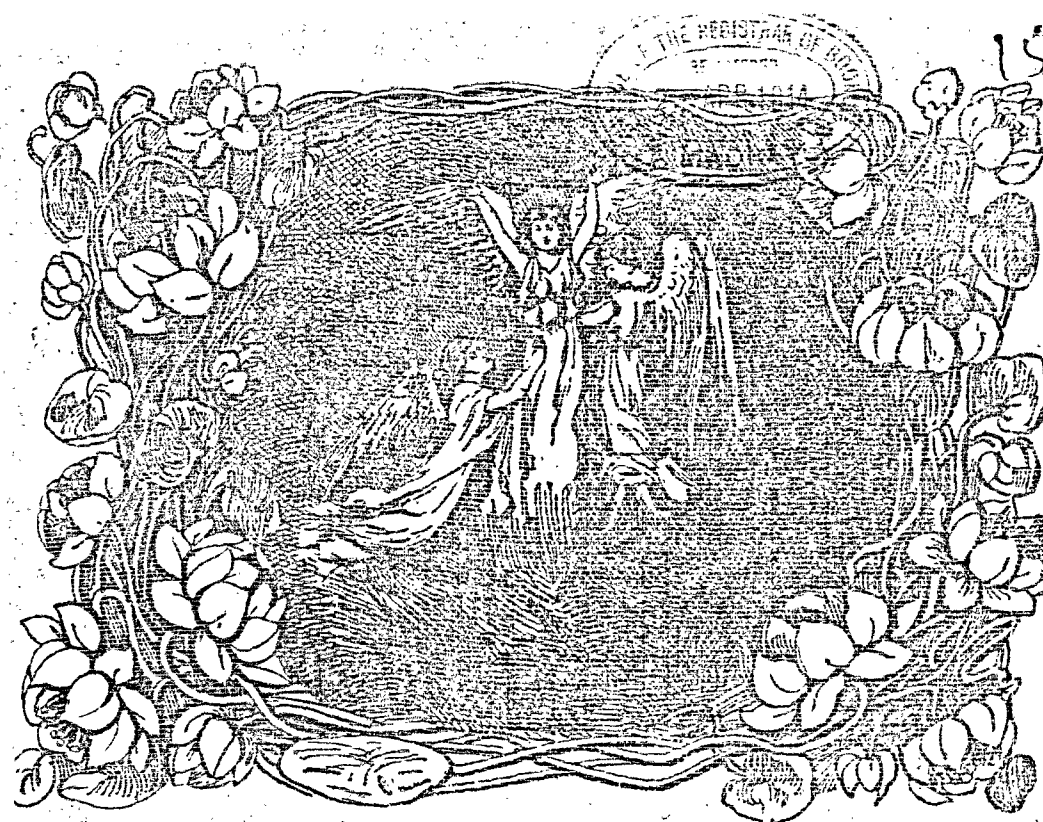
**A PORTABLE SCHOOL.**—A portable school has been built in Northumberland in 24 hours costing £400. There are two class rooms, a cloak-room, and drainage system also.

**WOMAN'S BRAIN.**—It has been demonstrated that a woman's brain matures more quickly than a man's and retains its vigour longer.

**A NEW GIRLS' SCHOOL.**—The Government have sanctioned a sum of Rs. 14,000 for the construction of a vernacular school for girls at Edapilly, near Ernakulam.



LADY ATKINSON OF MADRAS  
is a great friend and earnest well-wisher of Indian Ladies; she will soon be leaving India for good. She is one of the Vice-Presidents of the Ladies' Recreation Club and we heartily thank her for all her interest in us.—THE EDITOR, I. L. M.



## THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

[V. XIII] THIRD QUARTER: JANUARY—MARCH, 1914 [No. 3]

### MIND

15

Mind cannot mind despise—it is itself.

Mind must love mind: the great and good are friends;

And he is but half great who is not good.

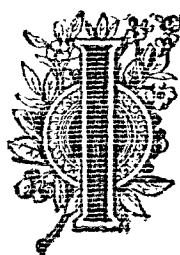
And, oh! humanity is the fairest flower

Blooming in earthly breasts: so sweet and pure,

That it might freshen even the fadeless wreaths

Twined round the golden harps of those in heaven.

## Imogen; A Study



IMOGEN is the most fully drawn "portrait of a lady" in the whole gallery of Shakespeare's women. She seems to be his ideal of womanhood. On her the poet has lavished all the skill of his mature art and in her he has combined 'the best that every woman hath.' Every critic of Shakespeare, except

Hazlitt, has nothing but unlimited praise for her. Swinburne, for instance, says of her "The very crown and flower of all her father's daughters—I do not speak here of her human father, but her divine—the woman above all Shakespeare's women is Imogen. . . . In Imogen we find half glorified already the immortal godhead of womanhood. I would fain have some honey in my words at parting—with Shakespeare never, but for ever with these notes on Shakespeare, and I am therefore something more than fain to close my book upon the name of the woman best beloved in all the world of song and all the tide of time; upon the name of Shakespeare's Imogen." Shakespeare himself seems to have been of the same opinion, for he showers admiration on her throughout the play. Fit subject is she therefore for the contemplation of every lady.

Imogen is the moving spirit of Cymbeline. She is the cause of the Queen's 'hourly coining' plots, of the banishment of Posthumus and of his subsequent quarrel with Iachimo, which is the foundation of the central plot in the play. She is the connecting link between this plot and the subsidiary plot, the story of her brothers. Naturally, she is present in most of the scenes in the play and we get the fullest description of her. Her praises are in the mouth of every character in the play. Even that harsh simple nothing, Cloten, cannot refrain himself from paying a tribute to her beauty and virtues.

"She is fair and royal  
And that she hath all courtly parts more  
exquisite  
Than lady, ladies, woman; from everyone  
The best she hath, and she of all compounded  
Outsells them all."  
Act iii, Sc. v, lines 70 to 74.

Her personal beauty is the subject of every one's admiration. Iachimo at the very outset is struck with her outward appearance and thinks that "All of her that is out of doors most rich!"—Act i, Sc. vi, line 15.

Again, when in her bed chamber, even this libertine is hushed, for a moment, forgets his treacherous design, and falls to admiring her,

and concludes that she is 'a heavenly angel.' To the second Lord, she is 'Divine Imogen.' Belarius thinks, when he first sees her, to be a fairy, and will believe her to be one, but that she eats his victuals. To Guiderius, she is 'the sweetest, fairest lily.' No wonder she had 'princely fellows' for her suitors!

Her qualities of mind and heart are not inferior to the endowments of her person. Her chastity is the pivot on which the whole play turns. Would that every woman could say in her heart that she also could withstand an ordeal as terrible as that which Imogen withstood! Villany cannot be consummation enough not to feel sorry at having made any attempt on her. One encounter with her has been sufficient to reform Iachimo, who has no doubt seen much life among women, and to change his notions of woman-kind. He is convinced that there is at least one pure lady, whose love for her husband is almost unbounded. The parting scene is most touching. "She would have broke her eye strings, cracked them but to look upon him"; she would be in heaven for him "at the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight." While Posthumus bears her a love as strong as that which she bears him, he cannot but fall in our estimation when we compare his conduct with hers in the most trying period of their lives. When he believes her guilty, he determines to murder her, while in similar circumstances she has no thought of revenge but simply asks Pisani to fulfil his master's wishes. He rails at all women and attributes every evil part in man to woman, but she only fears

"All good seeming,  
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought  
Put on for villany; not born where't grows,  
But worn a bait for ladies."  
Act iii, Sc. iv, lines 53 to 56.

Can nobility and self-command go further? She feels sorry not for her own account but for his. She grieves

"To think, when thou shalt be disloyal by her  
That now thou tirest on, how thy memory  
Will then be panged by me."  
Act iii, Sc. iv, lines 91 to 94

She can never give offence to anyone except that 'ass'—Cloten—and she gives offence to him because she is spirited with a fool "Frighted, and angered worse." Act ii Sc. iv lines 138 to 139.

Only an absolute devil, like the Queen, can wish her out of existence and that too on account of her persistent refusal to marry her son; she disobeys her father because her duty to herself bids her do so. She has 'chosen an eagle and avoided a puttock' and thereby added a lustre to the crown. Her father's command bids her 'do all these and forces on her 'a

foolish suitor,' she owes it to herself to disobey such a command and she does it courageously and unflinchingly. But is she loved by him any the less on this account? No; she is still "the great part of his comfort."

Her keen penetration makes her an excellent detector of all deception. In spite of all the Queen's protestations of love to her and sympathy for her troubles, she sees through her "Dissembling courtesy." In an instant she sees through all the villany of Iachimo and finds out the truth. Here too a comparison of the conduct of Posthumus with hers will result in his detriment. When the unscrupulous Italian expounds to her the supposed looseness and revelry of her husband she will not believe him,

"If this be true  
I have such a heart both mine ears  
Must not in haste abuse—if it be true,  
How should I be revenged?"

Act iii, Sc. vi, lines 29 to 32.

But, when the same trick is played upon Posthumus, he is easily taken in.

Her courage and resourcefulness are as striking as her powers of discernment. She is ready, for a life of adventure at a moment's notice. Though not accustomed to walk but in the pleasure gardens of her father, she readily undertakes a tedious journey alone in the midst of a thick forest. Not only does she readily grasp Pisanio's scheme but she even enjoys it. Though doublet and hose do not seem to fit her quite as well as they do Portia and Viola, she plays her part boldly enough. It is not ordinary resourcefulness that can invent a story in the midst of deepest grief. When she sees the Roman general, she at once realises her situation and appears to grieve for the death of a kind master. Her appearance backed up by her story gains her one who would rather father than master her.

Her religion is one of simple faith. She is afraid of killing herself, because "against self-slaughter there is a prohibition so divine that cravens her weak hand." Even when she can do no harm by lying, she hesitates to tell an untruth. She would fain always be the truest speaker. Shakespeare in this play seems to have contrasted "two opposite ideas or moral qualities, namely, truth in word and in deed (fidelity), and untruth and faithlessness,—falseness; indeed or perfidy, falseness in word or slander." In this contrast Imogen represents the highest ideal of truth and fidelity.

Though motherless and living with a 'father cruel, and a step-dame false,' she seems to have acquired all the accomplishments, not excluding the domestic, which her age could afford her. Her singing is angel-like. Her 'neat-cookery' is the wonder of her brothers—

But his neat-cookery! he cut our roots  
In characters,  
And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick,  
And he her dieter."

Though accustomed always to command, she is still capable of serving another when occasion demands. During the very short period of her service under Lucius, she gains his complete love; and at a time when he is sunk in sorrow at a victory so strangely turned into a defeat and is standing as a prisoner before the British monarch awaiting death-sentence for himself and his comrades he thinks of his page (Imogen) and begs the king to spare her—that is the only thing he entreats of him—

"This one thing only—  
I'll entreat, my boy, a Briton born  
Let him be ransomed: never master had  
A page so kind, so dutiful, diligent  
So tender over his occasions, true,  
So feat, so nurse-like." Act v, Sc. v, lines 83 to 88.

Nothing brings her character into such strong relief as her part in the last scene in the play. She practically makes everyone, and not only Cymbeline, 'a dullard in the act.' Her long-lost brothers are now discovered in her forest friends and she loses her position as heiress. When Cymbeline says that she has 'lost a kingdom' she immediately answers "No, my lord, I have got two worlds by it" (i.e., her brothers) and at once her native wit begins to play and she exclaims with subtle humour,

"O my gentle brothers—  
Have we thus met? O never say hereafter,  
But I am truest speaker; you called me brother,  
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,  
When ye were so indeed." Act v, Sc. v, lines 74 to 78.

This entire freedom from jealousy and ambition invests her with a peculiar halo of charm. She has never been anxious to become a queen and she even wished to have been born in bumbler life. When her father, for instance, reviles her for having met Posthumus she exclaims

"Would I were  
A neatherd's daughter, and my Leonatus  
Our neighbour shepherd's son!"  
—Act i, Sc. i, lines 148 to 149.

And later she exclaims

Had I been thief stol'n,  
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable  
Is the desire that's glorious; blest be those  
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,  
Which seasons comfort." Act i, Sc. vi, lines 5 to 9.

When Guiderius and Arviragus call her brother. She thinks within herself

"Would it had been so, that they  
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize  
Been less, and so those equal ballasting  
To thee, Posthumus."—Act iii, Sc. vi, lines 76 to 79.

Her wish has been gratified and she is supremely joyous and radiates joy to all.

"She, like harmless lightning throws her eye,  
On him (Posthumus), her brothers, we, her master  
(Cymbeline), hitting  
Each object with a joy."

W. CHAKRAPANI NAIDU.

## On Sentiment



THE word sentiment denotes a "tendency to be swayed by feeling rather than by reason." If this short definition is to be taken as absolute, the words "feeling" and "reason" should be given a wide significance. The "feeling" will have to be considered in favour of every conceivable object of human affection, and "reason" will signify not only sound argument but also the rigidity of duty, the brevity of business and all that is viewed in our absolutely dry and "unfeeling" manner. The psychological aspect of sentiment will perhaps afford a nice and ample subject of study, but this paper will attempt only a "Commonsense" treatment of sentiment.

There is an old saying that "sentiment rules the world." The most civilized man as well as the savage buried in superstitions is actuated by an equal amount of sentiment; though operating in different spheres. The civilized man indulges in sentiments conceived in the refinement of his mind and the culture of his thoughts. The savage, not so selfish, but only in absolute ignorance, sticks to the traditions of his tribe and refuses to enlarge his undeveloped mind or liberate his narrowed affections. Sentiment then touches all. It operates in all spheres of human life. It is born in the home, is excited in noble natures for the cause of the nation and has a place generally in our ordinary commerce with the world at large.

We desecrate the first play of sentiment when we witness the affectionate expressions with which parents greet their young children. There is no child but bears a special form of darling address from its own dear parents. The next experience is a brotherly feeling. One would perhaps have noticed many an elder sister cherishing some soft sentiments towards her little younger brother. One should also beware of the abuse of sentiment in the domestic circle. It is not only the nervous

stupidity passing into sentimentality which breaks into sobs on the merest domestic separation, but more the deliberate wickedness which achieves its selfish purposes under an outward profession of touching sentiments. It is difficult to express exactly this latter kind of the abuse of sentiment, but it often consists in the individual making a loud profession of the best sentiments in all matters except what touches his own conduct. Attention may be drawn in this connection to that treacherous, selfish, and plotting man and brother, Joseph Surface in Sheridan's masterpiece, *The School for Scandal*. Joseph passed off for a man of noble sentiments in the exact term of praise bestowed on him by that good old simple gentleman Sir Peter Teazle, even when he was trying to reduce the honour of Lady Teazle. His brother Charles Surface on the other hand was a genuine fellow and exemplifies sentiment of the most robust type. The scene in which his rich uncle Sir Oliver comes disguised to get an inkling into the exact nature of his extravagant and reckless young nephew, exhibits at once the most humorous and robust display of sentiment. Sir Oliver assumes the guise of Mr. Premium, a money broker. Charles Surface offers to sell the family pictures as the last resource for bringing him money to enable him to keep pace with his reckless habits. The beauty of the situation lies in the fact that Charles was prepared to part, for money, with all the portraits except that of his uncle, Sir Oliver, for whom he had too much of sentiment to be willing to part with his portrait. This regard, slight as it seems, so tickles the mind of Sir Oliver that he forgives his nephew all his vices, and is resolved to leave him the best part of his fortunes.

Sir Oliver: "But I suppose uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the number?"

Charles: "No, hang it! I'll not part with poor Noll. The old fellow has been very good to me, and egad, I'll keep his picture while I've a room to put it in."

Sir Oliver: (Aside) "The rogue's my nephew after all! [Aloud] But, Sir, I have somehow taken a fancy to the picture."

Charles: "I'm sorry for it, for you certainly will not have it. Haven't you got enough of them?"

Sir Oliver further tempts him by offering to give for this single portrait as much money as for all the rest, but Charles is still firm and says:

"Don't tease me, master broker. I tell you I'll not part with it, and there's an end of it."

We may now pass on from this domestic sentiment to another form of it which springs from love in the narrow sense of the word. Sentiment in love reaches perhaps its most intense form. Owing to the instinctive selfish-

ness of humanity, love which is but a selfish feeling may prompt sentiment even where the minor affections were never in active play. It is scarcely necessary to dwell at any length on this subject of sentiment in love. It may however be noted that this sentiment varies according to the nature of the individual and also in a large degree according to the culture and refinement which the individual has attained. Some natures cultivate their emotional side to a larger degree than others, and they are naturally sentimental. It will be here worth while to recall to one's memory that excellent novel of Mrs. Henry Wood, *East Lynne*. The reader should have admired Lady Isabel, her childlike simplicity, and her angelic sweetness; and the intense miseries that her passionate heart were subject to, should have excited no small amount of the reader's sympathy. The tragic fate of her married life will exemplify the impossible combination of sentiment and no sentiment in love. Mr. Archibald Carlyle was a dutiful husband and in his general qualities a most excellent man of the world. But there was that prosaic element so marked in him which made it impossible that he should complete the happiness of that emotional creature, Lady Isabel. With any other wife, chosen from the middle or lower classes, Mr. Carlyle should have had no trouble, but the emotional part of Lady Isabel, sprung from the aristocracy, had been so far developed that she felt, till the last step had already been taken, that there was something wanting in their union which alone would amount to love. The tragedy of *East Lynne* is an impossible phenomenon in Indian Society. Indian women do not enjoy that opportunity to develop their emotional side to be able to produce a character like Lady Isabel. But a converse situation is perhaps very possible with somewhat different conditions. It is suggested that there might be Indian husbands whose sentiments are so nicely cultivated, that their matter-of-fact co-partners in life, though giving no occasion for jealousy, might yet create a deep feeling of discontent arising from unreciprocated sentiment, in the warmer minds of the husbands. Before giving up this theme of sentiment in love, it may be pointed out that this form of sentiment is most open to the charge of vanity and selfishness. But all forms of selfishness are not to be condemned, and love is the glorious exception. The example of the husband who keenly appreciates the daisy rose stuck into his buttonhole, as he leaves home, by the solicitous care of his other half, superficial as it is, will both exhibit the two charges of vanity and selfishness and also their only excuse which is the fulfilment of mutual regard.

From all that I have said till now, I should have left the idea that sentiment was merely a happy and affectionate feeling expressed prettily as a token of pleasure. But really there is still another very interesting aspect of sentiment. Probably we experience this in the world about us, much oftener than the sentiment of pleasure. I mean the sentiment of melancholy or pathos. The grief that results from the loss of our dearest relations and friends, is often a poetic feeling and draws upon imagination to render it intense. It is only the imaginative mind, that can fondly picture to itself at the death of an old parent, all the sweet and tender solicitations bestowed in childhood by that aged and departed parent, years ago, while in the strength of life. It is only a person of subtle sensibility that can realise to the full, the memberless little gaps left in his life by the death of a dear soul of his. He feels it a privilege and a pleasure to picture to himself as vividly as possible the full meaning of his bereavement and so render his own grief more intense. My thoughts are in this connection inevitably drawn to the "In Memoriam of Tennyson." The poem probably embodies the grandest sentiments one could express on the death of a dear friend. I shall here content myself by quoting a few stanzas bemoaning the loss, more especially on his sister's behalf who had been betrothed to the deceased friend.

O somewhere, meek, unconscious dove,  
That sittest ranging golden hair,  
And glad to find thyself so fair,  
Poor child, that waitest for thy love!

For now her father's chimney glows.  
In expectation of a guest;  
And thinking this will please him best,  
She takes a riband or a rose.

For he will see them on to-night;  
And with the thought her color burns;  
And having left the glass, she turns  
Once more to set a ringlet right;

And even when she turn'd, the curse  
Had fallen, and her future Lord  
Was drowned in passing thro' the ford,  
Or killed in falling from his horse.

O what to her shall be the end?  
And what to me remains of good?  
To her, perpetual maidenhood,  
And unto me no second friend.

I might here take note of two practices in our society tending to mar the sacredness of fine sentiment. The one is that loud lamentation, more especially in our uncultured women, which sends forth shrieks that are repelling by their uncalled for demonstration. A more serious custom is that of our annual ceremonies in honor of the dead. Those ceremonies are prescribed in such a vexing detail and have so many crude



aspects, that the heart is inevitably divorced from an act which if anything ought to be a mark of sentiment. The man goes through, on one day in the year, through a set of traditional and to all purposes meaningless ceremonials to celebrate the anniversary of his dead father, mother, or wife. The ceremonials are gone through so mechanically that the departed father, mother, or wife can hardly draw a genuine sign which can result only from a calm recollection and contemplation.

I do not by any means intend to glorify the sentiment of grieving and it is not suggested that any one should plunge himself into misery on sustaining the merest loss in the circle of friends and relatives. Life is too short to be regretting and the world should get on as ever, even after innumerable deaths. But within certain limits, it is the privilege of the noble mind to feel the grief sustained by death, or the pain of separation, or the bitter irony of unpropitiating circumstances. It is the same kind of privilege in the emotional world as that life which is valued in *Paradise Lost*:

For who would lose,  
Though full of pain, this intellectual being  
Those thoughts, that wander through eternity.

In our own country, the sentiment of pathos is more easily discernible than that of pleasure. The sentiment of melancholy is, as I have already suggested, largely wasteful in its effects. And it seems to me that the sentiment of pleasure, of course, within its proper limits, is the happiest adjunct to human life. If Indians as a race are lacking in it, they have missed an important force to sweeten life, and so strengthen it. Indians are essentially a serious, philosophical, and often ceremonious set of people. The expression of sentiment arising from affection is frequently facilitated by certain conventions in speech and manner. A pretty word of parting, a warning press of the palms, or even a kiss might signify a world of feeling. The Indian systematically keeps under restraint, or is made to keep under restraint, the simple affections arising in his heart. He is far too serious to indulge in sentimental frivolities. And what is the result of this seeming virtue? For one thing social life does not exist among Indians. More than this, this habit of vanishing sentiment accounts in a way for that morbid view of life specially springing up in the senility of old age, which we so often come across in our country. The force that deepens mutual affection is mutual understanding, which is possible only by mutual expressions of feeling. The happy expression of feeling is that which promotes love in human life. The pseudo-yogistic principle of life which preaches the renunciation of human interests in the most selfish manner,

and the taking to religious obligations to secure salvation after life, offering in itself a mock occupation to imbecile slothfulness, this morbid view of life which is alike destructive of personal greatness and national usefulness, evolves from the death of robust human pulsations which need to be kept alive by a proper cultivation of sentiment in feeling. Mr. Frederic Harrison, the English apostle of Ponticism, who has now attained the ripe old age of eighty-two years, published recently his autobiographical memories and he says touching his own marriage. "And for forty years, with my wife by my side, one with me in every thought, aim, and hope, I have never been a prey to weariness or disappointment, much less despair, however small were the ends achieved, however useless or even mischievous they looked to the world." What Mr. Frederic Harrison says is no mere vanity. He touches a real and powerful force in life which has rendered him happy, great and useful to his country. This real and powerful force is built up on that strongest of all foundations, the sentiment of love.

A brief mention may here be made of sentiment which comes into play in our common intercourse with the world at large. Only its general nature can be indicated by negative instances. The picture of two modern prigs travelling in the same railway compartment for hours together and yet presuming not to know any thing of each other is a significant instance. One should beware of that frequent snobbishness which prevents even close acquaintance to deepen into friendship and so snaps asunder the magic current of society.

Attention may here be drawn, though to a very small extent, to sentiment in literature limiting it to the most sentimental branch of literature, which is poetry. Ancient poetry was too deep for sentiment. The simplicity of chance and the sheer magnitude of Shakespeare's genius alike forbid their consideration in respect of sentiment. Milton again was too serious for sentiment. The sentiment of the eighteenth century, of the school of Pope, is repelling by its artificiality. The sentiment of Goldsmith and Gray is appealing, but common-place. For original, strong, and vigorous sentiment in abundance we look to the poetry of the last century.

It should be remembered that when we talk of sentiment in literature we pass from the feeling of sentiment to the idea in which is embodied a truth sanctioned by sentiment. Two poets of the nineteenth century stand out pre-eminently for sentiment, but the exclusion of the other great names will be due only to securing brevity. The worship of nature which Wordsworth so ably inaugurated was a matter of sentiment which not all could realise. It will be

sufficient to quote one characteristic specimen of his oft-repeated preaching of the gospel of Nature:

One impulse from a vernal wood  
May teach you more of man,  
Of moral evil and of good,  
Than all the sages can.

Born in the Lake District, Wordsworth's peculiar genius held an active communion of feeling with the beauties of nature. Common minds may not be able to follow this exercise of Wordsworth's best sentiments on mere dead nature. It will be interesting in this connection to quote from a letter written by that great man of strong common sense, Charles Lamb, to his friend Wordsworth. Lamb had received an invitation to a ramble among the picturesque hills of Cumberland, and here is his reply, "I ought before this to have replied to your very kind invitation into Cumberland. With you and your sister I could gang anywhere. But I am afraid whether I shall ever be able to afford so desperate a journey. Separate from the pleasure of your company, I don't much care if I never see a mountain in my life." Later on in the letter he says: "Have I not enough, without your mountains? I do not envy you. I should pity you, did I not know, that the mind will make friends of any thing. Your sun and moon and sky and hills and lakes affect me no more, or scarcely come to me in more venerable characters, than as a gilded room with tapestry and tapers, where I might live with handsome visible objects." The sentiment of Lamb delighted in the busy life of London and was totally opposed to the sentiment of Wordsworth, the poet of silence.

Leaving Wordsworth alone we might turn to that other great poet, Alfred Tennyson. It is a mistake to call Tennyson a philosopher. The great charm in him which is often mistaken for philosophy, is his apt expression of half-truths bordering on philosophy. He is pre-eminently a poet of sentiments, sentiments which touch our hearts and have been shared by all. In the opening lines of the *In Memoriam* we read:

Strong Son of God, immortal Dove,  
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,  
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,  
Believing where we cannot prove;

We might be certain that Tennyson could not support this theistic optimism by any convincing disquisition of proof, yet because he touches a universal sentiment we admire his lines. We have a similar idea in Morte D'Arthur:

"More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

It is easy to pick out numberless instances when Tennyson gives happy expression to many

a vigorous sentiment. Tennyson's poetry everywhere bespeaks the passionate heart. Who has not admired his daring dictum:

'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all.

Or his other declarations:

"Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!"

Cursed be the socialiser that warp us from the living truth!" or that excellent piece of sense conveyed in Arthur's words:

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfils himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

In so far as it will be difficult to clearly demonstrate how one good custom should corrupt the world, Arthur's words may be regarded as mere sentiment, though wonderfully true as proved by the experience of the world.

Passing on from literature, I may recur to an earlier stage in this paper when I had been dwelling on sentiment springing from human affections. That is indeed the only form of sentiment which we constantly hear of and so have to take note of. When it was suggested in one part of this paper that Indians as a race lack sentiment, that form of sentiment which arises from habit and custom, of which, however, they have plenty, was not taken into consideration. The war that has been waged in our country's progress through generations has been one between this mockery of sentiment blindly clinging to old custom on the one side, and reason and all other human considerations on the other. It was this piece of mischievous sentiment so ruinous to our national regeneration, that sent up a monstrous demonstration of protest when the enlightened Government of India passed a legal measure abolishing the inhuman custom of *sati*. We have had yet another instance not many months ago when the whole country was astir with the Hon. Mr. Bhupendranath Ban's proposal to pass an Indian Civil Marriage Act. The disastrous end of Mr. Ban's bill will sufficiently testify to the strength and mischief, which this false sentiment so firmly rooted in our country, is capable of. The Civil Marriage Bill was a permissive measure to grant a legitimate liberty to the citizens of this country. But those that craved for this liberty were naturally an advanced minority in the country, and the pseudo-sentiment of the majority has succeeded in preventing the passing of even a permissive measure as Mr. Ban's was intended to be. How often do we meet in this country with parents who resolve to marry their daughters late and yet soon succumb to the force of the custom of early marriage, thus exposing them to all the evils in life, beginning with the

chances of early widowhood? How few again in our country have dared to secure happiness for their child-widow'd daughters by offering them in marriage again? Or again how rarely do Indians take advantage of foreign travel to improve the status of their aspiring youths?

Indians have been for centuries a ceremonious set of people and to-day they do not find themselves one of the highest nations on earth. Probably one means of improving themselves will be by the cultivation in a much larger measure than now of that sentimental side of man which will breathe joy in the home, delight to the individual, and strength to the nation.

A few propositions conceived at random may be added here with a view to limit the meaning of the word "sentiment", as the present writer understood it and perhaps as it ought to be understood to a large extent.

Sentiment is a sign of refinement.

Sentiment is a subtle feeling as distinct from the simple passions.

Sentiment is not a sense of serious duty, though it may always tend to the side of duty or virtue.

Sentiment is more serious than a prejudice, but not as serious as a virtue.

Sentiment is a warm propensity akin to the spirit of romance.

Sentiment is too nice a feeling to follow from the force of habit.

Sentiment is merely an artistic emotion expressed in an artistic manner.

Sentiment is the expression of eager feeling.

### The Sri Jayanthi



**A**FTER the incarnation of Rama was over, demons became powerful and oppressed the gods in Heaven, Brahmans, cows and other people on earth. They outraged women and committed many atrocious crimes. Whereupon Indra (the chief of all the gods in Heaven), all the Rishis, and the earth, which had assumed the form of a cow, came to Bramhadev (the creating god of the universe), who took all of them to the sea in which Vishnu (the protecting god of the universe) leaning on Sesha (the king of the serpent race, a large thousand-headed snake, once the couch and canopy of Vishnu and the upholder of the world, which rests on one of its heads) was with his wife Lakshmi. They all prayed to him to

relieve them from the oppression of the demons, when a voice loudly said, "Fear not. Have patience. I will be born in the family of Yadavas, and kill all the wicked demons. Ye, gods, be Yadavas on earth. Ye, the additional gods, be Gowlis (cow-heads and milk-men). Ye, Rishis, be cattle. Ye, wind Indra and Asvinidev, be sons of Kunti. You, Brahaspeti, be Drona and teach the Pandavas the Vedas (the sacred writings of the Hindus supposed to have been revealed by Brahma), Mantras (charms or spells), Dhanur Vidya (the art of using a bow and an arrow), and other sciences. Fire, be Drustadyumna. Parvati, you, be Dropadi and create dissension among the families of the Pandavas and Kauravas. Lakshmi, be the daughter of Bhimaka. Balibhadra, you be Baliram, and I will be born to Devaki, wife of Vasudev, and kill all the demons and make you happy." Listening to the voice they all became exceedingly delighted and took their respective forms as directed.

One day, a demon, having been charmed with the beauty of the wife of Yugrasen, the king of Manhura, otherwise spelt Muttra, carried her off into a forest. The demon said to her that she would get a son by him, when she cursed him and replied that the son, who would be born to her by him, would be killed by Krishna. The wife of Yugrasen returned home, and soon after she was delivered of a demon son, who was named Kamsan. Yugrasen had also a daughter named Devaki. This Kamsan had a special favor from Bramhadev that he could only be deprived of life by his own (sister's son) nephew; and this was why Vishnu had to take his birth as Devaki's son.

Kamsan grew up, kicked off his father and ruled Muttra himself. He employed demons in his kingdom, who killed Brahmans and cows. Devaki, being marriageable, her father promised to give her away in marriage to Vasudev, the son of Sursen, a Yadava. Soon after, the marriage was celebrated with pomp and ostentation. Kamsan took an active part on the occasion, and drove the procession-chariot in which the marriage couple were seated. As the procession was passing along the streets, he, of a sudden, heard a voice deep as thunder from above "Kamsan, thou art a fool. Thou wilt be killed by the eight son of your sister, Devaki." No sooner did he hear the ominous voice, than he became furious and greatly enraged, flung his sister down on the ground to put her to death and thereby prevent the possibility of the birth of his future destroyer. He drew his sword to behead her, when she implored him to spare her life. He would not listen to her. In the meantime Vasudev alighted from the chariot and said to him, "It is a great sin to kill a female.

Listen to me. If a man kills a chariotful of worms, he commits the sin of killing one sheep. If he kills one thousand sheep, he commits the sin of killing one bullock. If he kills ten thousand bullocks, he commits the sin of killing one cow. If he kills one thousand cows, he commits the sin of killing one Brahman, and if he kills one hundred Brahmans, he commits the sin of killing one female. If you therefore kill my wife, you will kill one hundred Brahmans, and thus you will be a great sinner. "Very well, I will spare the life of your wife," replied Kamsan, "but on the condition that you bind yourself to bring to me any child that your wife may bear, so that I may kill it." Vasudev having agreed to this condition, Kamsan spared the life of Devaki and put her and her husband into a prison strongly guarded by demons.

Shortly after, Devaki was delivered of a beautiful child: and, as soon as it was born, true to his promise, Vasudev with tears took it to Kamsan. Kamsan looked at the child and said to Vasudev, "you have got a beautiful child. I am not inclined to kill it. Take the child to its mother and bring to me the eighth child that your wife will bear." Vasudev, transported with joy, carried the child and gave it in charge of Devaki.

In the meantime, Narada (the son of Bramhadev, who loved to set one against another) came and said to Kamsan, "It is a great mistake that you have returned the child to Devaki. How will you be able to know whether your enemy will be born to Devaki first or he will be born last?" "The voice said," replied Kamsan, "that the eighth son of Devaki would be my enemy." "If you count from the last," continued Narada, "the first child becomes the eighth child. How will you be able to know this?" Kamsan was confused and ordered the child to be brought back and struck it on a flat stone and killed it. Vasudev handed over the first six children that were born to Devaki one after another to Kamsan, who struck them on the stone and killed all of them. Balarama the seventh child of Devaki was saved by Divine interference! and Krishna was the eighth son. Of course, Kamsan had placed strict guard throughout the palace to prevent the eighth son from being in any way saved. How then was Krishna saved?

Finding that the demon committed terrible crimes, Vishnu said to Sesha. "You see, the demons on earth have become very powerful. They have killed infants, Brahmans and cows. Unless we be incarnate, we shall not be able to annihilate them; I, therefore, tell you to go to Muttra and be a son of Devaki." "During the incarnation of Rama", replied Sesha, "I was your younger brother and served you in the forest without taking a morsel of food for fourteen

years. I have now no vitality in me to fight with the demons any longer. You alone be incarnate and kill all the demons." "As you say," continued Vishnu, "that you have got quite tired, I shall be your younger brother and you be my elder brother." Sesha complied with the wishes of Vishnu. Soon after, Devaki was with child, when Vishnu created a female child called Maya and said to her "Maya, just go to Devaki, and removing the infant child from her womb, put it into that of Rohini, the second wife of Vasudev, who is now living with Nanda in Gokal, and you become an infant in its place and grow in the womb of Esoda, wife of Nanda." Maya did as directed by Vishnu.

At Muttra, Devaki was awakened in the morning, when she found that she was not with child, and became exceedingly sorry. Kamsan made enquiries about the child, but he was informed that the child had died in the womb. Kamsan, being suspicious, ordered his demons to keep vigil.

At Gokal, Rohini was awakened in the morning and felt in her womb a child of about nine months old. She was afraid that she would be scandalised by her neighbours. In the meantime a voice said, "Rohini, don't be afraid. It is the doing of Vishnu. You are a virtuous woman." All the people in Gokal listened to the voice and there was no scandal about her. Shortly after, Rohini was delivered of a son, the incarnation of Sesha, and he was named Balaram. Immediately after, Devaki conceived and bore a son, the incarnation of Vishnu and the destroyer of Kamsan. He was named Krishna. During her conception Devaki was always happy and did not entertain any fear of Kamsan. This eighth child was born on Vadya (implying dark, waning, etc.), *Asami* (the eighth lunar day of each fortnight), in the month of Shravana (the fifth month of the Hindu year—July-August (Avani)). All the gods of Heaven had come in their *rims* (chariots of the gods, serving as thrones or conveyances through the skies, self-directed and self-moving) to see the child. There was light in the prison as soon as the child was born. Devaki and Vasudev were alarmed, because Kamsan would come to know of the birth of the child and kill it. The child immediately became eight years old and said to Vasudev, "you need not be afraid. You carry me to Gokal at night and leave me by the side of Esoda." "How can I carry you to Gokal?" replies Vasudev, "I have got heavy chains on my person. If Kamsan comes to know about this, he will kill us." "Don't be afraid," continued Krishna, "I will protect you." So saying Krishna became a small infant; and as soon as Vasudev beheld the face of Krishna, his chains were broken, all the doors of the prison flung

themselves open, and all the demons, set to watch the prison, fell fast asleep by *Yoganidra* (a kind of hypnotic sleep).

Vasudev took up the infant Krishna in his arms and set out for Gokal at about two o'clock, in the midst of rain pouring down in torrents, followed by Sesha, the many-headed serpent spreading his hood over the infant's head. He came to the river, Yamuna, and began to cross it, but the water rose high to embrace Krishna. The river was usually deep and dangerous with whirlpools. Vasudev was alarmed, when Krishna touched the water with his foot and made the river calm. The river went down, running only knee-deep. Thus by divine favor all the obstacles were overcome and the other side of the river was reached. Vasudev put the infant by the side of Esoda, who was also under the spell of magic sleep, when Maya came out of her womb, and told him to carry her to Mutra and bring her up as his daughter. Vasudev took her up in his arms and gave the infant Maya in charge of his wife. No sooner did Vasudev enter the prison than all the doors of it closed themselves and the chains put themselves on his prison. No suspicions were roused in anybody's mind. When Kamsan was informed that Devaki bore a female child, he immediately rushed into the prison and holding it by its legs, was about to strike it on the stone; Devaki in vain entreated him to spare her child. The tyrant ruthlessly dashed it against a stone, when lo! it rose into the sky and expanded in gigantic form and laughed aloud, striking terror into the on-lookers, and addressed Kamsan in a thundering and authoritative tone; "Kamsan, you are a wicked demon. You have killed Brahmins, cows and innocent persons. You have committed great sins. What avails it thee, to have thus dashed me down with the belief that thy enemy is destroyed? He is born that shall kill thee, grows on earth, and will destroy you, the mighty one amongst the gods, in due time." So saying she disappeared in the air.

At Gokal, Esoda was awakened in the morning; and finding a baby by her side she was extremely glad. The news that Esoda was delivered of a son having spread throughout Gokal, all the Gowlis and Gowlanis (female cow-herds and milk-women) came to the house of Nanda to congratulate him upon his getting a male child. Nanda was transported with joy, and having performed the usual ceremony in honour of the birth of his son, gave the Gowlis and Gowlanis presents consisting of two lakhs of cows, dresses, ornaments and other things. His priest, Gargamuni, read the horoscope of the baby and prophesied that the son of Nanda would kill all the demons and make the gods of Heaven happy. In Gokal there was no want of any

thing after the birth of Krishna. All the people lived in happiness and peace. The birthday of Krishna is observed as a religious festival in every Hindu home throughout India. In the words of Pandit Natesa Sastri:

"Lord Krishna's birthday, *Srijayanthi* or *Krishnajayanthi* is the most popular festival in the whole of India. These two are the names by which this festival is called by the Vaishnavas, while among the Smartas it is known as *Gokulashtami*, and in Northern India as *Janmashtami*. By whatever name it may be known, this festive celebration of the birthday of Lord Krishna is kept as a Holy day by all Hindus throughout India. According to the *Puranas*, Krishna was born on the eighth lunar day (*Ashtami*) of the waning moon of the month of *Shravana* at midnight, upon the moon's entrance into *Rohini* asterism. On account of this sacred occasion, a fast is held on the day preceding the date of his birth, the fast being broken as usual by a feast on the following day. The observance of the fast varies with different sects. The followers of the *Smriti*—*Smartas*—commence their fast with the commencement of the lunation, whenever that takes place; the *Vaishnavas* and the *Mudhas* regulate their fast by the moon's passage through the asterism of *Rohini*.

"Krishna is the most popular deity throughout the whole of India and is considered as the eighth Avatar or incarnation of Vishnu, one of the Hindu Trinity.

"*Krishnashtami* is the festival which is celebrated in honor of the birthday of Krishna. At about midnight, on the *Ashtami* night, a clay image of Krishna in the form of a baby is made in every Hindu house and worshipped. Several dishes of sweets are offered to the god, to be consumed afterwards by the inmates of the house. Apart from its importance from a religious point of view, the feast is very popular with Hindu children on account of the sweets that are distributed to them on the occasion. A superstitious belief is current amongst the Hindus, that as Krishna, who was born in the asterism of *Rohini*, was the cause of the death of his maternal uncle Kamsan, the birth of a male child in that asterism forbodes evil to the maternal uncle of that child; and there were instances in old days in which such children were put to death. But this superstitious belief is fast dying out." Nay it has almost died out.

P. R. VENKATESALU NAIDU.



## Love, the Transmuter

"I saw God sitting above me, but I sat among men. And I have loved these."—Confessions. E.B. Browning



LOVE becomes a tyrant ministering to the soul by persecutions." In these words Mr. Hitchens has described, very aptly I think, one of the early and most trying stages on the path of devotion. The words of course apply to the early stages of development when what will later be devotion is shown, is felt, as ordinary human love for another personality, and when love is largely passionate in nature and therefore contains the selfish element. For whenever the element of passion, the desire for individual gain, for possession, is found in connection with love, selfishness is necessarily found also, and probably jealousy. The perfect love is that which throws itself out, asking for nothing, no return of love, not even acknowledgment of love, but content utterly to give and serve. Where love is felt as a "tyrant," where the sense of utter bondage or of strong propelling force, one that cannot be controlled, checked, or turned aside, is consciously felt, known to exist—and I imagine, such cases are not rare—love is ministering to the soul by persecutions. And yet, and that is the point I would emphasize, even under these conditions the force is love, and it certainly ministers to the soul.

The word, persecution, means, according to the ordinary Dictionary definition, "to pursue so as to injure or annoy;" and love when inspired, motivated by self-interest often, sadly both injures and annoys. For what is more painful in the whole course of human experience than the frustration of passion, the denial of love, and what more common? In the relations between the sexes, it is an every-day experience for either man or woman to have their proffered love thrown back in their faces, unwanted, unvalued, scorned. And then the force generated has to wear itself out as best it may, and according to the sex. In the sowing of wild oats, men often seem to find relief, a vent for rejected love; in others, it may temporarily corrode the nature, making of the charitable or kindly man a cynic, while the woman yields herself a prey to humiliation, or despair. And yet through all these painful experiences love is in reality ministering to the soul, shaping it, teaching it, to ascend by the sore and steep ways of human love to the mount of the Lord, where persecution having done its work, the Heavenly Love unveils some-

thing of its perfection to the aspiring soul and the loving heart.

I think we often forget, so purblind and stupid are we, in spite of the much teaching we have received on the subject of the three paths to union, the paths of knowledge, love, and activity, that there are necessarily these lower stages on each path and that the higher cannot be attained until the experiences of the lower and the lowest have been reaped and assimilated. And so the libertine may be treading the road to peace, using the method of development that may bring him to freedom. This gradual development Plato traces in the celebrated and beautiful passages in the *Symposium*, and the speech of the prophetess Diotima is one of the most beautiful passages of all literature—"The true order is to advance from one to all fair forms, then to fair practices, fair thought, single thought of absolute beauty. Beholding beauty with the eye of the mind, one shall bring forth realities and become the friend of God and immortal, if mortal man may."

It is however because I hold that the oratorical knowledge on any subject is of little use to us unless we apply it practically that I am writing these lines. I think we might show ourselves both more sympathetic and more helpful in our attitude in daily life towards those treading the path of devotion, knowing what we do of the inevitable difficulties and perils the men and women must experience in these earlier stages of evolution. In fact until a tolerably high stage of attainment has been reached, I should think it probable that in each human life some dangers and difficulties regarding the emotional life, whichever path of union is being trodden—will have to be encountered. And so, when we see a man or youth, a girl or woman in the grip of a great emotion, whether it be that of joy or sorrow, the happiness of a marriage engagement or the frustration of expected union, I think we should try tactfully to bring our theoretical knowledge to bear on each case. It is easy of course for most of us, unless we are curmudgeons by nature, to joy with those who joy and so in truth vicariously to feel as they feel, though we should not, I think, "weep with those who weep" for that form of sympathy as a rule but intensifies the sorrow of the mourner. It is of course to those in emotional trouble that our theosophical knowledge should prove most useful, for all that is required for those who are emotionally satisfied is a sympathetic acquiescence in their joy. When emotional suffering is being experienced however, we ought to be able to help in a more practical fashion.

We should attempt more than is generally attempted so far as I know, to guide and warn those whose temperaments indicate they are of

an emotional nature, at any rate those with whom in any way we are closely connected or for whose well-being we are responsible. We can indicate to them some of the inevitable dangers they will run, and try to prepare them for the emotional storm and stress they are bound to encounter. An emotional child ought to be plainly taught from the period of his babyhood the necessity for self-control. The emotional girl and youth ought to be tactfully warned of the obligation of keeping a hold over their likings and dislikings, over their loves and their hates. Many, I expect, of an emotional nature suffer emotional shipwreck, because they do not know beforehand they are in any danger.

Over-stimulation of the emotional nature is one of the chief perils of present civilization. Nearly all amusements are directed to this over-stimulation. Much fiction and much poetry bring about the same result. Music and the drama chiefly concern the emotional side of life. Society functions such as balls, dances, directly encourage it, for its own ends. A too stimulating diet also plays its part, and then when catastrophe overtakes an occasional victim, he or she is tabooed and outlawed and condemned instead of pitied.

Of course, at least I hope so, our theoretical knowledge leads us to look on extravagances of emotional feeling, and possibly of action, with very much more lenient and sympathetic eyes than otherwise we should have done. That is, I always think myself, one of the greatest boons some, even a little knowledge of Theosophical teachings, brings to one. A tolerance of the evil doer arising from an understanding of why he is so acting, makes life much easier to bear. Instead of seeing erring humanity as either a child of wrath, predestined to sin and punishment, or wilfully choosing evil because he prefers evil, we see in him only a youthful soul driven forward by the cyclic law of evolution, inevitably stumbling over the difficult places his feet have not previously trodden, flinging himself from side to side, bruising himself against the prickles as he kicks against inevitable barriers. Wicked? Oh no! Ignorant only, a child soul held in the allurements of desire, who must find in time that their rose garlands hold poisoned thorns. Some of the greatest evils the earth contains lose their chief horrors for us as we contemplate them in this light. It is our duty, of course, always to war against abuses and to protect the helpless and innocent. Still, human degradation that no law can effectually, it appears, yet grapple with, so deep-seated and instinctive is the demand of the lower appetites, becomes less abhorrent to us as we understand something of the triple nature of man, his past and his future.

For man is ever a compound of the animal,

human and spiritual elements, and his stage of development is shown by which element rules the nature. The animal, the body of man with its appetites, is still the strongest element in the majority of earth's inhabitants. Look at the faces of men and women in the poorer parts of any great town, and you will see how strongly marked is the animal nature in them; how entirely it dominates the human, the intellectual. At any great public occasion, whether it be one of festivity or of sorrow, when thousands of the lower classes, as we call them, turn out to see whatever is to be seen, I have been perfectly appalled at the number of animal looking human beings our Western civilization contains. They look as if they had escaped all educational, all civilizing influence, and yet one imagines the mesh of the Educational Acts, the net of the many philanthropic agencies covering the land could not have failed to draw in these countless thousands. And even in ourselves we could confess, if we but will, how hard it often is to make reason, the human element in us, control the instinctive, and the emotional nature. We do what we want to do, so very much oftener than we do what we ought to do, and what our intelligence tells us we should do. Or we conquer our lower desires only by a conscious effort of will, and as long as we have to make this effort, so long as we are conscious of the struggle between the higher and the lower natures, the animal nature of man is paramount in our make-up. It is only when the intelligence has entire control over the emotional and instinctive nature of man, so that the desire element in him is reined, held in by the will, the outer dominated by the inner, and no sense of effort is felt, that man can be said to be truly human. Until then he is an animal masquerading in human form, deceiving himself so much by the body he wears that he boasts himself human, while sinking often lower than the animal he despises.

"Learn now that there is no cure for desire, no cure for the love of reward, no cure for the misery of longing, save in the fixing of the sight and hearing upon that which is invisible and soundless." This is of course a lesson only the more advanced can learn, and so desire plays its useful part in the lower stages of the path. For "We all desire happiness; at whatever stage of evolution man is standing, he images something he wants, he has not. The desire for something stirs him to activity on all the three planes of his being—mental, emotional and physical. To desire strongly at one stage is essential. As it has been well described, 'Pray then that you may continue to want, not that you may continue to get: for the getting in a manner comes of its own accord and it is the

ability to want that we must keep alive. For wanting means just this (Oh, I stretch out unsatisfied arms beyond the limits of the world), the capacity of growth. To want no longer means that we are old, old not only in years but old in fibre, inelastic, set rigid. Nor does it, I think, much matter what one wants, so long as it is not harmful. But for any sake, try to be keen about something."

Many are fortunately always stretching out "unsatisfied arms beyond the limits of the world," and their arms are aching because they are empty. But "as only the empty can be filled" this very painful stage—the inevitable preliminary to the attainment of discrimination and desirelessness—must be experienced. Every philosophy and every religion enjoins on its adherents the necessity of the conquest of desire and the attainment of self-control. But, by the followers of exoteric religions and systems, which have lost the doctrine of re-incarnation, and formulate their teaching in dogmatic and not scientific terms, the reasonableness of such teaching is naturally often questioned by those who feel their desires to be such a part of themselves that if they conquered or cast away their desires, they would no longer be the self they know. We who have the advantage of knowing that we have eternity to work in for the perfecting of our character have therefore laid on us the plain duty of pointing out these facts of the spiritual life to those who are ignorant of them. With the man who desires money that he may be comfortable, set above many of the material cares of life, or more nobly that he may wield power, to the woman who craves above all for love, for love, acknowledged, returned, requited, we can sympathize, and because we sympathize and understand, help. It would be useless to tell the man that material comfort is as a rule soul-destroying, and that power should be wielded only by the spiritually wise, much better encourage him to go his own way and discover for himself that money can bring comfort and luxury but not happiness, and that power is a two-edged weapon in the hand, often wounding its owner. And to the woman whose love is, if analysed, selfish, it is also useless to point out that the ideal of Love is to give and not to get, that the test of friendship and of love is the ability to do without it, much better encourage her to love in her own way, and love will in turn shape her soul to its own Divine pattern. St. Catharine of Siena, who trod the path of love and of service so boldly herself, and used love so wisely in the disciplining of her spiritual family, wrote very clearly on this point in one of her celebrated letters "We go on always forming new attachments: if God cuts off one branch we make

another. We weep to lose perishing creatures more than to lose God. And so keeping them and possessing them against the will of God, we taste ever in this life the foretaste of hell, for God so permits that a soul which loves itself with irregular love should become insupportable to itself. It suffers from everything that it possesses because it fears to lose it, and to preserve what it possesses there is anxiety and fatigue day and night. And it suffers from what it does not possess, because it desires what it cannot get. And so the soul is never at rest in the midst of the things of this world, for they are all less than us: they were made for us, we were not made for them, we were made for God alone, to enjoy His eternal and sovereign happiness."

In the mediaeval French treatise "The mirror of simple souls" lately retranslated into modern English by Evelyn Underhill, Love, Lady Love, as she is here quaintly called, is the instructress of the soul, Reason's role being simply interrogatory. The mystic's path or method of development is, as is now generally recognised, the path or the method of love, while the occultists tread the path of knowledge. One wins to his goal soaring aloft by the pure force of love; the other knows every inch of the way and plods upwards patiently. And the path each chooses is a question of temperament, though what determines temperament in the first place is still, so far as I know—and I have tried to find an answer—an unanswered question; unless we give simply the old answer. "It is the will of God." And after all the answer is correct for all, that is, is the will of God. And nought can escape the dominion of that will. He wills that by love, and the sufferings it brings in the early stages of developing, the animal will is transmuted into the human and later into the divine will, and that some shall reascend to God, Who is Love, by Love itself. He wills that others shall mount to Him by other paths of development. "Some love in gusts of overpowering devotion: and some steadily and quietly, like a well-trimmed flame. Some give—give, give all the while, and never ask back. These, I think are already divine. Some cry "Love me! only show that you love me!" Just that every minute of the day. Some love sternly, sulkily but unquenchably: they turn the arrows of Eros upon themselves, and wound themselves cruelly, drawing the barbs through their flesh, with a strange fierce joy. And that which each does in the human relations will govern his actions towards the absolute also."

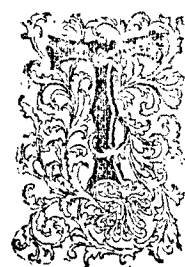
In his "Vita Nuova" Dante summarized the two great stages of the path of love, the selfish love which is being fashioned by pain into the divine love, and the love which, seeking nothing



but to give, escapes all sense of loss, when he wrote the celebrated passages "Certainly the Lordship of Love is evil, seeing that the more homage his servants pay him the more grievous and painful are the torments wherewith he torments them," and "Certainly the Lordship of Love is good, seeing that it diverts the mind from all mean thoughts." "Lord God, when shall I be wholly one with Thee?" is the constant thought of the man whose love has become unselfish enough to rise above the stage of desiring human love, to long for the bliss of Divine Union. The worthy love aspires however for this Divine Union, only because he knows that "happiness is a great love and much serving" and so longs to take his part in sustaining that great Reservoir of Love which alone keeps and maintains the Universe in its place and Whom we call God and know as Love.

ELIZABETH SEWERS.

### Molino's Spiritual Guide



HE spiritual guide which disentangles the soul and brings it by the inward way to fruition of perfect contemplation and the rich treasure of internal peace," written by Don Michael de Molino, priest, and published in Rome in 1675 is one of the best known Christian devotional works.\*

Its author, Michael de Molino was born at Saragossa in 1627. In time he became a priest and appeared in Rome in 1669-1670, being described as "a man of middle height and fine presence, with a bright colour, black hair and a grave countenance." His personal charm, his learning, his piety soon marked him out and he became a religious celebrity at Rome. His spiritual teaching may be summed up in the well known words "Be still and know that I am God." The first edition of the spiritual guide was prefaced by commendations from several well-known ecclesiastics, who then pronounced the book to be "a priceless jewel and manual of piety and perfection." In less than six years twenty editions appeared and the success of Molino's teaching soon aroused the enmity of that formidable body, the Jesuits.

It is obvious that the teaching of the Quietist doctrines has its dangers for a Church, so founded as the Roman Catholic division of Christianity

\*These biographical details and the quotations are taken from Mrs. Lyttleton's edition of "The Spiritual Guide," Methuen & Co., London.

is on the efficacy of religious forms and ceremonies. As Mme. Guyon also found in France, the Roman Catholic Church views with a jealous eye any who lay more stress on the cultivation of the inner life than in attendance on the rites and services of the Church. Molino laid an axe at the Church's chief instrument of power, when he taught that the reception of the Holy Communion need not be prefaced by confession. Accordingly the Jesuits stirred up an alarm, soon followed by an investigation into the orthodoxy of Molino's teaching. A commission was appointed in 1682 to inquire into his writings, which however passed the ordeal. Political pressure was then brought to bear by the Jesuits through the instrumentality of the bigoted Louis XIV. The Pope referred the matter to the inquisition and in May 1685 Molino was arrested and imprisoned. His private correspondence, which included over 29,000 letters was used against him and for two years, during which time the popular feeling at first actively in his favour died down, Molino was kept in prison. The records of the inquisition as to Molino's trial have never been published, but such scandalous reports were circulated as to Molino's teaching and his private life that the popular voice—and the voice of the people is not often the voice of God—demanded his condemnation and death. Over two hundred of his adherents, including priests and members of the highest nobility, shared his imprisonment and finally Molino's recantation was announced. Some believed it was obtained by torture. The Inquisition on August 28, 1687, found Molino guilty "of having taught and practised Godless doctrines and sixty-eight propositions which had been extracted partly from his writings and partly from the declarations of his followers were declared to be heretical, blasphemous, offensive to pious ears, insolent, dangerous and destructive of Christian morality. His books and papers were ordered to be burnt and if any one should retain such writings he should be excommunicated."

Molino's public recantation was made an affair of great ceremony and indulgences of fifteen years were promised to all who should attend the ceremony. "The crowd was in consequence so great that some were injured, when on the third of September, 1687 at the Church of St. Maria Sopra Minerva, Molino, a man of some sixty years of age, dignified and melancholy, attired in a penitential garb and bearing a burning torch between his bound hands" abjured his heresy. Life-long imprisonment was Molino's fate, but his last words to the Dominican priest who saw him to his prison in the Dominican Convent of St. Pietro Montorio are significant. "Good bye, Father" he said "we shall meet again on the judgment day and then it will be seen if the

truth were on your side or on mine." Words which indicate that whatever motive underlay his abjuration Molino believed to the end in his own doctrines. His fate is uncertain; his death was authoritatively announced at Rome on December 1693, when rumours of poison were heard. His body is said to rest in the Church of St. Pietro Montorio under the inscription, "Here is the body of D. D. Molino, the great heretic." Let us now consider the teaching of this true martyr and teacher of the inward way and take his teaching, as I consider is ever the best way, from his own writing.

In the preface we read, "Mystical knowledge proceeds not with, but from experience;" the universal conclusion of all who write on mysticism. He proceeds "It is not surprising that new spiritual books are every day published in the world, because God hath every-day new lights to communicate and souls stand always in need of these instructions. All things have not been said nor all things written, hence it is there will be writers to the end of the world," a point which holds good to the present day. "The many and grievous pains and difficulties of the inward way ought not to make a soul despond, because it is but reasonable that a thing of great value should cost dear. It hath been my first scope then, not to make sure the inward way, but to dislumber it, my next hath been to instruct the spiritual director." Meditation, or "discursive thought or reasoning," not what we mean by meditation, is to Molino one of two ways by which God may be approached, "the other being by internal recollection or contemplation." "The first is the way of beginners, the second of proficient. The first is sensible and material; the second detached, pure and interior. Good reason have the saints to say that meditation operates with toil, with fruit. Contemplation without toil but with quiet, rest, peace, delight and for greater fruit. Meditation sows, but contemplation reaps; meditation seeks, but contemplation finds; meditation prepares the food but contemplation savours it and feeds on it." "There are moreover two ways of contemplation—the one imperfect, active and acquired, the other infused and passive. No man ought to be so bold as to pass to contemplation from the state of meditation without the counsel of an expert director, (the doctrine of the Guru which we find equally in Christianity, Hinduism and Sufism), or if there be no director the soul herself should know it by some book treating of these matters sent to her by the Divine providence."

The soul seeks solitude and avoids conversation; the reading of Godly books is usually tedious, the soul firmly proposes to persevere in prayer. She will experience a great know-

ledge of herself abhorring her sins and perceiving better the great holiness of God.

"The way of inner peace consists in conforming ourselves in all things to the Divine will and rebellion of the will is said to be the chief reason of our disquiet."

"Thy soul is the centre, habitation and kingdom of God. Therefore to the end the Sovereign King may rest on that throne, thou oughtest to take pains to keep thy soul pure, quiet, void and peaceable and pure from guilt and defects; quiet from fears; void of affections, desires and thoughts; and peaceable in temptations and tribulations."

And a practical touch. "The soul from whom mental discourse has been solicitously taken, ought not to strain herself nor seek for more knowledge, but continue quiet, firm and constant, letting the Lord work his will, though she may seem to be alone, exhausted and full of darkness."

On the doctrine of the immanence of God, Molino quotes the Angelical Doctor St. Thomas, "who, circumspect as he is in his writings, seems yet to jeer at those who are always seeking for God without means of reasoning when they have him present within themselves." "There is great blindness and excessive folly in some," says the Saint, "who always seek God, continually sigh after God, often long after God, invoke and call upon God daily in prayer; they therefore (according to the Apostle) bring the living temple of God and His true habitation, since their soul is the seat and throne of God where He continually rests. Who then but a fool will look for an instrument abroad, when he knows he has it fast shut up within doors? Or who can refresh himself with the food he desires and yet not taste it? Such exactly is the life of some just men, who are continually seeking and never enjoying and therefore all their works are imperfect."

Molino's teaching is terse, simple, direct and, above all, practical. Couched naturally in the Christian terminology, we yet find his words bear the true mystic stamp of universality. His book is one in which the spiritually-minded of every creed might find instruction. Its teaching bears witness to the personal spiritual experiences of the author, though his own personality is never obtruded.

We find the usual mystical teaching as to the imperative necessity of the extinction of all desires; hard as the saying is to the non-mystic. "The way of inward peace consists in conforming ourselves in all things to the Divine Will, and again "Desire nothing and then nothing can trouble thee." Gerson is cited on the importance of the child-like spirit. Gerson 1369—1429, the famous Chancellor of the University of

Paris, who destroyed the great schism and brought about the unity of the Church under Pope Martin, "Though I have spent forty years in reading and prayer yet I never could find anything more efficacious, nor for attaining to mystical theology more direct than that the Spirit should become like a little child and a beggar in the presence of God." Dryness is defined "as the instrument of thy good, 'for so is the beginning when God intends after an extraordinary manner to guide the soul into the school of Divine and loving knowledge of the internal law. He causes her to suffer darkness and dryness that He may bring her more to herself." Later we find that the fruits of dryness are nine in number and may be summarized as perseverance in prayer, consciousness of sin, a quickening of conscience; willingness to suffer and to do God's will, an inclination to virtue and greater ease in self conquest. The virtue of obedience is pointed out and St. Bonaventura is quoted as follows, "Obedience must be ready without delay, devout without wearying, voluntary without contradiction, simple without examination, persevering without resting, orderly without deviation, pleasant without trouble, valiant without faintheartedness and universal without exception."

And this prompt and perfect obedience is from the context to be given to the director, for the text continues, "When a man is resolved to be governed by himself he is lost and deceived. Although the soul has very strong proofs that it is a good spirit that speaks to her, yet unless she submit to the judgment of the Spiritual Director, let it be esteemed an evil spirit. Thus says Gerson, as also many other spiritual masters."

Chapter XVII is of "divine wisdom," which is defined as "an intellectual and diffused knowledge of the Divine perfections and of the things Eternal, which ought rather to be called Contemplation than speculation. Science is acquired and begets the knowledge of nature. Wisdom is infused and begets the knowledge of the Divine Goodness. The wise live absorbed in God Himself."

We find the religious teachers' usual insistence on the value of silence. "It is a great mark of a wise man to do much and say little." Also attention is drawn to a point that puzzles many people at the present day. "Ordinarily it is seen that in the men who have much scholastic and speculative knowledge, Divine wisdom doth not predominate. But none of those who follow that way which is called scholastic ever arrive by that alobe at the mystic way. These men of learning who are merely scholastic know not what is meant by the spirit, nor what it is to be lost in God. Nay, some there are which do even condemn this mystical science because they neither understand nor relish it. I am not sure that there is not some truth to-day in the statement: 'The greater part

of the men of our time are miserable, because they only study to satisfy the insatiable curiosity of human nature. As we are living at a time when the evolution of the intellect is the task set humanity, it is not surprising to find that the intellect has temporarily usurped the place of the spirit, and that every truth is tried at the bar of reason." Molino gives his readers some very practical counsels as to ethics. They are not to look upon other men's faults but upon their own; "to mortify thyself by not judging ill of anybody at any time. Never wilt thou have perfect resignation if thou mindest human respects and makest to thyself a little idol of what people say. Hold it for a true maxim that no one can injure or hurt a soul which despises herself and which knows herself to be as nothing. Finally, hope, suffer, be silent and patient; let nothing disturb thee, nothing affright thee, for all will come to an end; God only is unchangeable and patience will obtain all things."

On temptation we find "Thou art to know then that temptation is thy great happiness; so that the more it besets thee, the more thou oughtest to rejoice in peace; in state of being sad, and to thank God for the favour He does thee. Finally thou art to know, that the greatest temptation is to be without temptation. That the quietest road is a difficult one is not disguised; for the above quotation indicates that it calls for the heroic soul. "Although there are many that enter into this inner way, yet it is a rare thing for a soul to go on, and not stick on the entrance. The Lord said to a soul, 'This inner way is for the few; it is so high a grace that none deserve it, few walk in it; because it is none other than a death of the senses, and few there are that are willing so to die and be annihilated.' Again, "To deny oneself in all things, to be subject to another's judgment, to mortify continually all inward passions, to annihilate oneself in all respects, to follow continually that which is contrary to one's own will, appetite and judgment, are things that few can do; many are they that teach them, but few are they that practise them."

The heading of the final chapter is "A loving exclamation and lamentable man to God for the small company of souls that attain to perfection to the loving Union and the Divine transformation;" the quaint phraseology of the period lends a charm of its own to the work.

The duty of non-interference is insisted on. "The true lesson for the spiritual man and that which thou oughtest to learn, is, to leave all things in their place and not intermeddle with any but what thy office may oblige thee to."

"There are three kinds of silences; the first is of words; the second is of desires; the third is of thoughts. The first is perfect, the second

more perfect, the third most perfect. In the first, that is of words, virtue is acquired, in the second, to wit, of desires, quietness is obtained; and in the third, that of thoughts, internal recollection. By not speaking, not thinking, and not desiring, the true and perfect mystical silence is reached, wherein God speaks with the soul, communicates Himself to her, and in her inmost depth teaches her the most perfect and exalted Wisdom." This doctrine of silence is, of course, the central doctrine of Quietism, that which gave it its name, and which is always associated with Molino's teaching, though, as Mrs. Lyllelton points out, St. Theresa's teachings also contain its germs.

"There are four things," Molino taught "which are most necessary for attaining to perfection, and Internal Peace." The first is Prayer, the second Obedience, the third frequent Communion, the fourth Internal Mortification. By frequent Communion he meant daily Communion, "by which means every day thou wilt improve and profit." The same spirit which animated the earlier mystics, St. Catherine of Siena and the author of the "Imitation of Christ" penetrates Molino's writing on this great mystery and he also breaks forth with cries and ejaculations of humility, gratitude and love, "Eat, O soul of this heavenly food, eat and persevere, come with humility, come with faith to feed on this white and Divine Bread: for this is the mark of souls and from hence love draws its arrows saying 'Come, O soul; and eat this savoury food, if thou wouldst acquire Purity, Chastity, Charity, Light, Fortitude, Perfection, and Peace.'"

Molino takes the very sensible view that internal mortification, "the soul of prayer," is preferable to rigid and indiscreet bodily austerities, which he writes, "beget and make natural a certain bitterness of heart towards themselves and their neighbours which is very unlike the true spirit. The wise and skilful Director therefore must take care not to permit those souls to perform the excess of corporal and external penances . . . because it is not good to spend the body and the spiritual life at once, nor to break their strength by rigorous and excessive penances, seeing they are weakened by internal mortification." He knew human nature well when he wrote "Know that the mortifications and penances which someone undertakes for himself are light in comparison with those he takes from another's hands."

There is a strong sense of classification in Molino's writing. To give a few instances, "We find two sorts of devotion, the one essential and true, the other accidental and sensible; two sorts of darknesses, some unhappy and others happy; two sorts of spiritual persons, internal and external; two ways for the cleansing of

the soul on the way to Divine union, "The first is that of the bitter waters of affliction, anguish, distress, and inward torments. The second is that of the burning fire of inflamed Love, a love impatient and hungry." No one but a true lover of God or of man, could have penned that phrase, for what else is love desiring union but impatient and hungry? It is the very driving force of its hunger and its impatience that overcomes all obstacles and is essential to success.

We realize the unity of religious practices that characterises the lovers of God when we read of the profound great mystic, the venerable Gregory Lopez, (a footnote adds, a Mexican hermit who died in 1596), who continually repeated the ejaculation "Thy will be done in time and in eternity" for three years and God discovered to him the infinite treasure of the pure and continuous act of faith and love with silence and resignation, so that he came to say that during the thirty-six years he lived after, he always continued internally that pure act of love, without ever uttering any petition or ejaculation or anything to the senses or nature. This story sounds more like the Yoga practice of some Indian ascetic than the habit of a Christian saint, and illustrates how love in every religion finds similar expression. There are two ways by which souls ascend to the felicity of contemplation and of perfect love. They are pleasure and desire.

The steps of infused contemplation are three. The first is satiety when the soul is filled with God; the second is inebriation, and this step is a mental excess and an elevation of soul born to Divine love and its fullness. The third is security; in this step she so experiences the bond of the divine union, that it seems to her impossible to be separated from her beloved and from His infinite treasure.

There are six other steps of contemplation, which are these—fire, union, elevation, illumination and repose and pleasure. There are many other steps of contemplation, such as, extasies, raptures, exultation, union, transformation, which I omit to explain, so as to give no occasion for their consideration. And also because there are whole books which treat of these points, although these feelings for those who do not experience them are as colour to the blind man or as music to the deaf man. The last sentence shows that the seventeenth century teacher met with the same difficulties as his twentieth century successor. The nineteenth chapter "Of true and perfect annihilation" and the twentieth headed "In which it is shown how nothingness is the ready way to obtain purity of soul, perfect contemplation and the rich treasure of internal peace giving the summation of the quietest teaching," contain the points most likely to be misunderstood. But after all, the

word, annihilation, only means that forgetfulness of self, that contempt of self and of worldly interests which all religions say is necessary for absorption or union with the divine and which seems to me to have its equivalent in the Hindu Viveka and Viragia. And Molino has taught its positive side, for it includes a great esteem for God, so that He may be loved, adored and followed without the slightest self-interest, be it ever so holy. The happy soul is that which is thus dead and annihilated. She lives no longer in herself, because God lives in her. "And now it may be most truly said of her that she is like the Phoenix, because she is changed, spiritualized, transformed and deified." "Nothingness" means "the soul dying to herself and to the senses in many ways and at all hours," the spiritual death by which the twice-born are made. A great truth lies in the remark "we seek ourselves every time, we emerge from nothingness" and again "by the way of nothingness thou must come to lose thyself in God, (which is the highest degree of perfection) and happy wilt thou be if thou canst so lose thyself; then wilt thou gain thyself again and find thyself most certainly." The familiar "We die to live," is Christian in phraseology; only by that which is death to the old Adam, can the new Adam, the little child, be born, and the individuality assert its Divine nature.

And then the consummation of the long pilgrimage, "the soul knows herself to be filled with God and with His supernatural gifts; she has become an ocean of joy." The Eastern religion tells us that God is bliss and the Christian's experience conforms the statement and a very significant conclusion. "So great therefore is the quiet of this pure soul which has climbed the mountain of tranquillity; so great is the peace of her spirit; so great the serenity and cheerfulness of that within, that even without there is apparent a fragment and shimmer of God."

The conscious deification of man has been attained; man in the beginning, "a God though in the germ" has unfolded his Divine nature to its full limits and has returned to his Father's house, fully conscious, at last, of his divinity and of his Divine Sonship.

ELISABETH SEVERS.



## The Dignity of Womanhood



IN no country in the world do we find woman held in such high honour and respect as in our ancient land of India. There was once a time when Hindu women were looked upon with honour and dignity. They were considered the most sacred things on earth. They were looked upon as divine incarnations and were addressed as such. They had perfect freedom and liberty of speech and were allowed to do, unchecked and unviolated, what even was unbecoming to their dignity and womanhood. We see Hindu women in all departments of life. We find them as warriors and rulers, poetesses and writers of romance, and philosophers and moralists. In one and all of these departments, they proved to be not only in no way inferior to man but on the other hand showed that they were right worthy of the dignity which they claimed. Men, too, recognized their worth and paid honour to beauty, delicacy and modesty. In the Vedas one can read such passages as 'the tears of women draw down the fires of heaven on those who make them flow,' 'evil to him who laughs at a woman's suffering, God shall laugh at his prayers,' 'He is not a true husband who does not regard his wife's body as sacred as the temple of God.' Such passages of honour and dignity can only be read in ancient Hindu literature. The Puranas also give abundant proof of the dignity and honour shown to woman. Can we not view the whole of the Ramayana as nothing but the tribute of chivalry shown to the modesty and dignity of Sita? Would Hanuman and the other brave warriors have undergone trouble, misery and hardship in the cause of Rama and Sita, had they not held womanhood in high honour and dignity? Again, do we not read in Manu, the ancient Law-giver: 'A woman's body must not be struck even with a flower; he shall be outcast who strikes a woman with hatred or anger.'

In the mythology of India, the one thing that clearly strikes us is that India possessed goddesses. In no country in the world do we find so many goddesses looked upon with honour and the prestige equal to gods. Each goddess was indispensable to her lord and almost every Indian god had a loving goddess devoted to him. This notion is clearly the reflection of the sentiment of the age. It proves that the wife is indispensable to man. In the Mahabharata we can read such passages as these: 'A wife is half the man—his truest friend. A loving wife is a perpetual

spring of joy. A faithful wife is his best aid in seeking heavenly bliss. A sweetly-speaking wife is a companion in solitude, a father in advice and a mother in all seasons of distress.'

Such was the tribute paid to women in former times. Men did not interfere in their works and much less did they control their thought and action. Each helped the other when help was necessary. They were brought up and educated with great care. A husband was not thrust upon them, but they were allowed to choose their own, as was shown by the Svayamvara system, or were at liberty to remain unmarried if they chose. The fact that they did not misuse their liberty might be seen by the devoted and spotless lives led by Sita, Lopamudra, Aditi, Maiteryi, Drowpadi and Areyi, all accomplished women of their age. Their devotion to their husbands was simply marvellous. The love and devotion of Sita to her husband enabled her to give up all her pleasures and comfort to follow him into the dense forest and wild jungles and suffer an exile of fourteen years. No less worthy of our admiration is the obedience of Drowpadi and her love and devotion to her lords, in their banishment, and that of Chandramati the wife of Harishchandra and of Damayanti the wife of Nala. Such heroic devoted women are not wanting even now in our land. Every Hindu house shows at least one woman who is attached to her lord and is ready to undergo untold misery and suffering for the honour of him, her dear lord, whom she loves and adores next to God.

Broadly speaking, we may say that the honour shown to womanhood is the index of a nation's civilization, for no enlightened country will depreciate its women. The high esteem with which women were regarded in India might also be seen by the functions allocated to women. There is no work which a woman cannot do.

"They talk about a woman's sphere  
As though it had a limit:  
There's not a place in earth or heaven,  
There's not a task to mankind given,  
There's not a blessing or a woe,  
There's not a whisper, yes or no,  
There's not a life or death or birth,  
That has a feather's weight of worth  
Without a woman in it."

Yet in the division of labour, easy works, less straining and less difficult but requiring more endurance, patience and all womanly qualities of love, sympathy and kindness, were given to them. All domestic works such as cooking, house-keeping, looking after children fell to their part and they worked at them with gladness and love. Men took on them the more difficult work of labouring out, to provide for the family. In short man's business was to earn and woman's was to utilise wisely. Even now

she is the queen of the house and is highly honoured and there is no truth in the saying that she is treated like a slave.

Englishmen are proud of their houses and call them 'sweet home, and there is no place like home.' The same thing may be said of some of our Indian homes. The sweet thing here is the mistress. Deprive such of their loving, obedient, cheerful mistresses, and you take away half the comfort and joy of the house.

"Our homes are cheerier for her sake  
Our door-yards brighter blooming  
And all about the social air  
Is sweeter for her coming."

Again in India some homes are the schools where we can learn patience, perseverance, humility, love, respect and obedience. The amount of perseverance, love, patience that a woman displays in her domestic work cannot go without leaving their traces, however feeble, on the inmates of the house.

