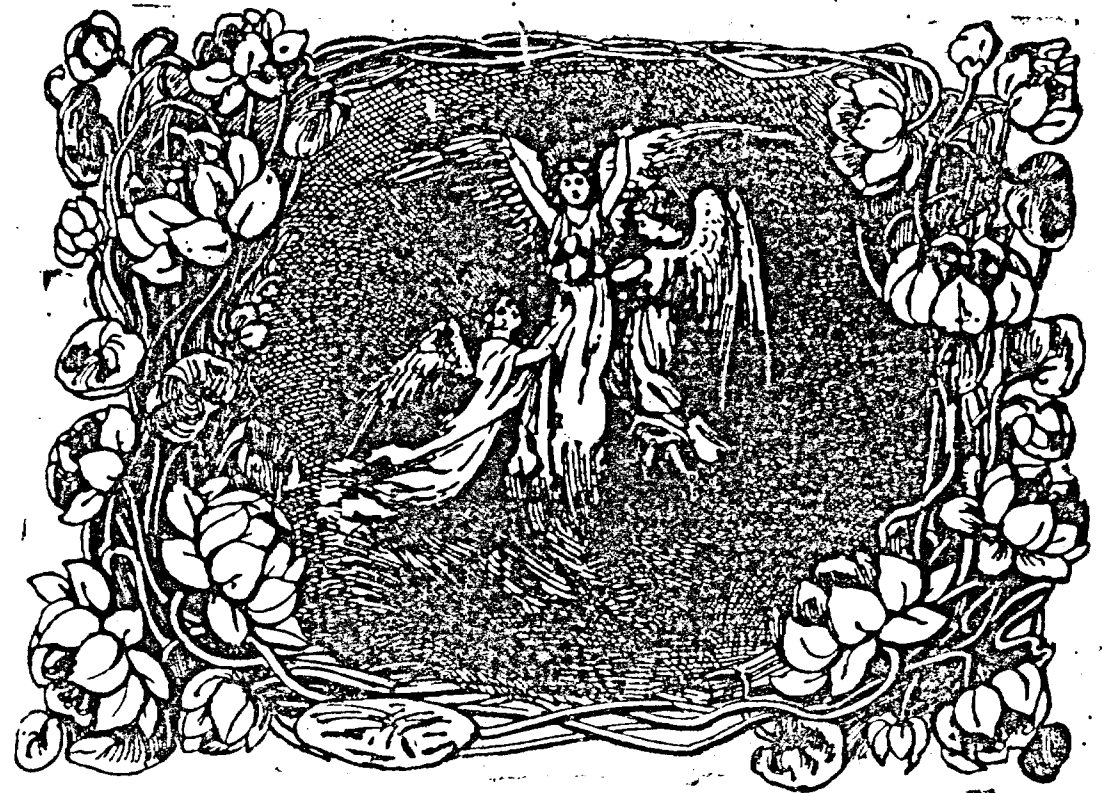




MRS. KAMALA SATTHIANADHAN, M.A.



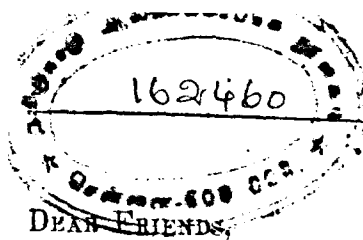
THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

VOL. XV] FIRST QUARTER: JULY-SEPTEMBER, 1915 [No. 1

The Lotus

- Love came to Flora asking for a flower
That would of flowers be undisputed queen,
The lily and the rose, long, long had been
Rivals for that high honour. Bards of power
Had sung their claims. 'The rose can never tower
Like the lily with her Juno mien'—
'But is the lily lovelier?' Thus between
Flower factions rang the strife in Psyche's bower.
'Give me a flower delicious as the rose,
And stately as the lily in her pride'—
'But of what colour?'—Rose'-Red,' Love first chose,
Then prayed;—'No, lily-white,—or, both provide';
Flora gave the lotus 'rose-red' dyed,
the lily-white'—the queenliest flower that blows.

—Toru Dutt.



July 25th, 1915.

DEAR FRIENDS,

Reluctant though I was to stop the publication of the Indian Ladies Magazine, I had serious intentions of doing so for various reasons, the chief of which is that I intend leaving for England during the early part of next year and that, during the intervening months, I expect my movements to be very uncertain. But when my sister heard of my purpose, she nobly came to the rescue and said that she would undertake the editorship. I have therefore much pleasure in handing over the management of the Indian Ladies Magazine to Mrs. S. G. Hensman, M.A., Royapettah, Madras.

I earnestly hope that you will all continue to subscribe to the Indian Ladies' Magazine, and that you will hold out to my sister the same kind of help you have given me. I also hope that many of our Indian ladies will write for the journal. It is the only one of its kind in India, and though I cannot say it has been well-conducted or managed, yet it deserves the support of all the educated people of India.

I tender my heartiest thanks to my subscribers and contributors for the help they have given me during the fifteen years of my editorship. For the last few years, I have not been able to do much for the Magazine, because I have been stationed in a small mofussil town, at a distance from the Press which has been printing the Indian Ladies' Magazine and not in direct reach of real literary help. But my sister will be in Madras and will therefore be able to do much more for the Magazine than I have been able to of late.

We have not been able to publish the fourth quarterly number of this Volume of the Indian Ladies' Magazine, owing to the fact that it has taken some time to make the transfer arrangements. We hope our subscribers will forgive us.

Though not in direct control of the Magazine, yet I hope I shall be more or less in touch with it. I request my subscribers to forgive me for the many shortcomings of the Indian Ladies' Magazine which they have so many times kindly overlooked. And I earnestly hope they will do their best to ensure the prolongation of its existence. "Au Revoir, but not Farewell."

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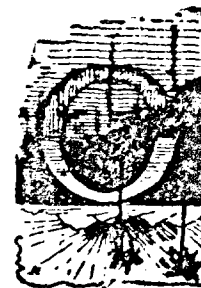
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Mrs. Sattbianadhan, M.A.

William Shakespeare Patriot

(BY LADY BENSON)



NE is almost afraid to hear the words Patriot and Patriotism, words associated with so many tragic heroes, with so much mischievous rhetoric, and impracticality, with so much boastful retrospect to pre-historic times and legendary heroes, and to deeds haloed in the exaggerating mists of time.

"The past shall always wear a glory from its being far." The words recall many tragic heroes of varied nationalities, who have spent their lives for an idea, regardless of facts, men with "no eye for the actual bearing of facts," "unable to see things as in very deed they are". Patriots who have brought ruin on themselves, and on their followers, and who have retarded rather than accelerated the development of their country, Patriots whose existence has created an atmosphere of sedition and anarchy, in whose train follow:—

Henry V. Sc. 2. "Treason and murder, two yoke devils Sworn to either's purpose. Patriots who, however high-minded and noble themselves, seem fated to attract ignoble associates:—"

Julius Caesar Act I., Sc. 2. "Brutus thou art noble; yet I see Thy honourable metal may be wrought From that it is disposed. Therefore 'tis meet That noble minds keep ever with their likes For who so firm that cannot be seduced?"

"It is certain, that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases one of another; therefore let men take heed of their company."

Henry IV. Act V., Sc. 1.

From the long line of such misguided tragic Patriots in the pages of History it is a relief to turn to the patriotism of Shakespeare. His passionate love of his country sounded the clarion note which has vibrated, in ever widening circles in the poems of the poets of his own and succeeding generations. Milton, Southey, Campbell, Wordsworth, Tennyson all caught their enthusiasm and restraint from him.

With all Shakespeare's white-heat fervour of love for England his patriotism was singularly free from boastful retrospect, singularly free from



over confidence in the present. With all his ardent love and admiration for England he was ever conscious of the essential and fundamental roots of his, and every other country's greatness.

King John "Nought shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true,"
As you like it. (and it was he who pointed out that
"there is much virtue in an 'if'")
King John. "This England never did (nor never
shall)
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror
But when it first did help to wound
itself."

When the Dauphin sent Cardinal Pandulph with

King John. "Such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take
With purpose presently to leave this
war"

the fine Englishman of the play replies:—

"He will the rather do it when he sees ourselves
Well sinewed to our defences."

To be true, to be well armed, and to be free from internal dissensions, Shakespeare knew to be essential for national life and greatness. The actual horrors of civil war were not so far from Shakespeare's times that he could fail to realize fully the vital importance of these fundamental conditions of national greatness.

Shakespeare kept a watchful eye on England's weaknesses; he noted her easy admiration of foreigners:—

Richard II. "the report of fashions in proud Italy
Act II., Sc. 1. Whose manners still our tardy apish
nation
Limps after in base imitation"
"New customs though they be never so
ridiculous
Nay—let them be un-manly, yet are
followed."

England was even then a "tardy apish nation"! "Sleeping England" says John of Gaunt "long time have I watched."

Professor Cramb writes (300 or more years later) of the "apathy and stolid indifference of England."

Was it not only a few years ago that King George uttered those memorable words "Wake up England"? Can we doubt that if Shakespeare were alive to-day he would be an enthusiastic member of the "National Service League" and would have applauded to the echo Lord Salisbury's appeal to the nation to arm and prepare for war, for a war which might be on them at any hour, a war for their very existence as a nation and as a race. "Rouse yourselves from your lethargy! Arm, and stand in the ranks yourselves as Englishmen should."

Shakespeare has told us that:—

Henry V. "Peace itself should not so dull
kingdom."
Act II., (Though war, nor no known quarre
Sec. 4. were in question).
But that defences, musters, prepa-
rations should be maintained, assem-
bled and collected.
As were a war in expectation."
"In cases of defence, 'tis best to be high."
The enemy more mighty than he seen.
So the proportions of defence are filled;
Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting.
A little cloth."

But neither to Lord Salisbury not yet to Lord Roberts did our "tardy apish nation" listen! Is there not a present day application in Northumberland's indictment of Richard II.? "Wars have not wasted (the money) raised by taxes and "daily new exactions," but more have we spent in peace than they in wars."

Shakespeare was no "peace at any price" man. He well knew that,
Cymbeline "Plenty and peace breed cowards,
Act III., Hardness ever
Sec. 6. of hardness is mother"

"Plenty and peace" breed too the money-thirsty men who are at the root of so much labour trouble, and so many strikes, as well as the men also spend their earnings on brutalizing drink, and indulge an ever growing appetite for "games and holidays." Are not these men "helping England to wound itself?"

The living force of Shakespeare's patriotism is evidenced by the fact that we appeal for Recruits for the war to-day, in almost his very words:—

"Follow, Follow!"
"Grapple your minds to steerage of this
navy,
And leave your England.
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and
old women
Either part, or not arrived; to pith and
puissance:
For who is he whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not
follow."

These culled and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
How Shakespeare knew, and trusted his coun-
trymen to the core!

"You, good yeomen"
Henry V. Whose limbs were made in England,
Act III., shew us here
Sec. 1. The mettle of your pasture; let us
swear
That you are worth your breeding which I
doubt not
For there is none of you so mean and base
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like grey hounds in the slips
Straining upon the start. The game's a foot
Follow your spirit; and upon this charge,
Cry,—"God for Harry! England's!"

Can we not recognize in our brave cheery Tommies and Territorials to-day the same "Noble lustre in their eyes" and the same "straining upon the start."

Shakespeare's patriotism was closely associated with loyalty to the throne and the nobles:—

King John "This royal throne of kings, this
scepter'd isle.
This teeming womb of royal kings
Fear'd by their breed, and famous, by
their birth
Renowned for their deeds of Christian
service and true chivalry."
"Now these her princes are come home again
Come the three corners of the world in arms
And we shall shock them"

There was no National Anthem in those days, but Shakespeare knew the inspiring value of the cry "God for Harry! England! and Saint George!"

Shakespeare's appreciation of the character of his countrymen is further shewn by the words he puts into the mouth of the Constable of France:—

"That island of England breeds very valiant crea-
tures: their mastiffs are of unmatchable
courage, and their men do sympathize
with the mastiff in robustious and rough
coming on; and then, give them great
meals of beef and iron and steel and
they will eat like wolves and fight like devils."

Mr. Price Collier in his "England and the English" dwells on the same national characteristics at the present time:—

"Meat, meat, meat, and no alleviation—the English-
man likes it, it agrees with him, and those who survive
this sanguinary diet, are, it must be admitted, splen-
did animals indeed"

and he adds that it is from the picked men of this meat fed race that the world is ruled. How applicable to England's warriors in the trenches is Shakespeare's description of the soldiers of Henry V.:

Henry V. We are but warriors for the working
day.
Our gayness and our gilt are all be-
smirched
With rainy marching in painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our
host
(Good argument, I hope, we shall not
fly)
And time hath worn us into shavenry;
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the
trim."

Well did the fighting men of England (under Cymbeline Henry Vth) then as now justify what Posthumus said of them many hundreds of years previously:—

"Our countrymen
Are men more order'd than when Julius Cæsar
Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their
courage."

Worth his frowning at; their discipline
(Now mingled with their courages) will make
known.
Such that mend upon the world"

Shakespeare felt that England was guarded not only by its warlike inhabitants, but by its geographical position, as of a "precious stone set in the silver sea" "paled in with rocks unscaleable and roaring waters," "like a swan's nest in a great pool", encircled by "its salt-water girdle". "I the world's volume: Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;" and the very sands of England would not bear her enemies' boats, but would suck them up to the top-mast.

Cymbeline's Queen exhorted him to

"Remember, Sir, my liege
The Kings your ancestors; together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
At Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable and roaring waters,
With sands that will not bear your enemies'
boats.
But suck them up to the top-mast . . ."

and it was urged that the Roman yoke should be shaken of "as becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon ourselves to be."

"Our Britains harts die flying,—not our men".

The quality of a man's patriotism may to a great extent be gauged by his estimate of the character of his fellow countrymen in peace as well as in war. To Shakespeare we owe the best description of an Englishman ever written. In Philip of Faulconbridge—as Mr. John Nusefield has pointed out, Shakespeare has drawn the most English figure—in the plays. He depicts him endowed with beautiful kindness; high courage, and capable of devoted service. He is an entirely honest, robust, hearty person, contemptuous of the weak . . . with a trusty good humoured frankness, fond of fighting, extremely able when told what to do, fond of plain measure—the plainer the better, extremely first, very kind when not fighting, fond of the words "fair play", and nobly and exquisitely moved to deep, true, poetical feeling by a cruel act done to something helpless and little.

Was it not the "cruel act" done to Belgium that united as one man all England in its decision to fight against Germany?

Shakespeare's intense love of his country is revealed by his sensitively felt, and exquisitely expressed, touches rather than by descriptions of English scenery and flowers.

He loved to cull "pale primroses," and "nodding violets," "azure hare bells" and "the cowslip's bell" the "freckled cowslip."

while he noted the "cinque spots, the crimson drops i' the bottom of the cowslip".

Midsummer "The cowslips tall her pensioners be:
Nights In their gold coats spots you see
Dream Those be rubies, fairies' favours
Act II, Sc. I In those freckles hoe their savours".

This minute observation of detail tempts to recall one of Tennyson's nature touches referred to in "Crawford". "Now what colour are ash-buds in March?" asked Mr. Holbrook "I'm sure I don't know Sir" I replied. "I knew you didn't! No more did I—an old fool that I am! till this young man comes and tells me. "Black as ash-buds in March" and I've lived all my life in the country: more shame for me not to know. Black they are jet black Madam!"

Shakespeare loved the:

"Lover's La- "Daisies pied and violets blue
bour Lost," And lady-smocks all silver white
Act V. And Cuckoo buds of yellow true
That paint the meadows with delight"

He recalls with happiness:

"The wood where you and I
Upon faint primrose beds wont to lie"

And the voice

"More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear
When wheat is green and hawthorn buds appear."

Shakespeare's childhood had been spent in the country, and the beauty of English scenery had ministered to his mind through the years of youth. He always wrote with all his heart, and with vivid impressionism when recalling such scenes.

He loved:—"The shallow rivers by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals," and recalled
"the gentle Severn's Sedgy bank" "the banks
of Wye, and sandy bottomed Severn" "The
smug and silver Trent" and spoke of the "high
wild hills and rough uneven ways of Gloucestershire" and "Blessed Milford . . . Tell me
how Wales was made so happy as to inherit
such a harbour."

The few lines descriptive of Macbeth's castle
in Inverness are typical of all Scottish castles:—

This Castle hath a pleasant seat: the
air
Macbeth
Act I., Sc. 6. Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

This guest of summer

The temple haunting martlet does approve
By his beloved mansionry that the heaven's
Breath smells wooingly here
Where they most breed and haunt
I have observed the air is delicate.

Who has written a more wonderful description of the dizzy cliffs of Dover
King Lear
Act VI., Sc. 1. than Shakespeare? (It is called
after him to this day "Shakespeare cliff") "Whose high and bending head
looks fearfully in the confined deep.

How fearful and dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes
so low! . . . I'll look no more lest my
brain turn and the deficient sight topple down
headlong" . . . "Walking in the Cotswold
country" writes John Masfield "when russet
pated choughs, many in sort rising and cawing
at the gun's report sever themselves and madly
sweep the sky" gives the passenger a sense of
the enduringness of the pageant upon which
Shakespeare's seeing eyes looked more than
three centuries ago."

But it was for England as a nation that
Shakespeare concentrated and consecrated the
full force of his burning love and zeal.

ENGLAND

Richard II. "This royal throne of Kings, this scepter'd
isle,
Act II., This other Eden, demi-paradise;
Sc. I. This fortress, built by nature for herself
Against inflection, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal Kings
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth
Renowned for their deeds as far from home
(For Christian service, and true chivalry)
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son;
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world
England, bound with the triumphant sea."

And it is for England to-day, our dear, dear
land, that our precious husbands and sons, re-
nowned for their deeds of Christian service and
true chivalry are laying down their lives. Fur-
ther than the "sepulchre in stubborn Jewry"
even in Persia, China, Africa and the islands
of the Pacific, and beneath its waves to the
Northern seas, are their graves: while from
India, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and
Africa come the sons of a Greater Britain,
nobler and wider than even Shakespeare knew,
to fight and die for the Mother-land who has
made them free, and given them equal justice
and wider laws. Surely for this Great Britain
Shakespeare would cry to-day:—"The game's
afodt! Follow your spirit and upon this charge
cry:—

"God for England and King George".



Women's Part in the War.



HE old rhythm "men must
work and women must weep"
keeps ringing in my ears as
I read or think of the war,
and what is more, seems very
appropriate now, for truly
the flower of manhood is
shedding its deep red blood in
abundance for its country's
honour and welfare. It is a
blessed thing that we women though fated not
to take any active part in the defence of one's
land yet can find much work for hands and
head to do in the present times.

Women in all parts of the Empire have
generously answered the appeal for relief of the
wounded and distressed in the war and have
ventured out of their sheltered homes and taken
upon themselves tasks and duties quite unusual
to them. In nursing the sick and wounded, in
joining ambulance classes, in sewing and making
articles with the needle for the comfort of 'our
soldiers,' there has been shown a wonderful
enthusiasm, initiative and perseverance. In
India the women have answered nobly to the
call and each in her own small way is doing some-
thing for the relief of sorrow and suffering in the
war. The amount of interest shown is so great
that it is finding its own outlet and every one is
striking out new pathways of help.

From the papers we read most interesting
accounts of the many ways in which women in
England are striving to play their part in the
war. I shall give a short account of some of the
ways in which women are helping now. One of
the earliest products of the war is the Woman
Patrol. I give here a short report of the work
taken from the *Madras Mail*:—

"The Woman Patrol is not a detective, nor is she
a Policewoman, nor a rescue worker. What called
for her services were the huge camps of men in train-
ing which suddenly sprang up in all parts of the
Kingdom and which have been maintained for so
many months. Wherever they happened to be they
became instantly the great centre of local interest.
People rushed to their doors and windows to see
the men on their route marches, and when the day's
work was done, lounging round the camps to see
what they could of the troops came to be the popular
amusement of the youth of both sexes. The idea that
they were going abroad to fight and many of them,
perhaps, to die on the field of battle, had a fearful
fascination. A large proportion of the crowds of the
interested spectators peering through the fences are
young girls and boys. For the former the situation
has its dangers. Belonging to respectable families
and coming from good homes, nevertheless they

have been caught in the extraordinary wave of giddy
excitement which the sudden appearance of some
thousands of troops near their town could not fail
to raise. Something had to be done if disaster was
to be avoided and it was not a case for the Police or
for the rescue worker.

So the National Union of Women Workers took
the matter up and in response to an appeal from them
over 2,000 ladies have enrolled themselves as volun-
tary helpers to deal with the situation. No uniform
is worn, just a band with the letters N. U. W. W. is
tied round the left arm, and they always go about
two and two. They are invested with no authority;
but by the exercise of tact, sympathy and patience,
do what they can to get the girls away from a pos-
sible danger zone, the most successful method of
procedure being as a rule to provide some counter-
attraction, such as Girls' Clubs and Recreation
Rooms to which they are invited to learn ambulance
work or to join sewing classes. Girls hanging about
the Camps will generally be very glad to 'come and
help to do something for the soldiers.' In the autumn
months it was making presents to send out to the
trenches at Christmas. Or it may be a sewing class
for mending the linen of the troops after it has been
sent out from the laundry. Everything is mended up
before being returned to the owner, and thus a real
service is rendered to the men. Very little difficulty
is experienced in dealing on these lines with the girls.

The good the Women Patrols are doing is proved
by the fact that they are working under the sanction
of both the Home Secretary and the Commissioner of
Police. The latter signs the official cards with which
each Patrol in London is provided, authorising the
Police to give her every assistance. In the provinces
these cards are signed by the local Chief Constable.
Lord Kitchener has recently given them his official
recognition, and Officers in Command of Military
Districts are informed that he wishes them to take
steps to help the Patrols when working on their
Commands. The soldiers themselves also welcome
them. Again and again in the Reports the general
good conduct of the soldiers and the healthy and
restraining influence which the ladies are able to
exercise upon silly and excited girls receive men-
tion."

Next we read of the work of the women in
the State. Everywhere they are now being
engaged as clerks, by Railway companies, by
Firms, Banks, and Public offices so as to release
the men for military duty. Again we hear of
women as Railway officials, some of the stations
being altogether staffed by them. It is said that
"even the perky small boys with their smart
round caps" hawking papers in high trebles are
disappearing and girls are taking their places.

In almost all other occupations women are
gallantly taking the place of the men. I believe
in large hotels in London the lifts are being
managed by women and in many an important
place, trams, light, horse and motor vans are
driven by women, an innovation which in some
places was indignantly protested against, which
even now is not allowed in London, Birmingham
and Sheffield. In the field and in the gathering
in of the hay the farmers are engaging women

labourers but the demand here is said not to be so great as expected.

Thus in many and various ways woman is called upon to do her best for her country and this is tending to develop many a dormant capability. This war is teaching them to find out what they can do and thus is giving them an experience which will alter their position in life in future.

Yet, apart from the actual work that the women are doing, how can we find words to describe the development of character—the bearing up of the most intense pain, that the loss of dear loved ones engenders, in a most heroic fashion, the developing of a fortitude that seems to put the Spartan women into the background and the forgetting of all ties of blood, of interests of person in the love for one's country and in the upholding of its honour. Many a hearth is bare and many a home desolate and many are the sufferings and privations of the poor, but through it all, the women are rising in the nobility of their womanhood and bravely and calmly taking their share in the life-struggle for home and country.

S.

The Hero of a Moment

THE Muse had deserted him; and he sat staring vacantly around in the vain hope that some object might supply a theme upon which he could work to procure the following day's necessities. It was no use, however, that afternoon. He had passed his hand again and again through his long unkempt hair; yet, he had failed to induce any motive force to act upon the storehouse of his brain.

That day he had, so to speak, eaten his overcoat, and ere long, his now threadbare wardrobe would be yet more scant unless something turned up soon. Hunger was getting impatient of staring him in the face, and threatened to annoy him in a yet more sensitive part of his being.

Want of success had brought moroseness and its attendant evils. His poetry, so he thought, was better than that which secured venison and laurels; yet, little bread, let alone meat could he secure: much less could he attract the

favour of sovereigns; he would have been more than contented with crowns.

What was he to do? Not only had he come to the end of his tether—but, what was worse still—his worldly goods were fast disappearing. His stock-in-trade consisted of a few disheartened brains. They were not worn out and useless—they were only some thirty years old, yet no one seemed to require them. If only some one would take his case up; would, as it were, pick him out of the slough into which he had fallen—would but pick his brains for a consideration!

But alas! He was a waif, a stray, an outcast: he was only a poet, a sort of fool in his way—so people thought, and they merely treated him as a respectable nuisance. The busy bustling crowd paid little attention to his moral lessons and pitied his warblings as if they were the outcome of some unfortunate possession that could best be cured by starvation—starve him into surrender, was their idea; a capital notion, doubtless, in its way, but hard on the individual suffered.

Yet he was no fictitious rhymster; he needed not the inspiring influence of the cheering cup: he was a thoroughbred, so to speak; before he could walk, he could "poetry"—he used poetical feet almost before his natural feet were of use to him: he rhymed in season and out of season, and that is what did the mischief. He satirised the failings and weaknesses of those who might have done something for him, and of course lost their patronal favour, yea, even the love of an elder brother.

At the moment, the scenes of the past are crowding into his memory, and the sordid things of the earth seem for once to oust the lofty ideals that usually fired his brain, and he quietly reviews the most striking incidents of his life. He hears again his aged father's lament: "O, John, my poor John! if only you were a man of action, and not merely a dreamer! but it is apparently not so to be; it were better surely to leave all in your brother's hands—he will certainly continue the allowance I have made you, and you will have no bother. He is a good lad, is that brother of yours."

So, the poet's father passed away to that land of which his son had spoken in so many a mystic saying; while the dreamer himself remained behind to warble forth sad, pathetic strains—his worldly concerns not troubling him as long as his brother remained faithful to his verbal trust.

But prosperity smiled on this matter-of-fact brother of his; motor-cars betokened his wealth to the world; while, the plaints of sweated souls found their way towards the Heavens, from the

factories and workshops that coined the writing hearts to pay for the rich man's luxuries. And the poet, regardless of the consequences, invited the down-trodden minions to revolt:—"Arise and break the fetters, that else will break your hearts." These and plainer words than these had he spoken, till the wily Dives exhorted him to keep silence, or to consider his allowance—which he alleged was more than he ought to afford—would no longer be forthcoming. But what Muse can be bribed either to give or to withhold? And so it came to pass that he who sang of liberty was destined to feel the thralldom of a soulless world. He still fancied he heard the parting shot that had hurled him from a competency to absolute starvation: "Be a man, and for goodness sake do something useful."

And so he aroused himself—he would desert the goddess of verse, he would write prose: he commenced to write, and on and on he wrote, his own life story. The pathos of it struck him even as he put his pen to the paper: he lived it all over again. He groaned as he glanced over the sheet he had just written—it contained the incident of a recent scene between himself and his brother.

"There" said the man of wealth, "I won't be hard. There's a 'fiver': it's all I have to spare just now."

While with majestic mien the slim form of the poet was convulsed with emotion; and, not trusting himself to speak, he turned his back upon the proffered dole, and with bowed head stumbled towards the door. But the rich man's little girl put her chubby fist into her uncle's hand, saying as she did so: "I love'oo, unkie, I love'oo!"

Thus ran the manuscript before him: and on and on his story proceeded, right down the moment when he was writing and then the Spirit of Prophecy guided his pen. He pictured the rich man's daughter snatched from imminent peril by a poor man who lost his life in the attempt—a man who proved, upon investigation, to be her disowned uncle.

He finished his story with a sigh of relief, and experienced a presentment that his life's-work was well-nigh done. A strange calm seized him, a holy stillness possessed his soul. And so he strolled out into the evening air, and sauntered among his fellow creatures in the Park. Yet he seemed not as one of them. He was moving as it were in a different world to the gossiping maids and thoughtless children. Earthly things were already assuming their right proportions, and appeared puny and stunted in the light of the hazy revelation that was bursting in upon him. Yet none who beheld him, surmised what

was passing in his soul or guessed at the almost ecstatic experience the quiet stranger was undergoing.

Yet, even as he mused, he marked at length a sudden commotion in the peaceful scene: his ear caught sounds that appeared at first indistinct, but which gradually seemed to transform themselves into an agonising cry:—"Unkie, unkie, save me, save me!"

Simultaneously the words "Be a man," flashed across his mind, and the dreamer was changed in an instant into a man of action—a hero—whom the world delights to honour. It was the work of a moment and then one form lay in solemn stillness, benumbed body and soul by the awful shock; but as the spirit slowly recovered, there was, as it were, a whisper "Where is the precious darling?"

But their time had not yet come. She was spared to cheer the declining years of a crippled poet, whom the few valued for the priceless gems he bequeathed them, and the many venerated as a hero who had ventured his life to save the child of the one man upon earth who had wronged him.

W. D. ROBERTS.

A Ladies' Party of H. H. The Nawab Begum Sahaba of Jaujira



VERY unique kind of "Indian Tea" was given by H. H. The Nawab Begum Sahaba of Jaujira to Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Willingdon, at Monastery Mahabeshwar, on Monday, the 24th instant.

All the distinguished Hindu and Muhammadan ladies of the Nation were present, and played the ancient Hindu Games.

Their Excellencies arrived at 5, and were received by the Nawab Begum Sahaba. Then they went round and shook hands with all the ladies present. Chatting amicably Lady Willingdon went to the Furdah side and met H. H. the Maharani Sahaba and Princess Vijeisinghji of Rajpiple and the Rani of Mallkar.

The Begum Sahaba then took them to the drawing room where H. H. The Lady Agha Khan, The Rani of Sangli, The Rani of Jath,

The Rani of Malegaonkar, The Rani of Miraj (senior) and the Rani of Ramdurg were present. Mrs. Narayan Rao sang an Indian classical song, sitting on the floor.

According to the wishes of the hostess, the ladies had dressed in their own dresses carrying out the details of jewels and ornamentation to perfection, giving a thoroughly brilliant character to the whole.

The Begum Sahiba presented Their Excellencies with a most beautiful and artistic programme with two dainty figures playing the "Phugree" poised on a Lotus, painted in the Indian way.

Their Excellencies thoroughly enjoyed the games that were played by the daintily dressed young maidens, with bare and jewelled feet. The rooms were decorated with Indian hangings and garlands of roses and champar giving out its exquisite perfume the whole time.

Owing to a heavy and sudden shower of rain the "Tea" in the Flower Pavilion and games in the garden had to be abandoned and took place in the covered verandah instead.

The following games were played:—

1. *Garba*—The Leading Banya and Bhātya ladies took part in this. They formed a circle and moved in a slow rhythmical movement clapping their hands in rhythm with the characteristic songs they sang, bending their figures gracefully.

2. *Thimma*—Three different kinds of Thimma were played by the Dakshani girls, in rhythm with the songs and music. Their beautiful sarees clinging to their lith figures made a charming picture.

3. *Ramain Ragda*—This is a triangle formed by six girls, each group of three girls moved in and out of the triangle, by turns clapping their hands in time with the music.

4. *Phugree*—Three pairs of Dakshani girls played this remarkably well. They held their hands crossed tight moved circularly, slowly at first and then with tremendous rapidity.

Their Excellencies stayed for an hour and a quarter and seemed to have enjoyed themselves thoroughly and had several games repeated. A remarkable feature was that His Excellency was the only man present among nearly a 100 ladies!

The usual ceremony of attar-pan took place on their departure. The Begum Sahiba had prepared artistic garlands and bouquets with her own hands for Their Excellencies—silver and mauve for Her Excellency and white and silver for Lord Willingdon.

At the close of the season, one of the most interesting functions of Mahableshwar thus ended successfully.

ATIYA BEGUM FYZEE RAHAMIN.

Marriage



HERE is probably nothing more disastrous than being married to the wrong person. It is a step which cannot be remedied except through the bounty of nature, or at the risk of the hangman's rope or the monotony of prison walls: and yet people constantly allow their parents to choose

their husband or wife for them: however ridiculous it may sound, it must not be forgotten that one cannot choose one's own parents and that from the point of view of an individual his parents are thrust on him: of course, with their children, parents acquire a vigorous love for them which makes them consult the child's best advantage in all that concerns it: but curiously enough in the question of marriage often no effort is made to secure the child's mental, moral and spiritual welfare and material advantages alone are considered. A father, for instance, who ordinarily would shudder at exposing his daughter to any evil influence, does not hesitate to condemn her to the hopeless degradation of an unhappy marriage and is even prepared to be congratulated on having arranged it, provided the material advantages arising out of it to his daughter are sufficiently attractive from a worldly point of view.

This indifference to all except the material results of marriage can only be explained as due either to a highly optimistic view of human nature as a whole, or to an imperfect understanding of the real effect of marriage. While optimism is certainly a virtue, hard facts constantly teach that it can be carried too far and that it can then be attended with most unfortunate results. The object of this little paper is to consider what may be the conditions under which a marriage can be called "happy" or "unhappy," "good" or "bad".

Promiscuity, first unlimited, and then within a circle has given place to marriage and civilisation as it progresses tends more and more definitely towards monogamy: the reason is that, as knowledge advances, marriage is recognised as being something more than a social or moral convenience: it will probably be unnecessary to remind the reader that "morality" applies only to social relations and that it changes with the public opinion of society: though of course the standard of morality has everything to do with the religion observed by a



H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

particular society. But taking progress even from the material side, the measure of progress is the extent to which mind dominates matter. In other words human progress cannot mean anything else than mental and spiritual progress. A nation, for instance, that has nothing to learn in the application of science to matter, is by common consent called barbarous and uncivilised if even in war it disregards the ordinary spiritual lessons of honesty and humanity taught by, and following from, Christianity. It is not therefore too much to say that when civilisation lays increasing importance on marriage proportionate to its own progress it does so because of the mental and spiritual significance of marriage.

The reason is not far to seek: a modern novelist has said that a man can never make up to his wife for what she gives him even if he were to give her the whole world. It is easy to condemn such a remark as sentimental but a little consideration of the romantic side of marriage which is however outside the real scope of this paper, will show that it contains a very large amount of truth: the remark is quoted here to point out how close and intimate the marriage bond necessarily is and that the union must have a very wide effect reciprocally on those whom it binds. This effect is mental and spiritual and it can easily be seen that unless there is spiritual union between the pair the higher nature suffers restriction intolerable from the lower. While love—that mysterious power which instils into an ordinarily self-centred man or woman an overwhelming and irresistible conviction that he or she exists only to achieve the welfare of the beloved—while such a power may and often does justify a union between two opposite natures there can be no question that parents are in no way justified in bringing about such a union arbitrarily and that if they do they are laying themselves open to the crime of spiritual murder.

Enough has been said to indicate that the safest method of ensuring a real marriage i.e., a union that is spiritual is to let the choice be those whom it most concerns. The objection will however be raised that is embodied in the saying "marry in haste and repent at leisure", and it cannot be denied that self-chosen marriages are often disastrous to both sides: The reason, is probably, that often passion is mistaken for love and the mistake is no doubt due in most of the cases to faulty up-bringing or education which leaves a man the creature of his impulses and does not give him that sense of proportion which alone can ensure a well-ordered and self-contained life. If the reader has been in agreement so far he will readily admit that where

there is spiritual union in a marriage i.e., where love exists that marriage can be called neither "bad" nor "unhappy" however much the higher nature, if there happens to be inequality of natures, has to strive to raise the lower: because the achievement of that object will be the only necessity understood. It follows that "bad" or "unhappy" marriage is one where there is spiritual incompatibility or indifference. Marriage is clearly in its essence so personal a matter that no one from outside can step in and predict the happiness or unhappiness of a given marriage.

It can still be asked however why it is necessary to consider whether a marriage will be good or bad as defined in this paper so long as it ensures temporal prosperity and induces morality? The answer, as already indicated, is that man is first an immortal being and only second a denizen of the world and a member of a given society. The idea of man's immortality is so wide and has persisted so strongly through all the ages that to discard it merely because it cannot be proved to exist on any known fact is dangerous, and such reasoning if applied for instance to theology, must deny or at least regard as not proved the existence of a Deity. If it is once admitted that man is immortal and that the part of him which exists after death is spiritual then no special pleading is required to establish the importance to his spiritual life here and hereafter of a happy marriage. All religions which teach the belief of immortality teach that this life is a preparation for the next.

If it is held on the other hand that man may not be immortal and that it is quite enough to consider him only in his relation to this life there is still the accepted evidence of the influence and effect on him of music, painting, and the like to show that he has a nature which soars constantly above the material and which is often dissatisfied except with the spiritual and mental.

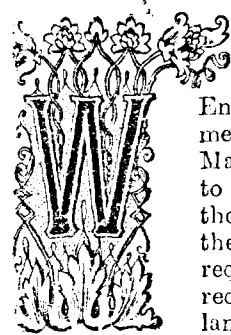
If it is true for the man that spiritual union with his wife is essential even for his moral welfare, it is much more true for the woman: only in her case, owing to the law of her being to which reference has been made more than once, its truth stands on a rather higher plane. Woman invariably lives by her intuition rather than by reasoning and the "intuition" of a good woman is to reasoning what inspiration is to logic. Love is certainly not the creature of logic and woman can probably never reason herself into love though she may be taught it by a man who first loves her and earnestly desires the reciprocation of his love. The mental and

spiritual degradation therefore laid on a woman who is made to give herself to an indifferent or unsympathetic husband can be better imagined than described and it is no exaggeration to talk of the hopeless degradation to a woman, of an unhappy marriage.

If it is admitted that marriage should primarily be a spiritual union and that the surest way of guaranteeing that it is such, is to let the individual choose for himself or herself, it may still be asked how in a country like India for example, where child-marriages are the rule and parents invariably arrange marriages of all sorts, the conclusion can be of any practical import? The solution obviously rests in the abolition of such customs: to say that a girl cannot choose for herself because she cannot be allowed the society of the opposite sex is to admit a remarkably low estimate of the moral and mental character of both men and women, and it is surprising that the men at least of India who can make their opinions heard, are content to submit tamely to the very serious imputation that the marriage customs of their country cast on their character as a body. On the other hand, still taking India as an example, the principle of free selection cannot be given to girls as matters stand at present. The first step will have to be for parents to realise (1) that they take a very serious and unjustifiable responsibility on themselves when they arrange their children's marriages for them and (2) that their duty to their children lies rather in their seeing that they get the education through it the sense of proportion which shall enable them to become rational thinking beings, and to choose happily for themselves when the time comes, the partner of their most intimate life. No nation can be called healthy or progressive that disregards even a portion of its spiritual welfare and preserves its moral rectitude not by choice nor of conviction but by compulsion and prevention.



Ladies' Recreation Club, Madras



WORK in connection with the War.—In August, War was declared between

England and Germany, and the members with other ladies in Madras and elsewhere decided to help in any way possible, those who were suffering from the effects of the War. A request for help having been received from St. John's Ambulance Association, a Special General Meeting was held on

August 20th. Lady Wallis presided, and explained what might be done to help the brave troops, Indian and English, who were engaged in the War. Her Excellency Lady Pentland wrote regretting her inability to be present and saying how much she appreciated the loyalty and generous sympathy of the members in assembling for such a purpose. The Honorary Secretary explained that it was proposed to collect funds with which to buy the material for the articles required, and collecting cards were distributed. Lady Wallis very kindly consented to be Honorary Treasurer for the Fund. Sewing meetings were organised to provide comforts for the sick and wounded, in accordance with the lists drawn up by the St. John's Ambulance Association, and to be forwarded through the depot opened by H. E. Lady Pentland.

During the months of September, October and November a large amount of hard work was done. Sewing meetings were held regularly twice a week, and attended by a large number of Indian and English ladies. Mrs. Firth very kindly acted with Mrs. Tiruvenkatachari as Joint Honorary Secretary during the absence of Mrs. Madeley in the month of September, and they were greatly assisted by Mrs. Tyabje, Mrs. Grierson Mitchell, Mrs. Krishnan and Mrs. Srinivasa Iyengar in purchasing material, cutting out, and packing the articles prepared for the "Ten-Bed Unit Boxes," the members doing their share in the way of sewing, knitting, crocheting and rolling bandages, with great energy and willingness to help. The Committee also desire to acknowledge gratefully the help rendered by the Mother Superior and the Sisters of the San Thomé Convent in connection with this work.

Over Rs. 4,000 was collected. Fifteen Ten-Bed Unit Boxes prepared, one of these on behalf of the Rani of South Vallur, one at the request

of Her Excellency on behalf of the ladies of Nagercoil, and one for the ladies of Cuddapah.

Later, when help was required for the Hospital Ship 'Madras,' the Club was represented on the Joint Committee by Mrs. Tyabji, Mrs. Tiruvenkatachari and Mrs. Madeley. The Club subscribed Rs. 1,000 from its War Fund to help in the purchase of materials for the 900 shirts, etc., required for the Ship. Meetings were held at the Banqueting Hall for the distribution of work, and the Committee are grateful to the members for the splendid way they supported by coming forward so well to help in the making of the shirts, etc. Week after week they came in large numbers to the Depot opened by H. E. Lady Pentland taking away bundles of shirts to be made and bringing them back, finished, to the next meeting.

Further appeals for help have been received by the Honorary Secretaries from the St. John's Ambulance Association, enclosing lists of the articles still required for the comfort of our brave troops, English and Indian. The Committee earnestly hopes that the good work so well begun will be steadily continued and maintained throughout the period the War lasts and, that with the experience already gained, the Club will be able to render even more substantial service in this direction.

Early in January, 1915 at the request of Her Excellency the Club undertook to make 350 twill shirts for the Hospital Ship. These were completed in the required short time.

In March, a further appeal was made for funds in order that the Kit-bags might be prepared for the convalescent soldiers on leaving the Hospital. There was a generous response, over Rs. 1,300 being subscribed. One hundred and fifty kit-bags have been prepared and fifty more are in progress.

Each bag contains a change of clothing, soap, towel, cigarettes and materials for mending. The St. John Ambulance Association makes a strong appeal for these bags as they are urgently required.

In April and part of July Mrs. Simonsen gave a course of First Aid Lectures. Most interesting and helpful.

In connection with the War and the work entailed by it, many new things have been learnt, a wider knowledge gained and sympathies extended. The Indian and English members have heartily worked together in the common cause and in this way one of the main objects for which the Club was founded, namely, to promote social intercourse between Indian and European ladies, has been greatly promoted.

—E. M. M.

The Women's Christian College Madras

BY MISS ELEANOR McDOUGALL, M. A.



It is some years now since a scheme for establishing a Christian College for the women of South India was formed in the missionary circles of Madras. It is interesting to notice how the same idea has arisen spontaneously in various other parts of the 'debateable land' which now lies

between the Christian and the Non-Christian lands and how in Japan, China, Bombay and Lahore similar schemes are being eagerly discussed with every sign of their sooner or later fulfilment. At a time in the history of the world when the value of education and the importance of women are being realized as never before, in countries hitherto blind to such ideas, the leaders of the missionary forces are the first to bring them into fruitful relation to each other. For the object of such colleges is not so much to facilitate for women the obtaining of university degrees similar to those won by men, but to satisfy the craving of women for other duties and opportunities than mere servitude to sex, and to raise up a class of women who shall be able to offer to the service of their country trained intellect, disciplined wills, steady judgment and religious devotion. It need hardly be pointed out how greatly the oriental nations lack such service from their own women. Though the good done from without by women of other countries to these lands has been and is inestimable, yet ultimately a nation must be saved from within by its own citizens, and as Malabari has pointed out, 'it is in the hearts of our women that the gospel of the new life must first take its root.'

India has been from the first quick to realize the advantage of university learning for men, and the stream of young men which flows year by year into the colleges steadily increases in volume and significance. So also as women have successfully passed through the lower grades of education it has seemed right and natural that they should proceed to the university; nor has their claim been disallowed. But it is obvious that, under the present social system of India, a system which cannot and should not undergo rapid or convulsive change, there are grave disadvantages in the education of

* This was written for the Indian Bookman.

women by men and with men. Their sensitive and often confused minds need far more careful handling than can possibly be given by lecturers who are obliged to regard women students merely as a small fraction of a large and uniform class of men. For a long time to come the only really profitable teaching of university women must be given in small classes by university women who can have personal relations with them and be able to adapt the new learning to minds moulded by centuries of unintellectual life. Moreover the religious instruction, the absence of which from state education almost all now agree in deploring, is an absolutely essential part of the training of university women to meet their splendid opportunities and duties. Again it is not the mere lecturing on Scriptural subjects that is important, but the pervading of all studies with the spirit of 'truth and justice, religion and piety'.

Such consideration as these led long ago to the establishment in the mission schools of Palamcottah and Northwick, of Collegiate Departments in which girl students were educated by missionaries to the stage marked by the Intermediate Examination in Arts of the Madras University. But excellent as these institutions are, it was felt that the time had come in South India for a first grade college in which the whole teaching for the degree could be carried on by Christian University women. No one mission could bear the expense of so costly an institution, and a scheme for a Union College was the only one possible. The strong spirit of unity and mutual goodwill among the missionaries of South India led to speedy action, and in 1911 a Committee representing nearly all the missions was formed, which worked at the problems of co-operation and organization with such success that in July 1913, a detailed scheme was laid by the honorary secretary of the Committee, the Hon'ble the Rev. G. Pittendrigh, before the European Section of the Sub-Committee on Education of the Edinburgh World Missionary Conference Continuation Committee. The case presented seemed so convincing that the Committee undertook to conduct negotiations at home between the Missionary Societies concerned. An informal Conference of representatives of Mission Boards and of leading educational women was held in October 1913, in order to gather opinions and advice, and very warm sympathy with the scheme was generally expressed. The activity of the European Section of the Sub-Committee on Education culminated in a visit paid by the Secretary, Mr. Theodore Lunt, in May 1914, to America, when the Mission Boards concerned generously pledged

themselves to co-operate with, and support the Indian and British Committees.

At present twelve American and British Societies are taking part in the establishment of the College. These are—

The Church Missionary Society
The Church of England Zenana Missionary Society
The London Missionary Society
The Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society
The Church of Scotland Mission
The United Free Church of Scotland Mission
The American Madura Mission
The American Arcot Mission
The American Baptist Telugu Mission
The Methodist Episcopal Mission
The American Evangelical Lutheran Mission, Gun-
tur.
The Canadian Presbyterian Mission

and it is hoped that one or two other Societies will join in this common attempt to link the Christian religion with the highest education of women. Each co-operating society contribute Rs. 3,000 a year to the support of the college and appoints two delegates to represent it on the College Council. These with half their number of co-opted members will superintend and control the management of the College. In England and America similar Committees have been formed by the co-operating Societies. The Chairman of the British Section of the Council of Management at home is Sir Andrew Fraser, K.C.S.I. late Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and of the American Section Dr. James Barton, Chairman of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

The College scheme originated in Madras and is entirely indigenous, but the interest shown in it in America and England has been remarkable. Not only has every Women's College in England taken the closest and deepest interest in the idea, but at a meeting held in London on December 17, 1914, under the presidency of Sir Andrew Fraser, sympathy and goodwill were expressed by a large gathering which included missionaries, distinguished ex-officials of the Indian Services and members of the University of London. The Head-Mistress' Conference also passed a resolution of cordial sympathy with the new College. One English College in particular, Westfield College of the University of London, contributed to the new venture a sum of £1,700 collected by its past and present students. In America also the same keen interest was shown by one college after another, culminating in a large meeting held at Boston, in January 1915, under the presidency of Dr. Barton. So also at a meeting held in Madras on April 15, 1915, the new venture was warmly welcomed by a gathering of missionaries, Indian Christians, and several Indian women graduates.