Yet our Indian women are lacking in one thing which is most essential for the advancement of the nation. The Indian home is not what it was some centuries back; many superstitions and much ignorance have crept into them. The Mohammadan rule in India kept our women in darkness and made them in consequence ignorant and superstitious. The long rule of Mohammadans hindered the education of our women and forced them to marry at an early age when they were not fit for the task of being mistresses of a house. The custom has survived and in spite of the benign British Government and the dawn of civilization we find the light of knowledge not diffused into every nook and corner of the house, to dispel the darkness of ignorance and superstition that has accumulated from centuries in the narrow minds of our women. Only a few per cent. of our women are educated, but the rest are merged in the ocean of darkness. Men are the cause of their darkness, they force them to marry at any early age and give them no education. They think that if men are educated it is enough and all can go well, and they seem to forget the influence women have over them in their homes.

They seem to forget that

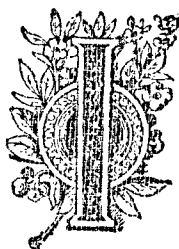
"The woman's cause is man's, they rise or sink  
together, dwarf'd or god-like, bond or free."

It is wisdom that raises one superior to all, but it is knowledge that enables one to have wisdom; and knowledge is got by education. Knowledge is a jewel that adorns the wearer, whether the wearer be male or female. The Indian deity of wisdom and learning, we see, is the goddess Sarasvati and she is a sign that learning in the hands of delicacy and modesty is better adorned than a precious jewel set amidst fine gold. Here

it is not meant that only English education must be given to our women, but any sort of education that develops the mind, quickens the intellect and elevates the heart. Then the prestige of Indian women will be raised and the whole world will fall at their feet and hail them as mother-goddesses incarnated on earth.

S. NARAYANAMURTI RAO.

## A Dream



**I** DREAM and in my dream I left the quiet room in which I had been sitting, a room to the outer eye so tranquil, but which now seemed to me penetrated through and through by the very spirit of unrest and I went out to pursue my quest outside walls.

For many long days and months and years thirst had been on me to find the Lord, to have some sign, some glimpse, of His presence His working.

Sometimes it had seemed to me as if He was so close to me that only a veil divided me from Him, and my heart yearned to rend the veiling veil and to behold Him face to face. Ever I sought and found Him not. Now in market place of the town I lived in the market where some men were selling and some men were buying and patient long-suffering beasts were waiting their fate of new ownership or slaughter-house. How could I have been near enough to expect Him in the peddling and chaffing throng, though I thought I saw more of the Christ-like spirit in the meek eyes of the driven cattle than in men's hard and cruel eyes. And thus I came away from the hot and noisy mart, and turned for refreshment of my soul to a spirit into a house of prayer. Here, surprised to myself, shall I find spiritual rest and feel the Lord's influence and nearer presence more in the building that bears His name dedicated to His service than in the outer world. Confidently then I pushed open a swing door and entered expectantly. Before the altar stood a young and beautiful girl, dressed in the bride's white robe, and with her head modestly veiled and by her side stood a stout, middle-aged man with a coarse repellent face, and as I entered the priest was blessing their union, proclaiming them man and wife in the name of the Holy

Trinity. And I saw that the eyes of the woman were filled with a wild desperation and panic fear. She looked like a creature trapped and at bay and the man knew it, yet eyed her shrinking form with an air of possessive triumph that but barely concealed the passion of lust that consumed him. The Church became a desecrated place to me and I could not stop where love was profaned in the name of God and I quitted the Church more rapidly than I had left the mart. I wandered on sick at heart. I did not know where to look for Him I sought. And yet I felt I could not go home with my quest unaccomplished. After some time spent in aimless wandering, I saw a sweet-faced woman entering a house and I, though uninvited, went in with her, for I thought she may know something of that I seek. The lady entered a room where a young child was sitting and as the boy sprang up to meet his mother, I saw that he was a cripple and the face of the mother darkened as her eyes fell on her child. I saw that her great love for her son filled her heart with bitterness and rebellion, because of the child's deformity and suffering.

So poignant was her feeling that her anguish filled the room like a dark cloud and I knew that the veil thickened that divided us both from the Lord we loved, but whom she feared, because His method of working was not clear to her vision and His hand was heavy, or so she thought, on the child she adored. I left the sad room I had no capacity to cheer and resumed my quest.

As I left the house, a young priest passed me by, and as he went his way, perhaps, because of the urgency of his thoughts, he knocked rather roughly against my arm and as he turned to apologise I saw a soul darkened by doubt, uncertainty, and vain speculation looking at me from his eyes. I recognised that he, the Lord's consecrated servant, was in agonies of doubt as to the Lord's very existence, counted himself among the agnostic, the unknowing and felt himself a hypocrite in the garb he wore and again I could do nothing to help.

On I walked through the foul outskirts of a large city; through which my way, though to what goal I was directing my steps I did not know, took me. It was by now late in the evening, the streets were filled with villainous-looking men smoking foul tobacco, lounging at street corners or staggering about half drunk, quarrelling and abusive. The street was lined by mean shabby looking dilapidated houses and on the door steps or gossiping in front of their houses sat or stood women talking with one another in small groups. Dirty, ragged, dishevelled-looking women they were and many I noticed were nursing mothers—they held tiny, undersized, sickly children, born it seemed, to a heritage of crime and disease. The gutter swarmed with

filthy children playing in the mud; and with the offal of the streets for playthings. The scene was one of almost indescribable squalor and offensiveness. The place seemed to swarm with dirt, disease and wretchedness, where certainly there appeared no chance of finding that I sought, and my pace quickened, desperate with longing for relief from all this misery. I turned, still walking mechanically, as my feet, and not my reason led me into a long long road. Presently I found myself approaching a very large official-looking building, barrack-like, very carefully guarded and barred. Yet I passed in, unquestioned, unchallenged, no one asking me for credentials or inquiring as to my errand. I entered into the very centre of the building, no one hindering me, and some inner sense directed my steps, so that I walked on quickly as to a certain goal, neither deviating to the right nor to the left.

On I walked through bare whitewashed passages, in which I saw nothing but barred and locked doors, until I came to a large bare, light room, in which were rows of beds and women occupying the beds, and nurses in a neat uniform flitting about the room, and my heart sang within me as I entered the room, for something said within me "Here you shall find what you have come out to seek."

I walked straight to the bedside of a middle-aged woman lying white and exhausted with her eyes shut as if asleep, but I saw she was not asleep but was only resting in the almost torpor of exhaustion. She was in sooth too spent, too utterly weary, to do aught but lie quite still and motionless. As I looked at the woman lying white and still with shut eyes before me, I recognised in her a woman famous throughout Europe and in fact throughout the world for her eloquence, her courage, and for the whole-hearted devotion with which literally she had fought for the cause in which she believed, and to which she had given her life. I knew it was the deeds done to advance the cause, as she believed, which had brought her here, a weak and suffering prisoner.

As I looked at the woman with these thoughts in my mind, she opened her eyes, and looked straight at me, and it seemed as if her eyes were those of the Christ I worshipped and I fell on my knees by her bedside in awed wonder and reverence.

For behind the prostrate form glimmered and shone a glowing halo of light, brilliant exceedingly, and ever in motion. And I seemed to hear the words, they were so faintly uttered I had to strain my ears to catch their sound, and yet so penetrating a sweetness and melody went with them it was as if the room were filled with divinest melody "I, too used violence in my

day; I overturned the tables of the money-changers and the seats of them who sold the doves. I drove out with blows those who profaned my house of prayer—and the chief priests moved with indignation encompassed my death." And then the voice ceased. But as I heard the words, surely a miracle happened! Behind the form lying in the bed, another figure appeared, and I saw momentarily the bleeding and scourged Christ, with the crown of thorns upon His forehead and with drops of blood falling from the forehead on His limbs and on His face His mark of a heavy blow. And again words sounded in my ears, while the Christ raised His hand over the prostrate figure in the bed as if in benediction. "Blessed are they who have been persecuted for righteousness' sake, for their's is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when men shall reproach you or persecute you and say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Rejoice and be exceedingly glad, for great is your reward in heaven, for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." And as the words died away, the vision also vanished, and in its stead I saw again the bare infirmary walls and the woman lying with shut eyes in her prison bed.

I returned to my home, utterly content I had seen that I had come out to see, where indeed I had not expected to see it or to find my Lord and Master. But I understood that in those who, in utter forgetfulness of self, dedicate all their powers to help the world Christ came to save, setting at naught the opinions of their age, breaking the conventionalities of their time even as this woman had done, using even violence for the cause she loved better than life itself, the Christ-like spirit abode and He Himself was near His servant.

ELISABETH SEVERS.





## Welcome Song to Lady Hardinge

*By the Ladies' Recreation Club, Madras*

I.

Vicereine of India, on this day,  
Hearken to the merry lay  
Which rises from our hearts at this most joyous meeting,  
Where the daughters of England,  
And their sisters of India,  
United—friendly, join to give you happy greeting.  
The red rose of old England,  
And the lotus of India,  
United—friendly, join to give you happy greeting.

2

We speak the thought in each one's mind,  
And thank you for your presence kind,  
Welcoming you to this our Club's most pleasant meeting:  
Where the daughters of England,  
And their sisters of India,  
United—friendly, join to voice their hearty greeting.  
The red rose of old England,  
And the lotus of India,  
United—friendly, join to voice their hearty greeting.

3

Sons of the Empire, brothers for ever,  
May the Briton and Indian always unite,  
In the battle of life to uphold the right:  
Strong in the bond that nothing shall sever,  
Sons of the Empire, brothers for ever!  
Vicereine of India, on this day,  
Hearken to the merry lay,  
Which rises from our hearts at this most joyous meeting,  
Where the daughters of England,  
And their sisters of India,  
United—friendly, join to give you happy greeting.  
The red rose of old England,  
And the lotus of India,  
United—friendly, join to give you happy greeting.

## Women and the Caste System



THE contact with the Western Civilization which our time-honored Oriental Civilization had perforce to endure for over a couple of centuries has brought with it a readjustment of our relationship with the various forces that were hitherto

our unerring and apparently unimpeachable guides in our National life. One of such forces viz., the Caste System, has been so stirred up to its depths by the onward march of Western ideas and Western ways of thinking, that even ardent lovers of Ancient Systems like Swami Vivekananda had to recognise the need for "The Reform of Caste," and even Philo-Aryan Miss Besant had to lecture on "The passing of the Caste System." If then, as to me it appears inevitable, there should be a change in our attitude towards the Caste System, what is that change to be like and what should be the part to be played by our Hindu women in facilitating and even accelerating that change? These are the questions that are attempted to be jointly answered in the following lines and the writer of this article is conscious that his views on this still unsettled subject of 'Caste Reform' are not, as those of any other, infallible and that such an exposition of his views as is here attempted may at best tend only to focus public opinion towards a speedy solution of this all-important problem.

In dealing with the question of what attitude our women should assume towards the Caste System, one is handicapped by the absence in our women of any desire to change for the better. The ingrained apathy for any progressive measure and the suspicion that the Indian Society is being attempted to be denationalised by salutary reforms like the widow remarriage—these are but a few of the stumbling blocks in our attempts to widen the intellectual horizon of our women. The pride of birth which every Hindu woman instinctively feels towards a Christian or a Mahomedan woman is another deep-rooted sentiment that is hard to be eradicated. Lastly, the optimistic view of our present conditions and the firm belief that the infallible wisdom of our Ancients ordained everything in the best possible manner—these, coupled with

the above-mentioned obstacles render a Reformer's task far from easy or pleasant. Yet, 'even the cloud has a silver lining' and even the conservative women have to bow down to the irresistible operations of the Law of Progress. A Hindu woman, especially in a city, can hardly hope to remain unaffected by the changed conditions in our life that render it difficult for an orthodox Hindu to keep caste in the same rigid manner as before. She has to recognise that her husband or son is very often contaminated in the office or the school by the touch of a Mahomedan or a Melacha or one of the "untouchables." She has to recognise that herself and her daughter may be made to seek the help of a Lady Doctor or a Christian midwife in times of child-birth and that even as regards education on modern lines contact with a Missionary teacher is often unavoidable. She notes perhaps with regret that in Railways and Trams passengers are huddled together, irrespective of their claims to remain unpolluted by the touch of others. Nor is this all. She may have a son, wayward enough to fall in love with a Christian girl and threatening to fling to the winds the solemn injunctions of the Shastras. Furthermore, the increased facilities for match-making busybodies entangling innocent folk in undesirable connections may have wheedled her to contract a marriage for her son or daughter in a family which she subsequently finds to be of an inferior caste and then she has to endure what cannot be cured. These are some of the ways in which even a conservative Hindu woman may have to face the Problem of what to do with the Caste System, and where is the Reformer's opportunity to see that the rigidity of the System is broken down as early and as rapidly as possible?

To effect this end, therefore, it behoves a Reformer to see that the Hindu women are taught that

"The old order changeth yielding place to new,

Lest one good custom should corrupt the world"; that no institution in the world can be perfect, and that the moment the evils arising out of an institution tend to swamp the good that it is expected to bring forth, we are in duty bound to set about the reformation of that institution. He should teach them that originally the Aryans had no caste and that the Caste System might have been instituted partly to prevent the Aryans from degenerating by freely marrying into the inferior races and partly to improve the society by making its members confined to the particular vocations to which they show an aptitude. He should teach them that formerly a Kshatriya could become a Brahmin as in the case of Viswamitra, that even the Pariah Nan-

danar became a Brahmin at the end of his life, and that at the time no man was considered a Brahmin, simply because he was born a Brahmin, his caste having been determined only at the Upanayanam ceremony from the particular vocation to which he appeared best fitted. A Hindu woman should be taught that the Caste System gave effect to the principle of the division of labour and was probably intended to stimulate energy and bring about hearty co-operation among the members of the different castes and certainly not to cause hostility among these castes or to lead to a haughty assumption of superiority of any one caste over the rest. A Hindu woman should be taught that there is not a slightest ground or authority for her considering as inferior a Mahomedan or a Christian woman of good birth and that she ought to recognise her sisterhood with them and act with consideration and politeness towards them. A Hindu woman should be taught the inherent equality of all human beings and the right of every individual to demand equal opportunities with the rest and should be made to realise that, as Tolstoy said, separation into castes is due to a perversion of religion. There should also be a frequent intermingling of the ladies of the various castes and the exchanging of mutual visits among them. They should also be made to give up their prejudices against inter-dining and should be made to recognise that society would improve if there is a wider field for the selection of marriageable persons, as long as their birth is legitimate and that it is a law of nature that marriages among close relatives are productive of evil not only to the persons marrying, but also to progeny. They should also be taught that the institution of caste has outlived its time, as it no longer gives effect to the principle of the division of labour and as reversion to its primordial simplicity and utility is in the present circumstances impossible; that we should therefore try in every possible way to nullify its restrictions in respect of inter-dining and inter-marriage at least as far as the sub-castes and their sub-sections are concerned; and that the prejudices and the inclusiveness caused by the Caste System should not be allowed to hamper us in our efforts to become a nation.

So far we have been treating about what should be done by us with regard to women. Let us now see what should be done by men to bring about a change in the attitude of women towards the Caste System. In the first place, it seems to me very likely that even many of our educated men have not bestowed sufficient thought upon the question of the utility and the reformation of our Caste System. Else it is incomprehensible why the absurd demands on our actions very often made in the name of caste

should be tamely submitted to by many of our educated brethren. It is also probable that a good number of them may be influenced by the same blind veneration for the past that dims the mental vision of many of our less intellectual brethren and our unfortunate sisters. Even if this supposition be incorrect, as I heartily wish it were so, it is still a matter for regret that when questions of caste crop up as is very often the case, there is not sufficient discussion of those questions from all standpoints, so as to carry conviction into the minds of all, especially women, that labour under any erroneous impression. In this connection, I am not unaware of the fact that serious difficulties often tax us when we try to give effect to our ideas and that the hydra-headed Monster of Ignorance is ever ready to brand the well-intentioned reformer as a fire-brand, or as a traitor to the society, or as a pernicious free-thinker that would throw society into a chaos or bring about its disruption. How far such difficulties should be overcome should be decided in every case individually and depends on the amount of moral courage coupled with tact that can be brought into acquisition on such occasions. Suffice it to say that every one who aims at the improvement of his community ought not to shirk his duty of convincing others on such occasions.

Another thing that we should remember is that we should not condemn the views of others with any Vehemence, as such Vehemence is sure to defeat its end. We should remember that we should try to carry society with us and not to break away from its moorings, thereby on the one hand leaving in the lurch the society in which we are born and which we should improve and on the other hand creating for ourselves the very unenviable position of icy Isolation and sullen seclusion. I recognise that this view will not be subscribed to by our over-enthusiastic reformers, who would fain play the role of martyrs by openly defying the ordinances of caste and courting social ostracism. Such a step can surely extort the admiration of the intellectual few but can never be followed by the many whom we should strive to bring to a better state. Rather, such a step may even call forth a reaction which will make the work of subsequent reformers all the more difficult.

Another way in which we may contribute to the enlightenment of our women as regards caste is to make them come out of the groove to which we have selfishly condemned them all long and make them see more of life by taking them with us to public places of amusement like the People's Park or to witness circuses, etc. This will not only make them enjoy life better than what was vouchsafed to them so long, but will also tend to enlarge their sympathies towards the rest of

mankind and thereby to overcome the antipathy towards their so-called inferiors in caste.

In conclusion, I may wish my enthusiastic friends to remember that, as Mr. Swamikannu Pillai said at the last Convocation, it is our duty to first create a healthy public opinion about the meaningless restrictions of caste before we demolish that system altogether and that in this matter of the creation of healthy public opinion the part to be played by women is considerable and cannot be under-estimated. It is hoped that an education of the Hindu women regarding caste on the lines above suggested will go a long way to make the reform of that institution possible at a much earlier date than we can otherwise expect and that the readers of this article will spare no pains to give that education whenever and wherever they find a fitting opportunity for the same.

P. PONNURUNGA MUDALIAR,

## English as the International Language

BY PROFESSOR WALTER RIPPMMANN,  
Chief Inspector of Schools under the University  
of London.



HERE is nothing new in the idea of a language that should serve as the universal means of communication among nations. Even when civilized mankind was comparatively small in numbers and the world seemed vast, men were attracted by the idea. As more of the world and of its many languages became known, the desirability of a language intelligible to all appeared more obvious. As commerce grew and improved means of communication spanned the continents and the oceans of the world, diversity of speech was felt to be a serious obstacle.

For various reasons, three languages gradually attained first-rate importance. One of the Romance languages (French), one of the Teutonic languages (German) and English, of which the vocabulary combines Teutonic and Romance elements. All three are spoken by leading nations, proud of their ancestry, jealous of their rights.

Latin at one time was the international language of the learned and quite recently its adoption as such has again been urged. Few will be found to support this claim; most recog-

nise that Latin is cumbrous in grammar and limited in vocabulary. This has led some to suggest modifications of it, called by fantastic names such as "Latinesce" or "Mundolingue." Others again have based their schemes on the Romance languages that have developed from Latin; such are the languages "Nuove Roman" or "Panroman" or "Idiom Neutral." A third group take the Teutonic languages as a basis, for instance, "Volapuk," "Tutonish." Lastly, there are artificial languages which draw their vocabulary from Romance and Teutonic languages, such as "Esperanto."

When we consider the many schemes put forward, we may observe a gradual improvement. The failures of the past are noted with profit, and the great advance in the study of philology leads to greater skill in solving the problem. Volapuk showed a step forward; for a time it was very successful. Who speaks it now? Esperanto is distinctly superior to it; some maintain that Ido is better still. Have we reached the limit of perfectibility?

A review of the past endeavours to create a universal language suggests that we have not. Put forward any such language, submit it to the criticism of educated men: after a time defects will be discovered, the committee, or council, or academy who are guardians of the language are asked to accept certain alleged improvements, they refuse, there is a split—that is what past experience leads us to expect.

For our present purpose, however, we will assume that Esperanto (or Ido—it does not matter which), is the best artificial language that the wit of man can devise. I have studied it with some care, and I have profound admiration for Dr. Zamenhoff, its creator. It is a very fine piece of work which does credit to his linguistic skill no less than to his humanitarian idealism. I do not propose to criticise it in detail, but I am willing to concede that the sounds have been well chosen, that the spelling represents them adequately, and that the grammar is very simple. To my mind the grave objections to any artificial language arise from a consideration of its vocabulary.

The vocabulary of Esperanto is mainly based on the Romance languages. To those who know, say, French or Italian, the meaning of most of the roots is fairly obvious; by the millions (think of Asia alone) who know no European language, have to learn the roots without such assistance and the millions who know Teutonic languages only will recognise little that looks familiar.

But there is a much more serious consideration. Language may be said to consist of words with a simple meaning and words and phrases with complex meaning. In the former we may

reckon the numerals, designations of time, names of concrete objects, *linnet, daffodil*, such words as *and* or *but*. When translating from or into a foreign language they give us no difficulty; the rendering is obvious. But the words which really matter are those which have many associations. If we look up such a word in the dictionary, we find that no one foreign word is an exact equivalent. These words and phrases render good translation so difficult, that we call it a fine art and when we know two languages really well, even the best translation from one into the other leaves us dissatisfied. We pay our tribute to the skill of the translator, but feel that the rhythm that delighted us in a piece of majestic prose, the perfume of an exquisite lyric are lost in the rendering. The finer the literary quality of the original, the more we miss in the translation. Even in the rare case when poet translates poet, the work of the second-hand is noticeable, almost always.

The complex words *gentleman* and *fellow*, *esprit* and *gout*, (*Wehmüt* and *Schadenfreude* may serve as examples) are the words that matter. The meanings are a reflex of national psychology, the outcome of our national life. We acquire a full knowledge of these words in our own language, through meeting them many times in many contexts. We do not know a foreign language well, until these words arouse the same associations in our minds as the foreigner's.

I know that many English people derive genuine pleasure and satisfaction from their knowledge of Esperanto. They have learnt a foreign language with a minimum of effort; they are delighted to find that they can converse at congresses with people of many nationalities; it appeals to their desire for universal brotherhood. Yet I wonder whether the efforts so earnestly devoted to the propagation of Esperanto are really to the advantage of mankind and whether they should not rather be directed to purifying our mother tongue, so that it may more quickly become the world language.

How do things stand at present? English is spoken far more widely than any other language; it is the speech of 150 millions, reckoning white men alone, and it is the official language and in a great measure the common means of intercommunication in the British possessions with their population of 350 millions. It has a well-recognised commercial value; it has a splendid literature; in both respects it is far ahead of an artificial language. All this—the advocates of Esperanto tell us—is of no account in face of national jealousy. Particularly the French and the Germans will not recognise English as the world language. Probably not—in theory; but when we consider their practice, what do we find? In France and Germany English has never been

better taught and more widely learnt than at the present day. A quite exceptional experience (as Director of the London University Holiday Course in English for foreigners, for nine years) enables me to say at the same time true of almost every other country. As soon as we do our full duty to India, the number of those who know English will be very largely increased; no sane person will urge that we should use Esperanto for the education of our fellow subjects of alien race.

There is no reason to anticipate a decline in the spread of English; and we can contribute our share by making it better fitted as a world language. Foreigners tell us that the grammar gives them little trouble, and they can soon acquire a good working vocabulary; but they are unanimous in regarding our irregular spelling as a serious obstacle to the beginner. The pronunciation is not difficult in itself; even the "th" can easily be taught; the seat of the trouble is the irrational spelling which so often gives no clue to the pronunciation. Some difficulty is also due to our not having laid down at all clearly what we mean by "good English" or "pure English" speech. Here, then, are two ways in which we can make our language more attractive and valuable, not only to the foreigner but to ourselves.

That is the work undertaken by the Simplified Spelling Society, and a post-card to the Secretary at 44, Great Russell Street, London, England, W. C., will furnish the reader with particulars of a movement which is attracting well-merited attention. They are inspired, above all, by the desire to save a year (at least) of the education time of our children and to enable an essential subject to be taught reasonably and easily which must now be taught unreasonably and at the cost of much time and labour. But they also devote their energies to the movement because they believe that our English language can and should be made a still better instrument and that it can be rendered so attractive that men of all nations will of their own free will learn it. There is no need to force it upon anyone; that would arouse a natural resentment. But if the English language is making its way now, and in spite of its defective spelling and the absence of a well-established standard of speech, should we not do our utmost to remove these acknowledged obstacles? Granted that in grammar an artificial language may be simpler than ours—but ours is the key to the vast literary output of Britain and America in our day and to the splendid treasures of our past literature; and what foreigner would be so indolent and so shortsighted as to think that the artificial language weighed heavier in the balance than English?

The day will surely come when the English

speaker will find an audience throughout the world and the works of our philosophers and poets, our men of science and our men of business will be read and appreciated in every country and in every clime.

## Simplified Spelling

**THE same sound is always represented by the same letter or letters:**  
eni, jepardi, greev, leep (not any, jeopardy, grieve, leap).

The digraphs *ee, ie, oe, au* may be reduced before another vowel: seing, flying, going, jewel (jewel).

**Letters not pronounced are not written**, and a consonant is not doubled to indicate a short vowel: dout, lam, activ, leter, nee (not doubt, lamp, active, letter, knee).

Wherever the *z* sound (as distinguished from the *s*) is written: tiez, praiz (not ties, praise).

*C* always has the hard sound, as in cat. *K, q* and *x* are not used.

## Vowel Sounds

**a:** bat, glad.

**ai:** grait, cair (not great, care).

**'aa:** raather, haaf (not rather, half).

**au:** au! (not all, awl).

**e:** meni, plezher (not many, pleasure).

**ee:** eech, reseev (not each, receive).

**i:** wimen, bliz (not women, busy).

**le:** riet, fier (not right, fire).

**o:** cot, hot.

**oe:** loe, poest (not low, post).

**u:** but, bruther (not brother).

**uu:** tuun, truu (not boon, true).

**oo:** booc, poot (not put).

**yu:** tyun, yuloji (not tune, eulogy).

In considering the scheme remember that **no new letters are introduced**, though in English we have only 23 letters for representing over 40 sounds.

In the interests of etymology we ought to spell as we pronounce. To spell words as they used to be pronounced is not etymological, but antiquarian.—W. W. SKERT.

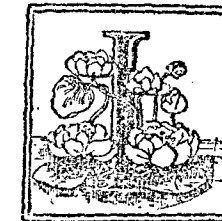
If I were younger and had some things off my hands, I would gladly take hold of this reform.—W. E. GLADSTONE.

The German boy and his schoolmaster get a start of their English friends, which must be reckoned in months at least, simply because their spelling is phonetic and their measures are decimalized.—Professor J. W. ADAMSON.

\* Only one **a** is used before **r**: arm, car

"Happy or not happy, decide you, my lady"

BY AN INDIAN GIRL



It was a sunny evening, and I went for a walk along the river. The sun was about to hide behind the western hills, and its rays were playing on the blue waters below. It was a sight picturesque indeed!

There I saw a lovely girl sitting on the bank, her arms across her breast. She was fairer than words can say. I thought she was listening to the murmuring sound of the waters, and to the sweet songs of the birds, that were flying to and fro up above, but when I came near her, I saw tears rolling down her dimpled cheeks, like dew-drops from the petals of a flower. Her curly hair was partly covering her apple-like face, partly hanging loose on her well-formed shoulders. She was clad in worn-out clothes and was the very image of poverty. Just like the moon through fleecy clouds, she shone in her poor attire. At the sight of the lonely girl, my heart ached and melted like snow. I went near her and placed my hand gently on her shoulder.

"Do you know, my dear, how lovely you are! Your eyes are as clear as the waters of the sea, your hair is the rich hair born which I have rarely seen. My lovely girl! where did you come from? who is your father, who is your mother and who is the blessed man whom fortune has favoured to have you as his partner in life? why, girl, are you not happy?" asked I.

"My father is dead and my mother followed him to the grave," said the girl, with tears sparkling in her eyes. "I have seen nineteen summers, lady, I have an only sister, ah! dear were we to each other, lady. She is mourning for her lover who is now dead and gone. Her cheerful voice I hear no more. There in the church-yard she is kneeling beside her lover's tomb. There her tears flow like a stream of sorrow. Happy or not happy, decide you, my lady," said she.

"And you, my pretty one, are you not married?" asked I, filled with sorrow.

"I, lady?" said the girl with a heavy sigh, "who can describe my sorrows? The noble knight of my love sailed to foreign lands under His Majesty's command. He vowed to me his faithful love, but he wrote not a line back, and here my heart aches for him all these three years. Happy or not happy, decide you, my lady."

"Poor girl" I murmured "Have you no home to live in, my child?"

"What say you, my lady, Home! doubt not it is a sweet word, but have I one? Yes, a far better than any you can imagine on earth, one which mortal eye can never see and into which darkness and sorrow can never peep. It is ever bright with the blessings of my heavenly father. Happy or not happy, decide you, my lady.

"Father! yes, have I not one? who knows not partiality, who bows not to dignity and who has not dreamt of coldness. Father of mine is all good and kind, but severe in punishment. Father, mother, brother, sister and friends, all I find in him, lady. I have a blessed father and a home, where poverty cannot enter and cruelty cannot reign." So saying she threw her arms up, and kneeling down, cried the cry which is still ringing in my ears. "Oh father! come to me. Do you lie there still in slumber? When will the time come, the time when you will take me in your loving arms and protect me from this miserable, heartless world? Have you become deaf in a day? Can you not speak yea or nay? When will you pour your tender and soothing words in my ears, which have become almost deaf by unkind and cruel words. Oh God? is it in vain that I implore you. No, I shall find consolation in my distress"; so she remained for a time, tears flowing from her eyes, and again said to me, "You are the only one, lady, who has used kind words to me. After my parents' death, I became the maid of a certain lady whose name I need not mention. I did my duty fairly well, but yet she turned me out, saying she liked not to see so sad a face, ill-luck it may bring to her and said even more that I have no home. But I have one where no one can turn me out. Happy or not happy, decide you, my lady," thus ended the poor girl.

I knew not what to say. Tears flowed from my eyes. I threw my arms round the girl's fair neck and begged her to come to me, saying that I would protect her from worldly storms. But the unhappy girl shook her head sadly and declared that there was only one home where she would take shelter; till that time she would go where she was sent by fate. "My whole heart rises to bless your name and to thank you, good lady, but I have no words to express it. Farewell," said she, "from this evening we meet no more." So pouring thanks to me, went the maiden along the river bank. I stood and watched the slowly retreating figure, till it vanished behind the trees and returned home with a heavy heart. I saw her not again and knew not what her fate was, and so I say this is the end of my story.

## Indian Women and their Foreign Sisters



ONE of the most momentous problems which have enchaind the attention and enlisted the sympathy of the educated public is the problem of the women. And when Indian politicians busy

their minds with Indian problems, they come to see that the key to their solution is in the hands of the women. For Indian women like the women of the other countries are the moulders of the human temperament and the shapers of the human character. Their power in human circles is potent enough. And the destiny of India rests upon women and women only. For literary revival, for political regeneration, for social advancement, for economic development, for industrial progress, for everything touching the life of man in India, Indian woman is the fountain-head. And we have had numberless opportunities of unfolding our ideas in newspapers and magazines. Considering the time that is at our disposal and the space that a magazine as this affords us, we have, of necessity, to minimize the proportion of our article even though such a conduct would entail a certain obscurity shrouding it.

Before launching upon fair England's kind women of generous impulses and proud animation, before portraying the poetic verve that is at the bottom of their ballot-battle, before depicting the vital need to approve her franchise-fight and credit it with what the enlightened ladies of the West demand, we would do well to place before our courteous reader what the Russian women are doing. The history of Russia, though dripping with facts that will do honor to the colossal Mahomedan or iconoclastic revolution and satanic schemes, has never been so prominent before the civilized portion of this wide planet of ours as that of other European countries. Naturally therefore the Russian woman like the Russian man is a "sealed book," to the Indian man or the Indian woman: So we are not unjustified in paying special attention to the

"bonny" ladies of advancing Russia. Nowadays many a woman in Russia is winning laurels at the Russian Universities. Before the International Congress of Historical Studies, which was just wound up, Mme Loubimenko is reported to have supplied a representative of "woman's platform" with many interesting details with regard to Russian women students. "Very noticeable," she said, "was the contrast between the number of women attending the Universities—some 6,000, at St. Petersburg alone—and those who made any use of their studies afterwards. Russian women students had a great deal of liberty and mixed freely with men. A large number of them married, in fact it was quite usual to find many married women amongst second year students. But both in France and in England," it should be noted on passing, "though fewer women took a University course, more of them followed some profession when it was over." But what a sorry contrast India presents! "Liberty is a bane to womenkind" jealous Brahmins shamelessly aver—that liberty which is the heirloom of humanity—that humanity which is made up of both man and woman. Strange it is that such a "terrific" doctrine should assert itself in a country where in the palmy days of yore a Damayanti or a Seetha or a Savitri unravelled wondrous mysteries and attained admirable renown in the battlefield of knowledge. Russian women-students mix freely with men. But alas! one can say only alas! in India. Here there are absolutely not many women-students. And the few that are studying cannot and do not mix with men "in divine affection cold." It is not they who are to blame; it is the country in which they are born and which they are to curse; it is the custom which has established itself in the country that is choking up every congenial, external influence which is tending to weed out every diabolical internal folly; though far be it from a patriot to stigmatise a country in which he is born and bred, in which he eats and lives.

A word more about the Russian women. "It is only quite recently" said Mme Loubimenko "that women are being admitted as professors in the women's colleges, but they have other openings in less important institutions, especially as teachers of literature and history, subjects not so generally taken up by men as Mathematics and Science." "Till lately" goes on Mme Loubimenko "they had to go elsewhere to take their degree. Among men a foreign degree is by no means rated so highly as the native one and it is probable that women students in future will prefer not to seek theirs abroad, when the necessity no longer exists." Verily, the women of India too have facilities and opportunities of appearing as heads of high

schools and our big Presidency has in its wide compass one or two women-training colleges. Thanks be to the woman who avails themselves of the little facilities and opportunities they are afforded and the Government that has an ear to hear and an eye to see, and to laud all, a heart to feel. But we will multiply our thanks and they will surge in our heart if we witness a multiplication of facilities and opportunities for women of our land who are day by day better and better off. And our thanks are specially due to the European and Native Christian ladies who seem to show that they have knowledge of the old old story that opportunities are painted with a bald head on the back and a fore-lock on the front and if once they fail to catch them by the fore-lock they cannot seize them ever after. For many indeed are the temptations and tribulations surrounding the mortal career of mankind and womankind. And heartiest thanks are due to the Brahmin ladies who have snapped at the barbaric custom that has barred them with a mountain-wall of unjustifiable exclusiveness. Indeed they are the happy harbingers of a better day when better things are bound to happen. And it is indubitably too much to expect in our "infant" women such a thing as going abroad and fighting with the Universities. If Russia has manufactured multifarious instances, India is not Russia and many days are before us before such a metamorphosis can take place.

In conclusion, we have references to the fact that "efforts were made not long ago to obtain permission for Russian women to practice as advocates or barristers, but without success, so at present those women who have studied law find no use for their qualification." But India cannot and will not enact such a scene. As for medicine, Mme Loubimenko has stated that it was studied many years ago by women, some of whom entered into private practice. Then came political struggles and men monopolized medical knowledge. Now however those troublous times have passed and women are allowed to enjoy the human heirloom to its best and to their satisfaction. And there are medical women in India too who have good medical knowledge and who hold high appointments in hospitals. But the point is, European Russia is not so densely peopled, or so numerous even, as India. And the Russian women have carried the palm as compared to their Indian sisters. It is not a disgrace to India at all; but it is good for India and indicates a brighter opening before her when her daughter has begun to fight in the battle-field of knowledge on the investigation-ground of learning. Now floats before us a Romantic future for India when women shall adorn every department of life,



when our sisters shall make ventures with varying success of course, in the broad, broad sea of literature. That day when the Indian lady journalist shall raise up her angelic voice accompanied by the bewitching smile of a goddess, that day when the woman orator shall take the platform, that millennium when the woman student shall reach the miracle of perfection and dictate terms to a disordered and disorganized mob, when the daughter advises the father on matters of paramount importance, on matters political, social, frivolous when her word will have a weight which is all its own. It is our pious desire that no man, who has the divine fire of love in him fails to do what is in his power to soften the road which is before his sister.

Next time we come before our reader with the Japanese woman, the crown of Japan's charm—

"Bright vestures, faces fair  
Long eyes and closely-braided hair"

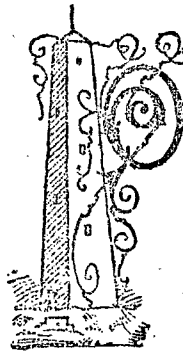
and we think of placing her by the side of her Indian sister, who for all her sorry illiteracy has most undoubtedly an indefinable halo of a something surcharging the atmosphere in which she lives, fascinating the world in which she breathes and engendering in the spectator an inborn desire to make her acquaintance.

CHITTUR S. RANGIER.



## The History of Prahlada \*

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ONCE upon a time Hiranyakasipu, the father of Prahlada, went to Mount Mandara to perform austerities. Taking advantage of his absence, the Devas invaded his Kingdom and looted his treasury. The Asuras then flew to different quarters leaving behind their abodes and families, in view to save their own lives. Indra, the chief of the Devas, caught hold of Lilavati, the wife of Hiranyakasipu, who was seven months with child and took her away as prisoner. But she was heard crying aloud by Narada. Narada then accosted Indra and told him that, innocent as she was and the wife of another person, she must be left to herself. Hearing this, Indra replied that, inasmuch as she was carrying a child whose prowess might afterwards prove unbearable, he would at all events wait till she might bring forth the child and then murder it. Narada added that the child was sinless and would be very noble after birth, being endued with piety by Hari and that therefore the mother should be left unmolested. Upon this Indra let her go and repaired to Swarga, his place of residence. She was then enheartened by Narada and led into his hermitage with a request to reside there till her husband shall have returned. Accordingly she continued to live there without fear and was very devoutly rendering services to Narada. The kind-hearted Narada meantime instructed her on the duties of life and on emancipation, at the same time entering her form in spirit to enlighten the child in the womb. He spoke as follows: "This body is liable to six stages of development, birth, existence, growth, change, decay

\* The History of Prahlada, the Parama Bhagavata, is intended to teach the highest philosophical Truth, which consists in self-absorption and freedom from re-incarnation. To attain this state one need not necessarily be a Brahman but may be of any order, provided one is disinterested, and possesses purity of soul and devotion to Hari. Hari in the story means the Hamsa or spirit embodied, whose actions, good or bad, in such existence are consumed by fire of wisdom. The person that realizes this state has a thoroughly subdued heart, resembles the steady flame of a lamp in a place without wind, and is dead to that to which others are awake, and awake with regard to that to which others are asleep.—A. S. N.

and destruction, but not so the soul which dwells in the body. Soul or Brahman is eternal, indestructible, pure, changeless, without beginning or end, unattached to anything and divested of all attributes. A man, to know the nature of Brahman, should abandon his attachment to worldly objects, which is due to delusion and ignorance. As a person working in mines separates gold from sand, so shall a wise man discern the all-in-all Supreme in the various bodies. The eight sensible natures, (earth, water, fire, air, space, mind, understanding and universal ego), the qualities and the propensities in respect of them are all pervaded by the Supreme soul which is one without a second and does all things. The material body is a conglomeration of the entire creation, mobile, and immobile. It is this body on which the soul is dependent to make itself manifest by examination of what are non-existent. It is in this body alone that men of pure understanding make the very best of knowing the Self. The intellect in the material body is subject to the three conditions, viz., waking, dreaming and dreamless sleep and the soul is unaffected by them being a passive witness. When these three conditions which are the source of action and which cause variety to appear are abandoned, then arises the realization of the supreme soul of immutable existence, just like the connection of the wind with the fragrance of flowers carried from one place to another. The cycle of births is caused by the mind, which being ignorant of Truth, allows itself to be smothered by delusion, just like a man's actions and experiences in a dreamy body. All things on earth, being creations of the mind, are akin to the waking and the dreamy states. Although they are visible to the naked eye, they are lost to it inasmuch as they do not exist at all; and, to the person that keeps on thinking of them, they cause anxiety and fear. Though *Atma* is really above the qualities which are the product of matter, it appears to be bound by its union with them. Such a union can be got rid of by a man by the practice of *Yoga*, together with the round of births."

Having spoken thus Narada disappeared. The knowledge thus imparted did not leave Prahlada after his birth which took place soon after. Some time after Hiranyakasipu returned from his austerities. He appointed two teachers Chanda and Marka, sons of Sukra, to educate Prahlada, when he attained the sixth year of his age. The teachers taught him that he should consider his father as the Supreme Lord of the Universe. This the boy would not do, but went on reciting the name of Hari. Shortly after, the teachers took Prahlada to the presence of his father, who, having fondled him a little while,

asked him to say anything good out of what he had learnt. Prahlada said:—"O sire! I do not consider self-identification with the body as good in principle, but that one should retire to the woods and perform austerities to obtain emancipation through unflinching devotion to Hari." Hearing the name of his enemy uttered by the boy, Hiranyakasipu thought that he must have learnt this from somebody who might have covertly come to the school, and that he should therefore be watched carefully in future, so that his intelligence may not become perverted.

The teachers took the boy again to their house and asked him in kind and gentle words to state the truth as to who taught him like this.

Prahlada replied:—"Sirs! Delusion is the cause of egoism and selfishness and it has enslaved your souls, but I trust in Hari by whose grace delusion was completely overcome by me. Being subject to delusion, you are teaching me to consider my father supreme. Anybody that speaks so is an ignorant man. Even if such an ignorant man trusts in Hari and Hari alone, his ignorance will certainly be totally dispelled. It is through ignorance that people perceive the changeless and eternal *Atma* as a separate entity, and themselves as different egos. It is for this reason that the creator Brahma and others like him have not obtained emancipation. Just as a piece of iron shakes of itself in the presence of a magnet, so did my mind of itself turn towards Hari." So saying Prahlada held his peace. Afterwards the teachers sent for a cane to threaten him with punishment. They discoursed on virtue, profit, and pleasure. Then they sent him home to bathe. After taking his bath, he prostrated himself before his father, who lifted him up joyfully with both hands, embraced him and placed him on his lap. The father then asked Prahlada to state what good lesson he had learnt from his preceptors.

Prahlada replied:—"Father! I have learnt the religion of devotion to Hari. There are nine ways of exhibiting it and they are—(1) hearing Hari's names, (2) uttering them, (3) meditating on them, (4) worshipping at his feet, (5) performing his puja, (6) obeisance to him, (7) his service, (8) courting his grace, and (9) self absorption. If these nine modes are sincerely observed, certainly Hari will be pleased, and show grace. This is the highest Truth that I have learnt."

On hearing this Hiranyakasipu became filled with rage and addressed the teachers, that were standing there with trembling lips, thus:—"Oh vile Brahmins! You have from hidden malice towards me taught my son a thing quite unpalatable to me but favorable to my enemy, Hari."

There are ungrateful men on earth, who possessing hypocrisy injure friends. Such wretchedness will have their turn of suffering in the long run. The teachers said—"Oh Lord! Such utterances of your son are due neither to us nor to any others, but his knowledge seems to be simply intuitive. Consequently kindly suppress your anger."

Hearing the words of the teachers Hiranyakasipu turned towards his son and asked him to state the cause of his perverted understanding, if the teachers were not at fault. "Prahlada said "In persons of uncleaned souls given up to lust, devotion to Hari does not spring. Further, men, whose minds are bound by chains of affection and who are engulfed in ignorance, meet with destruction and cannot see Hari, just as a blind man led by another blind man falls into a ditch. Hari can be seen if the friendship of high-souled wise men is acquired." Hearing these words of his son Hiranyakasipu grew exceedingly wrathful, pushed Prahlada down from his lap and directed his Rakshasa attendants to take him aside and slay him, as he had become devoted to Hari, his enemy. He added that Hari would not like this young boy of six as his mind was fickle, directed once to one side and again to another. If there was contagion on one part of the body, the affected portion deserved to be cut off, lest the contagion might spread to the whole system. So also this boy, though his own son, deserved to be murdered as he was a wolf in sheep's clothing and was likely to bring ruin upon the whole family of Asuras by becoming devoted to their bitterest enemy. His life should therefore be put an end to by any means whatsoever and even by administration of poison.

Upon this, the fierce looking Rakshasas took Prahlada aside and pierced him in all vital parts with their sharp weapons. Their atrocities proved to be of no avail, as the boy possessed a soul which was uncreated, incomprehensible and immortal. After this, Hiranyakasipu wanted them to have recourse to other means for his destruction, such as getting an elephant to trample him and a serpent to bite him, poisoning his food, exposing him to cold and strong gales, throwing him in a blazing fire, consigning him to a watery grave, and lastly hurling him down from the summit of a mountain. All these means proved ineffectual and the boy was unmoved. Hiranya then thought within himself as follows: "I have tried all hostile means to murder my son, but he remains unaffected by them through his undecaying self-effulgence. He is nevertheless in my contiguity without showing the least malignancy of heart. He appears to be fearless of death, ruinless and therefore regenerative." With these thoughts Hiranya was sitting dejected and speechless. Looking at him, Chanda and Marka, preceptors of Prahlada, said—"O Lord!

The three worlds were brought under your sway with one wink of your eyes. To such a mighty being the punishment of this boy is not a great thing. We suggest that he be firmly bound by Varuna Pasa and made to lie on the ground till the arrival of the great and good Bhargava, whose supernatural appearance might perhaps inspire his mind with sentiments of virtue." Hiranya approved of this suggestion and wanted them in the mean time to discourse to him on virtue, profit and pleasure, which are the general duties of a king. This discourse Prahlada did not relish, as it savoured of duality but said that the duties preached had no real objective existence in the world, but were seemingly real and destructive when the manifest Supreme comes to be realized. Having said so he kept quiet without speaking. The teachers then went home to look after their household functions.

Taking advantage of their absence, Prahlada gathered around him such of his classmates as did not relish the idea of duality and discoursed to them with overflowing kindness in the following manner, while the boys were listening with rapt attention. Prahlada addressed his comrades thus:—"What I am now going to tell you is quite true and pure. What our Gurus have taught us was quite unsubstantial. You all know by experience that a person beholding something in a dream does not see it when he wakes. Such unrealities were taught to us by our preceptors. They led us like blind men leading other blind men and throwing them from a precipice into a chasm. Understand that the unchangeable Atma has neither friend nor foe. A fool is he who identifies himself with the body and the senses, which will simply lead to duads, such as fortune, misfortune and success and defeat, pain and pleasure, etc. What is acceptable in all the three worlds is doing no harm to one's self and to others and this is not universally observed. Friends! This body is dear-bought and is rarely obtained. The wise should therefore practise duties in it for obtaining the blissful soul. It is through devotion to Hari this eternal really can be reached and peace and happiness obtained. An ignorant man by his union with his physical body simply seeks to obtain sense-pleasures through his senses, but strictly speaking, those transient pleasures will simply produce future pain and annihilate existence. Such pleasures should not therefore be sought after, though they might appear to lead to eternal rest, which cannot be really attained without unflinching devotion to Hari. In this birth a man should therefore exert his best before death for his eternal weal; nay, no time whatever should be lost by him. Proper investigation should be made from boyhood for realizing eman-

ipation. According to the Scriptures, a man is endowed with a hundred years of life-time, half of which vainly goes away in sleep. Of the remaining fifty years, twenty years are spent in youth and play; while by the same man twenty years are passed away in old age. The remaining ten years are occupied by the same selfish individual in lust and family concerns. But a man whose understanding is not confused and whose soul is purified by the acquisition of wisdom spends the last portion in obtaining emancipation. Look again at the life of the Rakshasa order which is uselessly spent in a manner detrimental to their self-realization. These are therefore destined to have a round of vile births without even obtaining bliss. Blinded by ignorance they will thus go on doing actions which will produce death. Every one of us should therefore exert one's best to deliver one's soul from the bondage of ignorance by controlling one's senses and by giving up attachment to surrounding objects. Abandon covetousness, in which ignorance and error of judgment have their origin. Conquer lust by trying to avoid attachments to wife, children and nearest of kin, for nothing on earth fetters one so much as these. It is generally observed that the delight taken for maintaining the family out of sheer ignorance lands one in misery. Even men of vast learning show themselves to have this weakness of understanding and mourn the miseries of human life. This is due to egoism combined with ignorance, which produces death. An intelligent man should therefore try to escape death by suppressing lust and avoiding obedience to the senses, which is bondage. Friends! I request you to give up your attachment to persons of your order and to become devoted to Hari who alone can grant emancipation to persons free from attachment. Believe me when I say that it is not difficult to please Hari, as He is omnipresent, and as He is alike to all creatures. He can be seen by a true devotee in the manifest as well as the unmanifest, in all created things and qualities. He is himself without qualities, but holds them in exact proportions. In essence, the creator and the created are both the same. When Hari is really seen, then you will know that He is in and out of every object that you see and in your souls as unlimited and universal consciousness. Have a heart full of love for all creatures and cast an equal eye on them giving up your harmful natures. It is then alone that Hari will be pleased with you all. When he becomes pleased with your such conduct which so to speak is real devotion, you will certainly attain his condition, the only object desirable on earth. Do not suppose that you are perfect when you possess virtue, wealth and desire in abundant plenty. They can only be

considered to be real when they can lead to union with Hari. The perception of the High which is styled as high wisdom cannot be attained without devotion and this was preached by Hari himself to Narada. This grand instruction cannot be imparted to all persons indiscriminately, unless they are free from passion and have made their minds desireless. Fix your minds on Hari, worship and bow down to Him. If you become devoted to Him, you will certainly reach Him. He himself has stated in a thousand and one ways how He may be reached, but He has taught that devotion to him will surely attain to him. You should associate with emancipated men, and hear from them accounts of Hari, and worship Him. Abandon lust, greed, wrath, blunder, pride and jealousy and possess piety and devotion to Hari, who exists within the cavity of every heart. Repeat the names of Hari and in the end become one with Him, shaking off your ignorance which is the cause of mortality. To sinners in this world, dependence on Hari produces freedom from birth and death. Wise men who have realized this, have spoken likewise. So join with me and adore Hari with all your hearts, of which He is the Lord. If your hearts are pure his adoration will not be impossible. Hari is the observer of those that actually worship him. Nay the richest treasury amounts to nothing where there is no devotion to Hari. As life is transitory and joyless and so also heaven attained by sacrifice, adore Hari who is spotless and pure in order to perceive the eternal unity everywhere. Do not entertain desires for performing actions, for, one that goes on desiring endlessly in his mind with a thirst for everything around one, simply makes one's self miserable, and fit to live in a body liable to become the food of dogs, etc. While this is the case with one's self, what need be said of one's wife, children, and property which form no part and parcel of one. What avail these destructible bodies to the changeless Supreme? My friends! there is no utility of the fleeting enjoyments obtained by a man through action. Action and its fruit, the body, are not things fit to be eagerly sought after. They both take their origin from ignorance of spiritual wisdom. You will thus see that Hari alone should be worshipped, since by entering into this universe he sustains all energies. He is the eternal controller, and regulator of all things from within and in secret. Devas, Asuras, Gandharvas and even men are sure to gain eternal bliss by offering worship to Hari with loving devotion. To please Hari, one need not be a god, a Brahman, or a Risbi. He cannot be pleased by gifts, fasts, sacrifice, purification and penance. These are considered by him as mere outward forms and pretences. Practise there-

fore true devotion to Hari totally abandoning all vain desires and abstaining from all tendencies to injure others. Look at others like Himself and believe that he is in all objects and that all objects are in Him. Asuras, Yakshas, women, sudras, birds, animals as well as all sinful creatures, are in Hari and in an emancipated state. This is all the highest good that a man should achieve in this existence — undividing devotion to Hari and feeling his presence everywhere." Thus saying, Prahlada finished his discourse.

On hearing this, the Asura students began to act up to Prahlada's instructions, relinquishing what was taught to them by their teachers. The teachers returned from their houses, and finding that their disciples' minds were bent on a different object, viz.— Hari, they were alarmed and ran up to Hiranyakasipu in haste to inform him of this oddity. On hearing this unpalatable information, Hiranyakasipu advanced against Prahlada with violent anger. He first grossly abused Prahlada who was standing close by with his palms closed in token of obedience. He said.—"O thou vile, ill-behaved creature! You are born to bring a bad name upon this family and are transgressing my behests. I shall send you straightway to Yama's abode. While the whole world including Devas trembles at my wrath, you are standing fearless and unmoved in my presence having something unsubstantial for your support." Prahlada replied—"Not only to me but also to you and to all strong men on earth, Hari is the source of strength, and all creatures, mobile and immobile, are subject to his influence. He is both the cause and the effect. He is the sole guide of our minds and senses. He is the creator, preserver and destroyer of the whole creation which is the product of the three qualities. Give up your natural hatred to others, and possess mental equilibrium. It is only this that is tantamount to Hari's worship. Some people like you without conquering the six affections suppose that they have conquered the whole world. Sadhus (wise men) will never suppose so, as they possess real knowledge and as they have no enemies to conquer." Hiranyakasipu resumed—"Oh miserable wretch, from your maddened speech it is evident that you are determined to die. If it is a fact that Hari is omnipresent, can you show him in this pillar?" Prahlada answered that Hari was certainly there. No sooner had he said so than Hiranya flew down from his seat and with his sword hit the pillar violently. Immediately came out Hari from it in the form of a man-lion, hence called Nara Hari, bursting it awfully open, and uttering a tremendous roar with which the ends of the world resounded. At the sound the very gods with Indra at their head became

terror-stricken. Looking at this prodigy Hiranya fell down senseless and his attendants ran away with consternation. Hiranya shortly after recovered his senses, got up and attacked Nara Hari furiously. Thereupon the latter seized the former firmly and took him into his lap. He then tore him with his sharp claws, and drank his blood. In this confusion, the planets dropped from the sky, the oceans became ruffled and the cardinal points were overturned. Nara Hari could not be approached by any body in the council chamber. From the welkin the Devas poured forth a shower of flowers, and damsels danced and sang and played on celestial instruments. Brahma, Indra, Rishis and all the tribes of Gods descended from heaven, and repaired to the council-chamber of Hiranya. Having arrived into the presence of Nara Hari, those illustrious ones hymned his praises, and prayed to him in a variety of ways to pacify his rage. In spite of their prayers Nara Hari was not pacified. Then the Devas requested Lakshmi, his spouse, to pacify him; but she was afraid to approach him. Then the Devas including Lakshmi asked Prahlada to pray to Hari for pacification of anger. Young Prahlada then approached Nara Hari and prostrated before him. With compassion Nara Hari lifted up Prahlada with two hands and allayed his fears. At the touch of Hari, Prahlada became quite sinless and fixed his heart entirely on Hari with boundless pleasure. Then he began to utter praises of Hari as follows—"Salutations to Thee! Oh Lord! I am of the Raksbasa order, and I fear it will not be possible for me to please thee by encomiums, while the wise sages who had praised thee before me were unable to please thee. I believe that high birth, good form, austere penance, supreme scholarship, complete control of feelings, distinguished prowess, physical strength, supreme intelligence, and abundant wealth cannot please thee, while true devotion can. These qualities will simply tend to make their possessor without devotion simply haughty, and he cannot purify himself and much less his family, while a chandala devoted to thee can purify himself and his whole family. Thou acceptest whatever humble offering a goodnatured person makes thee, while thou dost not accept even the daintiest delicacies from a bad, natured individual. Though I am low-born I shall begin to praise thee, illustrious as thou art, to the extent I can, to get myself freed from ignorance. Oh Hari! Brahma and other gods now standing in thy presence are indeed thy servants. My humble self, being an asura possessed of sordid nature, I am not one of them. We all consider that thy glorious avatars are intended for the good of the world but not for infusing awe. So to allay our fears kindly sup-

press thy wrath, for the wicked asura on whose account thou wert obliged to assume this awful form is slain. By thy gracious act the whole world has become fearless and delighted. All pray for the pacification of thy rage. Looking at thy terrific appearance I am not in the least moved, child though I am, but I am afraid of re-birth which is the result of action and which true devotion to thee will alone enable me to escape. So I beseech thy grace to bless me and tell me the means for extrication, with whose aid I can acquire intimacy with wise men and cross the ocean of sorrow produced by birth and death. Thou seemest to think that as medicine cures a bodily ailment, so should I myself seek for an antidote to sorrow, but this antidote is sure to land me in sorrow alone, for the parents, on whom, I, as a child, was obliged to depend for my health, have to meet with death. Imperishable as thou art, thou art the only source from which I can procure solace. The cause, the time, the means, the doer, the things done and undone, this or that, all these art thou alone, as they take their rise from thee. The man, who is thy image, does actions through his mind and out of ignorance produces for himself a round of births. These, except through thyself, who on earth can get over? Thou hast subdued the qualities with thy self-resplendent intelligence and the time which is the cause of this world's being is subject to thy influence. Hence my fervent prayer is that thou wilt graciously take me into thy presence. I do not wish for self-power, long life and even heaven, for they all vanish with time. What is age except that it is pleasing to hear of it? What is the physical body except that it is the repository of all ailments? Even learned men still wish for it, being actuated by vile insatiable desire. I am born with passion in a family filled with ignorance. While so thou bast with unbounded kindness touched my head, while Brahma and others were not touched by thee who drawest no line of distinction between good and vile natures and metest out fruits just according to each man's deserts. Seeing that I should not perpetually be in the ocean of ignorance and misery, thou hast already blessed me with salvatory instructions through regenerate Narada. This is itself thy supreme grace. This grace was not extended to me alone but also to my father who met his end at thy noble hands. O! Lord! Thy self and this world are only one. Through delusion combined with qualities thou appearest to create, protect and destroy the whole creation. Thou art the producer and the produced, the one not having a separate existence from the other. The differentiation like I and Thou arises only from delusion and has therefore no meaning, just as seed and water both produce a tree and are no longer

separate from it. Keeping the whole world within thyself and without action and qualities thou art lying on the ocean in Yoga sleep free from ignorance; while beings like me are plunged deep in ignorance. From thee who art the emblem of thought evolved a lotus of energy. Though born from it Brahma ignored the place of his birth and cast his eyes on other sources first. But owing to the penance which he performed soon after and which purified his soul, he found out his source easily which is Thyself. Thus he saw the world-form and was highly delighted. My mind is directed towards outward objects and is tossed about by sorrows. How can I enquire into thy real nature? My senses which are following the objects are frustrating my spirit of enquiry. I am not the only individual suffering like this, but all the people in the world. Show thou, thy grace and save us all. Otherwise we shall all be hopelessly forlorn. Real and unreal forms are like seed and sprout to the Formless, who can be seen only by Yogis in both the forms named above. Thou art the five elements, life-breath, and the senses including the mind and still thou dost not possess them in thee. Except Yogis none else is able to think or speak of thy such nature. These Yogis, fully alive to the perishable nature of forms such as elements, Devas, etc., have given up futile study and are enjoying thy presence. They all succeeded in obtaining this emancipated condition only with true devotion to thee which is the outcome of the six kinds of service:—prostration, praise, practice of action, Puja or adoration, obeisance, and the hearing of thy history."

On hearing the words of Prahlada, Nara Hari became pacified and spoke to him as follows:—"Prahlada! May you live long and happily! I am infinitely pleased with you for your true devotion. You may ask me for a boon enjoyable in this earth and I shall grant it to you. Persons that please me are pure and I am glad that you have pleased me. Having pleased me you will be free from passion. Persons that have subdued their senses can generally succeed in pleasing me. You may wish for a boon to obtain worldly happiness." Though thus induced by Nara Hari Prahlada would not ask for it, seeing that it would prove detrimental to true devotion, but said as follows:—"Oh Lord! By birth I am bound by desire and fear it, feeling at the same time sorry for it. Thy suggestion leads me to think that thou wishest to put me still in bondage which is other than emancipation. I am already born blind with ignorance. I beseech that thou wilt not again shove me into the same pitch-dark state, knowing the real nature of thy devotee. One that pants for blessings of worldly enjoyment belongs to a merchant class and is not a



true servant; nor is he a true master who goes on granting his servant's wishes. I am desireless and really devoted to thee. Certainly thou hast no profit to gain and so between us there is no such relationship as master and servant. If thou art really willing to grant me my wishes, I sincerely wish that my mind may always be in a desireless condition. Senses, mind, life-breath, body, virtue, heroism, intelligence, shame, prowess, truth: all these perish with a man when he dies. Such a birth I do not wish for. By being desireless one is sure to become a god oneself. I thank thee, oh! Nara Hari, with the fullness of my heart and request thee to grant me my present prayer." Nara Hari said "Prahlada! You do not wish for happiness either in this or the next world. So during the present Manvantara spend your life as the Lord of Asuras. Be hearing accounts of me placing your heart wholly upon me, and leaving the fruit of your action to me alone, the Blissful, Omnipotent Atma. Thus you will enjoy the good fruits of this birth avoiding all sinful acts, and after establishing a good name in this world, and casting off your physical cover, you will obtain Me."

Upon this Prahlada submitted—"Oh Lord! I have another wish which, I pray, thou wilt be pleased to graciously grant me. My father, through sheer ignorance and wrath and out of his affection for his lost brother, reviled thee grossly and put me, thy devotee, to torture. May he be pardoned and purified!" Nara Hari said—"not your father alone but his seven ancestors will be purified by your pure self born to purify them all. The total abstinence from giving pain to living animals leads a man to enter into me. As you possess this qualification in the supremest degree you stand first and foremost of those that are devoted to me. Your father has become thoroughly purified by my touch, and you may perform his obsequies as dictated by the wise in the Vedas, resigning the fruits to me. You may then assume sovereignty in the place of your deceased father." So saying Nara Hari vanished.

Prahlada, then accepting the benedictions of Brahma and other deities that were there, and gave them leave to return to their abodes. He then finished the obsequies of his father as directed by Nara Hari and began his rule with a tranquil mind and equanimity of soul.

On one occasion he set out on an excursion with his ministers in view to enlighten himself as to the beginning and end of this existence. On the way he met a regenerate Rishi, who was lying down on the bare ground near the Cauvery with his body covered over with dust and hiding the real essence of his nature. Nobody on earth was able to understand

his real nature by virtue of his appearance and much less by his actions. Prahlada prostrated to him, and touching his feet in token of his obedience requested him to imbue him with real knowledge. He added—"Oh, regenerate Rishi! You look well enough, like an ordinary human being in his full enjoyments and desire for lucre, though you are lying quiet without effort. Kindly account for this state of things, if you think I really deserve to know it and that it will do me good. You appear to be intelligent and clever, and passively observant of the ways of this fleeting existence." Thus the Rishi answered in words of great import, with a smile on his face. He said—"Oh! Lord of Asuras! You are already aware of what you want to know from me, as you possess the inner eye through the grace of Hari, to whom you are fully devoted, and who always resides in your heart. Since you have an inclination to know the truth I shall answer your questions as far as I am able. I had many births prior to this, due to insatiate desires. By chance I am now born a human being, as this birth will alone lead to salvation. Seeing in this life the miseries suffered by persons in earthly enjoyments I have entirely abstained myself from them. The real nature of Atma is unsullied bliss free from all physical changes and actions. Fully understanding this and also the unreal nature of all other sorts of enjoyment I appear to be asleep in the Prarabdha body, the result of previous births. Ignoring the real nature of Atma, man runs after duads, and is born and re-born after death. Knowing that in mirage there are no indications of water such as moss, reed, etc., he runs there for the purpose of slaking his thirst. He performs actions in view to secure pleasure and avoid pain being subject to passions and desires. While his such efforts land him in misery alone he goes on blindly repeating them, unavailing though they are. Actions performed by him for realizing eternal bliss are incommensurate with those done by him for obtaining worldly wealth and happiness, subject to death as he is after all. It is observed that troubles undergone by men in this world for acquiring wealth end in sorrow. Sorrow attends people when they want to be frugal in spending the hard-earned wealth. Again we find that people are sorry when they think that the wealth amassed by them will be stolen by thieves and do not therefore enjoy undisturbed sleep. This is all due to their want of conquest over the senses. Further to a rich man fear arises from the king, the robber, the enemy, the relatives, animals, birds and himself, if he is bent upon its enjoyment by spending money on charity and domestic duties. Thus you will see that wealth is replete with sorrow in every way. So a wise man should not be attached to wealth and

work for its acquisition as it produces sorrow, ignorance, fear, wrath and what not. In this connection I should like to draw your attention to two creatures in this world, viz., the bee and the python or big mountain snake, which should be considered as our instructors. They teach us abstinence and contentment. From the bee I have learnt abstinence from all actions. The bee hoards up honey with great labour, and somebody carries it away without leaving for it even a drop behind. So did I learn to consider my wealth. Again the python remains without moving, contented with what it gets by chance for the satisfaction of its hunger. So do I eat what comes to me by chance starving myself for many days. I eat whatever is given to me, little or much, good or bad, with or without quality and day or night. The costliest robes or simple rags satisfy me, if they are given to me with a free will, and I do not wish for them. Sometimes I lie down on the ground strewn with ashes, leaves, and stones and sometimes my bed is made within mansions. Sometimes I walk with my body washed and with clean clothes on, or ride on elephants, horses, or chariots and sometimes I wander about clothless like a devil. If a person praises me I do not enjoy myself. If he accuses me I do not retaliate but simply teach him to become even-minded. All objects that the mind apprehends through the senses are capable of being withdrawn into the mind, the mind into the understanding, which can again be withdrawn into the *Maya* or delusion and the *Maya* into the Supreme. He that has withdrawn like this his senses, mind and intellect in respect of vitality walks on earth in peace as a disembodied spirit. I have given you a full description of myself without reservation and you possess unflinching devotion to Hari." After hearing this Prahlada went to his abode with great delight.

On another occasion Prahlada by virtue of his peerless good behaviour snatched from Indra his sovereignty and reduced the three worlds to subjection. The deposed Indra approached Brihaspati with joined hands and wished to know from him the cause of his deposition and the source of felicity. Brihaspati said that worldly knowledge leads to felicity. Indra then asked if there was anything higher than that. Brihaspati replied that there was something still higher, and referred him to Bhargava. Indra then repaired to Bhargava and acquired from him a knowledge of what was for his great good. Upon this Indra asked him if there was anything higher still for the acquisition of his lost felicity. Bhargava then referred him to Prahlada. On hearing this Indra became elated with joy and then, assuming the disguise of a Brahman, went to Prahlada, whom he asked as to what conduces to felicity. Prahlada replied saying that he had

no time to speak to the Brahman, as he was fully occupied with the task of ruling the three worlds. The Brahman then asked Prahlada to let him know at his leisure what course of conduct conduces to good. Prahlada was pleased to hear this and wanted the Brahman to wait for a favourable opportunity. In the meantime the Brahman was duly observing towards Prahlada what a disciple should observe towards his preceptor and was doing with the fulness of the heart what all Prahlada had desired. While rendering service thus, the Brahman did not forget to ask Prahlada as to the means whereby he had been able to win the sovereignty of the three worlds. After all, Prahlada answered the question put to him by the Brahman.

Prahlada said—"Oh! Brahman! I am not proud of being a king nor do I cherish any hostile feelings towards the brahmanas. On the other hand I follow the counsels of polity dictated to me, basing them upon the teachings of Sukra. I wait upon and serve the Brahmanas, and my seniors. I bear no malice, but possess soul. I have subdued wrath. I possess self-restraint and my senses are under my control. Even now I am receiving beneficial instructions from my instructors. In these consist the good of a man." Since the Brahman was very dutiful towards him, Prahlada added that he was much pleased with his dutiful conduct and wanted him to ask for a boon which he said he would readily grant. The Brahman asked that he desired to have the benefit of Prahlada's good behaviour. Hearing this Prahlada was filled with great fear and thought within himself that the Brahman was not a person of ordinary energy. Prahlada granted the boon, however, and was filled with great sorrow. The Brahman having received the boon, went away.

Prahlada in his deep anxiety, did not know what to do. While he was brooding over his misfortune and folly, a flame of light issued out of his body with great effulgence, and in huge proportions. Prahlada questioned the form what it was? The form replied saying that it was the embodiment of his good behaviour and that, as it was cast off by him, it was going away to live in the faultless Brahman to whom the boon was granted. Having said so, the form disappeared and soon after entered into the body of the Brahman. Some time after, another form came out of Prahlada's body and was asked what it was. It answered that it was the embodiment of righteousness, and that it would go and dwell where good behaviour dwelt. On the disappearance of this form, there came forth a third telling Prahlada that it was truth and that it was leaving him, following in the wake of righteousness. Shortly after another being



beamed forth from his body and, on being asked who he was, he said he was the embodied energy of good deeds and went away. Next to this another being appeared uttering loud outcries. On being asked who he was, he answered that he was the embodiment of Might and that he would go and dwell where good deeds had gone. Lastly came forth a Goddess out of Prahlada's body. On Prahlada asking her who she was, she answered saying that she was the embodiment of prosperity, and that as she had been cast off by him, she was following Might. Filled with great fear, he asked this goddess who that Brahman, to whom the boon had been granted was. She said that he was once Indra, but that he had been deposed. She added that he had appeared in the disguise of a Brahman to rob him of the sovereignty of the three worlds and that righteousness, truth, good deeds, and might and herself had all of them their root verily in good behaviour. Thus saying prosperity also disappeared. In this forlorn condition, Prahlada thought of Ajagara Rishi and possessing an equanimous heart, obtained emancipation and freedom from rebirth.

### The Visit of H. E. Lady Hardinge to the Maharani's College, Mysore, 18th November, 1913

#### SONG OF WELCOME

Welcome to Your Excellency, brave Lady Hardinge, whose heart is overflowing with kindness as a noble mother's for her children.

Just as the Moon gladdens the ocean at night, Your Excellency's gracious presence in our midst to-day has filled us with happiness.

We rejoice at Your Excellency's visit to this State just as a thirsty cripple would rejoice at the sight of the celestial Ganges.

May the Lord of the Universe bless Your Excellency and our beloved Maharaja Sri Krishnaraja Wodeyar with happiness and prosperity.

O! Lady Hardinge of great renown, may you enjoy long life and prosperity and may your fame last for ever like that of the celestial Kalpavriksha.

May Your Excellency attain the fullest measure of happiness with your noble consort Lord Hardinge, Viceroy of India.

We pray God Almighty to protect your Excellency and His Highness the Maharaja Sri Krishnaraj Wodeyar.

#### REPORT

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

On behalf of the pupils and teachers of the Maharani's College, Mysore, I, as Officiating Lady Superintendent, beg to offer Your Excellency a most hearty welcome.

This institution was started as a High Caste Girls' School by private efforts so far back as the year 1881 and it can therefore well be regarded as one of the pioneer efforts in Southern India in the cause of female education. Ten years later it was taken over by the Government and in the year 1902 it was affiliated to the Madras University as a Second Grade College. During the 32 years of its existence, about 6,000 girls have passed out of it, 4 have taken the Bachelor of Arts Degree, 9 have passed the First in Arts or the Intermediate in Arts Examination, 17 the Matriculation or the School Final, 136 the Lower Secondary Examination in English, 195 the Lower Secondary Examination in Kannada and 2 the Pandita Examination in Sanskrit. Fifty-eight pupils of this College are serving throughout the State as School Mistresses, and 4 as nurses and midwives.

This College was one of the earliest in this part of India to take in hand the education of High Caste Hindu widows. Till now about 500 widow pupils have availed themselves of the instruction imparted here.

The pupils of this school, besides going through a purely literary course, receive instruction in music, drawing and needlework. While education is chiefly conducted here on Western lines, Hindu sentiments and customs are respected. Every effort is being made to widen the intellectual horizon of the pupils and gradually to introduce improvements in our customs and manners, I may mention on this occasion that it is understood that Government are contemplating to raise this College to the University First Grade and also to provide greater facilities for the teaching of some of the Home Industries and practical arts to such of the pupils as are not able to complete the literary course in its entirety.

Your Excellency is aware of the various difficulties and obstacles that lie in the way of Female Education in India. Mysore may well be proud of having attempted to gradually overcome many of them, and as now a genuine desire for female education has been created among all sections of the population, we trust our progress will be more rapid in future. A gratifying feature of this College is that it has always attracted pupils from the most orthodox priestly classes of the Brahmin community. Its success is entirely due to the warm encouragement it has all along received from Their Highnesses the Maharaja and the Maharani of Mysore.

In this Hall are also assembled the inmates and students of the Mysore Widows' Home, an institution founded by private effort some years ago to ameliorate the condition of the High Caste Hindu widows. The Home has been maintained by generous grants from His Highness the Maharaja and the Yuvaraja, by a part of the proceeds of the Devaraj Bahadur Charity Fund, by Government grants and by the donations from the founder Rai Bahadur A. Narasim Iyengar. The Widows' Home also serves the purpose of a Hostel for several of the students of this College.

The College has had the good fortune to receive visits from Lord and Lady Dufferin, Lord and Lady Lansdowne, Lady Elgin, Lord and Lady Minto, and we consider ourselves exceedingly fortunate in having the pleasure of adding Your Excellency's honoured name to the list of our distinguished visitors.

It only remains for me now to request Your Excellency to distribute the prizes to the deserving pupils to whom they have been awarded and they will, I am sure, cherish with feelings of gratitude and pleasure the memory of having received their prizes at the hands of Your Excellency.

In conclusion, I beg to tender to Your Excellency our heartfelt thanks for the honour conferred upon us by your kind condescension in visiting this College and graciously consenting to distribute the Prizes on this happy occasion.

K. D. RUKMINIAMMA,  
Offg. Lady Supt.

#### News and Notes

**JAPANESE GIRLS' SCHOOLS.**—Until recently the twin ideas with which Japanese girls have been trained and educated have been exclusively those of wifehood and motherhood. Happily the horizon is broadening for the new generation of girlhood. At the present day there are over 200 high schools for girls with 100,000 students in the "Land of the Rising Sun," besides scores of institutions which are mainly vocational in their purpose. Girls are educated, for example, as teachers of music, sewing and the liberal arts. Trades like bookbinding are taught in which the gentle sex show much accomplishment. More remarkable, the Woman's University of Japan was established eleven years ago with a generous donation from the Empress Dowager, to which statesmen and educators are lending their aid and influence. This institution has now some 1,100

students enrolled. Evidently—Japan is ready to accept the doctrine that women have an equal right with men to a higher education and probable attainments.

**WOMEN AND THE BAR.**—It is quite evident that Miss Lind-a-f Hageby's skill in conducting her own case in London, in the now famous antivivisectionist *cause celebre* and also in making it the opportunity for a great display of forensic oratory (no less than a three days' speech) which drew compliments from the Judge, will strengthen the claim of women to be admitted to the Bar. Her achievement recalls the names of many women lawyers who are apparently to be found at the present day in all parts of the world. In continental and other lands beyond the sea, these accomplished pleaders are certainly a growing and distinguished company.

The French capital has over a dozen women advocates, of whom Mlle Chauvin, Doctor of Law, is the eldest by seniority, having been in practice about fourteen years. Madame Verone is likewise well known as a criminal lawyer pleading at the Assizes. Practically all her clients are females and one part of her duties is to visit Saint Lazare Gaol. Mlle Miropolsky is, of course, the charming Portia of the Paris Bar. In Holland, Miss Van Dorp was the first Dutch woman barrister and her "maiden" speech was made at the Higher Court of the Hague, where she defended a peasant accused of theft, with signal ability.

Many women lawyers, it is noticed, devote themselves exclusively to the assistance of their own sex. Miss Katherine May Wood, for instance, deals only with cases from the woman's side in the divorce courts; and Miss Clara Martin, of Toronto, similarly practises law as it concerns women and children. At the Antipodes, Miss Ethel Benjamin, B.A. B., was the first woman barrister in New Zealand and Miss Greta Greig was the "pioneer" pleader in the Australian Commonwealth, her professional debut being on behalf of a branch of the Australian Women's Association.

In India, Miss Cornelia Sorabji has, with distinction, for ten years been counsel to the Court of Wards under the Government of Bengal and is therefore enabled to give expert legal assistance to numbers of widows and minors. Equally notable, Madame Natalie Michel, who passed her examinations with much brilliance was permitted to plead in the Egyptian courts after she had presented a thesis to the judges proving her right to do so by ancient Roman-Egyptian Law. Corresponding examples of women lawyers of note might be cited in Sweden, Finland, Switzerland and Canada.

## LADIES' RECREATION CLUB, MADRAS

## BUSINESS MEETING

The Annual Business Meeting of the Ladies' Recreation Club was held at the Club premises, Mylapore. Most of the members, English and Indian, were present and animated groups were seen scattered over the grounds, discussing the election of members of the Committee and office-bearers for 1914. At 4 P.M., H. E. Lady Pentland arrived and was received by Lady Atkinson and Honorary Secretaries, Mrs. Madeley and Mrs. Tiruvengkatachari. A very pretty awning of red silk, embroidered in gold, supported on four silver gilt posts, had been put up near the croquet lawn and to this Her Excellency was conducted. A small enclosure for gosha ladies had been put up close to this. After all the members had taken their seats and voting papers had been distributed, the Meeting began, with Her Excellency, the President of the Club, in the Chair.

## THE REPORT

The PRESIDENT then called upon Mrs. Madeley to present her Report for the year 1913. We take the following extracts :—

The year opened with 140 members. There were seventy-seven admissions during the year, as against ninety in the previous year. Of the new members five have joined as life members. The Club lost nine members by resignation. The number on the rolls on the 31st of December, 1913, was 225 (resident and non-resident) members.

The Committee has held nine monthly and seven special meetings during the year. As Mrs. Todhunter, Mrs. Bird and Mrs. Madeley were absent in England, from March to October, Mrs. Subramanyam, Mrs. Henderson and Mr. Lynde acted as Chairman of the Committee, Joint Honorary Treasurer and Joint Honorary Secretary, respectively and the thanks of the Committee and the members are due to these ladies for so kindly undertaking the work. Lady Benson resigned her Vice-Presidentship in April, owing to her departure from Madras. Before leaving, she was present at a special meeting on the 29th April, called for the purpose of requesting the Government to grant the Lady Wenlock Park to the Club. At the close of the meeting, Lady Benson read an interesting farewell address to the members, in which she gave them much valuable advice and expressed herself pleased with the progress the Club had made. The meeting concluded with a hearty vote of thanks to her, for all her kind sympathy and help.

In May, the Committee received notice of the sale of "Sylvan Lodge," and it became neces-

sary to find other suitable premises. This was not an easy task. In the first place, it was resolved to ask the Government to allow the Club to have the use of the Lady Wenlock Park on the Marina, but not having a favourable reply, it was decided to take the "Luz," Oliver's Road, as temporary Club Premises. The house is situated in a quiet road, and has some good rooms and a large verandah. The compound is fairly large, there being room for tennis, badminton and croquet courts. It is highly desirable that the Club should have a permanent habitation and not be liable, at any moment, to be called on to vacate and establish itself elsewhere. Improvements could then be made to the building and compound, including special gosha arrangements, and extra tennis and badminton courts, which are required, might also be provided.

The ordinary weekly meeting on Tuesdays and Saturdays have been well attended. Tennis is now played regularly, also billiards. In all the games the play has improved very much indeed. There were two special social gatherings at the Club during the year. Besides the one on the occasion of the visit of H. E. Lady Hardinge, there was another on the 18th December, at the request of the Ranees of Kapileswarapuram, a patroness, the occasion being the marriage of her son and daughter. The Club has now been in existence for two years. The year under review has been one of continued activity and steady progress in all directions, and there can be no doubt that the Club is fulfilling the object for which it was formed i.e., promoting social intercourse between Indian and European ladies and between Indian ladies of all classes and creeds and also providing suitable recreation for the members. The Committee begs to thank Her Excellency the President for the sympathy and support extended by her to the Club.

## THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT

Her Excellency then asked one of the honorary Treasurers, Mr. Bird, to read the Financial Statement for the year 1913. The following was the statement presented :—

YOUR EXCELLENCY.—It is with much pleasure Mrs. Numbermal Chetty and I submit a brief statement of the accounts of this Club for 1913. The receipts from all sources were Rs. 2,982, the two principal items being subscriptions Rs. 1,381 and donations and Entrance fees Rs. 1,510. The expenditure amounted to Rs. 1,399, which, however, does not include a sum of Rs. 300 paid for a billiard table. The balance in the Bank at the end of the year was Rs. 3,700. It is satisfactory to note that the ordinary expenditure exceeded the ordinary monthly subscription by only Rs. 18 as against

Rs. 110 in 1912. This year we hope to see the order reversed, but this can only be brought about by a large increase of members as our expenses will get heavier as we expand in more directions both in regard to games, entertainments and library, etc. I do not think it would be too ambitious to say that our membership might go up to 300 instead of 200, as it is at present.

Both the Reports were received with much acclamation.

## HER EXCELLENCY'S SPEECH.

Her Excellency then in a few words congratulated the Club members, the office-bearers and the Committee on the good progress made in 1913 and also for the excellent entertainment given to H. E. Lord Hardinge in November last. It was the first time that a Vicereine had visited the Ladies' Recreation Club and she had said that she was very pleased with it and carried away pleasant recollections of the same and hoped that every success would attend the Club. With the very same wish for the growth of the Club, Her Excellency moved the adoption of the Report and the balance sheet for 1913.

## LADY ATKINSON.

Lady Atkinson being called upon to second the above motion, made a very appropriate speech on the occasion. She took us back to the days when it had been most difficult to get up a ladies' party and described the stilted intercourse that had existed between the ladies of the East and the West. The Club had made such things easy now and was also very successfully achieving its aims, which are to set up more friendly relations between English and Indian ladies, more especially to make the Indian ladies know each other better, and also afford them facilities for recreation and for games. She trusted that the Indian ladies would not only think of the recreation side of the Club, but would also develop the higher instinct of womanhood. With a few words of congratulations to the office-bearers, who had worked so well during the hot weather, Lady Atkinson seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

After a few more business arrangements had been made, the voting papers were collected and a general move was made for refreshments, which were served under the coconut palms on dainty tables. Meanwhile an exhibition of wonderful feats of strength and skill was given by Miss Tara, the Indian lady Sandow.

Before her departure, Her Excellency presented Miss Tara with a Gold Medal, the gift of the members of the Ladies' Recreation Club. Her Excellency was then garlanded by Lady Desika-

chari and presented with a lovely bouquet, and the party broke up after a very successful evening, both as regards business and pleasure.

Among those present were the following :—Her Excellency, Lady Flora Poore, Mrs. Sinclair, Lady Atkinson, Mrs. Whitehead, Lady Sankara Nair, The Rani of Ramnad, The Rani of Uthumalai, Mrs. Bakewell, Mrs. Sadasiva Iyer, Mrs. Tyabjee, Mrs. Oldfield, Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. Buckley, Lady Ramasawmy Moodelliar, Mr. and Mrs. Corbet, Lady Desikachari, Mrs. Subramanyam, Mrs. Giffard, Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. and Miss C. Krishnan, Miss Lynch, Mrs. Chadwick, Mrs. Arthur Davies, Mrs. Firth, Mrs. S. Srinivasa Iyengar, Mrs. Gordon Fraser, the daughters of the late Mr. V. Krishnasawmy Iyer, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Madhava Nair, Mrs. and Miss E. S. Hensman, Mrs. T. Rungachari, Mrs. J. C. Adam, Mrs. Jones, Miss Tyler, Mrs. S. Gurusawmy Chetty, Mrs. S. V. Ramasawmy Moodelliar, Mrs. R. A. Srinivasa Iyengar, Mrs. Devados Pillay, Mrs. Paul Appasawmy, Mrs. Sivagnana Moodelly, Mrs. and Miss Sreesivasa, Mrs. Lakshman Rao, Mrs. Nagaraja Rao, Mrs. Harris and Miss Chowie, Mrs. Gopal Menon, Mrs. Alexander, Miss Shunmugam, Mrs. Cuppusawmy Moodelliar, Mrs. Krishnasawmy Chetty, Mrs. Alwar Chetty, Mrs. Chitty Babu Naidu, the daughters of Dr. M. C. Nanjunda Rao, Mrs. and Miss Handoo, Mrs. Koman, Mrs. Siva Subramaniam, Mrs. S. G. Hensman, Mrs. Sakram Rao and Mrs. Devaraj Moodelliar.

NEW MARRIAGE LAWS IN SWEDEN.—The present marriage laws of Sweden date from 1734; of course, during their nearly 200 years of existence they have been several times altered and amended, but the amendments have been either unpractical, or they have been contrary to the old test and the old spirit, and, therefore, created confusion instead of clearness and accuracy. Therefore, in 1909 Parliament resolved that the whole marriage code should be revised, and about six weeks ago the first part of this revision was published as a proposal of our Standing Legislative Committee. It is the chapters concerning the conditions for contracting and dissolving marriage, which are now ready.

There are some innovations in this proposed law which deserve to be mentioned. Among the disabilities for which marriage is forbidden are introduced mental diseases, even if they are not marked enough to create general disability, and venereal diseases in a contagious phase. The age when women are permitted to marry has been raised from 17 to 18 years; but here the committee seems not to have thought of the necessity of simultaneously raising the age of

consent; that remains at 15 as before, and so if the law be not amended on this point, we shall have three years in a woman's life, during which a man may not legally marry her, but may seduce her.

When a man or a woman under 21 years wants to marry, their parents' consent is necessary; in our present law the father's consent is enough, and even if he is dead the mother needs the advice of the nearest relations. Now, father and mother are perfectly equal.

The greatest innovation in the divorce law is the possibility of getting divorce without any obstacles as soon as both husband and wife agree about it; on their simple application the law grants them first separation for one year, and then, on a new application from both or one of them, full divorce. The legal conditions for getting divorce on the application of one party have been altered to greater clearness, completeness, and consistency; in our present law they are confusing. As for the legal effects of divorce, the proposed new law expressly states that when the guardianship of the children is awarded to the mother she is their legal guardian, a point about which much confusion has hitherto prevailed.

Upon the whole, the new proposal is a great improvement. We hope that it will be eagerly and amply discussed, and that the minor deficiencies which may be found will be corrected, either by the Government or by Parliament itself. But the main part of the marriage laws is not treated as yet—the part concerning the personal and economic equality between husband and wife during marriage. Only if Parliament will grant us Suffrage in 1914 can we hope to influence this legislation. It seems almost ridiculous to think that in the present day wholly new marriage laws may be proposed and carried into law by the men alone. Therefore, let us hope for success next year as long as we can.

**ZENANA HIGH SCHOOL, HYDERABAD.**—Last Saturday, the annual prize distribution of this institution took place. Mrs. Pinhey presided and gave away the prizes. A delightful programme was gone through. Miss E. A. Evans, Lady Principal, read the School Report from which we learn that there has been a steady increase in the number of pupils and the strength is 122 against 93 of last year. Two pupils appeared for the High School Leaving Certificate Examination last April and one did very well. She secured a good certificate and is continuing her studies privately with a view to taking her Degree in the Madras University. Two appeared for the Middle School Examination and both passed. A pupil of the School, Jaffri Begum, one who has been

in school since her childhood and who took her H. S. L. certificate in 1911 has this year been appointed Secretary to the School, a post which she fills very well. H. H. the Nizam's Government have sanctioned Rs. 39,000 for enlarging the school building near Hussain Sakha garden.

"Cindrella" was then acted by the pupils in a pleasant manner and in the end, about fifty prizes were distributed by Mrs. Pinhey. The proceedings ended with a song "God bless the Nizam."

**KISSING FOR HEALTH.**—From time immemorial doctors and others have preached against the dangers of kissing. It has been alleged again and again that while in the act of kissing disease microbes pass from mouth to mouth, and that consummation especially is spread by the practice.

Engaged couples, however, may take heart from the recent statement of Dr. Pashkow, an eminent physician of Breslau, who denies absolutely that kissing is dangerous to health. "On the contrary," he says, "far from being harmful, kissing soothes the nerves and has beneficial effects."

A few years ago another medical authority came forward with the theory that kissing is a cure for indigestion. His idea was that our mouths contain beneficent microbes that are enemies of dyspepsia, and that one of the surest ways of getting rid of that nasty 'afterdinner feeling' is to resort to the pleasant pastime of osculation.

A couple of years since there was a vigorous campaign by prudes in America against kissing, but the health authorities very quickly decided to discountenance the movement. They asserted that it was nonsense to say that kissing was bad for health; and Dr. Wiley, the chief of the Bureau of Chemistry stated that "it was essential in the interests of national happiness that the zeal of the 'germonphobes' who are agitating for the abolition of one of the most delightful Christmas customs (kissing under the mistletoe) shall be curbed."

**BOY WITH INVERTED BRAIN SEES, WRITES, AND DRAWS UPSIDE DOWN.**—A boy who sees everything upside down, writes from right to left, inverts all his letters and figures and draws and copies any objects the wrong way up, has been discovered at Chester-le-Street, Durham. He is 5 years old and his case presents many similarities to that of in the American boy reported recently.

In an interview with the boy's teacher, a 'Daily Chronicle' representative obtained an idea of the

peculiar working of the child's mind. Not only does he write upside down the teacher said, but he also sees upside down. For instance, if he has to write a small 'b,' the result is a 'y' written backwards; that is to say he commences to form the letter at the tail-end and works backwards. The same operation takes place when he frames such letters as 'u' and 'm,' the effect being that the letters written are 'n' and 'w' respectively.

His mind acts in a similar topsyturvy manner when he is set to copy any figure or outline drawing. His reading, however, is not affected by the brain's peculiarity. Though it is evident that he sees letters upside down they make apparently the same impression on his mind as upon the mind of an ordinary boy, he can read his words with as much facility as any other child of similar age.

The child is just learning to read and write and to copy blackboard drawings, and every effort has been made to alter his abnormal method, but without success.

**WOMEN LAWYERS IN PORTUGAL.**—Portuguese law does not forbid women to study jurisprudence, nor to follow the legal professions. In spite of this possibility, women never till to-day attempted a legal career, but lo and behold! on November 14 last a young girl of 20 came forward at the Law Courts of Lisbon as counsel for the defence of two women, accused of assaulting another woman. The first Woman Barrister in Portugal, Mlle. Dr. Regina Quintanilha made a brilliant defence, and was warmly congratulated on her speech. She studied with brilliant results at the University of Coimbra, and it only remains for her to qualify in forensic medicine, which examination she is soon to pass.

She has received the necessary authorisation to practise law in Portuguese Courts. We hope that her fine example will soon be followed by other studious girls, for woman has a great social part to play in the legal profession as guardian of the rights and liberties of her sisters, and of children.

**LADY PREACHERS.**—There are more than 5,000 Lady Preachers in the United States, and among them a few are ordained. The Rev. Sarah A. Dixon is the only ordained lady minister in new England States, who had astonished London church goers with her eloquence.

**A LADY B. D.**—Miss Olive Dutcher has received the degree of B. D. with credit from the Union Theological Seminary, New York. Miss Dutcher is an associate Professor of Biblical

Literature at Mount Holyoke, one of the leading Women's Colleges in New England.

**MOTOR RECORD.**—All motor records were recently broken on the Brooklands motor track by Mr. Louis Cantalin with his 30 H.P. "Sunbeam" which in 12 hours made 1,078 miles, and 400 yards, giving an average speed of nearly 90 miles or exactly over 89 5/6 miles. In some parts of the track, the car ran at the rate of 95 miles per hour.

**QUEEN'S RELICS.**—Of Queen Victoria's dresses almost all are in the museum. One of which is the one she wore when she attended her first Council. The Crown worn by Queen Alexandra at Her Majesty's Coronation is also in the museum. The diamonds have however been removed, and crystals placed in their place.

**WHAT A Queenly woman is Her Excellency Lady Hardinge,** observes the "Hindoo Patriot." The territorial magnates of Bebar wanted to raise a statue in her honour at Bankipur, as a fitting complement to the one to be erected to commemorate the Viceroyalty of her illustrious husband. But Her Excellency expressed an opinion that the money to be spent on the proposed statue might be more usefully utilized in the foundation of a Zenana Hospital. Again, the Calcutta Corporation wanted to commemorate Lady Hardinge's forthcoming visit to Calcutta by the presentation to her of a piece of jewellery. But Her Excellency has suggested that the money might be devoted to some charitable or philanthropic object.

**THE ceremony of wedding is a very curious function.** To one nation a wedding without a ring seems incongruous. In Spain the ceremony is something like the following: The bridegroom gives a flower to the bride and she takes a vow to wear it above her right ear and if she does so the ceremony of becoming a wife is complete.

**ODD MARRIAGE ENTRIES.**—In an old register in the British Museum the following curious marriage entries are found:—"Dec. 1775 at York, Mr. Thomas of the Yorkshire militia, 6 feet 2 inches high to Miss Hannah Tennick of Clearlaim, 3 feet 2 inches high." Another reads, "February 1769, Robert Judge Esq. of Cooks-burgh, Ireland, aged 95 to Miss Anne Nugent aged 18. He served in King William's wars, and received a ball in his nose." A third entry reads "August 5th 1751. The Rev. Mr. J. Pagh of Cardiganshire, married to his fourth wife. His next door neighbours on each side have married, one to his third the other to his fifth."

**PRESENTATION.**—Mrs. Russel Sage, the widow of the great American financier celebrated her 85th birth-day by presenting £15,000 to the Syracuse Institute, New York, £2,000 to the Presbyterian Church and £1,000 each to the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A.

**WOMAN SOLICITOR.**—Miss Gwyneth Marjory Bebb, who has qualified herself as a Solicitor applied to the Law Courts for enrolment.

**WOMEN IN THE RUSSIAN CIVIL SERVICE.**—A measure has been introduced in the Council of Ministers to allow women to enter the lower grades of the Civil Service, and to become entitled to the corresponding pensions.

**LADIES' EXHIBITS.**—In the ladies' court of the Mysore Exhibition, the third Princess of Mysore presided and awarded prizes to the exhibitors. She gave the following address. "Ladies, I have to thank you for your hearty welcome, and it has given me great pleasure to present these awards. They represent some recognition of painstaking work, and I am sure will be a stimulus for future perseverance. Plain needle-work shows marked improvement this year. Lady Daly has given a gold medal for the best embroidery. I heartily congratulate the prize winners, and trust that next year will show even better results."

**MANY Gujarati ladies** have convened a public meeting to express indignation regarding the affairs in South Africa. The lady President said that India had reason to be proud of the way her daughters in South Africa had stood by their husbands and brothers in this struggle. It was the duty of the daughters of India to do their level best to help their sisters out in Africa.

**MEASURING SCOT.**—An apparatus has been made to measure scot and dust just as rain is gauged, which will facilitate hygienic measures and precautions.

**LARGE APPLE.**—A giant apple was sold for 16 guineas at Covent garden market which measured 17 inches in circumference, and weighed 2 lb. 5½ oz.

**A HEAVY RANSOM.**—A Frenchwoman has been captured by Moorish tribesmen and they are bargaining for her release at 16 shillings per pair on the captive's head.

**OLD BANK NOTE.**—There is a £25 bank note which was honored 111 years after it was issued, and it is among the collection in the Bank of England.

**UP-TO-DATE.**—The words "up-to-date" were first used in 1888 by Mr. George R. Sims as the title of the piece produced at the Gaiety Theatre called "Faust up-to-date." Now the phrase is commonly used.

**WORLD'S CREATION.**—From a tablet which has been dug up in Nippur some years ago which has been translated by Dr. Arno Poebel who believes that the creation of the world was 7,000 B. C.

**THE WEDDING RING.**—There is a female in Sussex who wears her wedding ring on one of her toes, being armless. She writes a beautiful hand with her left foot.

At the recent meeting of the Texas Congress of Mothers, Mrs. Frank Buckner of Austin pointed out that the State Legislature had appropriated \$100,000 to improve Texas livestock, \$150,000 for the militia, and \$15,000 for the game and fish of the State, but was still holding up the modest appropriation of \$5,000, asked for by the Mothers' Congress, to promote the better care of children. The women want this money to cover the expenses of an unpaid Child Welfare Commission. At present, out of the 60,000 babies born in Texas every year, 6,000 die of preventable diseases before they are twelve months old.

**SEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS** were raised for the New York suffrage campaign at the great Harvest Home Festival, given by the Women Suffrage Party last week. To swell the fund still further, the women afterwards auctioned off at their Headquarters the fruits and vegetables that had decorated the stage. According to the New York Tribune, Mrs. Catt bought the California pumpkin, Mrs. Raymond Brown the Colorado one, and "Col." Ida Craft invested in a dozen ears of Kansas pop corn for her Thanksgiving dinner.

**MISS JESSIE WILSON** received a unique wedding gift from the Women's Political Union. A large box in the Union's colors contained an original Thanksgiving cartoon by Otto Busch. It shows a Puritan gentleman carving a large turkey marked "Votes." The Puritan lady sits at his side with an empty plate, while he enjoys his meal.

Puritan Lady: "But, Jonathan, are you not going to give me some turkey?"

Jonathan: "Patience, Priscilla, have you not yet learned that you cannot have any turkey untill all women want turkey?"

AMONG the various kinds of literature on exhibition at the National Suffrage Convention will be the Woman Citizen's Library. This library, to which a majority of leading suffragists have contributed, should be invaluable to many a political study club.

A WIDOW RE-MARRIAGE according to Hindu rites, took place on Sunday at the Bombay residence of Mr. Bhagvandas Madhudas, when Mr. Lakshman Rao Kaikani, aged twenty-seven,

was married to Srimatee Tangabai Nadkarai, aged twenty-two, a widow. The wedding was largely attended by ladies and gentlemen sympathising with the social reform movement. The contracting parties belonged to different sub-sections of the same caste. Mr. Kaikani, who is married for the first time, has been an active member of the Servants of India Society for the last six years, being in charge of the Yeotmal Branch. He took a prominent part in the relief operations during the last famine in the United Provinces.

## THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

### Acknowledgments from October, 1913

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THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

is the sheep—the soft harmless creature that clothes him with his fleece, that feeds him with his flesh, that gives its bowels to be spun into catgut for his musical instruments, whose horns he has learned to fashion into a thousand trinkets and whose skin converted into parchment was a repository of the product of the human intellect.

We thus see the law of complexity imprinted on all Nature round man. What about himself? Let us examine some of the typical human institutions to see if these also tend towards complexity.

**Mathematics:**—The simplest possible mathematician seems to be the primitive savage of the Australian Continent. Many an infant standard boy can graduate with distinction there: for when asked to count he would say, one, two, three, many. Beyond this, his poor head cannot take him. Just note the difference between this simplicity and the complexity we find in the calculations of Newton and Kelvin. What a degree of complexity has been attained between the bare counting up to three and the discovery of formulæ to calculate eclipses and to find the weight of the apparently weightless gossamer that shines in the air as an airy nothing? We find the same process at work in writing the numbers of Arabic and English notation. It is probable that 'one' was represented by one finger raised and that the other numbers by the number of fingers raised. Thus the ten fingers indicated the first ten numbers. This is very simple mathematics—the mathematics of the shepherd woman of rural India even to-day, when she calculates the amount of milk supplied. Complexity set in by and by, and though the same numbers were retained up to three on account of the simplicity, the number for four was changed, being formed by leaving out the little finger of the left-hand out of five and putting its three neighbours so close as to look like one. Similarly ten was formed by all the fingers of the left-hand put close together and placed across all the fingers of the right-hand put together, and nine was formed by leaving out one of the extreme little fingers out of ten thus formed. With regard to Arabic notation the numbers must have been formed exactly in the same way as the Roman. 'One' is indicated by an upright stroke and two by two horizontal strokes and three by three strokes and so on. When a man writes in haste, he will join the ends which could produce all the numbers of the notation and as a further effect of the power of complexity the ends were rounded or caused to end in curves—the lines of beauty.

I once asked a Paliab—a member of the aboriginal tribe living in the local hills—to come to me after a certain number of days. He applied to

me for a strip of cloth which he asked me to make as many knots as the days I had given him and explained to me that he would undo one knot every day as soon as the sun went down and when all the knots were done thus, he would start. This is the way the savage Paliab cuts the gordian knot in these days.

FOOD

The simple savage finds his breakfast in the limpid fountains and running streams. The most delicious sweets imply no toil or labour but are kept ready for him in the clefts of rocks and in the hollows of trees by the delicious toil of the industrious and provident bees. They have their dessert too, not the product of labour, but the courtesy of the ground which gives them edible roots and leaves and that of the tree that parts with its fruit without inducement. We all approve of and admire this kind of breakfast and dessert. Yea, the patrons of longevity will dilate on the virtues of a simple vegetarian diet. But in the face of all this we will practically ignore their recipe because the world is marching towards complexity. A mere list of the verbs connected with kitchen duties is enough to prove what complexity we are tending towards. The following are some of them: baking and basting, boiling and buttering, currying and cutting, carving and creaming, drawing and dredging, singeing and simmering, mincing and trussing, roasting and toasting, stewing and brewing, frying and kneading, pilling and garnishing and skimming and steaming.

The case of the bed-bug illustrates how even animals of low type are eager for complexity in food. The invertebrate bed-bug must have come into the world long before man. It must have been a parasite of some lower animal as a cow. But somehow are other it has managed, possibly when the cow was being milked, to find its way to the human body. Having tasted the most complex food, this man-eater of the house thirsts for human blood. Thus he has become an unpleasant and uninvited companion of man and only boiling water or the hot sun do part them in sunder. During the absence of the inmates of a house infested with bugs, a fowl was found almost dying. On examination, it was found that its whole body was teeming with bugs that had almost bled him to death.

DRESS

Our first ancestors—Adam and Eve—strode about Paradise, 'in naked majesty lords of all!' The earliest dress was made of fig leaves. In those early days the lovely tresses of simple Eve knew no plaiting, nor was her light body burdened with silk or Tyrian purple. There was no other millinery than that of green leaves and

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no other ornament than modesty. She did not require to be taught how to walk and to talk, and how to laugh and how to cough. A man may preach quite a crusade against fashion and jewels, but that will not prevent him from dropping occasionally into a jewellers's shop for the benefit of his wife and daughters. We may lavish all our eloquence in condemning fashion, but are quite powerless either to oppose it or to arrest it, as it is a movement in unison with nature, a movement towards complexity.

Several historical facts are simply Nature's throes towards complexity. The Puritans proposed to worship God as they wished—this represented a struggle for complexity—for a demand for a large number of men to think and act. But Charles championed the cause of simplicity and tried to arrest Nature's march and he paid dearly for it. The murder of Julius Caesar, the rise of Buddhism, the Reformation, the American war of Independence, the French Revolution, and all other important historical events may be explained in the same manner. The drift of history has been towards freedom politically. We will now discuss one or two current events in the light of this principle.

1. Will the suffragettes prevail in the end?
2. Will race, caste and national hatred continue to the end of time?
3. What will be the final shape assumed by all Governments?

1. Will the suffragettes gain the day? The whole question hinges on how we answer the following question—Does this agitation tend towards complexity? If the answer be in the affirmative, they are bound to succeed. At present—government is in the hands of the male adults of the nation that satisfy certain conditions. That is, women who constitute one half of the community are practically shut out. By their request being granted, a greater degree of complexity in government could be attained. Therefore in spite of all our arguments from the kitchen and the cradle they are bound ultimately to succeed.

2. Will caste, race and national animosity continue for ever? When an important question affecting a caste or a nation arises, the whole mass is affected as one man. The voice of the individual, of the minority, is not respected. Here is, therefore, a war against complexity and progress which will never end in success. A time will come when all the large questions affecting nations will be decided, not by their hot-headed representatives ready to rush into battle and legislative coercion, but by the free individual opinion of all men and women who desire to speak on such matters irrespective of their literacy and all mistrust in man will cease. Time was when animals, such as the Apis of Egypt,

decided for man and thanks be to the law of complexity that such simple institutions are gone. The day will come when the boundary line between castes and nations will become less and less marked till it is altogether obliterated. Death of race-hatred means, international weights, international currency, international language, international dress, international sympathies, yea, international fathers-in-law and mothers-in-law, which will lay the foundation of international religion and recognition of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man. The world will then, be filled with the international love of God as the ocean is full of water.

Is it not possible to trace the march from simplicity to complexity in school matters?

The day of the traditional teacher who, armed with a long cane, sat the autocrat of the school is gone for ever. He has now become the servant of servants. He must first submit to the inviolable code. Then he must bend his neck to all the educational officers of the department down to the supervisor. There are occasions when the supervisor's bulls will have to be respected. All this outside the school. Inside, they must be careful not to offend the autocrat hanging on the wall—the inexorable time-table—an ordinance for ever throughout all generations! Then at the time of promotion or selection, he must bow to the superior wisdom of the parents or the would-be mothers-in-law. The teacher has been very nearly reduced to the condition of the Municipal councillors of Hamelin where the people came flocking to the town-hall, crying out,

"Give your brains a racking  
Or we will send packing."

A high degree of complexity, and therefore of efficiency may be attained by the higher teacher of a school going down to the lower classes occasionally, by making the more intelligent of the lower teachers take work in the higher classes by giving a share to intelligent pupils at least in the mechanical arrangement of the schools, by having a committee of boys to help in deciding matters connected with the boys, by conducting lessons without any book whatever, by including the current topics of the day under the portions to be examined and by introducing music, table tennis and such-like recreations between working hours. Just fancy what zest it will give school work to appoint a 'Cocoanut-day,' when cocoanuts are dashed on the stone-steps of the school and shattered into a hundred pieces to be eagerly picked by the keenly contested boys! I am sure that there will be no absentee during the 'cocoanut week.' Teachers, particularly those in the primary department, will find it more helpful to betake themselves to

breaking vegetable cocoanuts and to desist from breaking animal cocoanuts in the shape of the heads of dull boys.

I will just mention where openness to complexity saved me from a very awkward situation. A few years ago, the masters of this school came to the conclusion that 15 boys should be sent in for the matriculation examination. Anticipating a severe bombardment from parents, I wished to be fore-armed. I got to know by individual votes of the boys themselves how many of their comrades were likely to pass. Their number too was 15! A gentleman, who had come to me for the purpose of recommending a boy, being sent in, stopped doing so when he heard of the selection by a two-fold vote.

3. What will be the final shape assumed by all governments? Time was when all human societies were governed by the headman, the patriarch or, in later times, the king. Government by these was very simple indeed. Gradually, the people were admitted to exercise control in state affairs which represented complexity. That form of government where the monarch voluntarily surrenders his powers in favour of the people, content to be only a uniting medium for the different shades of political thought while not asserting his own—for, complexity without a unifying force would produce chaos—that government would be the most stable and no power on earth can shake it. But that ruler who asserts his claims to despotic rule and seeks to enforce it arbitrarily, is unwittingly wrecking himself. He lays himself open to the blow from 'an unseen hand' which will introduce a form of government that gives room for a greater complexity. But let one assume the title of the despotic ruler, one will still be safe, if he is nowhere in the practical government, relinquishing all his powers to the people's representatives, the law of complexity being inviolable. A republic may be shattered if the President begins to turn the government in the direction of simplicity.

We thus see that from the simple nebulous mass out of which the earth has been built, not only the elements of the dry land and the waters, but also the boundless varieties of plants and animals have been evolved. Elements have grown more in number as well as in complexity, by rapid movements and inter-action between one element and another. We do not know when this tendency will stop. In the plant the seed is formed—the seed that, when placed under the same conditions as the mother plant, will reproduce it exactly and placed under more favourable conditions may reproduce a finer variety. The moment the fruit is formed and the highest complexity secured, the flower, the leaf and the whole plant gradually die and are reduc-

ed to simpler substances. The same may be said of trees and lower animals. Shall we not then look here for a clue to the explanation of the origins of the human mind or soul? We have seen that there has been all along the great geologic periods an anticipation of man—the most highly finished product of earth and the climax of existence in this dispensation. Shall we be far wrong in holding that, as stable compounds are produced from unstable ones, the soul that is considered the most stable product in the world, so much so, that it has been considered by the greatest thinkers of the world from Socrates downwards to be non-material, is the culmination of the process of complexity? Can we not hold that, as when the highest complexity in plant or animal is reached the unstable compounds are reduced to simplicity in composition, the earth itself will suffer disintegration and be reduced to the state of the original chaos as soon as the complex products that the earth could evolve under the present conditions have been evolved and a new heaven and a new earth are in demand? We can then expect that 'the heavens shall pass away with a great noise and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burnt up and the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved and the elements shall melt with fervent heat.'

One word more, as to how the complexity of the soul is secured. As by the so-called physical laws, the greatest complexity in inorganic and organic matter is obtained, so by what are termed moral laws—which really are the finest physical laws—the highest degree of complexity is secured. The soul must obey these moral or spiritual laws, if it is to become permanently eternal and indestructible. There are also some special arrangements or structures in the human body—though clearly outside the soul—to help it on the road to stability, such as conscience—the rosy petal of the soul—flower, the eye of the soul or the angel of light.

It may be remarked, in passing, that moral laws, which people generally think could be trespassed with impunity, are as much physical laws as those of gravity and electricity and breaches against the former will be visited with as much severity as those against the latter. The sinner is "Condemned already and this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world and men loved darkness rather than light." The murderer murders sleep and is hanged even when he is let off. Portions of his body are decomposed, the music of life becomes discord and the jarring effect tends to disintegrate his complex structure, ultimately hurling him back to the simplicity of the incandescent nebulae out of which he sprang, 'the heavens being dissolved and the elements melt-

ing with fervent heat" that is, the soul that refuses to accommodate itself to the benign laws making for complexity will be reduced to its original inertness, in whatever stage the conflict may occur and we may very well take the liberty to disagree with the poet and to say, that 'Dust thou art, and unto dust returnest' was said of nothing else but the soul. "How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, Son of the morning! How art thou cut down to the ground!"

We need not indulge ourselves in the pleasant speculation of what the capacities of the stable soul may be under new and finer environments. Suffice it to say that this soul will more infinitely transcend the earth soul in effulgence and majesty, than the earth soul does the vile dust out of which it has been made.

### The village devil or the cost of a lie



DING, 'Ding, 'Ding, 'did the railway bell go. 'Get up, 'wake up, 'get tickets,' was the cry of the dutiful porters and many a gentleman philanthropically inclined. The faint elongated whistle at a distance justified the bell and the heavy sleepers rose quickly in response to the whistling ever increasing in volume. 'Rail is come, 'Rail is come,' shouted man, woman and child. One and all are on their legs with the luggage slung across the shoulders or the tin-box held in the hand, awaiting the train to stop. Where are Lala and Bala? Were they not also sleeping under the dewy canopy of heaven resolved not to miss the train? Poor fellows! they are rushing about here and there evidently wishing to raise a small loan. Lala had forgotten to take the railway fare and hence the despairing face and rush. There were many sympathetic 'Aiyoh's,' but no one would part with hard cash. One and all assured them that had they known of their wants, they would have brought some money. "When prudence fails, have recourse to stratagem." So says the native proverb and so did our heroes feel. One of the passengers helped them with practical advice which was quickly followed. Bala was soon put into an old gunny bag meshed with holes and the mouth of the bag fast secured. For every body was of opinion that as much as could be carried in a man's hand could be carried free

of charge. The thick darkness around favoured the trick and Lala was now rid of all anxiety—at least, so he thought—and so all human beings think during the intervals of difficulties. Little Bala felt as free as his brother for the old gunny bag did not choke him, containing as it did holes through which he not only could breathe freely but could see many things unseen. Though occasionally there came a strange throb in his heart as to what might happen if the trick was found out, he congratulated his brother at heart in following so original a device and himself at the idea of riding without payment. Presently the train began to get so overcrowded that 'make room' was heard in all directions. "Why do you have that bag there on the seat when respectable passengers have to struggle for mere standing room? Put the bag under the seat. Will you put it or not?" Joy fled again from the faces of both at the prospect of difficulties, as Bala was such a tall stripling that, though he had almost doubled himself in the act of accommodating himself within the bag, he could not make himself elastic enough to go under the seat for there was very little room underneath, the open space being almost choked up with luggage.

The noise and strife brought on the scene the guard who ordered the immediate removal of the bag to the van. Many were the misgivings of Bala as he was being carried through the corridor. In fact he would have let the cat out of the bag, had he not suddenly restrained himself according to the well-known native proverb, "If you mask yourself like a dog, you must bark like one." But the servant who did not know what the precious contents of the bag were, placed it indifferently upside down, that is, in plain language, poor Bala's body was made to rest on the head. After preaching to Lala and others that sat within hearing distance a long homily on the dangers attending upon the inconvenience caused, willfully, voluntarily and intentionally, to passengers and dwelling at length on the want of circumspection of those who failed to be respectful and courteous to railway officials such as he was, the guard thoughtfully paced back and sat before his table where he had left a letter half-finished. Looking sideways he saw the gunny bag move, which, at first he supposed was a motion communicated by the train. Stopping his work and coming close, he observed the motion coming from within. The superstitious guard began to retreat slowly towards the passage and a sudden sneeze from within the bag completed the rout. It was all due to poor Bala's wriggling his body to a convenient adjustment when some particles of chillies which article used to be kept in the bag, ascending the nasal promontory caused sneezing on one side

and headlong flight on the other. Ksha! Ksha! Ksha! (sneeze, sneeze, sneeze.) The astonished guard vanished out of sight looking back occasionally at the turns at something, which, he felt, was following him at his heels. 'Whu! 'Whu! 'Whu,' breathed the terrified guard as he stood before Lala to trace out whom he went up and down several times, though the latter as often looked at him inquiringly and anxiously. "What: thou devil, what have you done? Tell the truth or I cuff you this very instant through the window." Lala was naturally a man of resource and had been really working hard to find an explanation for the bag mystery if any difficulty about it should turn up. The word, 'devil' coming from the guard seemed to supply the only word that was needed and he was ready with an explanation. "Sir," said he, "I am a villager and unaccustomed to these wonderful sights. But be pleased to remember that I am a man of truth and no lie has ever passed between these lips. I have spent all my time with dead men and devils and have no fear for those who are able only to kill the body. You may cuff me out, but I will come floating into your carriage. For I am a member of the great Sadhu community who have conquered matter. Beware, gentleman, of using violent language. If truth is all that you want, truth shall you get. This bag contains a most mischievous devil, whom I have exorcised into small dimensions. I have seen many wicked spirits in my day, but none so fierce as this. His wife is ten times more malignant and I am yet to capture her. He has been a plague and scourge in my neighbourhood. His mischievous frolics have cost many a man his life and many a woman her health. In the full blaze of daylight, when the owner is still looking on, the coat hanging on a peg will catch fire at the top and burn down to the bottom. The housewife feels glad that her toils for the day are over, when a rattle is heard in the kitchen and the woman finds the curry and rice scattered on the floor. The child disappears mysteriously from the cradle before the lullaby is over and the astonished mother discovers a kitten in its place. The shepherd plodding homewards wearily, hears a stray sheep which ever moves on as he follows, through bush, brake and brier till daybreak, when he disappears like a vision. A young woman suffering under the lashes of the inexorable mother-in-law sighs for home and sees at midnight her mother who after tender caresses leads her home and brings her back to the home circle. She finds herself once more among her kith and kin and is safely delivered of a son, nurses and friends being ready with soap, basin, and towel. Yea, even the name is given. But suddenly a party of men come with torch-light searching for the missing

woman and the whole pageantry disappears, a woman and a lovely little baby being left behind. I myself have had hair-breadth escapes. Once I lost my way in the dark and attracted by a light, I went to a roadside mansion where I was courteously received by the gentleman and the lady. They attended to all my wants and I drowned all the toils of the journey in a comfortable spring cot. At midnight, I felt as if I was being slanted in my bed, when waking up suddenly, I found to my great surprise that the host and the hostess were about to throw me down into the well! I raised an alarm and the whole scene vanished—the bungalow with its varied contents. And, then, what shall I say of the horrible song with which they lulled me to sleep.

"While the world is twirling round,  
Rocks and caves and seas are found,  
Sing we roundels, fairy songs,  
Nan shall feel our fiery tongs.  
Nothing shall our dances mar,  
Nought—till judgment's awful bar.

So troublesome did these devils become that all the villagers lately joined together as one man and invoked my aid against them. Taking my life in my hands I exorcised the husband into a bag and am carrying him to be finally disposed of into the sea."

Frightened all the more, the guard thought he must do something speedily before the devil began to play any pranks in his new surroundings. When a boy, he had often heard his grandmother say, "fire the devil." To "fire the devil," then did he set his mind. Calling to him two stalwart followers, he directed them to take the old gunny bag containing rubbish and, to throw it right into the engine, securing the mouth so fast that none of the contents slipped out. Towards the engine did they go. Meanwhile, the conflict that passed through the excited brain of the guard was simply pitiable. "Supposing the nasty beast kicked up in his agony, was he not risking the safety of the engine and the passengers? If before reaching the furnace he broke asunder the cords of the bag, would he not turn against him? Did not the devil know the heart of man? Was he not releasing him from the only restraint on his activities by having ordered him to be thrown into the fire? I ought to have left him alone. But it is now too late. If he thinks of retaliation, what shall I do? Shall I arm myself with an iron rod, for I have always heard old people say that the possession of iron is a sufficient protection against the devil?" The guard was now found pacing cautiously at the lower end of the train prepared for the great emergency. He had become pale and wan and people observed that the guard's behaviour was becoming strange and unaccountable. At every click of the chains he would raise into the air

the long iron bar that he held in his hand as if to rebut the charge of an invisible assailant. In the meanwhile Lala was going through an experience which could be more imagined than described. The removal of his brother to an unknown place, the orders given to the servants, though he could not understand the language of the order—the eagerness with which they ran for the execution, the general enquiry of the passengers who put all sorts of constructions on the behaviour of the guard and made many inferences—diametrically opposed to one another, filled him with fear at what might follow. "Have they examined the bag and shut up my brother? Is he free or fettered? Is the guard going to charge us with fraud? What must come, must come. What the fates have decreed must come to pass. When the fates come, wit flies. If I had waited, I could have come upon some person who would have helped me to get a ticket. Why did I ever lose all my sense and perpetrate this folly? I could manage to get down and run away, but how can I expect to live without my brother! But there is no use of my staying here, as they will not imprison any one who is not directly concerned in the fraud. Alas, what shall I do now that the train seems to be nearing a station!" So saying, the poor fellow sobbed and wept. Oh! it was a moving sight to see one fairly advanced in years weep like a child. He refused to be comforted, though the fellow passengers assured him that nothing serious would happen, if he only told the authorities that being a villager he did not know that it was a mistake to keep a bag on the seat. How cheap and misdirected sometimes are the comfort and the advice of friends! Presently, Lala saw the same two stalwart servants rush down the train laughing and talking with much animation as they went.

You remember that we left Bala in the guard's room. After adjusting himself in the manner related above, he was able to breathe somewhat more freely and only the training he had had in fencing, wrestling, stone-throwing and other country games in which all rural boys are keen, enabled him to continue in this position for so long a time. When he was musing what might happen next after the stampede that followed the blast from his nostrils, he was rudely lifted up, but fortunately the head came up and this was all the relief longed for. He felt somewhat satisfied that the imprisonment in the bag was coming towards a close, caring nothing for any punishment that might be in store for him. He was, so to speak sitting up, drawing a sufficient quantity of air and that was enough. He was once more coming into the light and air. He could see, in the intense electric light, that he was passing along carriages much

better than what he had occupied. He was now, he thought, to be taken to his brother and that was all that he wanted. So do we sometimes indulge in pleasant dreams, not knowing what comes next. In the midst of this reverie Bala heard a door sharply open with a click and alas! he never heard again. One rapid swing of the gunny bag over the tongues of the devouring flame and all was over! It was all over with poor Bala! It was all over with his simple rustic enjoyments! It was all over with a heart bleeding with agony! But who could say that it was all over with his fraud? Will not convictions, the vibrations of the mind, remain photographed in invisible light or ether, just like the history of the fragile feather of the geological bird which lies imprinted for all time in imperishable rock? Bala, we may be sure, carried with him a conviction that the last thing he committed on earth was a fraud which cost him his earthly life.

The guard, who heard with great relief that the bag was at last disposed of in the manner described above, asked them if it was the right bag. "How could it be otherwise? There was only one bag. But we can swear that it contained no 'rubbish' whatever. We rather think it was small logs of green wood to judge from the weight and the faint crackling over the fire." The servants were dismissed and the guard who recovered his senses stood before Lala and his anguished heart. "Lala! I have done for you what you could have done with difficulty. But I have now come to know that you are a man of truth. It was really a dreadful devil. If you catch the female, bring her also to me at once. Just now I remember my grandmother's words of wisdom. Fool that I am, that I despised them as silly superstition in those good old days. 'Fire the devil if you canna iron' im.' That is, the devil is afraid only of fire and iron. The scoundrel squeaked as it entered the furnace but"—"What! what do you mean, Sir?" interrupted Lala. "I say I managed to burn it up in the engine," replied the guard with much self satisfaction.

"Alas! I am undone: Oh! it was my brother," shrieked the poor villager. "You must be mad," returned the guard making a hasty retreat. Mad indeed, did he become and his poor nerves became too weak to bear the strain of such a trial. Presently the train stopped. Hardly had Lala and the other passengers time to get down, when the train whistled off carrying the heaviest load it had—the remorseful guard. The stream of passengers flowed out without care or concern, but Lala had to tread the wine-press alone. Borne down by the loss of an affectionate brother, Lala had strength left just to drag his feeble limbs home. He said that

the house did not look so attractive as before and he must go to another house. He complained that the food lost its usual relish and that life was a burden. His sleep was disturbed by dreams, in which black demons looking weird and hideous came and sat round him with matted locks, whispering among themselves, 'He is ours, he is ours before long.' He saw funeral processions in front of his house wending their way to the burning ground. By and by a slow fever seized on him. Doctors said that the long journey or the loss of the brother was the cause. He grew worse and worse. During the moments of delirium he was heard to babble, "Lie not, die not, lie not, die not." The people did not and could not understand where the lie lay. Long fits of delirium were followed by longer attacks, and one day at midnight when all were soundly asleep, the loud cry of 'Lie not, die not,' was heard—loud enough to waken all the relations, who had come to take their final leave of the unhappy man, and in absolute darkness and before the could light up, the weary soul had taken its flight.

### Women and Social Service



towards society in any man hath somewhat of the savage beast." This gregarious tendency in man renders it imperative that every person should even in his own interests try his best to live amicably with his neighbours, and strive to improve their lot as much as he possibly can. This is not all. It is man's privilege to soar above his petty self, and to help others even at his own risk or at the expense of his comforts and conveniences. It is here he excels every one of the brute creation, and stands unique among

the living creatures. Instances of unselfish work among the lower animals may, however, be quoted, and at first sight they may appear to contradict the statement that the capability to work disinterestedly for others is essentially human. In the dog, for instance, we see an unbounded devotion to the master which often carries with it a tendency on the part of the dog even to risk its life to save its master's; but this abnegation of self will be seen to extend only as far as the master is concerned, and will never be called into play in any other case. Similarly, in the case of the workers among bees, the disinterested work is confined in every case to the particular commonwealth of bees to which they belong, and never extends further. Moreover, there is not in such cases that deliberate spurning away of selfish advantages that forms the essence of man's disinterested work. Is it then too much to expect of every man that desires to be worthy of the name that he will make it his primary business in life to ameliorate the condition of others, that he will never flinch from lending a helping hand to any one in dire need of help, and that he will make the comfort and convenience of others his paramount duty? But if this be true in the case of men, how much more true is it in the case of a woman who as Scott says can be our 'ministering angel,' 'When pain and anguish wring the brow,' and everyone of whom can be 'a rest in passing through life's wilderness.' It will be interesting, therefore, to study in what manner our women can best serve the Society to which they belong, and in what spheres of life they alone can profitably work, in which even the best-intentioned man will not be in his element. This is the question that is attempted to be answered in this article, and it is hoped that the suggestions offered below will be found to be of some use in at least one case, and that they may help to give a shape to the vague aspirations for usefulness in the heart of at least one philanthropically-inclined woman. This question of how women in India can undertake Social Service naturally reminds us of the inestimable services rendered in Europe by Miss Florence Nightingale. As a hospital nurse in Russia, she conveyed consolation to the hearts of many an afflicted soldier, and by her tender and vigilant watching helped them to tide over their days of anguish and anxiety, so much so the wounded and the sick came to look upon her as their 'guardian angel' and felt her very proximity a value in their woes and throes.' Other instances there are of such disinterested work in hospital-nursing, though they are not so well-known. It will be a matter for rejoicing, if the lives of Miss Garrett, another 'apostle of hospital nursing,' of Mrs. Fry and Miss Carpenter (prison visitors and reform-



ers), of Mrs. Chisholm and Miss Rye (promoters of emigration) are some day written by any Indian lady. Till such lives are written, it is hard for us to fully convey to others the immense possibilities for Social Service that are open to our women as hospital nurses, prison visitors, reformers, etc. It is, however, hoped that the example of Miss Florence Nightingale will be imitated by our Indian sisters, and that like her they will discharge such a duty 'without desire for fame, or any other reward but the approval of their own conscience.'

As has been pointed out, there is, besides hospital nursing, another duty which our Indian sisters may well undertake to do, viz., prison visiting. In this respect, they will do well to emulate Sarah Martin, whose selfless career has been ably sketched by Smiles in his "Character." Sarah Martin was an assistant dress-maker, and

'The poor seamstress, while maintaining herself by her needle, continued to spend her leisure hours in visiting the prisoners, and endeavouring to alleviate their conditions. She constituted herself their chaplain and schoolmistress, for at that time they had neither; she read to them from the Scriptures, and taught them to read and write.\* She gave up an entire day in the week for the purpose, besides Sundays, as well as other intervals of spare time—"feeling," she says "that the blessing of God was upon me." She taught the women to knit, to sew and to cut out; the sale of the articles enabling her to buy other materials, and to continue the industrial education thus begun.\* She also taught the men to make straw hats, men's and boys' gray cotton shirts, and even patch-work—anything to keep them out of idleness, and from preying on their own thoughts.\* Part of the earnings of the prisoners in this way, she formed a fund, which she applied to furnishing them with work on their discharge,\* thus enabling them again to begin the world honestly; and at the same time affording her as she herself says, "the advantage of observing their conduct." (Smiles' character Chapter V).

Well may her noble example wring the admiration of every one of us, and well may our Indian sisters pay a tribute to her 'womanly true-heartedness and genuine womanly courage' by themselves undertaking such work.

As midwives and nurses in private houses, our women can find an immense field of usefulness, the importance of which cannot be underrated. It is truly sickening to hear of the numerous deaths of young girls during delivery, partly from the overweening confidence of our 'barber women' who pass for capable midwives, and partly from the dearth of able lady doctors whose services on such occasions will be simply invaluable. Instances there are in which only male doctors could be brought to help on such occasions, and then their services could not be availed of, owing to the unwilling-

\* The italics are ours.

ness of the would-be mother to prefer life with what she conceives to be ignominy to the probability of death. As regards nursing, the superiority of women to the best-intentioned man can never be disputed. We have only to think of Silas Marner with his ineffectual attempt at bringing up Eppie unaided by kind matrons like Dolly Winthrop, we have only to think of the innumerable demands on our patience that such nursing will entail, and we are sure to realise that in such cases women are more 'handy' than men. In midwifery and nursing, therefore, can our women usefully engage themselves, and radiate inestimable blessings on all around.

There is also a growing demand for women-lawyers (arbitrators), who can bring their knowledge of law to bear upon the persons concerned, so as to rescue from desolation those that suddenly become widows and find themselves driven to abject indigence on the unexpected deaths of their husbands or others that were maintaining them. In such cases, the victims to the greed of their husbands' relatives are, as circumstances now stand, completely at the mercy of the pitiless sycophants or hangers-on of their husbands, and, hardly knowing how to stand on their rights or what rights they are entitled to, content themselves with receiving a bare pittance from such self-appointed heirs of their husbands, and drag on a wearisome existence with the scanty means grudgingly placed at their disposal by an apparently over-solicitous step-son or the condescending brother of the husband. Such harrowing scenes of relentless domestic tyranny and persecution may well be avoided, if there be "women-lawyers" in our midst who can set right the inequitable treatment meted out to the widows by the so-called heirs of their husbands, who can make such widows realize their rights, and who, if need be, can also advise destitute women to institute pauper-suits. Such a work on the part of women-lawyers will be sure to be hailed by all men-lawyers. There is yet another sphere in which the talents of our women can find congenial exercise, and in which their services will be preferred to those of males, and that is in the case of educating our zenana ladies, or service as teachers in girls' schools. It is undisputed that there is a crying need for Female education, and it must be equally readily conceded that so long as our Purdah system is in full swing, the education of our zenana ladies rests entirely with our philanthropic women. Further, even if the Purdah system be abolished, it is desirable that the education of our women is managed solely with the help of competent women. To me it appears that it is only women that can easily understand the shortcomings of another, and can

also understand how best to draw out the faculties (both intellectual and moral) of another woman. It is highly desirable, therefore, that for our girls' schools we get competent women in preference to men, equipped with justice and fairplay, who will come to be regarded as a band of 'Social service' that is fraught with immense possibilities of usefulness and better education. Though this view may be called in question, it cannot be denied that in the field of education can be found a fertile source of 'Social Service' for our women.

Besides these avenues of useful work open to our women, there appear to be other ways in which they can profitably utilise their energies. Gatherings of the educated as well as the uneducated ladies may be organised, not only to promote inter-dining among them, but also to create a better feeling of unity among them than is obtaining at present; and, to disseminate more freely the ideas of Social Reform that are now making little progress among them, gatherings in which Indian and European ladies can take part may also be arranged with advantage, and they will go a long way to bring about better relations between ourselves and our European neighbours. These gatherings may, at least in the beginning, be organised solely by women, so that their beneficial influence may be availed of by a very large number of women who can never be brought to take part in mixed meetings. These gatherings may also be utilized to induce our women to shake themselves off from the incubus of Jewel-mania, which not only causes a large portion of our otherwise available capital to remain profitless, but also often engenders jealousy and ill-feeling between women. If this unproductive capital be utilized for endowments to help young widows or to encourage female education, what an immense change for the better will be effected in our Society? And what step can possibly bring about this much-desired reform better than temperate discussions of such subjects by our educated ladies in gatherings in which the uneducated ladies can also take part. In short, our educated sisters cannot do better than tread in the footsteps of Mrs. Booker Washington, who with commendable zeal and considerable patience helped her world-renowned husband in the thankless lot of alleviating the condition of their Negro-countrymen.

But more important than any of these ways in which our women can carry on Social Service, will be the endeavour on their part to create in the minds of their sisters a desire for such Service itself. It is lamentable that most of our women cannot have a broad vision in respect of matters social or national, nor take an intelligent interest in matters other than their own household affairs.

The sufferings of the South Africans cannot call forth a single sigh from them, and the selfless career of one like the Honourable Mr. Gokhale will be entirely unintelligible to them. With their sympathies narrowed, and intellect dwarfed by their being cooped up for centuries, their hearts are incapable of pulsating with any thrill of pleasure at any national glory, or sympathising with the sufferings of their fellow countrymen or even countrywomen. The fire of patriotism has yet to be kindled in their hearts and the passion for unselfish devotion to public good has yet to animate their breasts; and who can bring this about but the few educated women amidst us who can realise the shortcomings of their sisters, and win them by their suave disposition to the Path of Knowledge and Love? Then will our women realise the unalloyed joy of service that made Goldsmith say "Learn the luxury of doing good," and that made Krishna say to Arjuna "Serve or starve." Till our women learn this luxury of doing good, and are capable of rising to such altitudes of unselfish devotion to public good as we find in Miss Florence Nightingale, and till we can boast of more women in our midst like Mrs. Pandita Rama Bai or Mrs. Booker Washington, the rise of India to the level of the best Nations of the civilised world will be difficult, if not impossible. And it is the earnest desire of the writer of this article that ere long we may have the opportunity of finding in our midst many a selfless and spotless sister, who by her disinterested work can win for herself a diadem in the hearts of the teeming millions of our beloved India

P. PONNURUNGA MUDALIAR.

## Widows' Industrial Class in Karachi



KARACHI has been a place of many meetings and conferences during the Christmas month. Mrs. Stannard has been inculcating her views on the Teachings of Baka the Persian religious reformer; the Industrial Social Conference has been discussing its schemes, and the Indian National Congress through its many able speakers has promulgated its theories on political reform, but to only some of the residents, and certainly to a very few outsiders is known another reform movement, or philanthropic effort, call it what you will, which meets a crying need in this great city—the misfortunes of its many-widows, the result of fifteen years of plague, re-appearing year after

year with the regularity of the seasons. It is impossible to describe the distress in these widowed and orphaned homes; you go to one of these houses, and you see what looks an old woman, she appears so aged and blind, but in reality she is rarely of middle age, you try to draw her out and she tells you she has lost her sight through grief, from the many tears shed over the loss of her husband and sons—she does not say how many years ago, but counts by the number of times plague has visited the city—"I lost my children's father in the third plague, my eldest son in the second, my other son in the fifth," and so on. You go to another house and you see a poor but high-caste woman just returned for the mid-day rest from turning the "Chakki", she will perhaps show you her poor hands all swollen and blistered from the unaccustomed hard labour, but what can she do, her husband has been another of the many victims which the grim yearly visitant has claimed, and she has to toil from early morning till late in the evening to provide for a family of little girls, whom through their necessity she marries off as early as possible, though their father might have been an enlightened man, who would have liked his daughters to have had some education before going to houses of their own. The appeals to teach such destitute ones, so that they might be able to earn something for themselves or for some work to be given them, became so numerous, that a young English lady, started what is now known as the Widow's Industrial Class—she announced that any might come who liked as far as funds allowed—they were to be taught reading, writing and sums for half the day, and the other to be spent in needle-work, while all; whatever their abilities, were to receive a fixed wage, sufficient for their necessities. It seemed too good to be true; one woman came but went away incredulous at the thought of any one giving her money when she knew nothing. "You are telling lies," she said, but she soon found it was no lie but the truth, and as others were convinced they crowded in, but alas! though the number of applicants was unlimited the funds were not, so some had to be sent away with the partial consolation of having their name written on a candidates' list and a promise that they should be sent for, when more money came.

If you go into one of the busiest parts of Karachi City, and turn down a little side lane, you come to a double-storied building; climbing the stairs you enter an airy well-lighted room, and see these women working at embroidery in gold and silver thread and in cotton, skilfully turning out beautiful little articles, for most of them are adepts at this kind of work, tea cosies,

sari borders, anything which may be wanted. These are sold and the proceeds go to their support; with this, and the generous help from both English and Indians, the work is carried on, but more, much more is needed in the way of finances, if the necessity is to be at all adequately met.

Besides the Widows' Industrial Class, there is a Training Class for teachers in the same building, and any who show ability are trained and taught to be teachers, for whom there is a great need in both Sindhi and Gujarati schools, facilities being provided for both languages. It is an interesting sight to see a roomful of these widows, their appearance betokening their forlorn condition, for with the exception of the younger ones they wear no jewellery, except an inexpensive nose ring—they are not allowed to wear an expensive one, their custom prohibits it—this article is worn in a way peculiar to Sind, it is attached to a lock of hair and is worn low down over the forehead, it is so large that comparatively speaking it covers a good part of the face. A bright young teacher begins to teach them numeration, and they all put away their work and take up their slates—carefully they write down the figures, looking every now and then at the arithmetician who has divided the tens and units; she, in the meantime, goes from one to the other, calls them sisters, playfully rallies the stupid ones on their slowness, but not by word nor look showing impatience and so the half hour soon passes. These five hours are a bright spot in their lonely lives with cheerful young teachers to teach them under the sympathetic supervision of the English lady who organised the class, and who spares no time or labour to provide them with employment when they are well, and when sick does all in her power to relieve them. One of them, a young girl of seventeen or eighteen, was left a widow when a mere child, she was leading a listless monotonous life, spending most of her time in chewing betel and nut, and used to look so dejected and miserable;—you would scarcely know her now in the bright young creature whose sweet round face is ready to break into a smile at the least provocation—she is very intelligent and is being trained as a teacher. I might just mention in passing how valuable Hindu widows are as teachers, they are regular, hard-working and persevering. I cannot vouch for other parts of India, but here in Sind they are most anxious to earn a livelihood in this capacity. One high-caste Brahmin widow in the school I am in charge of, was only qualified to take the lower classes—again and again she used to beg for further education. "Have me taught," she used to say "I have only my own exertions to depend on, I have no one to help me." Happily we were

at last able to grant her request and she is now studying in the Training Class, and thinks herself of vast importance in consequence.

Widow re-marriage is a very necessary reform, but it will be a long time before it becomes common, even if Hinduism is prevailed upon to allow it—the instincts of the majority of women are against it and if you were to suggest such a thing to them they would recoil from the mere suggestion in horror. I speak of the high caste illiterate ones, who by far, outnumber the educated ones—if such a reform is accepted the younger generation will have to be educated up to the idea—but what of the vast hosts of widows in the present generation? There is no section of the community, who needs our untiring efforts to alleviate their misfortunes more than these patient long-suffering women, who have nothing in this life to look forward to; and providing them with work suitable to their caste and abilities, and bringing them into personal contact with genial, sympathetic womanhood supplies a long-felt need in their lives.

ZOI BOSE.

## The Blended Souls

BY SAGAR CHAND



MARY was only fourteen years old. Her mother, a poor widow, had to work from early morning till midnight to keep the wolf from the door. But they were an honest couple, the mother and daughter, and they loved each other, and so their life glided on peacefully even like a small rivulet.

Mary's mother had made a happy marriage, but alas! her nuptial happiness was nipped in the bud as everything that begins so happily generally is, and the husband of her heart was taken from her, leaving her alone and helpless to struggle as best she could in the battle of life; striving for the means of life for herself and her unborn babe.

Oh, the pity of it! She was not twenty yet. Her husband lay dying in her arms. She had always thought that theirs had been an ideal marriage. He was so noble, so gentle, and withal so manly. He knew the value of his wife and loved her dearly. She and her love were the real inspiration of his art. For he was a poor artist, and they were scarcely married two years and now he lay dying in her arms.

"Harriet," he said looking at her tear-bedimmed eyes, "Harriet, be good to our child for my sake, for your own dear sake. Oh wife, I can see the child, it will be a girl. Call her Mary. Harriet, she will be beautiful like yourself."

Then he was quiet. But he looked at her and she looked at him, and could hardly repress her tears.

"Harriet, you are crying dear."

"No, my husband."

"Yes dear, you are crying. But my time is almost done. You see the sun rising in the east. I shall have gone, Harriet, before it is day. But no, I shall be always near you. Love is greater than death, my wife. The married souls are never sundered, are they?" and this he said even like a child.

Harriet said: "Alas! woe is me." She had been deceiving herself with all sorts of hopes and fair delusions yesterday, but he had grown worse and worse, and now he lay dying in her arms.

"Oh God, what a pain I feel! Listen to me, wife of my bosom"—here he was seized with a cough—"listen to me before I die. You will be kind to our unborn child, even for her father's sake" (his eyes were filled with tears). "Harriet I shall never see our child. Yes, be kind to her, and dear and—and you will find some honest gentleman for your husband. You are over-young dear. You will find a kind husband, who will love you as I have loved you. And Harriet, whatever betide, wherever I be, I shall always, always pray for you, and you will be happy, until in God's good time we are again united. But" his hand on his heart—"we are one in soul dear—we can never part really, and—give me your hand. God bless you, dear—God bless you"—he lifted himself up a little—"God bless"—he lost his hold and fell back and a happy smile suffused his face. The gentle wife neither moved or spoke. She waited to hear him speak again. But alas! he had already sped on his voyage to the unknown country from whose bourne no traveller returns. Weep for him, thou gentle wife, for he never will speak again.

For hours she sat quiet, looking at his face. Then she took up his hands in hers. But how cold they were! She started up with a cry. Oh gentle child, why criest thou so piteously? He whom you loved has been claimed by the gods. This is the end of all life.

She fell on her knees by his bedside and she held his cold hand in hers, and she sobbed like a six-year-old child. "Oh! my husband where are you gone? Oh God! what have I done to deserve all this?" and so she wailed and she wept, and there was no one to pity her; but weeping clears the eyes, and an awful calm came over her

face, and she felt a strange peace in her heart. But her grief had been so great and her suffering so severe that for hours she could not speak; but when she found her tongue again she said to herself; "His child will I rear and she shall have his eyes, and his complexion and his hair, and she I will love dearer than life. I shall never again marry while I live. Marriage of souls occurs but once. I can feel his soul within my bosom. Ours is a case of blended souls."

And so days grew into weeks, and weeks wove themselves into months, until her babe was born. Oh! she was the daughter of their love. "Nurse, give me the child. Oh! my child, how beautiful art thou," and the little mother burst into tears.

And months waxed into years, and years brought peace and calmness to the mother's heart, and the child grew up in her mother's love and acquired her virtues. And Harriet taught her many things; to pray, to sing, and to paint,—her father's art,—the father she had never seen—the father who was never to caress her gentle head. And her eyes were like her mother's and her hair was like her father's, and so the child grew.

And the mother toiled unceasingly to keep the home together, and she fondled the child all day long, and when the child was sick, and she had nought with which to buy medicine, she sat down and wept, and her tears cleared her eyes, and in her poverty she thought of another child that was born in the manger, and peace and calmness filled her mind and she looked even like a saint.

And though they were poor in worldly wealth, yet they were rich in spirit. For they that have little of the world within them have their minds filled by the Lord with His own wealth. And though they have not a shirt to their back, they are happier than the idle rich. The peace of God removes all restlessness and this is the truest joy.

Have you ever seen such a sweet smile on the lips of the richest as virtue and peace give to the poorest beings on earth? So that I say "Blessed are they that are poor, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven."

And now fourteen years had come and gone, and Mary had grown into a dear child, and the mother and child loved each other, and so their life glided on peacefully, even like a small rivulet.

And they would sit at nights, their hands interwoven even as their souls were knit, and Harriet would tell Mary about the artist, now no more. And she would tell her child how the artist met her brother, now dead also. How her brother was once sitting on the beach beside the sea, throwing pebbles into the water. The artist came and sat next her brother and began to speak to him.

"What is your name, little boy?" he asked.

"George," replied the boy shyly.

"Boy," said the artist, "I do not know why, but I love you. There is something in my heart which inclines me towards you."

"Sir," says the boy.

"Nay, do not look so surprised, little boy, I mean no harm, nor am I mad. But I love you, George, as though you were my own brother. Alas! I have no brother, nor sister. I am all alone in the world."

Then he went on to tell George how he had lost his parents while very young. How he had acquired his art. "And George," says he, "from my childhood I have always loved whatever was beautiful and fair. For you know, George, that all that is beautiful is of God. Music I loved, and rivers, and the sea, the hills, the trees, and the starry night. I love you, George, and I will paint your picture if you wilt come to my studio one of these days."

"Shall I come with you now, sir? I have nothing to do, if you will paint my picture."

The artist smiled, and took him by the hand, and they walked towards his studio.

"And have you any brothers and sisters, little boy?"

"Only a sister, sir?"

"Do you live here?"

"We are from London, sir,"

"Why do you call me, 'sir'?"

The boy looked up, "What shall I call you then?"

"My name is Richard Blaker." And so they entered the studio. They were no sooner in, than George started and ran with a cry of surprise toward the picture on the easel. "Why this is my sister's portrait," said he.

"Your sister!" says the artist, a little confused.

"Oh, my God! dear George, this is it. As soon as I clasped my eyes on you, I felt such a strange love for you, only I did not know why. But I know it now. It is because I love your sister, boy. But there is hardly any resemblance between you two. So now I shall know where to find her. Oh, George! how I have walked all over the place since Wednesday last, when I first saw her on the pier. Oh! my heart wept for her, even as a child weeps for its mother. And this portrait that you see here, little boy, I have painted from memory. I have longed to see her face, as sick men long for the morning, but all in vain. And now George, Oh, George!"—and here the artist lifted him up in his arms, and kissed him as a father kisses his long-lost son, and there was so much rejoicing in his face, that it almost brought tears into George's eyes, who was a tender-hearted lad.

"And George," said the artist, "how is it, my son, that you are not with your sister?"

"She has gone to Canterbury with a friend."

"And left you here?"

"I did not want to go."

"You unkind boy!" said the artist, almost hugging him, "you deserted your sister."

"She went with a friend."

"A gentleman friend?"

"A lady."

And the artist sighed with relief.

And then Harriet would go on to tell her how he sent her the portrait by her brother, and wrote that unless she saw him the same evening it would be the death of him. And they walked together on the margin of the sea. The blessed moon lighted up their faces. And the artist put his heart into glowing words: "Why dear Mary, it was real poetry, and your father put his face in my lap when we sat down for a while, and wept like a babe, and bow I loved him, Mary! and the same evening, before the wind-tossed deep, and the virgin moon, we promised, he and I, never to part, come what may. And heaven knows how we have been faithful to each other, even unto death!"

And Mary would weep, and kiss her mother, and say, "Mother, you are a blessed angel of God. I wish I were half so good, dear mamma."

And Harriet would embrace her, and say, "I wish to heaven, my child, you could find such another husband."

"Oh, mamma! how can we ever part."

And the mother would pretend to smile, and they would weep on one-another's neck and thank God for blessing them with 'such a mother,' and 'such a daughter.'

But who can be perfectly happy in this "vale of tears?" We immortal souls have come out of perfection, and perfection is bliss. Therefore this constant search for happiness. But that perfection is God, and God is love. Hence it is that love has such a charm for the old and young. Even this temporal love, which is a spark of the divine, sets our hearts on fire, and our souls ablaze. All happiness has its root in love, if one would take the trouble to trace it to the source.

So it happened that Harriet suddenly broke down under this laborious life and want of good food; and sorrow for her husband's loss, though it was now fourteen years since, and her anxiety about Mary's education, almost broke her spirit. She had taught her all she could, and they had been happy together, and Mary had helped her mother in all the works she had undertaken.

\* As I said, she broke down under this pressure, and was confined to bed because of extreme weakness. Poor Mary! she had nothing to eat. But what cared she for that, if only she could tend her mother well? She pawned some

odds and ends, and got a little money thus. Never a nurse tended her patient, or a mother, her child, as Mary did her mother. Morning or night, in the day and in the evening, she was beside her mother's bed. Blessed be such love. And but for this love, Harriet could never have survived such a sickness. But, alas! she got no better, and their exchequer was not improving in the meantime. So little Mary bought a paper, and began to scan the "Wanted" column for any engagement she could find, until she lighted on an advertisement which ran thus: "Wanted, a girl about fifteen as apprentice in a stationery shop. Apply to Walton and Abraham,—"

Next day, Mary called at the shop, and she was shown up to the employer's room. The employer, a portly old man, eyed her sharply, and poor Mary felt a shiver go through her body. Then in a thick cracking voice he said:—

"What is it you want, little girl?"

"Please sir," said Mary, taking out the slip of paper from her pocket.

The employer snatched it from her hand and said:

"Well, well, what is your name?"

"Mary Blaker, sir."

"What is your father?"

"He is dead, sir."

The portly gentleman looked rather surprised, as if, according to him, her father had no business to die. Little Mary looked frightened. Poor fragile child! what did she know about this sinful, wicked world, 'Here, where men sit and hear each other groan.'

"Dead. Well where do you live?"

"Please sir, I live with my mother on the cliffs."

"The cliffs, hum! What was your father?"

"He painted pictures," said the child.

"His name?"

"Mr. Richard Blaker," said Mary.

"Mr. Richard Blaker, was he? Well, how did he die? How does your mother maintain herself?"

Then Mary repeated what she had heard her mother speak ever so many times. How on a beautiful morning, all blue and silver, when the sea was quite calm, her mother went bathing with the artist, and how he caught a chill there, which waxed into pneumonia, and in three days time he was dead.

To cut a long story short, Mary began to sob, like the child that she was, when she spoke of all this and told him about her mother's illness, and therefore inability to provide for her. So that even the portly gentleman with the harsh features was touched, and he engaged Mary for half-a-crown a week.

"Mary," said he, "as your house is so far away, I will pay you half-a-crown per week, six

pence more than any of the others. Our old girl is dead, so you will fill her place. You can buy your lunch about here. What do you think?" and the proprietor beamed with delight over his generosity.

So it was our Mary's brave good fortune to get this post. She was loath to leave her sick mother by herself all day long. But what was to be done? By those poor people, half-a-crown a week was not to be despised.

"But, Oh my child!" said Harriet, "what sort of lunch can you get for this half-a-crown a week? What will become of thy health, Mary, my darling, thy body that is in the making, needs good nourishment." And Harriet wept.

They were Quakers by faith, and often addressed each other as "thee" and "thou."

"Nay, good mother, weep not so, a penny bun is all I need. I do not eat much. Six pence a week is enough for my lunch, and we will buy medicine for you and you will soon be well. And please God we will again be happy as before." And they were quite happy in each other's love. And the vain winds of the world beat and broke against their patient brows, but love is God, and God is stronger than all the worlds with all their miseries and misfortunes.

And so the child took up this business, but her mamma got no better, and she was very anxious and troubled in her mind. So she called in a doctor who lived not very far from them. And the doctor came and prescribed a medicine. Mary had gone to the doctor tremblingly, but he had such a kindly face that she took heart of grace, and told him all about her mother's illness, and how she had come to him without her mother's knowledge. And the doctor spoke to her soothingly, and called about half-an-hour after she had gone.

The doctor charged them no money, but visited Harriet every day of the week, and under his treatment she soon showed signs of recovery, and in three weeks time she was all but well. She thanked the doctor with tears in her eyes, and said that she hoped God would repay him for all his kindness to them.

But the doctor was not to be so easily put off. He still called daily.

But Harriet suspected nothing. She was so saintly, so pure of heart, and her sorrow had given her such an unearthly beauty that the poor doctor did not know what to say, or what to do. His was a case of love at first sight, but he could not pluck enough courage to declare his passion. Her eyes had such an unearthly light. Aye! she was not of this world. In his eyes, she was an angel of heaven.

Here it may not be out-of-place to say a few words about our friend the doctor. He was a young practitioner, fresh from College, and had

taken a four-roomed village on the cliffs, and his good nature and kindly face had already won him the hearts of the poor. He had a better income than some of his seniors. His very presence brought cheer to the doors of high and low.

I have said before that they were a poor couple, the mother and daughter, but God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. He had given them His heavenly peace, and they felt rich in spirit, and in one-another's love they were happy. But as fate would have it, Harriet had no sooner left her bed than Mary was laid up. Poor Mary! what troubles she had borne. She was not used to standing all day long in the shop, and her food was none of the best. What with one thing and another she was laid up with fever. She had to give up her business and for many a day she was quite unconscious of her surroundings, and all the efforts of her mother and the doctor were in vain, and she grew worse and worse, and all hopes of her recovery were given up. The good doctor wired to his famous colleague of Harley Street in London, but he came too late. When the gods strike no mortal can save. She was already a skeleton, and it was only a question of days with her. Poor Mary, the gentle, forbearing, innocent Mary, was only a shadow of her former self. But Harriet could not think of such a thing. That Mary was all but dead! Ah! no, the mother's heart would never harbour such a thought. And Mary could not bear to see her mother grieve thus, and she always smiled and said she would soon be well, and then they should be happy as the day is long. But who can thwart the will of the Almighty? Early in the morning, the third week after her sickness, the gentle Mary breathed her last, even as the sun rose in the east.