It is hoped in the course of a few years to purchase a site and build a college which shall give to the professors and students the comfort and privacy necessary for hard, intellectual work. But in the meantime the Committee has been fortunate in being able to lease Hyde Park in the Poonamallee Road for a term of three or four years. The grounds are spacious and beautiful, and the house, though of course not intended for a college and therefore in many ways inconvenient, will yet serve to lodge some twenty-five students and a staff of six or seven professors, while the class-rooms and library will be large enough for these and a certain number of day students. The College will be opened in July, the beginning of the academic year of the University. The classes will be the Junior and Senior Intermediate and the Junior B.A., possibly also the Senior B.A. The subjects taught within the College will be: Scripture, English, Ancient and Modern History, Latin, Logic, Botany and Zoology, as well as the three or four vernaculars spoken by the students. It is intended in course of time to build and equip the necessary laboratories for Physics and Chemistry, but as this cannot be done in the present temporary abode of the College the students of these subjects will attend lectures in Wesley College.

The resident Staff as at present constituted consists of the following:—

Miss Eleanor McDougall, M.A. (London), Principal, Lecturer in Ancient History, Latin Logic.
Miss Henrietta W. Drury, B.A. (Vassar College, U.S.A.) Vice-Principal, Lecturer in History.
Miss Margaret A. Bretherton, B.A. (London), Lecturer in English.
Miss Elsie T. Stevens (Someville College, Oxford), Lecturer in English.
Miss Felicitas Aarons, B.A. (Madras), Lecturer in Botany.

It is intended to add at the beginning of the autumn term two lecturers, one in Philosophy and Economics, and one in Science who will act as tutor to the students who attend lectures in Wesley College.

All the students will attend Prayers daily, and Scripture lectures three times a week. Twice a week these lectures will be given by the Principal to all the students together, but once a week the students will be gathered into groups according to their religious denominations and instructed by the other members of the resident staff. On Sunday they will attend the worship of their own Churches.

The staff will be resident and will mingle as much as possible with the students in times of recreation and social intercourse as well as in the class-rooms. The lectures will mostly take

the form of tutorial classes as the numbers will be small and experience has shown that the great need of the Indian woman student is explanation and discussion rather than continuous lecturing.

It is the earnest hope of all who have promoted or are now taking part in this scheme that it may help Indian women to realize the possibilities of their own natures and something of the unsearchable riches which lie hidden in the Gospel of Christ.

II.—The Women of The Classics The Age of Odysseus



THE next group of women are taken from Homer's Second great epic—the Odyssey, the adventures and trials that befell Odysseus, the great hero of Ithaca on his way home after the fall of Troy. The story is framed on human lines. In spite of counter-attractions and a world of troubles that would have broken the spirit of any hero,

Odysseus never lost the love and longing for his home nor forgot his loyalty to his wife, Penelope. Thus the atmosphere

is human and the hero as well as the heroine are akin to us in their nature and are governed by the same laws of right and wrong as ourselves. The hero is a man and not a demigod as the heroes were in the age of the Iliad. He is not a very imposing figure and has little physical beauty. When his friends would praise him, it is gifts of mind rather than of body to which they refer. He is 'the just one' who does no injury 'as is the way of princes', the kindly ruler, who is 'like a father' to help his people; the faithful husband who can flatter and cajole his goddess-gaoler, in desperate anxiety to be borne with his dear wife, the loyal comrade who will risk the enchantments of Circe rather than forsake his men without an effort; the gracious master whose servants 'mourn and pine' because of his long absence. Such is Ulysses and gods and goddesses, friends and enemies alike praise him for his goodness and his wisdom.

Penelope is a meet wife for such a hero and a man. Essentially a womanly woman, with what loving solicitude and anxiety they must have watched the progress of the war and when after victory and the return of the heroes one by one to their homes, Ulysses still tarried, she must have been torn in the doubt and anxiety about

his safety. Yet patient and gentle in her heart trouble, dignified in her sorrow, she is unswervingly faithful to him. Beset on all sides by suitors who devoured her substance and ruined her home, she kept the hearth pure and sacred and like the ideal 'Fativrate' waited for the return of her heroic husband.

Penelope is not held up as a woman of extraordinary beauty, but she is made to stand beside Helen, "the ideal of beauty, of physical perfection as the ideal of mental and moral worth." Her suitors realise that there is plenty of strength in her character and one of them says of her. "Athena has bestowed on her wisdom of mind and excellence of skill"—Though Circe and Calypso tried to make life as pleasant as possible for Ulysses yet they always felt that they could not remove his yearning for his home. "The keynote of the Odyssey is this, and here for we may find a hint of all that Penelope means. The thought of home is to dominate the poem, as something so dear and sacred that innumerable toils are suffered and infinite perils undergone to win back to it. And this shining ideal of home is to be incarnate in Penelope. She is to represent in her own person all that sweetens and comforts life: all the domestic virtues which establish and perpetuate it."

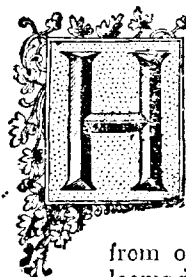
Two other women characters introduced into the story, Circe and Calypso, serve by contrast to enhance the worth of Penelope. These both by their wiles and incantations tried to make the great hero forget his wife and his home. Calypso is of a more generous nature than Circe and is delineated with greater dignity but neither of them keep Ulysses by her side for long.

The last of the Homeric women is Nausicaa, the only daughter of Alcinoos, King of Phacia. "Young and beautiful, reared amid abundant wealth, the idol of parents and stalwart brothers, she is yet simple and sweet and quite unspoiled. Her father was lord over a rich sea-faring folk: a kindly, generous, impetuous man. Her mother, Queen Arete, was a star among women; so wise and noble that the people saluted her as a god, and Alcinoos worshipped her with absolute devotion." Nausicaa is a worthy daughter of such a loving pair. She is only a gay child, flitting through the sunshine and shadows of life in joyous mind, of a tender and affectionate nature, ready to sympathise and help in her own naïve fashion. The poet's intention seems to have been that he was anxious to bring back the girlhood of Penelope to the memory of Ulysses by this charming girl and thus test his loyalty to his uttermost, but she serves to enhance the dignified maturity of Penelope. She has served too

in the strongest way, to accentuate the chivalry and constancy of the hero. But in doing this, the tenderest care has been taken that she shall not be despoiled of her charm"—So we leave her unscathed and untouched by the shafts of the love god, a girl of beauty and light, delicate as the tinted clouds that fly before the rising sun, dainty as the zephyr that plays over summer rises, yet wholly human, finely-tempered and strong. "With this" peerless girl in Homer's group of immortal women we take leave of the women characters of the Homeric period and in the next number shall pass on to the age of the great dramatists. H. S. H.

Faces

[BY RITHAM HURST]



HOW largely they influence our lives! From the time when the face of one's mother is to one all that speaks of protection, all that whispers of love, all that is kind and noble, tender and true, to the time when existence is slipping from our grasp and the portal of death looms momentarily more and more visible, the faces of those we love, or hate, despise, fear, accompany us through the journey of life and brighten or cloud it and help to mould our character and sway our destiny. Physiognomy has been sneered at as a pseudo-science worth nothing and as something akin to phrenology which Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, so humourously ridicules. Nevertheless the Science of face reading is one of the most useful to man and is a study which most of us should be more or less proficient in. Little toddlers of two or three years old, when called to order, knows that mother is not really angry, by that little pucker in the lips, which experience tells him is a sure indication that his parent is only pretending and regardless of mother's stern warning, he rushes off on a fresh expedition of mischief. The voice is the voice of Esau but the face is that of Jacob. From studying the faces at home and learning to decipher their expression, the child student, later on, enters the great world and learns to regulate his actions by the faces of the multitude he is environed by. Coleridge in his "Table Talk" says: "there is in every human countenance either a history or a prophecy which must sadden or at least soften, every reflecting observer." The skill to read a face is

often lost by seeing it constantly and a first impression is more often the correct one, especially if the new face is studied when in repose and off its guard, for it then affords a purely objective view. It is not astonishing that so few faces engage our real interest or our affections. Schopenhauer writing on Physiognomy says: "There are some people whose faces bear the stamp of such artless vulgarity and baseness of character, such an animal limitation of intelligence, that one wonders how they can appear in public with such a countenance instead of wearing a mask." He explains that psychologically it cannot well be otherwise, and he goes on to say, "Let any one ask himself what kind of physiognomy he may expect in those who have all their life long, except in the rarest occasions, harboured nothing but petty, base and miserable thoughts and vulgar, selfish, envious, wicked and malicious desires. Every one of these thoughts and desires has set its mark upon the face during the time that it lasted, and by constant repetition all these marks have, in course of time, become furrows and blotches." But even such faces we learn to view with no especial concern in the daily intercourse of intimacy and just as often a very pleasing face may conceal a very malevolent and treacherous soul. If we could discriminate correctly life would be all plain-sailing; but just as we detect in the face of a simple character the emotion that sways him, as difficult it is to determine them in a person "Skillful to put in the look we trust in." These silent duels are always taking place, and victory is mostly to the one who is the more clear sighted.

Faces! What tragedies have they not caused! What changes have they not made! It was for the sake of Helen's fatal face that Troy was plunged into war. For Cleopatra's, Roman Anthony lost an Empire. The whole of sacred and profane history is filled with instances. How many good and true men turned slaves to Mary's—Queen-of-Scott's—face? Sampson and Delilah, Judith and Holofernes, Esther and Ahasuerus, David and Bathsheba, Heloise and Abelard, Laura and Petrarch and scores of others. Nay, have we not personally known men and women who have embittered their lives, ruined their houses, neglected their nearest and dearest for the love of a face while one here and there has been fortunate in selecting a good one to accompany him on the journey of life—and been blessed beyond measure. The potent influence that faces have over us is unquestionable. One enters, it may be, a new social circle for the first time, with mind free from prejudices, with every desire to be friendly with

all and yet in the fleeting space of half an hour or so one's life may be changed utterly. One becomes conscious of having won friends or made enemies. Some face that he sees tells him in unmistakable language "I hate you! I will oppose and thwart you and I will, if it be in my power, ruin your hopes and defeat your ambitions;" while another will smile a welcome and whisper a benison, and a third says in unspeakably soft tones: "I love you and I will cleave to you; where thou goest I will go, thy people shall be my people and thy God my God." The language is as plain as the stars in God's sky and yet only the two concerned have any knowledge of the fact. There is no denying the fact that there is an indefinable attraction or a corresponding repulsion to a beholder in every face he meets. Affinities recognise one another and fraternize. Antipathetic people shun each other.

And how they change these faces of ours! Look at that photograph there of a laughter dimpled boy, fearless with innocence and expectant with hope and compare it with the face of the man looking at the picture half a century later. "Impossible" you say "It cannot be!" But it is! The laughter has given place to frowns and fierce looks, the innocence has vanished never to return, and despair has displaced hope. Why was life given if such are the fruits? Who knows!

The Silence answers never, while rises the endless cry

Of those who are heavy laden, and if coward both to die!

How often do we think that a familiar face that we love will never be forgotten.

We cry when we lose sight of it in death:

"I feel that face will never go,

As long as I draw breath;

'Twill be my guiding star below,

'Twill beacon me in death!"

It may be so, in some cases; and yet I have known the face to fade away into misty remembrance and be replaced by another the love and passion for which surpassed the old which, compared with the new love, was

"Like moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine."

The physical, psychological, moral—what God like charm of a face is one of the greatest factors in men's and women's lives.

"Could you hurt me, sweet lips
Though I hurt you?"

asks the Poet, and he answers the question in the same breath.

"Men touch them and change, in a trice,
The lilies and languors of virtue
For the roses and raptures of vice!"

The same singer, Swinburne, speaking of the change that has come over the face of the loved one says:—

I know each shadow of your lips by rote,
Each change of love in eyelids and eyebrows:
The fashion of fair temples tremulous with
tender blood, and colour of your throat:
I know not how love is gone out of this,
Seeing that all was his!"

Faces! We love them or hate them. They are realities which none of us can escape. We cleave to them or shrink from them. We watch them for a smile or from with bounding pulse or weary aching heart. We remember them in the past, we hope to see them in the future and curiously enough we are always anxious to see fresh faces.

How . . . is it that fresh features,
Have such a charm for us poor human crea-
tures?"

Asks Byron derisively. When we hear of a great man we long to see his portrait it is only there we can realize what he is; and we are often disappointed and as often pleasingly surprised.

Most men perhaps are unlike the poet, who said

My only books, were women's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me,

But for most men too, of all the faces a man meets in this world whether mother, sister, sweetheart or wife or friend the faces of women play a prominent part. And so also men's faces with women. It has been the writer's lot to know, among many that have caused him sorrow and pain, two or three feminine faces that have breathed nought but benedictions.

Editorial Notes

In the frontispiece we publish the photo of Mrs. Kamala Satthianadhan, M.A., the Editor of the Indian Ladies' Magazine till now. This begins the fifteenth volume of this journal and we trust that its supporters and contributors will continue to render us their kind help. Its main object has been and will always be the promotion of the interests of the ladies of India and hence we trust and hope that they themselves will come forward and make the Magazine popular,

help by sending in articles and also accounts of what is being done for and by Indian ladies.

Suggestions for making the journal more interesting and helpful will be greatly appreciated and welcomed. It has been for the past year a quarterly paper and we have now made the subscription but Rs. 2 per annum with inland postage anna 1 and foreign As. 4 per annum.

Another picture we are fortunate in being able to publish is that of H. R. H. The Prince of Wales in khaki uniform. This year marks the attainment of his majority and under the terrible stress of this war, there have been no national rejoicings and demonstration. But we, the women of India, offer him our heartiest good wishes for his health and welfare and pray that God will bless him abundantly with many choice blessings.

An article on this new venture appears in this number. The College began on the 6th July and now there are thirty-eight students, twenty-five of whom are in residence. The account speaks for itself in giving us the history of the College. We are interested in the present and send the College, the Principal and her staff best wishes for its good success. It has begun well and we are sure it will continue to do well.



News and Notes

H. H. THE BEGUM OF BHOPAL ON EDUCATION.

The prize distribution ceremony of the Alexandra High School, Bhopal, took place on Friday. The Principal, Mr. G. M. Pearson, M.A., presented an address in an engraved silver casket to Her Highness, who honoured the gathering with her presence and gave away the prizes including a present to Nawabzada Hamidullah Khan, who has been successful at the recent B. A. examination of the Allahabad University. The following is a translation of Her Highness's reply to the address:—

I have been deeply impressed by the kind and enthusiastic words with which you have welcomed me and with all you have said about the progress of education during my rule. I thank you very much for the kind and loyal thoughts that you have expressed about myself. I need not tell you how very pleasing the problems of education generally are to me and that I have always been greatly interested in the welfare of the Alexandra High School which I consider the best of my efforts in education. I remember the time when the people of Bhopal took but little interest in education. Whatever I did to induce the people to take an interest in education is well known, and I do not deem it necessary to dwell on this matter, but the beneficial results that have accrued from it are evidenced by the fact that we have now a large number of students coming to school and that those parents who were reluctant to send grown up boys of fifteen years to school now gladly send even children of seven years to the boarding house.

INFLUENCE OF EXAMPLE

I am glad to say Nawabzada Hamidullah Khan has been in many attempts successful and effective. General Nawabzada Obaidullah Khan, C.S.I., has breathed fresh life into my hopefulness by sending his sons here. Nawab Nasrullah Khan has determined to send his children to this school and but for their health they would have joined the school ere now. I trust they will be students of this school very soon. I quite realise the very good influence that these examples have exercised and I am glad to think that this school will be the *Alma Mater* of the children of my family and that this will be of great use to my subjects. Thanks to the Almighty the disappointment that I used to feel at the outset has been overcome, this school which is named after a very great Queen has proved a very great boon to my subjects and my family. It is also very gratifying to see that the results of this school, compared with those of the other schools of the Allahabad University, have always been very good. As to the results of this year you have been very successful, and I congratulate you, the staff and the successful students. I trust the reputation of the school will ever be maintained, as it has hitherto been, not only with regard to examination results but also in respect of its loyalty and good training. I have great regard for those boys who join Colleges after having finished their career here, but I consider those even better and more broadminded who make technical education their primary aim. The degrees of higher education are in fact very honourable, but I do not like any one to depend on them entirely.

TECHNICAL TRAINING

The students of Bhopal should attend to trade and every branch of learning so that the Durbar on the one hand may be able to engage them easily and they on the other may have chances of employment in the various departments of the State. Gentlemen, while thanking you for your congratulations on the success of Hamidullah Khan at the B. A. examination I congratulate you as well on it. I believe you really deserve it, for this very school is the first step of his success, and the foundation of his literary achievements was laid here. When I am expressing my approbation of the success of Hamidullah Khan and the promising estimate of this school, I cannot but remember Mr. Payne and do full justice to the earnest pains that he took in the early days of this institution. I fully recognise the hard work that he did with Hamidullah and the sincere interest that he took in him as his tutor from the very beginning of his education. His name will always be associated with the first stages of the development of this school. Mr. Pearson, although you took charge of this school only lately, yet the figures and results bear out your labour and interest. Your love and care is not confined to the class rooms, but your kind dealings outside the class and in the play ground are an admirable way of education and cannot but produce lasting impressions on the students. It will not be out of place here to give recognition on the services of Pundit Drijmoban Lal, the Headmaster. During the period of his headmastership, he has discharged his duties in the most satisfactory and admirable way. I have been and am pleased with his work.

MANNERS OF THE YOUNG

I value the work done by other members of the staff who have performed their duties faithfully and diligently. I trust the staff will assist still more in stimulating the interest that has been created in the public of this place by dealing with the boys sympathetically and the little ones living in the boarding house should especially be treated kindly. It is an acknowledged fact that men cannot look after children with as much care and love as women can do, hence I intend to have a lady for the boarding house who will not only look after the manners of the boys, but will also teach them kindergarten. I earnestly hope that the boys of this school will act upon the words of advice that I have given them from time to time. To-day as well, I wish to impress upon them, although in fewer words yet in a deeper sense, that whether in education or in their daily life they will find the secret of their success and reputation both in this world and the next in following the teachings of their religion in obedience to their Government and in faithful devotion to their King-Emperor. I hope that they will always keep these three things in mind and look upon them as their ultimate objective. Now I close my speech with the prayer that God may grant success to all my efforts towards the development of education and that He may ever keep the Alexandra High School in the most thriving condition.

"A GREAT LADY SAHIB"

QUEEN ALEXANDRA

To an esteemed correspondent we are indebted for the following graphic account of a visit paid by Her

Majesty Queen Alexandra to the Royal Pavilion Hospital, Brighton, on the 25th June:—

A very gracious lady, but the beautiful eyes are blurred as she looks at this wreckage of a blood race of noble fighters.

"Ah, the pity of it. Tell them how sorry I am for the lost sight, the fractured limbs, and the nerves that are snapped and dead."

And she lingers over every bed and grieves that she cannot say a word to the poor fellow who lies on a bed an upper tier.

"How proud you must be!" says the gracious lady to the Surgeon. "That soldier there has told me that you are his mother and father; that is a great thing."

She passes on reluctantly, and two young Gurkhas, glowing with spirits and health—one has lost a leg and the other an arm—ask to sing for the gracious lady "Tipperary." And they sing it prettily. She had asked whether these handsome boys could speak English. There faces fell, for they did not want to fail the lady. "We can't speak, but we can sing," and so they sang.

It was wise to take her away from the horror of these brave men who will never fight again and never work again. It is good for them to look into those kind eyes and to feel the kind caressing hand, but it is too much for her, so into the open air, where the Sikhs are listening to the reading of the *Granth Sahib* in a flower bedecked tent. Grand men—men of the steel and men of the path. She notices, and has a kindly word for all.

"Did he," she says, pointing to a Sikh who has grey hairs on his head, "ever see King Edward?" No; he had seen King George in Ravalpindi, and the interpreter explains that the Sikh is forty years of age.

"Tell him," says the gracious lady, "that I am seventy."

"He would not believe me," says the interpreter, sincerely, and when by renewed command he tells the assembled Sikhs the lady's word, they smile and disbelieve him.

She sees their food and tastes the sacred meal of the Sikhs. She has a kind greeting for all. A Pathan shows her the Koran which hangs above his bed. He brought it from India. He grieves for Turkey, which has gone the wrong way. He trusts to the book, and he knows that he is going the right way—the way of the King-Emperor.

She bids him the Pathan password, "Never be tired," and so she passes away, but her gracious memory will never pass away from the Indian soldiers who sit talking on the beautiful lawns of the Brighton Pavilion. This was, indeed, a great Lady Sahib. And the Indians will claim to be associated with the "Saxon or Dane or Norman we" who greeted Alexandra fifty-two years ago.—*Indiaman*.

There was a conference at the house of Lady Muir Mackenzie in London on the 14th of July, for the purpose of promoting a memorial to the Secretary of State for India on the question of Female Education in India. Sir Krishna Gupta presided, and there were present Sir William Wedderburn, Mr. Ameer Ali, Mr. Abbas Ali Baig, Sir Muncherjee Bhownaggee, Sir John Jardine, and others. The promoters of the Memorial are assured that they will have the sympathy of Sir Sankaran Nair, the new Education Member, in this new movement. Sir Krishna corrected some of the notions which are current as to the part which Indian women play in social life; he referred to the progress which had been made hitherto; but showed

how much required to be done to bring women's education more into line with present requirements. Mr. Yusuf Ali rose to explain the terms of the proposed memorial, but was interrupted by Mr. Ameer Ali, who wanted to know whether the education referred to in the draft meant English education or indigenous education, and, secondly what were the classes in India which it was proposed to bring into the educational system. Mr. Yusuf Ali replied that they were not committing themselves to any cut-and-dried scheme. What they were asking for was an inquiry, and that could be applied to both English and Vernacular education. Their intention also was that no class should be left out of the survey. He then explained the memorial in detail. The prayer of the memorialists is that a representative committee may be appointed, consisting mainly of Indians of all communities, together with ladies connected with or interested in education in England, and Indian ladies intimately in touch with the conditions under which girls in India are brought up. It is proposed that the investigation should extend to education in all its aspects—domestic, intellectual, moral, physical and religious.

THE BOMBAY GUARDIAN

The success of a Muhammadan girl, Sophia Quaji, at the last B. A. examination of the Calcutta University, is regarded locally as a hopeful sign of the times, and as an index of the fact that the Muhammadan community of Bengal has been stirred by the educational movement. The number of Muhammadan girls in schools this year is appreciably larger than before.

THE MAHARANI OF BAUNAGHAR

The Maharani of Baunaghar has been elected a Vice-President of the Society of Women-Journalists, an honour due to the fact that she is the first Indian lady of high rank who has become a journalist. Her Highness is writing and editing a little paper for distribution not only in her own State but in other parts of India giving the reasons for Great Britain's part in the war, and stimulating the loyalty and devotion of the people to the British Raj.

INDIAN MUSIC

A BEGUM'S LECTURE

POONA, 5th August.—Begum Fyzee Rahmin, sister of the Begum of Janjira, at the new Ladies' Club at the Ruby Hall this evening, read a lecture on Indian music, illustrating the different styles and measures by songs. There was a large gathering of European, Parsee and Hindu ladies present.

MRS. SAROJANI DEVI ON FEMALE EDUCATION

Mrs. Sarojani Devi replying to the address of the people of Guntur in the A.E.L.M. College Hall, on the 6th instant, said:—I can hardly tell you how deeply honoured I am to-day by the heartfelt and truly fraternal welcome you have accorded to me. I have learnt to feel that this generous and spontaneous welcome that awaits me wherever I go is not at all a personal tribute but stands as a symbol of what the womanhood of India represents when the men of India give them the same chances as I



A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

have had. Go to Bengal and there you see the woman with their great spiritual ideals, are like water lilies in their ponds. Go to Bombay or to any other part of India, do you think there is a single house where it does not survive in the richest vitality, all those living ideals that make the flames of the women of our country, and literature so immortal. There is not a single home in the length and breadth of India, no matter rich or poor, that womanhood is not as great to-day as in the days of Sita and Savitri, greater perhaps in potential powers because we have gathered a great deal of world experience of high civilisation and growing responsibility. The whole world spirit is richer by so many centuries of experience. It is your duty which you have not recognised to fulfil the task of giving the women those very opportunities which you yourselves had, which are necessary for their equipment, to fully realise all these hidden virtues that lie within their souls. The power of Rome has been quenched. That is because the underlying conditions animating their ideals and their civilisation were not of the spirit but of the intellect. The glory of the Greeks and the grandeur of Rome could not be re-vitalised after centuries because they were not spiritual. All their greatness died and became merely historic memories, things that we try to reconstruct from a broken stove in a foreign museum.

But believe me when I say that those who kept alive that fire are not the men who go to earn money, the men who become a little blurred, as it were, in the clearness of vision for mere existence but rather it is their spiritual entity that they kept at home,

that spiritual comradeship that stands at home and tends the family fire. And so it is to them that you must give the opportunity of so equipping themselves and make themselves capable of realising their higher ideas and then it will certainly be never said that our women are backward. They are backward because they have not the lamps to light, not a flame to kindle because you will not give them what is called the daily oil—the opportunity that brings that flame to the lamp. There are many little books with beautiful titles. But I do not know of any that is more symbolic than the Seven Lamps of Architecture of Ruskin. But we have seven hundred thousands of lamps in the architecture unlighted because you have refused to give them the things that kindle the flame. If the Seven Lamps of Architecture illumine the whole civilization of the West, friends, think of the dazzling illumination that shall light the whole world with a conflagration and radiance that cannot be quenched when the 700,000 lamps in our national structure are lit for the glory of humanity. I am only a little lamp of clay. But there are thousands of lamps of gold hidden away for want of opportunity. Instead of thanking you for this I should reproach you for being content with lamps of clay when there are lamps of gold. Let me beseech you not to be content with such small ideals as are represented by any successes that I may have achieved. India will not be great with her ancient greatness. It is only in your hands to give the illumination and it is only by that illumination that we can wake up our sleeping Mother. —*The Educational Review.*

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

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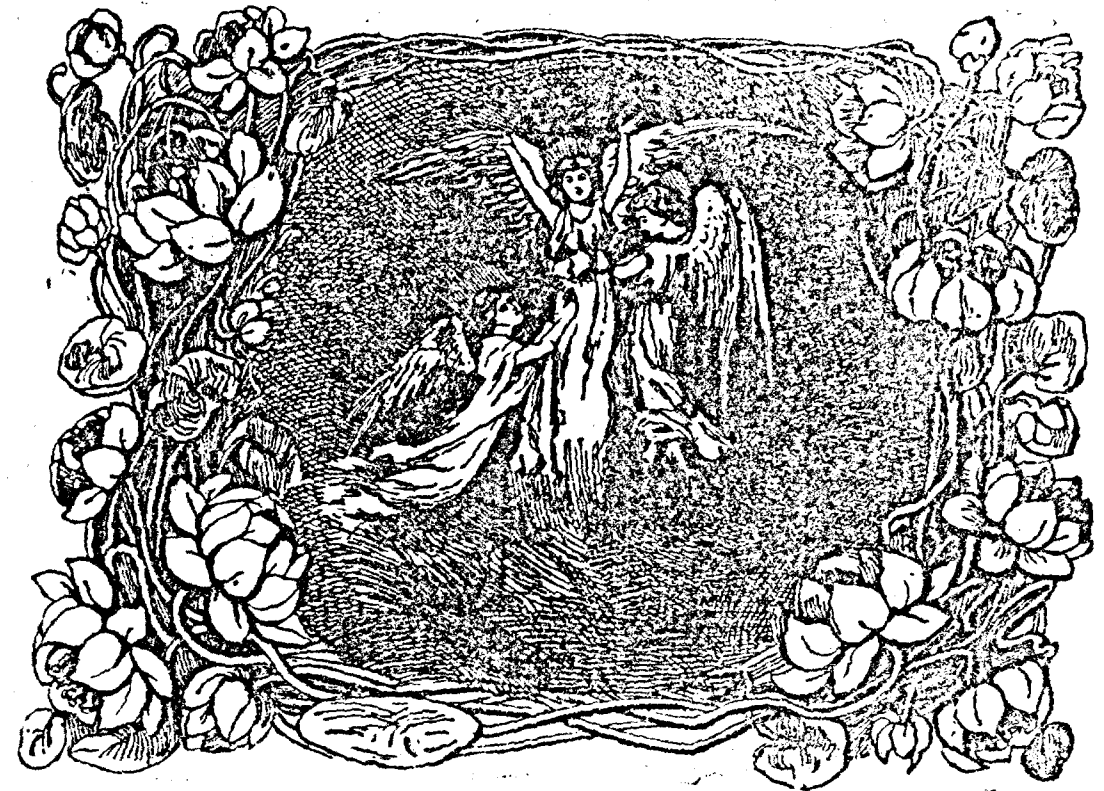
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THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

VOL. XV] SECOND QUARTER: OCTOBER-DECEMBER, 1915 [No. 2

Ideal Womanhood

For at the heart of Womanhood
The Child's great heart doth lie;
At Childhood's heart, the germ of good,
Lies God's Simplicity.
So, Sister, be thy Womanhood
A baptism on thy brow,
For something dimly understood
And which thou art not now;
But which within thee, all the time,
Maketh thee what thou art;
Maketh thee long and strive and climb—
The God-life at thy heart!

—MacDonalda

Christmas Greetings



THE Christmas tide is once more with us bringing in its train happy and sad memories, eager anticipation of cheerful meetings and feelings of pleasurable excitement that this festive season wakens in us. Ringing down the ages comes the Christmas Greeting—"Happiness, true and great to you and yours." May it be so to all of us; but even as I write these words comes the one thought that is now uppermost in our minds and hearts at the present day—"The war, what of it?" In its trail has come strife and bloodshed through nearly the whole of Christendom and stupendous sorrow and misery—a state of affairs that finds language but in tears. The anguished cry of the mother for her son and the heart-broken wail of the loved ones left behind ring through the land and to it all there is no articulate reply, but only that which comes echoing from the creation of the world through all ages—the answer of the great, pitying and tender love of the Father for his children, the love which sees all, knows all and is over all. It is the birth of this love that we commemorate at this Christmas festival and are we not right in being joyous over it?

"Who is the Angel that cometh?
Joy?
Look at his glittering rainbow wings—
No alloy
Lies in the radiant gifts he brings;
Tender and Sweet
He is come to-day,
Tender and Sweet,
With chains of love on his tender feet.
'Blessed is he that cometh
In the name of the Lord.'"

In the guise of a little child, fit symbol of purity and innocence, the Prince of Peace was born into this world, while the Angel choir proclaimed forth in great gladness the good news—"Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, goodwill among men." Year by year the same message comes to us with renewed vigour and life and exhorts us all to become as little children for it is only then that it is possible for us to be filled with true heavenly love. Christmas is pre-eminently a children's festival. The parents always strive to make the home bright and beautiful and Christmas day a memorable day in their children's lives, so that in after years it will come back to them as a dear

and sacred memory. The keeping of Christmas is carried out in many ways but in every Christian land old traditions are kept up with much faithfulness and as year by year we hear the same old Christmas carols and hymns and see the same old customs re-appear, we feel our pulses thrill with the charm of the season and we pass on with greater warmth the kindly Christmas message—happiness and goodwill to you and yours.

It is at this season that we more specially realize our responsibilities to our neighbours. It is at this glad season that men stop work for a time and agree to be happy together and it is at such moments that the individual life fades into the background and the common life becomes supreme. Though "each human soul must be single" and must needs fight its great human combat alone, yet, in passing, our lives touch other lives for good or for evil and in a great measure we become responsible for much of the happiness or misery of our fellowmen. The keynote of life is to put away ourself from us, to close our own little book of discontents and complaints, to learn to minister sympathetically to the happiness and wellbeing of those around us and to give to life as much as possible lies in our power.

"God bends from out the great deep and says—
'I gave thee the great gift of Life;
'Wast thou not called in many ways?
'Are not My earth and Heaven at strife?
'I gave thee of My seed to sow—
'Bringest thou Me My hundredfold?
'Can I look up with face aglow,
'And answer 'Father here is gold?'"

Such ideals amaze us and in this busy world we think we have not time to study them more closely or to realize them, with the result that we become down-hearted and gloomy. But this season inspires us with fresh hope and courage and once again as we look into the crowded thoroughfares with eyes of love, we are able to see less of the misery and squalor and more of the beauty and divine element in the world of human lives around us. We are able to pass on with greater gladness the watch word of the angel choir, Goodwill and peace to you and yours this happy Christmas morn. Readers—happy Christmas Greetings to you and yours this festive season.



The Women's Emergency Corps



India women have come forward enthusiastically to help where they can the cause of the British Empire in this great war and so readers of the Indian Ladies' Magazine may be interested in hearing about the work done by some of the women in the British Isles through the medium of the Women's Emergency Corps.

Within two days of the declaration of war a group of women banded themselves into this body known as the Women's Emergency Corps which should be ready for any emergency or crisis, able to co-operate with Government and the War Office and which should be an agency whereby available activity and material could be drafted to Quarters where most needed.

There are primarily two marked aspects of the work—first, the classification and organisation of service offered and its use in the best way possible and secondly, the relief of those in distress. These two aspects are however so intimately correlated that it is scarcely possible to describe them separately. Some idea of the scope and extent of the organisation of the Women's Emergency Corps may be gleaned from a General Survey of its work from August 1914 to June 1915, and from a glimpse of what is now going on at the head office in London.

This office was installed by the kindness of the Council of Bedford College, in the former premises of the Bedford College, 10, York Place, Baker Street, London which have had to be vacated on the sale of the College buildings, and so on. The Administrative offices are now at 15, York Place, Baker Street, the English and Belgian Clothing Departments and the Serbian Blanket Department at the old French Chapel, Carton Street and the Emergency Work rooms in King Street, all these premises, having been kindly placed at the Corps' disposal by Lord Portman. Everything is managed departmentally and with the exception of a male Honorary Solicitor—entirely by women. A feature of the office is the voluntary workers, who attend in the entrance hall and who, among their miscellaneous duties as messengers, direct visitors, or conduct applicants to that particular department where offers of service and applications for help are sorted and passed on to the departments, which will deal with them specially.

The fact that in the first two weeks the corps dealt with over 10,000 offers of personal service is an impressive indication of the keen support given to the corps.

The report of January 31st, 1915 records, that a large number of women who thus offered themselves were classified under the following heads: "doctors, dispensers, trained nurses, untrained nurses willing to be trained, interpreters, chauffeur, cyclists, motor cyclists, messengers, cooks, women willing to qualify for men's posts during the war, so as to release men for the purpose of enlisting, and if necessary to take posts as gardeners, tram or bus conductors, lift-women, care-takers, ticket collectors, omnibus and taxi-cabs drivers, and so on, a long list of women voluntary and paid workers, who were ready to be made use of in any capacity in which they could be of help. . . . Offers of various descriptions were received from ladies, who were willing to take children into their homes: offers of houses to be used as hospitals, some fully equipped and staffed with nurses and doctors and ready for any emergency; a gift of land for agricultural purposes; offers to start poultry farming; offers from Horticultural Colleges to train women; offers of hospitality for unemployed women; medical attention homes and help for expectant mothers; holidays at the seashores for soldiers' wives and convalescent homes; a yacht, which was placed at the disposal of the Admiralty."

Two hundred women motorists and motor cyclists, who can run their own cars and do running repairs have been registered in the Motor Department. Lists of volunteers classified as above were sent to Mayors of different towns, county councils, heads of institutions so that such individuals or bodies might know of available sources of help for needs with which they were faced.

The Social Relief Department still deals with this branch of the work and as far as possible outlets for the service offered are found in co-operating with existing social and philanthropic organisations, the waste of overlapping being thus avoided.

Side by side with the register of volunteers, the Social Relief Department keeps a register of requests for workers so that the one plays as it were into the hands of the other. Thus Homes for Belgians have been supplied with matrons, the Children's Aid Society with workers and Lady Lawrence's canteens with an organiser.

The needs of Refugees at once engaged the attention of the corps and mainly to deal with them the Interpreting, Clothing, and Hospital-ity Departments were instituted.

With the influx of Refugees an opening for volunteers, who were linguists, presented itself.

The Women's Emergency corps, was the first organised body to come to the aid of the refugees from Belgium, and at the beginning of the war as many as 600 interpreters were enrolled. Interpreters met trains and ships at all hours of the day and night and being provided with lists and particulars of hotels, boarding houses, lodgings, they were able to direct people who would otherwise have been quite at a loss to find suitable accomodation. While for those who were destitute the interpreters were able to provide offers of free hospitality.

Arrangements for meeting refugees and conveying them to their destinations were greatly facilitated by the use of motors generously placed at the disposal of the corps.

The interpreting department came forward to help the authorities of the London Hospital also in dealing with the wounded Belgians under its roof.

At the head-quarters of the corps is established a department for receiving and distributing clothing for refugees and others.

Over 2,000 Belgian refugees have been clothed well and also parcels of clothing have been sent to refugees in Calais and Holland and to different philanthropic Societies.

Enormous quantities of clothing have been received from India, South Africa, America and New Zealand; indeed the response to appeals for clothing have been so great that besides the clothing of refugees the corps has, through the Social Relief Department, been able to clothe too some thousand English people in need of garments.

The relief to refugees and others rendered homeless through the war has been given through the hospitality department. Belgians, French and English who had their homes for many years on the continent, reached England homeless and in many cases penniless. In the Hospitality Department a common meeting ground is provided, where those desirous of extending hospitality are put in touch with homeless applicants.

Up till the end of January last this Department had dealt with 847 cases and 335 Belgian and French families had received permanent Hospitality through the agency of the corps.

Here the cases of convalescent or sick Belgian soldiers or English unemployed men and women are also considered, and some have been provided with tickets for convalescent homes while others have been cared for by private individuals.

Relief has also been given in a diversity of ways to other sufferers such as assistance to a

needle woman who had undergone an operation on one eye, finding a free cottage for English refugees for Paris, and getting relief for a widow (with her daughter) whose husband had perished in the *Insitania* disaster.

Turning now to the part which the Women's Emergency Corps has played directly in connection with our forces it is found that as early as September 1914, the corps began organising French and German classes for soldiers in various towns, so that during the winter there were sixty-four centres established in Great Britain and Ireland and an average of 6,000 men taught per week.

Next, a canteen for British and Indian soldiers is in full swing at one of the large Paris Railway Stations (the Gare du Nord). This proves to be a great boon to men passing through Paris to the front from hospital or going on or back from temporary leave. Open day and night, it provides sixty-eight beds, for men who have to wait a long time for trains, an infirmary in charge of a doctor and nurse, a rest room where men can write and read, and baths and refreshments free.

The difficulty of providing food for Indian soldiers has been overcome by giving them eggs and oranges.

At two other places nearer the firing line—one of which is within sound of the guns—Railway waggons have been fitted up as coffee stalls and soldiers going to or from the trenches are served with refreshments, and cigarettes. That these canteens are appreciated is shown by the fact that the authorities are asking for more.

The sympathies of the Women's Emergency Corps are wide indeed and in spite of its many activities in England and France, it is now making an effort to respond to the appeal which comes from East Africa for comforts for the Indian Expeditionary Force there. Socks, Cigarettes, tinned foods or money to buy these at wholesale prices, are asked for by the corps.

A number of Women's Emergency Corps voluntary workers have been helping in Government factories making respirators for the troops. Unfortunately the corps was not able to maintain a staff of day and night workers so now the work in the day time has been taken over by paid workers from the Labour Exchange while the women's Emergency Corps supplies the voluntary workers for the night shifts.

Nursing is the work of which one perhaps first thinks in connection with woman's part in the Great war and it is of course not neglected by the corps. Many trained nurses and women ready to be trained have been entered on its books for service and the corps has sent workers to

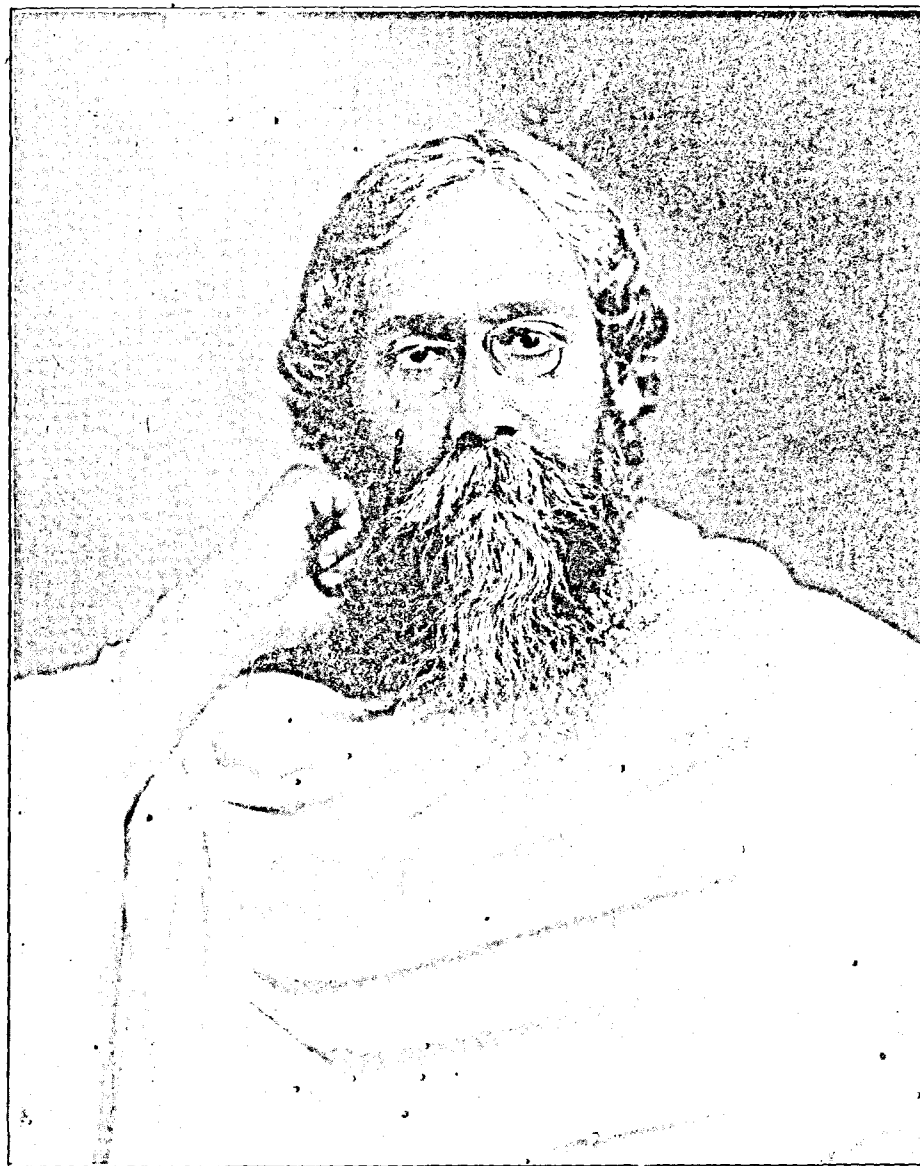


Photo Bourne & Shepherd, Calcutta
RABINDRANATH TAGORE

hospitals, the French Red Cross, Women's War Clubs, and so on. But as it is one of the principles of the corps to utilize existing machinery, it naturally in connection with nursing is mainly occupied with finding suitable scope for the nursing talent at its disposal and does not as a body lay itself out for carrying on nursing.

Besides refugees and soldiers to be helped there have been—especially at the beginning of the war—thousands of girls, mostly middle-class workers, thrown out of employment and consequently in real distress. These included actresses, teachers, musicians, artists, book-keepers, typists, clerks, dress-makers, and shop-assistants.

Through applications to the corps for workers up till June nearly 1,000 women were found employment.

The principle on which the corps deals with cases of those in need through lack of employment is to find if possible permanent employment for such women in their own particular trades or professions and until such suitable openings are presented to relieve their immediate distress by giving them various kinds of manual work for which they are paid. For this and the emergency work rooms were started; here women who, are waiting to find permanent work are temporarily engaged in making men's shirts, boy's suits, blouses, fine lingerie embroidery, mending and repairs. These workrooms have served a double purpose, for they have not only helped these unemployed women but they have carried out orders from the War Office, Army Clothing Department, supplied numerous articles of hospital equipment and mufflers, socks, mittens, lungis for the Indian troops and sand bags. For the War Office Emergency waterproof wallets for respirators have been supplied to the number of 35,000. In toy making was found a solution of the employment problem for many girls. They had of course to be taught first and while they learnt they were paid 10 Shillings a week (Rs. 7-8) and given their tea. A large selection of delightful toys can be seen in a Showroom at the head office but the actual toy work room is a disused chapel kindly lent by Lord Portman. About twenty toy making branches have been established throughout the country and in connection with the Bedford Branch, no less than twelve villages have taken up the toy industry.

Many of the girls who have learnt toy making are now engaged in making munitions and no doubt the manual dexterity acquired in making toys is standing them in good stead. It is hoped that many middle aged governesses, companions, horsekeepers, may find employment in this Government work.

There yet remains a characteristic feature of the organisation to be described. The corps hit on the happy idea of collecting surplus food from the Great London Markets and using it to feed Belgian refugees and others.

To cope with this extensive work it was found necessary to found a separate organisation which is now known as the National Food Fund. In the basement of the Women's Emergency Corps Offices are a kitchen and a refreshment room. Women and girls who are employed in the emergency work rooms and others specially recommended to the committee are supplied with good cheap meals at 1d. and 2d. (1 anna and 2 as.) All workers are given their tea free and in some cases free meals as well are given. The kitchen is run by two paid workers and three voluntary workers while the meals are served by a staff of from thirty to forty voluntary workers.

An average of 1,773 meals a week are thus served and the provision for them has been greatly helped by supplies from the National Food Fund, from America, and from Queensland. Time is also found in the kitchen for making jam and marmalade for sale.

The Women's Emergency Corps has come to the aid of the Serbian hospitals in supplying knitted blankets. These blankets are simplicity itself. Any odd lengths of wool are knitted into twelve inch squares and these are sewn together into gaily coloured blankets. In some places in India, Indian ladies have difficulty in obtaining wools suitably coloured for comforters, socks, and such like, and have been unable to undertake knitting for soldiers for that reason or because they do not know how to knit socks and mittens. Would any Indian ladies who can do simple knitting like to knit squares which should measure twelve inches by twelve inches, in any colours or mixtures of colours and send them to

THE WOMEN'S EMERGENCY CORPS,

The French Chapel,

Carton Street, Baker Street, London.

The corps is always grateful for knitted squares of the correct size and fits them sewn together into blankets to despatch them to the Serbians.

Directly war was declared the Women's Volunteer Reserve was started in order to provide trained women to serve their country if necessary. They wear a simple uniform consisting of a khaki coat and shirt and felt hat with brown shoes and spat puttees.

The members are drilled regularly by a N. C. O. of the regulars, and they are taught First aid, Signalling, Camp cooking and Telegraphy

while classes are being formed for instruction in nursing, despatch carrying, physical culture and fencing. The London Battalion has enrolled 900 members.