What pen can paint the grief of Harriet? Her only hope was withered and gone. Her life seemed purposeless and empty. Everything freshly reminded her of her husband and the daughter of their love. She could neither eat nor sleep. The doctor was kind and was most of the time with her, even to the neglect of his practice. He tried his best to give her what comfort he could. She was thankful to him for all he did for her and hers. So she told him. But she would none of him.

And yet the doctor could not give her up. "I have no heart for any love left now," she would say.

"Oh! Harriet dear, you are my saint, my good angel. In your presence I feel so noble, so imbued with every good quality. Every minute spent away from you is a century of pangs. Trust me, gentle Harriet, I do not speak for myself. You say you do not hate me. Let me take you away from this unlucky spot. Everything here only reminds you of them that are

gone. But they are happy now, sweet, they are in the presence of their Maker. Will they not be grieved to see thee thus unhappy? God's will be done. Shall we weep because the Lord has thought it right in His great and mysterious wisdom to take them away even to His own presence. Why, dear, this tremendous grief is eating into your heart. Your health is breaking down under it. Let me, as a medical man, as a friend, as one who loves you, one whose heart weeps to see you thus fading away—Oh! let me persuade you—come with me to France—to Italy. The change will do you good. But if you do not like me, say so, it will not hurt me,—you! dear, how could anything from you hurt me?—say so, and then—and—and—I shall be your brother, let me send you with a nurse to see to your health, go to Italy, the sun shines there daily,—it will do me an infinite lot of good to think that you are happy," (he gently touched her on the shoulder)—"you understand me, Harriet,"—and so he would talk, and when she would not take the medicines, or in any way be careless about her health, he would pretend to be angry. And the gentle Harriet allowed him all these liberties. For was he not kind? Did he not mean everything for the best? There was nothing selfish about him. All his words and actions were like a child's, and as such Harriet treated him. She was now near upon thirty-five. He was not five-and-twenty yet. She had a heavenly influence over him. He who was naturally of a gentle temperament, had, since he came under her influence, become quite a philanthropist.

Yes, she loved him like a mother! But she could never think of a second marriage. Her heart was withered by the frost of grief. No love, however warm, could either thaw her heart, or revive her hopes, unless the dead should rise and claim her again as their "own wife" and "mother." But that could not be.

"Harriet," began the doctor,—  
"Call me mother, Oh! call me mother. I would love that name, dear Henry. I have lost all I had. I have lost my daughter, but you will be my son,—won't you?"

Henry felt as if his heart would break. However, he said:

"Gentle mother," it sounded so sweet that he repeated it again and again.

Harriet put her hand on his head, and the doctor knelt down and she blessed him.

And so they went to Italy, and spent some months there; and when they came back, Harriet looked much better in health. And she was so beautiful, and the purity of her heart gave such an air to her face, that you might have compared her to one of the statues of the blessed Virgin,

so common on the Continent. She looked younger than Henry, and he worshipped her, and she insisted on being called 'mother.' And they lived in his house, where she presided on all occasions.

Before long, her empire was established in the hearts of all, young and old, rich and poor, and little children looked at her calm, beautiful face with awe, as if she were a real princess. And the doctor grew very prosperous, and he was called out all day long, and healed people more with his smiles and the words of cheer that were so natural to him than with physic.

And thus she lived for eighteen months after Mary's death, until one evening she told the doctor that her end was come.

"What do you mean, dear mother?"

"Henry, dear, you will be with me to-night. I will not live to see the day."

Henry was at a loss what to make of it. He consented. So they sat by the fire all night, and she read to him from her husband's books, which she had never sold, even in times of direct necessity. Most of these were books of poetry, and they were marked by the artist.

About midnight she said she had a headache, and Henry rose to prepare her medicine, but she would have none of it.

"Mother!" he said, "what is the matter?"

"Oh! Henry, dear, before it is day, this body will be cold."

"I do not understand you."

"No, Henry, my boy, I cannot tell you how, but I do feel it in my soul,—feel a strange sensation within my bosom—and a voice seems to whisper that the time of my release is at hand."

"Mother, you are glad to leave me!"

"Oh! Henry."

And Henry cursed himself for his words.

And Harriet smiled, and then they talked of holy and awful things. They talked of love and death, and again they were quiet and Henry sighed as if his heart would break.

"Mother, what will become of me?"

But Harriet only smiled. There was an awful calm about her. Then she took his hand in hers and held it next to her heart. They heard the cock crow in the distance, and she said as if in reply to it, "I come, I come."

Henry shivered all over.

"Farewell Henry! God bless you, my boy!" and the sun sprang up in the east, and it was about the same hour when her husband and her child died.

Then she pressed his hand again and said that she saw a bright light, and smiled. And the morn was hushed and silent, and her soul fled, lightly borne on the wings of the wind.

Harriet was dead!



### The Music of Creation

Is there music in all creation  
For eyes and ears to hear,  
Are echoes found  
In all around  
That whisper "God is here?"

The roar of the crashing breaker,  
The roll of the restless sea,  
The swell of the storm-spent ocean,  
How dear are these to me.

The rush of the mountain torrent,  
The swish of the steep cascade,  
The trill of the streamlet's ripple,  
So rich in restful aid.

The caw of the blue-black raven,  
The coo of the gentle dove,  
The tweet of the baby fledgling,  
That proves a parent's love.

The low of the meadowed oxen,  
The bleat of the distant sheep,  
The cluck of the fowl-yard mother,  
Who faithful watch doth keep.

The neigh of the willing farm horse,  
The bark of the sheep dog fleet,  
The purr of the playful kitten,  
Patter of children's feet.

There is Music in all Creation,  
If we have but ears to hear,  
Its notes are found  
In sight and sound,  
Its harmonies in all abound,  
They swell in chorus circling round,  
Their theme is—"God is here."

F. HOWARD OAKLEY.

## Consumption or Tuberculosis

### IN MAN AND BEAST ITS CAUSE AND PREVENTION

By S. JEYASING RAJ

**S**YNONYMS—Consumption, Tuberculosis, Phthisis Pulmonalis, or White Plague.

In 1884, the late Professor Robert Koch, one of the greatest German scientists, discovered the pathogenic (disease-producing) organism and termed it *Bacillus Tuberculosis*.

**Definition:**—It is an infective, infectious, inoculable disease common in both man and animals.

This is a disease whose poison, either inhaled through air or eaten in anything, can produce the disease in the system. There is no doubt that the disease, to attack the system sooner or later, rests upon the amount of poison taken in; in other words, the virulency of the disease in the system depends upon the amount of poison inhaled or swallowed.

*Consumption* is derived from the Latin *consumptio*—to consume, because of its nature of eating up the human bodies. When the disease is rooted in the system, the body gradually becomes emaciated to a skeleton and then death ensues.

*Tuberculosis* also is the same disease. This name has come from the tubercular or grape-like growths sometimes found on the various organs, especially the throat, lungs, heart, etc.

*Phthisis Pulmonalis* refers to the same disease, and is derived from German *Phthino*—to waste away, and *pleumon*—the organs of breathing, to waste away the organs of breathing.

*White Plague*—It is also called White Plague because of its ravages and the bloodless condition of the patient which is characteristic in fair-coloured people.

The havoc caused by this disease, the number of untimely deaths caused among the highest and the lowest of human beings, from the prince down to the peasant, the old, the young alike, and its nature of baffling the best medical heads regarding curative treatment, have won for it its notoriety. It has roused the attention of the whole scientific world within the last quarter of a century. It is a dreadful disease, and a disease that has no mercy. Fathers, brothers, husbands, wives and children, all have been mercilessly plucked from their dear and near ones, and slaughtered by the cruel hand of death. It does not require any thought to solve the problem of its rapid propagation on the globe. Careful observation has pointed out that the dis-

ease has been commonly prevailing among men and horned cattle, and that it generally affects the lungs. It has been prevailing less frequently in countries, and more commonly in towns. The highly civilised suffer the most, and the poor the least.

"The disease seems to affect commonly man, monkeys and horned cattle, but less frequently pigs, horses, dogs, cats and birds. Amongst the latter, however, it sometimes assumes an epizootic form attacking poultry, pigeons, pea and guinea-fowls, turkeys, even small birds not being proof against its ravages. Sheep and goats are very rarely attacked, but repeated ingestion induces the disease even in them. The disease is also found in the camel, giraffe, antelope, llama, gazella, zebra, etc. It is well-known now that the disease is transferable from man to animals and from animals to man." (*Veterinary Medicine* by Williams and Baldrey.)

#### TUBERCULOSIS IN INDIA

In India, tuberculous diseases are found generally in three forms in human beings. Tuberculosis of the lungs or phthisis-pulmonalis is known as *Kshayam* (Sans.) In Tamil it is called *Elumburuki Viyathi* [*elumbu* = bone, *uruki* = melting, and *viyathi* = disease] which means, the disease that melts the bones. *Scrofula* and tubercular enlargements of the glands are known as *Kandamalai* (Sans.) [*kandam* = neck, *malai* = garland] from the garland-like appearance of the swollen glands on the neck. A peculiar Sanskrit name indeed! *Tubes Mesenterica* in children is known as *Vishamantham* or *Vishackalichal* (Sans.) [*visham* = poison, *mantham* = indigestion, *kalichal* = diarrhoea.]

Indian medical men do not seem to have realised the importance of the communicable nature of the disease, and have treated it with ordinary medicines. In Consumption, cough remedies are prescribed. *Scrofula* is treated as a separate disease and considered by the Hindus to be hereditary. Persons affected with it are not taken in marriage. Special treatments, in the shape of blood purifiers and alteratives, are prescribed. It is deplorable to mention that diseases in children, in these parts, within a period of one year, are attributed to special evil agents, and are called *Thoshams*. The only remedy prescribed for them is offering cocoanuts, plantains and flowers to deities, and innumerable tyings of *Yantharams* (talismans) on the body of the child—on the neck among the Muhammadans, and on the right hand and in the waist-string among the Hindus,—by the pretentious and hypocritical men who profit at the cost of the poor infant's life. Of this one can read in a small pamphlet called *Balathosaniqarini* which is sold in every book-stall in Southern India, in

which the illustrations of the evil deities are characteristically given.

The other peculiarity in Southern India regarding the contagious and infectious diseases either in man or in animals, is that they are attributed to special deities, such as Cholera (Bathiamma), Small-pox, (Ammal), Plague (Mahamari), etc. For instance, small-pox, measles, cholera, plague and mumps in man,—and rinderpest, foot and mouth sheep-pox, cow-pox, anthrax in animals—are examples of such, but Tuberculosis, Syphilis, and Gonorrhœa are not included. But, anyhow, the infectious diseases and the method of combating them, are included in the elementary hygienic principles which bear the garb of religion. The practical every-day observances of the sick, ceremonies after deaths, caste system, pollution by touching, spittle as a great pollution, and scrupulous bathing, although blindly followed, bear a meaning.

The rapid spread of Consumption on the globe and its ravages on the lives of both men and beasts, and its threatening nature of upsetting even the commercial world, have widened the eyes of the people. Stringent steps are being taken all over the world to stamp out the disease. But unfortunately India is the only place on the globe where people take very little interest to give help to the voice of scientific men, and to lessen the sufferings of the poor and the needy. India is sufficiently educated, and if the educated men were to impart their knowledge to their illiterate brethren, knowledge would be still more widespread. But instead, simple platform speeches for the addition of letters and colours are not self-sacrifice. Now our benevolent Government has come forward, and put forth before the Indian public, the importance of erecting hospitals and sanatoria in this part of India; and its desire to utilise the money which is collected to commemorate our late beloved sovereign and its promise of doubling the amount should be widely considered and appreciated by the public. One cannot but acknowledge the moral and material progress of the people and the rapid spread of towns and cities during the last 200 years, the period of the supremacy of the British Raj in India. Life has become worth living and every family enjoys peace and happiness. The uneasiness of mind of former days does not now exist. The invention of machines that has simplified labour has created in the minds of the wealthy a desire to start industrial and technical institutions to supply the growing demand of the population for their daily requirements. The working of these institutions requires a large number of men, women and children. The hundreds of workmen clogging the workshops from morning till evening, and

breathing the dust and germ-impregnated air, are the causes of the disease of lungs. It is easy to understand, how under such conditions the slow-growing tubercle bacilli find a fertile soil in the lungs to flourish.

People that live in towns have become rich, and the sedentary habits of the rich in India and their living in ill-ventilated houses, are proverbial. The natural way of living in the open air of olden days has become less attractive and impossible to workmen. Country people, owing to decent wages and the attractive ways of the civilized busy towns, have made for themselves permanent abodes.

From time immemorial, we know that man has trained and brought under his influence some of the animals and domesticated them for his usefulness. In former days both lived happily because life was migratory. They never centered in one place. Their living was in the open air, moving about according to the change of climate. This is what we read of the Aryans and the Israelites. But nowadays the blind system of living in centralised towns and the so-called civilization, which is the cause of the springing up of industrial and technical institutions in insanitary and uncomfortable dwellings with the handful of machines which have closed the brain, the engine and the boiler-house of an intelligent man, and thereby his machinery—the hands, legs and body,—as said by the father of modern surgery, Sir Fredrick Trevis of England, in the *Review of Reviews*,—are the causes of the degeneration of mankind. To supply food and means of locomotion to the people that are concentrated in towns has necessitated the rearing-up of animals in ill-ventilated and insanitary places side by side with thickly populated crowds, which has made the poor animals share the diseases of their comrades. Animals as well as men, by inhaling the dusty, germ-filled and putrid atmosphere, suffer all sorts of diseases of the lungs which are the seat of life, the foremost of which is tuberculosis. Pure dustless air is a first necessity for both animals and men, and open air exercise in a virgin atmosphere enables the lungs to take more oxygen into the system. Men and beasts suffer the terrible disease tuberculosis for want of such air.

#### CONSUMPTIVE SPUTUM CONVEYS THE DISEASE.

Ascribing the cause of the disease to a particular organization, is of recent origin in the world and discovered only after the invention of the microscope which has led to the study of bacteriology. This study requires a deal of patience and perseverance and has contributed a vast amount of scientific knowledge and has thrown new light on the study of medicine and surgery. Tubercle bacilli are the direct cause of

the disease and can grow at a temperature of 86° F. to 105° F. As said by the Surgeon-General, Col. P. H. Benson, "*it is only within the body that they find conditions necessary for their subsistence, and it is from this alone that they spring. They can be demonstrated in large numbers in the sputum of consumptives and, moreover, it can be shown that dried sputum containing the bacilli can preserve its virulence for at least 8 weeks. Therefore, it may be concluded that it is from such sputum the bacilli get into the open air, are transformed here and there, and are finally breathed in, attached to particles of dust. In favour of this view is the fact that in man tuberculosis almost always starts from the respiratory organs.*" He also pointed out that in 1900, Professor Flügge of Bruslau demonstrated that the minute drops of moisture which exude from the mouths of consumptive patients either when coughing, talking or sneezing, contain numerous bacilli, and it has been estimated that in the sputum brought out in 24 hours by a patient suffering from phthisis no less than seven million microbes were contained.

When there is irritation in the lungs or in any part of the respiratory tract, there is coughing. The tuberculous bacillus, when it makes its home in the lungs, multiplies in enormous numbers, which are got rid of by coughing. Cough is nothing but a sudden expiratory action of the lungs. We all know the suffering of consumptive patients, coughing night and day and bringing out from the lungs thick discharges which are called sputa. This sputum in consumptive patients, when microscopically examined, contains myriads of tuberculous bacilli. We also know that what one breathes out is poison owing to the presence of carbonic-acid gas. There is also vapour in every breath we leave out. This is easily seen when one breathes on any cool surface or in cold air. The smoke-like air coming out of the nose or mouth is the vapour brought out from the lungs. This vapour also contains myriads of bacilli in a consumptive patient. The room in which a patient lives is also contaminated with the poison. Wherever he spits the sputum, there is the virus. The patient's mouth also contains the poison, and whatever vessels he needs also contain the poison. In the book on Hygiene by Notter and Firth, it is said, "Infection may be caused by the dissemination of minutest bacillus containing droplets in the act of coughing. Droplets are abundant within 50 centimeters of the mouth, whilst beyond 1½ metres they are rare; hence continuous association with frequent close approximation, as in the case of married couples, nurses, crowded workshops, will greatly increase the likelihood of infection at a distance of not less

than a metre and reduce the probability almost to nil."

Another important experimental investigation found out was that the germs in the expectorant discharge from tuberculous patients' lungs, when spat on walls and on the ground, and even after being dried, retain their vitality for a long time if the conditions are suitable during their sojourn outside the body. Notter and Firth say, "It (tuberculosis) is casually related to the action of a particular bacillus, and the existence of these bacilli in the expectoration of those afflicted with consumption or tuberculosis of the lungs, and in the milk of cows, suggest the communicability of this disease either by the air or by food, especially milk. The identity of the human and bovine (cattle) forms of the disease is now recognised, consequently we have no difficulty in understanding that forms of tuberculosis in man and animals are produced by the same organism the more usual modes of infection in man being by way of ingestion and inhalation. Speaking generally, ingestion tuberculosis is a disease of child-life; inhalation tuberculosis is a disease of young adult-life, although it may occur in all ages." We also read in "Veterinary Medicine" by Williams and Baldrey, "*They (tubercle bacilli) are easily detected in the expectorations of human consumptives and in the thick purulent yellow discharge which is sometimes ejected from the mouths of cattle after long and violent fits of coughing. This material coughed into mangers and upon partitions and walls of cowsheds is, when dry, diffused, through the air, inspired by healthy cattle, and thus becomes one of the great causes of the spread of the disease.*"

#### PUBLIC HEALTH AND MUNICIPALITIES

Public health is in the hands of a Sanitary Commissioner who is to advise each Local Government regarding matters of health. Under him there is a well-organised Sanitary Department. Sanitary Inspectors, after going through six or twelve months' course in the Madras Medical College, are appointed under Health Officers. Municipalities are self-governed local bodies. Large towns and cities are created into Municipalities. I. M. S. Officers are lent by the Government to the Municipalities to look after the health of the inhabitants. Under them, Sanitary Inspectors are employed to attend to minor affairs, such as the sanitation of the town, slaughter of cattle, the inspection, etc. Now I shall confine myself to the slaughter-houses and their management. In Bombay, Veterinary graduates are employed as market and slaughter-house Inspectors, but I think in Madras that is not the case. I remember last year a Veterinary graduate of experience was employed under the Madras Municipality, but I

cannot say for what purpose. Perhaps to help the health officer; but to my astonishment I found the poor gentleman was deputed to inspect the Municipal conservancy bulls and to attend to the weighing of grass and the feeding of bulls! Is this the sort of work for a Veterinary Graduate? I is also necessary to employ Sanitary Inspectors who are flesh-eaters. The task of inspecting markets and slaughter-houses in large towns ought to be taken up by permanent incumbents whose duty is to remain and see every animal and every carcass. I think the work of a Sanitary Inspector is more towards rounding about here and there in the town, but various capacities are shoved upon him, which must be deprecated. Sanitary Inspectors are attending to slaughter-houses, viz., cattle slaughter-house, sheep and goat slaughter-house, and pig slaughter-house. In Indian Municipalities (I think we are not to blame them) animals are not slaughtered in one place. Owing to the diversity of caste and creeds, slaughter-houses are separately built according to scruples of religion. In every Municipal Town, sheep and goat slaughter-houses are built and maintained by the Municipality, and the flesh of these animals is invariably taken by all flesh-eaters. Beef slaughter-houses are built separately from sheep slaughter-houses. Certain classes of Christians and Hindus and all Eurasians and Mahomedans are partakers of beef. The pig slaughter-house is usually not in existence except in large Municipal towns. I do not think that I ever found one in Provincial Towns. These are owned only by occasional private vendors in towns. The flesh of country swine is eaten by all classes of people, except Mohomedans. In villages, especially in hill tracts, wild pigs are a pest to farmers. At night they get into fields and feed on them. These beasts are watched and hunted by villagers at night, and its flesh very deliciously partaken of by all classes of people. The country swine are not liked so much by people owing to their dirty habits. The wild pig subsists entirely on grain and roots and stalks, and hence its flesh is liked by all.

The whole world is trying to model the Health Department owing to the widespread prevalence of tuberculosis, and I think the people of India should place themselves on a level with their brethren. I do not like to say anything about the Department in South India, as I think it is worked on a sound basis. The following abstract from the letter of Major Ronald Ross, C.B., of the Medical Service (retired) and Professor of Tropical Science in the University of Liverpool, published in the *Times* of 24th September 1910, will convince the people about the trouble they undergo.

About Sanitary Officers, he says: "Probably

the only class of British Officials in India who ever really penetrate into these mysteries of misery are the medical, and especially the Sanitary Officers, a class to which I had the honour of belonging for many years. One has actually to see the interior of the houses in which each family is often compelled to live, in a single small cell, made of mud walls and with a mud floor containing small yards littered with rubbish, often crowded with cattle, possessing wells permeated by rain soaking through this filthy surface; and frequently jumbled together in inchoate masses called Towns and Cities."

Further, the learned, experienced doctor points out that "Town management and sanitation are difficult arts, requiring much training and thought; and it is not disrespectful to say that most of our greatest officials are extremely ignorant of them. It is a commonplace" he continues, "with sanitary men in India and elsewhere that they can often obtain no serious or intelligent hearing of their pleas.....To me it seems that the construction of a really efficient sanitary service for India and closer attention to the housing and town managing problems and to allied questions, would confer a much greater benefit on the Indian people than mere political adjustments and re-adjustments. For this, sanitarians have been crying for years, but they have always cried in the wilderness."

We find that, in England and in other places, tubercular beef and pork are known to be a source of danger to the public, but the flesh of sheep and goats are not included. They say that the sheep, owing to the open air life they lead, are safe from tuberculosis. In India, however, sheep and goat are liable to infection. The milk of the latter is used for Mahomedan children, and the flesh is prescribed by Hindu *Vidhians*.

In Western countries meat and milk producing animals are hand-fed. Cattle for beef, cows for milk, and pig for pork, are kept together. There is every chance of infection being carried from one animal to another. This system of rearing animals together being a source of infection, stringent measures are adopted to guard the Public Health by the health authorities.

In India, poultry and swine, I think, are also a great source of danger, because their rearing and upkeep have not been taken as a profession and they are very much neglected. Fowl, for instance, is a widely reared bird found in every flesh-eating house, mostly among Christians, Mahomedans and Hindus. Both rich and poor rear the birds; some for occasional use for table, some for eggs, and some for sale. These birds are mostly left to look after themselves. They are found everywhere in a house, and live on anything they like.

Pigs or swine are very rare in towns, but are found almost in every village in South India, mostly on the Malabar coast (North and South Malabar). There I found respectable people, both Hindus and Christians, rear the beasts, of which they take great care, feeding them by the hand. In other parts they are reared only by low-caste people, chiefly the Oddars. These men are Hindu Sudhras, and their profession is house building and well-digging; these men cannot expect to work every day in a village, so they are mostly employed by the Local Fund Contractors to repair Government roads. They move from place to place and take shelter under trees. They usually keep these beasts with them. I do not know why. Perhaps to eke out their livelihood when they are out of work. Each animal costs Rs. 8 to 10, and at each season a sow can litter 8 to 12 young ones. There is another class called Kuravars who also have a great fancy to rear these animals. They come under Hindu Sudhras, and their profession is making mats and baskets out of date-leaves and stems. They are noted as high-way robbers, and usually their movements are watched by the Police. These people also move from place to place and supply baskets and mats to villagers. The beasts follow them wherever they go. Pig is an abomination to a Mahomedan. The very name of a pig which they call *swoor* (Hindi), and its very sight, are obnoxious. Hence they are not allowed to be reared in towns and other places where the Mahomedan population predominates. Thus treated by the Mahomedans, the poor beasts perhaps find protection under the abovementioned migratory tribes, such as the Oddars and the Kuravars, who usually live a migratory life and sometimes live temporarily on the outskirts of villages and towns. Fowls and pigs in villages and towns are Nature's scavengers. Therefore their use as food should be carefully avoided unless examined minutely for tuberculous lesions after being dressed.

#### "THE EFFECTS OF COOKING ON TUBERCLE BACILLI"

"Large numbers of experiments have been carried out to show the power of resistance of tubercle bacilli to heat, and the results show that it is moderate. Ten minutes at 75°C. is said by Jensen to be sufficient to destroy the vitality of tubercle bacilli; whilst experiments by Forster show that fifteen minutes at 65°C., ten minutes at 70°C., and one minute at 95°C., are sufficient.

Schmidt (Mulheim) found that, without exception, tubercle bacilli lost their virulence at the coagulation point of albumen.

More to the point are the experiments of Wood-

head for the Royal Commission given in Report I., 1895. Working on the hypothesis that the flesh of tuberculous animals was rarely, if ever, infective, unless soiled during dressing of the carcass, he artificially infected the flesh before experimenting. In some cases he injected tuberculous material into the interior of the meat substance, and in others he smeared slices of meat and formed them into "roll." The latter experiment is of importance, as it is the custom for butchers to make such "rolls," and they frequently include minced lungs, &c., structures which are often highly virulent.

Having subjected his samples to the ordinary processes of cooking, and noted the temperature at various depths below the surface, he took the central portions of them for feeding and inoculating animals.

The conclusions he came to were:—

(1) The centre of a "joint," weighing 6 lb. or over, never reached a higher temperature than 60°C. (140°F) during ordinary cooking.

(2) "Rolls" of meat of more than 3 lbs. or 4 lbs weight were not rendered sterile throughout, and therefore cooking could not be relied upon to render innocuous "rolls" with smeared tuberculous centres.

(3) Ordinary cooking was sufficient to destroy any smeared tuberculous material on the outside of a "joint" or "roll."

(4) The most reliable method of cooking is boiling, not roasting in an oven, and the least reliable, roasting in front of a fire.

#### THE EFFECTS OF PRESERVATIVES ON TUBERCLE BACILLI

(1) Forster sprinkled pure cultures of tubercle bacilli with sterilized common salt and found them virulent *two months* later. (2) He found, also, that finely minced tuberculous organs, after lying in salt brine for eighteen days, retained their virulence. (3) That salting and subsequent smoking did not render tuberculous organs innocuous unless these be smoked for three to five hours on three different occasions, or after smoking be kept in a dry room for one or two months."

#### WET NURSES & COW'S MILK CAUSE CONSUMPTION

The system of rearing up children by wet nurses is not very much in vogue in India. Every mother seems to like her child to use her breast alone for feeding. It is also known that mothers feed their young ones till 1 to 2 years, and I have seen in very many families children of 3 and 4 being suckled by their mothers. This is done when the new-comer does not have a rival and he alone is the sole proprietor of the mother. In cases where wet

nurses are used, they must be carefully examined by doctors, whether they are suffering from consumption or not. Where cow's milk is used it must be carefully boiled. The best way of handling milk for children is to boil the milk. This is done by slowly boiling the milk for half an hour. There should not be a change of vessel. Milk should be bought in the vessel which ought to be carried direct to the fire. I have already pointed out that tubercle bacilli are killed at a temperature between 68° and 78° F. It is also important to keep the vessel covered up when the milk is heated, and its subsequent use should be followed by carefully closing the vessel, because milk is a very good medium to develop all sorts of bacteria that are found in the polluted atmosphere.

Another important point we shall have to consider especially in towns, is inspection of milch cows. They must be healthy in condition, free from cough. The animal must milk in all the teats, and there should not be any abnormal condition of the udder, viz., inflammation of teats, swellings on the udder or any nodules, and when the udder is manipulated with the hand, there should not be heat, pain and tenderness. The keeping of cows at home, which is a wide practice in India, and allowing them to feed upon the leaves which are thrown out after being used as eating dishes, are deplorable.

### The Pittapuram Ladies' Club



GENERAL meeting of ladies at which about 140 were present, was held yesterday afternoon at the Pittapuram Rajah's palace with the Sri Rani of Pittapuram in the Chair. After gracefully thanking the audi-

ence for selecting her as their President, the Rani said that she had long been intending to start a Ladies' Club in Pittapuram, but that many obstacles had come in the way. Now at last she had brought her pet scheme to light and earnestly hoped that it would be generally accepted. Then she called for support upon Bulusu Suramma garu of Vizagapatam, who had been the means of starting Ladies' Clubs in several places, who was the recipient of 4 golden medals from Ladies' Associations, and who had come to Pittapuram to help start the Club.

Suramma garu gave a long and interesting speech, in which, after expatiating on the glories of the ancient Indian women who had

more than rivalled their men in education and independence of spirit, she dwelt on the degeneration of the present Indian women and of the little estimation in which they were held by men.

She begged them to awake from their long sleep of inactivity and try their best to get back to their ancient reputation. One of the means for their improvement was now being held out to them by their Rani, in the shape of the proposed Ladies' Club, which deserved all their support and encouragement.

Then the proposed rules of the Club were read out by Mrs. K. Saththianadhan and approved of by the ladies. After this, B. Suramma garu proposed the office-bearers of the Club who were generally accepted.

President.—The Sri Rani garu of Pittapuram. Hon'y. Secretaries.—Nagaratnamma garu, the wife of the Deputy Tahsildar and Mrs. K. Saththianadhan.

Hony. Treasurers.—Tulasi Amma garu, the wife of the Palace Office Manager and Miss North.

Library Secretary.—Mrs. E. G. Smith. Six other Committee Members.

The meeting closed after the distribution of flowers, fruit, pansupari, attar and rose-water.

The Pittapuram Ladies' Club is under the sole patronage of the Sri Rani garu of Pittapuram, who is supplying the house, furniture and games necessary for the Club.

There is an entrance fee of Re. 1 for all the members of one family and a monthly subscription of As. 2. The meetings of the Club will be held twice a month. Lectures will alternate with general readings from well-known Telugu books, during the first hour of each meeting. The second hour will be profitably employed in out-door and in-door games. Attached to the Club will be a lady teacher, paid by the Rani of Pittapuram, to teach English, music and fancy-work, three times or more a week, in a building selected for the purpose. There will also be a Telugu and English library attached to the Club. The earnest thanks of the Pittapuram ladies are due to the Rani garu for her whole-hearted and enthusiastic support of a scheme, which is so specially fitted for their general improvement.

(From the Madras Mail.)

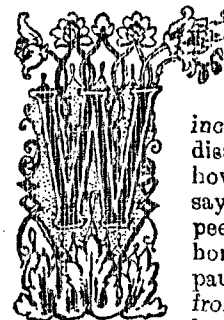


### Lecture in Economics, Calcutta University

A LESSON IN ENGLISH DOMESTIC ECONOMY

BY DR. S. V. KELKAR, M.A., PH. D.

(Selected.)



Everyone all know that London is a very expensive city to live in. Whatever monthly income we may have, speedily disappears before we know how. A man with an income, say two hundred and fifty rupees per month, can, with perfect honesty, say that he is always a pauper and that he is living from hand to mouth. Still we know that the overwhelming majority of people in London get only twenty-five shillings a week or less. In this class we find not only day-labourers but also clerks, people working in shops as sales-men, etc. The girls who get an income of one pound a week are considered lucky by other girls. How do these people live, when the standard of English population regarding decency is high and exacting? I was never able to find out the family-budgets, but some facts which I happened to notice, I am sending herewith, trusting that they may interest my readers.

Suppose a girl has only ten shillings a week as wages; she has to buy a pair of boots at least seven or eight shillings worth, and a hat worth five shillings at least. How should she get an amount of fifteen or twenty shillings at once?

What generally happens is, that in a place where a number of girls are working and they all have the same difficulties, they develop a spirit of co-operation. A number of girls "form a club" (joined together) for the purposes of buying. Some senior girl among them becomes treasurer; every girl gives to the club say three shillings a week and decides to pull herself through the rest of the week somehow with the balance. If there are fifteen to twenty girls in the club, then the combined sum easily becomes two or three pounds. If any girl wishes to buy a hat and a pair of shoes she asks the treasurer-girl for money and the treasurer gives the amount to her. The treasurer has to keep an account as to how much money each member has paid. If there are two or three girls who want money simultaneously, then the party who should receive the benefit first is chosen by lot. Clubs of this kind are always found among working men and working women, and their existence shews the amount of co-operation and mutual trust

that is developed in the society. Sometimes the balance with the treasurer is several pounds, and, I hear that cases where abuse of trust is made are very rare.

When a number of poor families live side by side, and when they have to buy a large number of household necessities, like coal, which could be bought at the best advantage when bought in large quantities, and when no family is rich enough to buy in a large quantity at once, they also resort to the club method. Every week, some money, say six pence, is laid by, and half a ton of coal is ordered by that family when necessary. There are also some clubs like this for expenses which a family has to incur on some holiday like Christmas. Clubs to buy requirements for Christmas spring up in many places. Each family lays by six-pence a week for several weeks. The club buys a large amount of groceries and meat wholesale and divides them into portions. Some woman starts the idea and takes the initiative in her neighbourhood and announces that so many articles could be had for 10 shillings, in particular quantities. The price announced is generally much lower than the market price. Those who want to take advantage of the offer inform her and pay her a certain amount a week. The organizer also of the club makes something out of it.

One way of living cheap in London is to avoid restaurants and land-ladies who keep boarders. There are many land-ladies who keep lodgers only. They will cook the food for the lodger for the payment of say, one or two shillings a week. When you adopt this method, you can cut down expenses considerably. When I adopted this method I found that by spending twenty-one shillings (for board and room) a week, I was able to get meals which I could not get by paying thirty shillings a week. I could again have what I wanted. I have found if a person wishes to reduce his food expenses to eight shillings a week without inconveniencing himself, he would be able to do so, provided he is used to English Dietry. Indian food is too expensive to have in this country.

### A Review

We have received a book entitled "Theory and Practice of Hindu Music and the Vina Tutor" published in English by Mr. C. Gangadhar. This book is the direct outcome of a rare and long experience of the Author, and has supplied a long-felt need. We are sure that it will soon become one of the most useful guides to those who love Indian Music. One of



the chief features of the book is, that everything has been so well arranged and explained, that not only lovers of music of this land will find it easy to follow, but also those of foreign lands. The contents of the book are as follows:—

Rudiments and Theory of Music: A sketch, Ragas or modes, Talas or Time, on Vina; History Description. The Finger Board of the Vina, Stringing, Tuning, Position, Fingering, Graces or Embellishments. Practical Instructions (and Exercises in Tamil, Telugu, Malayalam, Canarese and Staff Notation) on Sarali Varusa, Alankara, Geeta, Swara Jati, Varnams and Kritis: with 2 appendices showing the Scales and Names of Major and Minor Modes or Ragas.

The Contents of the book will speak for themselves as to the relative merit of the book, and we wish the Author every success in his thoughtful labour. The book may be had for Rs. 2 for each copy from Mr. C. Ramachandar, 25 Perumal Koil, Garden Street, Georgetown, Madras.

## News and Notes

### "HOW FAR THAT LITTLE CANDLE THROWS ITS BEAMS!"

#### SAROJINI NAIDU READS HER POEMS AT THE POETRY BOOK SHOP

To the joy of all her friends, Sarojini Naidu has emerged from the Nursing Home where she has spent so many weeks, and is now taking part—as quietly as her eager spirit will let her—in the ordinary affairs of life. In welcoming her once again into their midst, her many friends have to remember that she must still be regarded as an invalid until, as they hope, she returns from Italy with health re-established. She is, however, to remain in Europe until the autumn by doctors' orders. What is loss for India and disappointment to her family, is gain for her friends here, who find it hard to contemplate the day when they must take leave of her. In the meantime they rejoice in her presence and are determined to enjoy it to the full, only restraining their eagerness because physical weakness still lingers behind the bright manner and mental vigour which seem entirely to believe it.

Before she was really strong enough to leave the shelter of the Home where she has received the utmost care, Sarojini determined to fill an old promise to read her poems at the Poetry Book Shop—one of London's latest attractions, yet more than an attraction provoking idle

curiosity; it is a daring attempt to light the lamp of poetry in one of London's mean streets. The poet who has dared so greatly is Harold Munro and at the dinner last November, when poets gathered in force to honour "Sarojini," as they rejoiced to call her, he said he wished to be introduced as a shopkeeper. There is the sign for all passers-by to read:

#### "THE POETRY BOOK SHOP."

And the street? You may search almost in vain for it in a map of London, yet it exists—Devonshire Street, Theobald's Road. And here in lies the courage of the poet. In no stately square, with its oasis of grass and trees; in no well-known thoroughfare dignified by historic associations or the spaciousness of modern improvements; in no quiet retreat overlooking one of London's beautiful parks; with towers and spires on the horizon and wide stretch of sky to calm and uplift from the fevered heat of life is the Poetry Book Shop planted. Could any situation be more unpoetical than the spot where the County Council trams emerge from their tunnel journey between the Thames Embankment and Southampton Row? Will that jostling mass of humanity, striving to find a place in the crowded trams and motor 'buses, or venturing with eyes before and behind to cross the space where the traffic of many other streets meets in an almost ceaseless torrent, dare to stop and think of poetry? True the British Museum is within reach on one side and on the other is Gray's Inn in its ancient dignity; but it is in the midst of prose—utterly hard, uncompromising, almost hopeless prose—that Harold Munro has dared to open the Poetry Book Shop.

One of the features of the Poetry Book Shop, with its shelves crowded with the younger and elder poets, is the reading by poets of their own poems. Invited to hear Sarojini keep her promise and carry her hearers on the wings of her words to India, I set out on a voyage of discovery, with the Poetry Book Shop as the haven where I would be. I arrived at the friendly landmark of the first station, as I had been directed, and found Devonshire Street. Penetrating its dismal length, I was met by young London enjoying itself on one roller skate. "Where is 35?" I asked. "Over there," was the reply, as the skater speeded on his way. In endeavouring in the dim light to find "Over there" I found my wits quickened by the need of the moment, which was to avoid being swept away by the racers on rollers. At last I entered the harbour of refuge.

But there was more adventure before I came within reach of the appealing voice. A guide led me through a narrow passage, across a dim courtyard, into what was once a stable, thence up a

long flight of wooden steps, which aforetime were trodden by stablemen, into the loft. Yes, nothing but the loft with whitewashed rafters and walls, lighted at the four corners with tall candlesticks and a shaded lamp for the poet; the walls were hung with green curtains, and there was a little alcove for the reader of the day. As she stood there, partly in the light, partly in shadow, the brightness of her Indian dress catching and reflecting the light of the lamp, Sarojini looked like a saint come to life out of a stained glass window.

#### "THREE INDIAN WOMEN."

At the annual meeting of the Association of Women Pharmacists, the Lecture Theatre of the Pharmaceutical Society, 17 Bloomsbury Square, was crowded to hear Mrs. Flora Annie Steel lecture on "Three Indian Women."

Mrs. Steel was in happiest vein, and her keen little darts of witty satire were as much appreciated by the numerous men in her audience as by the women present. Choosing for her first heroine the Indian Princess "Fortunata," who lived some 2,000 years B.C., the lecturer told vividly the story of the beautiful girl who, exercising her royal privilege of choosing her own mate, passed slowly, "from left to right, as the sun moves," around the vast half-circle of her suitors until, reaching the image (that of a distant kinsman) set insultingly by her father to keep watch over the shoes of the assembly, she crowned it with the nuptial wreath! Because she knew her kinsman to be reputed a brave, wise and noble prince she had chosen wisely, as women of to-day should do!

"Queen Content," as Mrs. Steel translated the Indian name of her second heroine, was less fortunate. Chosen by a whole people on the death of the king, her father, to reign over them instead of her wastrel brothers, because she had studied the problems of government, "she had no fault," writes her historian Ferishti, summing up a long list of her virtues, "but that of being a woman." But this ineradicable fault led to the poor queen's tragic end at the hands of rebellious male subjects. Women, as Mrs. Steel pointed out, still have Queen Content's disadvantage to fight against.

The story of the third woman, little "Queen-of-Women," beloved by Jehangir, who ruled at Delhi in the long-ago days, was told with marvellous charm, the audience following spell-bound the fortunes of the baby forsaken in the desert sand and strangely rescued to grow into the lovely girl whom the young prince loved at first sight and for all his dissolute life. Her extraordinary influence over him, her motherly

care of his degraded soul and weakly body, and her partial reform of him brought the lecturer to one of her most telling points. "Perhaps," said Mrs. Steel, "little Queen-of-Women's story may help women to see how they may be mothers to all men, as well as wives to some."

Her Highness the Begum of Bhopal has long been known to take great interest in female education and, if further proof of this is wanted it will be found in her latest act of munificence. A recent issue of the *Gazette of India* contained a notification that the Begum had given a donation of four lakhs of rupees to be vested under the Charitable Endowment Act for the promotion and encouragement of three Girls' Schools in Bhopal and that the Board of Trustees of these schools will consist of the Agent to the Governor-General in Central India, the Political Agent in Bhopal and Her Highness the Begum.

We would also refer here to the Begum's recent visit to Aligarh and her excellent advice to the students, professors and trustees of the Anglo-Oriental College. She discussed several administrative questions with the Trustees of the College to whom she is said to have remarked that student life at Aligarh was very similar to that which prevailed at Cambridge. Replying to the address of welcome presented to Her Highness, the Begum indulged in a bit of plain speaking which was as opportune as it was necessary. Referring to the constant bickerings among the Trustees, she exhorted them to give up these dissensions and to unite heart and soul in the common cause. Turning to the European members of the staff she advised them to be more considerate to the boys and to treat them in a way which would widen their hearts and be of great service in strengthening British rule in India. We think that Her Highness spoke with the insight of a born statesman. It is undeniable that by kind, considerate and sympathetic treatment on the part of the European teachers and professors, the entire body of Indian students can be won over towards strengthening British rule in India. Her Highness' words of counsel to the students were equally unexceptionable. She asked them to honour their teachers and elders, to give up an active participation in political agitation and to discord religious differences, such as that which exists between Shias and Sunnis, as these only tended to undermine the whole constitution. Though an orthodox Muhammadan lady of Pardanasabin class Her Highness the Begum of Bhopal spoke with a remarkable enlightenment which would do credit to statesmen of the first rank. She is an acknowledged leader of Indian Mussulmans and her influence has always been exercised for worthy ends.

## THE MAHARANI'S COLLEGE, MYSORE

This institution which bears the honored name of Her Highness the Maharani, late Regent, was started in January 1881 as a private school for the education of high caste Hindu girls, by Rai Bahadur A. Narasim Iyengar, the pioneer of Female Education in Mysore. It was at first supported partly from liberal grants by Government and partly from charity funds as well as from the private resources of its philanthropic founder. In 1889, a European lady, Mrs Thornton, was appointed as the Lady Superintendent. The object of the institution was to reconcile western methods with Hindu views in regard to the subjects of female instruction. The success of this object has, to a very great degree, lessened the popular prejudices against female education in general.

The institution was taken under Government management in the year 1891, and a responsible Committee was appointed to manage its internal affairs. It was raised from the Middle School to the High School standard in the year 1895, and three girls passed the Matriculation Examination for the first time in 1896. In the year 1901, it was raised to the status of a Second Grade College. It has been affiliated to the Madras University in Group III, Logic and History. It is now open to the children of all respectable caste Hindus, Europeans, Eurasians, Native Christians, Mahomedans, Jews and Parsees. No fees are charged for instruction and liberal scholarships ranging from Rs. 10 to 20 are paid to poor and deserving girls. There is an English Lady at the head of the Institution and about 18 Hindu Assistant Mistresses, of whom, three are Brahmin lady graduates educated in the same institution.

The College has five departments or sections. —The English College Department, the Oriental classes for preparing candidates for the Pandita Examination in Sanskrit and Kannada, the Training Department where female teachers are trained for the Upper and Lower Secondary Grades, the High School Department and the Middle Anglo-Vernacular School Department. The Primary Department or the Kindergarten Section is under the management of a Hindu lady graduate who received her training under the late Miss Latter, the Kindergarten Specialist. On the 30th June 1913, there were on the rolls 349 girls, of whom 4 were in the College Department, 4 in the Oriental or Pandita classes, 20 in the High School Forms, 22 in the Training Department and 299 in the Anglo-Vernacular Department. The College has been producing good results at the various Public Examinations. Last year, two girls passed the Intermediate Examination of the Madras University. Several

girls that passed out from the College have been employed as Mistresses in the different girls' schools of the State. One lady student of the College after passing the B.A. Degree (Pass Course is now studying for the B.A.) Honours Course in Madras and two others for the B.A. Pass Course in Mysore and Madras. The College is provided with a spacious and commodious building and a very good library of books. A sum of nearly Rs. 40,000 is spent on this College annually out of the State Revenues.

The College is under the management of a Board of Visitors, of which Sirdar M. Kantharaj Urs is the Chairman. There is a Reading Room attached to the College as well as a Recreation Club. The Physical training of the students is also carefully attended to. Elementary drill, Tennis, Badminton, Croquet and Rounders are provided for recreation and exercise.

The reorganization of the College is again now under consideration. It is intended to attach a Hostel and afford special facilities for the higher training of girls coming from places outside the Mysore City. Some of the practical arts of life and a few of the smaller industries will also be taught to enable the pupils to earn a living, if necessary, in afterlife. Special attention will also be given to train up such of the girls as show aptitude as nurses in hospitals and mistresses in schools.

## MUSLIM LADIES AND EDUCATION

H. H. the Begum of Bhopal performed a number of ceremonies in connection with the female education movement at Aligarh, and laid the foundation stone of the new Zenana Boarding House to be named after her, the Sultana Boarding House. The address presented to her on this occasion showed that sixteen girls were already in the boarding house and there was a great influx of applications for admission. In replying, Her Highness laid great stress on looking equally to both the wheels of the communal cart. She declared the offer of another boarding house in connection with the Muhammadan girls' school lately established at Aligarh through the efforts of Sh. M. Abdulla. A large number of ladies, both European and Indian, attended the ceremony. Afterwards the ladies assembled in their Zenana Conference presided over by H. H. the Begum of Bhopal in the newly opened zenana school. It was resolved that the Conference be held annually. Other resolutions passed, dealt with social reform and the constitution of the Conference. The gathering of Muslim ladies from all parts of India was unique. The discussions were lively and interesting. The event is an important indication of the awakening of the zenana.—*The Observer, Lahore.*

**A HINDU HEROINE.**—Snehalata was a girl of fourteen, who lived with her parents in Calcutta. She had received a good education, and, with her goodness and selfishness, she had become the idol of her parents. Her parents were determined to get such a good girl a good husband, and they found a good match in a young man studying for his B.L. in the Calcutta University. But in India as a rule, a good husband fetches a good price, and the price for the B.L. student was higher than Snehalata's father could pay. After a good deal of hard bargaining, however, it was beaten down to Rs. 800 in cash and Rs. 1,200 in jewellery.

Even the reduced sum of Rs. 2,000 was not within the father's immediate reach. He was a broker in a small way, and there was no two thousand rupees at his banker's. The money must be borrowed. He was only living in Calcutta on business, and in a village in the Faridpur district he had his ancestral home. The home should be mortgaged for the beloved Snehalata's dowry.

Snehalata felt that her parents were begging themselves for her welfare. She felt that she was a burden that were best got rid of. There was no garden to their house in a Calcutta Street, so she went up on to the flat roof of the house, and there she drenched her clothes with kerosine oil and set herself on fire. A Brahmin, who was at worship in a neighbouring temple saw the flames, and gave the alarm, but it was too late. Snehalata was carried off to hospital, but in a few hours she was dead.

It was of course very foolish of her to do such a deed, but the spirit in which she determined to sacrifice herself for her parents was none the less heroic. Of course she should have remembered that her death would be still more distressing to her parents than the mortgage; but such calculations are not always made at the right moment, and Snehalata was undoubtedly a Hindu heroine.

Her self-sacrifice has at least had the good effect of making people think over the evil of a system of marriage in which bridegrooms are put into the market at a price, and are bought and bargained for like cattle.

**BENSON MEMORIAL FUND.**—The Memorial Fund, which was opened in 1913 as a testimony of the good work done by Lady Benson in this Presidency, and which was unavoidably postponed, has now been re-opened, and is to be carried on in the names of Sir Ralph and Lady Benson. It has been agreed that the funds collected shall be used for two objects, viz., one or more scholarships for the Civil Orphan Asylum and one or more scholarships for Indian women. A Committee has been formed, and it is hoped that a sufficient sum

will be collected to create a lasting memorial of the unremitting zeal and good work done by Sir Ralph and Lady Benson during their exceptionally long stay in India. To endow a Medical scholarship for Indian women, Rs. 10,000 is required. For an endowment for the maintenance of two children at the C.O.A., Rs. 10,000 is required. Mrs. Madeley has kindly consented to act as Honorary Secretary, and all communications may be addressed to her, at 1 College Road, Nungumbaukam, Madras. Cheques may be sent to the Bank of Madras, and crossed "Benson Memorial Fund." It is particularly requested that subscribers will specify to which object they wish their donations to be devoted. All subscriptions will be acknowledged in the Press.

**FEMALE EDUCATION, Bombay 10th March.**—An interesting fact regarding the future education of women in Bombay was made known yesterday by Dr. Mackichan, Veteran Principal of the Wilson College, when speaking at the College Day celebration presided over by H. E. Lord Willington.

Dr. Mackichan said, his College had twenty-nine women University students. There was the first Arts College in Bombay to admit lady students. They had a long roll of women graduates, who had subsequently taken medical science and law degrees. Admitting women into their Colleges had meant no misgivings or inconvenience. The men had benefited by the presence of ladies, which called out their courtesy. There was, however, a need for a Women's College, with a staff of Women Professors. During last year a number of Societies interested in the education of women in this country had drawn up plans for such a College.

Referring to this, His Excellency, in reply, said, that imperative necessity existed for establishing a Woman's College in Bombay. Government were now awaiting a Report from the Director of Public Instruction in the matter and when that was received, the question would be considered.

**COLLEGES FOR WOMEN.**—Both Madras and Bombay have stolen a march over Mysore. We are the pioneers in the education of women. We trained a number of women and enabled them to take their degrees. We spend on the Maharani's College, Mysore, nearly Rs. 50,000 a year. Our Government is prepared to spend, if necessary, even ten or twenty thousand rupees a year more, and yet it remains a second grade college. Bombay and Madras have made arrangements to open the Intermediate classes and have resolved to make the B.A. classes an accomplished fact. We hope the Government of H.H. The Maharaja

will lose no time in raising the Maharani's College to a first grade one. With so much economic and other activities in Mysore, we cannot find it in our heart to characterise the educational policy of Mysore a sleeping one.

**OVER POPULATION.**—Early marriage brings on over population—population disproportionate to the means of maintenance. A poor boy who does not know how to earn, is compelled by his parents to marry and beget half a dozen children or more. A girl begins to reproduce at the age of 12 years; when she is 24, her daughter reaches the child-bearing age and when she is 36, the grand-daughter joins them. Thus, by the time a woman reaches 36 years, there are three generations simultaneously bearing children in a single family, while among the civilised nations of Europe, America, and other countries, a woman marrying at 30 years of age has only a baby daughter or two at the age of 36. Thus, the custom of early marriage gives room to overpopulation and consequent troubles and misery.

**GREATER CHANCE OF WIDOWHOOD.**—Early marriage swells the number of widows as is evident from the following figures gathered from an Indian Census Report. Widows of one year of age 859; one to two years of age 1,039; 2 to 3 years of age 1,886; 3 to 4 years of age 3,732; 4 to 5 years of age 8,180; 5 to 10 years of age 78,407; and 10 to 15 years of age 227,367. These are all alarming figures indeed! Our present custom prohibits remarriage of widows and those unfortunate creatures who are willing to remarry and lead a family life, are compelled to live single and suffer misery to the very end of their life.

Not only Burmese girls, but also Mahomedan

girls are likely to find themselves crowding, before long, the walks of higher education. At the All-India Mahomedan Educational Conference, held in Christmas week, Mr. Justice Shah Din, who presided, said in his presidential address:—"No scheme of national education among the Indian Mahomedans will be complete which does not make ample provision for the education of women on modern lines."

Miss Diane Oste, the cinematograph actress, whose red tresses are 5 ft. long, has arranged to sell 3 ft. of her hair to a Paris dealer for £ 1,000. The hair is to be delivered in May. A large party of friends will be invited to witness the cutting of the locks which will be done with a pair of golden scissors. The scissors will be presented as a souvenir of the occasion to Miss Oste.

The "Young Burman," which reports the case of the two girls, notes with satisfaction, the beginnings of a development in the education of Burmese girls. Some Burmese girls are proceeding to India and others to England, to study medicine.

We note that two Burmese girls are amongst the students in the Higher Technical School for Girls, at Kioto, in Japan. They are learning wood-carving, artificial-flower-making, and other such dainty arts that are cultivated so tastefully in Japan.

Mrs. Gandhi and three other Indian women, on being released from jail at Pietermaritzburg, were drawn through the town in carriages by delighted Indians. This is quite a new kind of treatment for Hindoo women.



## THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

### Acknowledgment List from February, 1914

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Edited by C. S. RAMASAWMY IYER

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## The Late Lady Hardinge, C. I.

(BY AN INDIAN LADY—MADRAS.)

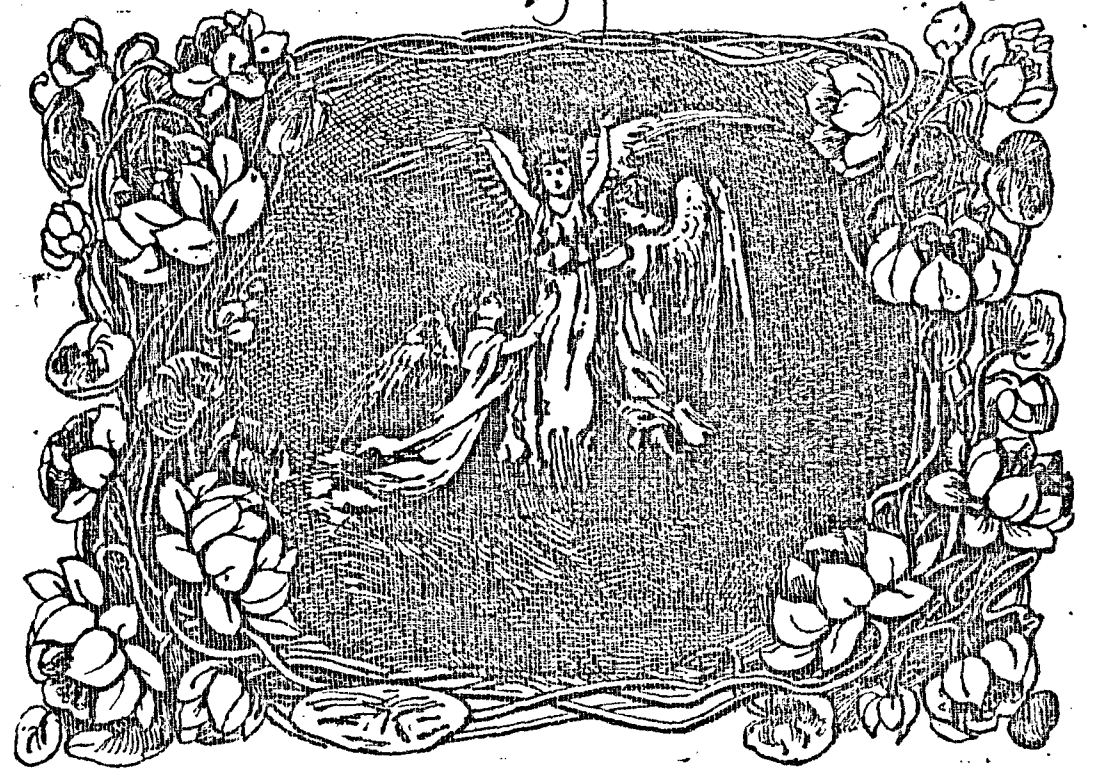
THE sad news of the death of Her Excellency Lady Hardinge has not only come as a great shock to many a woman in India, but carries with it a sense of personal loss. Lady Hardinge fulfilled the duties and obligations that pertained to her high office in a magnificent manner and her sympathy was shown and expressed in so many tangible ways that she has won for herself the love and esteem of the people of India to an extraordinary degree. In the furtherance of plans for the increase of medical work among the women of India she was very energetic. She introduced the Lady Hardinge Linen Fund, which, despite its insignificant name, is of much use and help. It is to her we owe the starting of the Women's Medical Service in India and the Women's Medical College at Delhi. She strongly believed and maintained that the women of India *must* get help and advice medically from women themselves—a fact which is very true and which requires persistent attention.

Lady Hardinge was born in 1868 and was the daughter of the first Lord Allington and a sister of the present Peer. At the age of 22 she was married and since then was the energetic and helpful partner of His Excellency Lord Hardinge in his distinguished career. She was also in the Suite of Her Majesty the Queen; in 1910 when



Lord Hardinge was appointed Viceroy and Governor-General, she came out to India with warm sympathies and thoughts of a useful life of labour for her sisters in this country—an ideal which she has succeeded in carrying out to a good extent. A fearful public event, the attempted assassination of His Excellency the Viceroy on the State Entry into Delhi, has endeared her to us in another direction. Her courage and presence of mind at the time and her sweet devotion to him afterwards raised her as an ideal of gracious womanhood in the minds of the Indian women. When Her Excellency Lady Pentland proposed the sending of an address recording the thankfulness of the women of this Presidency on the recovery of the Viceroy, the response was eager and great, and all hearts, having been drawn to her in her affliction, were eager to show their joy in her happiness. Last cold weather, during their Excellencies' visit to Madras, her gracious presence and charm of manner and speech but increased our love and admiration for her. Now her sudden and unexpected death has plunged us all into dismay and grief and though our consolation will not mitigate the grief of the Viceroy and his family, yet we cannot but offer them our heartfelt and deep sympathy in this their bereavement. Though far outside the circle of her friends, yet we sorrow with them, as to us she has endeared herself, not only as Lady Hardinge, the wife of the Viceroy, but as a gracious and loving woman, an ideal wife and a sympathetic sister to the poor and needy. She will always remain a dear and fragrant memory in our hearts.

H. S. H.



## THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

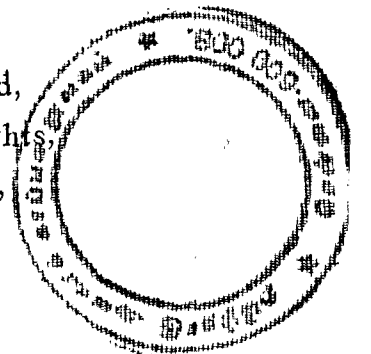
VOL. XIV]

FIRST QUARTER: JULY—SEPTEMBER, 1914

[No. 1

### True Living

To dignify the day with deeds of good,  
And eve constellate with all holy thoughts,  
This is to live, and let our lives narrate,  
In a new version, solemn and sublime,  
The grand old legend of humanity.  
True, honest life,  
Holy and simple! peace! a cheerful faith  
In God; and nothing spent not purely earned.



## Florence Nightingale

By Lady Benson.



INDIAN ladies are probably more familiar with the name of Florence Nightingale than with the name of any other English woman, next to Queen Victoria. Her life has been written in Tamil for the "Maharani Magazine" in the Madras Presidency, and it was published in this Magazine.

Doubtless many other magazines in India have published an account of her life. The subject of hospitals and nurses is familiar, either by hearsay, or personal experience to many Indian ladies, both in the large towns and cities of India, and also in the smaller up-country stations, and so the work and life of one who gave herself up to the art of nursing, the improvement of hospitals, and the spread of the profession of nursing among English-women first, (followed by women all over the world afterwards) is one with which Indian women can feel in touch and sympathy. The life of Florence Nightingale seemed to have come to an end, as far as the public was concerned, shortly after the Crimean War. It was known that, owing to her extraordinary work and over-work then, she had become an invalid for life. It was true that her influence continued, and that owing to her example "Red Cross Societies" for female nursing in war were the direct outcome of her labours in the Crimea. But, until the large two-volumed "Life of Florence Nightingale," by Sir E. T. Cook was published in 1913 after her death, I do not think any one knew (except of course her immediate circle of friends and relations) of the immense amount of work she accomplished from her sick-bed, for the health of the British soldier, and as Hospital Reformer, and the Founder of Modern Nursing. And I think it will come as a very great surprise to Indian ladies to know that for 40 years she wrote, and planned, and toiled, and laboured for India!

It is to tell you about this part of her work, taken from the second volume of her "Life" that I am writing this paper. There are not many Indian ladies who could read through those two large volumes, but I am sure there are very many who would like to know and hear more about Florence Nightingale, and specially to hear how a sick English lady, who had never set foot in India, could work and strive for the good of Indian people!

"For forty years she worked at Indian questions. She took up the subject first through

interest in the Army. It was a natural sequel to her efforts for the health of the British soldier at home, to make a like attempt on behalf of the army in India. Gradually she was drawn into other questions, and she became a keen Indian reformer all along the line.

In 1859 it was found that the average yearly death-rate among the British soldiers in India since the year 1817 had been 69 per 1,000. To-day it is little over 5 per 1,000. The changes in barracks and military sanitation in India, which are chiefly accountable for this great saving in life, are directly traceable to the recommendations of the Royal Commission appointed by Lord Stanley in 1859 and which reported in 1863. But few knew that the appointment of the Royal Commission was directly due to Miss Nightingale, that by her the greater part of its Report was written, and that the suggestions for reform founded upon it were also her work. A French Delegate at an International Congress spoke of her as "the Providence of the English Army." She was no less the Providence of the Indian Army. To the British soldier in India, as at home, she was "a saviour."

"Besides deaths from natural causes (9 per thousand)," she wrote, "60 head per thousand of our troops perish annually in India. It is at that expense that we have held dominion there for a century: a company out of every regiment has been sacrificed every 20 months. These companies fade away in the prime of life; leave few children; and have to be replaced at great cost, by successive ship-loads of recruits." The cost of preventable sickness in the Indian army was calculated at £388,000 = (Rs 5,820,000) a year. The list of recommendations with which the Report concluded may be described as a Sanitary Charter for the Army in India. She had a stiff fight before the practical machinery was arranged by which the recommendations were to be carried out. This machinery, as she had devised it, was to be two-fold. First there were to be Sanitary Commissions appointed for each Presidency in India, with a Sanitary Department at the India Office in London. This was not agreed to for a long time, but Miss Nightingale considered it essential to secure for India the experience already obtained in dealing with all kinds of sanitary questions in England—Ultimately her policy prevailed. "I cannot help telling you, in the joy of my heart," she wrote to Harriet Martineau, "that the final meeting of the Indian Sanitary Commission was held to-day, that the Report was signed—and that after a very tough battle, lasting three days, our working Commission was carried. This is the dawn of a new day for India in sanitary things, not only as regards our Army, but as regards the native population."

But Miss Nightingale was never content to let the light steal in gradually; she wanted to secure for the Report of the commission the fullest possible glare of publicity. Her first concern was to get early notices of the Report in all the newspapers. As one of the principal authors of the Report she was obviously entitled to some copies. These she sent off immediately to various influential friends, but principally to writers for the press. Miss Nightingale's celerity may well have seemed astonishing to the leisurely official mind, for 6 months were allowed to pass before the Government of India was officially provided with copies of the Report!

In July 1863 she arranged for reviews in newspapers, and magazines in Edinburgh, and Dublin as well as in London. Miss Nightingale was diligent also in coaching Harriet Martineau, writing at great length to explain the points on which public opinion might more usefully declare itself. Miss Martineau wrote on the Report in the "Daily News", "Macmillan's Magazine", and "Once a Week." She was an old friend of Lord and Lady Elgin. Should she write to them? The indefatigable Miss Nightingale at once sent her the heads of a letter on the subject which should go immediately to the Viceroy.

In 1857-58, when Miss Nightingale was doing the work in connection with the Royal Commission on the Home Army, though she was in very delicate health, she had yet been able to move about. But now in 1863 when work for the Commission on the Indian Army was at its height, she was bed-ridden, all her writing was done in bed. She was sustained through these disabilities partly by the consciousness of power, and by satisfaction in its exercise, but principally by passionate devotion to her cause. Miss Nightingale had the gift and charm and power of making devoted friendships. When Sir John Lawrence was appointed Viceroy of India, she was delighted. The soldier's heart in her, loved his heroic deeds, and she admired him for his rugged honesty, his unaffected piety, and his deep sympathy with human suffering. She regarded him as the indispensable man for India, not more on account of the threatening war on the north-west frontier, than on account of his sympathy with the cause of sanitary reform. Throughout his Viceroyalty she was diligent in writing to him, and he asked her advice and sent her papers. Miss Nightingale's main work for years may be described as that of a Health Missionary for India. She carried on her mission in three ways. She tried by personal interviews and letters to stir up a desire for sanitary improvements in all Indian Officials, from Governors-General to local officers of health. She made acquaintance with Indians, and strove to spread

her gospel among them in their own country. And through her "own little Department", "The Sanitary Department", in co-operation with Sir Bartle Frere, she did a large amount of official work in that direction.

When Lord Mayo succeeded Sir John Lawrence, he went to see Miss Nightingale (and so did Lady Mayo). At his request she wrote for him a Memorandum covering the whole ground of sanitary improvement, dwelling much on questions of irrigation and agricultural development as aids thereto; "a noble and most complete paper" said Sir Bartle Frere "and it will be invaluable to India." Lord Mayo's administration was marked by some improvements in Sanitary conditions, and by extensive irrigation works. He also initiated two of the indispensable first steps to sanitary progress, the census, and a statistical survey of the country.

She was laughingly described by a friend, as "Florence the First, Queen of Nurses, Reverend Mother Superior of the British Army, and Governess of the Governors-General of India." Miss Nightingale's greatest ally in India at this time was Lord Napier, Governor of Madras. He carried through a scheme for female nursing in Madras, and corresponded at some length with Miss Nightingale on the subject. He sent home an Engineer to England to study sanitation, his visit resulted in reports on town drainage, and the utilization of sewage. Lord Napier wrote:—Madras, June 3, 1869. "Now I have a good piece of news for you. We are framing a Bill for a general scheme of local taxation in this Presidency, both in Municipalities and in villages to provide for three purposes—local roads, primary education, and sanitation—such as improvement of wells, regulation of pilgrimages and fairs, drainage, etc. It will be very unpopular, I fear, in the first instance, for the people wish neither to be taught, nor cured, but I think it is better on the whole to force their hands." The outcome of this was seen in the Local Fund and Municipal Acts of 1871. A subject on which Miss Nightingale wrote both to Lord Napier and to Lord Mayo was the inquiry into cholera in India; while medical officers were absorbed in propounding theories, she wanted an exhaustive inquiry into the facts. Even if such an inquiry did not establish any of the rival theories, it must lead, she thought, to much sanitary improvement. The origin of cholera is now said to be a micro-organism identified by Koch, but the laws of its movement and activity are still unknown. Meanwhile, all subsequent experience has confirmed the doctrine which Miss Nightingale continually preached, that the one protection against cholera consists in a standing condition of good sanitation. Mr. W. Clark, Engineer to the Municipa-

lity of Calcutta, came to see Miss Nightingale about great schemes of water supply and drainage. She obtained an introduction to Sir George Campbell, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, in order to commend to his notice Mr. Clark's plans. For many years she was thus engaged in correspondence with sanitary reformers, and officials in various parts of India; when such officials came home most of them came also to Miss Nightingale. She was never backward in filing the post of governess to those who, in Sanitary matters, governed India. In 1870, Miss Nightingale was elected an Honorary Member of the Bengal Social Science Association, whose Council was mainly composed of Indian gentlemen. "For eleven years," she said "what little I could do for India, for the conditions on which the Eternal has made to depend the lives and healths and social happiness of men, as well Indian as European, has been the constant object of my thoughts by day, and my thoughts by night." She contributed towards the work of the Association, a paper addressed to the Village Elder. In simple and terse language she described the sanitary reforms which might be carried out by the people themselves. "As we find in all history and true fable that the meanest causes universally multiplied produce the greatest effects, let us not think it other than a fitting sacrifice to the Eternal and Perfect One to look into the lowest habits of great peoples, in order, if we may, to awaken them to a sense of the injury they are doing themselves, and the good they might do themselves. Much of the willingness for education is due to the fact, appreciated by them, that education makes money. But would not the same appreciation, if enlightened, show them that loss of health, loss of strength, loss of life, is loss of money, the greatest loss of money we know? And we may truly say that every sanitary improvement which saves health and life is worth its weight in gold."

This address to the Peoples of India was the most widely distributed of all Miss Nightingale's missionary efforts. The Association translated it into Bengali, Sir Bartle Frere had it translated into other Indian languages. Ten years before this, Miss Nightingale had written a paper "How people may live and not die in India." This was read to the Social Science Congress in 1863. In 1873 she was again asked to write a paper, and she gave a summary in popular form of ten years progress entitled "How some people have lived, and not died in India." At first there were caste prejudices against the new water supply in Calcutta, but after a time "the new water supply was proclaimed at public meetings to be 'theologically as well as physically safe.'" "There is a vast work going on

in India in connection with sanitation", wrote Dr. Sutherland—; "and in this work Miss Nightingale has throughout played a principal and the inspiring part". Sir John Stracher had said, "of the sanitary improvements in India three-fourths are due to Miss Nightingale." "The progress," another competent authority declared, "had no parallel in the history of the world." "This progress had been made along many different lines, first in military stations; then sanitary regulations were issued for fairs and pilgrimages—each of these a hot-bed of Indian disease, and thirdly institutions in India were greatly improved—such as hospitals, jails, and asylums, and the municipalities of the great cities had made some sanitary progress. Calcutta had a pure water supply, and the main drainage of most of the town was complete. Bombay had done less by municipal action, but thanks to Dr. Newlett, sanitation had been improved. Madras had improved its water supply, and was successfully applying a part of its sewage to agriculture. Sanitary preaching was beginning to take effect up-country. Hollows and excavations near villages were being filled up, brushwood and jungle removed; wells cleaned; surface refuse was being removed; tanks were being provided for sewage to prevent it going into the drinking tanks.

Miss Nightingale was diligent in appeals to Indian gentlemen to bestir themselves. She wanted an education which would teach the peoples of India to be "men", which would encourage them to the better cultivation of agriculture and industries, which would enable every village headman to understand and enforce the principles of sanitation. It was necessary not only to urge the Government, but the people themselves must wage war against disease germs and bestir themselves in the matter of cleanliness and pure water. She appealed to Indian gentlemen to influence their ladies. "Let them lead in their own families in domestic sanitation. Then, doubtless, the lady will lead in general sanitation in India, as she does in England."

This was Florence Nightingale's faith in Indian ladies! Will you not one and all rise up and justify her faith in you? Each one can see that her own "compound" is free from refuse, straws, etc., and papers; the hollows filled up, the cattle and stable manure put into holes and covered with ashes, and every second day at least all rubbish heaps burned. There is nothing so purifying as fire, and the ashes are good when mixed with manure. Every lady can help the general health of the town by waging war against flies, for they carry disease on their tiny feet from dirt heaps to milk, and water, to rice, and fruit. See that flies have no breed-

ing grounds in your neighbourhood, such as rubbish heaps, and manure heaps; by frequently setting these on fire thousands of flies' eggs will be destroyed. A bottle of kerosine oil only costs 2 annas and a little oil sprinkled over the drains where bath water issues, or over pools will do much to destroy mosquitoes and flies. You remember the Chinese proverb? "If every-one will sweep outside his own house the whole town will be clean." I wonder what Florence Nightingale would have thought of the streets of Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras, if she could have driven through them in the early morning and have seen that in spite of municipal carts and sweepers, the people themselves had no eye for the order and cleanliness of the streets of their own city? They are disfigured morning, noon, and night with perfectly avoidable untidiness. It is perfectly possible for each householder to burn and dispose of the refuse of his own house, and to attain scrupulous household and garden cleanliness. If only this were attained by every citizen in the land—the statistics about cholera, plague, skin diseases, and the death-roll of the people would show a most surprising improvement. Sir William Hunter dedicated his book entitled "A study in Indian Administration to Miss Nightingale." The book was written at her request. He wrote to her:—"to whom can I more fitly dedicate it than to you—whose life has been a long devotion to the stricken ones of the earth—to you whose deep sympathy with the peoples of India, no years of suffering, or of sickness are able to abate."

The main spring of Miss Nightingale's life was to do "all for the love of God." She ever strove to show her love to God by service to humanity. She tried various forms of religious doctrines by the test of practical service. She admired Roman Catholics, not for their dogmas, but for their deeds. She always had a tolerant mind for any faith that issued in good works, and an impatience with any that did not. Throughout her life she was a most devout and deeply-religious woman. Throughout her active interest in Indian concerns she was deep in questions of nursing administration and hospital construction in England. "They are in a difficulty", wrote her brother-in-law in forwarding an application for her help, "so they appeal to you—the Family Solicitor to whom we all turn when we get into a scrape, but your family is a large one—the whole Human Race." She filled the part of Lady Bountiful with more than usual care for detail. More than 400 letters from nurses and old pupils relating to this time are preserved, as well as letters to Sisters of the "Nightingale School", to each of whom more than 50 were written. She introduced the innovation of sending her probationers to the "National Training

School for Cookery," and she looked over their notes on the lessons, founding thereon hints to the teachers. Before the Nightingale Nurses took up their work in the Infirmaries, Florence Nightingale used to see each of them alone for three or four hours.

The Egyptian Campaign of 1882 called for female nurses, and Miss Nightingale worked at high pressure in selecting them, and arranging details of their outfit. "I have been working some days", she wrote to a friend, "from 4-30 a.m. till 10 p.m." The nurses wrote repeatedly to their "Chief" at home, and she sent them constant messages of advice and encouragement. Lord Wolseley was very emphatic in his praise and appreciation of lady nurses: "The employment of lady nurses to a very large extent in every hospital on service is the surest way to efficiency." Lord Dufferin was the fifth Viceroy Miss Nightingale indoctrinated with the truths of the sanitary gospel. He wrote to her from boardship: "I duly received the papers you were good enough to send me, and you may be quite sure of my studying them with the attention they deserve, I know how well you are entitled to speak with authority in reference to Indian questions, and I can well believe that you have thought out many conclusions which it would be of the greatest benefit to me to ponder over." The official introduction of female nursing into the Indian Military Hospitals was by no means the only satisfaction which Miss Nightingale received during Lord Dufferin's Viceroyalty. Lady Dufferin was also keenly interested in Indian Sanitary subjects. She founded, at Queen Victoria's request, the "National Association for Supplying Medical Aid to the Women of India," and consulted Miss Nightingale at every stage. One of the first things needful, Lady Dufferin had written (in September 19, 1885) was a supply of Sanitary Tracts. "In using the word 'tract' I am thinking of some little books in Hindustani, written by A. L. O. E., which I am obliged to read as part of my studies in the language. They are stories with a moral, and I don't see why something of the kind might not be published with health as a moral." Miss Nightingale took great pains in collecting suitable raw material, and wrote to Lady Dufferin by almost every Mail.

In October, Lord Roberts visited Miss Nightingale before going out to India as Commander-in-Chief. She took great pains with this interview, preparing in advance, an admirable memorandum of what might be still done to improve the health and welfare of the troops. Lord Roberts' command was fruitful of some reforms in which Miss Nightingale had been a pioneer. He established a club or institute in every British Regiment and Battery in India. He

closed canteens. He opened coffee stalls. He established an Army Temperance Association. After 22 years, the scheme, which she had put before Sir John Lawrence for the employment of female nurses in Military Hospitals, was sanctioned, and no letter, which Miss Nightingale received in her Jubilee year, can have pleased her more than the one from Lord Roberts, from Simla, in which he told her the news. Miss Nightingale interviewed the Superintendents before they went out, and letters from them were now added to the pile of those she received from Hospitals throughout the world, reporting progress, or asking advice. It was not till 1906 that her secretary had to inform the India Office that sanitary papers could no longer be usefully forwarded to her. In 1907, King Edward wrote with "much pleasure" to offer the "Order of Merit" in recognition of invaluable services to the country and to humanity. It was the first time the order had been bestowed upon a woman. The Freedom of the City of London was conferred upon her in March 1908—hitherto conferred on only one woman, Lady Burdett Coutts. She was almost unconscious at the time of the meaning of these honours. Perhaps, it was better so. In the years of her strength she had ever a dread of the world's praises. She sought no glory crown but the opportunity of doing New Work. On her eightieth Birthday (1900) Miss Nightingale received congratulations from Queens, Royal Highnesses, from schools and societies and from nurses in all parts of the world. In the United States her name was even more widely known and loved than in Great Britain. From Tokio, the Princess Imperial sent this letter: "The Committee of the Ladies of the Red Cross Society of Japan have the pleasure of presenting to you their hearty congratulation on the occasion of your eightieth Birthday. That the Address reaches you late in time is due to the great distance which separates your land from ours. But far as our country is from yours, the example of your noble efforts, now become historic, has not affected its inhabitants the less; for it is due to the impulse you have given to the humane work of nursing sick and wounded soldiers that the trained nurses of your Society, amounting to more than 1,500 in number, are applying themselves with eager zeal to the study and practice necessary for complete efficiency in the hour of need."

Lord Roberts wrote to her to congratulate her, and the German Emperor sent her a present of flowers. Companies of Girl Scouts called themselves "The Nightingales." There were "Florence Nightingale Societies" in America. In June 1907, there was an International Conference of Red Cross Societies in London. Queen Alexandra sent a message referring to "the

Pioneer of the first Red Cross Movement, Miss Florence Nightingale, whose heroic efforts on behalf of suffering humanity will be recognized and admired by all ages as long as the world shall last."

In America, in May 1910, at a large gathering in the Carnegie Hall, the public orator of America delivered an Eulogium "testifying to the admiration of the entire American people for Florence Nightingale's great record and noble life." There are 1,000 "Nurse-Training Schools" in that country.

Florence Nightingale fell asleep at noon, on August 13, 1910, and did not wake again. She had lived 90 years and 3 months.

The offer of burial in Westminster Abbey was declined by her relatives. She had left directions that the funeral should be of the simplest kind possible, and that her body should be accompanied to the grave by not more than two persons. She was buried by her Father and Mother, near her old home in Hampshire. The body was borne to the grave by six of her "children"—sergeants drawn from the several regiments of the Guards. On the stone is a small cross with the initials "F. N., born 1820, died 1910."

### Ambition



THE streets of Merlinoholm were packed densely with a joyous crowd of men, women, and children, who good-humouredly jostled one another for front places and points of vantage. On all balconies, in all windows, and on many roofs along the route from the Western Gate to the Senate House, were jubilant folk, eagerly scanning the streets in the direction whence the Balsaghor and his army would come.

In the Mainway, the chief-street of Merlinoholm, the excitement was intense, for here the Balsaghor would receive his country's gratitude, and from the steps of the Senate House, would address the people.

In the Mainway stood a small house on whose balcony were a maiden and a youth. She was of medium height, exquisite build, with a form of remarkable contour and symmetry, the beauty of which was surpassed only by the radiant splendour of her countenance. Her long, black hair fell in great masses about her shoulders. Her features were delicate and classic, whilst her entire bearing was one of regal dignity.

The youth, her brother, was of similar height, but his build was slovenly and awkward, and his countenance morose, forbidding and disordered.

"He is a great man!" she said sweetly.

"Perhaps," answered her brother; "no reason why everyone should go mad. Whenever did a mob of yelling fools like this, turn out into the streets before? Never; and why should they now?"

Laura Psetavia was about to answer when a sudden cheering in the roadway directed their attention to the Western Gate.

The word had passed that the Balsaghor had left the gate, and from their height, Laura and Scala could see the sunlight upon the weapons of the guards.

A period of waiting whilst the army made its journey, passed by ere the advance-guard reached the Mainway, and Laura's heart beat fast with emotion.

Lusty cheers rent the air, drums rolled, trumpets blared; and amid the acclamations of a populace, the Balsaghor approached the Senate House. The entire army was on foot, and at their head, rode the Balsaghor.

Lictors beat back the enthusiastic mob, but the mounted figure bided it not. Women throw flowers in his path, yet the youth looked neither to the right, nor to the left, but ever straight ahead as though piercing the distance, as though divining the future.

His face was pale, and his bare head held erect. His hair waved wildly in the breeze and fell loosely about his noble brow. His lips were compressed into a straight bar of scarlet that gleamed strangely upon a wan face.

Laura clutched at the balcony, and turning to her brother exclaimed: "My soul's desire. Oh! How I love him."

"Not at all," said Scala. "You like his power, the brave music, the lictors, and the army, not the man. He is but a puny youth still one lustrum below the limit."

Laura did not answer. Would he look up? The horse was almost level now, and bracing herself up, she flung a great mass of glorious roses, scarlet roses, into the road, and in clear ringing tones shouted: "Hail to thee, the great Balsaghor."

And he who had gazed ever straight ahead looked up to the right, raising his hand in token of salutation after the fashion of the people of Ambers, then he bowed his head in acknowledgment of her words.

"Ah! How I love him," exclaimed Laura.

"Why?" asked Scala, "for his power?"

"No!" she replied "For himself. He alone is my soul's desire."

The Balsaghor had reached the terrace and postillions assisted him to dismount. Here on

a dais, he received a sprig of olive, and the Councillor Scarile crowned him with a wreath of laurels.

And the mob cheered

Then the Balsaghor turned to the swaying mass of humanity and raised his hand for silence. Almost instantly a hush fell upon the multitude, and in a clear and subtly charming voice, he commenced: "Fellow citizens, I have to thank you for the magnificent honours which you have showered upon me. It is no conceit to remark that I have rendered the country a service, I even dare to remark a great service, but one that I feel I should have been amply repaid for, had I but received the olive from the illustrious politician, the noble Scarile. For this alone I am grateful, and the knowledge that I, a citizen whose lustra are yet below the limit, have been admitted a member of your Council of Supremacy, in itself is a stupendous honour; but that I should have been offered the Dictatorship of your country is one, the very magnitude of which compels me to accept with much gratitude and satisfaction. I scarcely feel that I deserve this great gift and responsibility; I should be content with the Councillor's olive, but the acceptance of the laurels of the Dictator is a pleasure that I cannot withstand. Many will accuse me of being ambitious, and impute this to me as a fault. But far from denying the statement, I most heartily admit it, and instead of deploring it as a fault, I am proud of it as a virtue, for I say that he who is without ambition, is no man, and I should not feel capable of being your Dictator, of preserving our ancient constitution, and of administering your laws, did my character lack this trait. It was ambition that brought me to this high estate, and I trust that it may carry me yet further. For I am proud to be the fellow of the citizens, the equal of the Councillors, and the representative of a country so loved by us all as the glorious, and now free nation of the Ambers."

The speech had pleased all, save one; the Councillor Balaso, a learned man, and a deep philosopher, who dreaded the words: "I trust that it may carry me yet further." He feared their purport.

That night the Balsaghor met Laura Psetavia in the garden of the people.

"Ah! My dear lover, you have come," she said.

"Yes!" he said returning her caresses; "I have come."

"Oh! I am proud of you," she continued: "You are so great. And what a power of speech you have; none else could have held that mob quiet by words alone, save you."

"I am glad you are proud of me," he said; "Now I am Dictator, we will be joined."



"Oh! But we cannot. You are below the limit; we must wait."

The Balsaghor looked strangely at her, and in a fierce tone said: "There is no limit. I am Dictator. We will do this thing if I say so."

"But you said you would preserve our ancient constitution; that you would administer our laws—this is neither. If you defy the limit, you wreck the Constitution, and break its laws. We must wait. It is only a lustrum."

"But much may happen in a lustrum," he said, and in his voice rang the deep autumnal tones of prophecy.

Laura Psetavia thought deeply that night, for his words filled her with fear and their ominous burden rang in her ears. . . "much may happen in a lustrum."

By raising the question in the Council of Supremacy, Balsaghor did his popularity with the people much harm, and when some months later he announced his intention of making war upon Slavonica, the citizens began to murmur among themselves.

The Slavonics were fierce, strong in numbers, and well equipped, so that the losses which the Ambers sustained were heavy. At first the army had followed the Balsaghor enthusiastically. For was he not the mere citizen who had led them to overthrow their burden of tyranny? Had he not established their freedom? Yes! They would follow him. But when they realized that fighting for liberty against a country's oppressions, and fighting to oppress, were totally different matters, in view of their crushing defeats they murmured afresh. Furthermore, the war was unnecessary.

They urged the Balsaghor to give up the strife, pointing out that there was no cause for it, and little to be gained. In the Senate House, the Councillor Balasc repeated those ominous words "It was my ambition that brought me to this high estate, and I trust that it may carry me yet further."

After a lengthy debate, the Council sent despatches to the Balsaghor, saying that if he did not evacuate Slavonica, and return to Merlinholm they would repeat his words to the people, and appeal to them to resist his ambitions, his insatiable desire, even as they had resisted with success, their former tyrannical government.

He returned, but not with the idea of abandoning the campaign. He returned to raise conscriptions, to reimburse his army with food and baggage, to set his arsenals working upon new weapons.

The Council, however, appealed to the people, and the Balsaghor feared this. His demands were for war. He had taken fathers and husbands; he was asking for sons and brothers. The Council offered Peace, and he knew that even his ex-

quisite elocution could not overpower the hatred of the people when he demanded their lives, and the lives of those who were dear to them.

The Balasc and the Scarile addressed the people, whilst in the Senate House, Balsaghor could hear the mob yelling.

"The Balasc! The Scarile! Down with the Balsaghor! Peace!"

The time was ripe now, and he stepped out on to the dais. As soon as the mob saw him, it commenced to hoot and some threw missiles.

heedless of these, with a boldness and dignity which commanded respect, the Balsaghor raised his hand for silence.

Slowly the shouting subsided into a roar; from a roar it died to a moan; and from a moan it merged into a low hum, finally to cease.

"Citizens! Meh of the Ambers! Listen again! I have asked you to follow me against your oppressors. I have led you against them, and delivered you out of their hands! I have offered you myself, and when victory was, you cheered, and were content to follow me. I have asked you to follow me against the Slavonics, and in the manly spirit of your former selves you followed. But you, who had received victory, met with adversity, and in your cowardice, fell back. Now for your own honour, for the name of the Ambers, I ask you forward again, and because of a passing failure, you lack heart and are frightened to go."

His words had the desired effect, and the Balsaghor perceiving the shame of the mob, continued: "I am your Dictator. I go to war against the Slavonics. Citizens, I ask, nay, I command you to follow me."

But in this the boy had miscalculated. He had beaten them, it was true, and he had thought to dominate over them with his will by command, but the time and circumstances were not suitable for the hurling of titles at the heads of citizens, so that when he proudly said "I am your Dictator . . ." the silence broke, and a low hum commenced. When he said: "I go to War against the Slavonics . . ." it merged into a moan, rising to an angry roar, reaching a furor of yelling, at his words: . . . "I command you to follow me."

He had over-reached himself.

"Down with him," yelled the mob, and they rushed the terrace. In vain the lictors hurled them back, striking at them with their staves. The crowd impelled by the knowledge of their strength, swept on. A hand plucked the laurels from Balsaghor's brow, another tore the olive from his toga, ere the guards rallied sufficiently to escort him into the Senate House.

The people demanded his deposition of the Councillor Scarile, and the Council of Supremacy sat in judgment over the Balsaghor.

He had committed no crime against the State of Ambra that was worthy of Supreme Penalty, and only to satisfy the people, to remove an ambitious character that was dangerous to the State, they sentenced him to banishment.

On the following morning the news was published, and hailed with delight.

Once more the streets from the Senate House to the western Gate were lined with citizens. Once more the Balsaghor would ride.

He left the Senate House bare-headed, mounted, and surrounded by an intensely strong guard.

The drums no longer beat a victorious tattoo, but a muffled knell of shame. The trumpets no longer blew triumphant fanfares, but blared in defiance. The mob that some months before had cheered and thrown roses, hooted and hurled filth.

The Balsaghor alone was unmoved. He looked neither to the right nor the left, but over straight ahead as though piercing the distance; as though divining the future. His ambition had made him Dictator of Ambra. It had brought him to a high estate, and now—it was carrying him yet further.

He had entered the Senate amid the acclamation of a populace; he left it in the denunciation of a mob.

At the end of the Mainway, outside the house of Psetavia, he who had gazed ever straight ahead, looked up to the left, raising his hand in token of salutation after the fashion of the people of Ambra, then he bowed his head in acknowledgment of her words, for Laura had shouted: "And God go with thee, the great Balsaghor."

Outside the city he was left alone, and after much wandering, sought the shade of a clump of pine trees. Upon a boulder, he rested; and at nightfall, a figure entered the dell—it was Laura.

"What do you here?" he asked.

"I have come to thee," she said.

"But I am fallen from my high estate—I have lost my crown of laurels."

And she answered, "But I will weave thee a crown of myrtle."

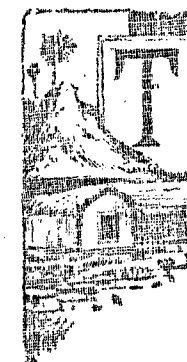
T. ALICE THOMAS.



## The Montessori System

(Adapted to the Needs of Indian Children.)

### THE SYSTEM



THIS is a new system of elementary education devised as the result of years of scientific research by Dr. Maria Montessori of Rome; and although only a few years have elapsed since this system was introduced, every one is talking of the remarkable results that this system has produced and there is no reason why Indian children should not benefit from this system of education.

India, more than any other country in the world, needs that her infants be taught according to this system, as the great majority of its mothers are not capable of teaching their children.

### DR. MONTESSORI

Dr. Maria Montessori is an Italian lady, the first woman to receive the degree of M.D. from the University of Rome. She always evinced great interest in the education of little children, especially feeble-minded ones, who, because of their poverty of intellect or idiotic tendencies, are generally banished to asylums from which there is no returning, and where their last state is worse than the first. To train such unfortunate children and fit them for the duties of this life, was the main purpose of her life. Dr. Montessori had read of Edouard Seguin, a famous French Physician, who had devoted himself specially to the study of idiocy and the training of idiots and who had achieved remarkable results in his treatment of idiots for nearly half a century in the United States. She studied his writings on the subject, and undertook to translate into Italian one of his famous books, taking the trouble to write out the manuscript herself so that she might have the opportunity of studying every sentence and assimilating the spirit of the author. After thus acquiring a theoretical knowledge of the work of Seguin, to Paris she went and spent a few years, there studying the practical phase of this form of elementary education. Convinced of the importance and utility of this new system, she returned to her native land, and delivered a series of lectures on the education of the feeble-minded at Turin and Rome. This attracted the attention of the authorities—that is, and she was appointed direc-

tor of a new school for the feeble-minded, which she conducted with great success for two years. While engaged in this work, she felt her deficiencies, and accordingly she re-entered the University of Rome where she "devoted herself to the study of experimental psychology and anthropological pedagogy, continuing the work for seven years and making investigations in the schools and in the psychological laboratories of Italy."

#### HER SCHOOLS

In 1906, an opportunity presented itself for experimenting upon normal children the methods she had so successfully used in training the feeble-minded. An association for the betterment of society in Rome started four schools. A directress, a physician, and a caretaker were placed in charge of each of these schools. Only children between the ages of three and seven were admitted. The parents were required to see that their children attended the school punctually and regularly, clean in person and clothing, and they themselves to treat with every respect the officials connected with the schools. Those who violated any of these rules were summarily expelled. The great difficulty she had to contend with was in obtaining teachers or directresses qualified to undertake the work of teaching on the principles laid down by Dr. Montessori. In spite of this difficulty there are now several schools in Europe conducted on this system; and in Italian Switzerland there are now seventy schools conducted by Dr. Montessori's method.

#### THE PRINCIPLES OF THE METHOD

In what respects are these schools different from others? What are the principles and methods on which these are conducted? In the first place children, as soon as they are able to talk distinctly and walk about easily, that is, when they are about three years old, are taken in hand. Properly speaking they should at this age be under the care and teaching of their mothers rather than public school teachers; but in a country like India where mothers as a rule are ignorant and naturally exert an influence on their children far from wholesome, the sooner they are removed from their control the better for the rising generation. When infants of this tender age have been once admitted into a school under the direction of a teacher specially trained on this method, the child is allowed in every possible way to live his own life. Children are naturally full of energy, their activity shows itself in various directions; they must therefore be allowed to give full scope to those. In ordinary schools everything is done to check and restrain

all manifestations of spontaneity; they are made to occupy a fixed place, and keep their limbs and tongues still and quiet. The school as the derivation shows (Gk. *skholē*, leisure) was among the Greeks a place resorted to by adults to be entertained by learned men. If it was a place of entertainment in the case of grown-up men, it should be still more so for little children. Our schools in India, on the other hand, are a prison-house of the worst type, where children are ruled by a rod of iron.

#### THE CHILDREN'S HOUSE

Children as a rule are averse to going to a school, they dread its very name; it is so different from their houses, however simple they may be; the very sight of the school-building is abhorrent to their infant minds. A school in the estimation of young children is associated with the book and the birch. Dr. Montessori calls her schools by the more appropriate term, Children's House. We should call them in Tamil or Telugu *pillai koodam* and *pillai sala*, rather than *palli koodam* and *pala sala*. We often speak of a church or temple as the house of God, Kovil; why not call the Infant School, the Children's House; they will then look upon it as their own; they will delight to go there of their own accord, play with infants of their own age, amuse themselves in their own way, and where they will find a mother-like lady, who will give them nice things to play with. In a Montessori school there are no benches or desks, the very presence of which frightens the little ones and drives them away from the place of instruction. But as European children are accustomed to sit on chairs, you will find in such schools little armchairs which they may do about wherever they please. Indian child do not use them, they are more at ease on the floor. Their "house" should not be one of those stuffy, poky little rooms, ill-ventilated and badly lighted, that we find in most Indian schools. The raised *pials* and narrow verandahs of houses where schools are now being held will not do. Children love to play in the open air; to move about freely without danger of falling into the gutter close by. A *pukka* building of brick walls and tiled roof is not what they love to stay in; besides, it is a costly affair. If we wish to see such schools in every village, the least costly is preferable. The villagers themselves can afford to put up a shed; palmyra or coconut leaves and grass or straw are in great abundance in the neighbourhood of every village; poles and bamboos are their own; the men and women, with grown-up children can easily build the Children's House. All that is required is that the shed should be as spacious as they can

make it proportionate to the number of children in that particular village. The floor should be made quite level with two or three inches depth of fine sand, free from pieces of stone or other rough material.

#### WASHING AND DRESSING

In a Montessori school the first exercise children have to go through on their coming to school is to wash and dress themselves. Indian children at the age of two or three and even older ones go about almost naked, and this in a hot country like ours may be deemed advisable on grounds of health, as pointed out by Mr. Frederick Boyle in his article on "Savages and clothes" in the *Monthly Review*. But we live in a civilized age and Indian children are not "savages" by any means; besides decency requires that at least the lower portion of the body be covered. Children in the villages are generally filthy and hence cleanliness is the first lesson they should learn. There should be a good supply of water in one or two earthenware tubs or pots with wide mouths, and six or more small tinpots with handles. Before the children enter the house, "they should wash themselves, especially the face, the hands and feet, not with soap (which is seldom to be found in a remote village) but with the soapnut (*Sapindas trifolius ritha Hind*) or with *cheekaya* (*acacia concinna*) which are to be had everywhere; these are much cheaper than soap and of a more cleansing power. They should be provided with ordinary towels, one for each, to wipe themselves dry. The child should dry his own towel on the ground if clean, or on lines especially put up for the purpose. When the towels become dirty the children should be taught to wash them with the juice of soapnuts in tubs of water kept for the purpose, and after wringing them, they should be dipped in a weak solution of indigo kept in a separate tub or pot; this prevents the discolouration of the towels and makes them look white.

The next thing they should be taught is the importance and necessity of clothing. Parents are often too poor to provide them with clothes or in most cases unwilling to do so. The Managers of schools should provide them with simple and inexpensive articles of clothing, say, a coloured petticoat for a girl and a *Chaddi* or a short pair of trousers for a boy. After washing themselves they should wear these and take them off before leaving the "House"; if parents are willing to pay for them, they may use them at their home; but in that case they should pay for two of each, and must be held responsible for their being kept clean, by being washed like the towels by the children themselves.

Parents may foolishly object to their children doing washing, for in their opinion it is the monopoly of the *dhoby*, and *infra dig* for them or their little ones to engage in that occupation. On the other hand, the first thing that a Brahman does or is expected to do in the morning, is to bathe and wash his clothes. Why may not other classes or castes imitate the good example set? When once children are taught at home by their mothers, or at school by instructors, to bathe their person and wash their clothes, it will become a habit with them and continue throughout their life-time, so that they will be independent of that nuisance of a fellow called the *dhoby*.

Having been taught and trained to keep their person and clothes clean, they will naturally see that their House is kept in perfect order; their business is to remove all cob-webs from the roof of the shed, to sweep and level the floor of same, to pick up the leaves that may be lying scattered on the sand and to see that their playthings, slates, drawing materials, etc., are kept in the proper place. "A place for everything and everything in its place" is a most valuable lesson that children should learn in their infancy; in a school, just as everywhere else, "Order is Heaven's First Law."

#### LEARNING BY OBSERVATION

Dr. Montessori's system has been worked out by the method of individual observation. Indians as a rule are lacking in this characteristic, which is the basis of all knowledge; and this is mainly due to this faculty not being carefully cultivated in their infancy; the absence of this leads to mind-wandering in children and to the want of concentration of the mind in adults. To train the infants in the direct method of observation, Dr. Montessori allows them to do certain items in the way of "buttoning and unbuttoning, tying and untying, hooking and unhooking, lacing and so forth." Those who cannot do these things, by seeing the other children do them, imitate them in every respect. Dr. Montessori has devised several apparatuses for training children to observe and cultivate the sense of touch and muscle. She has tablets of wood, such as squares, circles, oblongs, triangles, etc., that fit into their corresponding space as insets; the child is asked to place these tablets into the sunk spaces into which they fit; to do this, the child has to compare the form of a tablet with the sunk space into which it fits. He may fail in his first attempt, but if the child is left to fall back upon his own resources and not depend on the teacher, his powers of observation will be slowly but surely developed.

In the sight-training, the children have a set

of cubes of various sizes which they have to pile up in the graduate order. They are taught to run their fingers along the outlines and thus connect the "tactile, muscular and visual sensations." With their eyes blind-folded, they are made to do the same so as to cultivate the sense of touch, and when the bandage is taken off they will discover that they have "seen with their fingers." If on the other hand, they find the blocks have not been graduated, they will repeat the process till the fingers do the work independently of the eye.

The color-sense is trained in a similar way. A series of tablets or reels wound with either silk or wool in seven or eight colours is used, and the child is told the name of one colour at a time. 'Look at this. This is red.' And again, 'This is blue.' 'Give me the red.' 'Give me the blue.' If the child fails to give the blue, the teacher does not repeat and insist; "She smiles, gives the child a friendly caress, and takes away the colours." The child may be colour-blind.

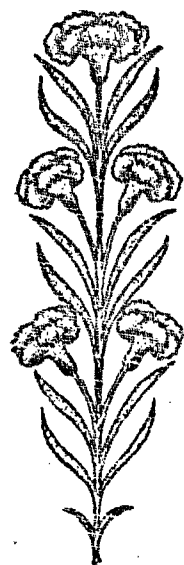
The apparatus and materials for Indian children should be somewhat different and certainly less costly. They should be adapted to their surroundings. Broom-sticks and mid-ribs of coconut leaves are in great abundance everywhere; various lengths of these should be given the children, who should be told to arrange them according to size, first from the longest to the shortest and *vice versa*. By pressing the lids of tin-canisters, round, square or oblong, on broad leaves such as the banian, almond, portia, etc., they can be easily cut into these shapes. The children themselves may be asked to do these: they should then be mixed up and the children asked to select a pair of leaves of the same size and shape. The children may pick up pebbles from tanks and beds of streams and bring them to their "House" and with their eyes blind-folded they should arrange, say six of them, according to their size. Again, in almost every village you can obtain toy cooking-vessels and pots of various sizes; by passing the little fingers round each, they can get at the size and the shape of each. By filling up these with sand or water they can compare their respective capacities. One pot is filled to the brim with sand; all this sand is poured into another, if anything remains, the child should be told that the first is larger: and, if on the other hand, the second is not full, this is larger than the first. Seers or measures, half-seers or measures, and ollocks made of tin or bamboo may be used with advantage, to teach them the "table of measure." Sand may be used instead of rice, or little baskets of palm or date leaf made by gipsy women may be substituted. To teach the colours, coloured pieces of paper may be used instead of wool or silk. They

should be cut up into squares: all of the same size and thrown into a card board box or a basket. The children may be asked to pick out such and such a coloured paper. When the child selects the wrong one, one who knows the colours may be told to pick up the correct colour. After the children have mastered the names of several colours, the colours of the rainbow in their order may be shown, and they may be asked to arrange the pieces of paper in the same order. In this connection, some of the children may be asked if they had seen a rainbow, where, and under what circumstances.

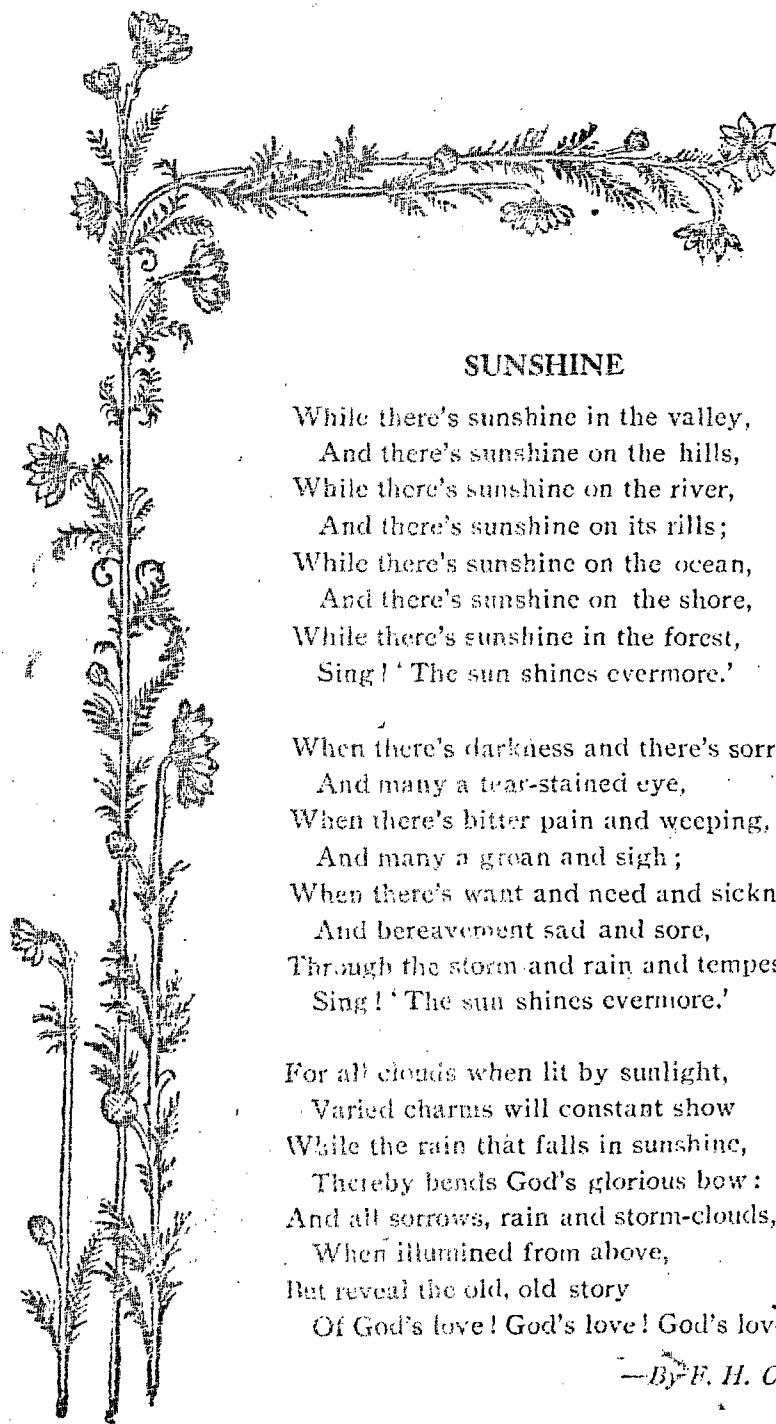
To use the words of an educationist, "The work is the child's work, not the teacher's. Learning comes by his observing, not by her insisting. The result is that children learn quickly, and the teachers do not tire. The child is spontaneous, and the teacher is natural."

The children may be asked, after they have made some progress in colour discrimination to distinguish the different shades of the same colour. Dr. Montessori has each of the eight different colours represented in eight different intensities, making in all, 64 different shades, and it is said children of three years become able to rapidly arrange in all their graduations. It is, however, too much to expect Indian children to perform such a feat. They have different shades of green in the vegetable kingdom; there is an endless variety of green leaves in the gardens, and there are shades of other colours as well, especially of wild flowers. The children should go about collecting these and compare them with the pieces of coloured paper in the "House."

(To be continued.)



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### SUNSHINE

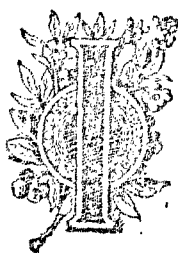
While there's sunshine in the valley,  
And there's sunshine on the hills,  
While there's sunshine on the river,  
And there's sunshine on its rills;  
While there's sunshine on the ocean,  
And there's sunshine on the shore,  
While there's sunshine in the forest,  
Sing! 'The sun shines evermore.'

When there's darkness and there's sorrow,  
And many a tear-stained eye,  
When there's bitter pain and weeping,  
And many a groan and sigh;  
When there's want and need and sickness,  
And bereavement sad and sore,  
Through the storm and rain and tempest  
Sing! 'The sun shines evermore.'

For all clouds when lit by sunlight,  
Varied charms will constant show  
While the rain that falls in sunshine,  
Thereby bends God's glorious bow:  
And all sorrows, rain and storm-clouds,  
When illumined from above,  
But reveal the old, old story  
Of God's love! God's love! God's love!

—By F. H. Oakley.

## The Nairs and their Marriage Customs



It may be hoped that there is no one at the present day in India who has not heard of the existence of a peculiar sect of people called the Nairs who occupy the South Western strip of India which is known by the name of Kerala or Malabar. They are of course a strange sect of people who differ in all possible respects from their brothers, who occupy the rest of the portion of this extensive peninsula. Their customs and manners are all different from those of the other sects of people, for they, being entirely separated from the others by the impossible barrier, the Western Ghats, developed their institutions internally and independently of the others. It is a matter of great interest to examine some of their customs and manners and they are sure to satisfy to some extent those people, who, with a sort of inquisitive curiosity proceed to study, to compare and to classify the customs, the manners, the mythologies and other things of the like of the different communities who live in the different parts of the world. But to give a fair account of all their customs, is beyond the scope of this short essay for the simple reason, that it will not be in keeping with the title of the essay itself. Therefore in the course of this essay, I shall confine myself only to some such of their customs as are directly connected with their marriages.

Their marriage customs are so very strange and complicated that they have become a sort of puzzle and at the same time a source of wonder to the strangers who are not well acquainted with them. There is not the slightest exaggeration in saying that a girl of this peculiar sect is married legally twice in her life-time, the first, before she attains her age of puberty and the second, after she has attained the age of discretion. The first is after all a mock marriage in so far as it does not make the bride a wife, or the bridegroom a husband. But all the same, it is a holy one, as it is conducted in all seriousness and solemnities and observing also all the religious principles that are followed by the rest of the Hindoo communities. In the same manner the second marriage does not seem to be an important one as far as the outward ceremonies observed in the course of its conduct are concerned. But it should be regarded and it is really regarded as an important one as it directly makes the girl a wife.

Having thus differentiated these two kinds of marriages among them, I shall try to give an account of the way in which these ceremonies are conducted. As it has been said in the foregoing paragraph the first marriage which is more properly called the "Thali marriage or the Moohurtham" is generally celebrated very early in a girl's life. But very rarely in some parts and more commonly in middle Malabar, it is celebrated even later; generally speaking, when a girl is about nine or ten years old her parents think seriously about her marriage. They then usually consult an astrologer, who, after examining her horoscope and determining thereby the influence of the star under which she was born, fixes the date and the exact time for her "Moohurtham."

On the day fixed, several religious rites are performed in the house. These being over, the girl to be married is very well covered from head to foot with a new cloth and is taken by her uncle to the marriage pandal erected and decorated for the occasion. If there are many girls in a house they are all brought to the pandal and are married on one and the same day. When all the girls are seated in the pandal in order, according to their age, the man—for there is only one man to marry them all—also is brought there. He is called a "Thirumulpad" and he is a Kshathrya by caste. He then comes before them and ties the holy "Thali" round their necks beginning always with the eldest and ending with the youngest. As soon as the "Thali" is placed round the neck of one girl, he washes his hand to show that he is no longer bound to her by any marriage tie whatsoever and that for the same reason he is at liberty to conduct the same ceremony of the next girl also. This tying the "Thali" and washing the hands go on alternately until at last all the girls are married. After this they are taken away one after another from the pandal. This time they are not to be carried by their uncle as before, but this business should be done by their "Poorohit" who is a Brahmin by caste.

This ceremony extends over four days, during which great festivities are held. Sumptuous feasts are given to their relatives who are invited for the occasion and also to all other sorts of people, who, by some chance or other happen to be in the house during the ceremony. Various kinds of merriments such as farces, dramas, and dances are held in order to entertain the people gathered there. On the fourth day which is also the final day of the celebration, a grand procession, consisting of their house people and their relatives, both near and distant, go to the temple where the newly married girls make valuable offerings to God. After this they

back home where preparations are made for another grand feast for their relatives. This day the celebration is brought to its final close and the relatives go back to their respective houses. The parents of the girls are then left alone in their house as before, but there will be a great change in this condition, especially in their economic condition. They fall knee deep into debt on account of the fact that they have to borrow a large amount of money from their neighbours or from others at compound interest to celebrate this grand ceremony which is after all a meaningless one, since it does not bind the girls to any one by any marriage tie.

This is the first marriage, this is the mock marriage which has been alluded to in the introduction of this essay. Having said so much about this, we shall now enter into the details of the second one, which forms almost the pivot upon which her future happiness or rather her whole destiny itself turns, deciding the sort of life which she is to lead in her future days. It should be remarked that this ceremony among them is not conducted with so much seriousness as its nature and importance demand. On the other hand it is received as if it were a mere farce in which the hero and the heroine are to be chosen and united according to the whims and fancies of their relatives. Generally, the girl is not consulted about her marriage in which really speaking she is more concerned than any other person. She is not asked whether she could love the person who is chosen as her intended husband by her arbitrary match-making relatives. Even though the bridegroom is given more liberty than the bride to exercise his free will in this affair, yet practically, he also is completely at the mercy and under the arbitrary will of his parents. Of course it should be admitted here that among some of them who are more advanced in their ideas and more influenced by western customs a great amount of liberty is given to both the parties in the matter of choosing a wife or a husband. But the number of cases in which this free will is allowed to be exercised is so very few, being only one in ten cases, that it cannot be regarded as the prevalent rule, but should be overlooked as being a mere exception which is to be found in all other matters. Generally speaking, the majority of the people of this community follow their old customs at which they look with a certain amount of pride.

According to this old custom, when a girl reaches her marriageable age which is generally fifteen, her parents consult their relations about this matter and fix upon a person who, if possible, will be chosen only from among their relatives. They then carry on a series of private negotiations with the parents of the chosen

bridegroom and at last the two parties together come to a definite conclusion with regard to this affair. Yet, the girl is not made aware of this fact. She does not know that her own parents are at work to decide her future fate and that for the most part unfavourably to herself. She is considered as too insignificant and silly a creature to be given a voice in this matter even though it is a matter which concerns her much. There are instances when the girls were taken quite by surprise by their parents who woke them up from their sleep and conducted their marriage ceremony without their slightest knowledge in the affair till that movement. It is indeed a matter for congratulation that the bridegroom is often consulted formally, though this consultation, as it has been already said, does not in any way better his condition, as the thing is conducted according to the will of his elders.

When the parents of both the bride and the bridegroom come to an understanding, as the result of their long continued negotiation, they fix the date on which the pair is to be united in holy wedlock. On this day the bridegroom goes to the house of the bride followed by some of his closest relatives and friends and with some new and valuable clothes which are intended for the use of the bride for that year. When the time fixed for the marriage is exact even to a second, the bridegroom gives the new clothes to his intended bride in the presence of all the people assembled there and she receives them from his hand with great respect and obedience. The only meaning of this ceremony is that he has consented in the presence of all to be her supporter and to maintain her throughout his life-time. The moment the clothes are received from him, she becomes bound to him; her fate is decided, the holy union is effected and she becomes straight his wife.

The union thus made is not regarded as a permanent one. It is only a social contract which can be dissolved at the will of either of the parties. Both the wife and the husband are at perfect liberty to dissolve the union, if they find it impossible to live in perfect harmony. And it is really impossible also to have this harmony of life between them, as the marriage is generally conducted without their mutual consent. As a result of this it is not very uncommon to hear of the dissolutions of many unions and the celebrations of many re-marriages among them, which produce a great sense of horror in those who belong to other communities where such unions and divorces are unheard of. In this connection it should be remarked that they would have prevented a great many dissolutions of marriage bonds and they would have also spared a great amount of criticism from outside, if they had only attempted to conduct these



marriages with the full consent of the bride and the bridegroom, in which case such unpleasant rubbings between the husband and wife would not have been caused. But, in spite of all this, it should be confessed that the married couple of the Nair community has a great advantage which that of the other communities has not. Here a husband and a wife have no occasion to lead a miserable and an unhappy life on the mere account that they cannot agree between themselves. If they find that they cannot agree with each other, they can very well dissolve the union and re-marry according to their pleasure. They are not bound to each other for life as in the other communities, where there is no remedy if disunion springs up but to live, each cursing and hating the other and in some cases each praying earnestly for the death of the other. No girl in this country is sacrificed at the altar of an indissoluble unpleasant match and this is why this system of marriage is appreciated. As long as this liberty which they enjoy is not misused according to the mere whim and fancy of the unprincipled and variety-seeking husbands and wives, this system of marriage may be considered as the best one as far as marriage is viewed as a source of happiness.

These are some of the marriage customs which prevail in Malabar among the Nairs. As it has been stated in one of the foregoing paragraphs, they may appear strange to the others. The origin of these customs has been much discussed and still it remains obscure. It is not clearly known why the first marriage is conducted at all, and why it should be performed by a Thirumulpad who is a Kshathrya. It is not also known why the religious ceremonies are neglected during the course of the second marriage which is the actual marriage among them. It is now supposed that these customs sprang up in those early days when the Nairs also, just like the other communities of the Hindoos, married their girls in their infancy, and when every one of them thought it to be a point of honour to marry their daughters and nieces to the Brahmins. But as time went on, the Brahmins who were willing to marry from the Nair community might have become few in number and so they went in for Kshathryas. In course of time the Kshathryas might have become very much decreased in number so that there was not a sufficient number of them to marry all the girls of the Nairs who form the greater part of the population of Malabar. Therefore the honour-seeking Nairs might have allowed one Kshathrya to marry at least formally all their daughters or nieces, but as he could not keep them all as his wives, he washed his hands with water, thereby showing that he had no connection whatsoever with those girls. Thus the very fact that one

man could not be the husband of so many girls brought about the necessity of a second marriage for them all. This might be the origin of the second marriage, which is now generally performed when the girls are fifteen years old. But the holy rites which should be performed in connection with a marriage were already over when the first ceremony took place, and so no religious ceremony is performed during the course of the second marriage. This may be the reason why no religious scruples are now observed when a girl of this community is married in the strict sense of the word "marry."

I. C. AMMUNNY MENON.

### Distribution of Prizes

TO THE HINDU GIRLS' FREE SCHOOL,  
SECUNDERABAD.

BY MRS. A. HYDARI



ON Tuesday, the 14th April, at 5-30 p. m., a large gathering of ladies met at the 'Jamshed Hall' in response to invitations sent out by the Honorary Secretary of the School.

The proceedings began with a welcome song for Mrs. Hydari, prepared specially for the occasion, sung by all the girls of the school in Telugu.

### REPORT

MRS. HYDARI AND LADIES,

On behalf of the management, I thank you all for the response which you all have given to our invitation in joining us to celebrate this unique occasion. I have used the word 'unique' because we are assembled to witness the giving away of prizes, for the first time by a Purdah Lady in Hyderabad to the children of the Hindu Girls' Free School, founded by women's labour of love, with the object of elevating the poorer class of girls, by imparting education and giving them instruction in Music, plain and fancy Needlework, and Cooking.

The school took its origin on the 14th day of November, 1912, at the present existing premises in Market Street, Secunderabad. To give you a brief description of its origin, I should like to say that only one girl was enlisted at the beginning. One by one followed her. The present strength is 64. We receive an irregular subscription of Rs. 10 per mensem, which is spent on the salaries of servants. The income of the school is very little in comparison to the expenses of house-rent, teachers' pay, purchases of

### A Review

#### "THE DREAM OF DREAMS AND OTHER SHORT STORIES"

BY P. R. KRISHNAMMA, M.A.



It is with pleasure that we introduce to our readers this little book which is a collection of five short stories of Indian student life, four of which—"The Dream of Dreams," "The Day after Navarathri," "The Lotus Lake," "Gokulashtami"

have already appeared in the Indian Ladies' Magazine. Mr. Krishnaswami's pictures of Indian life are drawn with a light, graceful and withal true touch. As Mr. J. C. Rollo, M.A., Editor of the "Students' Own Magazine" says in the introduction to the book: "There is no intricacy of plot here, and no attempt at brilliance of dialogue, nor perhaps is there much individualization of character, but there are freshness and vitality and truth, and many touches of quiet artistry too." Some of the sketches are a little abrupt, but perhaps, this abruptness but increases their vitality.

Especially are we indebted to the author for so attractively drawing our attention to the necessity for love-marriages among Indians. To quote from the book about a student and his friend: "She had indeed been made his wife about three years ago, but he was hardly content with such a prosaic contract, largely brought about by the elders and sanctified by ceremony. Mohan was filled with a longing of real love to enliven the alliance he had been drawn into."

The embarrassing conditions of the domestic life of his people prevented the free expression even to the smallest extent of the natural emotion of his heart." Another student notices the artificiality of the marriage ceremony: "Rukmani and her husband were like two dolls, prettily dressed, that had no voice for themselves, but were to go through an endless series of proceedings at the dictates of others. Chandra would never submit himself to such tyranny, however beneficent, as the control exercised over the couple implied." So the students set themselves to conquer the obstacles in the way of winning the love of their wives, and they succeed. "Away from the society of their vulgar people who had never realised the ecstasy of lovers, but stifled it in an endless train of ceremonies and a hypocritical conduct of life, alone with her Mohan beside the life giving sea, Lila's heart

books, slates, pencils, etc., and in some instances clothes to the needy, but we have contrived to bring the school to the present state for which we are thankful to all the well wishers and supporters who have given us honorary tuitions, subscriptions, and donations.

I thought that this occasion would be quite a small quiet affair, but contrary to my expectations, am delighted to see that it has assumed the proportion that it has now grown to, and that many of the ladies of Hyderabad and Secunderabad are present here this afternoon. True pleasure does not come out of indolence, it is the result of activity, and in what better field can we exercise our activity than in this noble cause?

I now request Mrs. Hydari to distribute the prizes to the pupils, who will, I am sure, cherish with feelings of pleasure and gratitude the memory of having received the prizes at her hands.

In conclusion, it is my pleasing duty to tender Mrs. Hydari, as chairman of this vast concourse of my country-women, my heartfelt thanks for the honour conferred upon us, and in doing so, I am sure I am echoing the sentiments of those present here.

SECUNDERABAD, }  
14th April, 1914. } M. K. PILLAI.

### CHAIRMAN'S SPEECH

I am glad to have had the honor of presiding on this occasion at this gathering at the request of Mrs. Pillai.

The work done by Mrs. Pillai and others in the labour of love towards poor children must have the co-operation and help of all those present here this evening, for it is the poorer class of children who are in need of help, and the right kind of charity is the task which the committee of workers have undertaken.

I am immensely pleased with the work of the Superintendent Seethammah and rejoice to see that so many have come forward to help the Institution with one kind or another within their reach. Great is the credit due to Mrs. Pillai for the pioneer effort to bring together various sections of the Indian community to work at a common noble cause.

I wish Mrs. Pillai and others success in the cause they advocate, and it goes without saying that they have my hearty sympathy and support.



opened out with a freedom, which she had never before been permitted to enjoy during the brief interviews she had had with Mohan." And so the young couples realise their "dream of dreams."

"The Dream of Dreams and other Short Stories" by P. R. Krishnaswami, B.A., with an Introduction by Mr. J. C. Rollo, M.A., Principal, Pachaiyappa's College, Madras.

Price, cloth-bound, Re. 1. Cheap paper edition, As. 8.

At Messrs. Hebbur Bros., Kanara Press, Madras.

### A short account of an Evening Party given by Mrs. T. Namberumal Chetty, at Madras

Mrs. T. Namberumal Chetty was At-Home to many of her friends one evening at "Crynant." The guests were received and escorted to the Tennis and Badminton Courts, where the games were kept going very lively for some time.

After light refreshments, the guests were conducted up stairs when a small Theatrical performance named Pramila was enacted. The players being Mrs. V. Alwar Chetty—Pramila.

|                             |                 |
|-----------------------------|-----------------|
| Mrs. V. Chellam Chetty      | 1st Councillor  |
| " Rajamannar Chetty         | 2nd "           |
| " C. V. Krishnaswami Chetty | 3rd "           |
| " Varadaramajum Chetty      | 4th "           |
| " C. T. Alwar Chetty        | 5th "           |
| " N. Alwar Chetty           | 6th "           |
| " V. Ehirajulu Chetty       | 7th "           |
| " T. Thangamama Chetty      | Celestial Band. |
| " Kesava Chandra Chetty     | Dancing girls.  |
| " Jayarain Chetty           |                 |

The following was the programme :—

(1) Prayer in verse composed by Krishnama Charlu.

(2) Narada, the celestial bard, comes down to this planet, in surprise at the attempt of some Indian Ladies taking part in Amateur Theatricals. He expresses his astonishment at the attempt, apprehends a failure, but resolves to stay and witness the show and then pronounce his judgment thereon.

(3) Queen Pramila in a War Council :—

In the days of Dharma, Arjuna and Bhima, the heroes of the famous Indian Epic Poem *Mahabharatha*, there lived Queen Pramila, an Amazon Queen, ruling over a country of the Amazons. It was usual in those days for kings who aspired for an Imperial Sway, to send an

Embassy of youthful warriors leading a sacrificial horse, to all the countries of the world. An inscription plate was tied on to the animal's forehead, whereon, a challenge was written to this effect :—

"Such and such a king has sent forth this animal. Those who dare, may arrest the progress of this animal."

Such a daring ruler, if any, had to fight a battle with the challenger. If the latter won, his suzerainty had to be accepted by the former and the animal led to other countries. If the challenger lost the battle, the whole expedition ended there and the animal became a trophy of the winning country. At the end of a successful expedition, as described above, a great sacrificial feast was held where all the rulers had to assemble and pay homage to him who sent the animal forth. King Dharma had sent such a horse, which, on its way, entered the country of the Amazons, who captured the animal and presented it to their Queen. The Queen held a war council to discuss whether it was advisable to retain the animal and enter into a war with the famous heroes, or to return it to the leader of the expedition and offer homage to them. The Queen opened the discussion, stating the facts of the case briefly and asking for the opinion of her Councillors.

Kadambini, the first Councillor, advocates war. She says, that the women folk are called the weaker sex by the ignorant men and an opportunity has been offered to disprove the accusation and throw it back on the men. She adds, that there is no cause for anxiety, that each and every one of the countless warriors of the Queen, are single-handed, able to vanquish the foes. Pramila applauds this opinion and calls for the opinion of the second Councillor. Kana-Kalata, the second Councillor, seconds the opinion of the first Councillor. She adds that the Queen is an invincible challenge to all those who cavil at female progress, that God himself cannot shake them out of their struggles. A third Councillor, Charumati, advocates peace and a treaty. A fourth Councillor, Malayavathi, ridicules the third Councillor's advice as cowardly and strongly recommends war. She says that cowardice is an attribute of men and not of women. A fifth Councillor, Malathi, suggests that there is no need of a fight as she is sure the male warriors would lose their heads at looking at the array and beauty on their (Amazons') side and become slaves to them. A sixth Councillor, Manjari, suggests that they should keep themselves in their strong fortress, and dare the enemy to besiege and capture the same. The seventh Councillor says that there is an occasion both for war and treaty. She says the only question is which should be first. At

the whole assembly laughs and the Queen ends up the discussion by deciding upon war. As ends the scene. And Narada, the celestial bard, wonders at the success of the whole show and prophesies a glorious future for India.

#### (4) EPILOGUE VERSES.

In the country where the women are enlightened and free (self-reliant), the men are courageous rulers, intelligent and knowing. In the country where the women are ignorant, weak, and dependent, the men are helpless, asidate and enjoying no freedom.

#### (5) VERSES.

With minds filled with sympathy, brimful of affection, with a pleasant idea to grace this assembly, with extraordinary friendship, to you Ladies, who are British born and gems of your sex, to you we offer our greetings with sincere cordiality.

O! You Ladies, by the good deeds of your sympathy and virtue, the previous wants of the ladies of this country have disappeared, Female Education has progressed, Ladies' Associations are flourishing, great blessings have been conferred on us, it has been made clear to the minds of our ladies, that the British are the most happy. And if your sympathy should always increase in this fashion, all the men in the land, would realise a Brotherhood, and all the women would realise a Sisterhood, and there will be happiness everywhere in India.



### The Voice of the Past

My childhood's haunts, ye have a tone  
Unheard in years gone by—  
A voice from years forever flown  
As the golden hours fled by.

I rest as in my childhood's days  
Beneath your whispering shade,  
And ye weave your notes to the sad sweet lays  
Of a chord which the past has made.

I look across yon purple height,  
Where the setting sun doth rest,  
And an evening gone with its western light  
Doth lie on its shining breast.

All white and pure as years roll on  
The snowy mountains rise,  
But 'neath their caverns dim and long  
The poet's dim shadow lies.

I look in human eyes; at these  
A deeper tale is told  
Of all that mortal life doth bear  
As years to years unfold.

A wistful glance through empty rooms  
For youth's departed light,  
Which seeks not of the dark which looms  
On morning's fair delight.

A yearning for a silent voice  
Doth mark the well-known tone  
The yielding to a Father's choice  
Though life be sad and lone.

Oh Earth, "the fruitful in all woes"  
And must it e'er be thus  
Till Death doth still our mortal throes  
And hush our beating pulse.

Yes, ever thus, oh human soul,  
Will Time its shadow cast  
O'er years which swiftly darkly roll,  
From days that had no past.

Beyond my purple sunset hills  
Beyond my fleeting dawn  
Beyond the sickened hope which kills  
Is joy eternal borne.

That city's golden glittering towers  
Rise e'er in youthful sheen  
No shadow from my earthly bowers  
On its fair walls are seen.

No sadness from the things of yore  
No shade from things to be  
Are found on that celestial shore  
For past is death's dark sea.

--ZOE ROSE.

## A Few Hints to Mothers

### SYMPTOMS IN CHILDREN



THE mother who would keep her little ones in health should strive, as far as possible, to familiarise herself with the marvellous workings of the human body. She should acquire a fair knowledge of the most common diseases and the simple remedies for their relief. Not only should she study these things in general, but she should observe especially her own children, taking notice of each one's peculiarities of constitution.

Often such a mother is able, by taking care, to protect her children from disease or if illness does come, she is able to detect its first approach, herself giving a simple remedy or calling a physician.

The following suggestions may be of assistance to mothers to discover disease.

A healthy infant when awake should be happy and contented and brimful of activity; but during sleep its every feature should suggest repose.

The child that, whether awake or asleep, is constantly restless and fretful, is in discomfort and the cause should be diligently sought out. The baby may be thirsty, a fact too often overlooked by mothers. Even the nursing infant should be given a small drink of water several times a day.

The child may be uncomfortable because of a pin which is pricking him or because of a tie round the waist which is too tight. His little feet may be cold. Though an infant is unable to tell its troubles, the observing mother may learn much by keeping her eyes and ears open. The child's gestures are often indicative of disease. Babies often involuntarily place their hands near the seat of pain, to the mouth when an inflammation exists there or to the ear in earache. A frequent picking of the nose suggests the presence of intestinal worms.

### EXPRESSION OF THE FACE.

The expression of the face should also be observed. A wrinkling of the forehead denotes pain and often at the beginning of a serious illness the face wears an anxious expression of distress.

A baby's eyes should be entirely closed during sleep, a failure in this respect being considered an alarming symptom, as it occurs only in severe

illness. A movement of the nostrils in breathing is usually a symptom of inflammation of the lungs. If a baby habitually snores in its sleep, its nose and throat should be examined by a physician as there is probably an enlargement of the tonsils or a growth in the nose.

Grinding of the teeth frequently accompanies teething. It generally indicates an irritated nervous system due to indigestion or the presence of worms.

Some attention should be given to the infant's cry. An incessant cry is most often due to hunger or earache. A paroxysmal cry very violent for a time and then ceasing rather suddenly usually occurs with colic. The accompanying symptoms are distention of the bowels and an alternate doubling up and straightening of the body. An expulsion of gas from the bowels often causes these symptoms to disappear as quickly as they came.

The lusty cry which is simply an exhibition of temper must not be confounded with the cry of colic. With a severe cold in the head, the cry has a nasal tone. Crying when the bowels are moved indicates some intestinal disorder. Crying when attempting to suck is a symptom of sore mouth. When there is inflammation of the throat, a cry often follows the act of swallowing.

It is a curious fact that the young infant sheds no tears, no matter how hard it cries, as tears are not secreted in the lachrymal sac until after the third and sometimes the fourth month.

The character of the cough is also instructive. A loud and almost painless cough accompanies bronchitis or a "cold on the lungs." When the cough loosens, the condition is improving. A short, tight cough followed by a cry occurs with inflammation of the lungs.

Most mothers are familiar with the brassy cough which announces spasmodic croup. In true croup the cough is hoarse or almost noiseless.

As to the baby's temperature, mothers should remember that in infancy and childhood a relatively high fever is frequently produced by slight causes. A temperature of 103° often accompanies a cold or a mild disturbance of digestion. However a decided or continued rise of temperature should not be overlooked, as of a trifling nature.

The tongue of a young infant is usually coated with white, but this should cause the mother no anxiety. After the fifth or sixth month, when the saliva begins to be secreted, the tongue should assume the usual colour.

A healthy baby should cut its first teeth at about the age of 7 months, the lower central ones usually being the first to appear. Should teething be much delayed, it would be very sug-

gestive of rickets, a disease occurring in poorly-nourished children.

Other symptoms of this disease are: an enlarged abdomen, profuse perspiration of the head during sleep and a delayed closure of the soft pulsating spot just back of the forehead. This spot known as the fontanelle should close at about the end of the first year.

If a baby is suffering from rickets, its diet and treatment should be prescribed by a physician.

### THE CARE OF THE TEETH.

The teeth are most essential to mouth digestion. The state of the teeth may be regarded in general as an index of the condition of the body as a whole. Defective teeth mean a decayed body. Decay of the teeth is nothing more or less than ulceration of other parts. It is due to the presence of microbes in the mouth. A coated tongue or a slimy mouth will sooner or later be followed by unsound teeth. It shows that the resistance of the mouth against germs is lost, so that it is not able to defend itself. The teeth ulcerate for the same reason that small ulcers form on the inner surface of the lips and cheeks. The retention of food about the teeth and neglect to cleanse them after eating encourage the growth of germs in the mouth and decay of the teeth.

The use of dry food whereby plenty of work is given to the teeth and by which their surfaces are so to speak, scoured by contact with it is in the highest degree essential to the maintenance of sound teeth.

Premature decay of the teeth is one of the indications of decay of the race. It is rare in these days to find a person twenty years of age who has the complete number of sound teeth in his mouth. Not infrequently our little boys and girls at school are found with their temporary teeth in a state of advanced decay. This all means constitutional decay and calls for improvement of the general health by every possible means.

The teeth should be thoroughly cleaned the first thing on rising in the morning, before going to bed at night, and after each meal. The usual crude tooth-brush made of one of the several medicinal trees answers the purpose very well. The inner as well as the outer surfaces of the teeth should have attention. Care should be taken to remove all particles from between the teeth, as it is at this point that decay begins. The use of a tooth pick is to be commended and after all the crevices have been thoroughly cleaned, a copious gargle with cold, fresh water finishes the operation. Very often we meet with children and grown-up people whose breath is exceedingly offensive. The cause of this foul breath is in many cases due to neglected teeth.

In such cases the best dentifrice is powdered charcoal well rubbed into the crevices with a soft brush or the finger. The best kind of charcoal for this purpose is the shells of almonds or the areca nut well burnt and powdered. These two articles contain a small quantity of tannin which is very beneficial to the teeth.

The cause invariably of decayed teeth is over-eating of sweets. These should be indulged in a moderate degree after meals and on such occasions extra care should be taken to cleanse the mouth. A very efficient cleansing gargle is made of a small piece of catechu, the size of a marble in half a seer of water well boiled. The gargle should be freely used every morning.

Clean, sound teeth mean good health, which we should all try to acquire.

### TREATMENT OF ECZEMA

*Lack of Bathing.* The lack of cleanliness is undoubtedly one of the most prolific causes of eczema. The accumulation of filth acts as an irritant and soon inflames the skin. Such a condition gives rise to and invites the presence of parasites and an aggravated case of eczema is quickly set up.

Eczema is no respecter of persons apparently, for it attacks both sexes and all ages from the baby at the breast to the old man in his dotage. It attacks all classes of society both rich and poor. The poor man is compelled to be frugal in his diet, but is often careless about his person and thus becomes a prey to the disease. The rich man on the other hand, while scrupulously clean on the outside often has impure or in other words dirty blood, due to high living and so he is also subject to eczema.

*First remove the cause.* It is obvious to any one that the first step in the treatment of eczema is to remove the cause if possible. Whatever the cause may be, internal or external, seek it out and remove it. On the removal of the exciting causes the inflammation soon ceases, unless it has become chronic and even then it is alleviated.

*Build up the general health.* After removing all known and possible causes, give careful attention to the general health. The patient is almost always in a run-down condition and requires tonic treatment. Adopt a plain but nutritious and wholesome diet, plenty of restful sleeps, and a well-regulated course of physical training. It is very important to improve digestion and nutrition in most cases and also to secure regular action of the bowels. Pickles, pastries, sweets, cheese and all rich and greasy foods should be strictly avoided, since they are difficult of digestion. It is well to drink plenty of water and fruit both fresh and stewed can usually be taken freely. By these simple means

the blood will be purified and the healthy, active body will soon be able to shake off the local disorder of the skin.

#### HOW AND WHEN TO GIVE FOMENTATION.

Fomentation is what might be termed a hot compress. It consists of a cloth wrung out of hot water and applied to the part treated.

As a means of allaying pain, hot water applied judiciously yields very gratifying results. The remedy is so simple that many who have not used it have little faith in its curative properties. The application of a fomentation to a part stimulates circulation, brings more blood to the part and by so doing relieves the tissues of the stagnant blood which has accumulated; this relieves the pressure on the nerves and brings a stream of pure blood to help repair the injured tissues.

The indications for the use of fomentation are many. It is indicated in cases of local pain without excessive heat or acute inflammation. Neuralgia, toothache and pleurisy are quickly relieved by it. There are a great many other disorders in which the fomentation may be used with equally good results. Sprains and bruises, rheumatic pains, headaches, due to lack of blood in the head, pain in the stomach, all give way to fomentation.

A fomentation may be prepared in several different ways, the particular way depending somewhat on the facilities at hand. Whatever the method used the cloth should be *hot*—warm cloths will not do—and wrung out as dry as possible. The cloth should be folded in several thicknesses and be of such material as is capable of retaining heat for a considerable length of

time; woollen or partly woollen material is preferable. The cloth when folded may be grasped at each end by the hands and then dipped in boiling hot water leaving a sufficient length dry at each end so that it can be rung out by twisting without burning the hands. If the cloth is not large enough to be wrung out in this way it may be held by one end and dipped in the water, then placed lengthwise in a dry towel and wrung dry by twisting the ends of the towel. If there is no boiling water at hand the cloth may be dipped in cold water and placed between pieces of paper and then laid on a pan on the fire. The wet paper prevents the cloth from burning and the steam generated soon heats the cloth sufficiently.

Fomentation is not the only means by which heat may be applied. In some instances it may be difficult to obtain cloths with which to make the application and if such be the case other means may be utilised, such as heated bricks, bran, salt or in fact anything which will retain heat for a considerable length of time. A hot brick or still better a rubber bottle filled with hot water covered with a moist cloth will answer the purpose of a fomentation admirably.

To obtain the best results of fomentation, the application should be repeated from three to six times, each application lasting from five to ten minutes. In some cases such as colic, sprains, dislocations, severe bruises, inflammation of the bowels, etc., it is often necessary to keep up the applications for several hours.

E. D'PRAZER,  
Waltair.



## THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

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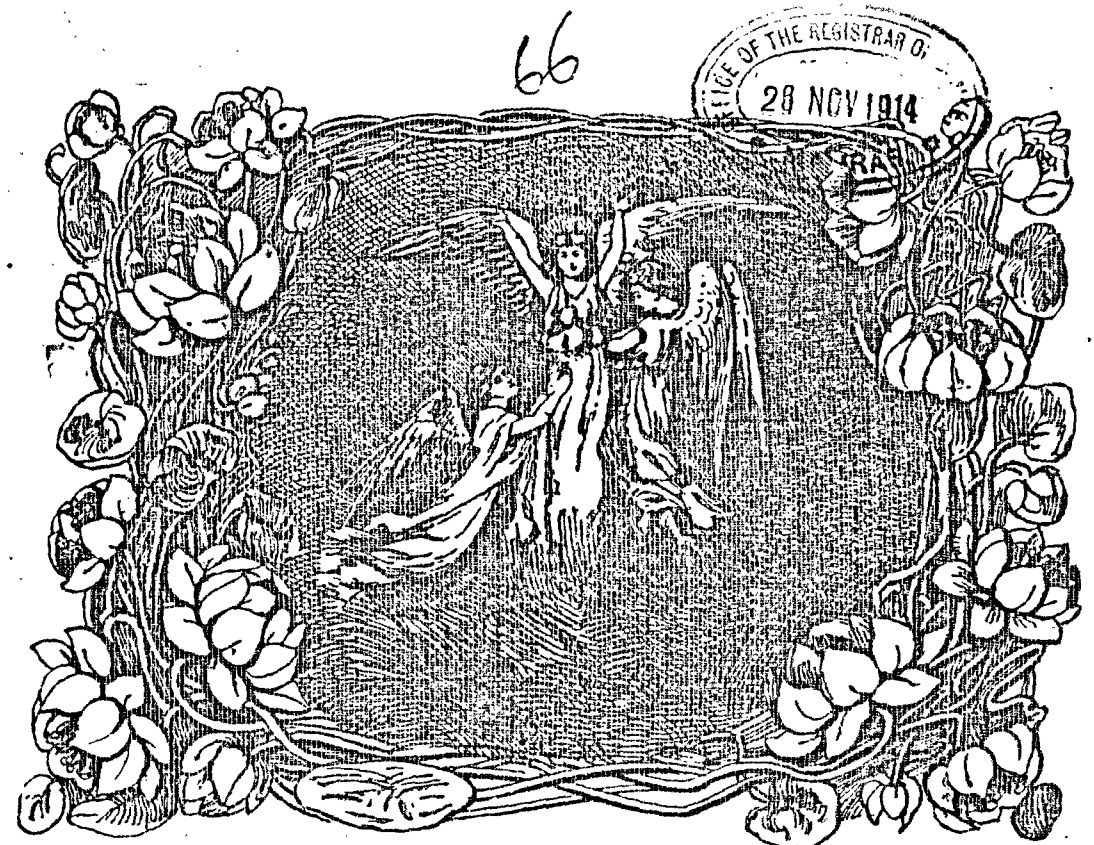
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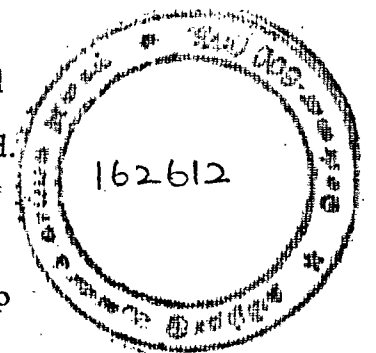
## THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

VOL. XIV] SECOND QUARTER: OCTOBER—DECEMBER, 1914 [No. 2

### FREEDOM

The wise and good wish well to liberty  
Throughout all lands; aim to win her cause  
By some bold movement from the heart of all  
United nations. Generous souls all joy  
To see man's self risen up, a prince with God.

The brave and good who serve  
A worthy cause can only one way fail;  
By perishing therein. Is it to fail?  
No; every great or good man's death is a step  
Firm set towards their end, the end of being:  
The good of all, and love of God. The world  
Must have great minds, even as great spheres or suns,  
To govern lesser restless minds, while they  
Stand still and burn with life; to keep in place,  
Light, heat them. Life immortal do I seek,  
For aught, it were most to learn mind's mystery,  
And somewhat more of God. Let others rule  
Systems or succour saints, if such things please.



## About the Panama Canal

(From Mr. John Foster Fraser's Book)

BY LADY BENSON



FEW Indian ladies have passed through the Suez Canal on their way to England, and many have seen pictures of it, and read descriptions of it. When I first came out to India, I was in the first passenger steamer to pass through the Canal! it took us three days to get through, for in those days there were no "Search lights;" and vessels were not

allowed to pass through at night. But that is forty-three years ago, and since then the canal has been very much widened and improved, and the use of brilliant search lights enables ships to pass through as easily by night as by day. People have almost forgotten the toil and labour expended in digging out the Suez Canal, and the controversies for and against its creation that raged at that time. It was said by some that it would permanently lower the Mediterranean, and ruin its ports, and alter the climate of Europe! However, the French engineers triumphantly carried through the undertaking under their famous Engineer, Monsieur de Lesseps. A grand statue of him now stands at the opening of the canal, as you enter the canal at Port Said, erected on a lofty pedestal, with his hand out-stretched, pointing to the canal. No wonder that after their triumphant success in cutting a water-way for ships between Africa and Asia, the French should turn their minds to the project of cutting a canal between the two Americas! One is apt to forget that the building of this Panama Canal is the realization of a dream, which had been in men's minds for over four hundred years!

Columbus expected to find a new way from Europe to Asia. On his fourth and last voyage he was on the Isthmus and went up a part of the Chagres River whose waters are now dammed to make a lake for a part of the present Panama Canal. Three years after Columbus was there, Amerigo Vespucci (who gave his name to the new world) went along the shores of the Gulf of Darien and actually penetrated 200 miles up the Atrato River. Next came Vasco Nunez de Balboa. He pushed through the dense, tangled jungle, till on September 25th, 1513, he stood on Darien Height, and was the first European to

sight the Pacific! On September 25th, 1913, four hundred years later, Colonel Goethals, the American Chief of the Canal Works, expected a boat to pass from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The Spaniards founded the first city of Panama (on the Pacific side of the Isthmus). Owing to the finding of pearls, jewels, and gold it became a most wealthy city, only to be sacked 150 years later by a Welsh Pirate, Henry Morgan. All these explorers were looking for, and expecting, to find a river which crossed the Isthmus, and led from ocean to ocean, they were always searching for this hidden river, which they imagined joined the two oceans. At last France came along and took up the search and Jacques Cartier explored as far north as Labrador, led on by tales of the natives. It was Cortez himself who first conceived the idea of a canal. For four centuries there have been hundreds of schemes as to the proper way to make a canal. In 1551 Gomora, the historian, wrote:—"There are mountains, but there are also lands. Give me the resolve and the task will be accomplished"—But it was no good. The Spaniards were afraid if a canal was made that the English would seize it, for it was then that Drake was constantly harrying Spanish ships. William Pater-son, who founded the Bank of England in 1691, was more than a banker, he was a visionary. Being a man of knowledge and reading, he knew something of the wealth of Africa and the Indies. He incorporated "The Company of Scotland trading to Africa and the Indies." Company-making was a hazardous affair in the 16th century. A body of colonists sailed from Scotland for the Isthmus; they proceeded to build the towns of New Edinburgh and New St. Andrews. But the Colony was badly planned; disaster dogged it, and it came to an inglorious end. Attempts were made to settle the Isthmus with British people. They all failed. The district was too abominably unhealthy. Still, navigators, merchants and adventurers constantly turned to this neck of land and wished for the day when it would be cleft, and a fair waterway opened to the wonderland on the Western slopes of the Americas. Spain had failed. Britain had failed. A hundred years later France came, but Nelson chased the French, and in 1780 was at Nicaragua to get control of the Lakes and check the designs of France. "It would weary you to recount the squabbles between the Spaniards, French, and the United States, and England during the 19th century as to the Panama Canal, and whether the Canal should be made via Nicaragua or Panama. The question of the control of the Canal became a matter of dispute. If the United States could not have complete control, it was eager to prevent anyone else having it. "Let all nations be on an equality."

was its attitude; and it is worth while to remember this, in view of what has subsequently taken place. Even when De Lesseps was negotiating for the contract—the Americans were shouting, "We must keep the French away from Panama"—and many others were crying out for progress to be made with the Nicaragua Canal, that Mexico was healthier than Panama, it was much nearer the centre of the world's commerce, but America did nothing—nothing but talk. The French succeeded in overcoming international difficulties.

Monsieur de Lesseps asked for £12,000,000 to cut the canal, and such was the confidence in his success that £25,000,000 was offered mostly by French investors. The work was begun on February 1st, 1881. "Several hundred Frenchmen marked out the route of the canal, magnificent salaries were paid, buildings were erected for the work people, sheds for the workshops, and the fine hospital at Ancon was founded. The finest machinery of the day was rushed to the Isthmus. But the territory was unhealthy—fever soon broke out, and the number of deaths was appalling. The fact that the people were dancing with death made them reckless. Panama became a sink of iniquity. Yet, notwithstanding the terrible toll of life, the work continued. But the contracts began to fail. Alterations in design were decided upon. Instead of a deep water canal, the necessity of locks was arrived at. More money was wanted—but even after £80,000,000 had been raised and spent, the Canal was not half finished, and the de Lesseps Company failed, and went into liquidation. The failure of the French was the greatest tragedy which has ever overtaken a mighty scheme intended to benefit the world. Most of the French investors were poor folks, and thousands of them were cast to ruin. De Lesseps himself was sentenced to prison, a disgraced and broken man. There had been criminal extravagance in the purchase of useless things at highest prices, the salaries paid were (colossal.) Further, the French did not take proper precautions to protect the workers from the ravages of malaria and yellow fever, which made Panama one of the pest spots of the world. The French, however, had dared a task which other countries had only talked about. They found a route which their successors have mainly followed. Their very failures have taught the Americans where the dangers lay. They removed hundreds of millions of tons of the cutting. It is well to keep these points in mind, and not allow them to be forgotten by recollection of the French disaster. Astonishing as it may seem, the French had not yet lost heart. A fresh Canal Company was formed with a capital of £3,000,000, and a time limit of 10 years in which to complete

the work. The three millions of money disappeared. Yet it was decided to proceed.

In the meantime the Spanish American war broke out in 1898. And the battle ship *Oregon*, to get from the Pacific to the Atlantic side, had to journey 13,400 miles instead of only 4,600 miles if there had been a Canal. After this the American demand for a Canal was imperative! After much bargaining with the French Canal Company, the Americans bought them out for £8,000,000, and it was decided that the Panama Canal, begun by the French, should be finished by the United States Government.

Once more the path seemed plain, but it must not be forgotten that America is working away from the United States, in land belonging to Columbia, and in the independent Republic of Panama; they are working among people whom they look upon as a lazy, slouching, intriguing lot, and the people of Panama look upon Americans as noisy, grabbing bullies. The domination of the United States in Panama has created much uneasiness in the Spanish-American mind. But we must not now think about the political effect of the American Panama Canal, but confine ourselves to the Canal itself. Yes," observed an American, "it is a great ditch. You see those flat cars piled with earth? Well, by the time the Atlantic joins the Pacific we shall have removed as much earth as would fill a train of such cars 96,000 miles long, which is getting pretty near four times round the earth." This is the spirit of the 35,000 men who, between Colon and Panama, are digging and blasting, damming rivers, fighting landslips, building locks, so that the great Canal will be finished long before the official opening day which is in 1915.

The Canal runs from north to south-east. From shore to shore the Canal is about forty miles, but five miles have had to be cut through shallow shores on both sides, so the real length of the Canal from deep water to deep water is fifty miles.

In the future when you pass from the Atlantic to the Pacific, you will first go through a straight seven miles of 500 feet wide Canal. Then you come to Gatun, and three locks will lift you eighty-five feet until you reach the level of Gatun Lake. This is an artificial Lake, 164 square miles in area, created by damming the river Chagres. Across this Lake you can go at full steam for twenty-four miles. Then you reach the Culebra cut, the thing of which the Americans are proudest, because it has caused them most trouble. This cut is nine miles long, between hills on each side. "The earth here is always falling in or bulging out, burying implements, and costing much money to remove; millions and millions of cubic yards of earth have been

dug out, but still the 'slides' occur, and this is turning the heads of many men grey, but the slides are going to stop even if a whole mountain side has to be removed! This cut will get its water from the Gatun Lake, and take you to Pedro Miguel, where you will begin going downstairs. A lock will lower you 30½ feet to Miraflores Lake. You will steam across 1½ miles of Lake. Then two more locks will lower you 54½ feet and you will be on the level of the Pacific. Away you go over 8 miles, and you glide upon the waters of the west of the American Continent."

Before the Americans came the Isthmus was one of the earth's pestiferous spots; swampy, with mosquitoes carrying yellow fever and malaria. Colon was the "white man's grave." Panama reeked with uncleanness and disease. The interlying jungle country bred continuous sickness. The Isthmus is not yet healthy, but in the immediate Canal regions it is no longer a country dangerous to health. The mosquitoes have been exterminated. All likely breeding grounds of swamp are saturated with kerosine. You go for miles, and the air stinks with the black slimy stuff (crude kerosine oil), nearly every ditch is smeared with it. Where there are pools near the workings, Negroes, with copper cans on their backs, spray the places freely. The residences of the officials at Colon are all like gigantic meat-safes, doors and windows covered with zinc perforated, to keep out the poisonous mosquito. It is the same with the little towns along the route, and at Panama. Mosquitoes do not care for Negroes. So they need not be guarded in the same way.