It must be borne in mind that this is by no means an exhaustive account of the women's emergency corps. By the time this reaches India and is published no doubt the work will have expanded still further in its extent and usefulness. It is hoped however that enough has been said to give some idea of the compact and methodical organisation, the spirit of service, wideness of sympathy—in fact the magnanimity—which characterise the Women's Emergency Corps.

This is not written with the object of begging—though funds are urgently needed—but in case readers should want to help so excellent an object their subscriptions may be sent to Her Grace the Duchess of Marlborough, Honorary Treasurer, 15, York Place, Baker Street, London, West. Cheques to be made payable to the Women's Emergency Corps. These may be earmarked for any particular purpose if the donor so desires—as for instance Refugees, East African Expeditionary Force, canteens—particularly canteens!

E. S. T.

Rabindranath Tagore: "The Post Office"

BY PRINCIPAL J. C. ROLLO, M.A.



It is not easy for a Westerner to estimate rightly the plays of Rabindranath of which translations have been given him. He cannot see them played as their author would have them played. His imagination cannot create their stage and its custom, the ways of its actors, the atmosphere away from which such drama is not quite at home. But the gravest difficulty lies, not in the matter of presentation, but in the nature of the plays themselves.

Rabindranath is the inheritor of the Indian dramatic tradition, and however great be the gulf between his thought and manner and those of the great Sanscrit dramatists of the past, yet his plays, taken as plays, are in the direct line of descent from theirs. The aims and characteristics of Indian drama are vastly different from those of the drama of the West. In the one, as in the other, scrupulous fidelity to

human nature is to be found, and profound delight, also, in exquisite image, exquisite verse and phrase. But one might almost say that here the correspondence ends. In the West we are accustomed to think of drama as a mirroring of life by one who, besides having thought profoundly about life, looks with the keenest delight upon every aspect of it. The dramatist, we consider, is in love with life—with its movement its variety, its contradictions whether seen from the humorous or from the tragic point of view, its impulse and its joy, its mystery, its sadness. He finds it his business to present this life in little, and his prime aim in that presentation is simply faithfulness. It is not his concern to explain it by the application of any philosophic theory. As to the value of life, its meaning, its goal, different minds may form different judgments. The dramatist, with his keen vision and his power of true and vivid presentation, gives us the material for our judgments but does not impose a judgment of his own upon us, being careful, rather, to remain in the background, leaving us to the undistracted vision of life as it is. The philosopher may theorise, the lyricist may utter his personal feeling or aspiration, but the dramatist must simply present.

In India the case has been altogether different. The Indian dramatist too knows the delight of life and is conscious of its mystery. But he conceives that in his philosophy, in his religion, he holds the key to its meaning. This has several results. First, it means that his own personality is much more prominent in his work. His task is not merely to mirror life, but, in the light of his intimate religious knowledge, to interpret it. Naturally such drama tends to become lyrical, for the poet, being now interpreter, will seek expression for the sorrow and the rapture that the interpretive vision arouses in his own heart. He cannot represent life's contradictions without revealing the truth that, to his mind, reconciles them. He has solved life's problems, and cannot but offer his solution. Western drama reveals its greatest power in the presentation of conflict, but a conflict ceases to absorb the dramatist who has arrived at its reconciliation. The conflict will always be present in his work, but the imminence of the reconciliation will be felt from the beginning, and this will inevitably diminish dramatic power. Again, the idea of God, and of man's relation to him, is so prominent in Indian drama that, to a certain extent, it loses that interest in the human for the human's sake that means so much in the Western drama. When the religion that moulds all the thoughts of a dramatist insists that absorption in the divine

is man's highest hope, and self-sacrifice his prime virtue that dramatist will not give us such studies, say of human love and ambition, as are among the most potent things in Shakespeare. The strife of mortal with mortal will not interest supremely one to whom man's relation with God is everything; and contrast of human character will appear of less moment than the judging of human character by an ideal standard. Ups and downs of worldly fortune will mean little, and will not suffice for a play that is concerned with nobler fortunes and relationships. It is no wonder, then, that Indian drama knows no tragedy in our sense of the word. To us the word "tragedy" implies the inexplicable and irreconcilable. There is no room for it where all is understood.

All of the plays of Rabindranath that have been translated for us are of this deliberately interpretive kind. Rabindranath uses the dramatic form, in each one of them, to bring out his conception of the relation of the human soul with God. The plays constantly illustrate the convictions deliberately enunciated in "Sadhana," and "Sadhana" helps to interpret the plays. Apart from the songs they contain, apart even from the more emotional cadence of many passages in them, they are lyrical in their very nature. Inevitably also, each one of them is symbolical not only in expression but in its very conception. We are not accustomed to look for symbolism in drama, and when it occurs we demand that it shall not be essential to the play—the symbolical interpretation shall be, not the primary, but the secondary interpretation. By this criterion we praise or dispraise certain of the dramas of Ibsen. In the plays of Rabindranath, the symbolical interpretation is essential: without it all is lost. It must be admitted that this lessens the dramatic value of the plays. Rabindranath's symbolism, however, both in the plays and in the pure lyric of "Gitanjali" and "The Gardener", is in itself of the highest value. He demands much of his reader's imagination. So profound is the suggestiveness of the symbols he employs, that it is impossible to define them in good set terms. They are not equivalents of something symbolised, and therefore they elude the limits set by words that would define a correspondence. They are of the type of music, whose import defies any sort of verbal expression and is the more subtly true thereby. The Rabindranath symbol represents a truth so central that words may reveal this aspect of it, or that, but can never express the whole. He is dealing, as it were, less with life's definite fabrics than with the stuff of which life is made; and his symbolism is a method, incomparably

superior to any literal method, of revealing the unity of life.

If, however, we judge the plays simply as drama, their symbolism is against them, and that which is least symbolic, most directly human—"The Post Office"—is the best. It is by far the simplest of the three plays, and is the only one that could be (and indeed it has been) successfully acted in English. Its symbolic idea (that of the post office and the letter) suggesting that God, though Lord of the Universe, communicates with men, and cares for them, and that death is his last, most loving all, is indeed essential to the play, which would be destroyed were the symbol removed. But in this case the symbolism is much less intrusive than in the other plays, and the purely human element is more varied, and dwelt upon by the dramatist with more delight. Into the early scenes the symbol does not enter at all, and we have become familiar with, and interested in, the humble human folk before we hear of the "Post Office". It is in the vivid, convincing picture of these people that the great value of the play lies. The most delightful scene of Rabindranath's yet given to us in English is the dialogue between Amal and the curd-seller—so delicate is its portraiture, so fresh and unaffected its humour and its pathos, born of perfect understanding and sympathy.

Amal is the centre of the play, and all the other characters are admirably grouped around him. Rabindranath is one of the great interpreters in poetry of the child-soul. "On the shore of endless worlds children meet", and, as Wordsworth—so closely akin to Rabindranath in this—would say, their journey, as they grow up, takes them far inland from the rolling of those mighty waters, far away from the heaven across that sea. Again and again, when he speaks of spiritual things, Rabindranath finds the child his illustration, nay his proof. "They seek not for hidden treasures, they know not how to cast nets." They do not clothe themselves richly for their play, for that would encumber them and make them afraid: alas for encumbered man, and his embarrassments and fears. To think that the children may in time become mere men of the market-place! Why is there such a play of colours on the clouds, why is there music in leaves, and honey in the cup of the flower? Watch the children playing, dancing, holding out eager hands, and you will understand. Amal is a perfect child-study. The little wistful spirit, not yet travelled far from heaven, cannot bear the confinement that his sickness imposes. He wants to wander over the world's ways, and among the strange villages of his dreams, and

the world's people are enormously interesting to him. It is something however to sit and watch the folk upon the road. And they do not pass him by, but by some irresistible attraction are drawn to stay and talk with him, and every one of them except the Headman shows the best of himself there, being purified, as it were, by the presence of the child. They are very distinctly drawn, these people. There is the watchman, with bluff speech that cannot hide his gentleness,—with his sense of the king's majesty and the majesty of endless time. There is the Headman, too amusing in his self-importance to be really offensive, too impotent to harm the child whose welfare is the care of the King. The Dairyman, uncouth and intent upon his curd-selling, with no sense at all of the romance of the high road and his daily journeyings upon it, yet loves his own home village well, and we see him learning a curd-seller's got at lesson—how to be happy selling curds.

It is a busy, happy life that goes on around the boy, and one sees how optimistic is Rabindranath's view of men. All save the Headman, are kind to lend, and the Headman, in his little world, has never had a chance of learning better. Even the boys playing on the road, though they do not understand, will not accept Amal's toys unless he is sure he "doesn't really mind"; and the little girl, though it is tiring to gather her flowers and weave her garlands, and though flowers are very precious will not forget him, and will not fail to bring his flowers.

This play is no tragedy, though the death of Amal is its end. For death here is neither mystery nor sorrow. "O thou the last fulfilment of life, Death, my Death, come: whisper to me! Day after day have I kept watch for thee; for thee love I borne the joys and pangs of life. All that I am, all that I have, that I hope, and all my love have ever flowed towards thee in depth of secrecy. One final glance from thine eyes and my life will be ever thine own." So wrote Rabindranath in "Gitanjali," and there are many songs like this: "When the chariot waits and the horses are neighing impatiently, who would not enter? When the king calls, who would not go with gladness? The end is Amal's happiness, and the answering of all his desires. For as he sleeps with Indhra's flowers in his hand, the King himself will come and call him.

"A Little Child shall lead Them"



THE picture on the frontispiece holds us by its charm. Here is no great musician charming the whole of creation by his music, no Orpheus with his potent lute, but a simple little child, clad in white with a palm in his hand and gravely leading in leash the wild denizens of the forest. His grave wondering eyes seem to reflect Heaven's calm and on his gentle face there rests a holy peace. As I look at this, familiar lines from Longfellow come into my mind,

"Bear a lily in thine hand
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand."

Such is the power of innocence and holiness. Priceless gems are handed to us by our Creator and yet many a time we are heedless of them. Tender as the blossoms that wind round our feet as we carelessly walk on, gentle as the summer wind that passes over us and is gone before it is felt, pure as crystal are the little natures that so confidently put their clinging hands in ours and ask us to teach them to live. Unthinkingly we carry them on with us in our pathways of life, expecting them to understand, but to them so much is new, so much unexpected and more often than not so much that causes disappointment and hurt. Instead of our teaching them we have so much to learn from them for "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Especially in our land the care of children, both physical and moral, is very backward and we supplicate the fathers and mothers to pause a little and give more time to their little ones in their amusements, in their lessons, in their little troubles and pleasures for the years of freedom and lightness will soon pass and theirs will the turn to bear the burden in the heat of the day.

"Children are God's apostles, day by day
Sent forth to preach of love, and hope, and peace."



Ashoka Blossom

*If a lovely maiden's foot
Tread on the Ashoka's root
In a moonlit hour,
Its glad branches sway and swell—
So our Eastern legends tell—
Into gleaming flower,
Vivid clusters, golden-red.
To adore her brows or bed
Or her marriage bower.*

*If your glowing foot carest,
The hid secrets of my breast
In the golden gloom,
Love, my joyous heart would wake
And its dreaming fancies break
Into lyric bloom,
To enchant the passing world
With melodious leaves unfurled
And their wild perfume.*

Sarojini Naidu.

A Christmas Tale



T was Christmas eve. In a small town on the west coast of England the night was bitterly cold and windy, the elements warring with each other as if to keep in harmony with the continent of Europe.

In spite of the fact that it was the merriest time of the year, the streets were empty as compared with former seasons, and although the shops, such as the town could boast of, were displaying their best goods in the windows, customers were few and far between. Here and there one might have seen a group of people taking shelter from the storm in one of the shops, and a stranger walking past the houses could only occasionally have heard sounds of music and laughter from within. For the shadow of the war lay heavily on the country.

And, as ever, the greater tragedy of life was being enacted on women, for it is women who have throughout the ages been called upon to suffer most. In times of peace and war alike it is for them that the battle of life is always the hardest.

In a room, lit only by the red glow from a big fire, a woman lay crushed with the burden of a great sorrow. A glance round the room would have served to show that anything that money could procure was not lacking. It was the same old story. Two years of married life had brought her much happiness. The world had been worth living in until six months ago, when the country's call to enlist had taken her husband to the battlefield. And now the shadow of the great war had crossed her path. A week ago she had heard of his death, and though letters from his friends told of his heroic conduct and how he had fallen in trying to save a comrade's life, they brought her no comfort. Her thoughts dwelt lovingly on the past, on "the golden days beyond recalling," and she shuddered to look into the future, which must ever be dark and dreary. She had been a good woman; why had fate been so unkind to her? Was there a God and, if so, where were His justice and mercy? Of what farther use could her life be to herself or to anyone else? Such were the bitter thoughts that raged in her mind, until, worn out with suffering, she fell asleep.

Then she dreamed a dream. She was led by a stranger into the poorest parts of a large town, where, amidst poverty such as she had never imagined, women were striving their best to

earn enough to keep body and soul together. There were some who, in spite of everything, went about their work cheerfully; there were others who, like herself, were passing through deep waters; for had not the war touched rich and poor alike? Then she saw women of her own class; some, perchance, who, too, had given of their best to the country, ministering to the needs of their less fortunate sisters and finding happiness in so doing. The scene changed and she was led into the most beautiful place imaginable, where figures of women flitted past her. She recognised some from pictures she had seen of them: women who had "fought the good fight" and had left their mark for all time on the world's history. "Who are all the others" she asked the stranger? "They are the majority of women who lived their lives unheard of by the world; silently they did their duty, in spite of cruel hardships and crushing sorrows, and they have now earned that happiness which was denied them on earth."

The morning dawned fresh and calm. The Church bells pealed the song the angels sang nearly two thousand years ago, and peace came into the woman's soul. With that calm devotion to duty, which lays aside all thought of self and which is woman's priceless heritage, she resolved henceforth to live for others.

"The path of duty was the way to glory—
He that walks it only thirsting
For the right and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outbredden
All voluptuous garden roses.
He that ever following her commands
On with toil of heart and knees and hands
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun."

AMRIT KAUR.



ISABELLA THOBURN COLLEGE
(After the Floods)

Shall we give our daughters Higher Education?

BY MISS VIVIENNE THOMPSON



THE term Higher Education implies that there are two kinds of education; namely, Education and Higher Education. Before we set out to answer our question, we need to satisfy ourselves on a further question. Do these two educations differ in kind or in degree? The answer is

that they differ in both, though the aim of the two is one and the same. We shall not, just at present, touch upon which education fulfils its aim more ably, but first consider that aim itself.

The goal of education has been variously conceived by different eminent writers. The link joining all the conceptions is the good of the educated. Plato said that the aim of education was to give to body and soul all the good and beauty of which they were capable. Aristotle held that the aim was to teach us to feel pleasure and pain at the right things. Milton wrote that a "complete and generous education is that which fits a man to perform skilfully and magnanimously all the offices of life both public and private in peace and war." In modern times we have heard Bishop Westcott say: "Education, as I understand it, is not a preparation for commerce of the professions, but the moulding of a noble character, a training for life—for life seen and unseen." We may sum up with Herbert Spencer that the aim of education is to fit us for "completer living." The resultant of these aims is character.

If the character produced by Education is as highly developed as that produced by Higher Education, the pretensions of the latter are baseless, because we must know, "not for knowing's sake, but to become a star to men forever." For girls, education is generally considered completed by the age of seventeen or eighteen. It is supposed that they know by that time all that it is necessary for them to know. Psychology tells us, and the practical observation of the growing life of girls, forces on our notice that these years to twenty-one or twenty-two form the crux of a girl's life. Every one of them is a vital year to her. During these years her character is being made or marred. If she is only educated, the character process is nipped in the bud. It can never reach that ideal, "a perfect woman, nobly planned."

Generally speaking, the academic years of a girl's life in the case of Higher Education extend at least to the age of twenty-three. Twenty-five is nearer the mark. Hence it will be seen that Higher Education takes account of the crucial years of a girl's life. What follows in regard to her character is obvious. Then, again, she is not turned out of the academy a completed Higher Educated being. If the years have meant anything to her they have taught her to realise that "we are but children picking up pebbles on the great shore of Truth," and though we may diligently gather all our life, at the end of it there will yet be a vast strand of pebbles to be gathered.

We have said that Education and Higher Education differ in kind and in degree. Let us see briefly wherein the difference lies. Mainly in this, that in Education the so-called useful subjects only are studied and not beyond the extent of their utility. Is it not an every day experience to hear parents say, "I am not allowing my daughters to learn science. Of what use will it be to them?" The whole spirit of such education is conventionalism and utilitarianism. Because convention has decreed a certain amount of general information to be the *sine qua non* of so-called education, we follow in this track and teach our daughters that Charles I was beheaded and Shakespeare wrote plays to avoid the painful experience of meeting the raised eye-brows of educational convention.

On the other hand, the spirit of Higher Education is a neglect of conventionalism and utilitarianism and a positive seeking after truth.

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell,
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,
But vaster."

Much of the opposition to Higher Education for women is due to the fact that we misunderstand what it means and that it has been and is abused. Higher Education does not mean the privilege of placing formidable letters after one's name, though that criterion is necessary for women who must earn their living in the educational ranks. What Higher Education does mean is the development of all our powers to their full growth. This is a life-long process, but what the college does is to be Alma Mater to our mental powers till they are strong enough to nourish themselves.

The overtaking of the brain and the consequent impairment of physical vitality is a detriment to Higher Education for our daughters. This contingency is the abuse of the medicine, not the use, for *mens sana in corpore sano* is

the ideal of all systems for human development. A further objection is that Higher Education makes a woman didactic and conceited. Again we must acknowledge that when this is so, it is an abuse, for as George Samuel puts it. "True knowledge is to know how little can be known." A last objection that we would mention is that the Higher Educated woman takes up an antagonistic attitude towards the opposite sex. When this is so, the abuse is gross,

"Woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference."

In conclusion we maintain that when the truly Higher Educated woman is weighed in the balance with the educated woman, she is not found wanting. We have but to test her in our practical experience of life to discover her worth. She is the opposite of "small, slight-natured, miserable," and so men "grow" by her.

The Isabella Thoburn College and the Floods.

(BY A STUDENT)



THE building of the Hazard wing of the Isabella Thoburn College has certainly proved to be a hazard, as anyone would see if he took a tour around the grounds.

We had not expected to see so large a building collapse like a house of cards, even when the rain began to come down in torrents on August 30, and we heard of the fate of smaller houses in the city. The only indication we had of the approaching disaster was the rather heavy leakage in the north end of the Hazard Building, and a rather wide crack over the archway of the corresponding veranda downstairs.

On the morning of the 31st, classes were assembled and held as usual, in spite of the heavy rains. The first signs of collapse were discovered in the kitchen when the chimney fell in, but we only laughed at this, and praised the cook for giving us our breakfast in time in spite of it! But at noon a shock seemed to pass through the whole institution as a portion of the north end of the Hazard Building came down with a crash and in a cloud of dust. A general

rush was made to that end of that building, while some daring spirits went to the very edge of the tottering end to rescue some of the students' boxes. Even this incident, however, did not effectually cloud the spirit of fun that seemed to pervade the atmosphere, and we dispersed to our class-rooms. We had barely settled down to our work in the same building when there was a second and a more awful crash, and down went the rest of the north end. Then followed pandemonium, while teachers and students ran out in the slush and rain to get to the building and help to rescue the furniture. After we realised the extent of the disaster and the danger to the rest of the building, we decided that it would be too hazardous for us to stay there any longer, and so we were given fifteen minutes to remove from the Hazard wing whatever of our effects we valued most. Teachers, students, servants, punkah coolies all rushed to and fro, embracing bundles of clothes, bedding, beds, microscopes, and other apparatus, leaving many valued possessions in the laboratories, class rooms, and dormitories to their fate. Consequently one poor student found herself minus everything except a china vase! Later in the afternoon when the engineers declared that the building would stand till morning, we were able to recover most of our belongings.

That night we went to bed—but not to rest. How could we, when we were haunted by thoughts of the fate of the Hazard Building, which held so many dear associations for us?

The next morning the High School classes assembled as usual, but those of the College had nowhere to meet, so groups of College students stood around waiting to witness the collapse of the building. Those who were across in the school house were startled at nine o'clock by hearing a terrific crash which continued through several seconds. Teachers and pupils hurried out with pale faces and palpitating hearts, but all they could see was a dense cloud of yellow dust which enveloped the ruins. When the dust had subsided we saw that the wide corridors all around the building had fallen.

An hour later the scene was one of excitement and confusion. The portions of the old building adjoining the Hazard had now been declared unsafe and had to be vacated. The remaining dormitories, rooms, and corridors were crowded beyond imagination. Beds, boxes, and furniture blocked the way in every direction while the relentless rain continued to beat in on them.

The servants need very honourable mention for the uncomplaining and cheerful assistance

they gave in moving all the effects of the kitchen and dining-room across to the kindergarten room in the Lois Parker High School. There that night we assembled for dinner, a sober crowd yet grateful to the Providence which had kept us safe. It was a fitting close to the day when the Principal rose and read to us the 91st Psalm.

No classes could meet till the following Monday, when the College, Training High School, and Kindergarten classes crowded into the Lois Parker High School. Since then we have been discussing plans for a new building and ways and means of raising the necessary funds. Some good old friends of Lal Bagh have already begun to send in their contributions, and we hope the day is not far distant when the new building will be a realisation.

The First Railway

BY AN ENGLISH LADY



THE Railway from Liverpool to Manchester opened on Wednesday, 15th September, 1825, was not strictly speaking the first railway, although it is commonly called so. The first to be opened was actually the Stockton and Darlington Line, opened for public traffic on 27th September, 1825; the

Engine used being one of Stephenson's earlier models, weighing eight tons, which could only make a speed of something under sixteen miles an hour. But this line was merely for the carriage of minerals, and did not awaken much enthusiasm; whether minerals were conveyed at sixteen miles or six miles an hour did not really interest the public very much. It was only with the opening of the passenger line from Liverpool to Manchester that people began to realize something of what the new invention was going to mean. That Parliament had not awoken to its importance is fairly well proved by the fact that Government refused any encouragement to Stephenson in his scheme for this Railway. He was brought before a Committee of the House of Commons. They reminded him of Chatmoss, the impassable swamp, five miles long, which his line must cross, into which if you dropped an iron rod, it disappeared. He answered that objection. "Did ye ever see a boat float on water? I will make any road float on Chatmoss."

Then they pointed to the rock, sixty feet high, which must be cut through and the low lying ground which would need embankments, and when all the poor tongue-tied coal digger could say was "I can't tell you how I'll do it, but I can tell you I *will* do it," they dismissed him as a visionary. Then once more the merchants of England acted as her pioneers, and the risk of financing the new enterprise was undertaken by the merchants of Liverpool, always ready for the high adventure of commerce.

The ground chosen for this first attempt was certainly not the easiest that might have been found. Starting from Liverpool on the river's edge the new line had to tunnel through the hill banked up behind the town before it could set off upon the thirty odd miles to Manchester. After one false start, when the workers, approaching from either end at once, failed to meet and struck askew alongside each other, the tunnel was accomplished. The Engines were not at first run through the tunnel, and the "Steam Carriages," as the coaches were called, being hauled backwards and forwards by a stationary Engine to the real point of starting. Stephenson had not realized to what an extent it was going to be possible to inflict dirt, smoke and discomfort on the passengers of the future. He looked upon it as impossible to run then, with an Engine attached, through a tunnel, and where the line had to get through the outcrop of rock sixty feet high he made a cutting right through it instead of merely tunnelling through it as his successors would probably have done. His engine could not climb, and it was necessary to keep the same level all the way, and embankments, in places very high, had to be built; where the soil was uncertain Stephenson built wooden ones, upon which the covering of earth would gradually consolidate. Over the bog he carried out his word and threw a road on a foundation of hurdles filled in with moss on which he built up the soil. Over a little ravine he threw the first railway viaduct of the world, nine spans long. Rather less than four years after the first sod had been turned in December 1826, the Railway was completed. It had cost, road and rolling stock, £830,000, money well laid out by its financiers. The first coaches were simply waggons with benches running across them from side to side. The wheels rested on the rails with a great deal of friction and was quite unsuitable for corner-turning. The engine was Stephenson's Rocket, but it had been open to other experimenters to supply one, for the Directors of the Company had offered a prize for the best, and a test had been held at Rainhill (which lies between Liverpool and Manchester)

in 1829, to decide on the winner, when only the Rocket proved to be able to fulfil the conditions laid down; it drew a coach with 30 passengers in it at the rate of 30 miles an hour. The Rocket could, as a matter of fact, do far better than this; it once achieved 4 miles in 4½ minutes. Its great advantage lay in its weight, which was only 4½ tons. Heavier and steadier engines were found later to be more efficacious, but the Rocket had the essential principles on which they are still constructed: it had direct connection between the cylinder and the wheels, and the wheels were connected by horizontal rods. These are the simple essentials which no engine has yet outgrown.

A ceremonial opening was arranged for: the Duke of Wellington came down from London to be present and actually to take part in the inaugural run to Manchester. The competition for seats was great, yet it gives ground for wonder as to whether the interest aroused can have been very general when we find that the gossip Creevy makes no mention in his "papers" of the event or of the tragedy attending it. The line was thronged with cheering crowds when the train set off with its distinguished company of Directors, statesmen, ambassadors and the rest, some terrified, others enjoying the wonderful sensation of "flying through the air." The expression was used by one of the passengers; we should hardly have used it now-a-days, even before flying had ceased to be a figure of speech for the train on this occasion did not travel faster than 20 miles an hour—all too fast for that crowd of passengers who knew nothing of the dangers of the new force harnessed in their service. The engine stopped after the first hour to take up water, and several of the most distinguished passengers left their carriages and stood chatting on the line. Suddenly a spare engine bore down upon them. All but one leapt safely out of the way; Mr. Huskisson, M. P. for Liverpool, was knocked down run over and conveyed in a dying condition to Manchester where he actually died. Considerations of expediency induced the Duke after some hesitation to carry out the proposed programme; all Manchester was eagerly awaiting the train, and riots, the bugbear of the day, might have followed its failure to appear. So the depressed passengers proceeded to Manchester, several of them convinced that the whole party had only escaped death by a miracle: arrangements had been made to take them back as they came, but many hastened to seek the safety of the "horse carriage." The Railway in its very beginnings had given a hint of the monster who was to demand such a toll of human life in return for its servi-

ces, but its services were pledged, never to be withdrawn until some greater force should supersede them, and the extensions of those 30 miles of railroad were, slowly but surely to cover the whole habitable world. Slowly, we say, in these days when important inventions so often come to us from America it is not unpleasant to remember that America's first "railway" two years later consisted of a couple of coaches drawn by a horse along iron rails. M.

Open Your Eyes



THE majority of people when walking in a garden, are unobservant, and when asked to describe the beauties through which they have passed, will answer vaguely, "There is nothing to describe; the place was full of trees and flowers". *Trees and Flowers*, and nothing to describe! Those individuals are like the man who travelled in Mexico, the United States and Canada, and who, on returning to England, was asked by his mother, "What did you see?" "Nothing!" was his calm reply. The wonder is that such closed-eyed people get opportunities which would be so much valued and appreciated by those who go about the world with their eyes open. Nothing escapes their sight; the smallest blossom, or bit of moss gets as much adoring admiration, as falls to the share of the stately palm, or beautiful hibiscus. Open-eyed people see beauty and cause for wonder in Nature's handiwork. They are never lonely, or in want of companionship for they have friends unseen by the many, and they can see what to others is invisible. Open-eyed people are, as a rule, open-handed, and are charming in manner. They will give the sweet offering of flowers, with a graciousness that makes the gift doubly precious. We have the opposite to those people, in those who are open-eyed enough to admire but not to love flowers, and cultivate them for a selfish pleasure. A lady of this description had a small but lovely garden, and the following occurred between an open-eyed friend of flowers and herself. She very seldom gave away a flower or plant; but one day a wave of generosity passed over her, and she presented her friend with a few weak saplings of a flowering tree. "I have too

many, you see" she said as she pulled them up, and handed them over. Then she came to a standstill beside a shrub composed solely of some twigs and a few sorry leaves. "You may as well have this," she said, "it never blooms." And she started to uproot it with the help of a spade. Her friend accepted the bunch of twigs with earth and roots hanging at one end, and also the puny saplings, and departed. Some months later the giver appeared, and said, "How is your garden looking? Mine is beautiful." "So is mine," replied the cheerful friend who spent on flowers many a bit of money from a purse as thin as herself. "Please come to this window, you can see it all from here." The visitor raised her gold rimmed eyeglasses, and inspected the narrow strips round the backyard. Then she pointed with some show of interest to a handsome shrub that was loaded with clusters of lilac blossoms, and said, "What a very beautiful thing! Where did you get it?" Her friend replied quietly, "You gave it to me, and said it would not flower. The saplings, too, are now in bud". The former owner of the plants turned away with a look of annoyance on her face, and began to talk of things not numbered in Horticulture! The ground from which the shrub had been taken was good, and that into which it had been put was bad: and, yet, there it stood a grand thing, a delight to the eyes, and soothing to the senses on account of its delicate perfume. We feel inclined to ask, in the words of that genial humourist, Artemus Ward—"Why is this, thus?" One answer is that the poorer soil might have suited the plant better than the richer from which it had been removed: or the situation might have been more favourable; or the Nature Spirits might have been at work to help the past flower-lover, who considered them his friends, and who never gathered a blossom from any plant without first asking permission to do so from its Maker. This same open-eyed, flower-lover got two healthy slips of begonia, one being red and the other white, and resolved to experiment. She hoped to find the truth of the idea that *thoughts* have an effect on plants. She gave each slip the same treatment as to soil, water, and so on but to the red variety she spoke with love, and touched it with a caressing hand. The white one she left alone and often called it an, "ugly, pale thing". The plants grew apace, but when the red one had large leaves and bunches of brilliant blossoms, the white one was a mere stem with a few stunted leaves, and weak little blooms. The experimentalist was moved with compassion at the sight, and at once began the treatment of love and caress; and, soon, the

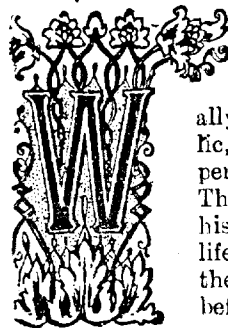
white begonia was as beautiful as the red one, though not quite so luxuriant. Many lovers of flowers have what is termed "a lucky hand", with plants, which really means a wonderful friendship with the spirits who have charge of trees and flowers. Is it not worth and while to learn how to open our eyes? People are often quite content to see through the eyes of others; but that is not the same as seeing with our own. Some years ago I received the astounding information that, "flowers are only rubbish"! I, too, have heard the impatient words, "Oh! yes, flowers are all very well, but let them remain in the garden, that is their proper place". But what about the bright flowers by the bedside of the sick; or the pale blossoms in the folded hands of the dead? If flowers are to be kept in their "proper place", the invalid cannot enjoy their sweet cheerfulness; nor the spirit of the dead be made glad by seeing its former dwelling place adorned by loving hands. What about the flowers for the temples of God, no matter by what name He is known, or how worshipped? And those for the bride, the guest, the banquet or the private room? Oh! poor closed-eyed people! By not seeing and loving the flowers much is missed that makes life beautiful. Open your eyes; how can you see with your eyes closed? Look around you and notice the trees and flowers, and as you wonder among them, think how the blue ones remind you of *devotion*, the pink ones of *pure love*, and the green leaves of *sympathy*, and like wise. Devotion to duty: Love to God; and Sympathy for humanity. -Gather together some flowers according to the meaning of their colours, and place them in a worthy vessel of water on your table, they will then be in full view, and you cannot fail to have good thoughts every time your glance is directed, sometimes involuntarily, towards them. What purer and more fragrant message can we have to carry our meditations Heavenward, than the perfume of the flowers? Do not rest satisfied with looking at a blossom, try to get close to its heart, and learn the lesson it has to teach. Pay no heed to those who call you silly or affected; or if your ideas become the subject for ridicule, and are deemed insane. As our friendships with flowers ripens, so will our knowledge of humanity increase. Is not the world one vast garden, and its inhabitants the trees and flowers? There are all kinds of natures, and there are all kinds of trees and flowers. Compare human beings with plants, and their counterparts will be seen in the garden, and on the mountains and plains. There is, however, something inseparable to people and plants. What is it? *Wickedness and Weeds*. Are not Prisons and

Houses of Correction, places for human weeds? Is not the scaffold an erection on which an extra noxious human weed is killed? Yes, but the souls of those poor weeds remain untouched by the executioner, and little by little will evolve from the weed state to the dignity of the palm, which we like to imagine is nearer Heaven, because it is higher than other trees. If we give the matter some serious thought, we will most certainly try our best to become the friend of flowers; and endeavour to eradicate all weeds from the Garden of self. That is, we must blunt the thorns of temper; crush out the nettles of irritation, and so on. In their place we must plant roses, lilies and violets, and give out in our words and deeds their beauty, purity and gentleness. Open your eyes and see nature's gifts, bestowed so freely in the form of trees and flowers. Open your ears too, and learn to hear the message contained in every blossom. Are the snow-white stars of chameli dumb? Have the orange-blossom and regal ponciana no message? Has the gentle marvari no influence, has its delicate scent no voice? All trees and flowers have tongues that are ever in motion. But their teachings and melodies remain unheard by a dull-eared Humanity too lazy or uninterested to listen; and their beauty is unobserved by those who stroll about in voluntary blindness, fearful of being laughed at because they have seen in trees and flowers what others have failed to notice. Remember to touch nature's work with tenderness; listen to her message of comfort and love; open your eyes and behold her beauties. Have the moral courage to be the friend of flowers, which means to the majority of people one who is devoid of sanity; but which means to the few, one who walks hand in hand with God.

EDITH J. CROSS-BUCHANAN.



The True Indian



WHO is a true Indian? The answer to this question will depend not unnaturally upon the profession—public, domestic and private—of the person who is to give the reply. The politician who endangers his livelihood, his freedom, his life will immediately say that the man who places patriotism before nationalism, racialism, sectarianism; the man who has drowned those four curses of India, the words "Dravidian, Aryan; Moslem and Hindu" is a *pukka Hindi*, a true son of "Greater Sindh." The social reformer who unlike the former sacrifices his popularity, and reputation, but neither his character nor his maintenance will reply that the man or woman who expends his existence in making others happy, even if it were only his own immediate circle, is the legitimate heir to the title of Indian. Similarly other men in other spheres of life will have other things to say. Professional bias apart, however, one may fairly accurately define an Indian as a man or a woman who has a sneaking regard at least for other four things Indian, viz. (i) Indian philosophy which stands for plain living and simplicity of life, spiritual superiority; (ii) The Indian woman, unaccomplished but wise and noble; (iii) Indian cooking which this illiterate woman has perfected with good taste and experience of climate, health, frugality; and (iv) last but not least, Indian music.

The great contempt and the righteous contempt of Oriental thought for materialism and the Prussian gospel of power preached by Nietzsche and Trietsche may have proved to be premature. It may have made the East too good, while the world around it was still uncivilized in the strictest sense of the word. It may have been the cause of the non-European dry land playing the second fiddle (and badly at that) in the most elementary duty of self-preservation and (unnatural) lust for world dominion. But, although the world was unprepared to receive and appreciate the sublimest view of life, Eastern thought has done one thing and that is that the Asian man on his own part showed the right path, which the world did not take, and he consciously adopted a backsliding faith for the time being to show the West in its own language and with its own weapons, that brotherly guidance awaits the misguided. Who believes that, if this war ends

the European peoples will not enter upon a career of daring any power to give a gun on their shoulders to kill some mother's darling boy? So then avarice of nations will end and Oriental philosophy will triumph.

However, it is with the Indian woman that the younger brothers of philosophers begin to understand the genuine spirit of our Mahadesh. Where can you in all the world get the noble conception of wifehood, where the better-half of man is not an individual contracting to live with him on business terms, but so self-less and self-effacing, and so soluble as to permeate every pore of her partner and live *through him*? It might be downright selfishness on the part of the man, it may be a disgrace to the community that the husband should exploit the wife's virtue and be all-powerful. The ideal of the community may be a great blot on the civilisation of India; the ideal of the individual, the fair and tender but *not* weak, is sublime beyond imagination. The Indian woman is great as an individual, so is her class great. The Indian woman is great, but let us not exploit her greatness. Let *her* not be so great that she loses her self-respect, her pride without vanity, her honour without insolence. She must be emancipated more urgently than the slave or even the indentured labourer. Let us not make our sacramental marriages a form of fleshbargain. We can conserve the greatness of our women and marry as free men and free women. It is, therefore, the duty of those who are offered the hand of India's daughter to stretch out their hand to their wrecked sisters as they gaze at the ill-fated *Lusitania* of Indian womanhood. He would be a true Indian who would that, not one who merely heralds the glory of the women of Hind. I will make this concession to him that the mere possibility of a marriage does not constitute an opportunity for him. Even when he marries an Indian of his caste, there may be unsurmountable difficulties; on the other hand even if he should marry a foreigner, he may have the good fortune to be able to do something for his own country women. I shall not be far wrong if I say that Indians who have married outside India to women who are not French, Magyar or Irish even have not seldom shown greater patriotism, truer patriotism and have done more practical work for their homeland than effeminate abuse of everything foreign. Let us all, therefore, try and be true Indians each according to our personal and private opportunities.

I could easily fill up space, if this were a less valuable paper, by long discourses on Indian

cooking and Indian music. Suffice it to say that, if Indian cooking is good, it is good as a whole. As to music, despite Oscar Wilde's remark regarding its mediocre nature, I feel that the fine art of sound is the soul of a nation. When one nation's music enters the homes of the ruling nation the conquest is complete. That is seen in such European composers as Brahms. The peculiar sounds of a country are related by ties of blood to the peculiar colours of that land. The *Scientific American* which has particularly surpassed itself as a great journal since the war may not agree with the above view as can be judged from its article on "Musical colours", though believing in colour-music. Its fallacy lies, however, in that it forgets that two different causes may have the same effect, on the brain as a whole, and the discrepancy due to the different nature of sound and light-vibrations stops at the medium of communication which translates them into a single mental effect. The colours have been associated with musical notes and "Moods" in Hindu music from times immemorial and it is but natural that sounds of particular parts of the earth should be related by association to peculiar colours. This mute-symbal language is the soul of the nation and he is a true Indian whose blood pulsates instantly he or she comes in contact with it. Who else is a true Indian?

Indu-Mati-Pal.



A Peep at Bombay



MUCH had I heard of the splendour of the "Gate of India" as Bombay is termed the city of palatial buildings. So having a week's holiday, I determined on sight-seeing. Well, when steaming into the suburbs of the great city, my first impression was distinctly an unpleasant one. The outlook was gloomy, depressing as it was a monsoonish morning but the bustle and confusion at the terminus absorbed me, to the extinction of all else, not to speak of welcoming friends. To my good fortune the weather cleared up during my short stay in Bombay and though there were a few showers there was also plenty of sunshine to mitigate its effects and gave me ample scope to wander at will.

NOTABLE PLACES

It is no use my mentioning at length the beauties of the public buildings or other notable places, such as the Apollo Bunder, the Crawford market, the Victoria gardens, the E.G. Hospital, the Rajabai towers—where two Parsi girls met their death by throwing themselves over rather than fall into the hands of Muhammedan pursuers—Public offices, Charitable institutions, and hotels. These have been made so common to us by picture postcards, photo albums and historians that it would be redundant. The lovely view presented by Malabar Hill, though, requires a personal visit to be appreciated, the beautiful drive with its charming residences, Government house, the hanging garden, and last, but not least, the mysterious "Towers of Silence," which loomed in the distance when you are half way up, were singularly interesting. The last certainly impresses the on-looker with its cold grey walls standing solitary in a garden full of rocks and trees, the eeriness of the picture being considerably added to by the eternal guardians of the place—great brown vultures—hovering in the air or seated on the walls of the tower. Another point that amazes a new-comer in Bombay from Madras are its

FLATS

Though one hears so much about the system of flats, still, it surprises a visitor to see piles of monster buildings on the sides of the narrowest of roads. These flats, by the way, are charming to look at as well as hideous, depending entirely on the newness of the buildings, the colors with

which they are washed and a good deal on the dwellers.

Chawls.—An arrangement of flats for Indians of the poorer class, are the most unsightly things I have seen in Bombay but the absence of drains compensates one for many things, even the limited but compact space in a flat. Another point of interest is the Indian population, so unlike that of Madras; the Parsi easily predominates and

BRIGHTLY CLOTHED WOMEN

meet you at every turn. Parsi women and girls dress most expensively; handsome silk *sarees* finely bordered, satin, silk or velvet jackets, with fine lace sleeves and tunic-like endings, with jewellery are one of the most ordinary sights in streets and trams. The courtesy of the educated or well-to-do Parsee and Muhammedan gentlemen is great. I was a stranger and frequently had to ask the help of some of these people and on every occasion received nothing but kindness. Even in the tram cars—by the way I must say a word about them—no woman of whatever nationality stood while a man had a seat to offer her.

THE TRAM CARS

are well built, clean and the system on which they are worked is excellent. The cars are closed in half way on both sides doing away with foot boards, passengers jumping in and out at will. There is one entrance and another place for exit, the seats are small and made with enough room to seat two comfortably with a passage in the middle for people to walk in. In the very long cars there is a gangway with standing room enclosed in by brass rails, there is also a check string to be used in cases of necessity and the signal to the motor man to move on is given by a little tinkling bell by the conductor. Cars only stop at the proper places, there is no slowing down for casual passengers to jump in or jump off. The inspector occasionally looks in to check tickets, but as a rule he is stationed at the roadside at convenient spots. This is a very useful plan. The seats are meant for a certain number and that is never exceeded. The best of it is that the rules laid down are adhered to and carried out by those in charge. The Bombay cars do not groan, wail and shriek like Banshees in distress while moving, nor has the conductor an eldritch whistle for the driver.

THE POLICEMEN

are the quaintest looking objects to my thinking in Bombay. Their uniforms are of navy blue

with points of brilliant yellow, the material, either serge or cotton, depending on the weather. Their turbans are flat bun shaped caps with narrow little brims and on the whole they have a curious unfinished appearance augmented by their trousers which stops short at the knees. I saw several of them with immense umbrellas during the rain, instead of the regulation cloaks which our policemen wear. Whether this is the rule or privately done, I cannot say.

THE POST PEONS

on the other hand are most picturesque. Their costumes too are of navy serge or cotton and the color is relieved by means of deep crimson. It is not by any means a garish red but a warm, pinky crimson, while their turbans are full of alternate stripes of navy and crimson, making them a cheering sight on a gloomy day.

THE COVERED HEADS

of the working classes of the Indian women amused me, with whatever style of costume the heads in every case were covered. Most weird looking specimens of women in tight fitting trousers and jackets with enormous rings on their noses and ears went in for the head covering as did the domestic Ayah. The horse-keeper women—I was told they were wives of the horse-keepers—look uncommonly well; they are fair complexioned and wear bright colored cloths looking like full skirts with broad silver borders and novel looking jackets. The cloth that covers their heads covers their backs as well. They wear plenty of heavy silver jewellery. Before bringing my random notes and impressions to a close, I must say a word about

THE HIRANI SHOPS

These shops are actually tiny little restaurants run on a cheap scale but to the salvation of many a poor soul. Feeling extremely curious, I went into one and thinking it a safe investment, ordered a cup of tea. The tea arrived promptly, and was certainly not orange pekoe nor was the servitor desirably clad, but the points in its favour were many; it was fairly strong—with no rank taste about it—plenty of good milk, hot and not too sweet. Of course it is a ready mixed cup and—the china is not egg shell, but this is a detail and a poor thirsty individual on a hot or wet day would be very thankful for the refreshing cup at two pice a cup! While sipping my tea, two men came in and seating themselves at one of the numerous little tables ordered "chops and tea"; they were apparently going to have their lunch. I waited to see what it would be like: knives and forks

and a cruet first made their appearance followed by a couple of wee plates containing sliced lemon, onion, cucumber and lettuce. Why, I thought this looks interesting. Then four thick slices of bread on two quarter plates turned up, followed by two large plates each holding one piece of mutton chop, potatoes and an ocean of gravy; it was steaming hot and I make no doubt the men made a good meal. The table was innocent of cloth and the cutlery and crockery might have been better, but, on enquiry I discovered that the bill came to, two and a half annas a head! so one must not be too critical. In spite of the accommodating *Hirani* shops, Bombay is the rich man's country and although by comparison Madras has many drawbacks, I am quite of opinion that there are worse places than Madras to live in.

RAMBLER.

Editorial Notes

We are anxious to lay before our readers the suggestion that the Indian Ladies' Magazine be made into a monthly journal again. A few of the sympathisers of the magazine have come forward and promised to help by getting new subscribers and contributions, but such help from but a few is not sufficient. If each of our old subscribers who have been so warmly supporting the magazine for the past so many years will but procure us one new subscriber, the journal can be made into a monthly one almost immediately. As to contributions we are anxious that this paper should become the organ to record the activities undertaken by and for women throughout India and as such, we very earnestly request our friends and well-wishers, specially ladies, to send us accounts of such movements that take place in their stations. The education of women has always been a subject most assiduously discussed and written about by many of our readers and we are sure that reports and descriptions of student life and activities from the various Women's Colleges and Girls' High Schools throughout India will prove of great interest to them. We appeal to the heads of such institution to send us interesting news about their work and its results as we shall have much pleasure in publishing them in this journal.

In this number we are putting in an account, from a student of the Isabella Thoburn College, of the terrible disaster that befell part of the College from the recent floods. It means not only heavy loss of money but a serious drawback

to the splendid work that is going on there—the uplifting by good education of the women of India who come within its radius. We trust that it will soon be remedied and the work continue as before.

Finally we would specially request Indian ladies to come forward and help, for the Indian Ladies' Magazine is but a vehicle to record their sayings and doings and an instrument for the furtherance of their progress in every way.

In this number we publish an article on the Women's part in the War Women's Emergency Corps by an English lady—a most interesting account of the wonderful energy and activity of the women of the British Isles. It is a pleasure to read it and further, it encourages vastly the efforts that the women of India are making on behalf of the distressed in the war. The suggestion that twelve inch square wool knitted squares be sent to the corps is extremely happy, for this work does not cost much effort, is finished quickly and is accomplished without much, if hardly, any expense. It therefore lies in the power of many to be able to do this and they moreover will have the happy feeling of having rendered some little help for the relief of the wounded in the war.

Though it is with many congratulations and good wishes we send Lady Sankara Nair from our midst, yet we shall miss her in many ways. She was the President of the Hindu Ladies' Association in Egmore, Madras, and was one of the Vice-Presidents of the Ladies' Recreation Club, Mylapore, Madras. In both these institutions she gave full help in all directions and in their farewell parties to her, the members expressed their regret at losing her. In that given by the Ladies' Recreation Club where Her Excellency Lady Pentland was present, Her Excellency in a happy little speech trusted that Lady Sankara Nair would always remember the interests of the Club towards which she had done so much and assured her that the members would always remember her. We offer our hearty congratulations to Sir Chettur Sankara Nair on his becoming a member of the Viceroy's Executive Council and trust that he and Lady Sankara Nair will in their new sphere continue their useful work, which they have been doing here so well.