When the Americans first took charge of Panama, 452 lbs. of quinine a month were taken by the people in the canal zone to keep off fever. To-day (1913) not one-tenth of that amount is required. To keep Panama free from the ravages of disease, it has been costing the United States £250,000 a year, and the constant employment of 1,500 men, so whilst one gang of men has been working to build the canal, another gang does nothing but attend to the health of the workers. Yellow fever (produced by the bite of the stegomyia mosquito) used to rage horrible and sudden, and strong men quaked at the way their friends went down. For the last few years there has not been an outbreak in the Isthmus. The vast majority of Americans are surprised, if not indignant, if there is any suggestion that the Americans have not led the world in dealing with tropical diseases, but as a matter of historical correctness the Americans are copying the English, for it was Sir Ronald Ross, of the Indian Medical Service, who, fifteen years ago, made experiments which proved that certain tropical

diseases were not due to the climate, or to the water, but to the bite of mosquitoes. He showed this in the case of Malaria, which is transmitted by the Anopheles mosquito. Italian doctors next came into the field and preached "If you want to stop tropical diseases hunt down the mosquitoes." It was then that American doctors discovered that yellow fever was not transmitted by ordinary infection, but was brought about by the Stegomyia mosquito, biting a sufferer from yellow fever, and infecting another man by stinging him. Thus with oil for mosquitoes, and quinine for men, the chief scourge of the zone is held in check. Typhoid fever however is rife among the people. The mosquito is not blamed for this, it has enough sins of its own. The House-fly is proclaimed as the enemy, it picks up the disease by alighting on rubbish heaps, the germ sticks to its legs, and then the house-fly alights on a piece of sugar, or bowl of cold rice, in a jug of milk, and this is consumed by a human being. The consequence—Typhoid! So in Panama there is a systematic disposal of garbage. It is not just carted away, and thrown outside the range of residence. There are garbage furnaces, and hundreds of tons are burnt every day. People in India may say that if the Americans can conquer fever, and yellow fever, and typhoid in Panama—why cannot the English do the same in India? But the conditions are very different. The Americans are only dealing with a very limited area—a length of 40 miles—with 5 miles on either side. They are dealing with people all strictly under watch, and control, and discipline, and for a very limited period; and that watch and ward is costing them enormous sums of money, and an army of workers. Mr. A. G. Turner, late of the Indian Civil Service, who visited Panama, sent all the information and statistics to Sir Harold Stuart with a view to seeing what could be done for India, but such work would be impossible over the huge extent of India, and among its 300,000,000 inhabitants. But that is no reason why all should not combine to do what they can to allay the ravages of fever, plague and typhoid in India. Every householder can fit his own windows and doors with perforated zinc to keep out the anopheles mosquito, which only flies after sunset, and flies low, it does not attack people sleeping in on upper storied house. Everyone can fill up the hollows in their own compounds, and prevent water standing in pools for mosquitoes to breed in, and can throw cheap crude kerosine oil over damp places in their neighbourhood. Those our Municipal Councils can insist on having garbage furnaces, and can tell the people in villages and towns of the absolute necessity of burning all the refuse possible, to prevent houseflies breeding in

it. If they have already done so, the fire will destroy their eggs. I have not by me the statistics of the number of deaths in India due to fever and typhoid, but the number of victims year by year is appalling. Death is not the only result that is appalling, but the loss of health and strength and energy to the survivors is appalling. No wonder that Florence Nightingale preached "Sanitation, Sanitation, Sanitation," from her sick bed for forty years. No wonder that Government is most insistent on the same subject. But in an enormous country like India, and with its enormous population, it requires the combined efforts of all concerned to fight so gigantic an enemy. Mothers can teach their children the importance of cleanly habits, and mothers can see that the food of the house is covered, protected from houseflies, while fathers can teach their sons the importance of compound, village, and town sanitation. So though Panama and its Canal is a far cry from India and her millions, yet it can teach us many most important lessons. In these days of schools and colleges of lectures, and a cheap press, it should be possible to spread the knowledge of the methods for fighting disease far and wide among the peoples, and it is a task in which women can take a most useful part.

## The Montessori System

(ADAPTED TO THE NEEDS OF INDIAN CHILDREN)

BY D. LAZARUS, B.A.

(Continued from last issue)

### GARDENING AND GAMES



GARDENING, too," says Mr. Thiselton Mark in his excellent work on *Modern Views of Education*, "as English and other experiments have shown, opens out a wide range of interest through the child's own activity. Children from four years of age work with the hoe, sow the seed, water the ground, and watch the growth of the plants. In another quarter of the garden, broods of chicks or pigeons appear where the children have been tending the birds; or tiny rabbits are seen in the hutch where the big rabbits have been fed. And all this, not as nature study—

though incidentally it is this—still less as industrial education—though the course of education through sense and muscle is felt to be preparatory also to this—but as an unfolding of interests and an attainment of complete experience."

As agriculture and gardening are the chief occupations of the majority of the people of India, their children will naturally take a liking to the occupation of their fathers, and this natural taste should be carefully cultivated so that they may learn from their infancy to acquire knowledge through their sense and muscle. Each child should be given a small spot of ground, say one square yard, to look after and cultivate. A tin pot or an earthenware vessel, (preferably the former, as the latter is easily broken) a wooden or iron spade, should also be in the possession of each child. The nature of the garden should be left to the individual taste of each child; they may sow the seed or plant a few plants or even grass in imitation of their parents transplanting paddy. There will be keen competition between the children, each vying with the other in producing the best garden. The children should have each a chicken and a lamb or a goat to look after and pet. The elder children may be given a small calf to bring up. All this training forms a part of their education, for are they not to be the future agriculturists of India? The child realises that he is learning to do something, that he is gaining power, and that he is following in the footsteps of his father. This is preferable to their being taught the meaningless and symbolic games of the kindergarten, most unsuitable for Indian children. This is the first step in self-realization; he is learning to act, to do things, to turn his mind to things, to turn his hand to things, to turn his desire to things, to turn his whole being to things. Unlike the ordinary school child he can do things on his own account. He does not wait, in this helplessness of passive obedience, for his teacher to tell him what he is to do and how he is to do it. He thus learns to face difficulties and grapple with them. Games should occupy an important place in the training of an Indian child; but they must be games suited to the climate of the country and the surroundings of the child. As already pointed out the European kindergarten will not answer the purpose. We should devise something that will be to their liking and at the same time train them for their father's and mother's occupations. The boys should have games different from the girls.

What then are the games best suited to Indian boys and girls and which are calculated to develop their little minds and make them depend upon themselves?

*Leaf-plaiting.*—We may begin with this simple art, with which all village children are quite familiar. Coconut and palmyra leaves, the outer covering of reeds and grass with broad blades, are to be had everywhere. The children may be asked to select any of these and separate the mid-ribs and keep these carefully for some other use. The leaves separated from the mid-ribs are to be split into narrow strips of the same width and all of a certain length. These are to be plaited into square mats with the aid of the teacher. The girls may weave the mid-ribs into small baskets, coat the inside and outside with clay or mud and dry them in the sun.

*Sand-modelling.*—For modelling purposes, we prefer clean sand to clay, as the frail little fingers of an infant can easily work the former into shape; besides sand does not soil the fingers. Children may be seen playing with sand on the road side, immediately after a shower of rain. Advantage should be taken of this natural inclination of children and turned to a useful purpose in developing the sense of touch and muscle and their power of imitation. As the floor of the house is of sand, each child may be asked to wet a portion of it; but if this is thought objectionable, each child may be given a shallow earthenware vessel, what is familiarly known as a *chatty*, in the Tamil country. This should be half filled with wet sand and the child asked to build houses, make models of anything he has seen and handled; such as balls, cakes, brinjals, plantains or anything else that the child takes a fancy to. If possible the children may be asked to bring any familiar object they like and which they think they can easily imitate. They may also use the lids of the canisters referred to in a former paper; the wet sand is spread evenly on a leaf or a plank of wood and the lid is pressed on it, cutting the sand into circular flakes.

*Meal-playing.*—In the Montessori school, Little four-year old waiters lay the knives and forks and spoons, carrying trays with water-glasses and tureens of soup—all without mistake or accident. During the mean time they watch residuously; not a child empties his soup plate without being offered more, if he is ready for the next course, a "waiter" carries off his plate. "Every one" says Dr. Montessori, "is deeply moved by the sight I have just described, which evidently results, from the development of energies latent in the depth of the human soul." Indian children do not use knives and forks and spoons, but as they eat out of leaf-platters, they may use leaves for the same purpose. They may wait in turn upon each other, giving them the balls and cakes they had made with the wet sand. They should do as their elders do in their houses.

"Where's the needle?"—Indian girls may of-

ten be seen playing this game in front of their huts or houses. The sand is worked into a long pile three or four inches deep and of the same width, with the hands locked together and pressed on the surface; the child takes hold of a bit of broom stick of the size of a needle between the fingers and deftly hides it in the pile unknown to the lookers on. Another girl with her hands locked-up quickly brings them down on the place where she suspects the "needle" is hidden. If on inserting her fingers she spots the "needle", she wins the game, and she is allowed to hide the "needle", and the other girl has to hunt for it in a similar manner. There is a great deal of excitement in the game if properly and honestly played and the children learn to exercise their observing power in detecting where the girl has hidden the needle; in this and the sand modelling the sense of touch and muscle is also cultivated.

*Playing at cooking meals.*—Indian girls have a natural aptitude for cooking, and they may often be seen imitating their mothers very closely in this art. Those who are entrusted with the training of infants should therefore include this in the curriculum. All that is required is to supply the children with a complete set of toy cooking vessels, preferably of wood; if these are not to be had, earthenware will do. The Teacher should leave the children to themselves and they will manage the cooking just as well as their mothers. They will beat the rice, grind the chillies, etc., on a stone slab, wash the rice, cut up the vegetables, boil and strain the rice and make the curries. And when everything is ready, they will wait upon one another and serve the meals they had cooked.

These are only a few of the games that Indian children are familiar with; there are many others peculiar to every province or village, and a skilful teacher will note down every game she observes and adapt it to the needs of her children. But it is undesirable that all the children should engage in the same game at the same time. The children should be allowed to make their own selection. After the child has done with an occupation, he must put away the toys or the apparatus in the places set apart for them, and he must do this before he begins another game. In this way from their infancy they will learn that it pays them to do everything in "decency and order." If any of the toys has to be washed and dried, it should be done before another is started, so that they may learn the importance of cleanliness; no game is worth playing unless thereby some value and useful principle is inculcated on the little minds. There is one thing in children that must be guarded against, lest it should become a habit with them. They are restless, and eager to go from one

game to another before finishing one; by the exercise of a little patience on the part of the teacher, the children can in time overcome this failing. They should learn, "One thing at a time and that done well is a good rule as many can tell."

*Out-door Games.*—The children may be taught with advantage a few out-door games also so that they may have the opportunity of exercising their lungs and giving their arms and legs full play in the open air. It will have been noticed that children love to shout out and run about, moving their arms up and down, when they are in the street. Something should be done to make them do the same but in a systematic manner. It is not any violent exercise that the little ones need. In the absence of an Indian outdoor game suited to little children, we would recommend one or two English games, which, with a few alterations, can be adapted for these children. "I sent a letter to my father, etc." is a familiar English game. The children sit round in a circle with their hands locked behind them, with the palms opened upwards. One of the children with a bunch of leaves in one hand and a coin or stone in the other runs round the circle shouting out in the vernacular—"In my hand, in my hand, a pie I had, a pie I had; but I lost it, lost it; somebody picked it up, picked it up, has it in his hand, in his hand; when he comes to the last words, he drops the coin into the palm of the child, behind whom he uttered the last words and runs round and round repeating the same words. If in the meanwhile the child in whose hands the coin was dropped does not get up at once and run, the one that has been running strikes the child gently with the bunch of leaves and chases him till he gets back into his seat. The game goes on till all have had a chance. This is a splendid exercise for the lungs, for it is not easy to repeat words while one is running; the child learns to keep the mouth open while talking or singing; and once this habit is formed, it is impossible to give it up when he grows old. "Train up a child in the way he should go, for when he is old he will not depart from it." We have noticed that several boys and girls and for the matter of that several grown-ups also, speak with their mouths closed and their lips glued, as if it were. It is most sickening to hear Indian Christian girls and women singing in churches, for they often sing between their teeth, the sounds emanating from their throats and passing through their nasal concavity. They forget that their Lord and Master "opened his mouth" and taught His disciples. They are not however to blame for this defect, their parents did not take the trouble to teach them to keep their mouths open when speaking.

*The Wolf and the Lamb*—Is another English game that may be successfully taught Indian children. The children stand up in a circle; one stands in the middle of the circle; another, the wolf, goes round and round the circle to catch the lamb within, and every time he attempts to go in, he is prevented from doing so by the children in the circle; if he succeeds in getting in, the children let out the lamb and he is safely locked in. This goes on till the wolf catches the lamb.

There may be other games with which teachers may be familiar and it is for them to get hold of them and teach the young ones.

Before adapting the system to the needs of Indian children, we should like to furnish our readers with one or two extracts from a book on the subject by Dr. Theodore L. Smith of Clark University:—"In her first school Dr. Montessori found that her children from three and-a-half to four and-a-half years were already fairly expert in the preliminary training. They could dress and undress themselves; they had learned to be neat in person; they had had considerable sense training, and they were eager for something more, in fact they clamoured to be taught to read and write, and the experiment was tried with surprising results. The writing came first. Dr. Montessori has learned by experience with feeble children that in the process of learning to write, the mechanism of muscular control and holding the pen should precede the mental effort of learning to write. The child should not be set to the task of learning to manage a pen and produce certain forms at the same time. The didactic materials for training the muscular mechanism and for holding and managing instruments are, for the first step, either solid or outline forms of triangles, squares, and other geometrical figures made of metal, card-board, or wood. The child traces the outline of these and is then given a coloured pencil of large size, to fill them in. No directions as to manner of holding the pencil or of making the marks are given to the child. His movements are left free and unconstrained. At first, naturally the filling is irregular, often exceeding the outline or failing to touch it at every point, but the children enjoy playing with these coloured forms and gradually the strokes become even and the space is accurately filled in."

The above extract shows the necessity for teaching the children to draw simple forms before they learn to write. Is not writing a more difficult form of drawing? It therefore stands to reason the easier thing should be taught first. We do not agree with Dr. Montessori that the first step in drawing should consist of linear figures; it may have been noticed by observant teachers that when children are given



a pencil and slate, they naturally scribble in curves. The method that was in vogue in all Indian pyal or village schools is the correct one; the children were taught to write O's or round figures, the English and Telugu alphabets, more than any other, easily lend themselves to writing them, provided the children have learnt to form curves, circles and half-circles, *sunna*s, as they are termed in Telugu—the letters *a* (italics) *d*, *e*, *g*, (italics) *s*, *c*, *c*. Children learning English, should never be taught to write or read printed letters, for these are of no use to them in writing, unless they intend becoming muchis or sign-board makers; it is a great pity that in the English language the writing differs a great deal from the printed letters. Let them therefore learn script letters from the very beginning. When once they have mastered the form of the letter O, they may be asked to rub off a portion of the right curve, which then becomes C; drawing a line across the middle of *c*, it is changed into *e*. They should now be asked to draw the figure of a walking stick or a crook, that is the letter *t* without being crossed; and this crook may now be attached to *a* (italics), if on the right it becomes *d*; and if on the left, it becomes *b*; *p* and *q* are similarly formed, but with the crook inverted; *n* may be next taught consisting of two crooks, and *m* of three crooks. The teacher should remember that on no account should the sounds of these letters be given; they are merely learning to draw and accustoming themselves to the forms of the letters, the sounds of which they are to learn later on.

In the Montessori school "script" letters of large size cut from fine emery cloth or paper are pasted upon squares of card-board, the vowels being light coloured, on a dark back-ground and consonants dark on a light back-ground. Movable letters are also cut out from paste board and the alphabets thus formed are placed in a case, there being four copies of each letter, and the letter is also painted at the bottom of the compartment to assist in the re-sorting. The child is given a letter, a vowel first, then told to touch it. Being already expert in this sort of exercise, he usually does it correctly, but if need be, the teacher takes his hand and directs the first and the middle finger properly about the form of the letter, and at the same time the teacher says, "This is *a*," giving, however, the phonic sound not the name of the letter, thus associating the visual and the tactile and muscular sense with the phonic sound. The child is usually interested in this and repeats it by himself, in some cases many times. The next step is to teach the child to recognise the letter when he hears the sound corresponding to it, so the teacher says to him, "Give me *a*," or whatever the letter

is. And the third step, after the letter has been lying on the table for some minutes, is to test the memory and recognition, and the teacher asks the child, "What is this?" the child, of course, being expected to give the phonic sound of the letter. The vowels are taught first and the consonants next, but there is no established order, as often the interest of the child in certain words or letters will determine the progress. In giving the consonants the teacher gives the sound of the letter several times, for instance, *m*, *m*, *m*; she then combines it with vowels which the child knows, saying *ma*, *me*, *mo*, but always finishing with the sound of the consonant *m*, *m*, *m*, and having the child repeat this after her, besides the individual letters, words are given in the same way.

The above method can be adopted in toto where children are taught English or where the vernacular is taught in Roman letters; we hope the day will soon come when there will be one alphabet for all the vernaculars of India and we fully hope that will be the English Alphabet with a few changes. To teach a vernacular like Tamil or Telugu, it is impossible to adopt the method of cutting letters from fine sand or emery paper; a village school cannot afford to go in for hundreds of sheets of sand-paper, for the vernacular alphabets consist of hundreds of letters. The old Indian method of writing on sand may be advantageously revived. The sand of the "House" must be removed where the children are to draw or write. Let the teacher with a hard stick cut out the circle or the Telugu *sunna* on the hard floor thus exposed by the removal of the sand; the child should now be asked to pass his fore-finger along the indented line; he will have to do this along the groove over and over again till his finger gets accustomed to the form of the letter. He may imitate this on the sand once or twice, to test his powers of observation. After the child has mastered the *sunna*, he may be taught half *sunna*, and then the letters *o* *x* and so on. The letters and words given in any Telugu Primer may now be taught; we would recommend the C. L. S. book for this purpose; it is the best we have seen; for instead of teaching the whole alphabet, it takes up one or two letters at a time and then combines these into words that the child is familiar with. The Montessori method may now be followed. The child should now be blindfolded and his fingers made to trace the letters duly cut; a child learns the shape of anything more by touch than by sight. He may be asked to trace the letters on sand with his eyes blindfolded. When the child is familiar with the shapes of the letters and can recognise them, the phonic sound may be given. Now is the time to teach the child

to write. Those absurd things called pencils and slates should be forbidden in the school house; they produce a stiffness of fingers, besides they are costly and easily broken. Let each child be provided with a plank of wood or a piece of card-board, say 10 by 12 inches and a piece of charcoal or chalk to write with and a piece of cloth to wipe off the writing. The child need not be taught how to hold the chalk or the board; let him do as he likes, he will find out for himself what is most suitable or comfortable for him. The teacher's attitude or his way of holding the chalk may not suit him. When the teacher finds that a child cannot form any particular letter properly, he should write it on the card-board and ask the child to trace the letter; if chalk and charcoal are used, the teacher may write the letter on the board with one of these and the child may trace the same with the other. The child will see where his letter differs from that of the teacher and correct it accordingly.

"In Dr. Montessori's reading lessons, there is no particular effort made to begin easy words. This is not necessary, for the child already knows to read the words as composed by their sounds, since he himself has put them together. The remaining step in learning to read, that is, to silently interpret the visual symbols, is made a game. A number of cards containing the names of objects or actions in script are placed in a box. The objects used were at first play things. The children were allowed to choose one. The child must read the word mentally, that is, without pronouncing it aloud, and keep it a secret from the others. Then when he gave it correctly he obtained the object to play for as long as he chose. But after a little, to Dr. Montessori's astonishment, the children refused to take the toys, preferring to continue the game of reading to playing with the toys. So they were put away and the games continued without them."

### Vizagapatam



THE Vizagapatam district, one of the four districts of the Northern Circars, lies on the east coast of the Madras Presidency and, except Ganjam, is the most northern of the districts. It has an area of about 17,222 square miles and a population of about 2,933,650 inhabitants; and so is one of the largest and most populous districts in the Province.

Vizagapatam consists of an open strip of land facing the shore, and of two large areas of hilly country, north and west of this. For administrative purposes, it is divided into five divisions and twenty-three taluks. The name is properly *Vaisakhapattanam*, the town of Vaisa-kha or Kartikeya, the Hindu Mars. The legend is that, centuries ago, a shrine to this god was built by a king of the Andhra dynasty, which shrine is supposed to have been long ago swept away by the sea, but which is said to have given its name to the town.

The political history of the district is an interesting one. It is spoken of as part of the famous kingdom of Kalinga, which is referred to in the Brahmanical and Buddhist literature of the fifth and sixth centuries B. C., and also in the Ramayana and Mahabharata. The left canine tooth of Buddha is said to have been brought in state to this place. In 302 B. C., Megasthenes writes of the Kalingas as a civilized people. In 260 B. C. Asoka, the great Buddhist Emperor, conquered Kalinga. It is interesting to note that it was the remorse he felt for the horrors of this campaign, which led him to become a Buddhist. There are Buddhist remains near Anakapalle, one of the taluks of the district.

In the 6th century A. D., Kalinga was conquered by the Chalukyas of Badami in Bombay, and in the seventh by the Eastern Chalukyas. Later, we find inscriptions of several kings of the Ganga dynasty, which claimed to trace its origin back to Brahma. The great Cholas of Tanjore seem to have invaded Kalinga then. Then came the Gajapatis of Orissa, who flourished till 1541. During this time, Krishna Deva of Vijayanagara invaded Kalinga. In 1568, the territory was seized by the Musalman king of Golconda, who seems to have governed through local chiefs or Zamindars, two of whom were the ancestors of the Maharaja of Bobbili and the Raja of Vizianagaram. In 1687, Aurangzeb, Emperor of Delhi, brought the whole country under his rule, which he governed through an officer called the Subadar of the Deccan, afterwards known as the Nizam of Hyderabad, under whom were a number of local subordinates. Meanwhile, the English had effected a settlement at Vizagapatam town and the Dutch at Bimlipatam. Aurangzeb died in 1707, and his death was followed by great disorder. In 1724, the Nizam made himself virtually independent. He died in 1748 and the French and the English took opposite sides in the disputed succession which followed. Eventually, a French protegee Salabat Jung, secured the post of Subadar, and Bussey the French General, obtained from him in 1753, the cession of part of the Northern Circars for the support of his troops. But one of the

subordinate officers, the Faujdar of Chicacole, which included the present district of Ganjam and Vizagapatam, rebelled against the French, and persuaded Vizarama Razu, of the Vizayanagaram family, to join him. The latter however was seduced from his compact and Zafar Ali called in the help of the Maratas of Nagpur, who, however, after plundering the country, left Zafar Ali to submit. In 1754, Bussy appointed Ebrahim Khan as Faujdar of Chicacole. But soon afterwards relations between him and the Subadar became strained and all his officers in the Circars (including Ibrahim Khan), except Vizarama Razu of Vizianagaram, dishonoured his authority. But eventually, Bussy made friends with the Subadar and in 1756 marched into the Circars to reassert his authority. Vizarama Razu joined him and persuaded him to attack Bobbili, his bitterest enemy. This was done and the horrible tragedy at Bobbili, in which the Bobbili chief put all the women and children in his fort to death, and himself with the remnant of his garrison died fighting to the last, is well-known in history. But Vizarama Razu was killed three nights later by one of Bobbili's servants and was succeeded by Ananda Razu. This man took advantage of Bussy's absence in the south and called the English to aid him in expelling the French from the Circars. Olive agreed to help him and sent a force to his aid and finally, after the defeat of the French in 1759, the Subadar made a treaty with the English, prohibiting the French from ever again settling in the Northern Circars. This did not end the trouble with the Subadar. In 1765, Olive obtained a grant from the Company of the Northern Circars. Finally, in 1768, a treaty was made with the Subadar by which the English agreed to pay him a tribute for the territory granted to them, and Vizagapatam became the capital of the district.

But Ananda Razu of Vizianagaram became more powerful than ever. When he died sonless, a boy of twelve was adopted by his widow and the government fell into the hands of his unscrupulous half-brother, Sitarama Razu, who established control over most of the other Zamindars. In 1775, he was forced to resign, but in 1778, he again became Dewan. Later, the English considered it necessary to limit the powers of Vizianagaram. Sitarama Razu was finally removed in 1793. The Raja of Vizianagaram proved himself very troublesome. After various negotiations, a battle was fought with him in 1794 and the Raja was killed. There was further trouble with his infant son and his guardians. An arrangement was come to in 1802, by which all these ancient Zamindaris were handed back to their owners in perpetuity on a fixed peishkash. This, however, was

very unsatisfactory and gave rise to many petty rebellions. In 1832, matters became serious, and in 1839 a final agreement was made by which 7ths of the district was placed directly under the Collector with extraordinary powers granted to him as "Agent to the Governor."

The town of Vizagapatam is the head-quarters of the district and has about 40,892 inhabitants. The suburb of Waltair, where the Europeans chiefly reside is included in this. The town is built along a wide bay, five miles across, bounded on the south by the Dolphin's Nose and in the north by a small point which separates it from Lawson's Bay. Vizagapatam proper is at the southern end and Waltair at the northern. The scene from the high ground of Waltair, says the Gazetteer, is "probably the most beautiful on the East Coast of India. The sombre purples of the Dolphin's Nose on the south, the vivid chrome-yellow of the blown sand on the hill above Vizagapatam, the olive-coloured slopes of the scrub-covered heights scattered with glossy apple-green palmyras, the bright red soil running down to the sea, and the dark trees at the northern end of the bay, backed as they all are by the brilliant turquoise of the Bay with its white edge of breakers, make up an unrivalled blaze of colours".

From November to February, Waltair is fairly pleasant, though somewhat relaxing. It stands 200 feet above the sea, and gets all the air there is, while the long-shore wind is deflected by the Dolphin's Nose and turned into a sea-breeze. It is reputed to be beneficial in lung-troubles, and in consequence is inhabited by many Bengalis.

The Simbachalam temple in the Vizagapatam taluk is one of the chief places of interest there. It rises to 800 feet above the sea and is north of the town of Vizianagaram. Near the top is the temple to Narasimha, the man-lion incarnation of Vishnu. At the foot of the northern slope is a rose-garden, declared to have been planted by Sitarama Razu of Vizianagaram. The exact age of the temple is not known, but contains an inscription dated as far back as 1098 of the Chola king Kulottunga I. There are also records left by Krishna Deva of Vizianagaram.



## EVENTIDE

(BY F. HOWARD OAKLEY)

Soon gentle Sleep  
Will fast embrace the scene,  
And at its touch,  
Sweet rest will reign supreme.

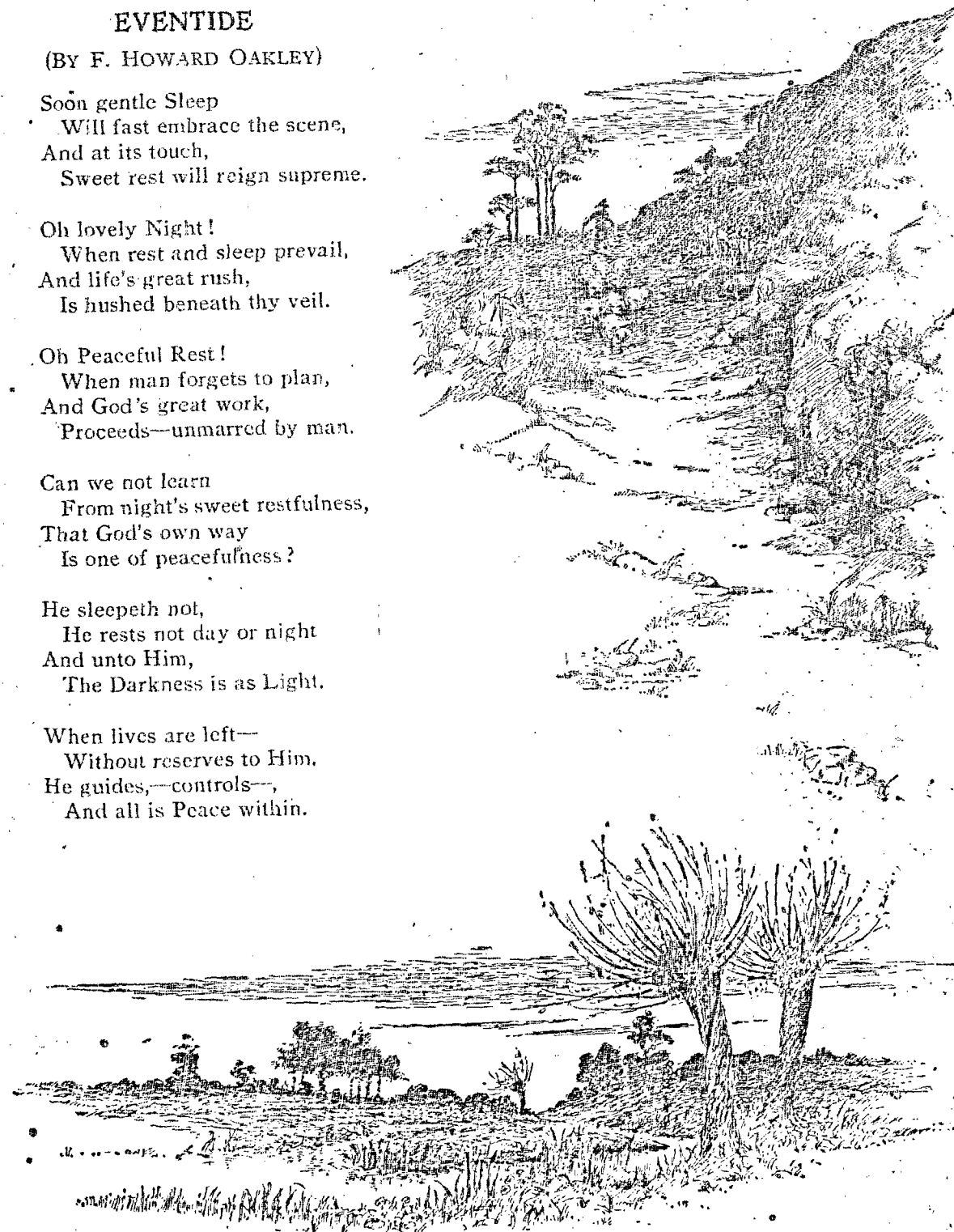
Oh lovely Night!  
When rest and sleep prevail,  
And life's great rush,  
Is hushed beneath thy veil.

Oh Peaceful Rest!  
When man forgets to plan,  
And God's great work,  
Proceeds—unmarred by man.

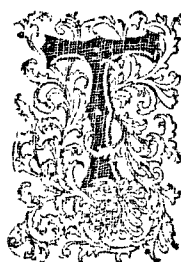
Can we not learn  
From night's sweet restfulness,  
That God's own way  
Is one of peacefulness?

He sleepeth not,  
He rests not day or night  
And unto Him,  
The Darkness is as Light.

When lives are left—  
Without reserves to Him,  
He guides,—controls,—  
And all is Peace within.



## A Pure Heredity



THE subject of Heredity has received much attention during the past century and scores of volumes have been written upon the theme. There are those who think they have mastered pretty much all that is to be learned regarding it, but those who really know the most about the laws relating to the transmission of characteristics from ancestors to offspring feel most keenly the limitations of their knowledge. We have as yet hardly acquired an alphabet with which to spell out and express the universal but complex and obscure laws which determine the transmission of capacities and tendencies from parent to child. The minuteness and intricacies of the laws of Heredity are so far beyond our ken that at present we can confidently affirm only a few general principles.

We know that human beings reproduce human beings only. We know that race peculiarities are transmitted with great faithfulness through thousands of generations. Negroes, by sexual associations with their kind, reproduce Negroes only, and the members of the white race by consorting with each other reproduce only their kind. Family traits or peculiarities are also quite certain to be transmitted through many generations, though they are far less certain and more easily varied than are race peculiarities. Unions in which one of the parents is tall and the other short, or one stout and the other slim, tend to a fair compromise or average physique; and yet often a child exhibits the peculiarities of one parent only. Children are more or less "chips of the old block", though sometimes they strikingly resemble the mother, at other times the father and occasionally they resemble ancestors several generations back.

We know that usually healthy couples have healthy children and that diseased or weak couples have puny children. If both parents have tuberculosis, or even if one of them has it, a decided tendency to that disease is likely to exist in their children. So certain is this that we are almost justified in declaring that consumptives breed consumptives, though some of the children of tuberculous parents escape the malady. The same holds good in cancer, scrofula, syphilis, insanity and leprosy; the children of parents who suffer from these diseases are in great danger of inheriting so defective an organization as, practically to induce the development of identical or kindred diseases in them-

selves. Gluttony, intemperance, licentiousness, narcotism and impurity indulged in by parents are quite likely to result in morbid tastes, unbridled appetites and ungovernable passions in the children.

But while all this is true in general, no one can foretell in which cases certain influences are going to produce conspicuous effects. There is often an uncertainty. Large, healthy, handsome, pure, bright parents, who are habitually living a life calculated to preserve their good qualities are quite likely to have children of like virtues; while parents who are physically inferior, ugly looking, vicious, mentally dull or eccentric are quite apt to have seriously defective offspring. Some of the truly great characters of the world have sprung from families of inferior quality and have stood out, not only conspicuously unlike their ancestors, but also unlike their brothers and sisters; while on the other hand, some of the worst defectives and criminals in history have been the only "black sheep" in large, brilliant and respectable families.

While it is true that too much importance cannot be placed upon the subject of Heredity, the inheritance which we receive not only from our parents and grandparents, but even from our great-grandparents; and while it is true that all that can be acquired in character and culture, both intellectual and physical, is transmitted from the parents to their children; yet possibly that which is by far the largest factor in determining the physical, intellectual, social and moral endowment of the child are found in the influences which mould and fashion the child during the months which lie between the period of conception and the time of birth. The potent influences of these different periods stand related to each other somewhat like what may be seen in the studio of an artist who moulds and fashions in clay the models which are afterward to be actualized in brass or bronze. While the success of the work might be said to be greatly dependent on the character, quality and condition of the clay brought to hand for this service and while no perfect result could be secured with indifferent material, yet it is easy to see how, with the very best material at hand, an indifferent artist or a good artist when in indifferent mood would produce a very inferior model. If, with the thought of modifying the bronze figure after it has been cast, the artist is indifferent to the merits of the model which he is making, the final result can only prove a failure. No step in the work is unimportant, but the most important of all is the perfecting of the model. In his hands the clay readily yields itself to his thought and impression; constant momentary care will prevent defects and deformities which could not be

wholly remedied or refashioned even by years of subsequent toil.

A wise man when asked at what period a child's education should begin replied "twenty years before it is born." This is not an extreme statement and if it errs in anything it errs in making the period too short rather than too long. Henry Ward Beecher once said that since so much depends on one's ancestors, a man ought to be very careful in choosing his grandparents and there is a vast deal of truth suggested by this statement. A young woman cannot be too careful in choosing the man who is to become the father of her children, nor can a young man be too careful in selecting the woman who is to become the mother of his children.

So much depends on Heredity that men who are interested in the breeding of horses for the race-course recognize the fact that unless a horse comes of racing stock, he cannot be possessed of these essential qualities, without which he cannot possibly win. Occasionally a horse with an ordinary pedigree may exhibit wonderful speed for a short distance, but none possesses the wind and endurance necessary for a long race with animals of a pure blood and a good pedigree.

It is generally agreed by physicians and those who have made a study of this subject, that the mind and temper of the parents at the moment of conjunction have a great deal of influence upon the temper and disposition of the child. Children should never be begotten except at those times when the husband and wife can both bring their contribution of good health, affection and mental composure. While scientists at the present stage of inquiry and investigation have not been able to weigh and measure the force and effect of these influences; yet some results have been secured, which help us to understand the existence of powers which were previously too subtle to be brought into the realm of human knowledge. Something of the manner in which the mental condition of the mother may affect the child is suggested by the interesting experiments conducted by Prof. Elmer Gates in his Laboratory in Washington. Professor Gates has demonstrated the fact that even the breath is so affected by the mental state, that by analysing the residuum which remains on a looking glass which has been breathed upon, he is able to determine the character of the mental condition of the individual at the time the breath was exhaled upon the glass. Anger, jealousy, joy, pain, pleasure and possibly all emotions stamp their distinctive messages upon the breath, with as much accuracy as the little machine in the telegraph office registers its messages in characters which we need only to know in order to read. The mind not only

affects breath, but it affects the individual in his entirety and this statement is proved by the fact that the character of the exhalations of the body are affected by the mentality of the individual. It is a well known fact that not only does each different disease produce its own peculiar odour, but mental states produce similar effects. It is affirmed that the odour in an insane asylum differs from the odour in all other institutions. It is stated that no amount of care or cleanliness or even fumigation, can rid the wards of this subtle and distinctive odour peculiar to the bodily exhalations of those who are affected with mental infirmities.

If there was no law of Heredity, if animals and plants did not transmit their characteristics to their offspring, then it would be a waste of time to try to improve either. But the horticulturist takes advantage of these known laws for the improvement of the original plant and it is to the application of these same principles that we owe the changes which have transformed the size and flavour of the wild cherry and the wild grape into our present luscious specimens.

I once heard of a man who on his death-bed made a most singular will. He had no houses or lands to bequeath to his children, but he had observed that they inherited from him certain defects and so he made a formal bequest to them of that which they already possessed.

He wrote: "I bequeath to my son, John, my big bony frame and the slouching gait I acquired by carelessness, also my inherited tendency to consumption. To my daughter, Mary, I bequeath my sallow complexion and torpid liver, which are the result of my gross living, also my melancholy disposition and tendency to look on the dark side of life. To my son, Samuel, I give my love for alcoholic liquors and my irritable disposition; to my daughter, Jane, I give my coarseness of thought and my unwillingness to be restrained in my desire to commit suicide." "A very strange will" I hear you say, yet it is a will that we are all executing in our own lives in lesser or greater degree, though like this man we have not the courage to enter it on paper and in form of a legal document. Just such wills are being made daily by the lives and conduct of so many young people, though they are not put into actual writing. Other wills are also being made daily that through sober, virtuous, temperate and pure lives, will bequeath to their children dowers of health, strength, purity and power.

It is now recognized that alcoholism will produce nerve degeneration, but it is not so well known that nerve degeneration is a factor in producing inebriates from alcohol or other poisons. Dr. Crozier says: "Hysteria, convulsions, unreasonable anger, excitement, depression, credulity, scepticism, most unusual emo-

tionalism and faulty reasoning are some of the signs of nerve degeneration and adds, that "this central failure of nerve and brain-power is often accompanied by a resulting alcohol or drug inebriety."

Another cause of inebriety in women is found in the patent medicines advertised as a "panacea for all pain" which chemical analysis shows to be largely alcoholic. These so-called tonics contain alcohol in varying quantities, from 6 to 47 per cent. Many doctors ignorantly advise St. Raphael's wine, manola, vibrona and a host of other quack tonics which are advertised as "purely vegetable extracts, perfectly harmless, sustaining to the nervous system." All you have to do, to convince yourself of the truth of this statement, is to send samples to the Government Chemical Analyst, who will readily supply you with the percentage of alcohol.

Science has not been idle in regard to the effects of tobacco and the discoveries made have been published, so that we are not ignorant of the tobacco heart, the tobacco throat, or tobacco nerves, nor of the transmission of nerve degeneracy to the children of smokers.

I have often heard people say that God was unjust in making this law of Heredity and compelling innocent children to bear the sins of the guilty parents and at first sight it may so seem; but God is a God of justice and also of mercy and our study of His laws in their ultimate outcome leads us to know that they are always for our welfare. Let us see then if we cannot find something encouraging even in this law of Heredity. Are the majority of people born straight or crooked, sick or well, honest or dishonest? You may ask, are all these conditions a matter of Heredity? Certainly. The fact that we are human beings instead of animals, that we have our due proportions of organs and faculties, that we are not monstrosities or imbeciles are all hereditary conditions. We see then that the law of Heredity insures to us our full complement of organs and capabilities, as well as the more pronounced characteristics which we the more readily recognize as inheritances.

There is much encouragement in the poem of Ella Wheeler Wilcox on 'Heredity':—

There is no trait you cannot overcome;  
Say not thy evil instinct is inherited,  
Or that some trait inborn makes thy whole life  
[forlorn,  
And calls for punishment that is not merited.

Back of thy parents and grand-parents lies  
The great Eternal Will, that too is thine  
Inheritance—Strong, Beautiful, Divine,  
Sure lever of success for one who tries.

Pry up thy fault with this great lever—will;  
However deeply bedded in prosperity;  
However firmly set, I tell thee firmer yet,  
Is that great power that comes from truth  
Immensity.

There is no noble height thou canst not climb  
All triumphs may be thine in time's futurity,  
If whate'er thy fault, thou dost not faint or halt  
But lean upon the staff of God's security.

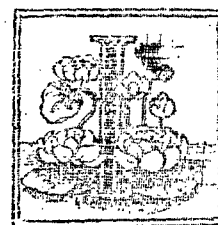
Earth has no claim, the soul cannot contest,  
Know thyself part of the supernal source  
And nought can stand before thy spirit's force,  
The soul's Divine inheritance is best.

E. D'PRAZER.

## An Indian Artist

MR. FYZEE RAHAMIN

(Who Married Begum Atiya Fyzee, the "Shahinda," who has so often contributed charming articles to our Magazine.)



INDIA has justly cause to be proud of her citizens!

A young artist, a veritable genius, has created a stir by his remarkable works in Europe.

Mr. Fyzee-Rahamin, as a child in the Bombay School of Arts, showed remarkable talent and was awarded all the scholarships and medals during his career there.

Bombay had no scope to teach him, so he came to Europe and was first at the Slade School, where he quickly acquired excellent draughtsmanship and finally entered the Royal Academy Schools. Here his capabilities had full scope for advancement and he gained scholarships and prizes at his renowned art school and was considered to be one who showed great promise.

Even as a student, he exhibited at the Royal Academy with success. He finished his career in an unusually short time and went back to India.

During his four or five years' sojourn in India, he painted the portraits of all the members of the Gaekwar family and other princes and the Gaekwar retained him as an art adviser and personal friend in his State.

In 1912, he married Begum Atiya Fyzee, who wrote under the name of Shahinda, and came over to Europe.

Not very long ago he exhibited his Indian

works at the Gallery Georges Petit at Paris, and they created quite a sensation there.

His conceptions are of the highest and most aesthetic and spiritual order, combined with the most skilful and subtle harmony of colouring.

His portraits of Indian ladies glow with an eastern richness of colour characteristic to the type and land to which they belong.

The great "Music Series" in water-colours which have been the subject of so many excellent commentaries and criticisms by eminent art critics like Arsene, Alexander Saradin, and Henri Frantz, etc., are the sublime visions of the delicate and poetical imaginings of the painter. They express the most exquisite and ravishing apparitions of the classical melodies of Hindustan.

This wonderful series is reproduced in Black and White in the charming and fascinating work on "Indian Music" by Shabinda. This book can be had at Messrs. Thacker & Co., Bombay and Calcutta, and the price is Rs. 2 As. 8.

During their stay in Paris, Begum Fyzee Rahamin had the unique and distinct honour of delivering a lecture on Indian Music at the Sorbonne University. There was a distinguished and select audience of the professors, musicians and literary men of France, who appreciated the demonstration immensely and she was asked to repeat it at Madame Nevada's, the famous Prima Donna, whose name is immortalized in the musical world by the Opera Lakni which was written expressly for her. Here again there was a highly intellectual and artistic assembly awaiting the Begum and they showed their keen sense of appreciation and understanding.

Mr. Fyzee-Rahamin, who has been exhibiting in London, is now invited to show his works in the Manchester and Liverpool Galleries. Herr Reichter, the great Art man in Germany, has invited him to exhibit his paintings in Dresden and the important galleries of the German and the Austrian Empires. This is an honour which seldom falls to the lot of a living painter, and for one so young it is still more creditable and extraordinary.

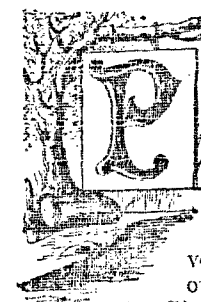
LONDON,  
July 1914,

(BY A RESIDENT)



## Ophelia as a Tragic Heroine

(Reprinted from "The Educational Review,"  
March, 1914)



PERHAPS the most neglected and despised of Shakespeare's tragic heroines is Ophelia. A few celebrated critics like Goethe and Coleridge have spoken in fervent praise of her, but the general and popular opinion has not been very favourable. The testimony of Goethe may serve to point out that Shakespeare's treatment of Ophelia

has been so peculiar and in a sense so meagre, that a certain measure of sympathetic imagination seems to be necessary to do justice to her. It is not that she must live only by the favourable prejudice of critics, but that the interpretation of her character is so difficult and beset with such confounding incidents, that the unthinking critic will rush to conclusions, that are neither warranted by a careful examination of the play, nor such as will do credit to Shakespeare's creation of a tragic heroine in "Hamlet."

The personality of Hamlet has so dominated the interest of the play that the love story in it has always been obscured. Hamlet has been so loved for his thoughts that his emotions have never been adequately scrutinised. An attempt to analyse this little regarded aspect of the play will be avoiding the beaten path of "Hamlet" criticism in some measure, and may be found to lead to interesting results. The centre of interest in this essay will be Ophelia, and Hamlet will be called in for criticism only in so far as he affects her.

While all the other tragic heroines of Shakespeare have received such large praise, it is perhaps not wise that Ophelia alone should be so summarily dismissed, as she has been, by most critics. Her position in the play singles her out as the only possible heroine in "Hamlet" and it will be a useful discussion to try to determine at some length how far she fulfils this distinction. It may be mentioned that Ophelia is brought to our attention directly or indirectly throughout the length of the play, from the third scene of the first Act to the first scene of the fifth Act. She makes her appearance in all, about eight scenes. Ophelia's madness may be taken as still another fact to support her importance to the play. We must remember that Shakespeare was never prodigal of distributing madness among his characters. Only first class



characters, so to say, are allowed to get mad, generally with a view to intensify the tragic effect of his plays.

My business here will be to try to build up on the authority of the various scenes in the play concerned, a more or less connected account of the relations of Ophelia, the daughter of the Lord Chamberlain of the Royal Court of Denmark, with Hamlet, Prince and heir-apparent to the throne. The forces that first brought together the Prince and Ophelia must have been a common poetic temperament with a fine capacity to reciprocate pure emotion. That Prince Hamlet was poetic, every reader of the play will agree to. His fervent idealisms of the world with an imaginative appreciation of its beauties, and his genuine love for humanity before terrible events turned him a cynic, may be taken as expressive of the poetry of his nature. But I will here draw attention only to the love-letter which he wrote to Ophelia. It may seem affected but its poetry and depth of emotion are undoubted. The affectation is merely the effect of the poetic standard of a past age. The letter is addressed "to the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia" and it ends with a fervent declaration: "O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu. Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, Hamlet." This poetic temperament of Hamlet is matched only by Ophelia's supreme faculty in this respect throughout the play. With her the poetry is in her innocence, her hopeful vision of the world, her scorn for worldly strifes, and the extreme delicacy of her thoughts. While Polonius on the one hand, with his utterly prosaic head, ridicules Hamlet's phrases and declares them "vile," an exactly similar ridicule is shown towards Ophelia when she speaks in poetic and feeling terms of Hamlet's love to her.

Ophelia says: He hath my lord, of late, made many tenders of his affection to me.

Polonius replies: Affection! pooh! you speak like a green girl.

Ophelia speaks again: My lord, he hath importuned me with love in honourable fashion. But Polonius replies: Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

Ophelia continues:

And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

But to prosaic old Polonius the vows are all but "springs to catch woodcocks." To the poetry of Ophelia's feelings and expressions, all her speeches bear easy testimony. Prejudiced critics sometimes put down her speeches as either got up or merely conventional. It is

easy to foster such accusations when we grant to ourselves that the person uttering the speeches is silly and void of any depth of understanding. But I will reserve a discussion of this subject to a later part. Returning to the bond of attachment between Hamlet and Ophelia, as lying in a common poetic temperament, it may be pointed out that this bond of poetry was calculated to be of singular appeal at the Danish Court of the days of the good King Hamlet. With all due deference to our present Queen-Mother, who hails from Denmark we may note that the Danish people of Hamlet's time given to riotous drinking were not of a particularly refined type of men. And as to poetic feeling even the highest in the Court do not seem to have been capable of it in any large measure. The good Horatio was a man of sound parts, but we may acquit him of any abandonment to poetic feeling. King Claudius was a scheming wicked person. Queen Gertrude led her life unknowingly, taking her fill of the good things of the world with never a scruple for the higher ideals of life. Parasites that knew only how to get on in life, like Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, swarmed around the Court. Amidst such surroundings then, the common poetic faculties of Hamlet and Ophelia must have brought about a singularly deep attachment between them. But the common practical people could not have understood this mutual sympathy. An heir-apparent to the throne would never do well to love a Chamberlain's daughter. Polonius early enough realised the undesirability of the connection and he never for a moment could admit that Hamlet was sincere in his love-suit. And yet amidst this unknowing and unsympathetic community of people, Ophelia nourished within herself a deep passion for the dear companionable soul of Hamlet. We are led to believe in this ardent attachment on Ophelia's part from the fact that Laertes takes occasion as a piece of parting advice to warn his sister against believing in Hamlet's love-suit. Laertes must have often times observed his sister distracted at home, musing on her love, and so he now wishes to speak on the subject as he is leaving home.

It is important that we should take note of this deep passion on the part of Ophelia, for on this presumption will depend the interpretation of later scenes. The analysis of a character in a drama is a process of very difficult reasoning, involving all kinds of inferences both inductive and deductive. Many facts that are necessary for us in determining a character have to be indirectly inferred and we should always beware of making a false beginning, while we are trying to elucidate the growth of a character. If we grant then that Ophelia cherished at one time a most ardent love for Hamlet, we will look upon

her madness later as the inevitable tragic reaction from a period of wonderful restraint of the most powerful and conflicting passions within her. Ophelia went mad, not only because her father was killed, but even more because she had sustained previous to it her life-disappointment from Hamlet. The scene which I have already quoted from, where Ophelia assures her father about the honourable protestations of love by Hamlet, also testifies to the deep attachment on Ophelia's part. As Mrs. Jameson says, "only Ophelia herself is unaware that while she is admitting the extent of Hamlet's courtship, she is also betraying how deep is the impression it has made, how entire the love with which it is returned." Ophelia is placed in circumstances not different from those that tormented Scott's heroine Lucy Ashton to the extent of turning her into a fatal lunacy. Ophelia like Lucy is leading two lives. Outwardly she must conform to the practical mandates of her father. But inwardly she cherished a romantic tale of love. *But this romantic tale of love was shattered to nothing before it could assert itself against the other prosaic forces of the world.* I mean that Hamlet's character had unfortunately changed in such a manner as to disappoint Ophelia's hopes utterly. The love-letter of Hamlet which I referred to in the beginning of this paper, it seems to me, must have been written before the marriage and coming to the throne of Claudius. For, the pure adoration for Ophelia, contained in this letter, could not be expected of Hamlet, after he had seen his mother marry his uncle. His morbid and soured view of life set in even before he saw the ghost. His pseudo-philosophy and unwarranted generalisations begin to be expressed even in the second scene of the play. Hamlet exclaims, "Frailty, thy name is woman!" The great weakness in the character of Hamlet was the change in him to a fatally morbid view of life so soon as he beheld a shocking and sacrilegious act perpetrated on the throne of Denmark. The sight of a sensuous mother turns him into a most severe anti-feminist, more absolute in his position than even the Swedish dramatist Strindberg ever was during his life. It must therefore be inferred that the first to break their love-attachment was Hamlet. He grew cynical early in the play and the absorbing reflection on his mother's wickedness illogically but naturally enough, killed his sweetness towards Ophelia. *Ophelia must have perceived this bitter cynicism and so got doubly disappointed.* Her father's caution seemed only too well given and she did "repel Hamlet's letters and deny his access to her." Mrs. Jameson seems to think that Ophelia's love of Hamlet proceeded out of an ignorance, by which, instead of comprehending all the peculiarities of Hamlet, she merely

worshipped him as a great prince that all people looked up to. Mrs. Jameson's view proceeds from the false supposition that Hamlet, as he is, and as he appears to us in the play, is the object of Ophelia's adoration. It has already been indicated that the period of complete attachment on both sides pertained only to a past time, when Hamlet had not yet witnessed the shocking debasement of his mother's character. The morbid change in Hamlet which renders him an unloveable person is however well brought out in Mrs. Jameson's description. She writes: "Let us for a moment imagine any one of Shakespeare's most beautiful and striking female characters in immediate connection with Hamlet. The gentle Desdemona would never have despatched her household cares in haste, to listen to his philosophical speculations, his dark conflicts with his own spirit. Such a woman as Portia would have studied him; Juliet would have pitied him; Rosalind would have turned him over with a smile to the melancholy Jaques; Beatrice would have laughed at him outright; Isabel would have reasoned with him; Miranda could but have wondered at him," Mrs. Jameson adds that Ophelia loved him. Let us remember that she has ceased to love him, though retaining an intense sympathy for him throughout the play.

Taking up the thread of our narrative, we may notice that Hamlet's violent emotions received meanwhile an unmistakable turn by the appearance of the ghost. He decides upon an antic disposition to delude the people around. The disappointment in love which he did not know was due to his own morbid change in character, serves for him now as the plausible cause of his lunacy in the eyes of the people. In the savagery of his blind anti-feminism, he acts a distracted scene before gentle Ophelia. Professor Bradley ably defends Ophelia's expression of horror after the spectacle. He asks "which of her censors would be wholly unmoved if his room were invaded by a lunatic? She is frightened then; frightened, if you will, like a child. Yes, but observe, her one idea is to help Hamlet. She goes therefore at once to her father. To whom else should she go?" In Act II, Sc. II, again Hamlet continues his antic disposition in his pitiless discourse with Polonius, harping frequently on his daughter. The egoism and bitterness which Hamlet practises remorselessly towards everyone were qualities, quite opposed to the gentle nature of Ophelia and easily account for the cleavage between their lives. To Ophelia, Hamlet rightly enough, seemed a shattered lunatic and, while she could not sympathise with him directly, was yet deeply touched by the ruin of his former soul.

We may now fittingly consider a scene, almost the central one in the play and quite important

to the subject of this paper. I refer to the first scene of the third Act. Adverse critics of Ophelia dwell much on how Ophelia allowed herself to be used as a decoy to hook Hamlet's thoughts. It seems to me that Ophelia can be honourably acquitted in this matter for two very sound reasons. Ophelia consented to be the "decoy" if you please, because she believed herself to be doing good for Hamlet. Next, her own private inclinations might influence her, not unnaturally to accept this meeting with Hamlet. Hamlet had once been to her the object of her entire devotion, but he had later drifted apart into bitterness and indifference. May it not be that Ophelia would ardently wish to meet the man who, though now distracted, was yet the ideal of her dreams in the past. She could meet him now with perfect equanimity too, for she had repelled him already, and all formal relations between the lovers had ended in the public eye. Would she not hope against hope that Hamlet might yet be moved towards her, if she once again spoke to him touchingly of the sweet past that was full of golden dreams. We can read this hope along with the bitterness, when Ophelia is re-delivering to Hamlet the remembrances once bestowed upon her.

Ophelia says: My lord, I have remembrances of yours.  
That I have longed long to re-deliver;  
I pray you now, receive them.

Hamlet, whether perversely or madly, denies his having ever given her anything at all. Ophelia replies with the natural delicacy of her thought and speech:

My honour'd lord, you know right well you did;  
And with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd  
As made the things more rich; their perfume lost,  
Take these again; for to the noble mind  
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

When Hamlet raves further on about the incompatibility of honesty and beauty, Ophelia's angelic simplicity interrogates him:

"Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?"

Further on again occurs Hamlet's unparalleled rudeness towards Ophelia and women in general. He bids her, as everybody knows: "Get thee to a nunnery; why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners?" We may take it that in Hamlet's eyes every woman was a breeder of sinners. Yes, but did Hamlet remember that the greatest breeder of sins and sinners in Denmark, was a man, his own uncle Claudius?

As the scene closes we have only to note the very intense concern and sympathy that Ophelia still displays for Hamlet, even as he is speaking rudely of her father and telling her what monsters women made of their husbands. "O heavenly powers, restore him," is all the simple exclamation of Ophelia. We have next to listen

to the crowning speech of her poetry and passion:

Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!  
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword;  
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,  
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,  
The observed of all observers, quite, quite down!  
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,  
That sucked the honey of his music vows,  
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,  
Like sweet bells jangled out of tune, and harsh;

The charge has often been brought that this description of Hamlet shows little insight into his character. The qualities attributed have been supposed to be too simple and superficial to suit Hamlet. But it must be remembered that the Hamlet of Ophelia's description is not the Hamlet that we see—it is the Hamlet that was, before the death of his father. We may be certain that none of the pseudo-philosophical speculations that we associate with Hamlet, troubled him originally. He was then only an amiable and ideal young man with the courtier's fine taste, the soldier's bravery and the scholar's powers for discourse. Goethe has given us a careful characterisation of this original Hamlet. Hamlet was, in Goethe's words, "pleasing in figure, polished by nature, courteous from the heart, and he was to be the model of youth and the delight of the world." It will thus be seen that Ophelia's eulogy is most true in its description.

We need only pass over the play-scene very briefly. Hamlet again is rude and obscene towards Ophelia, who still is gentle in her answers. The wound to Ophelia has gone too deep for remedy.

Next comes the unconscious murder of Polonius by Hamlet. By this time we may have learnt not to be surprised at the utter heartlessness of Hamlet when he discovers the murder of the old man. Hamlet has hardly a thought of how he should pain Ophelia by this act. The death of Polonius is the crisis in Ophelia's tragic story. Her madness is more pathetic than death. No one need wonder that the immediate occasion of her loss of reason is the death of Polonius. Whatever his faults, Polonius was a loving father. His tactics in the state have been rude too much of, to suggest contempt towards his standard of morality. Speaking impartially, the faults of Polonius are merely those of a garrulous old man, who utterly void of fine sentiment, is none the less true and dear. His intentions are all the best for the welfare of the state and there is a strange simplicity tending to ludicrousness when we hear his addresses to King Claudius.

Of Ophelia's madness we need only say a few words. It is the sweetest of madresses and Ophelia's angelic simplicity persists here again. She tells us, "there's tricks in the world."

Professor Bradley points out that her songs need show nothing to her discredit. Desdemona has sung similar old-time tunes.

The tragic course of Ophelia's life is quickly completed with her being drowned to death, while she is gathering flowers for her father's grave. Hamlet next darts into Ophelia's grave and tells his audience that he loved Ophelia more than the sum of forty-thousand brothers. The touch of death has for once restored Hamlet to his original emotions when he was uninfluenced by the wickedness of the world.

We have now done with the narration of Ophelia's story. It cannot be better summed up than in Goethe's immortal words: "Of Ophelia there cannot much be said, for a few master-strokes complete her character. Her whole being floats in sweet, ripe passion. Her inclination to the prince, to whose hand she may aspire, flows so spontaneously, the good heart obeys its impulses so unresistingly, that both father and brother are in fear—both warn her directly and harshly. Decorum like the thin lawn upon her bosom, cannot hide the movement of her heart; it is rather the betrayer of this light movement. Her fancy is touched, her still modesty breathes an amiable longing, and should the accommodating goddess Opportunity shake the tree, the fruit would at once fall. And then, when she sees herself forsaken, cast off, and despised, when in the soul of her crazed lover the highest has changed to the lowest, and instead of the sweet cup of love, he offers her the bitter cup of woe, her heart breaks, the whole structure of her being is loosened from its joinings, her father's death breaks fiercely in, and the beautiful edifice falls into a ruin."

Before I come to the last part of my paper, I shall discuss a frequent charge brought against Ophelia, that she displayed a deplorable lack of understanding and active sympathy with the aims and actions of Hamlet. In preferring, this charge we are apt to presume of knowledge on Ophelia's part that was not really accessible to her at all. The ghost was a matter that only Hamlet and his friend Horatio were aware of. Even the Queen knew nothing of it, and the rest of the world did not dream of it. The only alternative to the simplicity which is her fault is that she should have been a consummate psychologist, not only of the mind in its normal condition but also in its heated pathological state. Such a pathological psychologist is not, I am afraid, the cherished ideal of youthful love. And may we not reflect how much Hamlet could have averted if he had taken Ophelia into confidence and told her all things, even without shattering her from reason and life. There is yet another aspect of this question to be consider-

ed. Granting that Ophelia was aware of the wrongs that Hamlet felt himself oppressed by, may we not still find reason for her not sympathising with him. Is not revenge the life-work of Hamlet, the ideal of a past and primitive age? May it not be that Ophelia's mind had attained that refinement in advance of her age and nearer our own modern sentiments, which prevented her from sympathising with what seemed to her a gross violation of all gentleness and humanity. A really noble man in the circumstances in which Hamlet stood, would not, according to the ideals of our own days, do anything like the Hamlet of our play. A serene outlook on life, an overflowing love for humanity at large, or a quiet and graceful retirement where the odds are cruelly adverse, these are the qualities that make true nobility when oppressed by the wrongs of the world. We have indeed the historical sympathy to appreciate the main theme of Shakespeare's tragedy in Hamlet, but that need not prevent us from discovering in Ophelia a virtue in advance of her age.

Lastly, we may proceed to discuss the importance of the Ophelia story to the Hamlet tragedy as a whole. We have seen how a flaw in the character of Hamlet has led to the tragic result of Ophelia's life. We may note, without being accused of far-fetched and ingenious suggestion, that this flaw in Hamlet's character contributed to his own death. The bitter pathos of Ophelia's madness and subsequent death spurred Laertes to revenge and Hamlet died, poisoned by his thrust. The view that we have taken of Hamlet's relations to Ophelia will seem to fit in admirably with the ideal of a tragic hero, as expounded by the father of literary criticism. It has been said that Aristotle's ideal tragic hero is "a man who morally stands midway between the two extremes. He is not eminently good or just, though he leans to the side of goodness. He is involved in misfortune, not however as the result of deliberate vice, but through some great flaw of character or fatal error in conduct." It may be emphasised that Hamlet's relation to Ophelia is only one of fatal error in conduct. We that have seen the ghost and felt with Hamlet the effect of the ghost's terrible disclosures, can readily sympathise with the restlessness of Hamlet. We know that he was throughout actuated only by merely the noblest of passions and the fierceness of his expressions bore no real sting in it. And yet we may put it down as the great flaw in his character that he forgot himself in his overwhelming and righteous passion and showed an undeserved harshness to the innocent people around him, who were not in a position to divine his deep-

seated motives. The importance of Ophelia then to the tragedy as a whole is that misfortune to Hamlet works through her. But more than this, her own contribution to the tragic effect of the play is considerable, and in a sense serves as a fitting complement to Hamlet's story. While Hamlet died, taking at last his bitter arms against outrageous fortune, Ophelia's angelic simplicity staggers helplessly at the outrage, and the ruin of her reason and her life is worked up with unparalleled pathos. If, according to Aristotle, tragedy works itself through pity and fear, Shakespeare has fulfilled himself with the most consummate perfection through Hamlet on the one hand, and Ophelia on the other.

P. R. KRISHNASWAMI.

### On Beauty



WHEREVER snow falls, or water flows, or birds fly, wherever day and night meet in twilight, wherever the blue heaven is hung by clouds or sown with stars, wherever there are forms with transparent boundaries, wherever are outlets into celestial space, wherever is danger and awe and love, there is Beauty, plenteous as rain, shed for thee, and though thou shouldst walk

the world over, thou wilt not be able to find a condition inopportune or ignoble."—The Poet. R. W. EMERSON.

I owe any desire I may possess to cultivate a sense of the beautiful to a chance remark of Bradne, in Sarah Grand's celebrated novel "The Heavenly Twins". I have not the book by me for reference, but its purport was that in a sense of the beautiful was to be found much consolation for the sorrows and trials of life; the speaker illustrating her point by a reference to the flowers on the table. I have often, since my attention was directed to the subject, found how very true this statement is, and it is a great pity, I think, that more people do not avail themselves of a means of consolation so universal and so easily procurable.

Everyone must have noticed, alas, probably by personal experience, how persistently and obstinately the human mind dwells on things and subjects ugly and painful, or merely trivial and tiresome, in preference to contemplating the beautiful and pleasant. It seems as if, at the present stage of human evolution, pain im-

presses the mind, the consciousness, more than joy. We are so apt to forget that it is only the finite that has wrought and suffered; the infinite lies stretched in smiling repose.

We identify ourselves with the finite rather than with the infinite, that is the truth and the difficulty.

In spite of the insistence of modern teaching on the fact of Man's divine nature, of his God-like capacity, "man a God tho' in the germ," man persists in behaving more akin to the beasts that perish, than to a God, and sadly neglects part of his divine inheritance, the thirst for beauty, the quest for beauty.

How seldom does the mind engaged in "the trivial round, the common tasks," of life turn itself resolutely to contemplate the beauties of a world crammed full of beautiful objects, by which contemplation, in truth, more serenity and strength would be gained to rightly discharge all lawful activity. For the contemplation of beauty has an extraordinarily calming and elevating effect on the soul and mind of man, perhaps, because as Browning puts it "All partial beauty is a pledge of beauty in its plenitude."

And this contemplation of beauty is a delight, a joy, a pleasure, within the reach of everybody, with eyes to see and a heart to understand, such an economical pleasure also, to estimate the thing in the vulgar money standard of the world. It requires no riches, no long purse; the beauties of the wonderful world lie open to all men's sight. I grant that it requires a certain amount of education, of culture, of sympathy and comprehension, to fully appreciate beauty; that "beauty lies in the eye of the beholder," that "though we travel the world over, we find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not." But nearly everybody now is sufficiently educated and it ought to be part of the educational curriculum, as I daresay it will be when education is reformed on rational lines, to appreciate the beautiful, to be able to perceive something of the beauties in the lovely world surrounding us, if they will set themselves to perceive it and to appreciate it. It is the *awareness* of beauty as a rule that is lacking, the consciousness is so engrossed in other pursuits that it has no time to spare for the perception of beauty.

There is a great truth in this connection and one on which modern psychology lays an ever increasing stress, that we see only what we are interested in; that we remember only what we are interested in, that unless we are interested we neither see nor remember things which to others are visible and potent with power to hold the memory.

Take the artist for example. It is, I know,

his trade, his mission in life, to use his eyes; his delight to perceive all possible beauty. His eye has been technically and deliberately trained for that purpose. Beautiful lines and colours appeal to his cultured eye, as a sweet melody affects the trained ear of the musician, or a skilfully devised sauce, the sensitive palate of an epicure. The faculty of the artist is his power of vision; through his sense of sight he apprehends the universe. We all have one sense more developed than the others and through which pre-eminently we contact the world, and the artistic development is through this perception of beauty. The artist, and we should all gain if we followed his example, sees beauty where the untrained eye sees either nothing interesting or ugliness. In the play of expression, in the modelling of features that reveal the inner soul, though the features in themselves be but homely, the artist detects excellencies. In what we call natural beauties, the artist selects, discriminates, and finally concentrates on the particular object or aspect of beauty he desires to portray. It is the function, the great life work of the true artist to show others who have not had his specialised training, who have not by gift of birth the artistic temperament and have to develop it, the beauties of the universe, to show what to the artist is beautiful and why; in a word so to educate the popular consciousness to a perception of the beautiful as to open to man vistas of delight which, otherwise he would have passed by unknown, unappreciated. I do not know that anyone can do men a greater service than to so educate them in the sense of the beautiful.

To come down from generalities, which few will probably dispute, to the concrete, always a more debatable ground;—In India, at any rate in modern times, this educative work of the artist on the public taste and sentiment, must have been very neglected, for the perception of natural beauties seems almost non-existent. It seems to occur to very few Indians to admire India's great natural beauties and it has been left largely to the artistic foreigner to point out the great excellence of India's ancient art. I fancy that very few, even educated Indians, are affected by the great natural beauties of their favoured country. The lavish and gorgeous beauties of the colouring and the wonderful cloud effects of dawn, and the sunset hour, are, I fancy, unseen and so unadmired by the Indian, while they fill the soul of the visiting European with astonishment, awe, and rapture. The dazzling translucence of the atmosphere, the deep blue of the dome-like sky, the play of the swaying, graceful, green-crowned palms, sporting in the gentle breeze, the gorgeous flaming of the many tropical flowers, the vivid green of the paddy

field, the flashing plumage of the birds, the picturesqueness of the parti-coloured crowds that fill the Indian streets; it is the foreigner who admires these beauties. The Indian passes by, unseen, unappreciating, while."

"Softly the feathery palm trees fade in the violet distance.

Faintly the lingering light touches the edge of the sea."

The deadening effect of custom has of course much to do with this apathy of even the educated Indian to the natural beauties of India. Beauties, in the midst of which you have been born and bred, cannot affect the eye so strongly as they do the unaccustomed eye of the stranger, who, moreover, by the mere fact that he is in a strange land, is on the look-out for the wonders and novelties of the land he is visiting. But the Indian loses a great deal that is both refining, educative, and stimulating by his non-perception of the beauties, in which literally he is steeped and he would be a great public benefactor who could educate the Indian to a perception of his country's beauties. But it would take an Indian to do it; an Indian who could preach a religion of beauty to add to India's many religious cults. Not that such a religion of beauty need interfere or supplant the existing religions; it would but supplement and enrich them, for, does not all that is beautiful come from "the highest beauty which is God."

I know that some will at once object on utilitarian grounds to this cultivation of the sense of the beautiful and say, that they have no time for such a study, that the struggle of life is too hard to allow them to occupy their minds with much else but that struggle to earn their daily bread and that of those dependent on them. But on the contrary I would submit that men cannot and do not work all day, and that a little of their leisure time spent on the cultivation of the sense of the beautiful, would send them back again to their daily work refreshed and strong. It is not time as I said before that is so necessary as the willingness to use the consciousness in this manner; the time spent in walking or driving to the daily work can be utilised in a perception of the beauties they are passing through and some beauty in every scene there must be, in the earth below or in the sky above, if they will but open their eyes to its vision. "We are immersed in beauty but our eyes have no clear vision." It is ill-done as the little verse says:

"I gave thy spirit wings.

Put not these feathers into a bed,  
To sleep out all these ill weathers."

The spirit of him "who wants the moon to play with,

And the stars to run away with,"  
is far preferable.

In conclusion, there is one other point of some importance to remember, that the man who loves beauty and perceives beauty, is the man of feeling, of sensitiveness, of sympathy, of comprehension, for "the greater our love, the more beauty do we see." The sense of the beautiful is a factor in the education of the soul, as Plato taught, and in fact all the great teachers of the past and present. Ruskin spent his life in the delivery of this message and long ago Hermes Trismegistus taught: "God's essence is the beautiful; the beautiful is further, also good. Seek'st thou for God, thou seekest for the beautiful. One is the path that leadeth to it, devotion with knowledge joined."

ELIZABETH SEVERS,  
(From the South India Observer).

## Meeting of Indian Ladies



A MEETING of Indian Ladies of Simla was held at the Manor, the residence of Raja Sir Harnam Singh of Kapurthala, under the Presidentship of Rani Sahiba Lady Harnam Singh, on Tuesday, the 14th, at 5-30 p.m., to express their grief at the sudden death of Her Excellency Lady Hardinge of Penshurst, and their sympathy with H. E. the Viceroy in his terrible bereavement. This Meeting was largely attended at a very short notice and was quite a representative one, those present being from all parts of India, Bengal, Madras, the Malabar Coast, Bombay, the Central Provinces, the United Provinces, the Panjab, Nepal and even Persia. The proceedings were very solemn and were conducted in Hindustani. In proposing the three resolutions noted below—Lady Harnam Singh made the following touching remark:—

Dear Sisters, we never expected to meet like this as to-day. The death of Her Excellency Lady Hardinge has come to us all like a sudden shock. The male residents of Simla had their Meeting yesterday to sympathise with H. E. Lord Hardinge and to-day we are meeting here to pay our last tribute of respect to the memory of this noble lady. We all knew her and loved her for her great interest in our country and its welfare, particularly of its women and children, we can never forget her works of charity and benevolence which she wrought whilst amongst us; for example, her scheme of Industrial Cottages and the Linen League for the benefit of the Hospitals, but especially her winning the hearts of the children throughout the length and breadth of India, which she did by instituting school treats for children and sending gifts to all sick children lying in hospital, on Lord Hardinge's birthday. No small undertaking when we consider the size of our country. She did this as a Thankoffering for the merciful recovery of her husband from the dastardly bomb incident of Delhi. More than this, she took a very keen interest even privately in sending money, etc., to poor patients and others deserving of help in different parts of India; to mention one—I can tell you of a girl in Almora who received such help only a fortnight ago all the way from England; we all pray to God Almighty to pour comfort into the hearts of all the members of the bereaved family, and that God is already doing this. I may mention that only this morning I received a letter from Lord Hardinge, in which he says, that he feels as if Her Excellency was watching over all his affairs and that with the help of God he hoped to go on doing what he could for the welfare of India.

Lady Harnam Singh was followed by Sardarni Partap Singh of Kapurthala, who said, that she had never seen a Vicereine who was so gracious and kind and that our prayers should be that her shadow might fall on us all. Sardarni Daljit Singh of Kapurthala also spoke and said, that Lady Hardinge always met her more as a friend than a vicereine. Little did we know that she would leave us so soon, but such was God's will. Mrs. Jai Lal wanted to say something, but she said she could not, as she felt choked with grief, for Her Excellency always received her more as a friend than a subject. The resolutions were then read, by Rani Harnam Singh and after being seconded by H. H. The Rani Sahiba of Mandi, Sardarni Partap Singh, Sardarni Daljit Singh and Begum Sahiba Zulfiqar Ali Khan, were passed unanimously by all with great solemnity.

Resolutions—1. That the Indian Ladies of Simla beg to place on record their heartfelt grief at the sad and untimely death of H. E. Lady Hardinge of Penshurst, whose charm of manner, goodness of heart, and sympathetic interest in the women of India—particularly of those of Simla, had endeared her to all. 2. That the

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Indian Ladies of Simla beg to offer their most sincere and respectful sympathy to H. E. the Viceroy and family in their irreparable loss. They pray that Almighty God will grant them consolation and help them to bear their great sorrow in perfect resignation to His divine will. 3. That copies of the above resolutions be sent to the Private Secretary to H. E. the Viceroy of the Proceedings of the Meeting and to the Press.

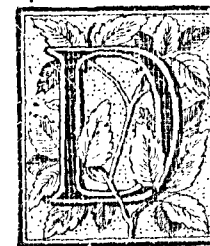
List of names of some of those present.—H. H. the Rani Sahiba of Mandi, the Rani Sahiba of Keonthal, Rani Sahiba Lady Harnam Singh of Kapurthala, Sardani Partap Singh, Sardani Daljit Singh, Sardani Jogindia Singh, Sister and daughter Begum Sahiba Zulfiqar, Ali Khan, Kanwarni Ragbir Singh, Kanwari Bibi Amrit Kaur, Mrs. and Miss Maula Bax, Mrs. Jai Lal, Mrs. Franji, Mrs. Modi, Mrs. Chowla, Mrs. Hans Raj, Mrs. Hardayal Singh, Mrs. Menon, Mrs. Anand, Mrs. David, Mrs. Bhagawan Kishore, Mrs. Kanaya Lal, Mrs. and Miss Ishwar Das, Mrs. Gangcoti, Mrs. D. N. P. Datta, Mrs. Dales, Mrs. Mohan Lal, Mrs. Sircar, Mrs. Kedar Nath, Mrs. John, Mrs. Dalip Singh, Mrs. Dartari Lal, Mrs. Mahanairu, Mrs. Jainand Pande.

(By one who was present)

## Abalasrama

### THE MYSORE WIDOWS' HOME

Report for 1913-14



URING the year 1913-14, the attendance of pupils in the School attached to the Home, fluctuated between 19 and 45, as against 34 and 56 respectively in the previous year. In June, 1914, there were on the rolls 27, as against 56 in 1912-13, viz., 3\* in the 1st, 7 in the 2nd, 12 in the 3rd Standard, and 5 in the Rattan class.

The decrease in number is due to 16 pupils from the Widows' Home having been transferred to the Vth and IVth Standards of the Maharani's College.

There was an Ambulance Class, in which 6 pupils were taught "First Aid to the Injured." Of the aforesaid students, 17 were widows, 3 unmarried girls, and 7 married women. The

\* The pupils being generally grown-up, are specially trained for the 2nd Standard within 2 or 3 months after their arrival.

corresponding figures for the previous year were 39, 7 and 10 respectively.

Three were less than 12 years of age, 3 between the ages of 12 and 16, 14 between 16 and 25, and 7 between 25 and 35. The corresponding figures for the previous year were 8, 9, 28 and 11 respectively.

There were 29 boarders in the Boarding House. Of these, 13 attended the School attached to the Home, and 16 the Maharani's College, while 14 pupils, living in their own houses, attended the tuition in the Home, and received scholarships. The corresponding figures for the previous year were 34, 27, 7 and 29 respectively.

Of the boarders, 8 came from the Mysore District, 4 from Chitaldrug, 3 each from Bangalore and Shimoga, 2 each from Mangalore, Bellary and Tumkur, and one each from Kolar, Kadur, Hassan, Hindupur and Benares.

There was no Lower Secondary class this year. Of the 27 pupils who attended the class examinations for annual promotions, 17 were successful, while 10 had to be detained in their former classes. Six pupils appeared for the Ambulance examination and passed the same.

Of these, 13 were Smartas, 5 Srivaishnavas, 7 Madhvas, one Jain and one Naik.

There were 8 teachers, excluding the writer, one for the 3rd Standard, one for the 2nd Standard, one for the 1st Standard, one for Sewing, one for Music, one for Rattan work and Drawing, one for Sanskrit and one for Kannada.

The total cost of the School and Boarding House was Rs. 5,740-10-4 against Rs. 6,748-11-6 in the previous year.

The principal heads of expenditure were:—

|                                                                     | Rs. A. P.  |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------|------------|
| 1. Establishment, including Teaching Staff, Writer and Servants ... | 1,547 14 5 |
| 2. Books, Maps, etc. ...                                            | 75 0 6     |
| 3. Books for Library ...                                            | 40 5 0     |
| 4. Carriage Expenses ...                                            | 328 7 4    |
| 5. Articles for Sewing and Rattan Section ...                       | 93 4 1     |
| 6. Prizes ...                                                       | 14 0 0     |
| 7. Contingencies ...                                                | 97 12 6    |
| 8. Boarding Charges, including Establishment ...                    | 3,543 14 6 |
| Total ...                                                           | 5,740 10 4 |

### Receipts

|                                                                                                                     |           |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| 1. His Highness the Maharaja's Contribution ...                                                                     | 1,500 0 0 |
| 2. Government Grant ...                                                                                             | 2,400 0 0 |
| 3. Scholarships of the Inmates maintained by the D. B. C. Fund and made over by them for their Boarding Charges ... | 1,382 0 0 |
| 4. Money paid by the Boarders who read in the Maharani's College ...                                                | 489 2 11  |
| 5. Subscriptions and Donations ...                                                                                  | 229 0 0   |



| 6. Sale-proceeds of—                 | Rs. A. P.  | Rs. A. P. |
|--------------------------------------|------------|-----------|
| (a) Rattan ...                       | 116 12 1   |           |
| (b) Sewing and Hand-made Articles... | 16 1 9     | 177 4 0   |
| (c) Books ...                        | 15 5 0     |           |
| (d) Miscellaneous Articles ...       | 29 1 2     |           |
| Total ...                            | 6,177 6 11 |           |

Thus the receipts exceeded the expenditure by Rs. 436-12-7, of which, Rs. 350 is kept in the Savings Bank and Rs. 86-12-7 on hand.

The Committee beg to acknowledge with thanks the following Donations received during the year:—

|                                                   |         |
|---------------------------------------------------|---------|
| 1. H. H. the Maharaja of Sindhya ...              | 100 0 0 |
| 2. Begum Sahiba of Jinjira ...                    | 50 0 0  |
| 3. A. Rungachar of Travancore ...                 | 30 0 0  |
| 4. P. Raghavendra Rao ...                         | 25 0 0  |
| 5. N. Venkatesa Iyengar (Annual Subscription) ... | 12 0 0  |
| 6. S. Rungasami Iyengar ...                       | 5 0 0   |
| 7. Shama Rao, Pleader, Seringapatam ...           | 5 0 0   |
| 8. Jagajivan Metha of Bombay ...                  | 2 0 0   |

There was no change in the personnel of the Committee of Management.

Srimati S. Rangamma continued to manage the institution with her wonted zeal and earnestness.

This institution, by its quiet and unostentatious work for a further year, has, it is believed, laid the foundation of the usefulness and peaceful lives of the Hindu women, who would otherwise have been condemned to untold and undeserved misery and despair. The Committee hopes that it has proved an object lesson of the manner and method in which the hoary civilization and sociology of the Hindus could be bettered and modernised, in order to advance India to her rightful place in the comity of civilized nations.

(Sd.) A. NARASIM IYENGAR,  
(Sd.) M. VENKATAKRISHNAYYA,

Hon. Joint Secretaries.

MYSORE,  
19th August, 1914.



## A Purdah Meeting



PUBLIC Purdah Meeting for all Indian ladies under the auspices of the "Hindu Marriage Reform League" was held at the Jain Mandir, Simla, on September 18, where Her Highness the Maharani of Mandi presided. In spite of the pouring rain, ladies from all parts of Simla assembled in large numbers, and the meeting was a great success. The first item on

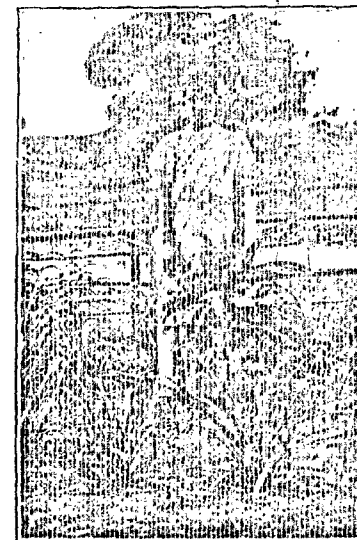
the programme was a musical selection, followed by the reading in Urdu of Miss C. A. Tennant's speech by Mrs. Ganpat Rai, wife of Major Dewan Ganpat Rai, I.M.S., of Nellore. The subjects of female education, marriage reform and the progress made by the different ladies' branches of the League over India were dealt with in Miss Tennant's speech. Mrs. Ganpat Rai also spoke in favour of the Reform, giving practical advice to the mothers present. Rani Phulkuwari of Sherkot then read a paper in Hindi, in which she dwelt on the evils of the dowry system, stating that it did not exist in ancient India, and asked why such exorbitant demands should be made in these days of educational progress. The work of reform should be steadily carried on, and female education encouraged.

Princess Upendro Raj Luchmi of Nepal next spoke, and eulogised the work accomplished by Miss Tennant, regretting that the Indians were slow to rectify the evil customs in their society. She referred to the tragic death of Snehalata Devi of Calcutta, a victim of the dowry evil. Unless such evil practices were removed, marked progress could not be made. Her Highness, the Maharani of Mandi, then addressed the meeting in Hindi, with a very able speech, drawing attention to the noble work accomplished by Miss Tennant, and the need of co-operation from the Indian ladies, who could bring about a speedy remedy if they were encouraged by the male members of their families. The practice of polygamous marriages was condemned, and an example was quoted where three sisters were married to one man, in which jealousy and unhappiness was the result. She spoke in favour of higher education for females, and discouraged early marriages. The meeting closed with a hearty vote of thanks to the President and speakers, with a free distribution of leaflets in the different Vernaculars. Her Highness, the Rani Sahiba of Sherkot, and the Princess of Nepal gave liberal donations for the furtherance of the work of the League in Simla.

## Ratnam

(A story written by a little Indian girl of nine years whose picture we give here. The spelling alone has been slightly altered.)

THERE was once an old woman sitting in the forest. A boy going through the forest saw this woman and said, "Why are you sitting here?" She was a witch and so she got very angry. The boy's name was Ratnam, the old woman's name was Sarasvati. Sarasvati said to Ratnam, "Why are you here?" Ratnam said, "I have lost my way from my house to the king's house." She told the way to her son's house and Ratnam went



to her son's house and wondered. The son's name was Krishna. Then Krishna called Ratnam inside and made Ratnam sit down. He pretended to be kind, and then Krishna brought Ratnam to breakfast. Krishna and Ratnam began eating and when they had come to rice Ratnam saw in his plate his rice a sort of black colour, and said, "no thank you." And then they had finished; the black colour in Ratnam's rice was poison. Krishna slept a little, and Ratnam did not sleep. When

Krishna got up for tea, Krishna called Ratnam. Ratnam was not there, he found Ratnam was gone to his mother's house. Ratnam's mother's name was Lilamani; Lilamani asked, "Why are you so many days there?" Ratnam told all the news to Lilamani. Lilamani was very glad.

LILIAN PADMINI.

## Annual Report of the Hindu Marriage Reform League

REPORT FOR THE YEAR ENDING SEPTEMBER 1914.

The Joint Secretaries of the Hindu Marriage Reform League of Simla have great pleasure in submitting this annual report on the work of the League in Simla, the Summer Head-quarters, together with a brief summary of the reports from other branches of the League in India.

### OBJECTS AND MEMBERSHIP.

#### OBJECTS OF THE LEAGUE.

The objects of the League are :—

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 opinions 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.

#### MEMBERSHIP OF THE LEAGUE.

1. Any person sympathising with the objects of the League is eligible to be a member, provided that such person pays the minimum subscription of Re. 1 per annum.

*Note.*—This minimum subscription is intended for those who are not in a position to pay higher subscriptions, and all sums in excess of Re. 1 shall be always thankfully received.

2. Every member whose name is borne on the register of the League shall be entitled to vote at a General Meeting of the League.

3. Every member of the League is expected to popularise its objects to the best of his power, especially among the student community.

#### BRANCH.

The Simla Branch was established in a public meeting held at the Town Hall, Simla, on November 18, 1912, presided over by the Hon'ble Maharajahdhiraja Bahadur Sir Bijay Chand Mahtab, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E., I.O.M., of Burdwan. The gathering was very large, there being over 800 present. Many prominent Indian gentlemen connected with the different Branches of the League in India spoke and also discussed the importance of establishing the

summer Head-quarters in so popular a resort as Simla, where visitors from all parts gather during the hot season. A second public meeting was held to devise a plan of work, presided over by Sirdar Bahadur Bhagat Singh, Member of the Dholpur Legislative Council.

In continuation of the valuable suggestions, an office was opened at No. 52, The Mall, on June 1, 1913, and the experiment proved to be a great success, as over 300 persons visited the office for information and to receive free literature. The following year another public meeting for men was held on Saturday, September 13, 1913, at Rivett's Hall, where the late Hon'ble Rai Bahadur Sri Ram, C.I.E., a Member of the Imperial Legislative Council and President of the Lucknow League, presided. Over 700 were present and representative gentlemen visiting Simla and Members of the Imperial Legislative Council were among the speakers. During the years 1912 and 1913, public meetings were also held for Indian ladies, where the attendance was large on both occasions and much interest was manifested.

#### FREE READING ROOM AND LIBRARY.

To make the summer Head-quarters more useful to the public, it was thought advisable to have a Free Reading Room and a Circulating Library in connexion with the office.

For this purpose, more commodious quarters had to be arranged and this year the upper flat of No. 3, The Mall, was secured on a lease for a number of years. It will be satisfactory to know that the season has been one of marked progress.

Both the Indian and European public have had free access to the Reading Room Library and it has been well patronized.

Without entering into details, we wish to express our hearty gratitude to those who have assisted in supplying the leading dailies, weekly and monthly journals free to the Reading Room during the season which include over 25 in number.

For a beginning the Library has been equipped with 425 books on different subjects, namely, marriage reform, morals, historical, religious, fiction, etc. The kind donation of books by authors and well-wishers will be thankfully received at the Simla Head-quarters, where the Honorary Representative and Librarian, Miss C. A. Tennant, is daily in attendance from 11 a.m. to 6 p.m., except Sundays.

#### LEAGUE'S OWN MAGAZINE.

Through the kind generosity of H. H. the Maharaja and H. H. the Yuvaraja of Mysore as Patrons of the Mysore Branch, a Kanarese and also an English monthly journal of the League dealing on questions of reform were started in

the year 1913 with Pundit A. Mahadeva Sastri as Editor.

The journals have a wide circulation with a subscription of Re. 1-8 a year. Those desiring to contribute articles for either of the above may write on reforms, coming under the objects of the League and will receive kind consideration by the Editor.

#### FINANCES—SIMLA HEAD-QUARTERS.

The public have very kindly contributed liberally during the past year, 1913, to the upkeep of the summer Head-quarters of the League and special mention may herewith be made of some of the largest sums of which the following gentlemen gave Rs. 100 each. H. H. the Maharaja of Nabha, Hon'ble Rai Bahadur Ram Saran Dass of Lahore, Rai Bahadur Sheo Prasad of Delhi and Lala Salig Ram of Ludhiana. Various donations of Rs. 50, 30 and 25 were also thankfully received from well-wishers, including Rs. 50 from the Calcutta League.

The receipts and expenditure for the two years are as follows :—

#### RECEIPTS.

|                      |     |       |
|----------------------|-----|-------|
| Donations, 1913      | Rs. | 555   |
| " 1914               | "   | 105   |
| Balance due for 1914 | "   | 565   |
| Total                | Rs. | 1,225 |

#### EXPENDITURE.

|                                                                   |     |       |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|-------|
| Establishing and furnishing, rent, printing and current expenses. | Rs. | 555   |
| 1913                                                              | "   | 670   |
| 1914                                                              | "   | 670   |
| Total                                                             | Rs. | 1,225 |

It is regrettable to note that the kind donations have not been so liberal this year so as to meet the necessary expenses. It is hoped that the public will not allow the excess of expenditure of Rs. 565 to be met by Miss Tennant, on whom most of the responsibility has rested and whose honorary services are invaluable to the cause. It is therefore requested that contributions may be freely given and if possible to have a reserve fund for future work.

#### MISS TENNANT'S TOUR.

*Branches.*—Four All-India tours have been made by Miss C. A. Tennant, the Honorary Travelling Representative, and through her energetic labours, 98 Branches of the League have been established throughout India, viz., 52 for men and 46 for women. New Branches were organized this year at Sitapur (U. P.), Bankipore

(Bihar), Kumbakanam (Madras Presidency), and Dera Ismail Khan (Punjab).

*Literature.*—Free literature in the leading vernaculars have been published in thousands by the various branches of the League and widely distributed.

*Pledge.*—The Ferozepore Branch took the initiative in printing a Pledge Form for students to sign voluntarily with the consent of their parents. Other Branches also followed the proposal and thousands of students pledged themselves not to marry before the age of 20 and many signed even up to the age of 25. They also signed that they would marry girls between the ages of 12 and 16 and not to demand a dowry. The conditions of the Pledge are as follows : that the age of the boy should be above 18 and the girl above 12.

The student community have also taken an active interest in these questions of Reform, and they were allowed to express their views in many of the public meetings by giving short speeches and reading papers.

#### PUBLIC MEETINGS.

It is evident that progress has been made to educate public opinion in the holding of these meetings for men and women over India, in which pandits and members of the orthodox community besides the reformers have freely taken part.

A number of pandits have kindly written leaflets for free distribution, bearing on the objects of the League.

The marriageable age for girls is much advanced and since the tragic death of Snehalata Devi of Calcutta, the dowry question has occupied the minds of the public, and exorbitant sums have not been demanded. Local meetings protesting against the dowry evil by the various branches have been held.

The interest taken by the Indian ladies in assembling at public meetings in large numbers and preparing essays on the different objects of the League is praiseworthy.

#### GIRLS' SCHOOLS ESTABLISHED AND SCHOLARSHIPS.

The lack of female education has necessitated the starting of a number of girls' schools maintained by the League, and scholarships have been awarded to encourage girls and widows to study for higher education.

#### PATRONS AND VICE-PATRONS

The Patrons paid Rs. 500 each and Vice-Patrons Rs. 250.

*Patrons:* His Highness the Maharaja of Mourbhanj (Calcutta), the Hon'ble Maharaja dhiraja Bahadur of Burdwan (Calcutta), the Raja of Pithapuram (Madras), H. H. the

Maharaja and H. H. the Yuvaraja of Mysore, (Mysore Branches).

*Vice-Patrons*.—Sirdar M. Lakshmipantharaja Urs, (Mysore), the Raja of Munagala (Madras), the Zamindar of Palavaram (Coconada.)

*Patroness*.—Mrs. M. Lakshmipantharaja Urs, sister of H. H. the Maharaja of Mysore, (Mysore Ladies' Branch.)

#### IN MEMORIAM.

In conclusion, we desire to place on record the sad and sudden death this year of our two of prominent workers, the late Hon'ble Rai Bahadur Sri Ram, C.I.E., President, and the late Hon'ble Rai Bahadur Ganga Parasad Varma, Vice-President of the Lucknow Branch of the League. We therefore desire to express our heartfelt sympathy with the bereaved members of the families of the deceased office bearers.

RAM NATH,  
DAYAL SINGH,  
*Simla Hon. Joint Secretaries.*

### Indian Cookery

#### CHICKEN KURMA CURRY.

1 seer weighs Rs. 24; 1 tola weighs Rs. 1.

##### Ingredients—

- 2 seers chicken meat (bones included).
- $\frac{3}{4}$  seer ghee.
- 1 seer curds (sour curdled milk).
- 32 tolas onions; cut into thin slices.
- 4 tolas salt (more can be added later to taste).
- $3\frac{1}{2}$  tolas green ginger.
- $3\frac{1}{2}$  tolas poppy-seed; grind to a paste after weighing.
- $\frac{1}{2}$  tolas garlic; separate into tiny cloves.
- 32 tolas saffron; grind.
- $\frac{1}{2}$  tola cardamoms (in the pod)
- $\frac{1}{4}$  tola cardamom seeds
- $\frac{1}{2}$  tola cloves
- $\frac{1}{8}$  tola cloves; grind to a paste.
- 1 tola shelled almonds; grind.
- 1 anna weight cinnamon; leave unground.
- $\frac{1}{2}$  anna weight cinnamon; grind to a paste.
- $\frac{1}{2}$  tolas coriander; grind.
- 2 tolas red chillies; grind.
- 1 pinch fenugreek seeds; leave unground.
- 1 large cocoanut grated and squeezed into thick milk.

Clean, cut into bits and wash well the chickens. Put the ghee on the fire and fry in it, till slightly brown, the onions, fenugreek seeds, cardamoms, unground cloves, unground cinnamon.

In the meanwhile, mix in a large vessel the chicken meat with the ground pastes, salt, garlic and curds. When the onions are ready, throw

into the dish in which they are frying, the mixture of meat and pastes, etc., till it comes to a boil, stir constantly; but cover when it comes to the boil, stirring occasionally. When the meat is half-cooked add the cocoanut milk and salt to taste. When thoroughly cooked, add a little lime-juice and serve. (Towards the end a slow fire would be better).

### News and Notes

#### HIS MAJESTY'S MINT, BOMBAY

##### MELTING DEPARTMENT

The process of melting is as follows:—20,000 tolas of silver, mixed with the standard proportion of copper to harden it, are placed in a plum-bago crucible or pot in a coke furnace. In about three hours the silver attains a temperature of nearly 2,200° F. and becomes quite liquid, when it is removed in its crucible from the furnace, about half a tola is taken out as a sample and the rest poured into iron moulds so as to form bars suitable for rolling. When the bars are cool, they are numbered for identification, trimmed on a file and are then ready for laminating.

##### LAMINATING OR ROLLING DEPARTMENT

The bars are  $\frac{3}{8}$ " thick when they come from the Melting-room. They are passed about 14 times between heavy iron rolls and 8 times through fine rolls and are thus reduced to straps about one-sixteenth of an inch thick. To check their thickness trial pieces of the size of a rupee are cut from each strap and carefully weighed.

##### CUTTING OUT DEPARTMENT

The straps when reduced to the right thickness are placed in a cutting machine, each stroke of which cuts out two blank pieces of the size of a rupee and pushes the strap forward in readiness for the next stroke. The blank pieces fall into a pan at the side of the press and the residue of the straps (called scissel) is tied in bundles and taken away to be re-melted.

##### WEIGHING AND EDGING DEPARTMENT

Each blank bit has now to be carefully weighed to see that it is neither too heavy nor too light, the proper weight of a rupee being 180 grains. The blanks are placed in hoppers above the automatic weighing machines and fall by their own weight on to the outer scale pan of a delicate balance inside the machine which, by ingenious mechanism, sorts the blanks

into three receptacles marked "Heavy," "Standard" and "Light" according to the weight of each piece. Heavy pieces are filed down to the proper weight, light pieces go back to be remelted and standard pieces are passed through the edging machine to give the raised rim seen on the finished rupee. This machine rims them at the rate of 800 a minute.

##### ANNEALING AND COINING DEPARTMENT

The blanks are kept in annealing ovens at 900° F. for quarter of an hour to soften them. They are then washed with dilute acid till the surface is quite white and are finally passed to the coining machines, a single blow of which converts the blank into a finished coin, the pressure developed being about 140 tons. The coining presses are worked by atmospheric pressure, being connected to a cast iron vacuum chamber. Each press can coin 130 rupees a minute. The impressions on the faces of the coin are made by steel dies and the milling is produced by a toothed collar which surrounds the coin at the moment of striking.

#### THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN IN JAPAN

(By Margaret E. Burton. Pp. 268. Illustrated. Price 3/6. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company).

The first written history of Japan is ascribed to a woman. Geishonagon, who lived in the tenth century, is said to be "perhaps, the most perfect model of the classic literature of Yamato;" while Murasaki-shikibu, another woman writer of the same period, has been called by one of her countrymen the Chaucer of Japan. The first Orphan Asylum known to Japanese history was founded by a woman about A.D. 760; and even earlier a hospital for the poor, and a home for the friendless, were established by the Empress Komyo. When Buddhism was introduced into Japan, it was a committee of three women who were sent to India to investigate its claims; and both Buddhism and Confucianism owe much of their success in that country to feminine influence. Ten Empresses ruled Japan between A.D. 593 and 769, so that woman's influence appears to have been as strong in the political as in the literary, philanthropic, and religious world. These facts say much for the early development of female education in Japan. Albeit Kaibara, who wrote that important classic, *The Great Learning for Women*, in the seventeenth century, is said to have been much helped by his wife, its influence has been prejudicial against the education and position of women. "The five worst maladies that afflict

the female mind," it says, "are undoubtedly indolence, discontent, slander, jealousy, and silliness. These five maladies infest seven or eight out of every ten women, and it is from this that arises the inferiority of women to men. . . . Such is the stupidity of woman's character that it is incumbent upon her in every particular to distrust herself and to obey her husband. . . . The only qualities that befit a woman are gentle obedience, chastity, mercy and quietness." The influence of Confucianism was in the same direction. Confucius held that "It is a law of nature that woman should be kept under control of man, and not allowed any will of her own. . . . The aim of female education is perfect submission not cultivation and development of the mind." In a militant age scholarship was not highly prized for either men or women. The idea for men was chivalry (Bushido), the ideal for women essentially domestic. As a result of their training they became proficient in physical courage, unquestioning loyalty, and self-renunciation; but there were few opportunities for mental development.

When however the once isolated nation threw open its doors to international intercourse, it soon set itself to achieve universal education. What the Japanese consider to be the purpose of a woman's education is well stated by Baron Kikuchi:—"Our ideal of womanhood is 'good wife and wise mother.' We consider home to be the woman's sphere. 'Man works outside and woman helps at home,' is our maxim. . . . With the change in the social condition of the people, and the introduction of complex Occidental civilization, our idea of woman's sphere is widening; the spirit, I trust, remains the same, but the form must change. Our ideal of woman's vocation is the same, and the essentials of a good wife and mother cannot change, but the outward manifestation will change. . . . The object kept in view in framing the present system of female education is to fit girls to be good wives and wise mothers, proper helpmates and companions of the men, and noble mothers to bring up future generations of Japanese." With such an ideal Japan now makes provision for the education of girls in four grades of schools: the Kindergarten, the Elementary, the Girls' High School, and the Normal School. All children between the ages of six and fourteen are required to attend school for six years, unless exempted by the mayor for valid reasons, such as physical or mental incapacity, or extreme poverty. There are however special schools for the blind and deaf, 41,914 children are at work in factories, 34,605 being girls. These factory girls work long hours, and as most of them are required to live in dormitories attached to the factories, they practically spend their lives inside factory walls. By

laws lately passed, but not yet in operation, work by children under twelve years of age is forbidden; and the working day of children under fifteen and of women must not exceed twelve hours, while for them work between the hours of 10 P.M. and 4 A.M. is forbidden.

Professor Fujisawa of the Imperial University recently stated that "the field of woman's education was opened up and tilled by missionaries." The first mission school for girls was opened by Mrs. Hepburn, of the Dutch Reformed Church, in 1867, with five little girls in her own dining-room. Other duties pressing, it was transferred to the care of Miss Kidder. Its numbers grew to twenty-two, and, through the kindness of the Japanese Governor of Yokohama, she was able to secure quarters in the official section of the city, and carry it on without any expense to the Mission. Believing that the most valuable results could not be obtained in a day school, in 1874, by his aid and that of the American Consul, Miss Kidder obtained a piece of land and the little school grew into the Ferris Seminary. The growth of the missionary girls' schools during "the eighties" was "a surprise even to the most optimistic." A Congregational School in Osaka, which had an enrolment of sixty-five in 1815, reported 368 in 1888, Kobe College had to be enlarged three times in four years. One city of 60,000 inhabitants promised Miss Gheer, if she would open a school there she should have perfect freedom to teach Christianity there, and they guaranteed her seventy pupils at once. It was a remarkable opportunity given to the Christian Church. As Dr. De Forest said, "Not only Christian Churches, but non-Christian philanthropists are looking to Christianity as the only force they know of that will lift woman out of her ignorance and degradation, and enable her to exert such an influence in the home as the women of Christian lands do."

The influence of missionary schools in transforming the character of some of the girls, is well illustrated by a story of Miss Daughaday, of a child in their school at Osaka:—"She was a very naughty little girl, the youngest in a large family of brothers. So wilful and disobedient was she, that a family conclave of relatives was convened to decide what was to be done with her. After several days spent in fruitless talk, a young man who had spent a year in the Doshisha College suggested the experiment of sending her to a Christian school. The answer was shouts of derision. 'What! educate a girl, and in a Christian school! This proves how contact with foreigners has spoilt you!' Later, as she went from bad to worse, they sent her to Osaka. Months of trial followed for the missionary and Christian Japanese teachers; but gradually she began to be attentive, became neat in

dress and polite in manner, and improved steadily. It was two years before she returned to her home. Again a family conclave was called this time to note the wonderful improvement. They said, 'Your manners are different; even the expression of your face has changed. What has done this?' She replied, 'I have become a Christian.' Their answer was, 'If this is what Christianity does for people, we must hear more about it.' At the earnest entreat of her father and brothers a missionary was induced to visit them. In a few years the work developed into a Church, and a Christian girls' school was established with this young woman as principal."

Much interesting information is given with regard to the work of the Young Women's Christian Association in Japan, its hostels for students, summer conferences, monthly magazines, etc. No one has done more for it than Miss Kawai, Chairman of the Women's Sub-Committee of the World's Student Christian Federation. She says, "The pressing demand upon Japanese society to-day is to furnish students with a bright, simple, healthy, social atmosphere." In the students' hostel family prayers are held daily, Bible classes are conducted, and the girls are encouraged to attend Church. We are told that some, after spending a term or two in one of these hostels, and leaving apparently untouched by Christianity have returned after three or four years to ask for further instruction, and have been finally led to Christ.

What is the outlook in Japan? We summarise Miss Burton's answer:—"The words of Count Okuma fairly picture its present condition. 'Japan is spiritually hungry and thirsty'. . . A thoughtful Japanese recently declared, 'The problem of Japan at the present moment is the problem of its women.' . . Japan has been making the transition from mediævalism to a thoroughly modern civilization with amazing rapidity, but it is inevitable that there should still be restlessness and bewilderment on the part of the women who are living in such a different world from that into which their mothers were born. It is a fascinatingly interesting world to them, but a world filled with problems and responsibilities for which they have had no preparation. . . At a large provincial teachers' meeting where, says Miss Fisher, one would naturally suppose that the discussions would have been along the line of Pedagogical methods to be pursued, as a matter of fact without exception, every address dealt with ideals, of character-building, with moral issues.' Back of the sense of moral need lies a recognition of fact that religion and morality are inseparably united."—*Bombay Guardian*.

## H. E. LADY PENTLAND'S DEPOT

### MEETING AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE

Yesterday evening H. E. Lady Pentland presided over a Meeting of ladies held at Government House, Madras, to report on, and arrange work undertaken for, the Ladies' Depot of the Madras War Fund. Mrs. Spencer and Mrs. Mackay described the enthusiastic manner in which the ladies of the Madras Club have set to work, so that by personal labour and my collecting money and material they hope to equip 20 boxes for 10 bed units, a splendid achievement to show in a week's work.

Mrs. Madeley announced that nearly Rs. 1,000 had been collected by the Ladies' Recreation Club, out of which it was hoped to fit up two boxes for Indian troops. Rs. 200 would be placed at the disposal of the Depot for the purchase of materials. Mrs. Forster, on behalf of the Garden Club, undertook to start a Rs. 4 subscription list in aid of the Ladies' Depot. Mrs. Richmond said that a box would be provided by the Anglo-Indian Association and obtained promises of over Rs. 300 from friends on the spot. Lady Sankaran Nair also promised help from the Hindu Ladies' Association. The Y. W. C. A. will also act as a Centre and Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Meldrum, Mrs. Skinner, Deaconess Creighton, Mrs. Atkins, Mrs. Clarke, Miss Sampson and Miss Dixon offered to get work executed if material could be provided.

Among those present at the Meeting were:—Lady Wallis, Lady Sankaran Nair, Lady Desikachari, Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. Madeley, Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Mackay, Mrs. Firth, Mrs. Pears, Mrs. Richmond, Mrs. Meldrum, Miss Stringfellow, Mrs. Skinner, Mrs. Moffat, Mrs. Macartney, Deaconess Creighton, Mrs. Lorimer, Miss Williams, Mrs. Annitage, Mrs. Dewsbury, Mrs. Grierson Mitchell, Mrs. P. B. Thomas, Miss McDougall, Miss Sampson, Dr. McNeil, Mrs. Brodhurst Hill, Miss William, Mrs. Lynde, Mrs. F. Wilson, Mrs. Viegas, Mrs. Atkins, Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Hensman, Miss Dixon, Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. Lawson, Mrs. C. B. Simpson, Mrs. Cunningham, Mrs. Duncan, Mrs. Branson, Mrs. Subramaniam, Mrs. Smith, Miss Davey, Mrs. Alwar Chetty, Mrs. Krishnaswami Chetty, Mrs. Madeley, Mrs. Simonsen, Mrs. Tyabji, Mrs. Krishnan, Mrs. Goretorex, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Sadasiva Iyer, Miss Mather, Mrs. Tiruvencatachari, Miss Wagstaffe and Miss Hope.

### A FOUR-ANNA FUND

Yesterday at a Meeting held at Government House, Madras, in connection with H. E. Lady Pentland's Depot, "The Ladies' Depot 4-Anna

War Fund" was started. H. E. the Governor, H. E. Lady Pentland, the Hon'ble Margaret Sinclair, the Hon'ble John Sinclair (the children of Their Excellencies) Lady Wallis, Mrs. Madeley, Mrs. Henderson, and other ladies being its first contributors. The idea is to enable every one (Indian and European) to have an interest in what is being done to help our troops at the front. Arrangements have been made for boxes for the firms in Mount Road and bazaar shops, and we trust this will be heartily responded to. Donations should be sent to Mrs. J. M. Forster, (Honorary Treasurer) to Messrs. Whiteaway, Laidlaw & Co., Ltd., Mount Road, Madras.

### NATIONAL INDIAN LADIES' ASSOCIATION

A special Meeting of the Association was held on Saturday, the 29th instant, at 5-30 P. M., under the presidency of Mrs. Cumming, wife of the Collector of Coimbatore, to consider what help the local branch of the Association could render towards the equipment of the Ladies' Depot opened at Madras by H. E. Lady Pentland, for receiving articles for the use of the sick and the wounded at the seat of war. A goodly number of the ladies of the Station, Indian and European, were present. Miss Peters, Headmistress of the Government Training School, Coimbatore, spoke at length on the necessity for women to come to the help of the men who were trying their very best to strengthen the hands of the Government at the present moment. She also said that, while they could not enter the field for fighting the enemy, it was possible for them to encourage their comrades to battle bravely and thus contribute towards the success of the combat. In this connection she referred to the great work done by Miss Florence Nightingale for the British soldier during the Crimean War. The speech was rendered in Tamil to the audience by Mrs. A. Devasahayam. It was then decided to raise subscriptions for purchasing materials for making articles for the Ladies' Depot at Madras as soon as patterns were received. A sum of about Rs. 300 was subscribed at the Meeting for the purpose, and cards were given to some of the members to make further collections. So from next week the Saturday Meetings will be mainly devoted for the making of articles for the Ladies' Depot.

### THE WAR AND THE LADIES' RECREATION CLUB, MADRAS

A special Meeting of the Ladies' Recreation Club was held at the Club premises, Oliver's Road when a large number of ladies both European and Indian met to consider what steps the women of Madras should take in actively



co-operating with other similar bodies to alleviate the distress caused by the present war. Lady Wallis presided and proposed the Resolution "That the members of the Club desire to do all that lies in their power to render service at this time by the collection of funds and suitable articles for the relief of our troops and those suffering from the effects of the war." "The object of this meeting is to enable the ladies of the Club to show their loyalty and patriotism to the Empire by coming to the assistance of the brave troops, both English and Indian, who are engaged in the war by raising subscriptions and providing articles likely to be of use to them. What has to be considered is the best and most effective way in which to provide comforts and extra nursing requirements for our wounded soldiers when, after much privation and suffering, they at last find themselves in hospital. It is at this stage that private effort can come to the aid of the Army Medical Department, the strain on which in a great war like this will be enormous. At such a time there will be abundant need of comforts and also of money with which comforts can be purchased. I feel sure that all the ladies of the Club will feel it both a duty and a privilege to come to the assistance of our brave troops in this way and that you will all agree in passing the above resolution and Mrs. T. Sadasiva Iyer supported it, explained to the Indian Ladies in Tamil, the object of the meeting and the various ways in which they might contribute in helping the noble troops who have so willingly offered their lives in a good cause.

Lady Wallis then called upon Mrs. Madeley who read a letter from H. E. Lady Pentland, Government House, Ootacamund, who wrote "Please tell the Ladies of the club how much I admire and appreciate their loyalty, enthusiasm and generous sympathy in assembling themselves for this purpose. The King, the troops, and our suffering fellow subjects will be truly grateful for such help at this crisis in our history. It is proposed that the St. John Ambulance Association in Madras shall come under the head of the Madras War Fund: so ladies can fulfil the objects of the St. John Ambulance by working for the War Fund, Mrs. Madeley also read a letter from the Honorary Secretary of the St. John Ambulance Association in India who suggested that the members of the Ladies' Recreation Club should form a Ladies' Committee with the following objects, viz: (1) To collect funds, (2) To collect gifts of articles likely to be of use to troops on service, (3) To collect material for Ambulance Detachments should such be organized.

Telegrams and letters of sympathy were read from several well-wishers, including one from the Elya Raja of Kollongode. With a hearty

vote of thanks to Lady Wallis, who kindly consented to be Treasurer of the Fund proposed by Mrs. Madeley, and seconded by Mrs. Bird, the meeting terminated. Collecting cards were distributed amongst those present and about Rs. 150 was collected on the spot.

## MADRAS AND THE WAR

### THE RELIEF FUND

#### Ladies' Depot

In regard to the organisation of the Ladies' Depot of the Madras Relief Fund, which has now been opened, the following particulars have been furnished to us:—

"The object of the Ladies' Depot is to help our British and Indian troops at the front by providing a centre for collecting and despatching to them articles of clothing and other comforts intended for their use, and given for this purpose by the women of the Madras Presidency either individually or in groups and Associations.

Ladies may also give contributions in money not exceeding Rs. 20, which will be expended in the purchase of materials and other expenses of the Depot.

It has been decided that for the present the list of acceptable articles shall be limited to the following:—

Flannel shirts and bed jackets, woollen under-vests, woollen cardigans, mufflers, socks, and cuffs. Directions and patterns of the above articles will, as soon as they are ready, be forwarded to each District centre which applies for them, and it is requested that each District centre will do so as soon as it is formed. Additions to the above list may be made later.

It is hoped that in each District throughout the Presidency the Collector will kindly appoint a suitable centre in the District Headquarters where, under the superintendence of himself or of a lady deputed by him, contributions may be received and forwarded to the Ladies' Depot, Government House, Madras.

In order that full information as to the working of the Depot from time to time may be available at each District Headquarters, it will be convenient if the name of the lady who is thus acting is communicated to Her Excellency.

In Madras itself all contributions should be addressed to the Ladies' Depot, Government House, Madras. It is intended to invite a number of ladies residing in the different quarters of the Presidency Town to be good enough to act as receivers of work in their respective neighbourhoods. Their names will shortly be published.

At the invitation of Her Excellency, a Meeting of ladies will be held at Government House, Ootacamund, on Tuesday, the 1st September, to organise the work of the Ladies' Depot for the Nilgiri District."

The President of the Madras Club having been invited by the local Secretary to the St. John Ambulance Association, to ask the ladies, wives and relations of the members of the Club to take part in the work of supplying clothing, comforts and small luxuries to the troops in the field, a large gathering of ladies assembled at the Ladies' Pavilion in the Madras Club yesterday evening. Lieutenant-Colonel G. G. Giffard, I.M.S., as President of the Club, explained to the Meeting the aim and scope of the work required of the ladies, and then retired, leaving the gathering to conduct their proceedings. The Meeting elected the following Committee to carry out the work:—*President*, Lady Wallis; *Convener of Meetings*, Mrs. Henderson; *Honorary Secretary*—Mrs. Mackay; *Honorary Treasurer and Storekeeper*, Mrs. Pears.

Work will be begun immediately with the collection of money and provision, either by purchase or manufacture, of articles which are required—a list has been sent down from the General Secretary, St. John Ambulance Association, Simla. Similar requests have been sent to the Ladies' Club at Mysapore and to the Garden Club, Commander-in-Chief's Road. The ladies will arrange details of their work as to where they meet, how often in a month, etc. It is hoped that these organisations will include all the ladies in Madras, both Indian and European, for this work has not been confined only to the wives and relations of the members of our Club, but is open to all ladies, so that the whole of Madras may by one concerted effort organise this kind of work. When they are ready, the money and the materials will probably be given over to H. E. Lady Pentland's Fund for final distribution to the Army.

We are quite sure that the ladies of all communities in Madras will co-operate to make this work a great success.

THE GOVERNMENT GIRLS' SCHOOL, MADRAS.—The annual prize giving to the girls of the Madras Government Girls' School was held yesterday evening. Miss E. M. Bower, Sub-Assistant Inspector of Schools, presided. An interesting programme of music—*Kummi*, *Lolam* and action songs—was gone through. Mrs. Gabriel, the Head Mistress of the School, in her Report on the working of the school during the past year, said that there were in all 198 pupils, of whom, 100 were in the Infant Class. As they went higher up, the strength of the classes went

down. The girls themselves were willing to attend school the Head Mistress said, but the parents would not allow them to do so. Thus the girls went no higher than the Third Standard, and their education then came to a premature close. She appealed to the parents not to withdraw their girls from school so early, but to continue them at school so that they might receive a better and higher education. Continuing, she said that the little children took much delight in garden work which was part of the school curriculum. The authorities desired to make education realistic as far as possible.

Miss Bower, after giving away the prizes, said that the girls acquitted themselves well that evening at the various performances with which they entertained the gathering and they deserved great praise. She also joined in the appeal made by the Head Mistress to the parents to keep their daughters at school if they wanted them to be, not only good managers of their homes but the companions of their husbands also.

LADIES' MEETINGS AT SECUNDERABAD.—At the invitation of Mrs. Stuart Fraser, about 80 ladies of Hyderabad and Secunderabad met at the Bolarum Residency yesterday afternoon to organise help for the sick and wounded in the war, to render which, there is a keen desire among the ladies of the community. It was resolved to work on the lines advised by Sir Percy Lukis and Surgeon-General Babbie at the recent Simla Meeting, and to make articles according to the list prepared by the Surgeon-General and the Chief Lady Superintendent of the Queen Alexandra's Nursing Service. For this purpose, a General Committee was appointed, with Mrs. Stuart Fraser as President, Mrs. Wadeson as Vice-President, and Mrs. Meynell and Mrs. Wilkinson as Joint Secretaries, Sub-Committees being nominated for the various centres into which the Bolarum, Secunderabad and Hyderabad area falls, in order to enlist workers, collect subscriptions and organise working parties. The Sub-Committees will include more than one of the Indian ladies of Hyderabad, who have freely offered their help. Articles, as made in accordance with the statement laid down in Surgeon-General Babbie's tests, will be despatched to the St. John Ambulance Association Depot at Bombay for distribution, as the Chief Military Medical Adviser to the Government may think necessary.

A WIFE'S REVENGE.—We are indebted to the *Herold* of Dacca for the following pathetic instance of how an Indian life, "sung into poetry by wrong," has taught in song what she

learned by suffering. "The *Khulnabashi* writes that a Vaidya gentleman of Sanhat married two wives, and as he was fond of his second wife, his first wife was continually neglected. This however proved too much for her and she courted fire and died. She has left a sad poem and a letter which have been both published in the *Khulnabashi*." Persons intending to marry more than one wife would do wisely to confine their choice of their first spouses to illiterate girls, if they do not care to be handed down to posterity as wanton bigamists. We hope the *Herald* will publish a translation of the poem for the benefit of pluralists in matrimony outside the Bengali-speaking area. Since writing the above, we read that the husband, after reading his late wife's poem, has himself committed suicide.

**LADIES' MEETING AT CHIKMAGALUR.**—On the 19th instant, a large and influential meeting of the ladies of Chikmagalur was held at the Town Hall. More than 200 ladies were present. The Meeting was presided over by Mrs. Raikes, ably assisted by Pandita (Mrs.) Sundarama, Head mistress of the Government Girls' School, Chikmagalur. Mrs. Raikes explained the business of the meeting and opened it with the following speech:—

Seeing you all here gives me great pleasure, but I rejoice more at your being here as it is for the benefit of Mysore State. Although it is not my country, I have lived in India a number of years and, therefore, cannot help taking an interest in it; and you must bear in mind it is the women whom a country has to thank mostly for brave and good men, as the first seed is laid by the mother; the first years of childhood should not be taken lightly, as they form the foundation of child's character and the nature. And now, ladies, think of the sad time there is now at Europe. Many, many brave soldiers are killed and many a mother's heart blood is flowing. But they are brave, it is for their country they are bearing up. Ladies, it is our duty if necessary to give some help and certainly our sympathy.

Pandita Sundarama said:—I take this opportunity to place before you an appeal for the Imperial Indian Relief Fund, opened by H. E. the Viceroy. It is time that we should show our devotion and loyalty to our rulers who have conferred peace and prosperity on India.

Mrs. Narasinga Rao Purnaya, Jahageerdarni of Yellandur, read the appeal for the Imperial Indian Relief Fund started by His Excellency, and explained it in Canarese. In conclusion, she moved the following Resolution:—

"That the ladies of Chikmagalur assembled

here learn with great anxiety and alarm the outbreak of war between Great Britain and Germany, and they offer their prayers to the Lord of the Universe for the speedy termination of the war and complete success of the British arms. Further, they express their readiness to contribute their mite to the Imperial Indian Relief Fund started by His Excellency the Viceroy and Governor-General of India."

This was seconded by Mrs. Krishna Singh and supported by Mrs. Obedulla and passed *nem con.*

H. E. Lady Willingdon is writing to all the Commissioners and Collectors in the Bombay Presidency to ask them, if possible, to organise a branch in their district of the Women's Branch of the Bombay Presidency War and Relief Fund at once, in order to obtain garments and comforts, which are greatly needed by the European and Indian troops at the front and sufferers from the effects of the war.

**THE LADIES OF SIMLA MAKING CLOTHING FOR THE WOUNDED.**—The ladies of Simla are busy making comforts in the way of clothing to be sent to the front for the wounded, to augment the supplies provided by Government, and very many are also attending Ambulance Classes.

When writing of the re-marriage of widows, one easily recalls the names of the late Shrotri Shankar Lal, of the United Provinces, a man of unbounded enthusiasm and courage, who had the glory of marrying off over 200 widows. By his death, a few years ago, North India has lost a worthy, whom generations will remember as a pioneer in a great cause. Shrotri Shaakar Lal's success shows that nothing in social reform is so fruitful of results as personal enthusiasm.

That the cause of the re-marriage of widows is progressing too slowly, is the lament of all social reformers in the country. I have a Bengali friend who tells me, that in his country the movement has actually retrogressed and he attributes it to the wave of nationalistic sentiment which over-ran Bengal, a few years ago. It began to be considered that re-marriage of widows was something abhorrent to our national ideals. In Madras, where social reform is a bountiful pabulum for academic debate, the present writer has often been assured that such a proceeding as throwing open the doors of matrimonial opportunity to widows would be the surest way to utter "denationalisation."

**WOMEN'S BRANCHES FORMED.**—Women's branches of the Imperial India Relief Fund have been started in Bengal, Bombay and Madras, the greatest enthusiasm being shown. H. E. Lady

Carmichael presided over the Inaugural Meeting in Calcutta. In Bombay, the interest of the ladies of all Indian communities is of the warmest character.

**THE WOMEN OF BOMBAY WORKING PARTIES.**—The scheme of working parties among the women of Bombay inaugurated by H. E. Lady Willingdon, to provide comforts for British and Indian troops at the war and for their families who are in need, is progressing in a manner which is phenomenal. A flat over a shop in the Fort was taken on Friday for offices.

The place had been cleared and refurnished by Saturday afternoon and became immediately one of the busiest centres in the city. Lady Willingdon has part of the office and personally works there supervising everything. Messrs. Leach and Weborny have lent a cutter for cutting out garments. Messrs. Evans and Co. have lent their chief proprietor (Mr. Duncan Fraser) to supervise the management of cloth, etc., Messrs. Devdji Kanji and Co., furniture dealers, furnished the office free of charge, and so on. Women of communities are co-operating literally in thousands.

## THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

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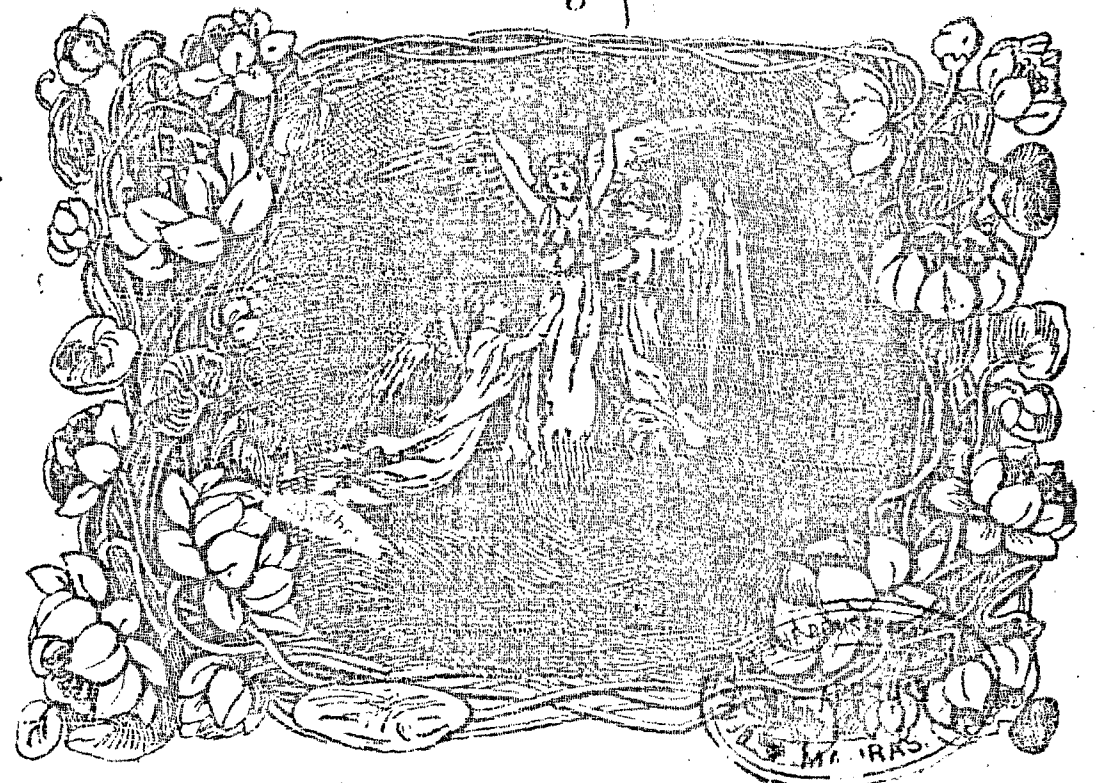
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## THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

VOL. XIV] THIRD QUARTER: JANUARY—MARCH, 1915 [NO. 3

### Love of Beauty

Some souls lose all things but the love of beauty;  
And by that love they are redeemable;  
For in love and beauty they acknowledge good  
And good is God, the great Necessity

The beautiful are never desolate;  
But someone always loves them—God or man.  
If man abandons, God himself takes them:

## The War

By LADY BENSON



As we are all thinking and talking of, and working for, nothing but the War; and as its causes and results must so often be the subject of conversation all over the Empire, we may well make it a subject for consideration in this magazine. I can imagine many an Indian lady saying:—"Think of England—who found us all fighting with and destroying each other less than 100 years ago, and who established the Pax Britannica which has kept the multi-millions of India from warring on each other, this Peace of which she is so proud—think of England being now in the thick of the most bloody War the world has ever known! How has it all come about? The Germans tell us they were 'forced into the War' and they blame and abuse the British for causing the War, and they blame Russia and France and declare all that they wanted was peace! and they pose as a heroic martyred people, fighting for their Fatherland, against great odds. What are we to believe?"

I hope, when you have read this little paper, if your ideas were at all uncertain before, that you will understand the situation better and be quite sure with whom the responsibility for the War lies. It is true that the Germans are saying and publishing all over the world, not forgetting India, that the War was forced on them! Germany has recently circulated broadcast throughout America a letter called "An appeal to the civilized world," written by 93 of the most prominent men in Germany, in which they attempt to change public opinion in America on the subject of the War. To this a reply has been sent by America, from which the following extracts are taken:—"Your letter speaks of Germany as being in a struggle 'Which has been forced upon her.' That is the whole question; all others are of small importance in comparison. If this struggle was forced upon Germany, then, indeed, she stands in a position of mighty dignity and honour, and the whole world should acclaim her and help her, to the utter confusion and punishment of the foes who have attacked her. But if this outrageous War was not forced upon her, would it not follow in the course of reason that her position is without dignity and honour, and that

it is her foes who should be acclaimed and supported to the extreme limit of human sympathy? The judgment on this paramount question has been formed in America. That judgment is not based upon the lies and calumnies of the enemies of Germany, not upon the careless publications contained in the newspapers, but upon a profound study of the official correspondence in this case. . . . What do the official documents prove? . . . "Who began it? Was it England? Scarcely so, for England, in so far as her army is concerned, had yielded to the popular plea for arbitration; she was not ready for War, and will not be ready for another six months. Was it Russia? Was it France? Not one of the 93 distinguished men who have written this letter, men distinguished in science, art, education and literature, if they will read the evidence—will say so. It was Austria, who by her unreasonable and inexorable attack on Serbia, began the War, supported at every step by Germany, who, in her turn, gave notice to the Powers of Europe that any interference with Austria would be resented by Germany to the full limit of War." . . . The Germans, in their astounding letter, went on to say:—

"It is not true that we trespassed in neutral Belgium."! The American reply says:—"Had those 93 men studied well the letter they have signed? Could intellects so superbly trained deliberately certify to such an unwarranted declaration? Has any one of the 93 read the appeal to the American people by Imperial Chancellor Von Bethman-Hollweg, published in the American newspapers on August 15th? In that statement the Chancellor said:—"We were compelled to override the just protests of the Luxembourg and Belgian Governments. The wrong—I speak frankly—that we are committing we will try to make good as soon as our military goal has been reached."

What will the good conscience of the German people say when it grasps the awful meaning of the confession of its Imperial Chancellor? "The wrong that we are committing"—The wreck and ruin of a country that has done the German no injury, the slaughter of Belgium's sons, the expulsion of her King and Government, the blackmail of her substance, the destruction of her cities, with their happy homes, their beautiful monuments of historic times, and the priceless work of human genius!—"The wrong that we are committing." Worst of all, when, the desperate and maddened populace, seeing their sons slain, and their homes in flames, fired from their windows in the last instinct of nature, the German troops, with barbaric ferocity, put the Belgians to the sword without destruction of age or sex! The

wrong! Oh! if these conditions should ever be reversed, and the Belgian, French and English soldiers should march through the streets of Berlin—would not all the 93 men who have written this letter, if they saw their homes battered in ruins, and their sons dead in the streets, would they too not fire from their windows upon the merciless invaders?"

The American reply goes on to say, that in their opinion this War practically began 25 years ago, when Emperor William II (the present Kaiser) ascended the Throne, and declared himself "Supreme War Lord," and began at once to prepare his nation for War. His sons were raised from their babyhood to consider themselves soldiers, and to look forward to a destiny of slaughter. Even his only daughter is best known in America by her photograph in a colonel's uniform! The Emperor, his children, his soldiers, his statesmen, and his professors look upon themselves as a nation apart from the rest of the world, and superior to it, and predestined to maintain that superiority by War. Americans therefore can do nothing but execrate the conduct of the Emperor who has driven his troops to slaughter their brethren, and be slaughtered by them, in this bloody and unspeakable War. Americans find themselves shocked, ashamed, and outraged that a Christian nation should be guilty of this criminal War. There was no justification for it. Armed and defended as Germany was, the whole world could never have broken into her borders. Germany floated her ships in every ocean, sold her wares in the uttermost parts of the earth, and enjoyed the good favour of humanity, because she was trusted as a humane state. Now—all this achievement has vanished; all this good opinion has been destroyed—"Germany—whether she wins or loses in this War—has fallen—and the once glorious nation must continue to pursue its course in darkness and murder, until conscience at last bids it withdraw its armies back to its own boundaries, there to hope for the world's pardon upon this inexpiable damnation."

Germany, ever since she conquered France in 1870, has been filled with one ambition—to become a "World power," to be "Germany over all." "The Germans," wrote Professor Ussher last year, "aim at nothing less than the domination of Europe, and of the world by the Germanic race—The whole race is fired by this spirit, and is working as a unit in accordance with the directions of its rulers." To acquire this world power, Germans aim at the destruction of British power, the humiliation of England, and the partition of the British Empire. Had England excluded Germany from trade in her Empire, had she instituted the "closed door" for com-

merce, and played the part of a "dog in the manger"—and levied heavy customs on German goods? These might be some ground or reason for Germany's hatred and envy of England. But on the contrary, England has always thrown open her ports, and countries to Germany's trade—(very often to the detriment of her own people) and she has ever shown to Germany and all the world the most hearty and open-handed hospitality, and has dispensed impartial justice to Germans of all classes and professions, as well as to other nations. England's Empire has grown bit by bit, like her laws, broadening down the centuries from precedent to precedent. Mistakes she has committed, who has not? But in the main her rule has ever been for justice, and good Government, for freedom and liberty. "Englishmen are not strong in theory; says an article in the 'Round Table', "but their practice in the gradual development of their institutions—first in England, and then through kindred stocks throughout the world—has been to test the State by its capacity to produce self-respecting and independent citizens. It is the English belief that goodness in a citizen, as in a human being, involves the power to choose between one course and another. In other words, it is not the business of the State to mould the general will of its citizens, but to represent it; and that State is the best which carries with it, in all its activities, at home and abroad, the mind and conscience, freely developed, of the greatest number of citizens." Germany has only been a nation for 40 years and her union of small states was brought about by "blood and iron." "The Gordian knot of German circumstance," wrote Bismarck, "could only be cut by the sword; it comes to this, that the King of Prussia, and with him the Prussian army, must be gained for the national cause to secure the unification of Germany. The creative impulse comes in fact, from an auto-cratic and militarist system, in the hands of one dominating individual. Great questions," said Bismarck "are to be settled, not by speeches and 'majority resolutions,' but by blood and iron."

The realization of German unity demanded that the militarism of the Prussian system should be fastened upon the rest of Germany by the sword, and that system prevailed, people and policy alike have been shaped by Prussian rulers in the rigid Prussian mould.

It has been said of the German people by one of themselves that ever since 1871, they have been "drunk with victory."

"All which other nations attained in centuries of natural development—political union, colonial possessions, naval power, international trade—was denied to our nation till quite recently. What we now wish to attain must be fought for



and won, against a superior force of hostile interests and powers." That is the utterance of a German soldier, but it represents the creed which is taught in every German University and school.

It has been said that this War was caused by "bad thoughts." The Germans spoke constantly of "hostile powers", "hostile interests"; They were possessed by the idea that every one was against them.

We, on our side, were quite unconscious of "hostility" to Germany! We allowed her the free use of all our ports and countries. Where was "hostility" to be found in that? Germany wanted to make a railway across Asia Minor, and though she took that opportunity to drill and arm the Turks, and incense Mahomedans against us, yet she met with no opposition from England, though that overland route to India had been surveyed and planned by English engineers 60 years up and more! Germany had acquired much ground in Africa, and with her fine navy to guard her commerce, had a free hand to expand, without limit. She had already enormous interests in South America.

The whole of the present disastrous situation has been brought about by Germany's ambition and greed. Germany wanted to be a world power with a stroke of the sword, instead of growing to it slowly and surely. Well may we recall Shakespeare's words uttered by Wolsey Cromwell, I charge thee fling away ambition:

"By that sin fell the angels, how can man then, the image of His Maker, hope to win by 't?" With Germany's splendid past roll of poets, and musicians, and philosophers, the present tragedy of her unscrupulous untruthfulness, and brutality is even greater than the contemplation of her destruction as a European, or world power. It has been thought for years that Germany would fight for expansion; but that she would fight with broken faith, and by means of a Lying Press, and by breaking every International law on land and sea, was never for one moment thought possible by any one, English, French and Belgian. It is this, that tarnishes the glory of her virtues of self-sacrifice, patriotism and bravery. That a whole nation should hold such perverted views, is the strongest argument as to the cruel danger of allowing wrong teaching, and the liberty of a pernicious press. If "poison" is allowed to be freely disseminated—the fruits of such poison must and will ripen to the destruction of the people among whom it is disseminated. If Germany should conquer, what should we have to expect from such a people? It is the brutality of Germany's Warfare, her broken word, and manufactured word—that has destroyed her more in the eyes of the world than any amount of destruction which has been,

and may be, wrought by canons, rifles, torpedoes and bombs.

Should she conquer, how would she treat India and the Indians for example? With hatred unspeakable, with arrogance and brutality unspeakable. The "mailed fist" would descend with ruthless severity on every class and section of the people. For the sake of us all, we may well pray for the success of the Allies. That Indians, Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders and even the majority of South Africans have rallied, in their thousands, to the British Flag, is a proof in itself that that they approve of and appreciate the treatment they have experienced under British sway. Otherwise, would they not each and all have welcomed this opportunity to break away from the empire? The opportunity on the contrary has called forth an unprecedented expression of loyalty, and declarations of gratitude for good government from all states, classes and individuals—not even excepting in India such irreconcilables as Mr. Tilak and Dadhabhoy Naoraji. For England, the peoples of India are laying down their lives, fighting shoulder to shoulder with Britain's soldiers, for England the Princes and peoples of India are giving splendidly and freely of their substance. Had England's rule been oppressive and unjust—this could never have occurred. England is now reaping in India the fruits of her long endeavour to sow the seeds of justice, goodwill and righteous dealing. This has been recognized gracefully in a poem by a Muhammadan judge, Nizamut Jung, in H. H. the Nizam's dominions, whose words will make a fit ending to this paper: The poem appeared in the English "Times":—

### India to England

O England in thine hour of need,  
When Fate's reward and valour's meed  
Is death or glory;

When fate indites, with biting brand,  
Clasped in each warrior's stiffening hand,  
A nation's story;

"Though weak our hands, which fain would clasp  
The warrior's sword with warrior's grasp,  
On Victory's field;

Yet turn, O mighty mother! turn  
Unto the million hearts that burn  
To be thy shield!

Thine equal justice, mercy, grace,  
Have made a distant alien race  
A part of thee!

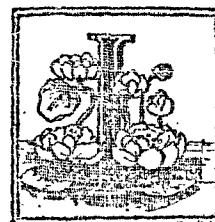
'Twas thine to bid their souls rejoice,  
When first they heard the living voice  
Of Liberty!

Unmindful of their ancient name,  
And lost to Honour, Glory, Fame,  
And sunk in strife,

Thou found'st them whom thy  
Touch has made  
Men, and to whom thy breath conveyed  
A nobler life!  
They, whom thy sword hath guarded long,  
They, whom thy care hath rendered strong  
In love and faith,  
Their heart strings round thy heart entwined:  
They are, they ever will be thine,  
In life—in death!"

## The Women of the Classics

### PART I—THE HEROINES OF HOMER



HAVE been very fortunate in coming across a book entitled 'The Women of the Classics' by Mary Sturgeon. It supplies a longfelt want, for in it are related the lives of the heroines of the Epics of Homer, of Attic tragedy and the *Aeneid* of Virgil. The author has very skillfully pictured to us the local environment of the age in which the heroines lived, so that the portraits with their back-ground of circumstances stand out in bold relief, and appeal in a very human manner to our sympathy and attention. There are also in the book 16 photogravures by some of the most famous artists and these help to visualise the heroines in our mind's eye and envelop them with greater charm. I have found the book of such intense interest that I have decided to make short sketches of some of the lives of the heroines in order to make us more familiar with the women of the classics and bring them nearer to us.

The characters are taken from the different periods of Greek civilization, first from the age of Homer, second from the age of the Tragedians, which again covers different stages in the growth of the nation. The women of Homer are noble, dignified and they move proudly and in a different sphere from the realm of common humanity. The circumstances around them are created by the gods themselves and events are ordered by them, so that the heroes and heroines are but "colossal figures hovering as it were about the base of Mt. Olympus and driven his way and that in the surge of Olympian quarrels."

Helen of Troy is the heroine first delineated and she is taken from the first great Homeric Epic, the *Iliad*. Paris, the son of Priam King of Troy, adjudged to Aphrodite, the goddess of love, the golden apple, the prize of beauty, and in return was promised the fairest woman in all the world. High with hope, youth and this bright

promise, Paris wandered over the world in quest of his bride. But Aphrodite proved herself false, as her promise was but a curse in reality. Helen, the happy wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta, the fairest woman in all the world, though a wife and a mother, was the destined bride of Paris. Over her a spell was cast, which made her dead to all her duties and responsibilities and her senses steeped in such forgetfulness that the love of husband and child passed completely out of her mind. "Without the least compunction she fled with Paris over the seas, thus lighting by her deed a fire that burnt up the fair city of Troy and made desolate many a home in her own native land. Thus the name of the much respected and beloved wife of the great Spartan king became a byword and reproach among the nations, but Homer has narrated her story with such delicacy and grace that it calls for our pity and consideration. After this comes the history of the long war, the loss of many brave Trojan and Grecian heroes, the breaking up of fond homes and the utter destruction of the fair city of Troy. Yet through it all, though Helen is known to be the source of all this misery, yet she is treated with gentleness and courtesy and no word of reproach is cast at her. But we can judge in the telling of the tale the untold misery of her life—The glamour of false love soon faded and she found out the true character of Paris. The love and longing for her home, husband and child, came back with ten-fold more force, and in the war she discovers that not only is Paris false but is a coward to boot, and in passionate scorn she recoils from him. With that her story closes in the *Iliad* and we are left to imagine her reconciliation with her lord and her return to her home, a chastened and a better woman.

In the second great Homeric Epic, the *Odyssey* "We find her the serene and gracious hostess of young Telemachus—All the hateful past is purged away and, chaste as the moon-goddess,

Forth of her high-roofed odorous chamber came  
Helen, like golden-shafted Artemis—

Secure in the peace of home and enfolded by generous forgiveness, she always remembered, until she came to pass through Lethe on her way to the Elysian fields. And then, when the time came, she was translated "where falls not rain or hail or any snow." A shrine was built to her and Greek men and maidens worshipped her as one of the immortal gods themselves.

Next in strong contrast stands Andromache, the wife of Hector, the brother of Paris, but unlike him a true patriot and a man of indomitable courage—"Over against the figure of Helen in the *Iliad* her gentle integrity stands in mute

reproach—it is as though Homer, whose chivalry to Helen will not permit him to censure her, yet feels the claim of a larger chivalry—to womanhood itself. So he seems impelled to create this type of precious purity, vindicating wifely honour and motherly tenderness; and proving at the same time that if his race had a high ideal of beauty, it had also a profound regard for domestic ties." She is the noble wife of a noble man and this dignified pair stand out in bold relief during all the horrors of war, ennobling the ties of family affections and enhancing all the chivalrous courage of the age by their tenderness, devotion and faithfulness to each other. We have the picture of Hector as he comes in his shining armour to say a last word of farewell to his dear wife and son before he engages in the battle. Andromache is very human and with all a wife's tears and entreaties bids him think again before rushing in such headlong fashion to his own end. Hector is very human too and wavers a little in his reply as befits a soldier and a patriot, but in the end his reply is brave and gentle and in tearful silence the wife ceases from persuading him. Then comes the pretty human touch, as Hector turns to caress his boy—"But the child shrinks to his nurse in fear of the shining helmet and nodding crest; and the parents laugh through their tears."

There is but little more to tell. The battle ends fatally for Hector and with that the doom of Troy is sealed. The women are taken captive and Andromache is one of them. Her son is thrown from the battlements, as it had been resolved not to keep alive any of the family of Paris. Thus her cup of sorrow is full and we leave her there a bereaved woman.

To me, Andromache has always been the type of a truly tender and devoted wife and a gentle, courteous and generous-hearted woman, to whom was meted out unbearable suffering and misery.

These are the two heroines taken by the author from the *Iliad*. The age depicted here is that of gods and goddesses, where men and women are demigods and move and act majestically; yet from the background we collect the character of the people themselves. They have a great reverence for their gods, a high sense of chivalry and honour, a great ideal of physical beauty and keen love for home and domestic ties. In the next part I shall relate the stories of the heroines taken from the *Odyssey*.

HANNAH S. HENSMAN.



## Robert Browning



THE birthdays of great souls! How we should thrill at them, for how empty were this poor world without its 'cloud of witnesses.' And yet, strangely enough, we so often pay little heed to such birthdays until the soul of the prophet and the inspirer has said its last good-bye. Then the Angel of Death rudely awakens us from our lethargy and we realise that a prophet has been among us; but, thank God, the good he has done, is not 'interred with his bones,' for 'no man or woman (even) of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure, loving and good, without the whole world being better for it; without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.'

It is then the passing of a soul that often makes us realise its value to us. If so, will it not be as well to mark on our Calendars the In Memoriam days rather than the Anniversaries? Such an In Memoriam day was December 12, for it was on that date that Robert Browning 'crossed the bar to meet his Pilot face to face.'

It will be help and inspiration, if during this dark time of stress, we remind ourselves of that darkness, sanely optimistic poet, who stands 'unique and outside all schools,' but to him the human being and the eternal tragedy and comedy of life was ever of supreme interest. His problem is always to show what are the really noble elements which are eternally valuable in spite of failure to achieve tangible results." What strikes us most forcibly when reading his works is his marvellous accuracy in delineating the moods, the conflicts and the workings of the human mind. He seems to have clearer insight into the human mind than each one of us has into his own mind. This is one reason why Browning is often unintelligible to us and we give him up in despair, forgetting that he must be felt rather than understood. There is nothing 'flabby' in Browning, he is always bracing.

Feel him now as we look towards the Armageddon of Europe and hear this:—

"One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,  
Never doubted clouds would break,  
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong  
would triumph,  
Held we full to rise, are baffled to fight better,"

And again,  
"Was it for mere fool's play, make-believe and mummery,  
So we battled it like men, not boy-like sulked or whined?  
Each of us heard clang God's 'come!' and each was coming:  
Soldiers all, to forward face, not sneaks to lag behind!  
How of the field's fortune? That concern'd our leader!  
Led, we struck our stroke, not cared for doings left and right:  
Each as on his sole head, failer or succeder,  
Lay the blame, or lit the praise; no care for cowards' flight!"

Somebody has described the sensation we feel when reading Browning as that of a large machine "pounding" into the room. That is just what he does, "pounds" into your mind as his thoughts pounded into his, leaving him no room to take account of the niceties of metre. Of all poets, he assumed most unwarrantable poetic licence. His whole being was so rapt in describing "the development of a soul" and in reasoning out ethical problems, that aesthetic form had, perforce, to be a negligible quantity.

Browning's optimism, no less than his vigour, uplifts the reader. To him, all is well, because "God's in His heaven." He knows, "There shall never be one lost good. . . . All we have willed, or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist; not its semblance, but itself." One of Browning's most characteristic thoughts, which he emphatically sets forth in *Rabbi Ben Ezra* and in the *Grammarian's Funeral*, is that a man's value is to be measured, "not by the work done, but by the character which has been moulded." In the first poem, he says:—

"Not on the vulgar mass,  
Called 'work,' must sentence pass.  
Things done that took the eye and had the price

But all, the world's coarse thumb  
And finger failed to plumb,  
So passed in making up the main account;  
All instincts immature,  
All purposes unsure,  
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's account

All I could never be,  
All men ignored in me,  
This I was worth to God."

In the *Grammarian's Funeral* we read, "That low man seeks a little thing to do; sees it and does it; this high man with a great thing to pursue, dies ere he knows it."

Browning was a man who breathed sympathy with the heroic and hatred of the base. His scorn was scathing, his enthusiasm boundless. The rich abundance of thought in Browning makes his poetry ever fresh to us. Through his eyes we see things in a new light and we have to acknowledge that his way of working at

things is the right way. He holds and fixes the attention and leaves you his disciple. Hear him exclaim:—

"Grow old along with me!  
The best is yet to be,  
The last of life for which the first was made:  
Our times are in His hand,  
Who saith, 'A whole I planned,  
Youth shows but half; trust God,  
See all, not be afraid!'"

About failure, Browning speaks so:—

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence,  
For the fullness of the days?  
Have we withered or agonised?  
Why else was the pause prolonged, but that singing might issue thence?  
Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized?

In describing women, Browning's gentle chivalry towards them is always seen. Even the little mill-girl, Pippa, he must treat as a queen. When he does describe a woman fallen, one somehow feels that he knew he was describing the exception, not the rule; to him, woman was man's equal, not his slave or plaything.

"The honest man must stand and work,  
The woman also, otherwise she drops,  
At once below the dignity of man,  
Accepting serfdom."

From 1846 to 1861 Browning's life was one pure love-story. Perfect harmony seems to have existed between him and his wife, Elizabeth Barrett Browning. When writing to a friend, she said: "I take it for pure magic, this life of mine. Surely nobody was so happy before." He wrote: "Then came what my heart will keep till I see her again and longer, the most perfect expression of her love to me within the whole of my knowledge of her. Always smiling happily, and with a face like a girl's, and in a few minutes she died in my arms. There was no lingering or acute pain, nor consciousness of separation, but God took her to Himself as you would lift a sleeping child from a dark uneasy bed into your arms and light."

Elizabeth Barrett Browning died at Florence. Her husband never visited the city again. He lived for twenty-eight years longer and died at Venice on December 12, 1889. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

V. J.



## Indian Words in English

By DANIEL LAZARUS, D.D.

**S**INCE the advent of the English under the auspices of the late East India Company, several Indian words—mostly from Tamil and Telugu and a good number from Hindustani—have found a permanent place in the English language. It is a well-known fact that when foreign words are introduced into a language, they simulate the form of the latter, just as the natives of a country adopt the dress, manners and customs of their foreign conquerors, with such minor alterations as the climate and old associations may demand; for instance, when an Indian gentleman assumes the European garb he goes in for every article of this dress with the exception of the head-dress, the national one being preferred to the foreign gear. The Indian lady does the same. She imitates her foreign sister closely, but under no circumstances will she discard her graceful sari.

A similar transformation goes on with words taken from one language into another. At their first introduction, an attempt is made to spell the words as closely as possible according to their pronunciation as heard by the foreigner. But which foreigner has ever been able to represent by the letters of his alphabet the correct pronunciation of the word he hears for the first time? Did not the Greeks, learned as they were, give the name *bar bar* to all languages but their own? Even now when English is spoken for the first time in a village remote from towns, the people invariably say, the man is talking *ish pish*. There are always insuperable difficulties in transliterating Indian words into English. In the first place the native, if he is illiterate, cannot articulate the words of his own language distinctly and accurately; as a rule he flaps, mumbles, drawls, jabbles or mutters the words, he often clips and mimes them, drops the finals or even utters them through the nose. Some of this may be due to the effect of the climate or of his environments like the nasal tone that characterises the speech of the Yankee, the burr of the native of Northumberland, or it may be through the inability of the native to give the correct sounds of certain letters. The Ephraimites who lived on the west of the Jordan lost their lives because they could not "frame to pronounce Shibboleth aright," the Ephraimites and the Gileadites both belonged to the Jewish nation, but one tribe lived on the west and the other on

the east of the Jordan and this difference made it impossible for them to say, *shi*. A Tamil man hailing from the extreme south of India cannot pronounce this syllable and much less the letter *z*; he cannot say, *செய்யும்* and *வாழ்ப்பதும்*; but *செய்யும்* or *வாழ்ப்பதும்*. In the Telugu country you can easily discriminate a Sudra from a high caste Hindu by his inability to say *కత్తి* or *కత్తి*. Ask a low caste Telugu man to say *కత్తి*, or *కత్తి*, the words get transformed into *nēdu* and *natham* respectively.

There is a little town called Pulicat, 30 miles north of Madras at the head of the Pulicat lake, once the favourite of Madrasites during short holidays. The name looks so English, one can never suspect its origin. In Tamil it is still known as *பழவந்தகம்* (*pazhavāṅkaḍu* = the jungle of the coral plant). When the English merchant heard the name for the first time, it was indeed a Shibboleth to him, and very likely the (*zha*) sounded in his ears like *L* and with the foreigner's proclivity for shortening names and Anglicising them, he wrote it down as Pulikat, intending that *u* should be pronounced as *u* in *but*, but little dreaming that it can also have the sound of *u* in *put*; this name sounds in a foreigner's ears as *pull-the-cat*.