Selections

ABOUT COLLEGE WOMEN

(Taken from an article by Miss McDougall, M.A., in the Baptist Missionary Review)

COLLEGE women have been indoctrinated from the very earliest start with the view that they receive in order to give. The moral earnestness of the pioneers of their cause has curiously resulted in a kind of restlessness and impatience on the part of women students at once to distribute their gains and as soon as they see trouble or wrong to fly to the rescue. A student at the end of her three or four years of University life wants not to study further but to teach, and only in the rarest cases will she keep up habits of study beyond what is necessary for the preparation of her lessons. Or she wants to do social work at once rather than learn more about the sources of social distress. This impulse arises mainly from generous feeling, but to be 'greedy of quick returns of profit,' even of the profit, of others, is exactly opposite to the spirit of scholarship.

Week by week we are reminded at our University services, in the words of the ancient Bidding Prayer, that the object of the Colleges is "that there may never be lacking a supply of persons duly qualified to serve God in Church and State," and it must be admitted that College women have grasped the spirit of these words. On one quality in them you can always depend, and that is public spirit. The mere fact that during the most sensitive years of youth they are members of a great institution like a University, having its roots buried deep in the past and numbering among its children some of the greatest names in the past and present history of the nation, gives a sense of dignity and responsibility which eclipses narrow and personal ends. The daily intercourse with men and women of learning, who, with all their professional faults and weaknesses, are yet pursuing an unselfish aim and contributing to an impersonal end, has its unconscious influence; and the give-and-take of community life, with its overriding of personal ambitions and jealousies, teaches much also. Moreover, there is the practical training in the management of College clubs and societies, and in the conduct of public meetings, which has a moral as well as a practical value.

Women's Colleges in England have always had a very close connection with the great Universities of Cambridge, Oxford and London, and they joined them at a fortunate moment. Both Oxford and Cambridge had awakened from the torpor of the early half of the 19th century and were centres of vigorous intellectual life. Everything was in a ferment of new thought, but the first wild unrest was subsiding and the assault on faith had almost spent its first shock. Oxford was thrilling with its new interest in social problems, Cambridge had raised Science to a University status, and London University, then as always ignoring distinctions of wealth, rank and religion, claimed and obtained from its students at all stages keen intellectual vigour, making no provision for the desultory reader and giving no privilege to any favoured son. The one inflexible test of external examination was applied to all alike and year by year the test increased in stringency.

University life when women first entered it was far more full and varied than it had ever been since the Middle Ages, and it was this universality of interest and justice of standard which did most to free the woman student from narrowness of view and from the cowardice which looks for privilege. The close connection with the existent Universities, though a severe strain at first, has proved morally as well as intellectually a great advantage. The Women's Colleges are purely feminine, but the Universities of which they form part are the work of men, and I do not know that a combination could have been found more educational and beneficial for the woman student.

When a girl enters College at the age of eighteen or nineteen the qualities demanded of her are independence and friendliness. She is treated by the College authorities and teachers as a grown-up person, a University woman and no longer a school girl; she is mistress of her own rooms and to a great extent of her own time, and all her studies are conducted in a way as different as possible from the learning of schools. Her instruction is derived not from textbooks but from the Library, and the teacher is there not to give information but to inspire and guide the student in finding things out for herself. The qualities of a scholar are in many respects those of a saint—humility, candour, justice, earnestness, the tenacity of purpose which will wait patiently for an end far out of sight, and above all, reverence,—reverence both for the great minds with which the student comes into daily contact through books, and reverence for truth in all its aspects. Many distressing faults of smallness and pettiness and silliness, which are very hard to combat directly, fall insensibly away from a student whose daily occupation is with large and generous things or with the tranquil operation of Nature. I do not say that this takes place at College only; the patient study of great literature, and particularly of the Bible, will produce the same effect wherever carried on, but a College is specially adapted and all its arrangements planned with a view to increasing a student's opportunities and capacities in these directions. The aim of a College is not so much to confer on a student a certain amount of useful knowledge, though that of course is done, as to produce in her a certain temper of mind—reverence, charity and self-control, and unless it succeeds in this its work is a failure even if the student wins Double First Honours. I have heard it said of a very able woman who had gained First-class Honours in two subjects at the two most exacting Universities of England that she was "not an educated person" and the criticism was, I think, just.

The other demand is for friendliness, and this is occasioned by the delightful social life of the resident Colleges. Contact with other students of the same age, but with different backgrounds of rank, traditions and Church, in the free intercourse of work and athletics and in the same College societies, might lead to separation into cliques and sets; but in women's Colleges the tradition of general friendliness is very strong, and any one who displays snobbishness, fastidiousness or a carping critical spirit is very soon aware that the whole of public opinion is against her. Conceit is the one unpardonable fault in College estimation, the students will put up with any other, and perhaps in this they follow a true instinct.

Besides the friendliness to each, other there is apparent in most Colleges a strongly philanthropic tendency and a great interest in social questions. This has been present from the very beginning and is part

of the movement which has, since the middle of last century, prevailed in men's Colleges also, and which is particularly noticeable in America. Students have not as a rule much money, but it is astonishing how large a contribution can be obtained from them for any social or philanthropic aim. Many of the Colleges have founded Settlements where alumni live in poor surroundings and in simple fashion, trying to share their gains with less privileged people.

INFLUENCE OF THE HOME

The mother in India possesses, to an extraordinary degree, all the gentle virtues but for lack of education her influence for good on the child is very much minimised. She has no idea of the possibilities for immense good and until female education makes great strides her influence in shaping the character of the Indian child is a negligible factor. She is now generally indulgent to a fault and a studied solicitude on her part towards the making of the character of her children is utterly impossible at the present day. Our daughters and grand-daughters may be more fortunate and they will have, we may be sure, no little share in the important art of moulding the character of the children of India.

Coming to the father, we find him as a rule, too absorbed in his work or too little inclined or too incapable to train systematically his child's character. Generally he is not much better than his surroundings which are not as desirable as they should be, for the training of character. He is either too repressive or too lax. In this connection permit me to quote from Abel J. Jones' book "Character in the Making," a passage which pithily hits off the point I wish to make: "The time which the father has to spend upon his duties in search of subsistence makes it impossible for a large number of parents to pay proper attention to the upbringing of their children. Other parents who have the opportunity lack the desire to interest themselves in the education of their children, while again many who have the desire and the opportunity have neither the capacity nor the knowledge of child nature which is necessary to become successful trainers of the youthful mind. Some parents again are too repressive and others too lax. When one considers all these adverse facts it is easy to understand how few are the homes which can and do exercise upon the children the best kind of influence."

The parent besides interesting himself more in the work of his son at school ought to keep a watchful eye on the influences that operate on him—taking note of his companions and places of resort. He should not only endeavour directly to mould the character of the boy but take an interest in the every day life of the boy. He must treat him, less as an automaton, and the relation existing between the father and the son should not be the hitherto common stand-alooftness on the part of the son and stiffness and nagging on the part of the father. The father must be able to enter into the joys and sorrows of his son. Above all he must so conduct himself that the son respects him because he practises what he preaches and there is little difference between his "Do as I say" and his "Do as I do." The spasmodic but interest evinced by the parent in the son at the beginning of the school year will in no way compensate for the indifference exhibited throughout the year.—*From the Educational Review.*

THE KANYA MAHA VIDYALAYA, JULLUNDER

The Hon. Mr. Lalubhai Samaldas writes in the current number of the *Social Service Quarterly*:—The Kanya Maha Vidyalaya of Jullunder is the premier institution in India for improving the physical, mental and spiritual condition of the womankind of the country, on what may be called national lines, in so far as the education is given in Hindi, Sanskrit is compulsory in the higher classes, religious education is given in all classes and English is only an optional subject. It thus differs materially from girls' High Schools and Colleges in other parts of the country, where the students are prepared for the university examinations. The word "national" is thus used in its literal sense and not in its political sense. Started as a small Girls' School in 1890, whose funds amounted to Rs. 50 only, it has now developed into a well-equipped School and College for Girls, with 214 girls on the roll, and spending more than twenty-seven thousand rupees in the year 1913-14. Its activities have not been confined to the school only, but have spread out in various other directions. It has affiliated to it a Widows' Home, an Orphanage, a Kanya Ashram (boarding house for girls), a branch school in the city proper, and a Sahitya fund for promoting Hindi literature, mainly with the object of providing suitable text-books and reading books for the girls who are trained in the institution. The management of the institution is in the hands of a society called the Mukhya-Sabha of the Kanya Maha Vidyalaya. Excepting persons nominated for special qualifications, by at least two-thirds of members of the Sabha present at the meeting, all the members of the Society are Arya Samajists. Though meant mainly for the people of the Punjab, the institution is open to girl-students from all parts of the country, and I was agreeably surprised to find a girl from Surat and another from Jamnagar staying in the boarding house of the institution.

The institution, with the Widows' Home and the Orphanage has a commodious building of its own, some two miles from the city proper. Out of the 214 students, 15 are day students and I was told they do not find it inconvenient to go to that distance. The quarters are situated in a very healthy locality. The class-rooms as well as the various Ashrams are kept neat and tidy. The grounds are very large and there is ample room for the boarders as well as the inmates of the other Ashramas to play games and move about freely. The arrangements within the school precincts and the Ashram are simple and homely. The boarders and others put on the same kind of dress and they all look bright and cheerful and seem to enjoy their class-work.

There are twenty-two inmates in the Widows' Home and seventeen in the Orphanage. The former institution has been able to provide school mistresses for the girls' schools in the Province and is thus proving useful both to the inmates personally, and to the educational wants of the Province generally. The Orphanage is in the charge of a lady who has devoted her whole life to the service of this institution. It is not too much to hope that as a result of these tours, similar institutions suited to local conditions may spring up in various parts of the country, managed by persons like Lala Devraj and Pandita Savitri Devi and may bring light to the innumerable homes of the people of the country where darkness and ignorance now reign supreme. The promoters of this institution are justified in saying that "it has been a great cause

in the promulgation of Hindi Literature, in raising the age of marriage amongst girls, in removing false *pardah*, in giving women the benefits of the bounties of nature and in supplying lady-teachers to several schools in the Province."—(From the *Indian Social Reformer*).

On every side Indian women are emerging from the *pardah*, are pressing into seminaries, are banding themselves together in clubs and societies, and are showing themselves keenly interested in all social and political questions. This profound change has caused much heart-searching among the conservative element in India, where the woman was supposed to confine her interests entirely to her domestic and overlapping religious duties. But the movement defies all the protests of the old school, and every day gives some new indication of its progress.

One of its recognized leaders is Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, the gifted poetess, one of a small group of Bengali women who have achieved a marvellous power of expressing themselves in the English language. Mrs. Naidu is, of course, English by education, and speaks with the purest accent, but the charm and deftness of her verses remain, nevertheless, a remarkable tribute to the natural talent of Bengal, where eloquence and fluent expression are concerned. The following is extracted from an address recently delivered by Mrs. Sarojini Naidu at the Indian Ladies' Club at Pittapuram, in the Madras Presidency.

"The time is ripe when not men but women themselves should learn to recognize the sacred and inalienable trust and responsibility of their womanhood, in shaping the destinies of the country. For it is the womanhood of a nation that is the true giver and true upholder of its ideals. . . . I say that it is time for us all, women of India, to awake, whatever our race, or caste, or creed, or rank in life, to awake and grasp the urgency of the situation, the immediate need of adequate and equal co-operation, and the comradeship in guiding, moulding, sustaining and achieving these lofty and patriotic ideals that thrill the heart of every generation, and in whose fulfilment lies the noblest destiny of man. On this happy occasion I, who have come from so far to be with you, do bring you a message of awakening from the women in other parts of the country, north and south, east and west, from the women who may, indeed, be separated from you by difference of language and creed and custom and even race, but who are essentially one with you in all those imperishable realities of life that make them co-inheritors with you of common duty and common devotion in the service of the citizens."—(From the *Christian Science Monitor*).



News and Notes

THE GUJARATI HINDU LADIES' ASSOCIATION.—Much credit is due to Mr. Bhawanidas Motiwala and his friends for the zeal and enthusiasm with which they are working up the Gujarati Hindu Stree Mandal, started twelve years ago on a small scale, into an institution giving serious and systematic education to ladies who are unable to attend the regular schools. The so-called Home Classes for the education of women are often merely a means of whiling away the time of the teacher and the taught—an interesting diversion from the traditional cult of pots and pans. The scholars bring all their babies to the class and sometimes there are more babies present than scholars, the babble of the babies often rising above the voice of the teacher. It has occurred to us that Home Classes should set apart a room in charge of one or more nurses where the little ones can be kept amused what time their mothers imbibe the instruction imparted in these classes. The Gujarati Ladies' Association seems to be conducted in a really workmanlike spirit, and we wish it ever-increasing success and prosperity. As an instance of educational organisation worthy of praise, we would refer our readers to the excellent account of the Kanya Maha Vidyalaya at Jullunder, which the Hon. Mr. Lalubhai Samaldas has contributed to the current number of the *Social Service Quarterly*.

A MAHARANI'S MUNIFICENCE.—Her Highness the Maharani Chinnabai Gaekwar has, with a view to advance and encourage the cause of the education of Hindu women, set apart securities amounting to Rs. 1,50,000 to found scholarships and studentships, to be awarded to deserving Hindu women. A Board of Trustees has been appointed to look after the Fund and to carry out its object. There are twenty-nine scholarships, out of which sixteen are at the rate of Rs. 5 each, eight at Rs. 10 each, four at Rs. 25 each and one of Rs. 35. The remainder of the income of the Trust Fund, after satisfying the above purposes, will be applied to establishing and maintaining studentships, to be called "Maharane Chinnabai Gaekwar Studentships," to be awarded to Hindu lady students proceeding to study out of India. This judicious munificence of Her Highness the Maharani of Baroda for encouraging education in all its branches amongst Indian women, deserves the gratitude of all friends of progress.

EDUCATION OF WOMEN IN BOMBAY

ITS RAPID PROGRESS

BOMBAY, 15th August.—An interesting illustration of the progress of Hindu Female Education in Western India was witnessed to-day, when, under the auspices of the Bombay Presidency Social Reform Association, a gathering was held to congratulate the young ladies who had passed in the last University examination. Hindu ladies and gentlemen of all castes were present. Sir Narayan Chandavarkar presided. Congratulatory speeches were made by Mrs. Kashibai Kamishar of Poona and Miss Krishnabai Thakur, M.A.

Mrs. Kanishar gave a history of Female Education in Western India and described the opposition it had

met with in past years. She referred to the want of more schools for girls.

Miss Thakur criticised the attitude of the reactionaries, who opposed higher education for women.

Mrs. Modak, B.A., one of the successful candidates at last year's examination, in thanking the speakers, alluded to the need of a hostel for female students in Bombay.

Sir Narayan Chandavarkar, in bringing the proceedings to a close, referred to the Memorial submitted to the Secretary of State for India by Sir William Wedderburn and others, regarding female education in this country, and Sir Narayan hoped that in consideration of the services rendered by women of India in this war greater attention should be paid to the case of female education in Bombay.

SIR RABINDRA NATH TAGORE has started, under the name of the "Art House," a school for teaching arts and industries. He has given a building, a part of his Calcutta residence, for the institution which has already started work with a dozen students and nine teachers. The school is open to both boys and girls, both married and unmarried. Small cottage industries, useful arts of every kind, and handicrafts of various descriptions are to form the subjects of teaching. The curriculum is to include Type-writing as well as Shorthand. Sir Rabindra Nath's eldest brother, Babu Dwijendra Nath Tagore, has brought out a system of Bengali Shorthand which will be a subject of study at the institution.—*The Indian Mirror*.

SOCIAL REFORM IN NAGPUR.—A valued friend writes to us from Nagpur on the 3rd instant: "A widow marriage took place on the 1st August, 1915, in the bungalow of Mr. Durga Shankar in Sitabaldi, Nagpur. The bride and bridegroom are both educated persons. The former—Shrimati Chhotu Bai Tavade—who is a Deshastha Brahmin girl, has been educated up to the Intermediate standard of the Bombay University, and the latter—Mr. G. B. Garud, also a Deshastha Brahmin, is a graduate in Arts and Superintendent of Education in a Central India Native State called Barvanj. Mrs. Chhotu Bai is an assistant school mistress in the Ahalyashrama, Indore, and she became a widow when she was quite a small girl. This is the third widow-marriage here which has taken place within the last ten months. Both the marriage and the marriage feast drew a large number of friends in spite of shortness of notice. Our best wishes go with the newly married couple."

BOMBAY WOMEN'S WORK.—In honour of His Excellency Lord Willingdon's birthday Sir Sassoon David, Bart., and Sir Shapurji Broacha have each sent a cheque for Rs. 5,000 to Her Excellency Lady Willingdon for the Women's Branch of the Bombay Presidency War and Relief Fund.

A special appeal is made by the Women's Branch of the Bombay Presidency War and Relief Fund for Books and Magazines, which are urgently needed for the Troops at the Front. Any quantity will be warmly welcomed at the Central Office of the Women's Branch in the New College of Science Building, Mayo Road. Packs of playing cards and games will also be gratefully received.

His Highness the Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda has sent a donation of Rs. 6,000 to H. E. Lady Willingdon for the Women's Branch of the Bombay Presidency War and Relief Fund. Her Excellency Lady Willingdon has also received Rs. 2,000 from His Highness



HER HIGHNESS SETHU LAKSHMI BAI
Senior Rane of Travancore.

the Nawab of Radhanpore as a personal donation and Rs. 2,000 collected in his state for the Women's Branch of the Bombay Presidency War and Relief Fund.

INTER-PROVINCIAL MARRIAGE.—We are glad to hear from our Calcutta Correspondent that a marriage has been arranged and would take place in October between Mr. C. A. Narayan Menon and Srimati (em Nalini Chowdury, the accomplished daughter of Mr. B. K. Chowdury, M.A., B.L., Manager, Maheshpur Estate. Mr. Chowdury is a close relation of Mr. Libion R. Banerjee, M.A., I.C.S., ex-Dewan of Cochin. Mr. Narayan Menon who hails from South Malabar is employed on the staff of the *Statesman*. While politicians are talking of the unification of the Indian people, this consummation is being unconsciously thought about by young people who follow the prompt-

ings of their purest impulses, regardless of the fetters imposed by custom and priestcraft. The New India of our dreams will be the offspring of the wedding of distant peoples brought near to each other by a common culture and a castless patriotism.—(*Indian Social Reformer*).

THE MELLIN'S FOOD PROGRESS BOOK.—A new Edition of the Progress Book has been sent to us for mention in this magazine. It is indeed very well got up and will prove useful to mothers who are anxious to note from year to year the progress of their little ones so that in after years it will prove an interesting record. The Mellin's Food Company promises to forward a copy of "The Progress Book" to each of the first hundred of our readers upon receipt of two annas in stamps to cover postage, which should be sent to their wholesale agents.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Acknowledgment List from July to October, 1915

	Rs. A.		Rs. A.
1. Miss Ida, Guntur ...	2 1	27. The Dewan of Travancore, Trevandrum ...	2 1
2. Mrs. Cardew, Madras ...	2 1	28. The Inspectress of Girls' Schools, Nagpur ...	2 1
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26. C. H. Candy, Esq., Kolhapur ...	2 1	52. Mrs. T. Tirunavukarasu, Colombo ...	2 1

The collapse of the Hazzard Building of the Isabella Thoburn College on account of the recent heavy rains.

In this building were dormitories for thirty girls, the study and all the recitation rooms and laboratories of the College and Training Class.

The situation in which the College is placed is serious. Though all the classes have promptly resumed their work, they are meeting on the verandas, or in crowded quarters in the High School building.

The whole-hearted response of the student body to the emergency has splendidly justified the existence of the College, and borne testimony to the reality of the ideals for which it stands. The womanhood of India has received incalculable benefit from this institution.

Its influence reaches out into the homes of every province and state. Shall this influence continue?

To replace this building

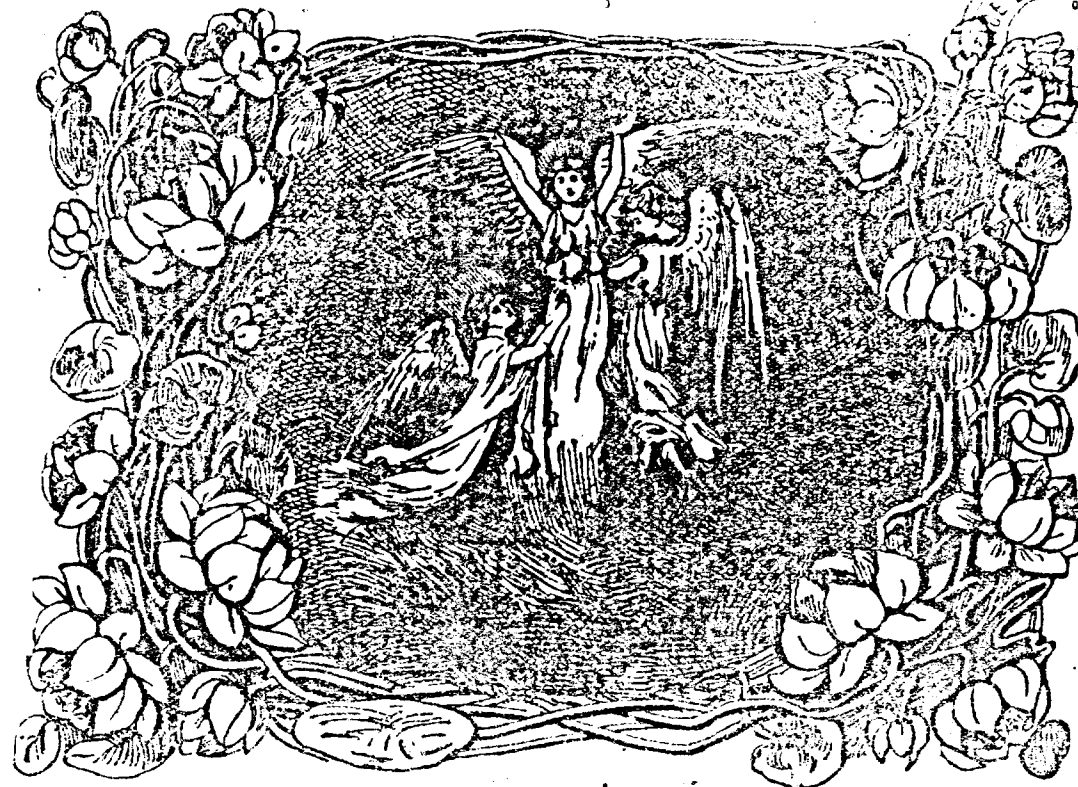
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THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

VOL. XV]

THIRD QUARTER: JANUARY—MARCH, 1916

[No. 3

Thoughts

"To exist is to bless. Life is Happiness. In this sublime pause of things all dissonances have disappeared. It is as though Creation were but one vast symphony, glorifying the God of Goodness with an inexhaustible wealth of praise and harmony We have ourselves become notes in the great concert, and the soul breaks the silence of ecstasy, only to vibrate in unison with the Eternal Joy!"

—Amiel.

"We live truly, exactly in proportion as we go out of ourselves and enter into the fulness of the experience of those whom we serve and by whom in turn we are served."

—Westcott.

November 1915

O God Who holdest all the worlds and stars
 And suns and moons in timeless, spaceless sight,
 And see'st all that was and is, and all
 That in our timeful space we say will be :
 We creatures of this earth yet dare to come
 To Thy great Throne, because Thou hast, of love,
 Unfathom'd, sent Thy Son our Lord to show
 That of this fleeting world we men contain
 Within ourselves a spark of Thy divine
 Eternity. Because of this our souls
 In this dread strife of human passions, strain
 At their poor mortal flesh, and feel the goad
 Of their immortal selves to lift the veil
 And see, athwart the horror of our grief
 And our dear country's dark set need, the gleam
 Of our deliverance. But Thou, O God,
 Teach us to bear in mind Thyself, Thy hand
 Which of Thyself begot knows neither change
 Nor stain and tells us that Thou art for aye
 The God of Right of Justice and of Truth.
 O purge our minds, our hopes of all that's false,
 Impure, unjust and make us know that those
 Who battle truly for the truth, may trust
 Their country and their cause in peace to Thee.

J. K.

Woman and Civilisation



As the writer had occasion to observe in a former article, the progress of civilisation may fairly be gauged by the extent to which mind controls matter.

For the purposes of this article it will be necessary to examine this particular idea more closely. It might be a byword with the historians of civilisation that man "invents" as he gets civilised : or in other words as his mind develops so he applies it for the more efficient subjugation of what is termed "nature". That which distinguishes man from the "brute creation" is nothing more than his capacity to make use of unorganised matter wherewith to make his tools. The bird if it wants to build a nest has to use its beak and its claws : the dog if he wants to travel has to use his legs. Man wields hammer and chisel either with his hands or by an automatic machine and makes the steam engine take him on his journeys. Examples of this sort might be multiplied indefinitely ; but enough has been said to indicate that the root idea of all civilisation is the expansion of the mental faculties.

The next question that arises is whether civilisation ends with the application of science to matter. All human experience answers in the negative. The Greeks are an example in point : in the matter of civilisation in its limited sense—the scientific manipulation of matter, they still have much to teach. But disregarding the sterner ideals preached to them by men like Socrates and Plato, they expended their energies on the cultivation of temporal grace and beauty with the result that they lost their heritage to Stoic Rome. Their history seems to shew clearly enough that civilisation to be stable requires to be built on stable mental and moral virtues. Rome, though she advanced on her predecessor in her conception both of a wider political horizon and of a more solid mental and moral background, nevertheless failed as Greece had done because to her in time came the fatal delusion that civilisation stood for temporal enjoyment and finally for temporal excess.

That civilisation means therefore something more than the mere machinery for gratifying man's senses may fairly be taken as a working hypothesis. On this hypothesis, this "something more" can mean nothing else than man's own mind considered "objectively."

Man's mind, considered by itself and apart from his physical existence, which is concerned only with the animate instinct of self-preservation, deals with something more than his body. Be it organ or spirit it is for him the arbiter of right and wrong. That every man does possess an inner consciousness of right and wrong cannot be disputed and can almost be proved : from which it may be presumed that "right" and "wrong" are themselves "objective" rather than "subjective." To any religious man this statement requires no explanation and even for those who do not definitely admit the existence of a Power which they cannot see or feel with their bodily senses, it ought to have some value because it is to a certain extent capable of empirical proof. Otherwise, for example, there is no reason why men at all stages of the world's history have had to defend a policy of lies or dishonesty not as "right" but as "expedient," nor why such words as "truth," "honesty" and their opposites have practically the same value in one civilised nation as another.

But "honesty" as understood by primitive man or by a barbarian people is quite different from that understood by a civilised people. The barbarian thinks it dishonest to betray his friend who has trusted him but the civilised man does not consider himself honest unless he is honest to friend and foe alike. Civilisation must therefore have everything to do with man's mental existence and the more civilised a man is the more, "refined" he must get in all that appertains to his mind.

Without this refinement of mind man is of little use to society : unless he is true and honest he is a danger to society and segregated by the lawgiver as such, because it is only his mind that can control his natural impulses. His impulse is to get what he wants by the easiest method and what he wants is invariably decided by what he feels. His emotions therefore are very closely connected with his impulses and the two probably interact on each other to an indefinable degree. Unless his emotions and impulses are under due control by his mind and there is nothing else besides his mind, which sees any necessity to control them, he is useless as a member of society and without society there can be neither nations nor civilisation.

No sane person will probably deny that woman exercises a refining influence on man. A new colony, for example, ceases from being the happy hunting ground of predatory man at his worst only when women come to it and by their presence curb his primitive instincts.

Though woman in the first degree ministers to man's most masculine passions yet by some curious law of her being, she has the power not only to rob those passions of animal grossness, but also to represent herself to her lover almost as an ethereal being, whose dear companionship partakes of the spiritual rather than of the material. Therefore men have been known to count all their worldly possessions loss for the loss of the woman they have loved and the woman, who can induce a man to forget for her sake even the prime instinct of self-preservation, can also teach him, foreign though it may be to his coarser nature, the desirability even the necessity of attaining mental and spiritual refinement. This spiritual exercise cannot in any sense mean physical degeneracy or effeminacy, because man, as woman's natural material protector, instinctively sees to his own physical and intellectual strength for her more efficient protection.

Refinement for a personal reason or on a personal basis is bound to extend into refinement on the universal basis: it is certain, for that man's spiritual and mental faculties are increased or atrophied by use or its opposite exactly in the same way as his physical faculties. The application is simple: where a man begins by learning manliness, strength and uprightness for the sake of a woman he will end by being manly, strong and upright towards all. He will in short be cultivating his own mental and moral faculties till they are serviceable not only to himself but to his fellows.

Man is not only a gregarious animal but he must and always will find his complement in woman and since experience teaches that it is only the woman, who can most unfailingly appeal to his higher nature, the faculties, which he will most readily cultivate, will be those, which will best satisfy the demands made by woman. At every stage in his life man is associated with woman. As mother, sister, and wife she plays a very important part in the development of his personality. In the world outside he is only a man among other men, all of whom are bent on getting the most they can of the material advantages within their reach. But the woman can decide by her demands, her example and her influence the manner in which her particular man shall play his part in the outside world. If her demands are gross or excessive, her example undignified or her influence coarse, her man will care little for honesty or for decency in his struggle with other men. If on the other hand she shows that she will have no traffic with that, which reflects on her modesty and self respect, then her man however pressed will avoid that which will unfit him for her companionship.

The "influence of the home" is a text on which all reformers have insisted and "the home" never does mean anything else than the mother or the wife, who is its guardian angel. It is to his home that man looks for the opportunity of rest and reflection; and character is essentially a thing of the mind just as much as action is the result of thought. It may be instructive to note that among the ancient Greeks the house-wife was only a house-wife and that the men found their feminine society among courtesans and that the fall of the Roman Empire was heralded, if not begun, by the Roman ladies deserting their home and revelling in dissipations outside it.

At this stage it may be well to remind the reader that "civilisation" is a thing of nations and not of individuals. As has been already said there can be no nation without society. In society while competition is an inevitable law, imitation is a more inevitable force. The science of mental suggestion is still in its infancy, but there can be little doubt that the law with which it deals is at the root of such phenomena as "national types" and "national characteristics." It may be explained in this way: where a particular man's character, disposition or point of view has caught the popular fancy, the members of his immediate society imitate him consciously or unconsciously, and a particular type so formed in that society is multiplied in other societies within the same nation, till it becomes wide enough to be recognised as national. This article is not of course concerned with the predilections of heredity, climate or surroundings, which may make a particular type or characteristic more readily acceptable to the members of one nation than to those of another, since it need explain only to what extent an individual may influence his neighbours and through them his people. But it may be said that imitation, conscious or unconscious, presupposes admiration and that excellence mental, moral or spiritual is more likely to be imitated than decadence, because man ordinarily admires that which is good, though for want of self-discipline or the incentive to self-control, he follows actually that which is bad.

Where therefore a nation can boast a generality of good women, that nation is on its way to attaining a lasting civilisation. Women have in the past foregone their birthright and have been content with the position alternately of a drudge and of a plaything. But, that in accepting this humble and menial position, they have robbed themselves and their nation of much that makes man "the lord of creation" is shown by the fact that in ages, where women have taken their true position as the queens of

men, the arbiters of their happiness and the reward of their chivalry, men have risen to heights of vigour, devotion and self-sacrifice not otherwise surpassed. For the Virgin Queen Englishmen laid the foundation of their moral and colonial empire and after ages can justly speak of the "spacious" times of Queen Elizabeth. Because of the love a man bore a woman, the spiritual beauty of the Taj Mahal still excites the admiration of the world and in the humbler walks of life acts of equal devotion, though unrecorded, are matters of daily occurrence, where the woman takes her true position and does not allow herself to be looked upon merely as a convenience.

It is within the power of women to create and maintain their own position, to teach man to look upon woman not as his drudge or his distraction but as his mental equal and spiritual superior and by the force of their being to perform the share assigned to them by nature in civilising the nation. If woman does her share faithfully, it would not be too much to say that she is the mother not only of man but civilisation.

K.

Her Highness Sethu Lakshmi Bai, Senior Ranee of Travancore



HAVE heard it said that the Hindus are instinctively prone to hero worship. The accounts of the great deeds of the Puranic characters of yore which assuredly border on the fabulous, if not verily, on the preternatural, may have been answerable for the creation of this notion. My present aim is neither to exonerate the Hindus from the charge, or to establish the veracity of the authors of the Puranas; but I ask myself, and if necessary you also, the question whether I shall be ranked among those vapid hero-worshippers if I merely recount the history of one who has beaten all recent records of human virtue, nay, human excellence.

The subject of my account is Her Highness Sethu Lakshmi Bai, the Senior Ranee of Travancore. She was born on the 19th November 1895 and has completed her twentieth year. Many may rightly wonder how a girl so young could be the subject of an article which it was thought expedient to be prefaced by such puzzling and high-sounding references as those that

head this. To them my answer is that one is most liable to be guided by wild fancies and inveigled into scrapes, when one is in the prime of life and spirits and to be above them at that stage for one placed in my heroine's advantageous position is a feat worthy of mention. She comes of the Mavelikara family which time after time has furnished children for adoption into the ruling family of Travancore. Her Highness' mother, a high spirited and dignified lady of remarkable personality, is the eldest daughter of the late artist Ravi Varma and her father Mr. K. Kerala Varma, B.A., a highly cultured, unpretentious, and thorough-bred gentleman, is again a nephew of the same artist.

The adoption of 1857 been resulting only in men descendants, the family would have been extinct with the death of the adult members then alive. The condition was grave and the then Senior Ranee H. H. Lakshmi Bai, C.I., and Prince Marthanda Varma, B.A., correctly read the situation and His Highness the Maharaja obtained sanction of the British Government for adopting two girls. The adoption took place on the 31st August 1900, and the subject of my sketch is the elder of those two girls. Those who are imaginative may be pleased to learn the significance surrounding Her Highness' birth. The late Senior Ranee having in mind the adoption of two girls who had the closest consanguinity to herself took with her two of her elder nieces to Rameswaram on a pilgrimage. Scarcely a year elapsed after this when to the elder niece was born our heroine to whose name was added the prefix Sethu, it is said, in obedience to a command the girl's mother received in a dream from an unknown person prior to the girl's birth.

Between Her Highness' birth and adoption into the ruling family intervened a period of five years during which she was bred in the house of her mother in the simple Indian fashion. She is said to have been a chubby charming baby, seldom vicious, with a wistful and rather melancholy look. Even at this period she was of a reserved and somewhat serious disposition. It was a few months after her adoption that she learnt the alphabet of her native tongue, Malayalam. It took another few months before she could be initiated in the study of English. Then a regular programme of studies was followed in both English and vernacular. English included elementary arithmetic, general Geography of the World, and lessons in European and Indian Histories. Vernacular comprised Malayalam and Sanskrit. For English and its attendant group a graduate of the Madras University was appointed,

Thus the years passed and the Ranees' studies progressed brilliantly. With all her love for holidays and the rare scuffles with her teachers, the latter were by no means slow to appreciate her gigantic, intellectual resources and her capacity to digest and assimilate the lessons taught with the minimum of trouble. Hardly was Her Highness ten years' old, when the question of her marriage began to be the subject of much speculation. It is the custom among the Marumakkathayees of Malabar to celebrate a ritual marriage attended with all the splendour that imagination can conceive and means can support, prior to the nuptials. And to make the hero of the ritual marriage the actual husband is thought to be the most wholesome arrangement. The husband of the Ranees is a factor in the state only next to the members of the Ruling family, but wide speculation was im-

possible owing to the fact that consorts to the Ranees could only be recruited from one community, namely, the Koil Tampurans. Again the Koil Tampurans represent a very small figure in the population of the country and so the Ranee was offered only a Hobson's choice. Agreeably to the Ranee's wish signified to the Dewan, Mr. V. P. Madhava Row, Rama Varma, the second nephew of the late Raja Kerala Varma, C.S.I., a fair youth of seventeen was nominated to be the life-partner of the Ranee. The marriage was fixed for the 6th May, 1906. The ceremonies occupied seven laborious days during which the patience of the couple was taxed in no small measure. The little couple, between whom a very warm affection sprang up, lived on like friends each contributing to the edification of the other. The Ranee gradually began to manifest a liking for independent reading, most likely through the influence of her husband. Thus, even during leisure moments, books began to be her companion. Naturally of a reserved disposition, small talk was not her favourite pursuit and her taste for reading appeared to her as a welcome haven. Soon this taste developed itself into an inordinate passion for books and the avidity and voracity she is said to display in reading is quite wonderful. The result of an unbroken course of instruction pursued for ten years and her own exertion in the field of learning was soon manifest. While she was about seventeen she became an English scholar of no mean order. To Sanskrit, unfortunately, so much attention was not paid in the early stage and to remedy it as much as possible Raja Kerala Varma, C.S.I., the late Valia Koil Tampuran, the undisputed monarch of Sanskrit learning, daily devoted an hour to the teaching of Sanskrit. This could not be continued for more than two years owing to the Valia Koil Tampuran's advancing years and declining health. So the Ranee's attainments in Sanskrit are only modest. At this stage, that is a year before she ceased to be a minor, the services of both the English and Sanskrit tutors were dispensed with. This by no means affected the Ranee as she obviously had made such progress in her studies as enabled her to go on with them unassisted. But Miss Watts, the lady tutor, alone was retained for two more years to read with her some hours in the week. A few days after she completed her eighteenth year the management of her household and Estates which, till now, had been in the hands of the Travancore Durbar, was entrusted back to her. This, as was natural, while removing a good deal of inconvenience, meant responsibility and worry. The people who had the

Her Highness carries on her reading on an extensive scale. Poetry, History, Biography, Fiction, and Travels by acknowledged authors are regularly read. These will make no doubt one learned. But to keep quite up to date the reading of journals is of considerable help. This Her Highness fully realises and a number of periodicals of approved merit are subscribed for and assiduously gone through. Thus endowed with a superior understanding and with her close application to books she is to-day a very highly cultured lady. Though she has unquestionably acquired a vast knowledge of the world through books, the benefit of actual experience, which only travel can give, is denied to her. To this the court etiquette, which is still more inexorable on account of her sex, is practically a bar. Besides, to one of her inexcitable and very retiring nature, travel cannot present many charms. Only once she seems to have crossed the boundaries of Travancore, when some ten years ago she visited Courtallam. She confines her tours to the various taluqs in her own country. Every year, generally when the hot weather is at its worst, she moves to one or other of the outstations which are healthier than Trivandram.

With her characteristic reserve she is not a great lover of public platforms. Her Highness cannot, under ordinary circumstances, preside over or attend an assembly of men though she

does not observe strict *gosha*, having no objection to receiving gentlemen visitors. So only to meetings of women is there any question of her attending. A year ago she was requested to give away prizes to the students in the local girls' college and on that occasion she delivered a neat little address.

With all her accomplishments and high station in life she does not put on airs. She dresses in the most ordinary way and considers the paraphernalia of royalty an encumbrance. Those who have once seen Her Highness cannot help being struck with her unassuming, yet dignified personality and her open features expressive of sincerity and straightforwardness. There will be found very few in this world who view their duties in so serious a light as this paragon of a Ranee. She is virtuous and righteous not because she courts the applause of her people but because, to be otherwise is a crime against the laws of God and hence foreign to her nature. Similarly she revolts from sin because it is sin and not because she will be held lightly by the people for committing it.

Her Highness' domestic virtues, extraordinary talents and unostentatious manners ought to be industriously imitated by those of her sex to whom these are not a natural heritage. Before concluding I wish Her Highness long life and all happiness and assure Her Highness that there is a large section of her countrymen who are rightly proud to have the privilege of owning allegiance to so exemplary a princess.

R. KULATHI IYER.

Reform

I SUPPOSE the need for reform in every sphere was never so widely realised as in this century.

But although we bewail our present lot and draw glowing pictures of English life in the good old days of peace and plenty when the poor were honest and the rich generous, when religion was pure and vigorous, if we study our history more closely we find corruption in Church, State and Society generally. Then, even as now, the need for many reforms was very great but until the 19th century the need was only realised by a small number and expressed by a still smaller number of courageous souls. In the middle ages to proclaim the corruption of Church or State, even to suggest innovations would provoke the severest persecution. The harsh

treatment which seers and reformers at all times receive from the spiritually blind, in the early centuries took the form of the infliction of physical injuries, that sort of pain which Westerners appear to dread most. In those days to reveal the corruption of the clergy was heresy, to decry the falseness of the people's representatives was treason—crimes, worthy of death.

In consequence of this persecution, many wilfully closed their eyes to the presence of evil and among those whose eyes were open, and those who might have opened the eyes of their brothers, the lips of many were closed by fear. When we look back how thankfully we realise the spiritual freedom of this century!

The evils of modern life are not greater, but only more glaringly apparent. Besides the greater freedom which makes the exposure of corruption possible, we must consider the effect education has had in developing tremendous mental and spiritual energy, coupled with the desire for radical improvements. Now, each man and woman has at least one particular scheme for reform which claims a share of his or her interest and thought—whether it be Social Reform or good Reform, Reform of our International life or Educational Reform: to each of us some evil appears more conspicuous than its fellows. Some realise what useless information is crammed into the minds of our children under the name of Education: the hearts of others bleed at the sight of men and women, boys and girls living in extreme hideous poverty, exhausted by continuous toil under the worst tyranny and rewarded by insignificant payment. A smaller number perceive with acute pain the materialism and low ideals of the representatives of Religion in all its branches and sects.

When women are educated in the truest sense of the term, they will be in the van of the army of reformers, the most earnest and altruistic members. This must be the maternal instinct, which, so strong in every woman, will develop along with all her other faculties and powers; it will expand so as to embrace the whole race as her child; she must work and make sacrifices for that child's good.

We see the beginning of this development of women already. Many have already seen a vision of better conditions of life and their eyes are opened—they see the grievous errors of our present systems. Women are realising that Education should be a system of wholesome training and development, not of forcibly administering indigestible, unpalatable food and that nothing but disaster to the race can result from the exploitation of womanhood, the

oppression and tyranny exercised by employers, who drive them to ceaseless toil in factories, toil which dwarfs and disfigures body, mind and spirit.

The maternal instinct loathes and detests War and the slaughter of men it entails. Who can realise the tragedy of the destruction of human life as keenly as those who know the pain of giving birth?

The woman has a strong instinct for order; she likes to see materials put to the best uses. The talent for organisation that now has scope in household management and but comparatively little scope beyond the home, must one day be exercised in a far wider sphere, in organising the world of Human Society.

But when the women are roused and the longing for Reform is kindled in their hearts, by what road must they journey towards their new ideal? "By legislation" is the general answer; and the majority never question the certainty of the success of that remedy (apparently so simple) when it has once been applied. They hope to remedy the evils India is suffering under, by a Government which represents the wishes of the people and passes democratic laws. This must be achieved and we long for the day, but do not let us be deluded and think that a representative Government will solve the whole problem. Let those reformers who are under such a delusion come to England with eyes and mind open to learn, and let them see the poverty and misery in a country which boasts of Freedom and the representation of the Democracy, and they will understand that the disease which racks the emaciated body of suffering humanity cannot be cured simply and instantaneously by anything so artificial and formal as the proceedings of a legislative council of worldly minded people.

To try and protect individuals from the effects of the selfishness of certain other individuals by means of legislation is as hopeless a task as stopping the flow of a river. Perhaps the bed of the river is blocked by a dam—what happens?—the water, rising, pours itself over the banks and floods the fields. There are many examples; let us take one. In some provinces of Canada by the wish of a large majority of the inhabitants no licences for the sale of intoxicants are granted; the sale is forbidden by law. But the law is commonly evaded, alcohol is obtained secretly from provision stores, and drunkenness is widespread though less flauntingly conspicuous.

It is impossible to hold back the stream of selfishness, self-interest and greed of wealth and to stem that polluted river of Death the cause

of the World's misery. But mighty rivers can be dried up with sufficient heat. The water of the river of selfishness would evaporate in the sultry heat of the sunshine of love. Here we find the root of human pain, the absence of Love in human hearts.

When the hearts of employers burn with Love the factories will no longer be Hell for the workers. Can a man inspired with Love grow rich by dragging his fellow-beings down into the depths of moral degradation? Perfect Love casteth out fear. Law must be superseded by Love. Here is a sphere for woman's unselfish activity. Here she can work already without waiting and begging for a vote. Let us try and set forth in all our words and actions the grandeur and beauty and power of altruistic Love, let us proclaim Love as the cure for the world's disease. Let us test the power of Love to convince ourselves and our neighbours.

"Love suffereth long and is kind
Love envieth not
Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up."
"Love rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but
rejoiceth in the truth;
Beareth all things
Believeth all things
Hopeth all things
Endureth all things.
Love never faileth."

SOMERSET,
ENGLAND.

OLIVE M. WHITBY.



At the Temple

By Principal P. Seshadri

Three little girls were on the temple-stair
Waiting for worship at the inner shrine;
Their tiny hands betrayed a hidden sign
Of weariness, devoid of strength to bear
The wealth of luscious fruit and offerings rare—
But still they stood. "What shall the Gods assign
To crown your lives," I asked, "what blessings fine
Will cheer with happiness your faces fair?"

"A mass of glittering jewels," said one child,
"Bracelet and necklace, shining golden waistband
And pearl ear-drop." "Fine robes of richest lace
And gayest foam-spun silk," another will'd
The third, with head bent down and trembling hand
Whispered "a lovely partner on life's ways."

Sorrow

By Principal P. Seshadri

Why do those curls untended cloud thy face,
And why dishevelled is that raven hair
Of glossy silk? What cruel, deep-set care
Furrows thy cheek with briny tears and weighs
So heavily on thy heart? What sorrow lays
Its smiting hand on thee and keeps thee bare
Of worldly joys? Why is that beauty rare
Hidden immured in these neglected ways?
Is it because some lovely little child
That drew its dawning life from thee has left
Thee mourning in this world? A parent's breath
Has ceased, bequeathing anguish deep and wild?
Or, saddest stroke of all, art thou bereft
Of wedded happiness, by husband's death?

SALEM.

An Educated Wife

[BY S. B. BANERJEA.]

Author of "Tales of Bengal" (Longmans), "Indian Tales" (Oxford University Press), etc.



DIFFER from you," Ram Das said, shaking his head. "An educated wife is a curse." "That so?" Mr. Basu laughed. "What is your objection?" "Well, to begin with, she is costly."

"In what sense?" "One has to spend a lot of money on her. She requires up-to-date dresses, once a month, if not oftener. She also requires creams, motor cars—"

"Aeroplanes, submarines. Go on."

"I am not joking, my dear sir."

"I know. Go on."

"She passes her time mostly in reading and writing. She does not look after her household, with the result that servants have a merry time of it."

"Anything more?"

"Now, if you interrupt me in this way, I shall be compelled to stop."

"I beg your pardon. I am not interrupting. I am simply putting questions. Then?"

"She will play on harmoniums, sing love songs, and chatter and gossip. I for one, dislike an educated wife."

"Then you mean to say that the wife should be a sort of servant, without pay?"

"I don't say so."

"But you have just said that you don't like an educated wife."

"I mean a college-educated wife. I do not object to the education of women."

"Ah, so you have narrowed your groove. Now, tell me, pray, are all college-educated wives spend-thrifts?"

"Almost all of them."

"How many of them do you know?"

"One or two."

"Oh, then your deduction is based on no personal experience?"

"Not exactly; but ask any educated Indian, and he will bear me out."

"Half a second. You have used the words 'Any educated Indian.' Now, I am an educated Indian, and my wife, as you are aware, is a graduate. Well, she does not ask costly dresses once a month or even once a year. She

does not go in for motor cars, and so on. She manages my household so excellently that I have found—"

"But your case is an exception."

"No, my friend, ask the husband of any other college-educated wife and he will support my statement. An educated wife is a blessing, not a curse."

"But she is costly."

"In what sense?"

"In every sense."

"Pray be explicit."

"For instance, she spends more than—"

"There, there. Does she throw away her husband's money? You will visit theatres, bioscope shows, and, if asked, will defend your action by saying that you want recreation? What recreation does your wife enjoy? Do you not force her to lead a humdrum life? Do you not compel her to slave away?"

"Well, you see, I take my wife to theatres and bioscope shows occasionally."

"No, no, I don't refer to you in particular. I refer to the generality—to our society. Now, you need not take her anywhere. But why not allow her to enjoy herself in the privacy of her room? Let her sing, dance, play in her own house. Let her read the best writers—cultivate both her mental and physical—"

"I admit what you say. But—but—"

"There is no but. Do not deride an educated wife. Mind you, give her freedom; but see that she does not misabuse your trust. I assure you, my friend, that when you will be in trouble, when—"

"That's true. But—"

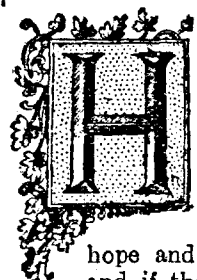
"But again? There is no but in this case. You are like Goldsmith's village schoolmaster—even though vanquished. You will argue still. Ha! Ha!"

"Well, Mr. Basu, I must bid you goodbye. I have an urgent engagement elsewhere."

Mr. Basu smiled peculiarly, when his friend rose hurriedly and walked away.



Keats' Isabella



HUMAN life under every variety of circumstances must be always full of interest. If we hear the story of a life very like our own, we are delighted to find that others have to do, feel and bear just what we have and we gain hope and courage from their example; and if the life should be one altogether apart from our own, we then enjoy the new picture it gives us and by the help of the imagination, we realise and enter into the new experience and gain a wider power of sympathy." It is obvious that either of the two ideas must have induced Boccaccio, more certainly Keats to write a story of the type of 'Isabella'. Attributing such an idea to those great authors would necessarily involve our crediting them with the art of 'life-representation.' Keats, it is true, is not universally accepted as a great painter of humanity; but few come to his rescue by declaring that Keats was as much a painter of human life as he was of 'human love' alone. Conciliation of literary differences is not difficult to secure as the variance of the critics is one of standpoint. Advocates of Keats—in this point particularly—maintain their position by saying that Keats had the capacity to portray any of the features of the world and they quote his very adaptability to the picturing of love, as a sufficient qualification for writing of others as well.

Without dispute, we can accept the doctrine set before us by a small minority. Representation of love between two individuals would certainly demand a certain amount of knowledge of humanity in general. Keats certainly had it and 'Isabella' is a picture of domestic life.

Apart from this interest of picturing a 'home-struggle' Keats had certainly far higher motives which influenced him to write on 'love'. He was one of those who believed that love had a place in the elevation of human race, a determining factor in its prosperity. He considered it as the basis of human happiness. It eclipses all miseries, and sufferings. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

'Isabella' is a little romantic story of Italian origin. Isabella, a fair maid falls in love with Lorenzo, the servant of her brothers. The brothers come to know this, do not like the match and conspire to murder Lorenzo. They succeed in their attempt. 'Isabella,' waiting

long to meet her love grows despondent. Some time after the ghost of Lorenzo appears to her in a dream and reveals the facts of the murder. Next day, Isabella procures the head of Lorenzo from the burial ground. She keeps it in a Pot of Basil, weeps over it night and day. Her peculiar attention to the pot attracts the eyes of the brothers. They suspect something evil. Isabella goes to the parish but the brothers return sooner. On examination they find the guerdon of their murder "Away they go with blood upon their heads to banishment" with the pot. Simple Isabella weeps away her life-time "O cruelty, to steal my Basil-pot away from me."

Keats is not a good constructor of lengthy plots. The length of the story may be long but the same story can be written within a shorter space with the possibility of leaving a better impression upon the readers. The tricks and nice methods of expanding the story, Keats did not know. His aim as stated at the outset had been to place 'beauty as the ideal of human happiness.' Every other is to be only subordinate to it. Love, how it generates, how it works, how it conquers, is to be told in all its beauty and good cheer, if not in all its sorrow and misery. Things intervening can find but a subordinate position. The aim of his literary art being such, we are not surprised to see that serious points, which mark definite stages in the progress of the story are passed over very lightly. We first have the struggle in the lovers' minds, the intensity of the passion one had for another is most impressively brought out.

They could not, sure, beneath the same roof
sleep,
But to each other dream and nightly weep

He might in house, in field, or garden stir,
But her full shape would all his seeing fill.

O may I never see another light
Lorenzo, if thy lips breathe not love's tune.

Keats' finishing stroke in this description is a piece of very fine imaginative skill.

So spake they to their pillows, but alas
Honeyless days and days did he let pass.

The next picture worthy of notice is the mental conflict to speak out love

I may not speak
And yet I will and tell my love all plain;
And to his heart he inwardly did pray
For power to speak.

The confession of love is expressed with remarkable sympathy. Lorenzo cannot live another night without expressing his love

If thou didst ever anything believe
Believe how I love thee, believe how near
My soul is to its doom.

A romantic story especially a love story can hardly expect any appreciation from its readers when married life is not dealt with more fully. Such a short notice

Great bliss was with them and great happiness
Grew like a luscious flower in a June's caress

is not at all satisfactory. C. Marlowe writes

Thy silver dishes for thy meal
As precious as the gods do eat
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

Passages of this nature will certainly increase the interest of the readers. Besides this, if such passages had been written by the author the story would have been more agreeably lengthened into a bigger one; then, the seriousness of the tragic end could have been more poignantly felt by a contrast between the pleasures and sufferings of the young couple.

Stanzas from 12—21 suspend the easy flow of the story. One can hardly justify the insertion of such a long digression in a romantic tale in verse. Some critics justify its existence by pleading that the author introduced it to show that the character of the brothers—ledger-men and money bags was in conformity with their actions. Nevertheless it may be pointed out here that the author himself confesses his fault. He asks our pardon for venturing syllables that ill beseeem the quite glooms of 'such a piteous theme.'

The next point to be noted in the story is 'Keats' anticipation of the fate of Lorenzo'. To compare small things with great, Julius Caesar loses all its charm after the third act. The next two acts are read because they have to be read. An exactly similar instance we have here. Early in the story, in the 22nd stanza, the end of the story is all of a sudden stated.

For they resolved in some forest dim
To kill Lorenzo and there bury him.

Probably this may be said to be only a resolution and readers still expect how they are going to effect it. We still hope for chances of escape. But the 'murdered man' in the 27th puts an end to all our expectations. The interest of the story suddenly departs from us. A poet with a little knowledge of 'construction of plots' could have avoided this difficulty.

The incident of the brother's invitation to

Lorenzo, his ready consent to follow them would have looked much better, if there had been a refusal from Lorenzo at first and then a forced acceptance. A situation where such things happen would place the character of the brothers in bold relief, besides conveying to us the submissive temperament and obedience of Lorenzo. To go further, one can be led to think that even the gods were against Lorenzo, hence he consented to follow them. Certainly, the invitation and his acceptance are every prosaic in character. There is nothing to show us it was the conspirator's solution of the problem. As we read the lines, our passions do not move.

"To-day we purpose ay, this hour we mount
To spur three leagues towards the Appenines;
Come down, we pray thee, ere the hot sun count
His dewy rosary on the eglantine;"
Lorenzo, courteously as he was wont
Bow'd a fair greeting to these serpents' whine,
And went in haste to get in readiness
With belt, and spur, and bracing huntsman's dress.

The parting scene of Lorenzo is one of the finest pieces in English Literature. It is remarkable for its simplicity, grandeur, impressiveness and expression of passion. Every word has its fullest significance. It is the place where love with all its glory and sacredness reveals itself. The holiness of marriage, the duties of lovers, the exchange of their feelings are all told with great reserve by the author.

Ah what if I should lose thee when so fain
I am to stifle all the heavy sorrow
Of a poor three hours' absence? but we'll gain
Out of the amorous dark what day doth borrow.

It is a pity that Lorenzo was murdered without any attempt at all made by any one to save him. A word of protest from Isabella when he started might have saved him, or his refusal at the outset would have made the long story short. But Isabella as yet had no occasion to know the worse side of her brothers, 'her infancy had not yet been schooled.' Poor simple Isabel said 'Good-bye, as she chanted merrily.

Keats powers of observation of human life are very finely displayed in the following lines.

Sick and wan
The brothers' faces in the ford did seem
Lorenzo's flush with love.

Treachery on the one hand, innocence on the other are very beautifully pictured.

The murder is passed over as a matter of course. There is nothing of seriousness about it. It is done in one line.

There was Lorenzo slain and buried in.

The address of the poet increases the grief we feel for her.

The poet here identifies himself with the reader.

Poor girl put on thy stifling widow's weed
And scape at once from Hope's accursed bauds;
To-day thou wilt not see him, nor to-morrow
And the next day will be a day of sorrow.

The supernatural element in this poem is unique in its character. The ghost of Lorenzo was only a 'sweet-spirit'. Its eyes though wild were all dewy bright with love and kept all phantom fear aloof. No revengeful spirit was found in it. Its attitude was one of sincere love and admiration for the poor simple Isabel. The picture of the ghost is one of joyful character rather than a melancholy one. Its high sense of morality and love is seen here.

Though I forget the taste of earthly bliss
That paleness warms my grave, as though I had
A seraph chosen from the bright abyss
To be my spouse, thy paleness makes me glad
Thy beauty grows upon me and I feel
A greater love through all my essence steal."

The next morning Isabel went to that dismal forest hearse and found the 'Kernel of the grave'. In secrecy she took it home and combed it. Sweet with the dews of precious flowers she wrapped it up and kept it under a Basil pot. Her attention to the pot, disregard of all things, and intense sorrow are all well brought out.

She forgot the stars, the moon and sun

She had no knowledge when the day was done
And the new morn she saw not: but in peace
Hung over her sweet Basil evermore
And moistened it with tears unto the core.

The rest of the poem is a description of extreme sorrow and misery. Her love for Lorenzo had not ceased. 'She withered like a palm cut by an Indian for its juicy balm'. To add to her sorrows, she had to lose the pot. 'She died a death too lone and incomplete'.

The poem is one of intensely passionate tragedies. The young girl is a martyr for true love. Innocent as when she was born, Isabel continued to be so throughout her life. She came to know the cruelty of her brothers, yet she did not attack them for their mischief. Her patience and purity in life make her supernatural. Lorenzo was a perfect gentleman with an innocent heart. As a servant to the 'money bags' and 'panniered mules' he did his duties satisfactorily, as a lover, his modesty was intolerable, he had only the meekness of a child not the boldness of a man. As the lord of Isabel, he satisfied her. He always trusted others and thoughts of evil never entered his mind. He felt honored by his master's invitation (as every servant should) and with his wonted courteousness followed them.

Poor Lorenzo. He did not know that 'a poor three hours' absence would end in his death. His sincerity of heart and consistency in opinions are evident from his words as a ghost. The two brothers were certainly men of 'cruel clay'. A false notion of dignity—their sister to marry their servant—had emboldened them to undertake the very undesirable task of murdering Lorenzo. Even as the Roman republicans failed, the brothers too failed in their attempt. Isabel who loved Lorenzo living, began to love Lorenzo dead. The Basil pot was but a substitute for Lorenzo. They did not understand the vigour and constancy of human passion. Rightly they were rewarded by themselves; 'they sent themselves into exile'.

Before concluding, it is necessary that we should speak a little about the stylistic merits of the author. Keats had not a wide vocabulary to boast of. His lines are easily understandable and telling simplicity is his chief merit. He did not hunt after expressions but they came spontaneously—'falcon spies', 'serpents whine', 'dungeon climes', 'ledger-men', 'men of cruel clay', 'amorous dark', and so on.

The similes that are found in the poem do not have for their subject far-fetched ideas. Their suitability to the occasion explains more clearly the context. Among the beautiful line similes and metaphors the following are noteworthy:—

Their crimes—

- (1) Came on them like a smoke from Hinnom's vale.
- (2) The hawks of ship-mast forests.
- (3) The panniered mules for ducats and old lies.
- (4) She withers like a palm cut by an Indian for its juicy balm.
- (5) Patient as a hen-bird sat her there

Beside her Basil, weeping through her hair.

The only long simile in the poem is very appropriately introduced in it. Isabel's drowsy ignorance of the murder, her becoming conscious of the brothers' treachery, her mental anguish are all finely conveyed:—

Like a lance

Waking an Indian from his cloudly hall
With cruel pierce and bringing him again
Sense of the gnawing fire at heart and brain.

As a tale in verse, the story of 'Isabel' can be counted as one of the excellent pieces in English Literature, but as a work of literary art, it certainly ranks low. There is nothing of grand ideas, or fertile imagination. It is a simple pathetic story told in a simple fashion.

"Love never dies but lives immortal Lord."

E. S. SUNDARAM.



On Education

Studium discendi voluntate, quae cogi non potest, constat.

—QUINTILIAN.



HERE is in children, as in all human beings, a natural basis of curiosity, that is to say, a desire to know and to learn, and we should take advantage of this natural tendency to make them like their lessons. As most things are new to them they are constantly inclined to put

questions to us and to ask us for the names and the use of everything they see. We should answer such questions without evincing the least impatience or displeasure, praise their curiosity and satisfy it by clear and precise answers. We should guard carefully against ever giving deceptive or illusory answers to their enquiries, for they are certain to realise this sooner or later and be repulsed by it.

In every art and every science, the principles and the elements contain a great deal of what is both 'dry' and unattractive, and it is for this reason that it is so important to curtail and simplify such of the elements of a language which we have to teach to children, and to make the lesson as pleasant and easy as possible.

A painstaking and intelligent teacher, when he is engaged in the teaching of individual children, uses every means to make the studies as interesting as possible. He adopts himself to their time; he studies their tastes; he reckons with their changeableness; he combines play with work, and appears to leave to them the choice in it; he makes no rigid rules of study, and often rouses in them a desire to study by a refusal itself, and by breaks or rather by interruptions; in short, he varies his methods in a thousand ways and resorts to a thousand artifices to reach his aim.

At a school, this method is scarcely practicable. With a large number of children occupying a common class-room, the interests of discipline and good order demand that all the children should follow exactly the same uniform rules. It is this which makes it so difficult to conduct a class. A considerable amount of tact and resource is necessary before a teacher can hope to be able to keep in hand and guide so many different minds—some quick and impetuous, others slow and phlegmatic, to hold in the former, and to relax the reins in the case of the

latter. This means, as we see, the handling of a large number of different minds in such a manner, that in spite of their natural difference of temperament, the teacher makes them all march in concert and leads them to the same goal. It must be admitted that in the matter of education, this is the aspect which calls for the greatest dexterity and prudence.

This can however be realised only by the exercise of a considerable amount of kindness, moderation, coolness and patience. We should never lose sight of the important principle, that learning flows from a desire to learn, and that a desire brooks no constraint: *Studium discendi voluntate, quae cogi non potest, constat.* We may constrain the body, force a pupil to remain at his desk against his wishes, double his work by way of punishment, force him to do a task as an imposition, and deprive him for that purpose of play and recreation. But is it study to work in this manner like a galley-slave? And what is the result of this kind of study unless it be a hatred, often life-long, of books, of knowledge and of masters? Hence the necessity for instilling desire into the mind of the pupil, and this can only be effected by kindness, friendship, persuasion, and above all by the attractions of pleasure.

Seeing that we are all born lazy, enemies to work and still more so to constraint, it is not to be wondered at that all the pleasure being on one side, and all the ennui on the other, all the pleasure on the side of play and diversion, all the ennui on the side of study, a child suffers the one with impatience and runs eagerly after the other. The cleverness of a teacher is shown to the extent he is able to make study agreeable and devoid of its rigour. Play and recreation go a great way towards effecting this.

Rest and recreation are, for many reasons, indispensable to children. Firstly, the care of their health, which ought to be kept in view before all thoughts of imparting knowledge. Nothing contravenes this rule more than making a child apply himself continuously and for too long a time to his work. Such sustained effort strains, and enfeebles though it may be insensibly, the physique, which is still tender at this age, and unequal to such big efforts. For this reason I warn and pray parents not to force their children in their studies during their earlier years, and to regard with distrust that flattering pleasure which they find in seeing their children shine before their time. Besides the fact that such precocious fruit seldom, if ever, comes to maturity, and such rapid progress resembles the seed sown on rocky soil, which springs up almost immediately because it has no depth of root,

nothing is more deleterious to the health of a child than premature efforts, of which the evil-effects are not always seen at first.

If such efforts are harmful to the body, they are not any less dangerous to the mind, which is blunted and rendered dull by continued application, and which, no less than the soil needs regular alternations of work and rest to preserve and develop its natural force and vigour.

(Extract from Charles Rollin, 1661—1741).

—T.

Madura—The Tamil City



THE largest city in the Presidency next to Madras, Madura stands as the prominent centre of Tamil civilisation. Three hundred and fifty miles from Madras by rail, it is distant enough from the capital-city to be unfamiliar to many of its inhabitants, and it possesses many special features of its own, deserving of notice by the rest of the country. The Madras Presidency comprises in its eastern part the peoples of two important and distinct languages—Tamil and Telugu. Exactly as the same distance by rail as Madura is to the South of Madras, it is curious to observe to the North of Madras, is the town of Rajahmundry which can claim to be the centre of Telugu civilisation as Madura is of the Tamils.

THE RIVER

Most towns of the Hindu civilisation have been developed on the banks of rivers. There are few rivers in South India which possess a constant supply of water throughout the year. It is impossible for them to be of use for navigation and they are frequently inadequate for purposes of irrigation or even for a plentiful supply of drinking water. "Mathura"—the "Sweet City"—stands on the banks of the Vaighai which but for a season of floods for one or two months is dry throughout the year. Even the seasonal floods are not so plentiful now as those of years ago, because of the Periyar Dam which has served to economise to a great extent the water flowing in the river and besides has checked the disastrous effects of the

overflow of the seasonal floods in the low lands by the river. Two miles ahead of the town in the bed of the river are established the water works which supply the city with drinking water. In the part of the river which lies in the centre of the town small pits are dug in the bed of the river in the dry months to scoop out water for bathing and washing purposes. Such water is however so promiscuously used—being used for bathing animals as well—that it has often helped to endanger the sanitation of the city rather than contribute to its cleanliness.

Along the southern coast of the Vaighai the city extends about three miles from the railway line towards the east. The banks, overgrown with dense vegetation towards the extreme east, lend great picturesqueness in the vicinity of the beautiful Teppakulam (tank) and the enviable garden houses around it.

Just in the very centre of the city the river is bridged affording a most important means of communication for the city with some of the neighbouring places. The city seems to have inclined to regard the river as its northern limit in earlier times. But with the overcrowding within recent years, one of the important directions in which the limits of the city have been extended is towards the north beyond the river. Many important buildings now lie to the north of the river, and dwelling houses have also largely increased in numbers. The American College, The Taluk Offices, the Central Telegraph Office, The Collector's Bungalow (which dates from the time of Tirumalnayak), the Union Club, the Cosmopolitan Club, the English Club, and the residences of most district officers are all beyond the river. The Government has also contemplated—and even accomplished to some little extent in the matter—the erection of new buildings in this quarter for the location of the other offices that are at present in different parts of the town.

If artists have eyes, a good deal of romance can be built up about the river-bridge which forms the most important centre of traffic in Madura. Even as the London Bridge has exercised a charm on many an English writer, it is suggestive of a world of reflections. This bridge communicates in the north and north-east with very important places. Twelve miles off in one direction lie the Alaghar hills on which is a famous temple with a stupendous structure of its own. The temple stands in solitary grandeur and attracts pilgrims from great distances. There are pathways running along the hill-slopes which provide most picturesque walks and at one place is a delicious spring of water providing a refreshing bath. The bridge is more important

as communicating with the land of the Nattukottai Chetties, one of the important merchant castes of South India. Motor buses constantly ply to the important centres of this community.

THE TEMPLE.

According to the Hindu mind, a beautiful city is one which combines in itself the natural advantage of a river with a lofty temple on its bank. Madura is pre-eminently a temple-city. Just as the Medieval city in Europe centred around the cathedral, the Hindu city centres round the temple. The entire planning of the city indeed subserves this principle and all the roads and pathways generally lead to the temple. Professor Geddes, the town planning expert who recently toured in this country evinced a warm appreciation of this plan of town building among the Hindus. In the centre is the temple of their god, round it are the four Sannadhi Streets, round them again are the four Avanimoolai Streets, round them still again are the Masi Streets, and outermost are the Velly Streets. As the mediaval cathedral had its lofty pinnacle overlooking the entire city, so are the massive towers of the Hindu temple visible from the farthest limits of the Hindu city. The largest temples of South India are more or less like one another. They are distinguished by the towers on the four sides, the high stone ramparts that surround them, the stone paved corridors and open walks running round the shrine in concentric squares, and the enormous "Mandaps" (stone pavilions) with their crowding stone-pillars. The temple in Madura is about the most magnificent of its class in all these characteristics. One item of special value in it is the large number of marvellous sculptured figures that stand just in front of the shrine. Here are striking idols of Nataraja (the prince of Dancers, a form of Maheswara), and various smaller deities, besides the terrible figure of Kali, the special object of Dravidian worship and sacrifices. As a result of modern conditions there is an accumulation of most incongruous elements in the vicinity of the temple and even within its own limits. These are the badly kept shops, selling all kinds of cheap wares, that crowd in, around and inside the modern temple.

THE BUILDINGS

Before all, Madura is the city of Pandyan architecture. The river and the temple adorn the Hindu city to yield physical and spiritual comfort to the Hindu citizen. But the sense of veneration for the temporal lord has always a touch of sacredness in Hindu civilisation. Madura is the thrice blessed city of the Pandyan

Kings. The "Tirumalnayak Palace" is still its pride. There is not another structure in the Presidency to equal this in the majesty of its architectural style. The open quadrangle in the front with a series of most massive and magnificent pillars on all the sides would seem to have served like a review ground to the old Pandyan Raja. The verandahs around the quadrangle are roofed most marvellously by a series of arched domes displaying a rich workmanship in figure and flower.

Nor did there want
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven.

Another notable structure in the city is the official residence of the Collector of the District which is said to have been originally a summer residence of the Pandyan Kings. This mansion shows great splendour especially in its saracen arches. One other structural beauty in Madura is in its Teppakulam which lies at about two miles away from the very heart of the town. It would again be difficult to point to such another tank in this presidency. It is a vast sheet of water and is banked in a perfect square. Stone-steps are symmetrically built on all the sides. The most attractive feature of the tank is however the Mandap just in the centre of it. It consists of four pretty minarets in its four corners with a fifth central one in the middle much larger than the others. There are many pleasant shady trees in this "Mandap". This structure is most beautifully reflected in the still cool depths of the lake.

INDUSTRIES

But the buildings of a city cannot sustain by themselves its living greatness. A city looks to its wealth for its progress, and the wealth is obtained by the skilled labour of the people. Madura has long been a great industrial centre. It may not command in its neighbourhood a soft alluvial soil to grow an abundant supply of corn, but it has long been distinguished for the manufacture of articles of clothing. The finest silver-laced clothes of Hindu wear for men as well as for women, have long been made in Madura. With the importation of German dyes a large dyeing industry has grown up which has however received a serious check in the present war. The district of Madura is one of the largest cotton-producing centres in this country and some of the finest cotton is obtainable in its markets. Next to the industry of weaving and dyeing is the industry of brass vessels.

A greater impetus can be given to industries by the installation of electric plants, which can be worked by the Periyar dam.

THE FINE ARTS

A great city is proud of its situation in a chosen spot of Nature; it is proud of its edifices raised to the glory of God and man; it is proud of its handicrafts, which are the arteries of a city's wealth; but the greatness of a city does not stop here. It strives to take the lead in the cultivation of the fine arts: it stands for the dissemination of popular culture; it establishes carefully organised schools for the education of its youth, and it will contain organisations for the promotion of scientific and literary research. Madura can stand a fair test in all these aspects. Of the fine arts it can boast of at least one association for the promotion of musical interests. For the cultivation and advancement of the histrionic art there are two amateur theatrical companies, one of which consists of all the prominent men from the educated classes of the city.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Madura has a praiseworthy institution for the dissemination of culture among the people in the *Victoria Edward Library and Free Reading Room*.

EDUCATION

Of educational institutions of the higher order Madura possesses five high schools, one of which counts a thousand pupils on its rolls; and there are two colleges, one of which is already of the First Grade and the other is proposed to be raised shortly to it with the help of the philanthropy of a wealthy merchant. They are the American College and the Madura College. There has been recently established a notable Sanskrit College manned by Sanskrit Scholars who are also familiar with Western methods of literary study and research. It may be said that the materials are already available in the city which under favourable circumstances might be developed into a splendid University in the future.

There are a large number of Girls' Schools also in the city. Of Missionary institutions *Capron Hall* situated to the west of the Railway line in the northern part of the city, is a High School for boarding Christian girls. Of the Hindu Schools, the *Meenakshi Vidyasala* is the most homely and beautifully situated school. It is just in the centre of the Brahmin homes, in a broad street lined on both sides with waving cocoanut palms. As the bell rings at half-past ten in the morning it is a pleasant sight to see girls streaming out of this school in such large numbers, gaily tripping along in their picturesque costumes.

There is a Government Technical Institute in the city situated at one of the southern

extremities of the town which is doing much useful work.

ASSOCIATIONS

Of associations organised for the advancement of learning, the Tamil Sangam which has grown under the fostering care of the Sethupathis of Ramnad is deserving of especial mention. It has achieved no inconsiderable work in the matter of resuscitating the old classics of Tamil literature, and in the advancement of Tamil learning among Tamil youths.

Among bodies organised with somewhat different scope, is the District People's Association which endeavours to promote the study of the problems of public service. The Hindu Ladies' Association, which meets once a month, and latterly once a week, may be mentioned as showing an eagerness on the part of the women of Madura to make an organised effort for the increase of social intercourse and education.

THE CITY-AREA AND EXTENSIONS

The city has been overcrowded within recent years because of its having become the capital for the two districts of Madura and Ramnad. The necessity for the extension of the town in various directions has been keenly felt. Compared with Madras, Madura is at a great disadvantage for the city-area. While Madras is full of long lines of garden houses, there is hardly any scope for them in Madura. The ground about the Race Course to the North of the river is more or less monopolised by the residences of the district officials. In the East of the city are a number of garden houses in the vicinity of the Teppakulam. Near the Palace are large compound houses, owned by the American Mission. To the South of the town, there have been attempts to build some houses on the sides of the road leading to Pasumalai, an interesting small place three miles off. In the West of the city there has been a considerable extension in the Railway Colony beyond the railway line.

It is to be regretted that Madura has not much advantage in the possession of public parks which are the lungs of a city. There is only a small park in the heart of the town and another park is being laid to the North of the river but this is so far off from the main part of the town that its usefulness to the inhabitants will have to be questioned.

P. R. KRISHNASWAMI.



The Wand'ring Bee

(By a Ceylon Lady)

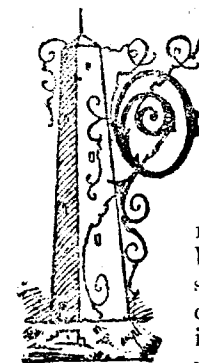
In search of flowers fair and sweet
The wand'ring bee doth hum and hov'r;
And sipped the honey, quenched its thirst,
Forsakes the poor and helpless flow'r:
And off it lightly flies
And each deluded flower pines and dies.

Ah! Love! art thou a wand'ring bee,
That sippest dry the maiden's heart?
And leaving it to fade and wither
Would'st thou without a word depart?
Ah! who can count forsooth
The broken hearts that lie 'neath maidens' youth?

T. Tirunavukarasu.

Manners

[BY RITHAM HURST]



ONE of the most important things in life is the achieving of good manners. Emerson tells us that good manners are incommunicable. That is to say nobody can become well mannered merely by reading "How to behave" books or books on social etiquette, though a good deal may be gleaned from such instruction, to avoid glaring mistakes or trespassing against the accepted canons of polite society. A man may be ignorant, all the same, of such canons and etiquette and yet be a gentleman by reason of his kindly feeling, charity of thought, mildness of expression, courtesy, generosity, tact and in short that indescribable characteristic of a gentleman expressed by the French phrase *Je ne sais quoi*. So it is that a gentleman belonging to a distinguished, highly born, wealthy, educated and refined family recognises one of his class

in a man possessing none of his advantages, but who nevertheless possesses the true instincts of a gentleman and shows it in the dignity of his carriage and his simple manners. It not infrequently happens that the scion of a noble family backed by all the advantages of his position, place, wealth and good breeding lacks good manners. It is a matter of temperament.

"Here and there a cotter's babe is royal born
by right divine
Here and there my lord is lower than his oxen or
his swine."

There is a freemasonry among gentlemen by which they recognise one another. "Good breeding and personal superiority readily fraternize with those of every other country", irrespective of the differences due to national idiosyncracies, customs, habits and etiquette. Some one has said that manners were the means of keeping outsiders from the pale of those possessing them. This is true in a narrow sense, which accounts for cliques and coteries each one of which regards itself as the salt of the earth. In a liberal sense, however, the object of manners is to facilitate personal relations; they help to smooth difficulties and to obtain the best results of association, thereby creating an

affinity which surmounts the barriers of class, caste, creed, customs, colour and condition. Though the qualities which characterise the gentleman cannot be precisely defined, good manners constitute an essential factor in the make up.

Good manners are perennial for the personal force never gets out of fashion. Etiquette is a fashion and changes with the changing years just as the fashion in dress does or the slang of fashionable and unfashionable people.

The poet Pope tells us in a cynical couplet

"Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise."

Good manners never intrude; but they often deteriorate through evil company, a vicious environment, poverty, drink or other cause and is a descent from what is amiable and perfect to what is disgraceful and defective, while the journey is sometimes perilously swift and easy.

The best school for the acquisition of good manners is association with women of the world who appreciate a high standard of character and who have an assured position. Goethe in his book on "Elective Affinities" remarks:—"Intercourse with women is the element of good manners." Well-mannered, high-souled women have an infallible influence in forming the manners and moulding the character of the young; and character's best expression is good manners—or as a dramatic writer has it, "Manners are the final and perfect flower of noble character." By frequent association with educated, refined women the sluggish intellect is roused, slow speech is quickened, the dormant sympathies are developed, the language is purified and the whole character brought into harmony with the nobler and purer amenities of social life, and it is the women of every social circle, who give the *cachet* of their approval to the social aspirant. It is a tribunal from which there is no appeal. They know what is, and what is not, presentable, and the decision is made by no recorded vote. Readers of Charles Kingsley, may recollect the young tailor, in one of his novels, who by his abilities and forceful character broke "his birth's invidious bar", and who on being admitted, as a visitor on equal terms to a noble family of distinction felt himself an outsider and in an uncomfortable atmosphere. One of the daughters of the house slipped a book into his hands recommending it to his literary approval and in the book the young aspirant to superior Society found written on a piece of paper left apparently by oversight the words "Be natural and you will be gentlemanly." It was the turning point

in the young man's life and a lesson by which he profited. Not trying to be a gentleman is the first lesson in good manners, paradoxical as the advice may sound. Good manners are the fruit of clean living, a courtesy which never fails, self respect, deference to others, the knowledge and observance of trifles—for on trifles depend, sometimes, momentous issues—taste in dress, low tones of voice, the faculty of being a good listener, the art of making conversation, repose in all circumstances, and a general desire to be agreeable. All loud excitement, anger, direct contradiction, abrupt interruption, over familiarity, the use of glaring expressions of speech and the desire to compel attention to controversial subjects, should be avoided. A friend of mine with not much education once said "I can get on as most men because I never interfere with or question them on their love or their religion." It was a good principle to work on with most people.

It is impossible to draw up a code of behaviour at any time. What really matters is that one should be in perfect harmony with one's environment always supposing that that environment is all that is to be desired in the shape of good society. The man with good manners will find that, in business life and the rough trouble of the world, manners possess a value, which smooths away animosities overcomes obstacles, facilitates work and wins co-operation and goodwill. What beauty is to a woman good manners and politeness are to a man. It opens a door of welcome everywhere not that women should not possess good manners as well as men, but women are naturally gentle and well-mannered and all of them cultivate with assiduity the art of being agreeable and that is the essence of good manners. I shall end with a line from the Earl of Chesterfield's letters to his son. "Manners must adorn knowledge and smooth its way through the world."



Notes by the Way

MUSLIM LADIES' CONFERENCE

HER Highness, The Nawab Begum Sahiba of Janjira, the President of the All-India Muslim Ladies' Conference, accompanied by her sisters Zaheer Begum and Begum Fyzee Rahamin arrived at Meerut on the 6th instant. Her Highness was received at the station by

Begum Nawab Ishak Khan
" Sheileh Abdulla
" Hamid Ali Khan
" Habib-ur-Rahman Khan
" Bashir Mirsa
" Moulvi Abdul Gani Khan

and others. The President drove in a state carriage followed by a procession of carriages to "Mustafa Munzil". As soon as Her Highness alighted baskets of roses were showered on her. There were even more than 60 delegates from Delhi, Agra, Aligarh, Etawah, Poona, Bhopal, Bahawalpur, Calcutta, Bulandshahar, Faisalabad, Muthra, Rampur, Sardhana, Deoband and Moradabad—and all the ladies were kept in the palatial residence of Mustafa Mahal as the guests of the Begum Nawab Ishak Khan.

The sessions commenced at midday on the 8th of January and over 300 ladies attended the meeting. The premises were beautifully decorated with bunting and flags and the pandal was draped with gaily coloured hangings and the dais was covered with rich golden clothes and brocades. The whole presented a most beautiful picture. The Nawab Begum Sahiba of Janjira was duly elected to the chair and great enthusiasm prevailed. Her Highness' presidential address was most impressive and instructive and she made some useful and practical suggestions and all unanimously agreed that by working on the lines suggested by Her Highness the ground would be prepared for the right kind of home education, which is so essential for children, and the Ladies' Conference would become progressive and popular.

Then the Secretary, Nafis Doolan Sahiba, read her report, in which she showed an increase of members and illustrated the popularity of the Conference.

She acknowledged her indebtedness to Her Highness, the Ruler of Bhopal for her noble donation of Rs 1,100 per annum. Then a number of ladies read papers on education and general emancipation of women. Begum Sahib Razaula's speech was particularly interesting.

Three important resolutions were passed: First, that there should be local societies of the

Conference in different towns to be named "Baziné Rafiya"—in compliment to Her Highness—and to be worked in accordance with the lines suggested by her. Second, that the Aligarh Girls' School should be raised to the standard of a High School as soon as possible. Third, that the Conference disapproved of the New Law of disinheriting the women heirs in the Punjab.

The ladies took the keenest possible interest in the proceedings and several ladies promised to start the "Baziné Rafiya" in their own towns. Begum Nawab Ishak Khan was responsible for Meerut.

Begum Sheikh Abdulla for Aligarh.

Begum Razaula Khan for Bahawalpur.

Begum Nawab Amjad Ali Khan for Sardhana.

The response to the Nawab Begum Sahiba of Janjira's appeal for work was thoroughly spontaneous.

In the afternoon Begum Nawab Ishak Khan was "At Home" to all the ladies who attended the Conference, and also to the Hindu and European ladies of the Station. Begum Fyzee Rahamin made a speech in English explaining the objects of the Conference for the benefit of those ladies who understood English.

The Conference held another session the next day, when the rest of the work was disposed of and the President summed up the proceedings. Begum Mohammad Hassan Khan was "At Home" to all the ladies gathered for the Conference on that evening.

H. H. THE NAWAB BEGUM SAHIBA OF JANJIRA'S TOUR IN RAJPUTANA

"H. H. the Nawab Begum Sahiba of Janjira has been touring in the historical seats of Rajputana. She visited Poley pore and Chittore and H. H. the Maharani Sahiba of Ruttam who is the daughter of the Rao of Cutch, an enlightened Princess, received her in Ruttam—where she spent a few hours.

Her Highness arrived in Jhalawar on the 29th of December as the guest of Their Highnesses the Maharaj Rana and Maharani who had prepared a series of most interesting functions for the honoured guest.

The Nawab Begum Sahiba distributed the prizes in the girls' school and said a few well-chosen words on the importance of the education of women. Her Highness the Rana Sahib made a very able and lengthy speech in which he appealed to his people for the advancement of the education of women and gave some wise and sound advice to the girls. The girls recited some beautiful songs and hymns composed by the

teachers—one being specially composed in honour of Her Highness who was admired as a lady of great attainments and exemplary education in the whole of India.

Her Highness, the Maharani Sahiba, held a Ladies' Durbar in the picturesque old palace, in which the ladies of the State were presented to the Nawab Begum Sahiba of Janjira and her sisters Zahra Begum Fyzee and Begum Fyzee-Rahamin.

His Highness Bhawani Singh, the present Maharaj Rana of Jhalawar, is a man of exceedingly enlightened views, and has done more for the education of women than any other chief in Rajputana. He is an indefatigable reader and a profound student of the world's literature—he is a man of retired habits and devoted to his books and uses his knowledge for the bettering of his people. When he came on the Gadi, the State was in a chaos of confusion, but he worked his way up, gradually and tactfully gaining the respect and complete devotion of his people in a short time. He has established useful institutions—and all are in a flourishing state. There is a hostel recently opened, absolutely free of all charges. It is intended for Rajput boys of the State to give them high education. This is directly under the supervision of His Highness.

The Maharaj Rana has inculcated a desire and thirst for knowledge into the minds of his subjects and all are ready to take and accept the wealth of reforms that the Ruler showers on his people. There is a beautiful free library with well-fitted almirahs of all classes of literature. His Highness' new, Palace "Prithvi Villas" is another library of rare selections of all works. He has up to now over 20,000 books in his library and palace.

The Maharaj Rana is a charming host and all who have stayed at Jhalawar will agree with me, that nothing is left undone to make his guests exceedingly comfortable. Their smallest wants are attended to by well trained servants and officials, who are always in attendance to see to their comforts. His Highness' benign personality, goodness and sincerity may well serve as a model to his brother chiefs in India.

"SHAHINDA."



The Children's Page

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A
GOOSE



HAVE often noticed that human beings at certain times take a great interest in geese; I have never been able to find out why, but usually at about Christmas time a handsome goose seems able to count on an amount of food and attention that is most flattering to our species. So I thought that about this time a few extracts from my diary might prove of interest.

May 6th.—My husband and I have been suffering from comparative eclipse recently: we had a fairly nice place, but we were suddenly transferred without a word of permission on our part to a dark sort of hole, where we have been sitting in horrible baskets among vegetables and things like that. Well, I was quietly meditating on a beautiful lake I once knew, when I was rudely snatched from my basket and felt myself being tickled all over. I naturally protested loudly and cried out for the ordinary rules of decency, but no notice was taken, and after the outrage was over, I was plumped into a worse basket than the first. I was so upset that I felt as if I would never take an interest in anything more, but just then my husband was plumped down beside me and I began to feel better. I turned to him for sympathy, but he snapped at me so viciously that I concluded that he had been tickled also, and decided to leave him alone. Then we were lifted up and carried off; this was rather nice, and I almost felt as if I was riding the waves of a lake; so I gave myself up to the motion and tried to sway also but got an awful bump and my husband bit me; he said I had made the man drop the basket, and so I thought on the whole I had better keep quiet and only wait for the end of this nightmare evening. But worse was to come: we were thrown into a sort of machine that clanged worse than those stuck-up birds they call swans, which I cannot bear, and there we spent the night.

May 7th.—This has been a much better day; in the early morning we were thrown out of that machine and found ourselves in the blessed sunlight; but we were soon put into a country cart which I knew of old and taken off; then

at last we were taken out of the basket and walked on to a nice bit of grass. We could smell water directly, and of course made for it; a lot of men ran after us; my husband said they were trying to show us the tank—idiots! But as usual my husband was wrong. I found they were gardeners, because when I tried to eat what looked like a nice piece of grass one of them hit me on the head. I decided to wait till, like all gardeners, they went home for the best part of the day to what they call their "food" and then tear up all their wretched plants. But the tank was really nice and we fell into it in pure joy; but soon some ducks that were also on the tank came up with their vulgar familiarity and tried to presume. Now I knew that to snub them too violently would be a mistake, because they would be useful afterwards to show us where the food was served, but not so my husband; in the presence of ducks he adds to his usual air of supercilious all-powerfulness a kind of monocular pose that he thinks is irresistible. To-day he was at his worst, with the result that the ducks went right away very soon and we had to do without food till the evening.

May 8th.—We finished up yesterday with a big quarrel; my husband was so cross because he was hungry that I finally pointed out to him quite kindly that it was really his fault: I wanted him to take a philosophic view of it, but he took my kindness so amiss that I thought it better to leave him alone and go to the other side of the tank: I never pursue a quarrel when I see that he is going to resort to personal violence because it is very trying to see one's husband losing his dignity. However to get back: I kept a wary eye on the ducks when they came back in the early morning and about midday when they were sneaking off again we took a walk in the same direction; we

found ourselves in a pleasant yard and in the middle of it a big white thing sitting on the ground that my husband immediately said was a goose. Now my husband acts on the principle that what he thinks is must be, instead of seeing like all sensible creatures that thought must be based on fact and that if it is based on fancy it is like a water-logged hen, all hysterical lop-sidedness trembling on disaster. I am a dutiful wife, otherwise, instead of writing about my husband in my diary I would gossip about him at goose-drives like I have heard so many wives do about their husbands, but I cannot help being alive to his more obvious faults and every one knows that no wife can keep really fit unless she can unbosom herself somewhere about her husband. So, when he said the big white thing was a goose, I thought it better not to get jealous till I had made sure: I found that the big white thing was only a human being. But on the whole he is so sensible and has looked after us so well that he might very well have been a goose: only I suppose he would have been a male creature, because he is called "Boy". Of course one can see the result of this defect in the quite unnecessary interest he takes, for instance, in the turkeys and even in the ducks, but he has generally considered our comfort so well that I am prepared to forgive in him what I find so trying in my husband—a want of sense of proportion.

These extracts will have to do for the present; as a matter of fact there was so much else to think of under "Boy's" genial care, that I rather neglected my diary for some time, till I had to take it up again owing to my own unpremeditated descent like a barn-door fowl into the laying of eggs and the frantic complications that ensued. If I find that human beings continue to take an intelligent interest in us, I may send some more extracts.



The Sentimentalist

He felt the sunshine bright and warm
And saw the birds rejoice
In strains of song that wavered not
He lifted up his voice :

"O blessings on Thee, Genial Sun,
For flowers and birds to shine,
That welcome thee with dance and song
And make the world divine !"

Anon he came upon a frog
That panted from the heat
Whom greed and coolness o'er night had drawn
Beyond its watery beat :

"Ah cruel baneful rays, he cried,"
Sobbing aloud to see
The frog's dry plight, and cursed the sun
In deep melancholy.

A Road Story



GRANDMA, you promised to tell us a story. May we remind you now to tell it please," said a number of little children to their grandmother. Before she could open her lips to reply, they heard a voice behind them cry out :— "Children, clamouring for stories ! do let your Grandma take her seista ; with her permission I shall like to tell you a story, all about myself." All turned round to see who the speaker was, there was no body they could see in front of their dwelling, only the bare road was there. Wondering to see no one, "Grandma can roads speak ?" asked a six years' old urchin. "Not in the sense we do, but in a figurative way, if we observe things and imagine them to have mouths, eyes and ears," said his grandma ! "Let me introduce myself Children" said the voice again, "you have a very superficial idea about me, I can speak, hear and see. I am a passive object and I allow you all to walk on me, to ride and drive. I am subject to all these since I became a road. Now to my story. I am part and parcel of Mother earth. As a road I cannot positively

say how old I am, either way I am old as the hills and am growing older every year, but I am made to look younger and younger by the nourishment I get from my guardians. I have a parent-in-chief. He has several other children to look after, so I am consigned to the care of a foster parent and provide my guardians the wherewithal for my upkeep. They have sole charge of me and they take a lively interest in my welfare as I need much care. Many many years ago when the authorities contemplated a scheme for laying me out as a road, surveyors and overseers were sent out to survey and measure and to give topographical descriptions of the route through which I as a road should be laid. When the final order for the work were sanctioned, engineers and overseers and surveyors and maistries came scrutinizing the position. The Wodder caste coolies were requisitioned for the work and a number of them began to clear away trees and shrubs and all obstacles on the way. The contractors in a few days stored up cart loads of concrete and gravel (the food I get from the hills), and the road-laying proceeded and was finished by a great many men and women of the above mentioned race. They are the only people who seem to work on the roads. After the concrete and gravel were well-stamped, a small road roller then in vogue was used, which these men and women used to roll by means of stout ropes tied to the roller, tugging it from one end of the

road to the other. While the roller is kept rolling, these coolies used to shout 'Ailabulli Isaw.' All these were done on me years ago to make me smooth and even. Those old days are gone, modern science has brought to light scientific appliances, and modern steam engines are simplifying work and lessen the hardships of the people.

As I am a road of many years standing, you may be anxious to know what work I do the whole day. My road begins somewhere in the South and terminates towards the North of the city. I do not work, but I lie passive, I allow early in the morning dozens of country carts laden with heavy freights of paddy, bags of rice, straw, firewood, bricks, lime, sand, iron sheets and many such traffic, to pass over me. The heavy and slow trudge of the bullocks, the creaking and crunching noise of the carts' wheels grate on my ears. From 5—7 A.M. pedestrians of all kinds, mostly cool classes, bricklayers, carpenters, mechanics, artisans, and printer's apprentices carrying their meals in tiffin carriers, make their appearance from the south where their homes are, I believe, and wend northwards to their respective places of work. Women also with baskets of vegetables and greens and fuel can be seen going to the market. My favourites, the Woddors, men carrying crowbars, axes and implements for the laying of roads, and women with baskets containing their meals and pots, and mothers with their babes slung across their backs and held tight by their cloths, chatting gaily and contented with their lot, pass on me daily to their work. From 8—11 A.M. the office and school-going population now walk on me, some with umbrellas and shoes, numberless cyclists too, I do not feel their touch, they tread on me lightly and gently and pass on me very quickly. Next come the motor cyclists, announcing their approach by the noise the cycles make. I see some Indian girls go with no protection for the head on hot days. Their youth discards necessity I suppose. The next who pass me are the jutkas. They are noisy rattling vehicles. The jutkawallahs yoke unequal ponies to their jutkas and drive them furiously at a breakneck speed. I pity the poor people who are inside and hear the jolting and noise. These jutks give me the shivers and make me nervous, I lie very quiet till they pass over me.