*Wandewash*, the name of a town in South India where Colonel Eyre Coote crushed the forces of the French General Lally, has nothing to do with the English words *wan* and *wash*, joined together by the French preposition *de*. It will surprise many to be informed that in Tamil it is known as *வந்தவாழ்*, *vanduvāḷ* (come and live happily); the final (*zha*) being a veritable puzzle, it was transliterated into *Vandivash*, (*sh* being the nearest equivalent of *z*); and as *v* and *w* are interchangeable in the mouth of Indians, it is now spelt and termed *Wandivash*.

This process of mutilation, garbling or curtailment of words introduced from one language into another, is not in all cases the fault of the foreigner. It is often due to the lisping, drawling, misling, mumbling or snuffing of the uneducated native. *Brahman* because *Brahmani* in the mouth of the Muhammadan when he gave this name to the kingdom founded by Zafar Khan. The Greek name *Alexander* is similarly modified into *Secunder*. The Greek *atmos* and the Sanskrit *atma* (Tamil and Telugu *அத்மா*) has become a Muhammadan name in the non-recognisable form of *Osman*; The Hebrew *Abraham* into *Ibrahim*; the French name *Bussy* into *boochi* (*బూచి*) in Telugu—a word used to frighten children in the Telugu country.

In the mouth of the Greek who conquered the Punjab three hundred years before the birth of

Christ, the Sanskrit name *Purushottam* was mutilated and contracted into *Poros*, and *Chandragupta* into *Sandrocottus*. We might multiply such instances, but we had better reserve these names for another paper.

Who does not enjoy a plate of good curry and rice, be a native or a foreigner? Does he ever pause to ponder for a moment over the origin of the word? He knows that it is an Indian dish, but fancies that *rice* is an English word. An American gentleman once seriously told the writer that it must be an English word, for it was in use among the English Americans when they settled down in America! A Frenchman on the other hand was cock-sure it was a Latin word! And strange to say both were men who had a good knowledge of the vernacular. Very likely they never gave a thought to the subject so long as the curry and rice was palatable. Or it may be they were misled by the botanical name, *oryza*, a Latin word (Greek *ὄρυζα*). This is the genuine Tamil word *அரிசி*, for the cereal. "The recent discovery of Roman coins found in the Tamil country shows how extensive was the trade carried on by the merchants of the south with Rome"; and no doubt the Romans, as they carried away the article of produce, incorporated the word *அரிசி* into their language and the Greeks in their turn borrowed the word from the Latin with a slight change as their alphabet does not boast of *y*, in lieu of which they invariably use *u*. But the word *rice* as it appears in the English language is not derived from the Latin or Greek. The credit of adding this word to the English vocabulary belongs to the East India Company's merchants. On their being served for the first time with a new dish by the "*tannikachi*," this female cook gave them the name (*arisi* *அரிசி*), evidently with the first letter not distinctly articulated or only mumbled. The word was thus mutilated into *ar* as is generally done by an uneducated person, the London cockney not being excepted. This was correctly transliterated into *rice*; the *r* as in *pin*, and *e* as in *me*. But in transcribing the word *rice*, the English merchant did not use any of these arbitrary signs, which unfortunately did not exist in the 17th century; and the consequence was it was pronounced *rice* rhyming with *mice*. We are sure etymologists will not hesitate to accept this origin of the word, especially when they call to mind the important fact that southern India was the original seat of rice cultivation. The Latin *Oryza*, is much nearer the original *அரிசி* than the English *rice*; you should only remember that *o* is sounded like *o* in *some*, and that *z* has taken the place of *s*.

But one may ask what is the origin of *paddy*.

the word for rice in the husk? Some say it is a Malay word; this is very doubtful. The origin in our opinion is that when the rice merchant was measuring the grain, an Englishman asked him what it was, pointing to the grain, and he fancying that he had pointed to the measure answered *pad* (*padi*) the Tamil word for the ordinary measure. The word *padi*, which in course of time became anglicised into *paddy* was introduced into Malay when this cereal began to be cultivated there.

*Curry* that gives a relish to a mess of rice is the Tamil word *கறி* (*karri*). The Tamil has nothing to do with the Telugu *కూర* (*kura*) which means vegetable and hence an English-Telugu man erroneously uses the word *curries* when he speaks of vegetables.

However savoury the curry and rice might be to an Indian he is never satisfied unless he chews *betel* leaf and areca-nut at the end of his meal to help his digestion, as he says. *Betel* is a Portuguese form of the Tamil *வெற்றிலை* (*vettrili*), which is ordinarily pronounced *வெத்திலை* (*vettili*). This is a compound word made up of *வெ* (*veru*) empty, and *திலை* *ili*, leaf; and strange to say you often hear it spoken of as *betel leaf*. This Tamil or Malayalam word was first shortened into *vettli*; in course of time *v* gave place to *b*, which is usually the case with words beginning with the letter *v*, e.g., *Vangala* has become *Bangala*, and the word was spelt *betil*; when the foreigner saw the word in this garb, he was not sure whether the *e* was sounded as *e* in *me* or as in *men*, he somehow preferred the former and the word has settled down in English as *betel*. As the leaf has to be chewed with the areca-nut, this nut has come to be erroneously known as *betel-nut*.

It may surprise many of our readers to learn that *cot*, meaning a light bedstead, is not at all an English word, although it has the same spelling and pronunciation as the real English word, *cot*, i.e., cottage. The word is never used in England; it is only in South India that this word finds a prominent place in catalogues, advertisements and in domestic language; in North India the word used for this useful article of furniture is *charpoy*, a purely Hindustani word. The original of *cot* is the Tamil or Malayalam, *கட்டை*, which by a process of mutilation in the mouth of the Portuguese became *cot* (where the *o* was sounded *as* in *some*), but when introduced into the English language the *o* assumed the sound of *o* in *rot*. The following quotations taken from Hobson-Jobson will convince those who do not believe in the true origin of the word:

1553. "The Camarij (Zamorin) who was at

the end of a house, placed on a bedstead which they call *calte*. . .—*De Barros*.

1566. "The king was set on a *catal* covered with a cloth of white silk and gold."—*Damian de Gies*.

1634. "The better sort sleep upon *cots*, or beds two feet high, matted or done with girth-web."—*Sir T. Herbert*.

1648. "Indian bedsteads or *Cadels*."—*Van Twist*.

1688. "In the East Indies, at Fort St. George, also men take their *Cotts* or little field-beds, and put them into the Yards, and go to sleep in the air."—*Dampier's Voyages*.

*Banian* or *bunyan* is another interesting word; as used at present in English it has three different significations—as Indian trader, a close fitting jacket or under-shirt, the Indian fig tree. It has indeed been an insoluble puzzle to many an English lexicographer whether all these meanings could be attributed to the same source. The word seems to be a slight modification of the Tamil word *vanyan* (vanyan), an oil merchant; which again is derived from the Sanskrit, *vaniy*, a merchant, and this appears in Gujarati as *vanyo*, a man of the trading caste. As we have pointed out above, in the Indian vernacular *v* and *b* are interchangeable, and hence the word was transformed into *baniya*. When the Portuguese got hold of the word, they seem to have added the terminal nasal *n*, as in the case of *palanquin*, and *mandarin*. The original signification of the Tamil word was "merchant" in general and the Vaisyas or trading classes have all along been known as the Baniyan, and in the Tamil country, the oil monger being a trader in oil calls himself a *Vanyan*. The next question is how did the word come to mean an under-shirt or a tree? "Hobson-Jobson" says that this kind of garment was commonly worn by banians or merchants, and hence it is now applied to any under-body clothing of elastic cotton, woollen or silk web. The name was said to have been bestowed on the Indian Fig tree, as Banyans used to sit under this tree because of its beautiful shade and carry on their business.

The question has often been asked whether *toddy* is a Scotch or Indian word. In Scotland the name is applied to a sweetened drink of spirits and hot water; in India it is the sap of some kind of palm. The palmyra tree from which the toddy is most generally extracted in the Telugu country is known in Telugu as *tati* (tati), and there is good reason to suppose that *toddy* is the same as *tati*, with a slight alteration, *d* taking the place of *t*. The Hindustani *tar* or *tari* is obviously derived from *tati*. In the English books of the 17th century the word

is spelt, *Tuddy* (1611), *Tadie* (1614), *Tadee* (1615), *Toddy* (1634), *Toddy* (1673). Wheeler (1710) says this word was in common use at Madras. This goes to show that *toddy* is the modern spelling of *tadie*, which is another form of the Telugu original *tati*. The Scotchman having tasted in India the sweet sap of the palmyra or coconut tree, on his return to his home-land makes a sweetened drink of spirits and water, which he calls *toddy* for want of a better name. Thus the word has received a new application in Scotland, as "Hobson-Jobson" says and finds a place in Burns' *The Holy Fair* :—

"The lads an' lasses, blythely bent  
To mind baith saul an' body,  
Sit round the table, weel content  
An' steer about the *toddy*."

The Englishman not to be outdone by his brother Scot conveyed to his native land the recipe for a favourite drink of the Persian and Muhammadan known as *punch*. This beverage derives its name from the Persian or Hindustani *punch*, meaning five, because it was composed of five ingredients, viz., arrack, sugar, lime-juice, spice and hot water, but as arrack is not to be had in England, he substituted wine or brandy, and in this altered form it has become a favourite drink of many an Englishman. It should however be borne in mind that this name for a drink has nothing to do etymologically with the English word spelt similarly. *Punch*, an instrument for cutting holes in leather, etc., is probably a variety of *pounce*; *Punch*, the title of a London weekly comic paper, is a corruption of *Pontius*, one of the two characters in the old mystery play entitled *Pontius cum judæis*, i.e., Pontius (Pilato) and the Jews.

*Sugar* which is one of the ingredients of the above mentioned drinks looks so English in spelling and pronunciation one is apt to think that the word cannot be of Indian origin. It is most probably derived from the Tamil word *sarkari* (sarkari); the Arabian merchants who used to trade with west India seem to have taken the word into Egypt and Europe, and dropping the *r* of the first syllable and giving a twist to the final letter, changed it into *sukkar* (as in *sugar*). Marco Polo spells it as *sugar*; but in the course of a few years the word was spelt *sugar*. When the Englishman saw and began to pronounce it for the first time, he was not certain how the first syllable was to be pronounced; taking *sure* as his model, he pronounced it *sloogar*; and this pronunciation has stuck to the English language since then. The next question we have to solve is, is the Tamil word derived from the Sanskrit or vice versa. The Sanskrit for sugar is *sarkara*, which means grit or gravel. As there is no mention made of

this article of consumption in the early Sanskrit works, the principal food of the Aryans having consisted of fried gram, milk and butter, not requiring the addition of sugar, we may presume the Aryans did not learn the use of sugar till they had emigrated to South India. The Latin *Saccharon* and the Greek *sakcharon* are only modifications of the Tamil *sarkari* or the Telugu *chakkara*. It may not be out of place for us to mention here that *chini*, the Hindustani for sugar, is derived from China, the true pronunciation of which is *cheena* as still pronounced in Tamil and Telugu *chen, chen*. Sugar is still known in the Bazaar as *cheena panchadhana* as this article used to be imported from China.

Very few would be inclined to believe that candy that English children are so fond of was originally a purely Indian confection. What English lady knows that, when she talks of her candied peel and candied fruit, she is making use of a Tamil word to denote an English preserve? But it is nevertheless so; it is the Tamil word *kal* or *kar kand* (kal, or kar kand), stone-piece; for when sugar is crystallized by repeated boiling and slow evaporation, it indeed looks like pieces of stone. The Arab merchant who traded with the Western Coast of India introduced the word into Europe; in Hindustani it is still called *qand* or *kand*.

*Looting* meaning plunder which the present war in Europe has brought into such great prominence is a purely Hindustani word. It seems to have been introduced into the English language as early as 1788 and frequently used by the English during the Crimean War (1854—5) and the Indian Mutiny (1857—8).

What a handy and useful servant a *Boy* is in an Anglo-Indian family! He may be a grown up man, but he is still called a *Boy*. Why does this anomaly exist in the English language? For the simple reason, this word which stands for an Indian domestic servant has no connection whatever with the ordinary English word, *boy*. In the time of the John Company, *palki* bearers known as *boyi* from Ongole and Nellore went and settled down in Madras. They were strong, sturdy fellows, engaged as a rule in carrying their masters in a *palki*; but when not so engaged they had to do odd jobs, such as carrying children, pulling the punkah, going on errands, etc. These servants were habitually summoned with the vocative, 'Boy'. The name is now applied only to a domestic servant who attends at a table in a family, dusts the furniture, attends to his master's clothes, etc. In Bengal the same individual is termed a *Bearer*, evidently because he had been in former days a *palanquin-carrier*.

This naturally leads us to look into the origin of the word *palan-keen*, *palanquin*, the bearer of which was the *Boyi* or *Boy*. This mode of conveyance is getting rapidly out of use and the word will soon be lost in obscurity; but this was the chief form of conveyance in the Tamil and Telugu country, and it was called *palaku* (pallaku) *palaki* (pallaki). The Portuguese took hold of the word and added to it their national nasal termination and it has settled down in English as *palanquin* or *palankeen*.

"A good example of plausible but entirely incorrect etymology is that of orange from Latin *aurantium*. The latter word was in fact an ingenious medieval fabrication." So says Hobson-Jobson. In Tamil and Telugu, the wild fruit, fit only to be salted and dried as pickle is called *naranji*, though the cultivated and sweet species is called *kichili* or *kamala*. It is doubtful whether the Arabs borrowed the name from the Tamil or Malayalam. Coorg has been from time immemorial famous for those delicious loose-coat oranges and the Arab merchants who used to trade with the Western Coast of India not only took the fruit but also the name itself to Seville in Spain which was then in their possession. The Spaniards still call the fruit *naranja* and their neighbours the Portuguese *laranja* and the French took upon themselves to guillotine the head and transform it into *orange*, the form in which it exists in the English language. The word is not derived either from the Arabic *naranj* or the Latin *aurantium*.

Along with the orange the Arab merchant traded in *limes* and *lemons*; the name of this fruit in Tamil is *elumichai* (elumichai), and in Telugu it is known as *nimma* (nimma); as the uneducated among the Telugus, as we have already pointed out, convert the initial *l* into *n*, it is most probable that the Telugu *nimma* is a corruption of the Tamil *elumichai* with the omission of the initial and final letters. This accounts for the double form in Hindustani, viz., *limu* and *nimbu*. It is a mistake however to suppose that *lime* is derived from Sanskrit, for in this language it is called, *Jambha* or *Jambheeran*.

There are two words in the English language of the same spelling and pronunciation but quite different in meaning, and as we shall show of a different origin—*lac*, the dark red resin which is an important ingredient in the manufacture of sealing wax, and *lakh*, or more correctly *lakh*, a hundred thousand. The first is a contracted form of the Telugu *lakka* (lakka), which probably is a corruption of the Tamil word, *araku* (araku) which means that which is drawn, hence *arrack*, a south Indian liquor distilled



from rice and jaggery. By the omission of a and the substitution of l for r the word has become lak or lac. As a scarlet dye is made from this resin, which by the way is the incrustation produced on the branches of the *Peepul* by the puncture of certain insects, it has given rise to the word lake, a crimson pigment originally made from lac. Lac-quer or laker, a gold coloured varnish of lac dissolved in alcohol, is also derived from lac, and lacquerred ware is so called because the toys, trays, boxes, etc., made of wood are coated with coloured lac. *Lakkh*, which is now wrongly spelt lac, is a corruption of the Sanskrit *lakshna*.

*Cheroot*, a cigar with both ends open, is an Anglicised form of the Tamil *சுருட்டு*, *churuttu*, a roll, a word that can be applied to a roll of anything, and hence in Tamil a cigar was always spoken of as *சுருட்டை* *pugattilai churuttu*, i.e., a roll of smoke-leaf; but as the *churuttu* was known to be made of one kind of leaf, the leaf of which it was a roll, was forgotten and only the word *churuttu* has been kept on, and this appears in old documents as *cheruti*, *chiroute*, *chiroot*, *Tcherout*, *carrote* and finally *cheroot*. Could *cigar*, the Spanish name, formerly spelt *segar*, be a corruption of *churuttu* or is it of West Indian origin?

Who has not seen that shady ornamental tree with light yellow flowers grown along the roadside in almost every town or village along the sea-coast? It is commonly known in English as *Portia*, but it has nothing whatever to do with the *Portia* of Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*. The word is a corruption of the Tamil *பூ-அரசு* *pū-arasu*, i.e., flower-king, or more correctly, the flowering peepul tree, which in Tamil is called *அரசன்* (*arasan*). The name of the tree is still retained in *Purawakkam*, a suburb of Madras, which at one time was said to have been a forest of these trees.

We wonder whether English ladies that wear calico dresses at *Calico dances* are aware that the fine cotton cloth of which their dresses are made was first exported from Calicut on the Western Coast of India, but really manufactured at Madura, which is still famous for its dyed cloths of a very fine texture, and hence the cloth is known as *Calico*.



## The Devotee

By P. R. KRISHNASWAMI, B.A.



We are told that this is an age of unbelief. We are reminded that a new bigotry, the bigotry of science, is infecting many thinking minds. It is however too great a strain on the average mind to sit in judgment over these differences based on ignorant prejudices. Indeed even the greatest rarely risk the expression of any philosophical doctrine with a view to guide the conduct of life. All truths that are expressed are only half-truths. You can always bring forth an array of facts to dispute the validity of any doctrine of practical life. The only perfect truth is that which you do realise in life, the being and the becoming in the world.

Apart from this philosophical view of things and perhaps above it, is the vision of the poet. The poet is perhaps a more practical man than the philosopher. The essence of poetry is not in the teaching of any set of truths, in the bare sense of the word. To the poet it cannot matter to what system of faith you subscribe in the world or what forms of ceremonies you observe in life. The philosopher worries himself with an investigation of the alleged truths of life. To the poet the truths of life are evident. The aspect of the whole world is full of life and meaning to him. The poet is calm; he is serene. He smiles when perhaps the philosopher is miserable. He is never so certain of anything as the scientific bigot. Still he never feels miserable about the facts of life. In his eyes, life has an imperishable charm. Go where you may, a new picture is revealed to you and a new object of fancy is presented to your mind. The poet is a man of inexhaustible sympathy. He never hates a thing in life. The rich and the poor, the strong and the weak and the virtuous and the vicious all appeal to him alike. His impressions of the world are guided only by his own artistic sense.

It is perhaps a matter for regret that many of us neglect to nourish in ourselves this poetic view of life. It is of great practical value to any man. It is frequently productive of exuberant joy in him. You can make friends with the whole world when you assume the poetic ideal of universal love. Do not formulate any set of views for practical life, never condescend to argue or quarrel with sectarian prejudices. Study with the poets' eye in the innumerable faces

of humanity passing before you every day. Make your precious comments upon them within your own mind. But always try to realise to yourself the ideals of the various types before you, and in doing so strengthen yourself with boundless sympathy. Their ideals may not satisfy the high standard of your developed intellect; still, if there is a little honest effort and a little perfection achieved, have a hearty mind to rejoice at the beauty of that perfection.

Fortified with such sentiments as these, should perhaps one enter the precincts of a Hindu temple, it is impardonable bigotry in any Hindu not to pay a visit to the temple. Indeed one temple is like another; if you have seen one of the famous temples, there is not much to surprise you in the others. You have the same dark chamber in every temple which serves as the shrine proper of the presiding god or goddess. It will of course be profanation to have a large ventilated place wherein to say your prayers to the Being you owe your existence to. And in the shrine itself you have a splendid large idol of a beautiful human form, if the temple is dedicated to one of the forms of Vishnu, the creator. But in the Sivite shrine it is perhaps some disappointment to you when, after passing through high towered portals beside massive walls of sculptured stone, you anxiously enter the divine chamber only to find a stump of unadorned stone, the object of the pious devotion of thousands of humanity. I mention this merely as a point of distinction between the temples of the two sects.

As I entered the Madura Meenakshi temple the other day for the first time, apart from the splendid stone work everywhere visible in the temple, what struck me most the other day was the sight of a remarkable devotee. As I was passing along one of the outer walks around the shrine, my ear was suddenly caught by an outburst of melodious song evidently from somewhere far ahead of me in the corridor. The voice was that of a lady and I was puzzled to think of any Hindu woman bestowing her musical powers gratuitously on the public. I paused to hear the end of the song, it was in praise of the glory of the Lord, Parama Siva, the Great Siva, and Nataraja, the prince of dancers. I quickened my pace to be able to get a nearer glance of the unknown singer. A thin woman of middle height, she looked the very picture of piety. Of a golden colour, she was dressed in a simple saree, and a strip of gold adorned her bare neck. As she clasped her hands together, bowing in sincere devotion to the Lord, one was struck with the dramatic perfection of her act which accorded well with the sublimity of her song. You saw nothing of the fanatic in her face. She looked

too sober and too sensible, and there was no extra vacant touch in her music. She sang so well and so naturally that she seemed to address an animate Lord that seemed to accept her humble prayers and shed grace upon her simple song.

I have heard of great *Sanyasinees* passing lives of self-denial at the sacred shrines of India. But this lady that I saw, did not belong to any order of nuns. She was obviously a lay person, a female attendant accompanied her.

I have written at some length on this experience in the temple, for it is rarely that one sees such devotion—for my part this was the first experience of such a nature. It is a piece of delicate art to manifest religious emotion without tending to fanaticism. The art was, however, not deliberate in this instance, for profound sincerity is all that is necessary to achieve it.

## A Woman's Influence



WENTY-FOUR hours had elapsed since I had seen my fellow-settler, and I was naturally getting anxious; for in addition to the times being out of joint, he himself was not particularly careful, and a heedless word or an incautious action might easily have proved his disaster.

But I was powerless to render him any aid or even to enquire after him, for I was bedridden with a violent attack of lumbago, and was therefore tortured both in body and mind.

Meanwhile, those who usually attended to the household matters, were away at some distant homestead either on pleasure or business. But inactivity to a man of thirty is, under such circumstances, more than trying; small wonder I cursed my luck, and then the fly that persistently settled on my hand. I tried to crush it; the creature slipped aside. I tried again, with no better result; and so, I vented my spleen on the door, which being ajar, made various noises responsive to every gust of wind. Small wonder that I fancied Annette had returned and was standing aghast on the threshold. I inwardly cursed again my fate, for I would have given worlds for her not to have heard.

But suddenly, when the door flew wider open than usual, I saw her pale face just gazing at me with her wonted sad expression, as if her spirit was hurt. I was too old to blush—but truth to tell I was really ashamed. Another

vow broken, another resolution cast to the winds, and yet no reproach on her lips—I wished there had been—only a silent mien that cut deeper than a knife. It hurt me: she meant it to do so.

There was nothing for it but to own up—a difficult thing for a man of my temperament. I delayed reparation. I was adamant. The knife had not cut deep enough; it had not reached the quick. So she vanished. I put on a dare-devil air, but not very successfully. I may have deceived others but not myself. However, I deliberately let her go. I had done so before; and, as I even then realized, I had always repented driving her away.

Yet, on this particular afternoon, what with my 'pal' away, what with my affliction—every thing, combined with a tolerably peppery nature to render me impervious to those softer impressions, which far from being effeminate if adopted by a man, give his cruder character a softness that merely softens it without detracting from its virility.

But the end was not yet: a stealthy tread caused me to strain every nerve in an attempt to discover its cause. There in the gloom outside—for evening was coming on apace—I dimly saw a huge outline. Its eyes glittered through the twilight, and I fancied it was a bear, a wily black fellow: but as I still gazed breathlessly at the apparition, it seemed to become more terrible and loathsome; for, on its back rose an enormous hump, or rather, its whole body 'humped' up, so as to give the impression of a huge monstrous deformity rather than of intentional individual humps. A truly awful sight! As I continued to look, this huge erection became transparent and I saw it was full of dark shapeless masses wrestling and writhing amongst themselves. Some had a yellow tinge, others were black to moroseness; while one, a monstrous fellow was distinctly green. A hideous concourse composed of coloured fiends.

I wiped my brow, for it was clammy with perspiration. The movement startled my intruder, and I saw his huge ugly bulk slowly disappear. I no longer thought of my own ills, I considered ways and means to close that ineffectual door. Such a monstrosity, whether really dangerous or not, I wished to keep at arm's length—in the excitement of the moment, I forgot to voice strongish remarks, and I half-fancied I saw the sweet pale face, I had offended, darken—no, not darken—lighten the window. But that was impossible, for immediately a lean scraggy wolfish creature was delineated in outline, where the other monster had been. More hateful than the former, with its uncanny growl, it seemed about to make a desperate attempt to fly at me. I became resolute. I was determined to drive it away at all hazards—lumbago or no lumbago—

and instinctively I thought of that gentle spirit I had offended: and strange to say, I felt I was not alone, and that she was by my side battling with the intruder. I suppose I exerted myself, yet I felt no pain: her presence, spiritual or otherwise sustained me; her strong influence—strong in its purity and character—strong, by virtue of its very femininity—put new courage into me; and, whether it were she or I, the repeated assaults of the intruder were repelled again and again, till we (I say we deliberately) had the satisfaction of seeing the utter rout of our foe.

And as my vision cleared, I knew that gentle form was Love, and that first monster, moroseness, jealousy and their attendant evils, which crop up under cover of failure. This hideousness is usually personified to the youthful mind as 'the black bear', which, to after-life assumes more gigantic proportions and is then denominated by the significant expression—'the Hump'. The gaunt wolf of poverty seeks entrance at the door, while Love escapes by the window. All of them are distorted visions of external circumstances, the only corrective for such jaundiced sight, being love of something or somebody worth loving—wherein lies a source of strength and comfort—a principle sufficiently powerful to rout the powers tending to evil.

\* \* \* \*

Next morning, my chum, after his return, told me with considerable hesitation, that he and Annette had plighted their troth. He seemed perfectly staggered when, in absolute silence, I shook him half-beardedly by the hand by way of congratulation. He could scarcely divine my innermost feelings. I loved her too much to be angry—and, though in the quiet of that night, I slipped away through the forest, her spiritual presence has nerved and sustained me ever since.

Woman, even voteless (as most of them are) really rule the world; for, what will a man not do for her he loves—and he loves best, what is most worthy of love—a true woman.

W. D. ROBERTS.

FOLKESTONE,  
ENGLAND.



## "All I Possess"

"Indian women have not only parted with their sons, husbands, and brothers, at the call of the King, but many of them who are too humble to make their offer to the Viceroy, are willing, if need be, to part with their personal jewellery and ornaments, things which in India constitute the women's insurance fund, as they did in bygone times when religion or honour was in danger."

[Bhupendra Nath Basu, lately a member of the Legislative Councils of the Governor-General of India, in a letter to the *Times*, September 12th, 1914.]

Women of England, O what are you giving  
For home and for child, and for honour and truth?  
Husband and son give we—loving and living—  
The joy of our fireside, the love of our youth:

Women of England, O what are you spending?  
The work of our hands and the gold we can spare,  
Hopes, prayers and tears and a spirit unbending,  
All we can muster and all we can share.

Women of India, where the palms shiver,  
Watch the white roadway. A world's width away  
Swing the brown legions and women's lips quiver,  
Women's hearts bleed at the close of the day,

Women of India, they give in rich measure,  
Pluck from their bosoms the gems of their pride,  
All that they have in the wide world of treasure,  
The gift of a husband, the dower of a bride.

"All I possess." Unborn ages shall name them  
Great among givers when England had need.  
How shall we honour them? Lo, we acclaim them  
Peerless in sacrifice, noblest in deed.

Bella Sidney Woolf (Mrs. R. H. Lock).

## Stories of India Re-told

(BY A. J. APPASAMY)

### I. IN CONFLICT WITH DESTINY



HERE was a prince reigning over the kingdom of the Cheralas. Possessed though he was of a noble and sterling character, a series of misfortunes dogged his steps from early life. But a son was born to him, and astrologers who scanned the heavens at the moment of the child's birth, predicted a great future for him. It appeared as if their words were going to prove untrue, for, soon after, another prince of great and wondrous provinces invaded the country, defeated and slew the Chera prince in the battle-field, and made the land his own. The princess, loyal to the ideals of the times, entered the funeral pyre along with her departed lord. Orphaned at an early age, their boy was in the charge of a servant who fled with him to the city of Koundala and brought him up there without revealing to any one his kingly ancestry. Then she too died and the poor boy, but five or six years old, was left desolate and helpless.

All through the day, he wandered in the streets, feeding upon the scanty food which he scraped together by begging, and after night fall went and slept in a temple. Sometimes his playfellows took him to their homes, where their mothers caressed him, as he was a sweet and pretty child, and ministered to his little wants. On one occasion, he happened to be in the house of Thustaputhi, the king's chief-minister. Some learned men had come together there and they were struck with the remarkable features of the boy.

"Who is this boy?" asked they of the minister.

"He is one of the youngsters playing in the neighbourhood," replied Thustaputhi, "I know nothing further about him." "This boy's face bespeaks royal lineage," said they, who were skilled in reading the language writ thus upon feature and limb. "A great destiny awaits him. Some day he may become king of this country and rule over you and your possessions."

These words made the minister burn with jealousy, but he tried as best as he could to disguise his feelings. Soon after the scholars went away, and he sent for his executioners and bade them take the boy to the neighbouring woods and there murder him.

The executioners led the boy beyond the limits of the city. When they unsheathed their swords,

the poor boy, utterly frightened and trembling from head to foot, began to lisp a familiar hymn, as prayer to God. And God, the Ever-ready Helper, so wrought upon the men that, hardened and cruel as they were, they could not resist the appeal of those melting strains, voicing the innocence and helplessness of a child. They resolved to spare the boy's life. But how were they to satisfy their master who had commanded them to bring a limb, torn off from the child's dead body, as a sign that their deadly task had indeed been done? They examined the boy's limbs with care and, detecting a sixth toe on one of his feet, cut it off and took it home to the minister.

About that time there happened to walk through the woods, Kulinda, the chieftain of a neighbouring village. The plaintive voice of a child, apparently helpless and in distress, made him pause. There was no doubt about it. It was indeed the voice of anguish and despair. Hastening to the spot whence the voice came, he beheld this lad, with his pale and frightened face inviting compassion; blood was streaming forth from a recently inflicted wound on his foot. Rejoicing at the treasure he had found, he took the boy home and gave him to his wife. They were childless and so they adopted him as their son. He was called Chandrabasan, for on his face were seen the effulgence and unutterable beauty of the full-orbed moon.

Chandra grew up to be a strong, handsome young man, with soft and winsome manners. He was carefully trained in the arts of peace and war. He began to assist his father in the Government of his little territory, and, as the result of his well-laid plans, a larger revenue began to flow into the treasury. The fame of Kulinda's increasing splendour and magnificence reached the ears of the prime minister, Thustaputhi, for the king to whom Kulinda owed allegiance was none other than the king of Koundala. The prime minister, anxious to find out for himself the cause of Kulinda's greatness, paid him a visit and asked him how he suddenly became great.

"Once I was walking," replied Kulinda, "through the neighbouring woods, when I heard the piteous wail of a child, apparently in great distress. I ran to the place whence the voice came and I found a lad, five or six years old, lying helpless and deserted, with blood running out from a gash in one of his feet. I had no children and so I brought him home and made him my son. Since then, wealth and prosperity have been mine. Here he is," said he, pointing proudly to Chandra, who had come in by this time in obedience to his father's summons.

As he listened to Kulinda's recital, the minister felt that Chandra was indeed the lad whose

death he had commanded, but who evidently had been spared by his faithless servants. The dormant jealousy within him flared up again. The king of the land had no son. He had only a daughter and the crown would be worn by the man who obtained her hand. The prime minister had long looked forward to his beloved boy, Mathana, wedding the king's daughter and wearing the crown. Now this Chandra might stand in the way of his ambition, for he was far more handsome than his own Mathana and if the king happened to see him, he would certainly make Chandra his son-in-law. So Chandra must be removed out of the way. With this resolve, he hastily inscribed a letter. "To my beloved Mathana, All blessings of the Great Siva be thine. The young man carrying this letter is my mortal enemy. Give him, therefore, poison without any delay. Do not hesitate because of his youth and beauty. Make no enquiries about his culture, his social positions, his wealth. He is intent on ruining me. By removing him out of my way, you will be rendering me great service."

YOUR FATHER.

He sent for Chandra and in the most affable manner possible, asked him to carry an urgent letter to his son Mathana. Ignorant of the doom awaiting him, Chandra took the letter and rode in the direction of Koundala.

After a long ride, Chandra being weary and fatigued entered a clump of trees on the outskirts of Koundala and laid himself down to rest. It happened to be the minister's private park, a place of great and wonderful beauty. At that time Shenbagavalli, the king's daughter, Vishai, the minister's daughter, and their maids were in the park enjoying themselves. It chanced that Vishai left the rest of the company and was wandering listlessly among the trees. To her great surprise, she suddenly found herself by the side of a young man of entrancing beauty in deep slumber. She stood rooted to the spot. His graceful form and figure at once took her affections captive. Who was this princely stranger, more like a heavenly being than a man, thus reposing in the woods? As she stood gazing at him, her eyes detected in the folds of his garment a letter—a letter too, addressed by her father to her brother. She gently drew it out and read it. As she read the letter, tumultuous feelings surged within her breast. Astonishment and then pity and then deep, strong love took possession of her soul. An idea flashed across her brain and quick as thought, she made one or two alterations in the letter which completely changed its meaning. The letter now said that Chandra was the minister's friend and that to him was to be given Vishai. And Vishai slowly replaced the letter

and walked back, with a palpitating heart, to where the rest of the company were.

Chandra rose up refreshed and invigorated and spurred his horse on into the city of Koundala. Mathana, in whose hands the letter was placed quickly, was quite surprised at its contents, but seeing no alternative before him, but to obey his father's orders, set about making the arrangements necessary for the wedding. A day or two after, the wedding was celebrated with great pomp and ceremony.

Meantime, the minister was returning home, happy at the idea that by this time the possible rival of his son would have been slain. He met on the way crowds of scholars returning with presents. Who were they and where were they coming from? Was his son celebrating the death of his father's mortal foe in this fashion? As he approached his house, signs of a recent marriage were evident on all sides. Brahmans came to him and congratulated him. Wild at their insolence, he gave them chase and many of them fled, as if for their lives, leaving behind them their presents and even their garments. What was his surprise when he saw Chandra and Vishai, seated amidst the wedding presents as husband and wife. He rushed in search of his son Mathana.

"What do you mean by this, fool?", demanded he in wrath, when he met Mathana. "I send you my deadly foe, asking you to poison him and you give him my daughter. Have you suddenly turned mad?"

"No, Sir," replied Mathana, shocked by his father's words.

"I have only obeyed your orders. Here is your letter."

Thustaputhi took the letter and hastily read it through. He could not say a word more, for he was utterly ashamed of his folly which had led him to think of one thing and write down another.

Thustaputhi tried to put the best face he could upon the matter and to play the part of the bride's father with cheerfulness. But all along he was revolving in his mind some scheme by which he could put to death Chandra. His plans were soon made. He sent for his executioners.

"This evening," said he, "You must lie in wait in Durga's temple. A young man will enter the temple with a golden bowl in his hand. I must hear no more of him." Then he called Chandra and with a pleasant smile told him that it was the custom for members of his family, when they were married, to offer gifts to the goddess Durga and that he must observe the custom. Chandra answered that he would be only too glad to keep up the family tradition and, as good as his word, he left home in the

evening for the temple, carrying a golden bowl in his hand.

The king of the land had been troubled with strange dreams the previous night. He told his sages and astrologers the dreams and asked them for their interpretation. They hesitated for a while and then said that they all pointed to one event—the death of the king within a week. This threw the king into spasms of grief, but he recovered soon, finding solace in the thought that death is inevitable to every one. But a problem continued to exercise his mind considerably—who was fit to succeed him on the throne? He ran over the names of several possible men, but realized that the only person fit to wear his crown was Chandra, the promising young man, who had already given signs of statesmanship and kingly valour. So he summoned Chandra to his presence.

The king's messengers could not find Chandra, but his brother-in-law Mathana, promised to help them in their search. They all set out and found Chandra walking towards the temple.

Mathana briefly explained the message sent by the king and induced Chandra to go at once to the palace, promising to go to Durga's temple himself and perform the ceremonies in his stead. With the golden vessel in his hand, Mathana hastened in the direction of the temple. Several evil omens met his gaze. He became solicitous about the welfare of Chandra, who had been thus suddenly and mysteriously summoned to the royal presence and prayed that no harm might befall him. Absorbed in his thoughts, he entered the temple, when the men who were lying in wait there fell upon him and slew him.

Chandra made his way as quick as he could to the palace. He was immediately ushered into the king's presence. The king who was sitting in his gorgeous state-hall, surrounded by some of his ministers and courtiers welcomed him with a smile and explained to him the object of the summons. Then he gave him the hand of his daughter, Shenbagavalli, in marriage, placed the golden circlet on his head and announced to the people that from that time forward Chandra was to be their ruler and king. The people hailed the announcement with great delight.

It was told Thustaputhi that his son-in-law had been suddenly made the monarch of the realm. He could not believe the story and his anger at Mathana being passed over was unbounded. But Chandra himself set his doubts at an end by calling upon him in state the next morning.

"Where is Mathana," asked the minister in the course of the conversation.

"He went last evening to Durga's temple in my stead. He has no doubt come back," said Chandra carelessly.

No sooner had the minister heard these words than he unceremoniously left the royal visitor to himself and rushed to Durga's temple in search of his only son. There he found—Oh, wretched sight!—his only son done to death by his own executioners. The sight was too much for him to bear. He dashed his head against a wall and died.

The astonished Chandra followed the minister and found two lifeless forms stretched on the floor. He broke out into a pathetic prayer.

"O, goddess! what dost thou mean by this? Mathana came only to worship thee. Thou hast taken away his life. Is this justice? And now his father has followed him. Two deaths have taken place in thy presence. Who is to bear the guilt? Thou callest thyself, 'the mother of the world. Is this how thou showest thy affection? Oh, raise them from the dead or I too will follow them to the next world.' There was no answer to all his passionate entreaties. The cold, stilly silence of death continued to pervade the place. And Chandra was pondering on the wisdom of doing away with his life also, when Shenbagavalli, who had been witnessing all this conflict with great anguish, struck in.

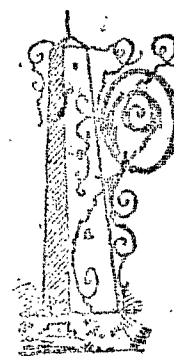
"My king, my life," sobbed she. Pause for a moment. Last night the goddess herself appeared to me in a dream and described in detail a place where a certain herb would be found—a herb of wonderful efficacy which would bring back to life two persons who would die in her temple to-day. I can find the spot. Shall I go and bring the herb?"

Her husband at once nodded assent.

She quickly left the temple and came back with the herb. As the juice of the herb was poured into their noses, life came back into the dead bodies and Mathana and his father woke up as if from a long sleep. Chandra narrated to them what had happened and they returned home. Thustaputhi became a new man, abandoning all his old jealousy and wickedness and Chandra reigned happily over the kingdom of Kundala.



## Miss Fatma Mabbub Alam



In late years Muhammadan families have made steady progress in allowing their girls to receive whatever secular education they can from the few thinly attended girls' schools, which are now springing up all over India in very nearly every town of importance. But the majority have not yet been able to persuade themselves to admit the influences attendant upon modern education to lighten their girls, for the simple reason that they entertain a pious horror of all that is conjured up by the very mention of the curriculum of a school. They are in doubt of the efficacy of the school curriculum and earnestly hold that girls should not be subjected to the same courses of studies as the boys. They are right to some extent no doubt, but their worst fears are confirmed when they see their strapping youngsters pronounce all sorts of heresy as regards the social customs rigidly followed by their grandfathers. If the boys who were considered almost safe in temptation have stooped to these depths of heterodoxy, what would happen to their stay-at-home sisters if they were exposed to the same influences? Oh! indeed what a social revolution it would mean, to the calm stoic Muslim society. Such in short are the thoughts that prejudice a Muhammadan father against trusting his girl to the school of his town. Instead, he is content if his daughter learns to read the Quran and a few Hindustani readers from her neighbour, who conducts a girls' school in her home.

But there are exceptions, and very brilliant and honourable exceptions too. This year from the Punjab University a Mussalman girl has passed with credit the Higher Standard Persian Examination, and has secured the degree of Munshi Fazil. Miss Fatma Mabbub Alam, daughter of the Editor of the *Paisa Akhbar*, Lahore, appeared this year for her examination and got through it with flying colours. The Punjab University being the only University in India conducting the Oriental Faculty expects a high criterion of scholarship from the scholars appearing in Oriental Faculty Examinations, and is rather chary of admitting many to its rolls of honour. The examination consists of a test in Persian grammar, classical literature, and a fairly long essay on an abstruse subject in high flown Persian. It should be said to the credit of Miss Fatma that she secured a place higher than many superior-

brained boys in the list of successful candidates. She is the first lady in the Punjab and I may safely say one of the few in the whole of India, who has tried and passed this by no means easy examination.

Miss Fatma was born in 1890, and at the age of 5 she joined the infant class at the Victoria May Girls' School at Lahore. During her school career she secured best prizes and scholarships for almost all the subjects and in 1903 she passed the Middle School examination standing first in the Province. She had to leave that school, for there was no provision for teaching up to the Entrance Standard in those days. She engaged a tutoress and studied for the Entrance examination, but for some reason or other she had to give up her studies. Meantime, she contributed to the only ladies' paper in the Punjab, that was published weekly from Lahore. Her contributions created enormous interest in the readers and proved a great impetus to the movement for the furtherance of female education in the province. Her boundless energy for work was not to be satiated by a few papers in a small weekly, and she resolved to issue a magazine of her own. Not daunted by the obstacles suggested by her friends in the shape of paucity of literate females and their lack of interest in intelligent movements, for their uplift she launched in 1908 a monthly magazine "*Sharif Bibi*" (Gentlewoman.) The appearance of the magazine falsified all fears, and from the very beginning it proved a great success. She edited this monthly of about 50 pages single handed, often writing most of these pages herself. Such was the enthusiasm created by the magazine among its readers that soon after its appearance the young Editress was overwhelmed by requests to turn it into a weekly. This she complied with and now has been editing this brilliant weekly for the last 3 years. In a province where the vernacular literature for females has wholly been neglected, she has contrived to make her *Sharif Bibi* loved and respected by all. Her comments have been sober, sane, and judicious, and the editing of her paper would do credit to a full-fledged journalist of a highly developed literary circle of readers. Her efforts at the purveying of wholesome healthy readable literature on domestic economy, personal hygiene and social culture have been appreciated by all who have had occasion to witness her literary activities. And the marvel of this all is that the whole business is done behind the *parda*.

To complete her studies in English she has now joined the Sacred Heart Girls' School, where her three younger sisters are already studying in different classes. The school is conducted by the Sisters of the Faith Mission.



This does not exhaust the list of Miss Fatma's activities. She runs a Primary School for girls in a thickly populated Mubammadan quarter of Lahore, and is the chief contributor towards its funds. She is also the Secretary of an Anjuman of the Muhammadan Ladies interested in the social and educational advance of the Mussalman women-folks. During the late Balkan war, she collected thousands of rupees to contribute towards the fund for the relief of the sick and suffering.

When in 1913, H. H. the Begum of Bhopal visited Lahore, Miss Fatma was instrumental in planning a "Muslim Ladies' Hall", and in inducing H. H. the Begum to lay the foundation stone. The ceremony was a great success, and the Begum expressed her appreciation of the work of the Anjuman, of which Miss Fatma is the Secretary, in glowing terms.

Last year when the first all-Indian Muhammadan Ladies' Conference was convened under the presidency of H. H. the Begum of Bhopal at Aligarh, Miss Fatma was selected as the Secretary.

Such in brief are the many-sided activities of this Muslim prodigy of a girl and her influence on the side of all that is good and commendable in the Muslim programme of female progress has been of immense good in the province.

AHMAD SHAJI.

## The Mystery of a Lock of Hair

(A DETECTIVE STORY)

(By Sagar Chand, Author of "Through the Doors of Death," "Bathroom Mystery," "The Tell-tale Eyes," "The Blended Souls," etc.)

"WELL," said Harry Jones, "what do you think of it, Steerforth? Have you any idea?"

"A very exciting case" said I. "I have been reading in detail what the police has to say about it. I think it is a murder, Jones, and the cause of it is the £50,000 discovered in the House."

"It is no use Steerforth, no use jumping at conclusions like this. You must take all facts into consideration. Facts my boy, facts first and all theorising after."

"Well, then what do you think?"

"Let us see what the 'Pall Mall Gazette' says about it."

Read it to me. Will you?"

Here is a summary of what I read to him:

"Last night about twelve o'clock the inmates of the Albion Hotel, near Charing Cross, were startled out of their beds by the reports of several revolver-shots which resounded throughout the massive building. There was a rush for the room from which the noise proceeded. An old maid who occupied the adjoining room affirmed that she distinctly heard four revolver shots and a heavy thud as of some one falling with a crash."

"As there was no response to all their knocking and calling upon Mr. Burton, the occupant, to open the door, they 'phoned' to the police who were soon at the scene of action. The door was forced open and to their great horror they found Mr. Burton lying on the floor in a pool of blood."

"The doctor who examined his body pronounced him to be dead. The room smelt of burnt powder; and besides the marks of revolver shots on the unfortunate man's forehead, there were two marks on the opposite wall. The only window which commanded a view of the back street was wide open. But there were no marks on the window-sill; and a thorough search for the murderer, in the street below, as well as in the neighbourhood, brought them no nearer the solution of the problem."

"The theory of the police is, that the criminal, whoever he was, after doing Mr. Burton to death so foully, climbed down the water spout which is not far from the window. And as Bank notes to the value of £50,000 were found on the person of Mr. Burton, robbery evidently was not the end aimed at."

"Mr. Burton rarely received a visitor, except a certain young lady off and on. There is not the least clue to go upon. The police are at their wits' end what to do and a search of Mr. Burton's things has revealed nothing. His letters, so the servants affirm, he always destroyed soon after reading them."

Jones rung the bell and asked his landlady, when she appeared, to send for a cab.

"Let us go to the scene of the tragedy and see what we can find there," he explained.

In a few minutes we were bowling along the Strand. At our destination, a constable on duty received us.

"Ah! Mr. Jones", he said, "it is a case worthy of your skill."

Jones asked him a few questions, and then we were shown into the room where Burton had met his death the previous night.

It was a large room, situated on the second

floor. The street was accessible from it by means of the water spout. The bed had not been slept in the night before and Burton was found dressed in his evening suit. The revolver that lay on the table belonged to Burton himself who, being an American always carried fire-arms.

Jones went down on his hands and knees and examined the floor with his lens. He next inspected the walls, the window, the mantle-piece and everything else in the room. Next he crept under the bed. The constable grinned at this minute investigation, but, as the reputation of my friend in solving deep mysteries was world-wide, he made no remark.

Presently Jones came out looking very excited. "Look what I have discovered under the bed," he exclaimed holding out a late edition of the "Evening News" and a small enamelled box of Japanese workmanship. The constable stared in sheer amazement.

"Who would have thought of finding such things under the bed," he gasped.

"I expected to find them there," said Jones.

"You expected them!" we both cried out.

Jones next cross-examined the servants at the hotel. From what they said he gathered that Burton was a well-to-do American and had been with them for, on and off, close upon an year. During that time he had gone to Paris and to Bournemouth, to which places his letters were re-directed. In the course of a day or two he was to leave for California, but what man proposes God disposes. They could not for the life of them think what made any one kill such a nice gentleman.

Jones took out from his pocket the Japanese enamelled box which he had discovered under the bed. It was about the size of an ordinary cigarette case. Opening it Jones found in it a photograph of a remarkably handsome young lady and a lock of gold hair. These he showed to the servants. They all unanimously identified both the hair as well as the photograph as belonging to the young lady whom Burton once or twice had brought in to dinner.

Jones cautioned them not to say anything about this photograph, or the hair, or the Japanese box to any one. We then went to Jones' chambers in Russell Square.

Next morning Jones went to Bournemouth to make some enquiries and when I called upon him after his return, his face showed me that he had met with some success.

"Read this," said he, giving me a copy of the "Evening News." In the personal column, I found the following amazing advertisement:

"Found near Charing Cross a Japanese Box containing a lock of hair. The owner can claim it on paying the cost of this advertisement."

Apply personally at 92 X, Guilford Street, Russell Square."

"But," I said, "the Japanese box was found under the bed."

"The man does not know where he dropped it," explained Jones.

"Did you find out anything at Bournemouth?" I asked.

"Yes," said he. "This Burton stayed there at a fashionable hotel and the handsome young lady stayed with him as his wife. Burton and his wife had come from the continent and stayed at Bournemouth for two months. The servants there at once recognised her photograph and her hair which I showed them."

"His wife!" I ejaculated.

"Listen," he said, "there is our man or I am much mistaken."

There was a knock and the next minute the landlady ushered in a pale-looking young man. He was about twenty-five years of age, with a slim figure, blue eyes and altogether an intellectual-looking face. His boots and his clothes proclaimed him to be comparatively poor. He looked from one of us to the other. Jones introduced us and bade him be seated.

"Your name?" he asked.

"Arthur Langford."

Jones then handed him the enamelled box. The young man grasped it eagerly and opened it to see if all was right. No sooner did his eyes embrace the contents of the box than he fell back with a yell. Jones and myself hastened to his assistance. Jones poured him out a glass of brandy and soda.

"Drink this," he said, "it will steady you."

The young man looked towards the door as if intending to give us the slip; but Jones hastily closed and double-locked it. Finding all means of escape cut off, he at length resigned himself to his fate and looked at Jones enquiringly.

"You want me to tell you why I killed Joseph Burton? so be it. I shall make a clean breast of it all. But to appreciate my position thoroughly, you must know something of my previous history."

"To begin with the beginning," continued Langford, "I, like Percy Bysshe Shelley, was from my childhood an advocate of the rights of women and all those who are trodden under foot and tyrannised upon. Being rather weak physically while a boy at school, I was the butt for all insults and ridicule and blows which any one cared to deliver. So there and then, I had made up my mind to devote all my life to championing the cause of the disinherited millions of my fellow-men."

"To cut a long story short I allied myself with every movement which aimed at the amelioration of the condition of the suffering children of

God. But for myself, turn where I would, I met with but scant sympathy. Some laughed at me, others cheated me, others hated me; and thus I plodded on wearily until I reached the age of twenty-three—that is two years ago.

"I have forgotten to tell you that I was early left an orphan, both my parents having been killed in a Railway accident. The compensation in money made by the Railway Company paid for my schooling though I learnt little enough there.

"Well, sir, two years ago I made the acquaintance of a young lady whose photograph you found in the Japanese box in which you placed that card bearing the ominous word "murder." But as you will presently see it was no murder but simply an act of retributive justice.

"Two years ago I met this young lady and it was a case of love at first sight. She came like a beam of light into my gloomy and monotonous life. From that time my heart grew lighter and my life brightened. For one year we were perfectly happy and everything promised well. The young lady considered my proposals with favour and promised to wait for me, until, in an year or two, I should succeed in making headway against the billows of life and carve out a small fortune.

"At this juncture the ominous shadow of this American bird of evil fell across our path. Miss Barlow (that is the young lady's name) went with her father on a voyage round the world, he being the Captain of a goodly vessel. While staying in Japan she sent me this box with the photograph and the lock of hair and all. From there she went to California and made the acquaintance of this Joseph Burton.

"He was a dissipated, middle-aged rascal who had brought ruin and disgrace into many an innocent family. He charmed Miss Barlow with his fine talk and the glamour of his wealth and followed her to England. On her return she threw me overboard and took on to Burton who soon persuaded her to elope with him to France. There they lived as husband and wife, he finding ready excuses for postponing the marriage."

"From there," Jones suggested, "they came to England and stayed at Bournemouth for close upon two months."

"Yes," said the young man, "he then brought her to London and placed her in a house at Hampstead where he visited her off and on. He kept her father all the while under the illusion that he had married her. After a time he got tired of her and began positively to maltreat her. He called her vile names and once or twice actually beat her.

"About a week ago I met her by chance at Hampstead Heath and there, sir, she ran into my arms, and resting her head on my

shoulder sobbed like a child. I was, as you may imagine, very much surprised; but when I heard what had happened my blood boiled to avenge her wrongs; accordingly I went and horse-whipped Burton."

"Horse-whipped!" I exclaimed, "When? Where?"

"Twice I called to see him," went on Langford, "but he refused to see me and told the waiters not to let me in. He gave up going out for fear of me and prepared to take himself away to America soon. I, however, lay in wait and finding an opportunity, climbed into his room which I had had pointed out to me by an unsuspecting waiter. The window being open, it was not very difficult to get into his room from the street, by means of the water-spout. As it was ten o'clock when I arrived there, it was perfectly dark and no one saw me climbing up. I hid myself under his bed and awaited his coming. He played billiards until late that night and did not retire till just before midnight. No sooner had he locked the door behind him than I was at him with the horsewhip. He whipped out a revolver but I knocked it out of his hand and thus the two bullets meant for me flattened themselves against the wall.

"I then picked up the revolver to safeguard against any further attacks, on his part. But he struggled with me so much that it went off and he had two bullets lodged in his brain. Thus his evil life came to an ignominious end and the world was rid of one of the vilest worms."

"Speak naught but good of the dead," reminded Jones. "You then climbed down the spout and made off?"

The young man wiped his forehead but said nothing.

"And what about the young lady?" asked Jones.

"Her health" said the young man, "has broken down under these hard trials. Her father who is now taken into our confidence is taking her abroad to recover her spirits. And she has promised to honour me with her hand, when she returns."

"You are going to marry her!" we both ejaculated.

"Of course," said Langford, "what do you think of me?"

"Give me your hand," said Jones, and we both shook hands with him in silence. The next moment he was gone with the enamelled box in the breast-pocket of his coat.

## The Advantages of Lady Doctors

An Essay read by Mrs. Anna Thomas, final year student in the Medical School Debating Society under the Presidentship of Major Bayson, I.M.S.

RESPECTED CHAIRMAN, LADIES & GENTLEMEN,

I confess that I did not think my task would be so heavy when I took upon myself the burden of delivering this speech. However, appreciating the honour you have done me in giving me a chance which is my first attempt of the kind and hoping that all the shortcomings will be rectified by the after-speakers and the experienced and worthy chairman and that I would have the opportunity of knowing more on the subject by their intelligent discourses, I beg leave to pass on to the subject.

### THE ADVANTAGES OF HAVING LADIES AS DOCTORS

I do not propose to discuss in detail whether it is advisable to educate women in the Medical profession, as I think the necessity itself will convince the conservatives who oppose the question. But I shall advance a few practical arguments based on facts that women are able to take up professional study and higher education and that they should be much encouraged. That interesting correspondent who signs himself "Aryan" in his weekly notes to the "Illustrated Times of India" writes from "behind the Indian veil" and in the course of his argument supporting higher education to women he says "That women should avoid the kind of education that is suited for men is not quite a Hindu idea. The famous educated ladies of former times like Mayiterri and Gargi studied the same philosophy as the male sages and discussed with men in male assemblies. Mathematics and Science, Law and Philosophy know no sex." This statement from historical facts from the pen of a learned Indian journalist speaks for itself.

Even in politics, women shone well in ancient days. The names of Allyarasani, Pavalakadu and Mangammal who ruled Madura are famous in the pages of ancient Indian History, not to speak of the late Empress QUEEN VICTORIA the blessings of whose rule we ourselves have had the privilege of enjoying and whose name is prominent in modern history.

If we think of the present period, we hear of women who distinguish themselves at the Bar. The other day it was noted in the *Madras Mail* that a certain lady lawyer in Philadelphia, if I remember rightly, acted creditably for a day or so as Justice of the Peace. All who were pre-

sent in the Court testified to the brilliant and constitutional ability she exhibited at the Bench. With your kind permission, I may say in all confidence, and without the least boasting, that if women are only allowed the right use of their abilities they will shine well in any such professions which are now more or less monopolised by men. It does not matter if there are no women in the Law Courts, as women do not generally enter into litigation, but for the few who unfortunately or unwisely do so the men lawyers will be of help.

In the medical profession, women are an absolute necessity, the sacredness of which I am sure you will be convinced of if you will kindly listen to me without any prejudice. Women are said to be the weaker sex and in the Sanscrit they use the word "Abala" for women meaning "weak". I fancy the word is used in reference to their intellectual ability. The cause for this I think are men, as they never allow women to develop their intellectual power which is latent in every human being. Intellect in any body should be given a chance to be developed in the different good activities of life. Men no doubt allow women to develop their intellect in culinary and sewing arts, and are they not shining well in those arts? They will certainly shine equally well in any other art. Now to come to the medical profession, I may remind you of one instance we find in Medical Jurisprudence where we read of a lady Doctor, who, in the disguise of a man from her childhood distinguished herself as a capable Surgeon-General. If she only were known as a lady Doctor, she may not have had the chance of rising to that position, but all the same you must admit that she had the capabilities to be a Surgeon-General.

I do not plead for absolute freedom for women like men and advocate no competition for women in all professions with men, nor do I in any way forget the sacred duties entrusted to women by God and nature as housewives and mothers. But with the above arguments to support women's abilities to professional study and for the medical profession, I shall advance a few thoughts convincing the indispensable necessity of women doctors and their inestimable advantages for humanity.

The differences of sex as man and woman certainly accounts for the necessity of man for man and woman for woman. If it is found so very necessary in the case of educational institutions, much more is it so in the case of medical attendance, in which case, between the Doctor and the patient come questions touching very delicate matters, referring to the life and ailments of the patient. It is admitted all throughout India that lady Doctors are a great bless-

ing to many a home. If we could get at the death statistics of the time when there were no Lady Doctors, I am sure we will be convinced by an astounding figure showing how many poor women succumbed to premature death owing to the shyness on the part of the patients of disclosing their secrets to their men Doctors, who attended on them. If lady Doctors are a necessity in the enlightened foreign countries, much more are they so in a country like India where all sorts of superstitions, gosha system, customs and manners, not to speak of illiteracy, among women prevail.

As it is natural with man or woman, a woman will have the confidence of disclosing her secrets to a stranger of her own sex than to one of the opposite sex even if he is a familiar friend. The success of a doctor's treatment depends mainly in diagnosing the disease. Here one is obliged to put all sorts of questions, examine the patient very carefully overlooking all conventionalities. Just imagine; how difficult and awkward it will be for the patient and doctor when they happen to be of the opposite sexes. Women are naturally sensitive and they sometimes prefer death to allowing themselves to be submitted to the ordeal of a man scrutinising into their private affairs—I know of more than one instance where women would not allow a male doctor to attend on their complicated labour and they deliberately preferred death. Just to particularise one instance, the wife of an old school sub-assistant Surgeon in a certain place preferred death to allowing a male doctor, the District Surgeon—to attend on her complicated labour, in spite of all the advice and threats of her husband. I am sure if there was a lady doctor at that spot there would have been a possibility of saving her life as she would not have raised any objection to her attending on her.

Women are naturally suited for medical work. Their patience and ministering tendency make them suitable for a doctor. Women have the tenderness and sympathising nature better than men. There is an old English proverb which says "A good surgeon must have an eagle's eye, a lion's heart and a lady's hand". It was said in a meeting at Calcutta, "There is no hand so gentle as a woman's hand", no eye so observant, no foot so soft, no ear so wakeful, no head more unselfishly thoughtful, no heart more unceasingly loving, and no life more devoted than woman's. Do you not expect these qualities in a doctor? These you will find in a lady-doctor.

The advantages of lady doctors are realised better as days pass by and we know the fact demonstrated by the encouragements offered to lady students to take up medical profession so as to cope with the demand for them in the

states and countries. Here every true daughter of India should bow down and thankfully cherish the memories of the late Lady Hardinge, who set afoot the encouragement of lady doctors by giving them facilities like the late Lady Dufferin, whose efforts also towards this cause are well recognised. It is a great misfortune that the hand of Death has been so cruel as to snatch her away quite unexpectedly from realising her favourite vision. Our benign Government, I am glad to observe, is sparing no pains to make the efforts of the late Lady Hardinge an accomplished fact.

I am sure more women will be coming forward to take advantage of the learning of this most noble profession when special schools for women to study the same are opened.

Government appointment need not necessarily be the motive of a lady student in medicine. The beauty of this profession unlike other professions is such that even without Government appointment one has enough hope of exercising her knowledge and be of service to humanity. A high ideal—a practical service is accomplished wherever you are if only you are willing. On every side there will be demand for your service. I might here recall a very interesting incident from my own experience. After my first year's Annual Examination, I went to a village in Travancore to spend my holidays. When it was known in the village that I was a medical student and was back from Madras, in spite of the three Government men-Doctors there, I had a number of calls both day and night which I had to decline very politely for reasons quite patent. In some cases people would not believe me when I explained my inability and which they thought was a trick for money. If I mistake not, some of my lady friends here also were put to this test. Here we get an idea of the demand for lady Doctors and of their immense usefulness for serving their own sex in this most sacred cause which is a service in the cause of humanity at large.

I shall, before concluding this, quote a few lines from a speech of the Surgeon-General of India, Sir P. Lukes, to the students of the Royal Free Hospital in London a few months back. He laid special stress on the need for medical women, because of the close relation that exists between the diseases of India and domestic life. "All problems seem to resolve themselves into domestic ones and only by bringing about a change in the outlook and practices of those most closely connected with the household, namely, the women, can there be any prospects of the changes being brought about which are so much needed." He showed how vitally plague was related to the pests which can only be kept out of the dwelling by sanitary measures taken by those in charge; how malaria is so fre-

quently the result of water which is allowed to stand through the carelessness of the housewife; how the great mortality among children is largely due to the neglect of the elementary precaution of sanitation. "Sanitation is vitally connected with the duties of the women of the house and any scheme which does not include an attempt to influence these is deemed a failure. It has been recognised that in this as in other matters connected with the women of India, success can only be expected when a large band of women are engaged in enlightening their sisters. It is a work altogether impossible for men (mark that, ladies and gentlemen) the Government of India have repeatedly recognised it. The great interest shown in the recent development of medical work among women is an evidence of the Government's recognition of the supreme need that there is for this kind of aid at the present time."

Ladies and gentlemen, the above lines from the great Doctor's speech convince us of the need of medical women and the great moral and physical advantages the community can have thereby.

Craving your kind indulgence I may say that men have a general tendency of blaming women for everything.

I say this is true enough—who makes the home? Women. Who makes the nation? Women. Who makes the individual? Women. To have a healthy home, nation or individual, the women must be educated in the up-to-date principles of medical science. Though it is impossible or not practicable for such a thing as to educate all the women, the more the number of ladies in this profession the healthier will be the world both morally and physically.

A doctor is not only a drug giver, but a preacher also. A good doctor must also preach to his patients the principle of keeping oneself, the surroundings and the home healthy and tidy. I don't think any gentleman doctor will do so, fearing that his income will be diminished, as there will be no sickness if patients are taught to be clean.

A lady doctor can render this service also better in commanding a greater influence over the women folk on whom the burden of such responsibilities rest.

Ladies and gentlemen, thanking you very much for your kind and patient bearing and anxiously awaiting with you the great treat from the worthy and respectable chair, I beg to resume my seat.

## Government Girls' School, Madura



THE annual prize-giving of the Government Girls' School, Madura, came off in the School Hall at 5 P.M., on Thursday, the 27th August; Miss E. M. Bower, Sub-Assistant Inspector of Schools, Trichy-Madura Girls' Range, presided. The programme was a long one consisting of songs, music, kummi, recitation, drawing, kolattam, action song, funny

class drills with balls, and dramatization of a story of an ass. All these were done by the young girls exquisitely well and won the admiration of the audience. It must be regretted that the audience was very poor and this only showed the interest our educated men and leaders take in the female education. The Headmistress, Mrs. Rachel Gabriel, an Indian Christian lady, read a report, succinct and clear as it was, in English. According to this report, the number on the rolls at the beginning of the year was 187. The numbers of admissions and withdrawals were 158 and 147 respectively. The strength of the school at the end of the year was 198. In the lower classes, the numbers were increasing, but as soon as they passed out of the third standard, they began to drop one by one. The children are willing to pursue their studies, but only their parents do not allow them. The headmistress appealed to the parents assembled to allow their children to attend schools till they acquired some useful knowledge. To make the nature lesson realistic, a cat and a dog and some birds were kept in the school and the children were "generally much interested when they are made to observe the real things. The little children take much delight in garden work, which is also given due consideration in the school curriculum. To cultivate the reasoning powers, easy methods in mental sums have been adopted, according to the suggestions given by the Inspecting authorities from time to time and the girls have much pleasure and interest in mental sums. . . . The Library is added to year after year with many new and useful books which are read with pleasure by many girls. Due attention is paid to physical culture." The prize articles in the shape of boxes, trunks, scissors, tumblers, plates, dolls, etc., were partly supplied by the department and partly purchased from the donations given by local ladies and gentlemen. Mrs. Bower wound up the proceedings with a neat and short speech of congratulation on the successful working of the school, and urging the necessity of allowing the girls to continue

their studies till a later period to enable them to realize the value of the education. With the singing of the National Anthem, the function came to a close at about 7-30 P.M.

P. R. VENKATESALU NAIDU.

## The Golden Jubilee

OF H. H. THE MAHARAJAH'S COLLEGE AND H. G. S. SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS, TRIVANDRUM, 1861-1914.

### HISTORY OF THE INSTITUTION



We are to-day celebrating the "Golden Jubilee" of this School, not however of its birth, but of the date on which it became a Government Institution. It existed first as a private School maintained solely for Christian girls and conducted by one Mrs. Veigan. As such, its date goes back quite six or seven years beyond 1861 when Government assumed its management. In doing

so Government threw the School open to girls of all castes and creeds, transferred it from Pettah to the Cantonment, located it in a thatched building on the site where now stands the Jubilee Town Hall, and christened it the "Sirkar Girls' School." For the rest of its early history I can do no better than quote from the paper of information laid before the Commission sent by the University of Madras to inspect the College in 1905.

"The date of the original founding of this Institution I have not been able to recover. It was however in existence in 1861 as a small School under Government Management. The Government of Travancore brought Miss Abel from England to be Lady Superintendent in 1867. In 1869 Miss Mainwaring succeeded Miss Abel. Miss Donnelly came in 1874. In her time in 1891, the Institution was recognised as a High School by the University of Madras and has sent up students for the Matriculation Examination steadily from that year forward. In 1894 application was made to the Secretary of State for India and the late Lady Principal (Miss Williams) was appointed in January 1895. In 1895 the High School was moved into new buildings where it has grown from a strength of 150 to a strength of over 400. It was reorganised and the staff was strengthened. It was affiliated to the University of Madras as a

Second Grade College in January 1897 and has continued to send up students regularly for the B. A. year by year since that date. A Normal School for the training of women teachers up to the Second Grade College Standard was added in January 1904 and recognised by the Director of Public Instruction, Madras, in 1904.

I should like to add a few more facts to supplement the brief sketch given above.

The reason that we have so few records to go upon is due to the old building having been burnt to the ground in 1892, and it was after the fire that the older part of our present premises was erected. With the new school building, we got a new name, that of "H. H. The Maharajah's High School for Girls, and two years later when College Classes were added we became "H. H. The Maharajah's College and High School for Girls." Now we are "H. H. The Maharajah's College and Higher Grade Secondary School for Girls", due to all High Schools having had their titles changed by the Education Code of 1910. By virtue of our name, we have always held it due, in a greater degree from us than from others, to especially cultivate a sense of true loyalty to the person of His Highness the Maharajah. Our choice of a day for celebrating our "Golden Jubilee" is a mark of this feeling and no one breathes a more sincere wish to-day, the day of His Highness' birth, than we do when we say with heart and voice "Long life and happiness to His Highness the Maharajah."

For nearly five years the new building sufficed for our needs and then, increasing numbers, and added activities demanding greater room, there began a series of our growths in the form of temporary sheds, the latest addition completed last June bringing the tale of sheds, up to 5, not that we have not been altogether without new pucca buildings, for the drill room just behind us was given to us in 1908, the two storeyed building to our left, specially intended for the accommodation of the College Department was completed in 1910 and a couple of extra class rooms this year.

The same year saw more changes still. Miss Williams retired and the present incumbent took charge, and the Education Code that systematised and brought into uniformity all the Elementary, Secondary and Training schools throughout the State came into force. Previous to this, the High School worked with the Matriculation Examination of the Madras University for its goal. Since the introduction of the Code the Secondary School Leaving Certificate Examination has taken the place of the Matriculation. The Re-organisation of the Madras University in 1908 substituted the new Intermediate Examination for the old First in Arts. Other public examinations

that this school undertakes at the present moment are the music examinations of the London Trinity College of Music and the Drawing Examinations of the London Royal Drawing Society. The Royal Drawing Society Examinations replaced those of the Madras Government only last year, and were introduced as being more educative and less technical than the latter. Examinations for which the school once worked and which in the course of time have disappeared are the Higher Grade for Women, Middle School and Lower Secondary Examinations of the Madras Government and the Travancore Middle School. The work of the school in these directions may be measured by the statistics given below:—

| EXAMINATIONS.                                           | PERIOD COVERED.         | No. PASS-ED. | REMARKS.                                       |
|---------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------|--------------|------------------------------------------------|
| <i>Middle School Section.</i>                           |                         |              |                                                |
| Madras Government Middle School Examination             | ... 1880-1890           | 25           |                                                |
| Madras Government Lower Secondary Examination           | ... 1893-1908           | 29           |                                                |
| Travancore Government Middle School Examination         | ... 1902-1907           | 22           |                                                |
| <i>High School Section.*</i>                            |                         |              |                                                |
| Madras Government Higher Grade for Women                | ... 1881-1893           | 21           |                                                |
| Madras University Matriculation                         | ... 1890-1909           | 29           |                                                |
| Travancore Govt. Secondary School Leaving Certificate   | ... 1911-1914           | 43           | Useful Certificates for there are no "passes", |
| Madura Tamil Sangam                                     | ... On 3 occasions only | 3            |                                                |
| <i>College Section.</i>                                 |                         |              |                                                |
| Madras University First in Arts Examination             | ... 1899-1909           | 18           |                                                |
| Madras University Intermediate                          | ... 1911-1914           | 6            |                                                |
| <i>Training Section.</i>                                |                         |              |                                                |
| Travancore Government Teacher's Certificate Examination | ... 1905-1913           | 41           |                                                |
| <i>Special Examinations.</i>                            |                         |              |                                                |
| <i>Music:—</i>                                          |                         |              |                                                |
| London and Trinity College of Music                     | ... 1903-1913           | 146          |                                                |
| <i>Drawing:—</i>                                        |                         |              |                                                |
| Madras Govt. Technical Drawing Examination              | 1895-1911               | 42           |                                                |
| London Royal Drawing Society                            | ... 1913-1914           | 60           | 101 more are waiting to hear their results.    |

The figures given here should be compared with the strength of the Institution for a correct appreciation of the part examinations play in its scheme of work. The number for 1880, the earliest date of an examination is not forth-

coming. In 1895 the strength was 150, in 1909 the year before the introduction of the new Code, 499. To-day it is 829, distributed thus:—

|                       |     |     |
|-----------------------|-----|-----|
| College ...           | ... | 25  |
| Training School ...   | ... | 27  |
| Secondary School ...  | ... | 414 |
| Elementary School ... | ... | 358 |

Total ... 829

When it is realised that in 18 years, from 1881 to 1909, the number of girls that came successfully through a High School course was 50, and in the 4 succeeding examinations 43, in 15 years through the College 24, in 10 years in Music 146, in 2 years in Drawing 160 or thereabouts, three conclusions stand out clearly; first that the progress of higher education is steady and getting more rapid; secondly, that there is a well established desire for some tangible result in a less severe shape than a difficult public examination for which it would be well if provision could be made in a more generally and practically beneficial form than at present exists.

The third is more a query than a conclusion. If so few comparatively pass high examinations what then is the chief work of the school? In answer I say, that the chief work of the school is that training and character building, the results of which are seen in the after-life of the girls attending the school. We spare no pains to cultivate a sense of duty and responsibility, a spirit of cheerfulness and consideration for others, orderliness, neatness, an appreciation of the beautiful in nature and in life, a realisation of balance and values. We begin early in the Elementary school and interweave with the set lessons a spirit of play and the joy of life through the agency of the correlated system in nature observation, kindergarten occupations, physical training with games, sewing in colours, Indian and European singing, Drawing and colouring, etc. Rhythm, colour, action, and expression are made to play a very large part in the system adopted in this school. Both the Indian and the European arts are equally called into requisition to provide the most directly effective methods. These principles begun in the elementary school, adapted and altered to suit the needs and ages of the higher classes and always woven into the Curriculum set by Government, run throughout the Institution.

Punctuality and regularity are other lessons taught. An average annual attendance of 94.3 such as we are able to show is remarkable when the fact is brought home that quite two-thirds of the Institution consists of Hindu girls. They are to be found throughout the school and College in every class without exception.

For the cultivation of the social instinct and



an easy, free manner, with a readiness to perform, we have our School Club. It has been in existence for nearly 20 years, but the numbers now in the school are so large that it has been found impossible to run it in a satisfactory manner. So this year it has been reorganised into several small clubs working under a Central Committee of teachers. There are now

an English Debating Club,  
a Senior and Junior English Literary Club,  
a Senior Malayalam Debating and Literary Club,  
a Junior Malayalam Literary Club,  
and Clubs for Music, Sewing, Sketching, Cooking, Tennis and Badminton, Games and Sports . . . each with a President and Sub-committee. The variety of interests involved is seen in the name of the clubs, and their activity in the 14 meetings held since last June.

We had an anxious moment when Government in 1906 ordered the re-introduction of the fees which had been abolished 10 years earlier. But much to our peace of mind, the numbers not only increased but the fees had a very steadying effect upon the attendance. The rates charged are half those claimed from boys. Elementary education continues to be free. The Government gives a few special scholarships in the College and Secondary School, and all in the Training School are stipendiary students.

Yet another reorganisation came into force just two months ago, the principal feature of which is that the Secondary School, College and Training School are to be staffed in the future entirely with women B.A., L.T's., as they become available on a scale of Rs. 100, 100—101—150. The existing staff has also been strengthened in the matter of Pandits, Munshis and Teachers for Technical subjects.

I spoke above of the character building done in this school. I do not wish to leave the statement unsupported by concrete facts. By far the largest number of our girls get married and take upon themselves the responsibilities of the home. I have been at some pains to inquire how the girls educated in this school, especially those who have received higher education, conduct themselves at home. I have, with hardly any exception, found that they have no false idea of the dignity of labour, that they join in doing the work of the house, and take much pride in its regime as ever their mothers did, and their children who have come back to us are among the most intelligently brought up and best conducted in the whole school. The smaller number that have had to earn their own living have shown much enterprise. I have counted 60 teachers and there must be a good many more who worked for short periods only; eleven have adopted the medical profession; a compara-

tively large number have become nurses, eight are already Graduates, three are reading in the local senior B.A. class, and three in the M.B. and C.M. classes of the Madras Medical College; one has been awarded a Government of India State Scholarship and has gone to Oxford; Mrs. Winckler King was the best known lady doctor of her time in Madras. Sy. G. Paracooty Amma was the first Nair Lady Graduate; to glance at our own staff of the 40 women belonging to it, no fewer than 31 have been students in the school at one time or other, and the typist is another old student; when the Government instituted an Inspectorate of women a few years ago, they took the four Assistant Inspectresses from our school, and last year when two additional Inspectresses were wanted for responsible work, they again took them from us. Finally and in conclusion the manner in which our old students have rallied round us to help to celebrate this day is proof of the place the old school holds in their estimation.

H. H. THE MAHARAJAH'S ) D. H. WATTS,  
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