Later on about 10—11 A.M. numberless phaetons, coaches, broughams, dogcarts, landaus, victorias, some with a pair of horses attached to their conveyances, condescend to go over me. Of the motor cars which pass and repass me, I keep no account. These cars are of different shapes and sizes and make and also different sounds of the horn are blown. The cars belong-

ing to some firms and also the Corporation van cars daily flash past me like lightning. Some cars are driven by their owners and some by their chaffeurs. They are very careful when they drive on me and always warn the passers with the ludicrous sounds which emanate from their horns. From 11 A.M. to 3 P.M. there is a cessation of wheel traffic. In the evening all the pedestrians and those who passed me in cars and carriages in the morning, retrace their way homewards. Besides, there are others who drive for pleasure from different parts of the city. I see Indian ladies too going in cars and phaetons regularly for some function held weekly somewhere south of me. I am never deserted during the whole day by passers-by. Cattle are led across me for pasture.

Parts of me are sheltered by trees on both sides, and which have an avenue-like appearance from a distance.

There are houses near some parts of my road. The landlords of these houses raise the rents exorbitantly, because they are on the *Main road*. I pity the poor tenants who pay double rent owing to me.

At about 12 noon, women and boys are seen carrying tiffin and meals for their Masters. In the hot months of April, May and June, I pity them very much. I cannot help them much, the trees on my sides afford scant shelter. The heat of the sun scorches me and heats me like a furnace and these poor people have to walk on me with their bare feet. Myself and my dust make them smart on their midday walks.

My grand sister-roads have paved side walks. They have no rush as I have and there is no room in me for a side walk.

By constant wear and tear, the dust accumulates on me. The motor cars raise tons of dust as they rush past me. The wind carries my dust to all the surrounding houses. The servants and housewives try their best to keep my dust away from their houses, but my dust covers their furniture and things in no time and is a source of trouble to the patient housewife. The rain washes away all dust from me ; I am cleared of dust when any repairs and renovations are necessary ; my guardians' car brings all the materials, and you can see huddled up in a group my favourites the Woddors going to and fro on the car to the places where they have to work on the road elsewhere. The gigantic road-roller, a modern innovation with steam engine propellor, often goes on me. Its approach can be known by its dreadful rattling and whirring noise, which can be heard from a great distance. This Iron road roller is of an immense size and there are four side wheels like cylinders. The engine is worked

by men who are on the top, just like our railway engines. It goes over me very slowly crushing and crunching me beneath its weight; I look even and smooth after it leaves me.

I am now accustomed to the sound of cars, carriages and I understand the voices of hawkers, fruit-venders, toy-sellers, and so on.

Twice a day the sweepers sweep all the dead leaves and all the rubbish which accumulates on me and make me tidy, carrying in their carts all the road's refuse; often I see my guardians' cart conveying phenyle or some disinfectant. The sweepers who have long poles at the end of which rags are tied to besmear, are like the rags themselves, dirty. They pour the fluid on stagnant and filthy waters and gutters.

I am glad to say many things are done on my surface. Underneath me are a network of pipes for fresh water, and underground drains. When any complaint reach my guardians' ears of any obstruction or nuisance, whatever complaint it may be, the very next day the grievance is remedied without delay, and daily enquiries are made if anything is amiss.

I noted another fact,—a peon bearing bottles of medicine and a lady doctor preceding him on a cycle, enquiring at each house if there are any suffering from fever or any other complaint and distributing medicines according to their ailments.

On dark nights, my guardians' lamps are lit and they guide the people who walk, ride and drive on me. The belated pedestrian too is thankful to see the light.

The extension of the town towards the South of the city has given room for many to migrate. Most of the Indian aristocracy have palatial residences further South.

Once at a great function held at a gentleman's residence, countless motors came from various roads; on the return journey, I was astonished to see car after car following each other in swift succession on my road; I counted twenty-eight cars which sped on like lightning. I thought it was a motor cars exhibition. I was puffed up that evening.

Twice I think I had the honor to see His Majesty our Emperor's regiment marching past me. It was rare, very rare, to see them. Just before they were sent to the front they paraded the roads with their bands playing and beating of drums. Poor men, I do not know how many are alive now to tell the tale of their fightings and heroism. None can tell, nor can I. I am proud to be called a road. I would be prouder still to know that I am very useful to the public and the public appreciate my services. Now children I want you all to be as useful and beneficial to the world as myself.

My story is done and I see your grandma astir, so good-bye."

AN INDIAN MUSICAL COMPETITION, BOMBAY.

Some readers of Indian Education may perhaps remember that a few months ago I held a musical competition for European boys in Bombay. Owing to the usual apathy of these boys the competition was a failure, for we had no entries. I decided, however, to hold a similar competition for Indian boys in Indian music, and the results attained are here stated for the perusal of those interested in Indian music.

The first thing to do was to sent out notices, of which the following is a copy:—

It is proposed to hold a competition in Indian Vocal Music, for which prizes have been offered by Principal J. N. Fraser, of the Secondary Training College. The following are the conditions, to which the attention of school masters and others is invited, in the hope that they will bring the proposal before the notice both of parents and boys.

1. The competition is open to all Indian boys attending any school, public or private, in the city of Bombay.

2. There is no restriction of age.

3. The competitors may choose their own place, there is no restriction as to the length of pieces, but it is recommended that the piece chosen should occupy about 7 minutes to perform.

4. The piece chosen may be sung in any Indian language.

5. Competitors may choose for themselves whether they will be accompanied by a musical instrument or not, but if so accompanied they must play the instrument themselves.

6. Ten prizes will be given as a *Maximum*. They will be of the value of Rs. 7-8-0 if the winner is accompanied by a harmonium, of Rs. 15 if he is unaccompanied or accompanied by a stringed instrument.

7. Prizes will only be given in the proportion of one to four competitors.

8. The competition will be held in August, 1915, in the Elphinstone High School. All entries must be received by July 1st, 1915. They must state (a) the name, (b) the age, (c) the address, (d) the school of the competitor; also the name of the piece which he intends to sing. This cannot afterwards be changed.

9. Inquiries may be addressed or entries sent to any of the undersigned who form the Committee.

10. The Date of the competition will be duly notified after July 1st, 1915.

KRISHNARAO N. MAHALE,

Mahale & Co., Marwari Bazar, Bombay No. 2.

HIMATLAL GANESHJI ANJARIA,

Bhuleshwar Market, Bombay No. 2.

Haji MUHAMMED ALARAKHIYA SHIVJI,

Samuel Street, Bombay No. 3.

This resulted in a entry of 130 boys, of whom 63 were Gujarathis, 18 Parsis, 10 Muhammadans, 33 Deccanis, 6 Bene-Israel Jews. Their ages varied from 7 to 17, the majority being from ten to twelve years of age. Both primary and secondary schools were represented, but most boys came from secondary schools. One received the impression that most of the competitors were poor boys. Several came from the two blind schools and three prizes were taken by the boys of the Victoria Blind School.

Three gentlemen acted as judges but only two remained till the end of the competition, Mr. V. N. Bhatkhande and Mr. S. N. Karnad. The competitors were divided into groups, about twenty being taken at a time, the competition lasting several weeks. In judging no account was taken of the natural quality of voices but only of musical talent.

An extract from the judge's report is next appended.

"The music at the competition was by no means of a very high order. The reason is quite obvious. The competitors were left free to choose their own piece and most of the songs sung appeared to be verses like those occurring in children readers, set to music in a haphazard fashion or strings of couplets monotonous and long, drawn, leaving little scope for the display of either skill or style. A very large majority of the singers showed a lack of training in the art, and a deficiency of what is called expression in music. They merely seemed to recite their favourite songs without due regard to intonation and timing. These may be excellent pieces of poetry, their literary value may be great too, but as music they would not count. The voices of the majority of singers were good enough, and the quality of their voice, indeed, made up for the deficiency in skill. The songs sung at the competition, excluding, however, those that will find no place whatever in classical music, were outlines of one of the following Rags, viz., Bhairavi, Pilu, Zinzoti, Kaphi, Behag, Mandh, Hamir, Dhanashri and Kalyan. Two of the best singers sang in Bhairavi and were loudly applauded for their originality and skill. Some of the next best selected Kalyan and Behag Rags and were liked for their style, while the two or three blind boys showed an excellence that combined vocal music with the handling of an

instrument. All this is satisfactory, indeed, but it may not be out of place to make a few observations at this stage so that competitions of this kind may be more entertaining and serve a more useful purpose.

Such competitions have a definite object in view, and are, in our opinion, intended to encourage the systematic study of high class Indian music and to create a taste for it in the general public. At present music in India may be said to be in a stage of transition. Whatever heights the art may have attained during the Muhammadan period one may, without being guilty of exaggeration, say that the state of musical culture now is not what it ought to be. Musical culture has, for various reasons, been deteriorating and will probably continue to do so unless Government co-operate in bringing it up to its former level. It must be admitted that latterly conditions have somewhat improved, and the educated public have commenced to evince a greater interest in the study of music, and it is not too much to hope that the encouragement shown by them will tend to arrest the deterioration of musical culture and to preserve the purity and excellence of the art, now mostly in the hands of illiterate Muhammadan professionals. In fact, signs of arrival have already begun to appear, though it can hardly be denied that what the introduction of the Harmonium, what with the jealous attitude of the monopolist—professionals—musical education has not advanced to the extent, that, we think, it should. The establishment of musical schools arranging of public concerts and the discussion on the theory of Indian Music in the papers and journals are all hopeful signs in the right direction. That being so, competition like this will serve as an effective instrument by way of giving an impetus to the spread of musical culture. The only thing about them is that they must be held on proper lines.

It is common knowledge that there are in India two great systems of music, the Northern or Hindustani and the Southern or Dravidian. The latter is confined to the Madras Presidency and the South while the former prevails throughout the other parts of India. A musical competition in Bombay may, therefore, be expected to be under the Hindustan system. The two important features in this system are the Rāg and Tāl. They form the very basis of that system and no melody or song can have a plan in that system unless it falls under the description of a particular Rāg set to a particular Tāl. The whole system comprises several Rags which are themselves grouped under some broad heads or classes, and although there may be slight differences of opinion as to the structure and style

of some of them, there is admittedly a common agreement among the best artists and authors as to the outlines and rules governing the majority of the Rāgs in Hindustani music. A study of Hindustani music means, in fact, a study of the Rāgs falling under that system. The student of music can make a study of these under the guidance of properly qualified teachers. The teachers must place before the young student the classic as the ideal, which the latter must slowly and steadily reach by practice and method. Once the student is rightly trained in intonation and timing he can easily master the outlines of the Rāgs by an imitation of the best models. The ear soon learns to distinguish the melody, grace and excellence of a classic from the artificial refrain of a lullaby or a halting doggerel. Hence in a musical competition, a display of some of the old classic songs—compositions after the Dhrupad or Khyal style—in place of the hackneyed monotonous airs will be decidedly more entertaining. Judging from this standpoint, we are of opinion that the music at the competition was by no means of a very high order. This is the first competition of its kind and is only a beginning. We have every hope that in due course these competitions will lead to the systematic cultivation of the art and will attract the best musical talent."

The prizes were distributed on November 13, by Begūm Fyzee Rahmin. I have much pleasure in introducing this lady's name to the readers of *Indian Education*, and expressing the hope that hereafter it may be better known to them. She has been an ardent student of Indian music for some years and has already done something herself towards making it known and appreciated both in India and Europe. She is herself a skilled performer, and theorist. Some part of her speech at the prize-giving is here printed:—

"In the very early ages, the art was freely cultivated among the gods. Brahma indulged in it for relaxation. Saraswati, the goddess of learning and music, invented the exquisite *vina*. Narada is a brilliant figure among the divine beings in the musical world. Shiva in the act of his divine dance shook the universe, by his marvellous performance. His wife Parvati has been the subject of many a poetical idea. The Ruda Been is the definite composition of her lovely sleeping form—this affected the mortal beings on earth, the kings indulged in it, so did their subjects, until musical study became of vital importance. To learn music was compulsory. The youths were taught to sing the divine praises and prayers and secular studies were imparted to them in tunes.

As time went on India was thrown into a chronic state of disturbance and the pet

vocations of people were interfered with, until all the productive genius in which the land is so rich was effectually crushed out and no trace of its glory is left.

In the confused history of Indian music a few names blaze with remarkable brilliancy and come to be enveloped in a thick mist of legend and poetry. They never recorded their own masterly compositions, but the floating fragments have been woven together and you find a stray musician singing a *dhrupad* composed by Naik Baijoo or a *khyal* by Shaik Hoosein Sherki, having perhaps half of the intricacies which are essential in forming a whole, either for want of knowledge or for fear of some one else mastering it. This imagined idea of selfishness has been the destruction of great and beautiful compositions.

At the present day the craze for the revival of old arts has resulted in the establishment of a few musical schools in Bombay, Poona, Mysore, Baroda, and Calcutta, and self-styled professors have brought out a pile of literature called notations, imitating the Western system of notation. The odious and hideous harmonium has been substituted in place of the sweet strains of the *sarangi* for accompanying purposes. A more disastrous metamorphosis cannot be imagined. There is not the slightest resemblance to the rich classical original melodies in these chopped out and hybrid silly tunes, sung by a number of students together. Similarly some tunes of modern invention are set to music and played by a band. They are anything but Indian in character. As a matter of fact the real music is so constituted that it does not lend itself to such tricks of popularising it as organ-grinding, school choruses, theatres, and so on. To revive it we want a gigantic and combined effort of all the people in the country, as most are totally ignorant of this exquisite and glorified art.

This competition is bound to give a useful and practical impulse in the realm of Indian music. I would urge you, however, to cultivate a taste for classical music only. It may appear dull, heavy and incomprehensible at first, but it is the only music of India and alone expresses the poetry of India and distinguishes it from all other music in the world. It is not a cut-and-dried theory in black and white that can be acquired by unmusical people by hard study: it is so peculiarly formed that you must be musical to be able to play and sing well. For instance, take the *shrutis* only,—for want of a better expression I will call them shades of tones in the English language,—their subtlety cannot possibly be described, they are hardly discernable except to the trained ear. Before one is conscious of one *shruti* it has merged into



HER EXCELLENCY LADY CHELMSFORD



HIS EXCELLENCY LORD CHELMSFORD

another. The slightest tremor in a voice tends to produce a *shruti*—yet it is these shrutis that are so essential in forming a classical *rāg*.

Then another part of Indian music is the asserting of individuality while playing or singing a melody. This affords opportunities to the genius. The freedom given is of such extraordinary character that the musician can display his personality to the fullest extent. It is not prematurely bound like the European music."

I shall now say a word on my own views as to the function of such a competition and its future.

(1) Of course the mere fact of prizes being given stimulates interest and encourages those boys who can sing to do so.

(2) It affords a means of knowing what is the actual state of Indian music at the day, at any rate as far as the young of Bombay go.

(3) It affords an opportunity of leading taste in a certain direction.

Now the problem of leading taste in the right direction is the problem of the hour in this country. It is always a problem whether a given movement in art, literature or morals is forward or backward, progress or decay. Those who wish to appreciate the difficulty of this problem and also understand music may consider the perplexity of the issues raised in Mr. Clement's recent articles on Temperament in these pages. And there is not and never will be in these problems any sort of external rule or measure that we can bring to help to us. We shall always have two extremes to contend with:—

(a) The cranks and pedants, the antiquarians and reactionaries, who go into ecstasies over things merely because they are old or sometimes out of pure affectation. These people not only never create a living art—for they are never artists, but only critics at the best—but they positively interfere with the growth of one.

(b) The silly and the lazy, who take what is easy merely because it is easy and often run after novelties because they are novel. Connected with these, who in music may be people of musical inclinations and apt to play or listen to music, are mercenary people, who make money out of their taste. From these two evils, pedantry and mere drift, all Indian artistic life seems to be suffering and beneath them it is sinking. What is to be done?

I can only say:—If you are really a lover of art, do not let your whole interest in it end in everlasting jaw and gush. If you can sing or play, then sing or play. If you cannot, then put your hand in your pocket and encourage those who can. And when you do find anybody who is an artist, who can sing or play or compose music, do not be too anxious to confine him within certain lines. Only take

care that he does not go wrong through mere ignorance. Let him have abundant information and at least see that he actually hears those models which you consider best.

These measures are not necessarily expensive. In Bombay, for instance, what could actually be done for the best interests of Indian music? Simply this:—A small society could be formed to maintain at least one good player or singer who would regularly give recitals where any one could come free to hear good music. This same performer should also be always available to give instruction free of charge to any music teacher who would come and avail himself of it. This might be supplemented by more competitions for other classes of competitors than those I have had in view.

I may say that I propose to repeat the competition once more at least. But I should first like to hold a model concert, where two or three boys would give a demonstration of good music within the powers of boys, and such as teachers might aim at producing without taking so much time as to interfere with their general education. I suspect, by the way, that we here run on a real difficulty. Indian ideas have never aimed at a general culture like that of the West. Their ideal is that every grace or gift should be worked up by a specialist. Thus their art of music does not provide a type of "classical" music which a boy can learn without giving up his whole time to it.

It is to be regretted that the competition evoked so little interest among the general public. In spite of many notices in the papers, both English and Vernacular, nobody attended either the competition itself or the prize-distribution—neither the parents and friends of the boys nor teachers from their schools nor even their school companions. Nor did any paper in Bombay think it worth its while to send a reporter to the occasion.

The following is the list of prize winners:—

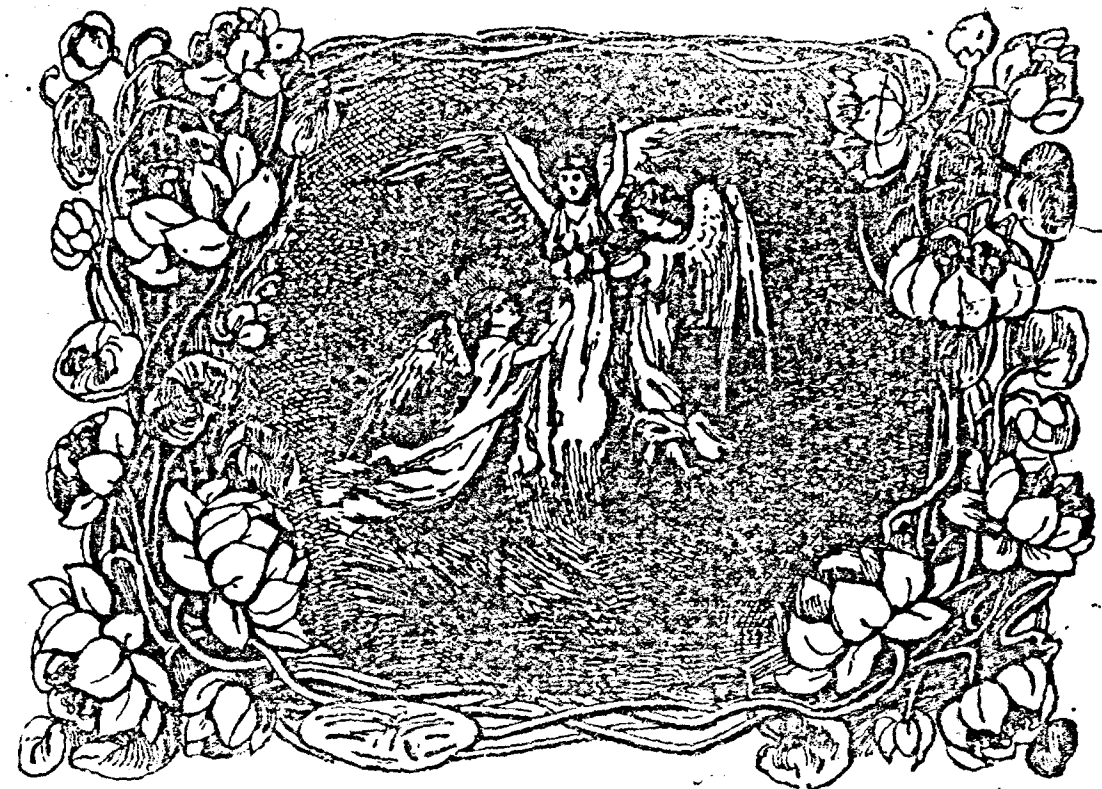
NAME.	Age.	School.	Piece sung.
Sadashi Baawoo Neurekar.	10	Chikit Samoha.	Bhaja-mina (Bhairavi).
Govind Atmaram Kher.	14	Elphinstone High.	Ajuni Umaj tari (Dhani).
Popat Somchand.	14	Victoria Memorial School for the Blind.	Chatra raga gayo (Asavari).
Masita Valli Mohamed.	9	Foras Road Urdu.	(Bhairavi).
Gajanan Pursbotam Soman.	11	Amerch and wadi Marathi.	(Bhupali).
Bhalechandra Dwarakanath Aras.	12	Elphinstone Middle.	Pahalad padhayo (Bihag).
Shankar Khanderao Khandkar.	13	Walkeshwar Marathi.	Kona batave bat (Asavari).
Kashinath.	17	Blind School.	Prabhu runa araja hamar (Hameer).
Dattatraya Balvant Aras.	16	Wilson High.	Gavadi aura-ni (Antro).
Ganesh Amrit.	...	Victoria Memorial School for the Blind.	Karama karatara karo (Hameer).

J. N. F.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

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[No. 4

Thoughts

Locest thou God as thou oughtest, then locest thou likewise thy brethren:

One is the sun in heaven! and one, only one, is Love also!

Bears not each human figure the god-like stamp on his forehead?

Readest thou not in his face thine origin? Is he not sailing

Lost like thyself on an ocean unknown,—and is he not guided

By the same stars that guide thee?

Longfellow.



Brotherhood

BY OLIVE M. WHITBY



gathered round the blazing fire in the peaceful country house. One of the circle was a rough Australian sent to England to recover from an attack of dysentery brought on by the hardships of the Gallipoli campaign. He thrilled us with tales of gallant attacks, descriptions of nerve-shattering storms of bullets and shells.

Then he burst out with quite new enthusiasm—"Oh, but those Gurkhas aren't they fine! And some of you class them as 'heathen'. Talk about 'Christian unselfishness'! those Gurkhas beat all for heroism and self-denying devotion."

"You people at home can't imagine what water means to us out there, suffering agonies of thirst under a scorching sun—half a pint of water a day to each man and it is the most precious thing he has got."

One day I was carrying one end of a loaded stretcher; up came a Gurkha and offered his water bottle. 'Wounded man like water,' he said. 'He had some. I give him mine when he want it. I can get plenty more at the hospital.' I said shaking my bottle to show it was not empty. 'You want yours, he have mine he insisted and left his bottle on the stretcher. May be it was a week before he got another bottle. And that's just like a Gurkha, they are always doing things like that.'

A simple tale told in simple words, but the emotion of the speaker affected his hearers deeply. We were silent; then I cried out.

"Oh surely good must come when men from all the corners of the Empire meet on the battlefield, see a vital realisation of the ties of brotherhood which find all men, will follow the sharing of common hardships, the exchange of unselfish acts."

After this will it not be impossible that the people of one section of the Empire should be denied free access to any corner of it? What will be the attitude of the English Canadian and Australian soldiers who were carried into safety and devotedly tended by their Indian comrades? Oh surely one of brotherhood!"

There was a pause; then the Australian spoke again:

"Two Gurkhas were carrying a wounded Englishman on a stretcher. They came to a

sheltered spot out of reach of bullets and shells. While they were resting, a Maori came down the track, his arm round the waist of a wounded Turk, whom he was supporting. They came up to the Gurkhas and the stretcher. The Englishman got up, took the Maori's arm and the Turk was gently placed on the stretcher and carried to the Hospital by the Gurkhas followed by the Maori supporting the Englishman. In their need, differences of race, creed and language were forgotten, melted away. Those five men on that day drew nearer the goal of Universal Brotherhood."

Ah! if only an immensely larger number of men could draw much nearer that blessed ideal! We sighed and were silent.

SOMERSET,
ENGLAND.

The Proposed Indian University for Women



It is indeed a most hopeful and promising sign amid the strain and stress of these days, when forces of unknown operation are coming into action and all India is thinking new thoughts and looking to new horizons, that some of the wisest and best of

those who are leading the new movements should devote themselves to the old, but ever fresh, task of educating the young. Of all forms of social service this is perhaps the best exciting and adventurous, yet it is of all the most efficacious.

It has been the practice of all nations of any importance to educate at least their sons, but the intellectual education of girls has been a plant of slow and hindered growth. Tennyson's line to Lady Clara Vere de Vere:

"Oh teach the orphan boy to read,
Oh teach the orphan girl to sew"

expressed very naively the usual ideal for the two sexes. The boy's intellect was to be developed; the girl was to learn a serviceable hand work. The lines arouse only a smile now-a-days in England, and the tendency is perhaps to reverse the lessons and teach the boy a trade while carrying on the girl's education largely by books, but if the word "sew" were changed to "cook", Tennyson's words might be quoted

without irony to describe what is still (whether consciously or unconsciously) the educational ideal of many in the India of to-day.

But times are changing and those who have thought most deeply and generously on this subject frankly admit the justice and necessity of educating the minds, as well as the hands, of Indian women. The old cry that "girls must be trained to become good wives and mothers" still deafens many hearers to all other considerations, but it is being gradually recognized that even for the fulfilment of these functions (by no means the only functions of women) a trained intellect is needed; that a woman is not "a good wife in the fullest sense if she cannot join in the intellectual interests of her husband, nor "a good mother" if she cannot give her children that mental inspiration which is so much more valuable than all the lessons of school. We can see in the history of ancient Greece the disastrous effect of a system by which men were carefully educated to intellectual pursuits while their wives, as Xenophon says, came to them at the age of fourteen, knowing how to cook, but possessing no mental attainments whatever.

Professor Karve's scheme, then, in so far as it promises a wider spread of education among girls, deserves the warmest of welcomes. It is admirable that women, who cannot help themselves, should find a champion so earnest, so devoted and so powerful. Any criticism that may be made must be understood to apply to the methods and not at all to the purpose of his scheme.

First there is that most unfortunate choice of the word "University" to describe what is apparently meant to be a network of affiliated schools, most of them of the status of elementary schools. Such a system of schools may be excellent and admirable, but there is no reason in the world why it should be called a University. The inference naturally is that women care more for grand names than for the truth, or that their ideal of the highest education is so low that it can be fulfilled by the classes of an elementary or middle school. About a year ago I visited the so-called "Women's University" in Japan and I could easily see how greatly that institution, in some ways an excellent one, suffered from its pretentious name, which alienated the better sort of students and teachers. Let us hope that Professor Karve's scheme may not suffer in the same way.

Again, the separation of the education of girls from that of boys is a thing not to be undertaken without very serious thought. Most men and women will pass through life in the closest relations, each with a member of the opposite

sex. Nature and custom have set up many a barrier to their perfect understanding of each other, and hitherto education has been one of the greatest reconcilers—it has built a bridge. If the man and his wife have read the same books, studied the same lessons, and acquired the same interests, there is far more hope of harmonious and happy intercourse than if they had no past in common. Of course the boys and girls should be taught in separate schools or by different teachers; the same methods of education are not applicable to both. But their mental education should be of very much of the same kind.

This leads us on to the great difficulty of the proposal to use the vernacular languages as the media of instruction in all classes. As the great majority of the pupils at the new institutions will leave before the age of the High School classes, the question is not a very urgent one, but a great deal has been made of it. I would only say that if the few girls who go on to higher education are to be taught through the vernaculars, then boys at the same stage should be so taught also. It is not fair that girls alone should undergo what everyone admits will be "a marked decrease in educational efficiency." If it is necessary that this set-back in education should be endured for the sake of a future good, then boys should suffer as well as girls. Otherwise there will be a deplorable cleft between the educated man and the far less well educated woman. It is of course obvious that the knowledge of English acquired by learning it "as a second language" will be very scanty and quite inadequate as a key to English literature. If girls are to lose all the profit and pleasure of reading English books, of sharing what is becoming the common language of India, of following national movements and understanding the course of the world's life from day to day, boys should lose all this as well. It would be unjust to inflict on those who cannot help themselves a disability which the promoters of the scheme do not incur.

The greatest danger which threatens Prof. Karve's scheme is of course the lack of suitable teachers. After all a school is what its teachers make it. Neither syllabus nor building nor organisation can for a moment compare in importance with the teachers. These teachers must, of course, be women, and it would appear, Indian women. For educational efficiency you cannot rely on the teaching of a scanty number of young Indian women interposing a year or two of professional work between their schooldays and their marriage. It is necessary to have women of a true sense of vocation,

devoting the best of their powers and all their attention to their great task. Neither from the ranks of married women nor of widows can such a supply be drawn.

Such are a few of the considerations which lead those already engaged in teaching Indian girls to regard Prof. Karve's scheme with some misgiving, but with no lack of goodwill and sympathy.

ELEANOR MCDOUGALL.

Birth and its Folk-Lore in Many Climes

"Whatever be your birth, you're sure to be
A peer of the first quality to me."

JUVENAL.



NOTWITHSTANDING all the elaborate barriers which pride and prejudice build up between man and man, nature at least recognises no real distinction, and in the manner of his entry into life Lord Bantam can claim no superiority over Ginx's baby. When real nobleness, however, accompanies the imaginary one of birth, the imaginary seems to mix with the real and becomes real too. Noble birth and fortune, therefore, though they make not the bad man in any respect good, yet they really prove of advantage to all worthy ones and place their virtues in the fairest light. Now that so many of the world's fairest sons are being massacred upon the battle-fields of Europe, there is a special aspect which appeals to the far-seeing. The problems which confront the future, however, in regard to the replenishment of the race are matters not of present discussion but the interesting customs which surround the mysteries of birth are worthy of some consideration. No apology, therefore, suggests itself in presenting some memoranda with respect to the folk-lore of child-birth in other lands.

Innumerable superstitions are associated with birth so far as the Serbian is concerned. They believe that evil spirits are present at birth, and harm both the child and its mother. Against these are a mass of superstitions, sorceries, charms and talismans. Parents prefer to have a son rather than a daughter born to them. "When a male child is born, the ninth house sings", says the old women, "When a female

child is born, even the ninth house weeps." When a son is born to a Montenegrin he fires his gun. "I have three sons and, forgive me, two daughters," is quite a customary mode of expression, although there are not a few who omit to mention their daughters when asked as to the number of their children. The Russians, as also the Germans, have a name-day as well as a birth-day. This is the Feast of the Saint whose name was chosen for them at their baptism, who, throughout life, is regarded as their special patron.

In Germany the storks bring the children. For weeks the baby is not allowed out of doors, and the immoderate use of water is considered dangerous at first. For eight weeks it lies day and night in a long bag which confines its legs and body, but not its arms. According to a popular conceit, by no means confined to Germany, an unbaptised child is doomed to flit restlessly around its parents' abode. Tradition says, too, that such children are transformed into that delusive meteor known as the will-o'-the-wisp. Hence they hover incessantly between heaven and earth.

The customs in relation to Dutch births are somewhat peculiar in character. Upon the birth of a child, the fact is announced to the immediate neighbours by a messenger, and a card is oft-times affixed to the door stating that the mother and child are "doing as well as can be expected". After a while friends are admitted, and the nurse exhibits the "little stranger" to the gaze of a group of admiring and enthusiastic ladies; while her honest palm is often insinuatingly extended from beneath the embroidered robes of the infant to receive the customary fee. In two towns of Holland (Haarlem and Enkhuysen), under such circumstances a silk pincushion, covered with plaited lace, is exposed on the door, the sex of the infant being marked by the colour; if a boy, red; if a girl, white. The house which shows in this manner that the number of its inhabitants has been increased enjoys by ancient law and custom various immunities and privileges. For a certain number of days no disturbances in the immediate neighbourhood are allowed; it is protected from legal executions; no bailiffs dare to molest its inmates; and, when troops pass on the march, the drums cease to beat.

No one except the nurse may visit the Chinese mother for a month after the birth of a child. A large bunch of evergreens hangs upon the door in order to warn visitors not to call—they may not even leave cards! Should any person be obliged to enter the house during

these first thirty days, he becomes subject to the same law of uncleanness as all the persons living in the house, none of whom may enter into a public temple during this period. When the month has expired, the happy father—accompanied by one of his wife's handmaids, goes to return thanks in one of the temples, but the mother must not leave the house for 100 days. A Chinese child at birth is said to be one year old, and, after it is past one New Year, it is said to be two years old. The Chinese, be it noted, divide the years into cycles of twelve, each one of the twelve years being represented by the name of one of twelve different animals, and all people born in one year say that they belong to the class of corresponding animal. Thus, the Chinese year corresponding to 1876 was the year of the rat, and all born in that year belong to the class Rat, so also do all people removed from 1876 by any multiple of twelve. The dozen different animals are the Rat, Ox, Tiger, Hare, Dragon, Snake, Horse, Sheep, Monkey, Fowl, Dog and Pig. Everyone knows his corresponding animal class, for the information is necessary for arranging betrothals, fortune-telling, or choosing lucky days. A source of error in age (with the exception of that in entering young children) is illustrated by the case of an old woman of the village of Ching Tzu, known to be over 100, who insisted on the enumerator at a recent census entering her as ninety-nine. This was because it was a customary term of abuse to call a person a "hundred-years old donkey" or "ten-toothed donkey", which has the same significance.

Babies in Japan are not carried in arms. They are strapped to the back of their mother or their nurse, with their heads—all shaven save for a patch at the back—looking over their bearer's shoulder. Each child, as it grows older, must nurse the succeeding baby, and children scarcely out of their own babyhood may be seen with younger brothers or sisters strapped to their little backs. Children in this land are given some very quaint and curious names. Many a boy goes out into the world handicapped by such a name as "Tiger," "Bear," or "Panther." Amongst the girls the sweetest titles are used. The favourite names include "Plum," "Sun-shine", "Snow", and "Spring-time". In their desire to give special honour to the tiny maiden, the Japanese sometimes prefix "O" to her name. Then it will read thus: O-Hana, the Honourable Miss Plum; O-Tama-San, the Honourable Miss Jewel. Yanagi-Goshi is particularly in request. It signifies willow-waist, a token of the admiration shown for the grace of the willow tree.

In some African tribes, when twins are born, one of them is put to death; and in another part they are concealed, because they are counted a great shame. Among the Bantus the mother is kept in her hut for a year after the birth of twins. Then there is a great dance and certain ceremonies, during which the lady and the doctor, not the husband, have their legs painted white. When the ceremonies are over, the woman returns to her ordinary occupations. Mothers of twins in Omou and their children are exiled to an island in the Cross River, and if any man goes there he also is obliged to remain. Among the Fulahs an opinion prevails about twins similar to that respecting seventh sons in England. They imagine them capable of acquiring great medical knowledge, and that they are peculiarly fitted for the practice of surgery, more especially for the cure of fractures.

In olden times, and, to a certain extent to-day, children were regarded as pledges of Divine favour. Barrenness was viewed as a reproach. The position of children was, undoubtedly, one of complete subordination to their parents and the sacrifices of Molech would seem to indicate that the father had powers of life and death over his offspring. Child-birth was regarded by the Jews as a special trait of impurity. The mother was completely unclean for seven days, after which she was in a condition of modified impurity for thirty-three days and disqualified from entering a sanctuary or touching any hallowed thing. Girls are named in the Synagogue, which it is the first duty of the mother to attend after her convalescence. "Pidyan Ha-Ben", or the redemption of the first-born, is the consecration of the boy by his mother to Divine service, and his redemption by the father, who pays the priest a definite but nominal sum of money, which is subsequently devoted to religious or charitable purposes.

S. JACKSON COLEMAN.

READING, ENGLAND.



He is Coming

I

He is coming, he is coming,
He is coming down to me,
While the bees are gently humming
And the prisoned springs are free;
He is coming, he is coming,
With the Kokil and his song,
With the breath of breezes roaming,
Knowing I am waiting long.

II

He is coming with the thunder,
With the rainbow-sword beside,
And the clouds are rent asunder,
While there wakes the sleeping tide.
He is coming, he is coming,
With the lightning on the sea,
With the waters' milky foaming,
He is coming down to me.

III

He is coming with the flowers
Of the morning and the eve,
He is bringing all the hours
For my sweetest dreams to live;
He is coming, he is coming,
Every moment mine to be;
And my heart is ever humming,
He is coming all to me!

A. F. Khabardar.

Dirge

I

Hope, thou and I were long together,
In many a calm and stormy weather;
Thou smiledst on me, I know not, whether
To love or love me not;
We traversed fields and gardens gleaming,
And crossed the vales and mountains,
dreaming
That thou wouldst take me far, to streaming
Springs of light unsought.

II

Now, where art thou? I seek thee vainly,
I rise to find my shadow only:
Hope, thou art gone and I am lonely
With my dissolving dreams:
Gone to the gloom-inwoven hollows,
Where not a ray of joy but follows;
Ah! deep Night of despair now swallows
All my sunny streams.

III

Come Heart, now let us go and bury
The faded blossoms there, and carry
The dust of all their moments merry
In Memory's solemn cell:
There is a joy in hopeless sorrow,
There is a gleam in sunless morrow,
There is a heaven which Earth can borrow
Ev'n from the blackest hell!

A. F. Khabardar.

Some of Shakespeare's Women

S. OPHELIA.



OPHELIA is the passive heroine of the play "Hamlet". She does nothing—she merely suffers, being first a mere instrument in the hand of others and then the hapless victim of circumstances. Her character is one of utter simplicity and unstained innocence and so she stands in marked

contrast to the people among whom she is found, to her father Polonius with his scheming man-of-the-world craftiness, to her brother Laertes with his up-to-date smartness, to Hamlet with his subtle intellectualism and to Gertrude with her guilty heart. It is because of these contrasts that her life ends in madness and tragedy. Her soul is too pure and gentle to bear the shocks of the evil society around her.

We are first introduced to Ophelia almost at the beginning of the play, where from the advice given to her by her father and brother we are told that Hamlet has been making advances of love to her. Ophelia speaks very little in this scene (or indeed in any scene until that describing her madness) but from her short answers to her father and from what she does not say it is clear that she really loves Hamlet. But here we see a contrast between Ophelia and Juliet—Juliet is eager and passionate in her love and at no pains to conceal it. She is a child of Italy with little or no reserve of character, unless secrecy is required for the fulfilment of her purpose. Ophelia is a child of the North and is all reserve. She evidently hardly dares to admit her love even to herself, still less to her father or brother and in the scenes with Hamlet she never lets herself go. Only once in a soliloquy are we given an explicit declaration of her love to Hamlet and even that is cold and restrained in comparison with Juliet's outbursts.

Just as there is no doubt Ophelia loved Hamlet so, I feel, there is no doubt Hamlet loved Ophelia, and those who think he did not love her seem to me to misread the play. It is no argument against his love that Ophelia was not clever enough to understand him. Clever men often love women who can never understand them on the intellectual side! Ophelia loved without understanding Hamlet and that is part of the tragedy of her situation. But if Hamlet with all his great intellectual powers had not been

placed in an impossibly difficult position for him, if he had succeeded to the throne in the ordinary way, Ophelia could have made him a good wife.

It is through the eyes of those who loved her that we must see Ophelia to a great extent in order to realise her sweet and beautiful character. Everyone in the play loves her, with the possible exception of her scheming old father whose heart has been dried up by statecraft and who regards his daughter chiefly as a pawn in the game of checkmating Hamlet. Laertes, the man of action, loves her with a true brother's love, and Hamlet, the man of reflection, loves her also. Gertrude, the guilty Queen, is at her best in contact with Ophelia whom she loves with almost a mother's love. Even the wicked King softens at the sight of Ophelia's wrecked life and seems almost to repent of the evil course of affairs of which he has been the cause.

But simplicity; innocence and loveableness are not enough to save Ophelia. She lacks strength just as Hamlet lacks decision of character. So she is beaten down and destroyed. Her lover repulses and insults her and then, though not intentionally perhaps, kills her own father whom she deeply loves. Her mind gives way under the strain and then, falling into a stream she is drowned before she is conscious of her danger.

Ophelia has been blamed for the lack of strength in her love for Hamlet and perhaps the blame is not undeserved for she *does* lack strength all round. But it must be remembered that her love had not the opportunity to grow strong because it was nipped in the bud by her father's blunt cautions and by Hamlet's cruel behaviour. It would rightly have seemed to her immodest to let her love grow under such circumstances and so we do not have the opportunity of seeing Ophelia's nature blossom. She is not a woman but a girl—a child—and her love for her father to the end takes precedence of her love for Hamlet, though the latter was real so far as it was allowed to grow. Her child mind is best summed up in her own word to her father.

"I do not know, my Lord, what I should think" and "I shall obey my Lord".

Her childlike confidence in her father and her love for him lead her into a false position in relation to Hamlet and cause her, with the best of motives, to betray her lover and to be used as a trap for him by the scheming Polonius. But this is no sense her fault; it is entirely her misfortune, the misfortune of a child in a wicked world. Juliet's nature flowers suddenly to womanhood at the touch of love and in the full strength of womanhood she defies

her father and chooses her own line of action. The love of Miranda and Perdita (both of the child hearted type of Ophelia) finds its due response and therefore flowers freely and develops their characters while Ophelia's nature is but a beautiful bud and never fully blossoms.

MARGARET A. BRETHERTON.

MADRAS.

Isabella Thoburn College Lucknow



LASS Day of the Isabella Thoburn College was held with the Hon'ble Sir Verney Lovett, K. C. S. I., in the chair.

The programme opened with a very good rendering of Gounod's "Unfold, Ye Portals", by the college students.

After an Invocation by Rev. T. C. Badley, Miss Komolini Sircar read a very interesting essay on the Modern Indian Renaissance and Miss Elsie D'Cunha then sang Carrie Jacobs-Bond's "The Shepherdess" in a pleasing manner.

The Physical Training Department represented its work appreciably by a new wand drill, much to the pleasure of the audience.

The Principal of the College, Miss B. Robinson, gave her report as follows: The enrolment in the College Department this year is 47, an increase of 9 over last year. The Training Class numbers 27, an increase of 12, and the High School 220, the same as last year.

A number of vacancies have occurred on the staff, almost all of which have been filled.

A new subject has been added to the College curriculum, that of Philosophy to take the place of Mathematics which will be dropped from the B. A. department.

The serious debt which the College had to face two years ago was assumed by the Missionary Society. The liberal increase of the Government grant-in-aid averted the closing of the B. A. department. During the heavy rains last year, the College suffered very heavily. The College building was completely wrecked and we were without lecture rooms, study, or science laboratories, and we lost our largest dormitory. The College classes have been accommodated in some fashion in the High School building; temporary Science laboratories have been erected on the High School verandahs.

Our loss has made clear to us that the Hazzard Building was entirely inadequate to our growing needs. Our needs are great but they must be met to satisfy the growing demands for higher education for women. The College is indebted to the following friends of the College for some very interesting lectures during the past year. Prof. Raju of St. John's College on "The Supreme Argument for the Existence of God"; Mr. J. N. Farquhar of Oxford on "India's Debt to Christianity"; Prof. S. B. Smith of Canning College on "The Balkans and the War"; Mr. Sherwood Eddy of the Y. M. C. A. on "India and the World Situation"; Dr. Glover of Oxford on "Some Methods of Bible Study"; and Dr. S. S. Dease of Naini Tal on "Nature Study."

Special thanks were expressed to Dr. C. R. Cook, Miss Webb of the Lady Kinnaird Hospital, Miss O'Brien of the Dufferin Hospital and Major Lister for their medical assistance.

Since the year has been a hard one and perhaps not very successful according to some standards of success, yet with the co-operation of the staff, we feel as if we can achieve much.

The President's address then followed. Sir Verney Lovett praised the remarkable work done by the school in spite of the damage done to the buildings by the recent floods, and he said that the work shows that the staff has something more to work with than brick and mortar. He also thanked the College authorities not only of the Isabella Thoburn College but also of the Reid Christian College for their assistance to the municipal authorities during the recent floods. At such a time, officials and non-officials, professors and students, ladies and gentlemen, all classes of people were able to help the people of the City of Lucknow, and at such a time we all learnt that in union is strength.

The work done in the library was particularly praised by the President. He stated that one of the happiest times in his life was when he as a youth was appointed Librarian in his school and was permitted to roam at will among all the books. It is from our association with books that many of us receive our most inspiring ideals, and many of our happiest and most profitable hours have been spent with books.

The special attention of the College to the physical health of its students was praised. Lastly the President expressed warm admiration for the indomitable spirit of Miss Robinson and her staff. He concluded by saying that he was confident that "under their guidance the school will prosper. Whatever may be the start of some institutions, books do not make them prosper. The foundation-stones of this school

have not been made with hands but with righteousness, truth, love and sympathy. The valour of such institutions is incalculable and we wish Miss Robinson and her staff all success in their great and noble work."

The first part of the programme was closed by the chorus "Hark! Hark! the Lark" from Shakespeare, sung by the students. After "God Save the King" the audience adjourned to the lawn and witnessed a very pretty scene from Shakespeare's "As You Like It", played by some of the College students.

The whole programme closed with the customary "Tree-planting by the outgoing seniors of the College."

S. D. C.

LUCKNOW.

Hints for the Sick Room and in an Emergency

BY DR. ROSE M. PHAILBUS



MANY of the readers of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* may never have had an opportunity of learning what to do in a sick room or in cases of emergency. A few hints on both these subjects may be helpful to some. In matters

of health the aim must always be to keep well rather than to get well. Minor ailments often leading to serious illness are generally preventable. Health will be but maintained by living in accordance with its laws. Be regular in your bodily habits, for instance sleep, and the keeping of early hours. Meals should be at regular intervals, the diet sufficient, varied and wholesome. But if in spite of all this care, the angel of sickness still visits the home, then we must do all in our power to make the patient comfortable. It is important that the sick room should, as far as possible, have a bright and sunny aspect. Keep the room well ventilated, placing the bed in such a position as to avoid draughts, and see that the patient is not directly facing the light. Make the bed of the patient twice a day, taking care that there are no crumbs or creases in the sheet to hurt the back, and turn the pillow twice or thrice a day so that the patient has a cool place to lay his hot head on. If it is a long case like enteric or pneumonia be careful to prevent bed sores, turn the patient three or four times a day so that he does not lie in one position. The back must be washed morning and

evening with soap and water, thoroughly dried and rubbed with methylated spirits. If there is redness on the shoulders or back, rub with starch or zinc powder.

If the patient is on a milk diet, keep the mouth clean. Clean the teeth by putting a piece of clean rag, wrung out of warm water round the finger and gently cleanse the teeth and gums. Do not use the same piece of rag twice. When possible make the patient rinse the mouth out into a saucer or soap dish. If the lips and gums are dry and cracked apply a little glycerine frequently. Comb the hair daily and keep it clean.

Feeding the patient.—This should be done at regular intervals. All vessels must be kept scrupulously clean and any fluid kept in the room must be covered. Where the patient is lying on his back use a feeding cup, and put a napkin round his neck, if he is unable to feed himself; before feeding gently raise his head by means of the left arm slipped under the pillow. Where the teeth are clenched use a tea-spoon. Great patience is required in feeding sick ones.

Sleep is necessary for patients.—Have everything you require in the room and at night have the light shaded with brown or coloured paper. If the patient is very restless give him some hot milk, sponge his hands and face with either hot or cold water which has a soothing effect. Unless specified by the Doctor do not wake a patient to give a dose of medicine. Bottles of medicines should never be within the patient's reach. An easy way of administering castor oil is to give it in a little hot milk. It may also be given between peppermint water and soda water or orange or lemon juice. Pour in a tea-spoonful of peppermint water, then the castor oil and lastly a table-spoonful of soda-water.

Use of the Clinical Thermometer.—Shake the mercury to the foot of the register. To do this hold the thick end of it between the finger and thumb give the hand a series of sharp flicks from the wrist, holding the arm in such a way that the thermometer does not strike against the dress as it is easily broken. Take the temperature either in the mouth, or armpit or groin, first removing all perspiration. When finished cleanse the thermometer in cold water. Keep a record of the patient's temperature. A normal temperature is 98° 4 Fahr.

If it is a long case like fever or pneumonia the Doctor will give daily directions.

EMERGENCIES

Cut-finger.—In the first instance, stop the bleeding by holding the whole palm of the hand

heavily pressed against the bottom of the basin in very hot water. Then apply some dry boracic acid and lint or soft clean cloth and bandage up fairly tight. If there is no pain do not remove the dressing for forty-eight hours, when it will probably be healed.

Bleeding from the nose.—This may follow on an accident such as a blow or a fall or it may arise from the patient's physical condition. If the bleeding is profuse make the patient sit in a chair with his head slightly thrown back. The head must never be allowed to hang over a basin. Wring a sponge out of cold water and apply to the back of the neck and a cold water cloth to the root of the nose. If not at hand use cold keys instead of the sponge. Raise the arms above the head if there is only slight bleeding, but if the patient is at all faint do not try. If the bleeding continues send for the Doctor and in the meanwhile make the patient sniff up cold water or alum water (a tea-spoonful of alum to a cup of cold water). If the bleeding is severe plug the nostrils with a piece of lint, soaked in cold water and squeezed dry, with a bodkin or pen-holder. Apply pressure from the outside by compressing the nose with the fingers. No stimulant should be given.

Bleeding from the lungs and stomach.—Send for the Doctor at once. Lay the patient flat either on the bed or floor, removing the pillow, do not attempt to remove the stained clothes, but put a clean cloth to cover. Do not allow him to speak. A cold water cloth may be applied either to the lungs or stomach as the case may be. Only give him ice to suck, which must be put into his mouth, he must not be allowed to feed himself. Absolute rest is essential. Blood from the lungs is frothy and of a vivid red colour; from the stomach, generally speaking, dark brown. Keep the room cool.

Fainting fit.—Due to the sudden failure of the heart's action. Lay the patient flat and loosen anything tight. Do not allow the head to be raised. Give thirty drops of Sal-volatile in two table-spoonfuls of water and bathe the forehead and temple with cold water. Plenty of fresh air is necessary. If the fainting fit lasts long send for the Doctor.

Convulsions in children.—While you have sent for the Doctor undress the child quickly and apply cold water to the head and hot water bottles to the feet, or put the child in a hot bath and pour cold water on the head and after drying the child wrap him up in a blanket.

Shutting a door on a finger.—This is a most painful accident, as it is a severe form of bruise, and the greatest pressure falling on the nail. To check the effusion of blood, resulting

from the bruise, wrap the finger in a piece of wet boracic cloth or lint and bandage it, keeping the hand well raised. The nail of the finger invariably comes off.

Sprains.—Apply cold and pressure to arrest the bleeding from the smaller vessels under the skin, which have been torn as a consequence of the sudden jerk which the limb has received. This effusion of blood causes a sudden marked swelling which will probably take a day or two to disappear. If it is a leg keep it in a flat position, if an arm carry it in a sling, as absolute rest is essential. Sometimes cold and sometimes hot applications are soothing. As sprains involve the wrenching of a joint and very often the rupturing of a ligament, they should always be medically treated as the after effects may be extremely serious.

Strain.—Perhaps due to the wrenching of a muscle. Keep the strained muscle at rest and apply hot fomentations. A severe strain may displace a muscle or rupture a tendon and in both cases it must be treated by the Doctor.

KRISHNAGAR.

The present condition of Indian Music and a proposal for the founding of an Academy of Indian Music

A PAPER READ AT THE INDIAN MUSIC CONFERENCE, BARODA

BY BEGUM FYZEE RAHAMIN

INDIAN Music in the present day is perhaps the most neglected and degenerate of all arts in India and it stands in immediate need of a complete renovation in all its most complicated and difficult intricacies.

Like all old branches of learning, it is based on the religious faiths, observances, legends, and traditions of the country, depicting the social manners and customs of the people in the history of the tunes and words of the songs.

From the earliest times we find that music was regarded as sacred and *traditionally* it originated from the Divinity and performed by the Deities. There were professional celestial beings such as the Gandharvas and the Apsaras, who performed before the gods; Brahma indulged in the art for relaxation. Saraswati, the goddess of learning and music, invented the exquisite Veena which bears her name. Narada is a brilliant figure amongst the divine beings in the musical world. Shiva, in the act of his divine dance, shook the universe with his marvellous performance. His wife Parvati has been the subject of many a poetical idea. The Rudra Been is the definite composition of her sleeping lovely form.

When the art was so freely cultivated among the gods in Heaven it affected the mortal beings on Earth. The kings indulged in it, so did their subjects, until the study of music was of vital importance during the very ancient ages. To learn it was compulsory. The youths were taught to sing the Divine praises and prayers, and secular studies were imparted to them in tunes.

Millions of musicians of all grades flourished in the land and multitudes of professionals were supported by the State, free from all imposition. Their one object in life was to unravel the secret mysteries and expound the hidden doctrines of the great art. As time went on, India passed through vicissitudes and historical changes. People were thrown into a chronic state of disturbance. Their favourite vocations were interfered with, and they were deprived to a great extent of their freedom of living until all the productive genius of which the land was so rich and brimful is now effectually crushed out, and no trace of its former glory is left.

To acquire anything of Indian music to-day, one has got to be specially gifted by the Gods. We have no facilities of learning it, in any recognized school of high order or merit accessible to a lover or seeker of music, nor can any teachers be easily available. All the mysteries of the glorified art, are confined to the ancient scriptures in an unintelligible form, carefully hidden away from the gaze of the masses.

Of late years the revival of old art has resulted in the establishment of a few music schools scattered in Bombay, Poona, Calcutta, Mysore, Baroda, and other places, and self-styled professors have compiled a series of primers called "Notation" imitating the Western System of Notation. And most to be regretted is the substitution of the harmonium in place of the sweet strains of the Sarangi and Tamboura for accompanying purposes. A more disastrous metamorphosis cannot possibly be imagined. There is not the slightest idea or semblance of the rich classical and beautiful Indian melodies in these chopped out hybrid silly tunes sung by a number of students together. Similarly some tunes of modern inventions are set to music and played by a band and sung in drawing rooms to the Piano or heard in gramophones. They are anything but Indian in character. As a matter of fact the real Indian music is so constituted that it does not lend itself to such tricks of popularizing as gramophones, school choruses, bands, theatres, and so on. It is much too real, earnest, heavy, and classical for light amusement and a thorough knowledge of it means self-abnegation and serious study of a life time and more. Such is the deplorable state of the science to-day.

Without any previous warning an illiterate creature springs up from some corner calls himself the incarnation of Tan Sen, inspired by Saraswati, specially blessed by the Deities presiding over music advertizes himself as such, issues pamphlets and scatters them among the masses and gives a series of performances, in some popular public Hall. The ignorant people are roused, a certain amount of agitation is created. Music is no longer the expression of the inner spiritual soul imparting the exquisite sense of beautiful feelings, nor the medium of transporting oneself into a nobler and purer realm. It is the mechanical discordant noise necessary as an accompaniment to the distracting cares of the over-busy soul-contaminating world, continually seeking for novel sensations. Finally, this creature either sinks back into obscurity or attempts a new method for notoriety. He calls himself a professor,

places himself at the head of a school, generally known as Gayan Samaj, engages a few fifth rate dabblers in the art as teachers, insists on teaching the pupils according to his own notation system, swears by it as the only right and wonderful system that was ever created by God or man, produces a boisterous self-contented crowd of students, who are ever ready to inflict upon visitors the stereotyped, cut-and-dried combination of notes, sung in hard cracked nasal voices, accompanied very often by fearful gramaces and beating of the hands to keep time, with the harmonium screeching its senseless fluctuations in the background. What is the result that we see to-day? The pupil probably leaves school and goes away with that much knowledge as the basis and nothing more; he buys a harmonium and introduces it into his home and becomes an authority perfectly satisfied with his own achievements and passes his time in handling this instrument of torture. So much mischief for the self-made professor and his Gayan Samaj.

A more impudent nature does not rest here, he goes to Europe establishes himself as the greatest exponent of the art, poses alternately as a Sufi, Philosopher, Musician, Mystic, anything to suit the occasion and succeeds to a certain extent in attracting a certain class of people known as "Oriental Mad" who are ever ready to worship blindly anything connected with the East.

Then again there are others who pay fleeting visits to India, rush round the whole length and breadth of the country in four or five months, hear a tune here and there and claim to know all about Indian Music. They do not stop here. They give demonstrations and write books. I happen to be fully aware of the workings of this India Mad Society and the whole thing is a sensational farce from beginning to end.

So much for this evils of notation and the result of such foundation for the young can be imagined. They convey no idea whatsoever of the classical melodies of Hindustan. But this is how Indian Music is represented in the West.

This and many other things make it obligatory upon us to take severe, nay, desperate measures to put a check to all such ridiculous and injurious exhibitions and prevent further mischief and harm, as much as already been done.

In ancient days music was handed down traditionally in certain families, celebrated as great artists. Almost all the men among them were more or less experts and during the interval of a certain number of years you heard of mighty men like Tan Sen, Nayak Gopal, springing up from the unknown and stirring the very forces of Nature by their marvellous performance. These families are still to be found scattered here and there. They are few and far between and they practise the art in an illiterate and ignorant way with the result that Indian Music is now a tangled mess and a confused chaos. There is neither a beginning to it nor an end. The professionals handle it just as they think best for preserving the traditions, and each one thinks that he is equal to none. They are positively intolerant of listening to any reason or argument. They have their own prejudiced convictions which they are incapable of explaining. Some are fairly excellent and practical experts, so far as they can be in these days when the science is a long forsaken and forgotten art, rarely understood by a few in all its vast and varied complexities. But the mannerisms they adopt while singing or playing are so comical

that one is inclined to laugh rather than treat the art seriously.

In the ancient days an efficient singer had to be distinguished with several qualities in his voice such as—

Mirishit.—That the voice should affect all who hear it.

Madhur.—That the voice should be sweet and entertaining.

Ihapal.—That the voice should be neither very loud nor very low but full, round, rich and deep.

Tirishan.—That the three saptaks should be executed with equal facility and ease.

Sahasya.—That the voice should be possessed of the power to create laughter.

Karwas.—That the voice should be possessed of such pathos as to produce deep feeling and tears.

Komal.—That the voice should be soft and stirring.

Ghan.—That the voice should be clear and without a tremor.

Sangala.—To execute all the Tans with great ease.

Parjar.—That the singer should be of a prepossessing appearance and noble disposition.

He was also carefully instructed to impress the hearers with the Sum otherwise the climax of the song.

Then there were some objectionable defects which disqualified him as a singer, such as—

Sandashit.—To sing with closed teeth.

Bhesit.—To sing with fear.

Shankita.—To sing without confidence.

Kampit.—To start with a shake in the voice.

Karaagi.—To sing with the mouth wide open.

Kapals.—To sing with flourishes.

Kaka.—To start with commotion and noise.

Karabha.—To crane the neck like a camel.

Jumbuk.—To shake and whirl the head and neck while singing.

Parsari.—To make frantic gestures with the hand.

Nimishit.—To sing with eyes closed tight.

Abadhapal.—To sing with the words all jumbled up together and rolling in the throat so as to be incomprehensible.

Sakaree.—To sing by taking sharp quick breaths.

Sam-nasik.—To sing with a nasal twang.

Raychit.—That the words should be shaky.

Ashiat.—That the voice should be disturbed and disquiet.

Kakee.—That the voice should be like the crowing of a crow.

Krishit.—That the voice should be thin and flat.

Bhesam.—That the voice should be like the braying of a donkey.

In short a good singer was regulated by all the laws so appropriately and becomingly laid down for a master of such an agreeable art.

The modern musician is blissfully void of all these pleasing qualifications and brimful of all these defects. His performances result in most painful contortions of the face and body—the whole appearance gets frantic and wild—the eyes get blood shot—the veins swell like cords—he flings out his arms in jerky violent movements.

As for the voice, the more complicated the Tans the more disagreeable sounds he produces until at last he ends in something like a horrible grunt and breaking of the heart strings. Another great defect is that his entire efforts are concentrated on the technique, regardless of the voice. His dependency upon the instruments makes him regulate the voice to the instruments and the voice, the most pleasing factor of singing at once becomes secondary and the

instruments the chief consideration, so that the whole system is upside down and needs remodelling very badly.

Of recent years the theorists have done some useful work in bringing to light some of the hidden mysteries and putting it before the public in an easy intelligible manner.

They have certainly succeeded in creating a desire to know more and the Conference at such a stage is a blessing and relief to all the workers for not only shall we have the privilege of hearing first hand, valuable, instructive and interesting information but we shall now have a medium facilitating the practical and constructive work, to save Indian Music from sinking into further decay and oblivion. The general tendency is to bring out books of "Notation", each according to his own sense of understanding.

There is a grave danger in this and that is of its becoming stereotyped and mechanical in course of time. Music like Art is the expression of the elusive and evasive workings of the beautiful fancy, with freedom to wander in its fantastic domain at will. It is the outcome of the gossamer of subtle and fine thoughts, revealing the romantic and poetic dreamings of the mystic Ind and our Music is so constituted that it can hardly be excelled by any creation of the human mind. The artist is inspired and carried away from the real to the ideal. He has the unique opportunity and advantage of asserting his knowledge and individuality during the course of a performance by harmonious combination of notes on the spur of the moment.

No two painters can express the same sentiment exactly with the same technique on the canvas, though they may have had lessons with the same teacher, similarly, it is not possible to sing or play the same melody in the same way by two performers. Each will have to envelop it with his own depth of composition giving it that touch of originality and individuality which is the ideal and alluring charm of Indian Music.

The Western world is now beginning to realize the great defect of restriction in their Music and some French and Russian musicians are trying to break through the limited area by introducing unequal Rhythms and tonal gradations and bring about that freedom and irregularity (if I may use the expression) which we already possess—like Dr. Bussy's compositions for example. I have the pleasure of knowing him and one or two others and have had some exceedingly interesting talks with them. But I could see and feel that they are still groping in the dark and trying to catch at any new idea that may help them to establish the freedom that they feel there should be in so exquisite and fantastic an art like music.

And on the other hand, our whole attempt for the past few years has been to "systematise" it and bring it on a systematic basis according to the popular phrases. I do not know exactly what this means, but I certainly see the result to-day and that is that every other person thinks he can sing and sings from books, cut and dried, sledge and hammer, tunes in a mechanical grinding way and are proud of the fact.

I appeal to all people of understanding who have any regard and respect for the art which is so unique, so beautiful and so original, in the whole world that they should work guardedly and carefully before introducing any new methods.

After years of consideration I personally think

About Indian Ladies

THE HINDU LADIES' SOCIAL AND LITERARY CLUB, BOMBAY

22ND ANNUAL SOCIAL GATHERING



THE 22nd Annual Social Gathering of the Hindu Ladies' Social and Literary Club was held in the spacious Hall of the Chanda Ramji Hindu Girls' High School at Cowasji, Patel Tank Road, Bombay, on Sunday, the 16th January, 1916 afternoon, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu presiding. There was a large

gathering of ladies—European, Muhammadan, Hindu and Parsee, among whom were the following:—

Lady Chandavarkar, Lady Vithaldas Thackersey, Mrs. Carmichael, Mrs. N. C. MacLeod, Mrs. Bahadurji, Mrs. Hadi R. Tyabji, Mrs. Shuffi C. Tyabji, Mrs. Rahimtulla Currimbhoy, Mrs. Dharamsi J. Thacker, Mrs. Nanu N. Kothare, Mrs. Sonabai Jayakar, Mrs. Sushilabai Jayakar, Mrs. Nandabai Saraya, Mrs. Vaman A. Kirtikar, Mrs. Sundrabai Shirur, Mrs. Chandrabai Yande, Mrs. Ramkuvarbai Sunderdas, Mrs. Motibai Madhowji, Miss Serene M. Cursetji, Mrs. and Misses Jehangir M. Cursetjee, Mrs. Bejanji A. Kamdin, Dr. Miss K. S. Twkhad, Miss M. S. Twkhad, Miss Captain, Miss Engineer, Sister Sushilabai, Mrs. M. B. Tyabji, Miss M. B. Commissariat, Miss Humabai F. Setna, Mrs. A. R. Dalal, Mrs. Dossabhai R. D. Setna, Mrs. Hirbai H. Nanavati, Mrs. Laxmibai Potker, Mrs. Ananchbai Potker, Mrs. Chandubai Kulkarni, Mrs. Laxmibai Parulkar, Miss Parulkar, Mrs. Yashodabai Korgavkar, Mrs. Radhabai Rhojane.

Mrs. Shardabai Bhate played on the harmonium and sang. Mrs. Maneckbai Kothare then proposed and Lady Chandavarkar seconded that Mrs. Naidu should take the chair. Mrs. Naidu then asked Miss Serenem Cursetji to read the Report in English of the last year's working of the Club, and this was translated into Marathi by Mrs. Chandrabai Yande, it ran thus:—

THE 22ND ANNUAL REPORT

For the year 1915.

THE Executive Committee of the Hindu Ladies' Social and Literary Club has the pleasure to submit, for acceptance of the members and others interested in the Club, a Report of the working of the Institution for the year from 1st January, 1915 to 31st December, 1915.



On account of the continued unhealthiness of Bombay, the hot weather vacation had to be commenced from the middle of June. We have the pleasure to say during the remaining eight months, the Club held its weekly meetings regularly, when the average attendance of members was from fifteen to twenty a day.

At the weekly meetings, essays, both in Marathi and Gujarati, were read and discussed and also lectures on different subjects were delivered. On alternate Wednesdays, as is customary with the Club, some fancy and plain needle work was taught and done as well. The sale of some of this will be held at the conclusion of to-day's proceedings. For the purchase of materials last year we spent Rs. 106-12-0. The sale-proceeds amounted to Rs. 299-8-0. Out of these, Rs. 30-4-0 were sent to the Lady Willingdon War and Relief Fund and Rs. 30-4-0 was put into the Club's Charity Box.

We are glad to note that soon after the period of her mourning, in kind compliance with our request made in our last Report our worthy President Mrs. Kothare wisely decided to resume her attendance at the meetings, and our expectations of her presence drawing a larger attendance of members of the meeting was just being fulfilled, when she became seriously ill and for some days her life was despaired of. But we thank God that He has heard our prayers and spared her to us and we hope she will live to be useful to the Club and other Institutions for many years.

The number of members at the end of the last year was 116, but at the end of this year the members number 118.

The Committee express their cordial thanks to Mrs. Sonabai Jayakar for continuing her interest and helpful supervision of the Drawing and Painting Class inaugurated by her four years ago and for very kindly promising to pay this year also the salary of the teacher. For the required materials for Drawing and Painting the pupils pay the charges themselves. Three of them appeared for the First Grade Examination of the Sir J. J. School of Arts and two appeared for the Second Grade Examinations. Out of these five, three obtained certificates in the First Grade Examination, Miss Sunderabai Trilokekar, Lanibai Velkar and Champubai Newrekar.

We are glad to state that every year the members are utilising the Rani Saheb Chimnabai Gaikwar Library to a larger extent.

As mentioned in the last year's Report our President, Mrs. Kothare, forwarded Government Promissory Notes of Rs. 200 to the Club for two Nann Narayan Essay Prizes to be competed

for by the members of this Club or by others as decided by the Committee. The subject the Essay last year was "Duty to the Husband" and we are glad to announce that the prizes have been won by Mrs. Champubai C. Kothare on Dakshini side and Mrs. Motibai Madhavji on the Gujrati side.

The Mr. Nann Narayan Essay prizes for the current year will be competed for not by this Club but by the Gujrati Hindu Stri Mamdal, of which Mrs. Jamnabai Sakhai is the President.

From the December of the current year, the Committee is training a nurse at the Seth Pestonji Cama Hospital at a monthly fee of Rs. 20. The recipient of this Scholarship is a Marathi widow, named Premalabai Narayan Naik.

The Executive Committee of this Club takes the opportunity of thanking the Managing Committee of the Chanda Ramjee Hindu Girls' High School for kindly allowing out of school hours and on a nominal rent of Rs. 25 a year the use of the School Hall for holding the meetings and gatherings of the Club.

During the year, about Rs. 200 were collected in the Club's Charity Box.

On behalf of themselves and all the members of the Club the Committee offer their hearty congratulations to Mrs. Shirur for receiving a silver-medal from His Majesty our Emperor King George for her having been one of the Secretaries of H. E. Lady Willingdon's War and Relief Fund.

In conclusion the Committee tender their sincere thanks to the members of the Club for their kind co-operation in promoting the age of the Club.

Mrs. Ramkuverbai Sunderdas then proposed and Mrs. Motibai Modhowji seconded that the Report read should be adopted. The proposition was passed unanimously.

At the suggestion of Lady Thakersey and Mrs. Sushilabai Jayakar a vote of thanks to the Executive Committee was passed.

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu afterwards delivered the presidential Address:—

In course of her speech Mrs. Sarojini Naidu said "Ladies, I think it is a real privilege to preside at this meeting. I have great respect and reverence for the founder of this Club. During the last twenty-two years this Club has done much useful work and has passed through many changes. In the normal life of a human being we know well what sufferings and changes happen during such a long period and what is true in the case of a human being is true of an institution. Knowing our social conditions and traditions and we are suffering for centuries

you will know what determination must have been necessary for the founders of this club in its early days. When I was in Poona my friend, Mrs. Ramabai Ranade, told me through what trying circumstances the Club passed its early days. The most endeavoring work of her husband, the late Mr. Justice Mahadon Govind Ranade, who founded this Institution was to serve the cause of womanhood. Mr. Ranade believed that unless women took their responsible share in political life, India will never realise its goal. This Club has inaugurated a new era in the life of social progress. It cannot be denied that this Institution has taken many expressions. Not only the mental qualities are fostered but the artistic too. Every quality that is elevating to a woman is encouraged and every opportunity is given for its development. I spent three weeks in Bombay and have learnt many lessons of life. Many important movements are taking place daily in Bombay yet it is a question whether anything solid is done towards progress. Fashions in dress and other matters are set and are newly coming; but the fundamental question of the cause of womanhood has remained. The real test of nationhood is the woman. If the woman has taken her proper place in the society then the central problem is solved. The goal of society depends upon the unit of the woman. In India this problem can be solved by bringing upon the woman the sense of responsibility and impressing upon her the divinity and the conscientiousness of her power and work of motherhood. The work of nation-building must begin from the woman unit. It should be brought to the mind of an Indian woman that she is not a toy, nor a chattel, nor an instrument of pleasure or amusement, but the firer and inspirer of the spirit. Why are the names of Sita, Savitri and Damayanti so sacred and common place in every household and the cause of inspiration? What were the qualities that made them so great? They had no stupidity, quarrelsomeness, idleness, timidity, and so on. Damayanti had no terror of death though she was separated from her husband. It was spiritual understanding and intellectual development that made them great. When women lost their self-reverence, degeneration came in. It is said in our Sastras "Where women are respected there the Goddesses are pleased." So also it is said by a sage "One who conquers his spirit is greater than the king who builds a city." So the spiritual development is the thing that is required. No one can be greater than a good woman; sisterhood of woman is a nation building work; so also co-operation and help to suffering humanity are nation building works, and

these works have been undertaken nobly and humbly by the members of this Club. Now the time has come to recognise the sisterhood of women of all religions and nations. Women are not so different from one another as man is from another man. Women may form a sisterhood more easily because they are bound to every woman in the world by the common divine quality of motherhood. We must remember that one individual may not do great things alone but by unity in this Club we may do service to all. I see before me women of all kinds, Deccan, Gujarati, Christian and Muhammadan assembled together in this hall indicating the unity of sex, the sisterhood of woman".

Mrs. Naidu then distributed the Prizes and Certificates to the successful candidates. Miss Serne M. Cursetjee then proposed a vote of thanks to Mrs. Sarojini Naidu for addressing the meeting, at the same time Mrs. Maneckbai Kothare then seconded the proposition and made a speech suitable to the occasion.

The proceedings terminated after the distribution of flowers, attars, haldi-kunkoo (turmeric and red powder) and the recitation of verses specially composed for the occasion and sung to the harmonium.

THE LADIES' RECREATION CLUB, MADRAS

ANNUAL MEETING

HELD AT "THE LUZ," OLIVER'S ROAD,

On Monday, the 14th February, 1916.

PRESENT:—

Her Excellency Lady Pentland, President (in the chair.)

Mrs. Madeley, Mrs. Badcock, Mrs. Meldrum, Mrs. Molony, Mrs. Richmond, Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Alexander, Miss Dent, Mrs. Kite, Miss Bemister, Miss Lewis, Rani of South Vellore, Rani of Chellapalli, Lady Sivaswami Aiyar, Lady Ramaswami Mudaliar, Lady Desikachariar, Mrs. Tiruvenkatachariar, Mrs. Sadasiva Aiyar, Mrs. S. Srinivasa Aiyangar, Mrs. S. G. Hensman, Mrs. E. S. Hensman, Mrs. R. A. Srinivasa Aiyangar, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Sivasubramaniam, Mrs. G. Narayanaswami Chetti, Mrs. Chitti Batu Naidu, Mrs. T. V. Seshagiri Aiyar, Mrs. C. A. Seshagiri Aiyar, Mrs. Bashyam, Mrs. S. Desikachari, Mrs. Venkiah, Miss Shunmugam, Miss Padmanabha Aiyangar, Miss Shunhar Rao, Miss D. Riju, Miss Lakshmanpathi, Miss G. Narain Rau, Miss Nagaraja Rao Sahib, Mrs. C. Pushpamamah, Mrs. G. Narayanan, Miss Kasivisvanathan, Sri Janama, Sri Narasimah, Mrs. A. C. Venkataramanjulu Naidu, Mrs. Kesava Pai, Mrs. P. Varatharajulu Naidu, Mrs. Swaminathan, Mrs. C. T. Alwar Chetty, Mrs. Krishnaswami Chetty, Mrs. Sadagopa Mudaliar, Mrs. Bheemasena Rao, Mrs. Cuppuswami Mudaliar, Mrs. Kamath, Mrs. Lazarus and Miss Lazarus, and so on.

Her Excellency Lady Pentland, the President of the Club, arrived at 5 p. m., accompanied by Mrs. Wigram Money and was received by the Honorary Secretaries and Members of the Committee.

The Meeting commenced with reading of the Annual Report for 1916 by Mrs. Madeley, one of the Honorary Secretaries.

The Committee beg to submit the following report and statement of accounts duly audited for the year ending 31st December, 1915, verified by the Auditor, Mr. J. N. Krishna Iyengar, L. A. A., Associated Accountant (London), Madras.

I. Membership.—The year opened with 234 members. There were 14 admissions during the year as against 37 in the previous year.

The Club has lost 4 members by resignation. The number on the rolls at the end of the year was 248 (resident and non-resident members.)

II. Finance:—

(a) The annexed statement of account shows the particulars of income and expenditure during the year under review. The year began with a balance of Rs. 6,599-7-4 to the credit of our capital account. The ordinary income of the Club from subscriptions and entrance fees only amounted to Rs. 2,310 as against Rs. 2,420 in 1914. Life subscriptions and donations amounted to Rs. 265. We had an extra income of Rs. 145 during the year being the amount received for the Lady Hardinge library fund to the credit of which there was already a sum of Rs. 454-11-0 at the beginning of the year. Deducting the sum of Rs. 117-13-0 spent on the purchase of books during the year, we have to the credit of this fund Rs. 481-14-0. Over and above this we had an extraordinary income of Rs. 1,930-1-0 for the War fund started by the Club. A separate statement of account has been made for this fund.

(b) **Expenditure.**—The ordinary expenditure of the Club amounted to Rs. 1,924-2-11 during the period under report as against Rs. 2,016-3-7 during the previous year. In connection with the war fund account, we have spent for the purchase of articles and materials Rs. 2,537-6-3.

III. Outstandings.—The outstandings during the year amounted to Rs. 331 being the subscriptions due from the members. It is believed that the whole of this amount will be realised.

IV. Investments.—We have during this year added Rs. 500 to the fixed deposit account at the Bank of Madras. In all we have invested Rs. 6,000 in fixed deposit.

V. Cash Balance.—The cash balance on hand on 31st December, 1915, amounted to Rs. 708-2-1; out of this amount Rs. 666-6-0 is in current account with the Bank of Madras.

VI. Committee and Office-bearers.—The Committee have held eleven monthly and one special meeting during the year. Mrs. Numbermal Chetty was obliged to resign her Joint Honorary Treasurership in March on account of ill-health. The Club is much indebted to her for having continuously discharged the duties of Joint Honorary Treasurer from its commencement. Mrs. S. Srinivasa Iyengar was appointed in her place; Mrs. Numbermal Chetty accepted a seat on the Committee in the place of Mrs. S. Srinivasa Iyengar. In July, Mrs. Bakewell resigned her position on the Committee, and Mrs. Bedford was elected to fill the vacancy. Lady Sankaran Nair resigned her Vice-Presidentship on her departure from Madras. She is one of the oldest members

of the Club and has always been keenly interested in its progress. She will be very much missed. Mrs. Numbermal Chetty was appointed Vice-President in her place by Her Excellency Lady Pentland on the recommendation of the Committee. Mrs. Tyabji resigned her place on the Committee on her departure from Madras. She rendered invaluable assistance in connection with the war work. All the many garments which were made for the Hospital Bed Units and the kit-bags were cut out by her. She also will be very much missed. In her place Mrs. R. A. Srinivasa Iyengar was appointed to the Committee. The vacancy on the Committee caused by Mrs. Numbermal Chetty being appointed Vice-President, has not been filled up.

Mrs. Todhunter has been appointed an additional Vice-President by Her Excellency on the recommendation of the Committee.

VII. Club Premises.—The Club still occupies the same premises as last year, viz., "The Laz," Oliver's Road, Mylapore. In the last Report it was mentioned that the want of electric lights and fans was greatly felt and that Mrs. Sadagopa Mudaliar, the owner of the property, had promised to have them fitted up at an early date. This work has been carried out and now there are lights and fans in the house, verandah and compound and the members are deeply grateful to Mrs. Sadagopa Mudaliar for having had this done.

VIII. Work in connection with the War.—This work has been continued during the year. In the first place, a large number of shirts were made, then kit-bags for convalescent soldiers were undertaken, as these were urgently required, the first 100 were completed as quickly as possible. By this time more funds were needed, if work was to be continued, therefore, a second appeal was made; the members being asked to contribute the cost of one or more kit-bags. The bags contained a complete outfit for a convalescent soldier on leaving the hospital and large numbers of them were asked for by the St. John's Ambulance Association. Many of the articles for the bags were made by the members, others were purchased from the funds, and when all were collected, about 14 articles for each, members took a great pleasure in packing the bags and seeing them ready for despatch to Her Excellency's Depot; 200 being completed altogether, 106 being sent in, in the names of various donors.

Up to the end of August the following work had been completed:—

350	twill shirts made
200	kit-bags provided
25	khaki shirts made
12	pairs pyjamas made
100	cotton coats provided
25	flannel coats
25	" drawers

Early in September a letter was received from Her Excellency Lady Pentland saying that she proposed to organize a Fancy Fete in aid of the Ladies' Depot War Fund, and asking if the ladies of the Club would co-operate by providing a stall of Indian things. The members were notified of Her Excellency's request and there was a most generous response to the circular sent out which suggested that each member should give at least 2 articles. Things were collected from all parts of India and included many beautiful and useful articles. The members of the Committee, Indian and English, acted as stall-holders, the Fete being held in the Banqueting Hall,

Government House. The proceeds of the stall Rs. 1,644 was handed over to the Ladies' Depot. At the end of September, it was necessary to make yet another effort to get funds for the Club War Fund, as by this time, nearly the whole of the last amount collected, had been expended. So it was agreed to get up an entertainment which was to be open to ladies only. The entertainment was given on the 18th of November at the Habitation Hall, Egmore, and proved a splendid success. Her Excellency graced the occasion with her presence and warmly congratulated all who had taken part in it. The total amount realised for the fund was Rs. 389-5-0. The members were entirely responsible for the programme and needless to say it meant much hard work, and many rehearsals in order to produce such a good result. It was all willingly and cheerfully done in order that a few of the soldiers at the front might be helped in some way. In connection with this entertainment the Committee desire to acknowledge gratefully the help rendered to them by the Mother Provincial and Sisters of the San Thomé Convent. Most of the money realised at the entertainment has already been expended on flannel shirts, towels, cigarettes and wool for knitted things. This work will, of course, have to be continued so long as the war lasts; the Committee are confident that during the coming year also, the members will continue to give their support, as generously and enthusiastically as they have done till now.

IX. The Reading Circle.—Reading Circles were formed in February, Mrs. A. Davis, Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. Rice, and Mrs. Bedford assisting. Her Excellency was present at the first meeting and the book read, was one suggested by her, viz., "The Story of Florence Nightingale;" afterwards other books were read. The readings had to be given up for a time on account of the First Aid Lectures being given. They were resumed later, but had to be given up again on account of the preparation for the Stall. It is hoped that the activities of this circle will soon be resumed and that the younger members of the Club, especially, will not be slow to avail themselves of the opportunities for improvement which are held out to those who co-operate in this work.

X. "First Aid" Lectures.—A series of lectures was given during the month of April and part of July by Mrs. Simonsen. The class commenced with eighteen members. Unfortunately all could not attend regularly the whole time, therefore, at the end of the course, there was not a sufficient number ready to take the examination. Mrs. Simonsen made the lectures most interesting and all were impressed by her clear way of explaining the different kinds of bandages and treatment in cases of accident or sudden illness. The members are deeply indebted to her and very much regret that a sufficient number were not ready for the examination.

XI. Lady Hardinge Library.—A number of new books have been added during the year; a catalogue of the books is under preparation.

XII. Social Gatherings.—The attendance at the ordinary weekly meetings has been somewhat interfered with by rehearsals for entertainments and so on and games have not been played quite so much because of the interest taken in work for the war and the preparation for the stall of Indian things. The players are still very keen and the games of billiards, tennis and badminton are much enjoyed. A Games Sub-Committee has been elected and they will, it is hoped, be able to arrange some matches with the students of the Women's Colleges.

There have been three special Social Gatherings: one to welcome Mrs. Ghandi who paid a visit to the Club during her stay in Madras in April last. There was a touch of sadness about the other two, as they were farewell parties to Lady Sankaran Nair and Mrs. Tyabji, respectively. On February 9th Mrs. Corbet very kindly invited the members to a party at her house, at which Her Excellency Lady Pentland was present.

If reference is made to what was said in speeches at the last Annual Meeting, it will be seen that most of the work which was set before the Committee has been carried out, namely, to arrange for the Reading Circles, First Aid Lectures and to continue the work for the war. In all activities, the Indian and English members have worked heartily together, each bearing her share of the work and worry, also the gratification for work accomplished.

The Committee in conclusion beg to thank Her Excellency, the President, for the keen interest she has taken in the welfare of the Club and for her active participation in its various activities which needless to say are gratefully appreciated by all the members.

Mrs. S. Srinivasa Aiyengar, one of the Honorary Treasurers, was next called upon. She submitted a brief statement of the accounts of the Club for 1915.

HER EXCELLENCY'S SPEECH

H. E. Lady Pentland then said it was a great pleasure to her to move the adoption of the Report of the Club. A great deal has been done by the Club during the last year, and nearly everything that was planned for the year had been accomplished. The members of the Club were to be congratulated on the work done to help the soldiers in the War. For buying comforts and clothing Rs. 2,500 was spent, besides gifts for the Union Jack Fete, which realised Rs. 1,600. The practical result was very encouraging and if it were not for the Club, this work could not have been possible. The War has shown how necessary it is to have a centre like the Recreation Club where people of all classes could work together for a noble cause. Another aspect of the work for the soldiers was a series of First Aid Lectures delivered by Mrs. Simonsen. One of the members of the Committee, Mrs. Bedford, had actually gone to Bangalore to nurse the wounded soldiers from Mesopotamia, as a Volunteer of the St. John Ambulance. The Reading Circle is another feature of the Club, where interesting books are read and discussed by some of the members. It was hoped that some of the members would subscribe to the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, edited by Mrs. Hensman. Her Excellency congratulated the teachers and pupils of the Home Education Classes on the good work they had shown throughout the year and mentioned the fact that three of the distinguished members of the Club, viz., Lady Sankaran Nair, Mrs. Tiruvenkatachari and Mrs. Chitti Babu had formerly been pupils of these classes. H. E. desired those present to join with her in offering to Mrs. Tiruvenkatachari and to Mrs. Madeley especially, a hearty vote of thanks for the trouble, care and devotion taken to promote the welfare of the Ladies' Recreation Club.

Mrs. J. C. Motony seconded the adoption of the Report.

Mrs. Tiruvenkatachari in supporting the proposition, referred to the generous and hearty response of the members to the appeals which had been made to them in connection with the War Fund. She felt no doubt that all the members recognised the

imperative necessity of continuing their work in connection with the War so long as the War lasted. In order to raise the further funds, which will be required for continuing the work, the Committee suggested to the members to give monthly subscription during the remaining period of the War. This would enable the Club to send a small contribution of useful things monthly to the Ladies' Depot. She also earnestly appealed to the younger members of the Club to join the Reading Circle and attend its meetings regularly. In this connection she would like on behalf of the members to express their indebtedness to the ladies who had kindly given their assistance and whose names are mentioned in the Committee's Report.

The Report was then put to the Meeting and unanimously adopted.

Mrs. Madeley then read the Report of the Home Education Classes, after which Her Excellency distributed prizes to the pupils of those classes.

Mrs. Sadasiva Aiyar next proposed a hearty vote of thanks to Her Excellency for presiding. She said that Lady Pentland had endeared herself to all by her kind and genial disposition; the members of the Club felt grateful to her for the warm interest she has taken in promoting its welfare.

This proposition was seconded by Mrs. S. G. Hensman and carried by acclamation.

A short programme of Music and Recitation was gone through by some of the pupils of the Home Education Classes and the Junior members of the Club, after which a short piece in English was very cleverly enacted by some little girls who were the daughters of members. All the items were much appreciated by those present.

After the business meeting closed, all present enjoyed the kind hospitality of Lady Sivaswamy Aiyar who was at home to the members and their friends.

The proceedings came to a close with the garlanding of Her Excellency by Lady Sivaswamy Aiyar and the singing of the National Anthem.

A MEMBER.

ANJUMAN KHAWATEEN ISLAM, CALCUTTA

THE second, monthly meeting of the above Society, otherwise known as Mohamedan Ladies' Association, Calcutta, was held on the afternoon of Sunday last, the 16th instant, at its office at 86-A, Lower Circular Road, Calcutta. Before giving an account of the proceedings of this meeting it will be interesting to note some particulars relating to the Association.

The foundation of the Association, the only one of its kind on this side of India, was laid at an inaugural meeting held on the 21st February last, having its head-quarters at 86-A, Lower Circular Road. Its objects are to promote unity, social intercourse and friendly feelings among Mohamedan ladies resident in Calcutta, by providing them a common meeting ground, to better the condition of Moslem women in general, by eradicating pernicious social customs and by diffusing proper and useful knowledge

and to establish and conduct an industrial school for poor and needy Mohamedan women with a view to qualify them to earn their own livelihood. Its office-bearers are the following ladies who have been elected for two years as provided in the Rules of the Association:—

President

Mrs. Abdul Karim

Vice-Presidents

Mrs. Mahboob Ally

Mrs. Shamsul Ulama Kamal-ud-din

Princes Afsar Jahan Begum

Mrs. Chowdhury Mohamed Ismail

Honorary Secretary

Mrs. Khan Bahadur Sakhawat Hossein

Honorary Assistant Secretary

Mrs. Khan Bahadur Dawoodur Rahman

Honorary Treasurer

Mrs. Abbad Abdul Mokarem

At the second monthly meeting held on Sunday last, thirty-five ladies were present. The attendance was indeed very satisfactory considering that the Association has ninety members on its roll at present. Mrs. Abdul Karim, the permanent President, was in the chair, and the proceedings commenced with the reciting of a passage from the Holy Koran by Mrs. Khan Bahadur Dawoodur Rahman followed by a short prayer in which all the ladies joined. The Honorary Secretary then read the proceedings of the last monthly (March) meeting which was confirmed and signed by the President. In the absence of the Honorary Treasurer Mrs. Abbad Abdul Mokarem, the Honorary Secretary, laid before the meeting the accounts of the Association, which after due scrutiny were passed as correct on the motion of Mrs. Gool Mohamad Khan seconded by Mrs. Ariff Bham. The next item was the election of seven new members, proposed by Mrs. Khan Bahadur Sakhawat Hossein and seconded by Mrs. Shamsul Ulama kamal-ud-din. The question of opening an industrial class for teaching useful handicrafts to poor Moslem women was taken up and debated for some time, but in view of the various issues involved the matter was postponed for further consideration at the next monthly meeting. Umme Salma Begum then read a paper dwelling on the benefits of Women's Education and the justification for an association of this kind to promote the object.

With a vote of thanks to the President proposed by Mrs. Khan Bahadur Sakhawat Hos-



Abraham Pandither (Tanjore).
Bhalchander Sukhtanker (Sec-Conf.).
Begum Fyree-Rahamin
Fyree-Rahamin
Bhatlehande (Bombay).

sein and seconded by Mrs. Ebrahim Patel, the meeting terminated and the ladies left after enjoying a most interesting evening.

(Mrs.) R. S. JOSSEIN,
Honorary Secretary.

86-A, LOWER CIRCULAR ROAD,
CALCUTTA,
17th April, 1916.

Miss Saibai Dani (Hony. Secy. and Treasurer)
Mrs. T. Ananda Rao
" D. G. Dani
" Seshadri Iyengar
" K. Chandy.
" C. S. Doraswamy Iyer
" B. Venkoba Rao
" G. Aravamudu Aiyengar
" D. M. Narasinga Rao
" C. Venkata Rao
Dr. R. Govindurajulu
Srimathi Puttasubamma
" Vengadamma "

Report on the working of the Mahila Seva Samaja, Bangalore

From 1st October, 1913 to 30th June, 1915



HE Council of the Mahila Seva Samaja beg to lay before the members the following report of the work done during the period between the formation of the Society and the close of the last official year.

1. FORMATION OF THE SOCIETY

The Society was founded on the 1st October, 1913 through the exertions of Messrs. D. D. Kanga, J. S. Chakravarti, D. G. Dani, K. Ramachandra Rao, and K. Narayanaswami Iyer, and Mrs. K. S. Chandrasekhara Aiyar and Mrs. D. G. Dani.

2. INCORPORATION OF THE SOCIETY

The Society has been registered under the Mysore Societies Registration Regulation, III of 1904.

3. OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY

These comprise:—(1) The training of Indian women for educational, medical and philanthropic work, and
(2) the organisation of educational, medical and philanthropic work by women for women.

4. MEMBERSHIP

There were on the rolls on the last day of the official year 1914-15, two Life members, forty-three Ordinary members, ten Honorary members, four Lady Sympathisers, seven Associates and eleven ordinary and ten Honorary Gentlemen Sympathisers.

5. MEETINGS OF THE SOCIETY

Two General Meetings were held for transacting business, one on the 1st October, 1913 and the other on the 22nd November, 1913.

6. MANAGEMENT

(a) The Council of Management.

I. THE MANAGEMENT WAS VESTED IN A COUNCIL OF LADIES, CONSISTING OF:—

Mrs. K. S. Chandrasekhara Aiyar (President)
" J. S. Chakravarti (Vice-President)

II. CHANGES IN THE PERSONNEL OF THE COUNCIL

Miss Saibai Dani, the first Honorary Secretary and Treasurer, left Bangalore in November, 1914 and was succeeded by Mrs. C. Venkata Rao, who continued in office till the middle of January, 1915, when she resigned and was succeeded by Mrs. G. Aravamudu Aiyengar, the present Honorary Secretary and Treasurer. Of the Councillors, Mrs. T. Ananda Rao resigned her place on the council, Mrs. D. Dani, Miss Saibai Dani, Mrs. S. Iyengar and Mrs. B. Venkoba Rao left Bangalore and thereby vacated their places, and Mrs. D. M. Narasinga Rao resigned her membership of the Society. The vacancies thus caused were filled by the election of Mrs. G. Srinivasa Iyer, Mrs. C. S. Balasundaram Iyer, Mrs. V. S. Sambasiva Iyer, Mrs. A. M. Thangavelu Mudaliar, Mrs. T. R. Venkatasami Naidu and Mrs. K. R. Sesha Iyengar.

III. MEETINGS OF THE COUNCIL

The Council met thirteen times during the period of the report to transact business.

(b) The Gentlemen Helpers' Committee

(i) The Council was assisted by a Committee of twelve Gentlemen Helpers, consisting of the following gentlemen:—

Dewan Bhadrur Mr. J. S. Chakravarti,
(Chairman).

Mr. Justice K. S. Chandrasekhara Aiyar
Rao Bahadur Mr. M. Shama Rao
Rao Bahadur Mr. K. Krishna Iyengar
Mr. D. G. Dani

" K. Chandy
" V. Subramanya Iyer
" K. Ramachandra Rao
" D. D. Kanga
" M. Ramachandra Rao
" D. B. Ramachandra Mudaliar
" K. Narayanaswami Iyer

(Honorary Secretary).

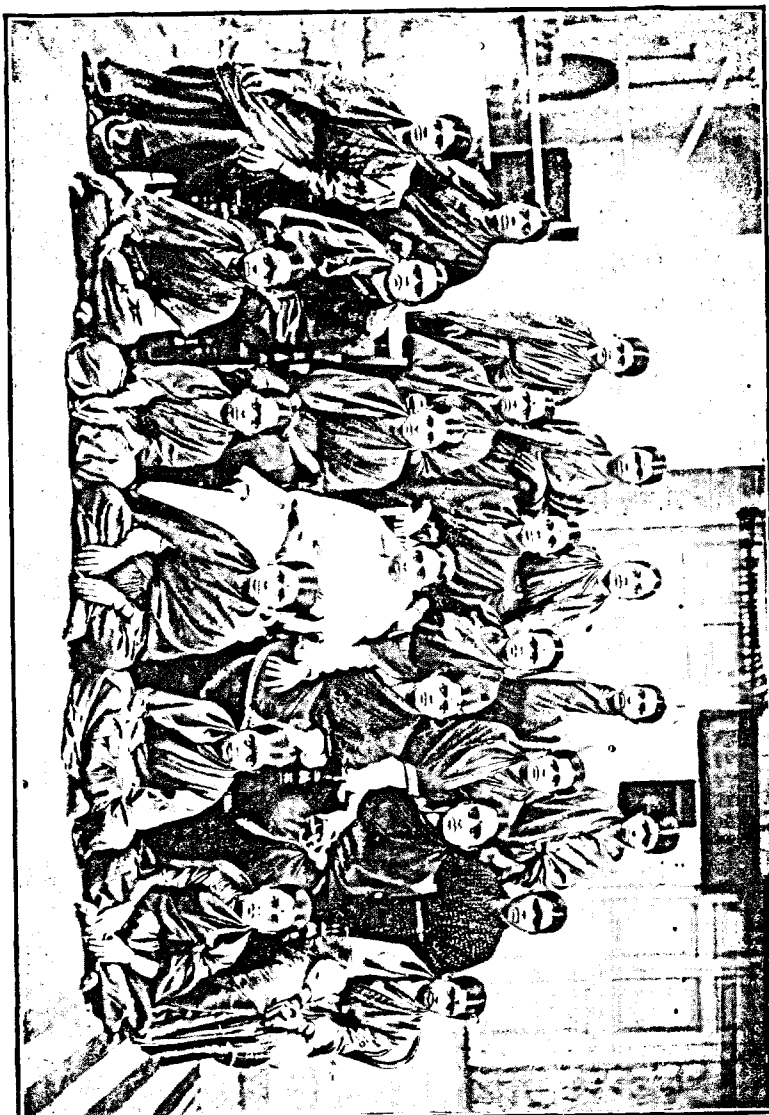
(ii) CHANGES IN THE PERSONNEL

Of these, Messrs. D. D. Kanga and D. G. Dani left Bangalore and thereby vacated their places, and Messrs. A. M. Thangavelu Mudaliar and B. Abdur Rahman were appointed in their stead. Mr. D. B. Ramachandra Mudaliar and Rao Bahadur Mr. K. Krishna Iyengar having resigned, one of the places filled was by the appointment of Mr. G. Aravamudu Iyengar; the other place is vacant.

7. BUILDING SUB-COMMITTEE

A Sub-Committee consisting of the following gentlemen was formed with a view to a suitable site

Front row (sitting on the floor)
1. Seshamma. 2. Lakshindevi. 3. Jayamma. 4. Kamalamma. 5. Bhagirathi Bai.
Second row (sitting on the chairs)
1. Jayanti Bai. 2. Ambamma. 3. Nanjamma. 4. Miss G. Arumachalam (Superintendent).
5. Anasuyamma. 6. Revamma. 7. Honnamma.
Third row (standing)
1. Pushpanna. 2. Parvatamma. 3. Kaveramma. 4. Gopi Bai. 5. Lalitamma. 6. Lakshamma.
Fourth row (standing)
1. Kaveramma. 2. Sarasvatamma. 3. Venbamma. 4. Puttamma. 5. Sitamma.



being secured and a building erected thereon for permanently locating the Sadan :

Dewan Bahadur Mr. J. S. Chakravarti (Chairman)
Rao Bahadur Mr. K. Krishna Iyengar (Vice Chairman)
Mr. C. Venkata Rao
" D. B. Ramachandra Mudaliar
" M. Ramachandra Rao (Honorary Treasurer)
" K. Narayanaswamy Iyer (Honorary Secretary)

8. PREMISES OF THE SOCIETY

A small house has been taken on rent in the Fort to serve as a temporary local habitation for the Sadan.

9. A FULL-TIME LADY WORKER

Sister Sundra Bai (whose services had been secured through the Bombay Seva Sadan Society) continued to work as the Superintendent of the Sadan till November, 1914. She then resigned and was succeeded by Miss G. Arunachellam, whose services were lent to the Society by the Education Department.

10. ACTIVITIES

(i) *Sadan Classes*.—Two classes, one for teaching Kanarese and the other for teaching English, were held daily between 2 and 5 P. M. at the Sadan.

(ii) *Home Class*.—A class for teaching English was also held daily in Chamarajapet between 8 and 9 A. M.

(iii) *Bi-weekly Classes* were held at Srinivasa Mandiram in Balepet and at Sarada Samaj in Chamarajpet by Srimathi Vengadamma, Head Mistress of the Government Aryabalika Pathasala, and Srimathi Yeggamma, Head Mistress of the Government Girls' School, Chamarajapet, respectively. These classes had, however, to be discontinued after a few months working for want of a sufficient number of pupils.

(iv) *Social Meetings*.—There were nine Social Meetings, which were all highly appreciated. Of these the farewell entertainments to Mrs. and Miss Dani by the ladies and to Mr. Dani by the gentlemen deserve mention.

(v) *Lectures*.—The following lectures, which were either in Kanarese or were followed by a translation in that language, were delivered under the auspices of the Sadan, and were all of them well attended:—

- (1) "Modern Women and Social Service," by Mrs. Bryce.
- (2) "Education of Children by Mothers in their Homes," by Miss A. Williams.
- (3) "The Present European War," by Miss B. D. Fry, B.A.
- (4) "Training of Children in the enjoyment of Beauty," by Miss R. Sisterson.
- (5) "Female Education" (in Tamil), by Srimathi Sarasvathi Ammal.
- (6) Health Lecture (with Microscopic Demonstration,) by Dr. R. Subba Rao.
- (7) "Is School Education better than Home Education?" by Srimathi Vengadamma.
- (8) "Mahabharatasara," by Mrs. Aravamudu Iyengar.
- (9) "Union," by Mrs. G. Srinivasa Iyer.
- (10) "The Work of the Sadan," by Sister Susila Bai.
- (11) "School Education," by Srimati Siddamma.
- (12) "Female Education," by Mrs. C. Venkata Rao.

(vi) *Mahabharata Class*.—The Mahabharata was regularly read and explained on Friday afternoons by

some of the members. The attendance at these classes ranged between twelve and twenty-five.

(vii) *Scholarship*.—Mr. D. G. Dani was kind enough to place at the disposal of the Council a sum of Rs. 3 a month till November, 1914 when he left Bangalore, to be utilised for a scholarship to a poor girl student. One Jeeva Bai of the Aryabalika Pathasala was the recipient.

11. SPECIAL ACTIVITIES

The Sadan was instrumental in convening a large *parda* meeting for the formation of a women's committee to collect funds and to prepare and send to the seat of war articles of clothing and other necessities for soldiers, as also medical and other comforts.

12. OFFICIAL SYMPATHY TOWARDS THE SADAN

The Mysore Education Department was kind enough to lend the services of a School Mistress for employment as Superintendent of the Sadan. The Medical Department also accorded permission to members of the Sadan visiting the Female Wards in the Government Hospitals in Bangalore.

13. FINANCE

The accounts of the Sadan were in the first instance audited from 1st October, 1913 to the end of April, 1915, and again up to the end of June, 1915. A balance sheet duly audited is appended to this report. It shows that the total income during the period was Rs. 1,314-3-8 and the total expenditure Rs. 1,248-2-9, leaving on hand a balance of Rs. 73-0-11.

14. DONATIONS

The following donations are acknowledged with thanks.

(a) *In money*.—Sir M. Visvesvaraya Rs. 25, Mr. Justice K. S. Chandrasekhara Aiyar Rs. 25, Mrs. T. Sadasiva Iyer of Madras Rs. 25, Mrs. K. S. Chandrasekhara Aiyar Rs. 18-12-0, Mrs. Sivaramakrishna Iyer Rs. 10, Mrs. Hay Rs. 5, Mrs. K. Chandry Rs. 5, Mr. M. Ramachandra Rao Rs. 5, Srimathi Rama Bai Rs. 5, Mrs. K. Narayanasami Iyer Rs. 5, Mrs. Aravamudu Iyengar Rs. 5, Sister Susila Bai of Bombay Rs. 2, Mr. C. S. Doraswami Iyer Rs. 2, Mrs. V. S. Sambasiva Iyer Rs. 2, and Mrs. Chandry Rs. 2.

(b) *In kind*.—Two sets of valuable books were presented to the Society by Mrs. Aravamudu Iyengar and Srimati Putta Subbamma. Mr. G. H. Krumbelga presented some crotons and other garden plants. Among other minor gifts may be mentioned a badminton set and some pictures presented by Mrs. Chandrasekhara Aiyar, a few useful books by Mr. K. Ramachandra Rao, a set of chessmen by Mr. P. N. Krishnamurthi Naidu and a black board by Mrs. G. Aravamudu Iyengar.

15. VISITORS

Sister Susila Bai and Parvati Bai of Bombay, Srimati Mathura Bai Uchgekar, L. M. S., Sow. Rama Bai of Cuddappah, Mr. T. Sadasiva Iyer of Madras, and Mrs. Sivaramakrishna Iyer of Trichinopoly visited the Sadan.

16. ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The thanks of the Society are due to the Gentlemen Helpers' Committee for their ready and uniform help to the Council; to Miss Saibai Dani and Mr. and Mrs. Dani for their ungrudging services to the Society, to the Heads of the Educational and Medical Departments for their sympathetic attitude

towards the Society; to Srimathi Vengadamma and Srimathi Yeggamma for their kindness in having held the bi-weekly classes in Balepet and Chamarajpet; to the several ladies and gentlemen who were kind enough to deliver lectures; to the donors of gifts in money and kind; to the authorities of the Halls used by the Sadan for its lectures; to the Editor of "Mahilasakhi" for her kindness in publishing the proceedings of the Sadan in the Journal; and to Messrs. M. Lakshminaranappa of the Secretariat and R. Raghunatha Rao, retired Head Master, for help in the translation work of the Society.

RANGAMMAL,

Honorary Secretary.

Baroda News

By 'SHAHINDA'

INDIA MUSIC CONFERENCE, BARODA

20th--26th, March, 1916

His Highness the Maharaja Sahib Gaikwad is a Ruler ahead of the times. His keen interest in all the progressive movements of the day marks his career; organising an India Music Conference at such a stage has given the Science the necessary impetus so sadly needed to save it from the danger of its dying a neglected death.

H. E. the Dewan Sahib of Baroda's sympathy and love for the act is well known. He very kindly made all the necessary arrangements to make it a great success.

The Sessions commenced on the 20th of March with the Thakur Nawab Ali of Akbar Peer presiding and lasted for a whole week. There was a representative gathering of theorists and practical experts from all parts of India and some excellent papers and demonstrations threw important light on this obscure subject. The most valuable paper was that of M. V. N. Bhatkhande of Bombay practically the greatest Pandit of the North India music. He dealt with the historical survey of music, then with its present condition and suggested means to improve it and place it on a scientific basis with a view to make its study as easy as possible.

Another paper of equal importance was that of the learned Abraham Pandith of Tanjore. He dealt with the Shruti question and its significance in Ragas. His daughters who are great musical experts gave vocal demonstrations and performed on the Veena to the great delight of all.

Of late years, the Philharmonic Society of Messrs. Clement, Deval and Khare had created

much mischief with so-called Shruti Harmonium. This was tested in the Conference and was found incapable of producing any Shruti in its right tone—thus arresting any further damage in the beautiful art.

There were some practical issues of the Conference and some important resolutions were passed among which the founding of an Academy of Music proposed by Begum Fyze-Rahamin, met with unanimous and enthusiastic approval.

The practical experts of known repute gave demonstration of their art every evening at the Durbār Hall of the Luxmi Villas Palace during the sessions of the Conferences and some remarkable music was heard and enjoyed.

THE MYSORE VISIT

The Royal family of Mysore have been in Baroda for the past four days and the whole town has been "en fete."

Among the varied entertainments that were given in their honour the reproductions of paintings from the three great ancient schools—Ajanta, Rajput and Moghul—created a sensation. These were arranged by Begum Fyze Rahamin.

The first picture was an Ajanta cave fresco from the painting on wall Cave "Expounding the teachings of Buddha." The details of dress background, artistic jewels, and so on, were carried out with extreme perfection. The Kumaris Hansa and Jey-Shri Manubhai were well suited for the character.

The second was the famous beautiful painting of Shiva and Parvati by Moula Ram of the Rajput School. The aesthetic and spiritual feeling was so well interwoven with the extraordinary delicacy of colour poetry as if the original painting breathed from the tableau. Miss Nowroji as Shiva and Mrs. Widgery as Parvati were extremely expressive.

The third was the representation of a Moghul portrait. Portraiture had reached the highest stage of development in the Moghul School. The precision and accuracy of outline combined with sobriety, dignity and simplicity which characterised the Moghul Portraits were exceedingly well depicted and Dr. Sumant Mehta was an amazing success in the role and elicited much applause and admiration.

THE TENNIS WEEK IN BARODA

Her Highness the Maharani Sahib Gaikwad is to be congratulated on her happy idea of holding a Tennis Tournament in Baroda.

The response was hearty and there was a representative gathering of fine players from all parts of India, and a large gathering of enthusiastic spectators.

The stir and excitement under which all lived for the last week was something remarkable. Tennis was the only topic of the day.

The courts were ideally situated in a convenient centre of the spacious park-like grounds of the Laxmi Villas palace overshadowed by tall trees.

The games commenced on the 31st afternoon, and as the days went on, the audience and excitement increased to the last day when both the singles and doubles finals were played on the central court, where all the interest of the entire populace was concentrated.

Some brilliant display was given by Saleem and Jagat Mohan Lal from Lahore.

Saleem's decided superiority over Rangras won him the singles easily. In the doubles the same superiority gave Saleem and Jagat Mohan Lal the lead and they would have decidedly taken the cup but for the unfortunate misjudgment on the part of the umpire in the second set which prolonged the games until the light failed and Saleem and Jagat Mohan Lal were compelled to scratch, as they had to leave for Lahore the same night. Much credit is due to Saleem who had to play two finals and one semi-finals on the same afternoon.

Throughout the week after play was over there were delightful "At Homes" given on the grass lawn in the vicinity where tables were spread with delicious eatables, forming a picturesque scene and particularly marked by the number of Indian ladies present, in their graceful costumes, which gave the necessary touch of colour needed for such functions.

The first day Prince Dhairy Ashil Rao Gaekwad was "At Home" to all players.

The second day H. H. the Nawab-Begum Saheb of Janjira gave an enjoyable tea party which all thoroughly appreciated.

The third day Colonel and Miss Impey were "At Home" Prince Shiwaji Rao Gaekwad gave a tea party on Thursday.

On Friday Shrimant Rao Saheb Sampatrao Gaekwad treated a large gathering to tea in the afternoon and gave a dinner at night to the players.

On Saturday H. H. the Maharaja Saheb Gaekwad was "At Home" in the afternoon. Afterwards the guests too were taken to dinner at the Palace and later on to a Theatre.

After the finals His Highness made a short

speech of well chosen records and presented a magnificent gold shield to Saleem and handsome cups to the players who came out in finals and semi-finals.

Among the distinguished visitors who came to Baroda during the Tennis week were H. H. the Nawab Begum Saheb of Janjira, H. H. the Yuvaraja of Mysore and the Nawab Saheb of Manawader, a keen tennis player, who also played in the Tournament.

The Editor's Page

In our frontispiece we publish the photos of Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Chelmsford. Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Chelmsford accord a most hearty welcome in the name of the Indian Ladies of India. Many of us have read with much interest the accounts of the different functions consequent on the arrival of our new Viceroy to the shores of India. From His Lordship's first speech, the reply to the Municipal Corporation, Bombay, we quote the following passage to show that in our new Viceroy we have a tactful and sympathetic ruler and also a friend:—

India above all countries is not likely to belittle the value of hereditary association, and though the period during which my grandfathers were connected with the old Bombay Army is beyond my memory, still it is something that the link is there, and I value it as a stimulus and an inspiration. You allude to my 16 months sojourn in India as a Territorial Officer. I am grateful for the experience derived. In the first place, I was enabled to see with my own eyes the steadfast loyalty of the Princes, Chiefs and peoples of India to His Majesty the King-Emperor. India has no need to be reminded of His Majesty's keen and lively solicitude on her behalf. In the second place I was privileged to watch the work and win the friendship of Lord Hardinge, who lays down his office to-day. Lord Hardinge has won to an unprecedented degree the confidence, the respect, nay I would say the affection of the peoples of India, and he has set a hard task before his successor. Continuity is however in my opinion, a cardinal principle of policy when one man succeeds another and so far as possible I shall deem it my duty and privilege to carry on Lord Hardinge's work where he has left it."

We have read also of the energetic efforts of Her Excellency Lady Chelmsford to interest herself in the welfare of the women of India and we trust that Her Excellency will take up our cause and work for us and with us in our many activities towards progress.

Once again in expressing our welcome we wish Their Excellencies much health and happiness and trust that success will attend all their efforts in every way.

We have much pleasure in congratulating Her Excellency Lady Pentland on her having been made a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. The full title of the order is:—The Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England. Appointments to the Order are sanctioned by the Sovereign but not made by him. Her Excellency's interest in all philanthropic work is well-known; but more especially in connection with sending relief to the distressed in war, Her Excellency has been indefatigable in her efforts to get the ladies of Madras, irrespective of caste or creed, to take part in the movement. We are specially grateful to Her Excellency for spending much of her time and thought on the advancement of the Indian ladies of Madras.

Our readers will be glad to hear that Mrs. Sarojini Naidu is much better and is steadily improving in health. We have had an anxious time during her illness but now we welcome her back again. We trust that her exquisite strains of speech music will soon make themselves heard again and will result in the publishing of more volumes that will live in our hearts and homes.

This is the all interesting topic of the day. The Education of Indian Women. Government and people are anxious to take up this subject. Now it is our turn to come forward and do all we can for the acquirement of true education. In one of our columns we are printing the circular sent by the Government of India to all local Governments. Sir William Wedderburn, Honorary Secretary of the Indian Women's Education Association, makes an urgent appeal to Indians in connection with the reply of the Secretary of State for India to the deputation which waited upon him last October and suggests the following:—

- (1) To prepare a list of existing Societies, showing their objects and their personnel, and ascertain what persons of knowledge and influence at local centres are willing to co-operate in the work of organisation;
- (2) to obtain the support of the local authorities and consider the terms in which reformers should approach the heads of the Education Department; and
- (3) to appoint a correspondent at each important local centre, and keep touch with friends in England.

We invite discussion in our journal from Indian ladies on the best kind of education suitable for Indian women and the best ways and means of giving them such education.

Under the column "About Indian Ladies" we publish in this number reports of some clubs and associations of Indian ladies. We welcome such accounts and trust that we shall always be kept in touch with the various movements towards progress that the women of India are taking a part in at the present day. We request the Presidents and Secretaries of the many Ladies' Associations in India to send us reports of their doings, which reports we shall always have much pleasure in publishing in this Journal.

Selections

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN GOVERNMENT CIRCULAR

The following circular letter, dated the 22nd February, has been addressed by the Government of India to the various provincial Governments:—

SIR,—I am desired to address you as follows on the subject of female education in this country.

SMALL PROGRESS HITHERTO

The education of females in India is recognised, in spite of the attention hitherto paid to it, to be in a comparatively backward state. The Education Commission of 1882, while making a number of definite recommendations for the improvement of female education, represented that the difficulties in the way of progress could not be solved except by a growth of public opinion. Certain suggestions for the encouragement of female education were made by the Government of India in paragraph 27 of their Resolution No. 199-311, dated the 11th March, 1904, and the degree of advancement achieved is described in some detail in the Quinquennial Reviews of the progress of education in India for 1902-1907 and 1907-1912. But in their further Resolution No. 401 C. D., dated the 21st February, 1913, the Government of India, while commending certain principles for general consideration, were compelled to acknowledge that the education of girls in this country still remained to be organised.

ENQUIRIES OF 1911 AND 1913

2. As noted by the Government of India in their resolution of 1913 the local Governments had already been asked to submit schemes for the improvement of female education in each province. They had been requested in this Department Circular No. 914-922, dated the 1st July, 1911, to submit schemes which should take the form of a 10 years programme for (1) the expansion of girls' education by means of the

allocation of funds, (2) the improvement of facilities for the training of mistresses, and (3) the amelioration of the conditions of service in the case of mistress and members of the inspecting staff. But before the replies to the above circular had been received from more than a few of the local Governments, a further enquiry had been made in this Department Circular No. 839-849, dated the 9th May, 1913, asking for the submission of a 3 years programme of expenditure on educational requirements generally and the previous enquiry of 1911 became absorbed in the subsequent investigation. The local Governments in reply to the Circular of 1913 intimated that they were ready to undertake very considerable expenditure on female education during the year 1913-14 to 1915-1916, but their proposals were not accompanied by any detailed report of the method in which the improvements aimed at would be attained and the Government of India are not in full possession of information regarding the progress actually made during the 3 years in question.

A DEPUTATION

3. In the meantime a memorial was presented to the Secretary of State on the 12th October, 1915, by a deputation introduced by Mrs. Henry Fawcett, which asked that a committee might be appointed to enquire into the whole subject in India. In reply to the deputation the Secretary of State, while expressing sympathy with the objects aimed at, stated that he considered the present time inopportune for the appointment of a committee, and he has since forwarded the memorial to the Government of India without making any recommendation on it. A copy of the Secretary of State's Despatch No. 191, dated the 5th November, 1915, together with its enclosures is forwarded with this letter, and from the enclosures of the despatch it will be seen in what terms the deputation presented its memorial, and in what terms the Secretary of State made his reply. A copy is also enclosed of a memorial presented to H. E. the Viceroy by a meeting of ladies in Bombay held on the 31st December, 1915.

REASONS FOR EARLY RECONSIDERATION

4. The Government of India agree in the view that, apart from other possible objections, the present conditions render it out of the question to appoint at any rate at this stage a committee such as has been proposed to the Secretary of State. But they consider that the present opportunity may well be taken for a reconsideration of the whole question of female education in India. The time would appear to have come for taking such forward action as is possible in the matter. Apart from the general reasons for the increasing demand for female education it may be observed that where the joint family system has hitherto prevailed in India it is now breaking up. Families composed of only the father and the mother and their children are becoming more common. Girls and young women are, therefore, becoming the heads of families without being able to rely as in former days, upon the advice and care of older relations and the duty of bringing up the children devolves upon them. The health and physical efficiency of the latter is a national concern, and it cannot be secured without the education of mothers and their co-operation. For the same reason, namely, the breaking up of the joint family system, widows have not now the care and protection which that system secured them and their opportunities of social service, confined though

these may have been to the circle of their own and related families, have to a large extent disappeared. It is also necessary that women should receive some appropriate education in this period of transition when the old system is passing away, which though it enforced their subordination, secured them a certain degree of protection and comfort.

There is at the same time a general feeling that the present curricula whether suited or not for the needs of boys are as a rule unfitted for girls and it is necessary to reconsider the nature of the education which should be imparted to girls.

INFORMATION REQUIRED

5. The Government of India are, therefore, anxious to resume the consideration of the general question of female education and would be glad of the assistance of local Governments to enable them to take stock of the present position in the matter and to focus the opinions of competent persons on the main questions at issue.

They would be glad, in the first instance, if local Governments would submit a brief report to show what has been done for the improvement of female education since the 1st April, 1913, the date from which the schemes, prepared in compliance with the Government of India's Circular of the 9th May, 1913, took their start. The Secretary of State in his reply to the deputation of October, 1915, has pointed out that comparatively little can be learnt from the statistics at this moment and in any case statistics on the subject are already at the disposal of the Government of India, but the Government of India are desirous that the statistical information available should be supplemented by brief reports showing what definite steps of importance have been inaugurated in each province since the 1st April, 1913, in respect of (1) the increase of facilities for female education, changes in character of such education given and the financing and control of such education in primary institutions, (2) the same points with regard to higher institutions, (3) the training of teachers, and (4) the inspection of schools.

OPINIONS ASKED FOR

6. The Government of India are also anxious to obtain the views of local Governments regarding the class of action now to be taken, and they would be glad if, after obtaining the opinion of competent persons on the questions involved, the local Governments would send them to the Government of India with an expression of their own views. It is suggested that the opinions of inspectresses, of Indian lady graduates and of the selected local bodies which are directly engaged in the management of schools for females, would be found of special value especially, if the remarks made by persons or bodies consulted are confined to the localities of which they have personal experience and to the questions which they can answer from their own knowledge or from materials at their disposal. In the case of local bodies it is thought that the value of the replies given will be enhanced if these bodies have before them a conspectus of the existing state of female education in the areas under their control and an attempt has been made in the enclosure III of this circular to indicate certain points on some or all of which local bodies may suitably provide themselves with data before reporting on the subjects dealt with in this circular. It is further suggested that when there is a Standing Committee on female education such as has been

already constituted in several provinces the opinion of this Committee should also be obtained.

7. It will be convenient if the local Government in forwarding opinions would tabulate briefly the results obtained, and will also supply their own views together with their suggestions for securing progress in the immediate future; under the four following heads, viz. (1) the primary education of females, (2) secondary and higher education of females, (3) teachers for females, and (4) inspection of female education. I may add briefly a few remarks on some points to which the Government of India, as at present advised, would desire to invite the attention of local Governments in connection with each of the above subjects.

CONTROL OF PRIMARY EDUCATION

8. It may be urged that whatever may be the correctness of the view put forward by the Decentralisation Commission, that the control of Primary education generally should rest for the most part in the hands of local bodies, this view may be accepted as ordinarily suitable for application to female primary education, because such education must in a special sense be adapted to the needs of the people and cannot make progress without their active sympathy and support. The Government of India would be glad to know how far a policy of this kind commends itself and to what extent the control of local bodies should be supplemented or replaced by that of special educational Committees and for what are as such special Committees can suitably be framed.

CLASS OF SCHOOLS

9. From the position that female education should rest mainly under the control of local bodies, it would follow that in schools which are confined to reading, writing, and arithmetic, the question of admitting boys to girls' schools and *vice versa* is one which might most suitably be left for local decision; it being remembered that if boys are admitted in the girls' schools it may be necessary to fix a maximum number of boys in view of the possibility of girls being gradually made at such schools to give place to boys. It might also in this connection be considered whether, with a view to increasing the number of girl pupils in the lower grades, a larger use might be made of the practice which prevails in some provinces of offering enhanced capitation grants for girls who study in boys' schools. Similarly, if control is left to local bodies it would be for those bodies to decide how far there should be caste or class schools in the areas controlled by them. It is possible that in some places the admission of a non-caste Hindu might empty the school and it is not unlikely that the superior degree of education attained by women in certain Native States is, as some contend, due to the fact that in such States non-caste Hindus are not admitted into schools. There may, on the other hand, be other places where schools might be open to various classes, but in such a case it would be necessary to see that local bodies do not turn their attention to the caste schools only to the exclusion of schools for the other classes of Hindus or for non-Hindus. In the schools which are opened solely for non-caste Hindus there may be no objection to the admission of caste Hindus, but even in such cases, conditions might have to be imposed to prevent the school from becoming exclusively one for caste Hindus.

10. It may, in the same way, be argued that it is

advisable to leave as far as possible the determination of the curriculum to local bodies. There is little doubt that public opinion requires that Indian girls should learn arithmetic and should learn to read and write their own vernacular, but the question whether subjects other than the above should be taught might on this principle be left for the decision of local bodies whose sympathy and active co-operation is necessary to ensure any substantial progress. It would in this case appear inadvisable for the Education Department to insist on any prescribed standard course, and the duty of the Department would be confined to putting forward groups of subjects for adoption by local bodies—leaving it to these bodies to select the form of curriculum which seems suitable, with or without modification of the suggestions of the Department. The main object of Government being to encourage any kind of education for girls which is in itself useful, it may be held inadvisable at the present stage to place restrictions on the adoption of any curriculum which will satisfy this requirement.

CONTROL

10. It will have to be considered whether the principles to be followed in respect of the control of elementary female education should be considered applicable also to that of the secondary education of females, and if difficulty is felt in respect of the control of such education by local bodies, report should be made by local Governments as to the manner in which they would distinguish schools suitable for such control from others. Attention should also be directed to the question whether such separate Committees as may be appointed for the supervision of primary education should as a rule be entrusted with the supervision of secondary schools, or whether these should be entrusted to separate Committees.

11. As regards the form of curriculum selected for such schools attention may be invited to the considerations urged in favour of leaving the selection largely to local control such selection being allowed to rest either with the local bodies concerned or with Local Committees especially appointed for the purpose. The varieties in suitable curricula for such forms of education are as great as primary education. There is for instance in many places a general desire for religious education and for education in music. It is also generally felt that women should be educated in all that concerns enlightened mothering, a good standard of maternal physique, better care of infancy, appropriate feeding, care and management of children, effective attention to children's diseases and generally their physical condition, good sanitary environment, and other matters of domestic concern. Many again think that the girls should also receive English education. The nature of education to be imparted in the same subjects may also vary. Some girls will need an education preparatory to College life others may only desire to be servicable in their own homes; while others, again, may wish to make themselves useful to the community. So too, it might be necessary to proceed with great caution in dealing with certain classes or in some localities. A system to be adopted for instance, among those who view education with disfavour as tending to female emancipation or disregard of *purdā* might involve courses of study and require a teaching and inspecting staff quite different from others. The same remarks will apply where caste or class feeling has to be respected. As in the case of primary female education no uniformity of standard seems possible and the courses of

study may suitably consist of various syllabuses so arranged as to suit the needs as the people understand them of the various classes or localities. Unless the curriculum is in consonance with the feelings of the people chiefly concerned the girls will be withdrawn from the schools. Some of the local Governments have already recognised that the lack of real progress within their areas is not due to any real deficiency in funds or in the number of schools or even to the want of teachers, but that the real obstacle is to be found in the attitude of the people with the result that there is a waste of public funds and many of the existing schools serve no useful purpose. It is not improbable that the nature of the school curricula and the unsuitability of the teaching hitherto imparted might account a good deal for the reluctance of the parents to secure for their girls even such facilities for education as are now available. The main function of the Department of Education would in pursuance of the above considerations be to stimulate the efforts of local bodies and to render assistance by proposing various courses of studies rather than to assume direct control or to insist on any uniformity of subjects in the curricula.

HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN

12. With respect to the higher education of women who have received their training under the system above described, it may be observed that women who have received religious education presumably in the classical languages, may desire the collegiate instruction in the same subjects while those who are trained in sanitary and allied subjects may desire to join Medical Colleges if they have received a general education. For the present the number who wish to receive any higher or collegiate education must necessarily be confined to those who have received a secondary education under the existing system and where these are unable to prosecute their studies but are not sufficient in number to justify the opening of a new high school or college, it may be possible to meet their requirements by awarding them scholarships for further studies in the existing institutions for women or in Colleges for boys if they have no objection to join them. All that can be done in the existing circumstances is to provide more facilities for admission into the existing high schools and colleges, and if funds are available and the demand justifies such a step to open more high schools for girls and college classes in girls' high schools.

TRAINING OF TEACHERS

13. The Government of India will be glad to learn whether, if the facilities at present open for training female teachers and the conditions of training are the same as in the case of males, the continuance of the state of things is considered advisable and if not what change is recommended. In any case, it must be recognised that the supply of trained teachers is at the present moment exceedingly small and that although early steps may be taken to increase the supply of trained teachers it will be impossible to expect progress to be made, if nothing is done until the requisite number of trained teachers is supplied. It will be necessary to see how arrangements are to be made in order to get the best out of the untrained teachers at present available. While it would be difficult to get teachers—even untrained—in other subjects it is possible that untrained teachers of the vernacular or classical languages or of music may be found in many parts of the country and it has been urged that

the present difficulties should be met by a system of itinerant instructors for such teachers or by allowing such teachers to attend for limited periods or during holidays at the existing training schools.

DIVISION OF WORK

14. The inspection of female institutions is, of course, desirable in order to secure efficiency and to prevent waste of public money. In many cases also such inspection will be welcome by the school as tending to raise their character and many who are engaged in female education and feel that they are engaged in an uphill battle, will find it helpful to discuss their troubles with an Inspector who understands them and will give them a sympathetic hearing. At the same time there are special difficulties connected with the inspection of female schools and in some cases social customs might stand in the way of proper inspection. It has been suggested that these difficulties might in some cases be met by dividing the duties ordinarily entrusted to inspectors. The administrative duties connected with the healthiness and character of the buildings, the sufficiency of accommodation, furniture and necessary apparatus the suitability of fees and the reputation of the school in the locality would under this system be entrusted to one class of inspectors, who would ordinarily be men. The inspection of the curricula and the actual teaching would however rest with inspectresses and as regards qualifications for the task it would ordinarily be expected that an inspectress should be able to take the classes herself and to this extent to act the part of an itinerant training teacher.

OPINIONS NOT TO BE CONFINED TO ABOVE POINTS

15. The remarks made in paragraphs 3 to 14 above are merely intended to bring to the notice of local Governments certain considerations relating to a few isolated matters connected with female education, and it is not suggested that in sending the opinions asked for in paragraph 7 local Governments should confine themselves to the points raised in the paragraph in question.

16. In conclusion, I am to request that a reply to this circular may be sent by the 1st September next.

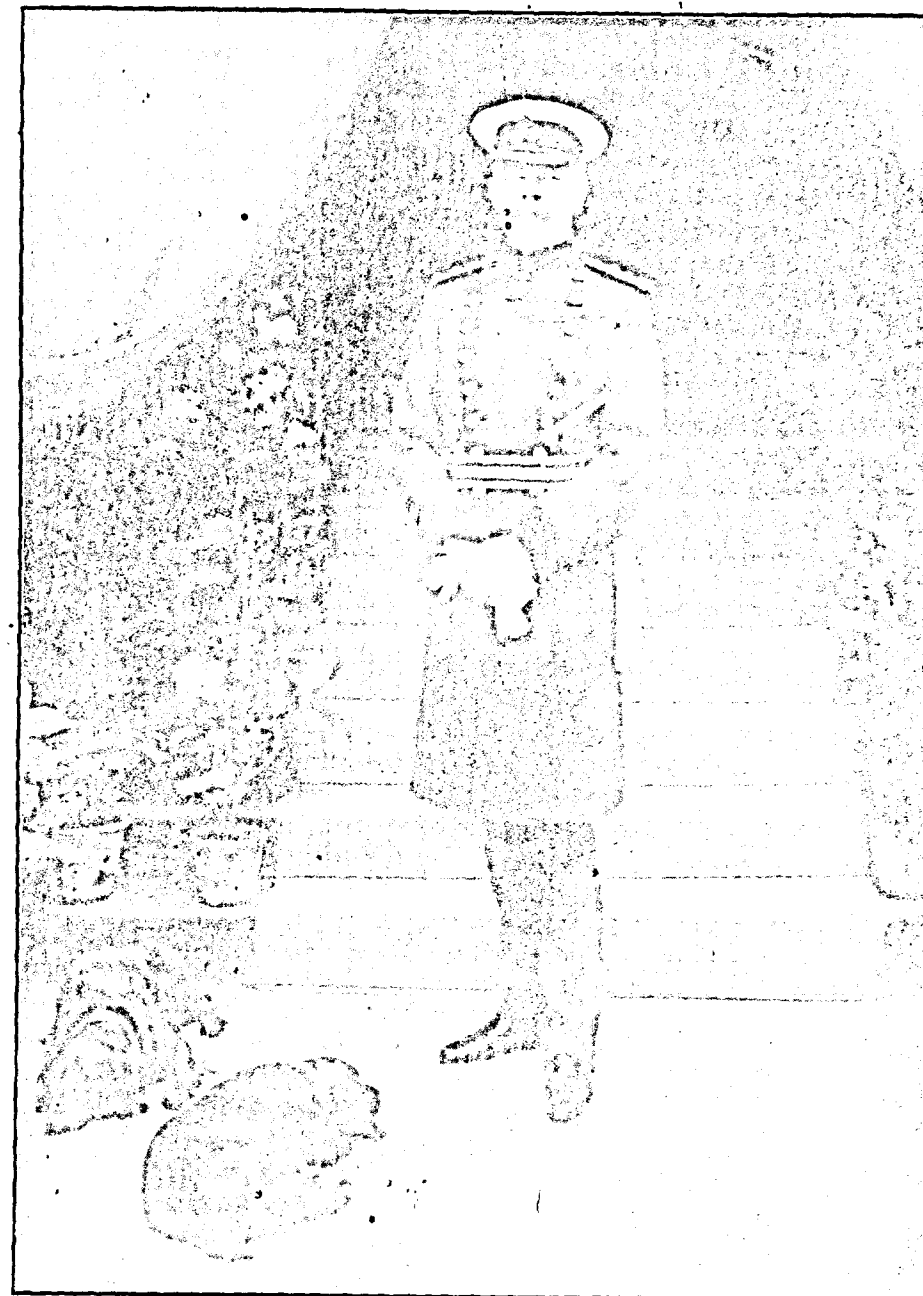
E. D. MACLAGAN,

Secretary to the Government of India.

Nair Ladies' Conference

OPENING DAY

CHANGANACHERRY, 16th May.—The first convention of the above Conference was held at noon today under the presidency of Srimathi G. Parukkutte Amma, B.A., L.T., the first Nair lady graduate, in the spacious pandal in which the Nair Social Conference was held. Over 600 Nair ladies from various parts of the land were present and even when the Conference was about to disperse, Nair ladies were still arriving in boats and carriages from the out-lying Taluqs. The President who was met by the members of the Reception Committee, with music and other marks of respect and enthusiasm, was escorted to the pandal. When all had taken their seats, three Nair ladies offered prayers, after which Srimathi K.



THE LATE LORD KITCHENER

Janak Amma, delivered the welcome address. This was followed by the formal election of the President.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

In the course of her address as President, Srimathi Parukkutty Amma (Mrs. P. N. Raman Pillay, of Madras), invited attention to the advantages of organised action on the part of the Nair women in order to improve their social status, and otherwise reform Nair society. She took a survey of what was being done in British India by the most enlightened women under the guidance of wise and thoughtful leaders to improve the lot of women. She pointed out that the women of the Nair community, free as they had always been from the religious and social restraints which impeded the progress of the women of most other Indian communities, were among the most progressive factors in Indian society. They were also among the most educated and possessed the faculty of adaptability. But till now they had never chosen to organise themselves into Samajams and Associations for the purpose of common advancement. In certain parts of the West Coast, Ladies' Associations were in existence. But they were not exclusively Nair Ladies' Associations, nor bodies which could do much in the direction of social reform. In Travancore one or two small conferences of Nair women had been held in past years. But they were isolated instances, and could not be regarded as anything but occasional exhibitions of local enthusiasm, with nothing more behind them than momentary impulse. But the Conference at Changanacherry, consisting as it did of hundreds of the most respectable Nair ladies, was a most successful attempt to hold a conference of Nair ladies on modern lines for the discussion of the subjects in which Nair women were vitally interested. In that connection, the President appealed to the ladies present to keep up their enthusiasm and form a network of Ladies' Samajams for the purpose of looking after the special interests of the Nair women. Many were the subjects in the discussion of which they could take a most useful part; in regard to these, what they had to say would be more carefully listened to both by the enlightened public and by the authorities.

NECESSITY FOR EDUCATION

As an instance, she drew the attention of her audience to education, doubtless among the Hindu women, Nair women were among the best educated. But much yet remained to be done. She then sketched the progress of female education in India, and dwelt upon the various steps taken by the British Government to educate the women of India on modern lines. Incidentally she referred to the establishment, in Delhi, of a Medical College for women, to the possibility of similar institutions being started in the Madras Presidency by the Government, and to the establishment recently of two Women's Colleges in Madras City. She then alluded in eulogistic terms to the disinterested labours of Professor Kharve, who has started a movement for a University for Women in India to be opened in Poona. His labours, she averred, would not be so very successful and fruitful, unless the women of the land themselves took the subject in hand and agitated for the full fruition of his idea. The progress of female education would not be as fast as one could wish until and unless the noble work of Professor Kharve ended in success. Take Travancore for instance, where no doubt a high degree of literary (according to census definition) comparatively to the other parts of India, has been attained. But a good deal has to be done. By the side of every school for boys there ought to be in this state a well equipped school for girls too. English education too has attained a fairly good position, and this has been the result of a wise and liberal policy in matters educational, pursued by a long and disinterested succession of rulers. In spite of all this progress the President maintained there was need for more colleges and high schools for women in the land.

THE QUALITY OF EDUCATION

She then passed on to the quality of the education given, and referred in grateful terms, to the Circular issued by the Government of India on this subject. She held that female education stood in need of improvement. It remained to be improved in quality. It should not be on the lines of the education given to boys. The education of girls should be such as would be useful to them as daughters, sisters, wives, mothers, aye, as social units, the moulders of society. In this and in a variety of other directions, properly constituted Women's Samajams have to play their own part, as no other organisations can, and should make their special wants known to the authorities and induce them to meet them as far as possible and feasible.

DEVELOPMENT ON INDIAN LINES

She maintained that Indian womanhood should be developed on Indian lines and in accordance with the needs of India. If the improvement of the position outlook and education of women were neglected; all the efforts of men in the direction of Indian Reform would be fruitless. Women, it need hardly be said, were the tap-root of Society. They formed the nervous and arterial system, and if they were neglected, society was bound to deteriorate and social efficiency would be but a name. She quoted instances and authorities in support of her positions. She spoke with enthusiasm of the splendid work her European sisters were doing in connection with the war. Their humanity, patriotism, and their love for the great Empire of which Indian women formed a part, were beyond all praise. They are models of womanly virtues, and Indian women would do well to work up to them as types of womanhood in all matters. Nair Society stood in need of Reform in every way, and they could not do without the co-operation and hearty support of Nair women. She, therefore, appealed to her sisters to give all the support they can, not only in the spread of education and enlightenment, but also in the propaganda of every item of Social Reform of which the community stands in need. In this connection she referred with enthusiasm not only to the present day needs, but also asked her sisters to look ahead and follow the leaders. In bringing her remarks to a close, she held up for her sisters the model of a Travancore lady, who, after a distinguished career in India and in the United Kingdom, is shortly to join the Travancore service in the capacity of the chief Lady Doctor of the State—Miss Poonen, B.A., M.B., B.S., L.M.

RESOLUTIONS

There were four resolutions passed. In accordance with one of these, a Committee consisting of

a number of Nair ladies was appointed to submit a report on the best means of carrying out the object of the Conference. The other resolutions related to education, and to certain of the most urgent reforms needed by the community. The resolutions were all seconded and duly supported by lady speakers, who, though unaccustomed to public speaking and carrying on business on modern lines, spoke in their vernacular with force and simplicity. After the passing of the resolutions, the President delivered her concluding speech, in the course of which she emphasised on the necessity for action and

for self-less work in conjunction with the distinguished members of their society and under the guidance of their wisest and best men.

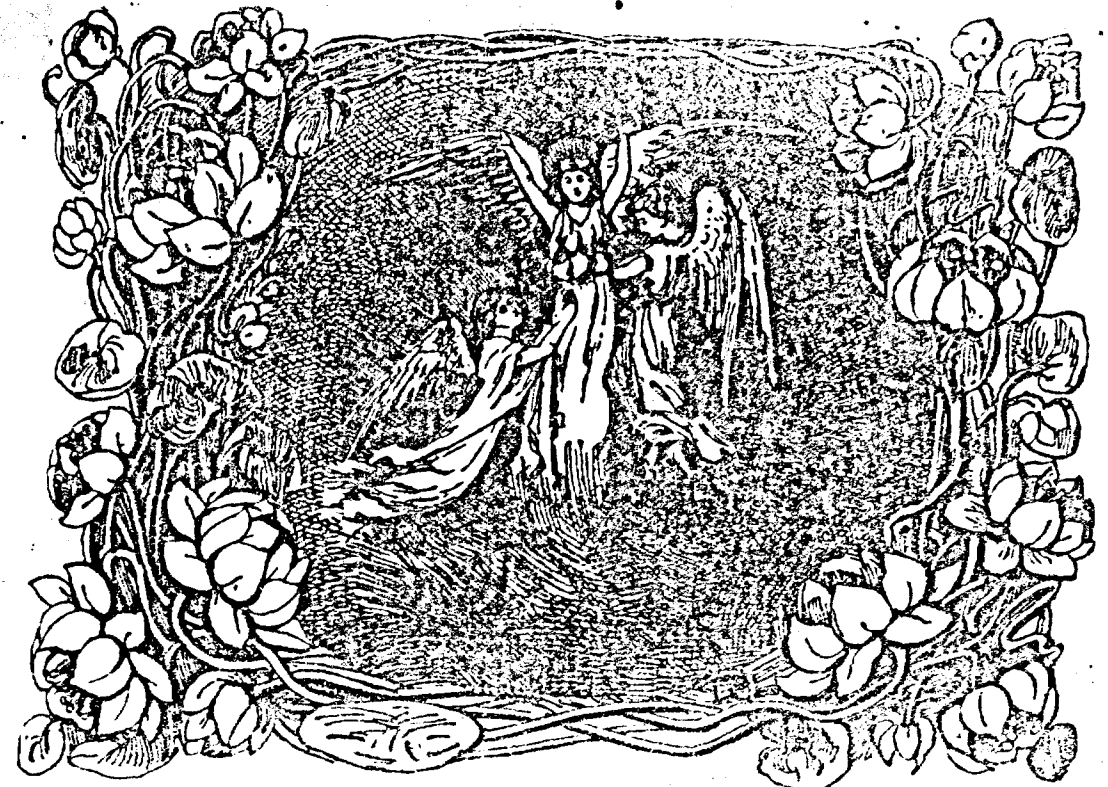
After the usual votes of thanks, the Travancore National Anthem was sung by the assembled ladies. Cheers were then called for H. M. the King-Emperor, H. H. the Maharajah of Travancore, and H. H. the Rajah of Cochin. The President was then escorted by a large number of Nair ladies to her quarters, singing in chorus all along the way some of the well known devotional songs in Malayalam.

—(From the *Madras Mail*.)

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

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THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

VOL. XVI] FIRST QUARTER: JULY-SEPTEMBER, 1916 [No. 1

The World's Happiness

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall:
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One minute of heaven is worth them all."

—Thomas Moore

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."

—Shelley.

Change of Editors

MADRAS,
August 2nd, 1916.

DEAR FRIENDS,

About a year ago, owing to my intention of going to England, I gave the Editorship of the "Indian Ladies' Magazine" into the hands of my sister, Mrs. S. G. Hensman. But the grave risks attendant on a voyage to England, caused by the present War, have made me reconsider my decision, and I am now settled in Madras for some time at least. Therefore, I am taking back the Editorship of the Magazine from my sister. I owe a great debt of thanks to her, for at first so opportunely coming to my rescue, and then for making the four issues, which she edited, so interesting and pleasant to read. She will always take an interest in the Magazine, and has promised to often write contributions for it.

I hope the friends of the Magazine will interest themselves in it and write for it and get new subscribers for it.

Yours sincerely,

K. SATTHIANADHAN,

Editor, "Indian Ladies' Magazine."

Lord Kitchener

BY RITHAM HURST

"Now is the stately column broke
The beacon light is quenched in smoke,
The trumpet's silver sound is still,
The Warbler silent on the hill."



ORD Kitchener has been such a prominent figure in the history of the great war that is desolating Europe and the world, and his death was so inopportune and tragic, that, although the particulars of his career are well known, yet a brief paper on the most celebrated soldier-statesman of the century will not be considered out of place in the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*. Lord Kitchener's life appeals to women in a special way, inasmuch as he was considered to be a misogynist (erroneously perhaps) and was never married. The fact probably is that Lord Kitchener's ideals of duty negated any feminine influence and, therefore, any permanent tie. A wife and a family are often as not handicaps to a successful career, and perhaps Lord Kitchener felt that if he were married he would not be able to do what he wished to do. Or it may be that his long association with Arabs gave an Eastern tinge to his conception of women as something a little lower than the angels, but not altogether fitted to be the companion and equal of man. Whatever it was, it has never been said, or suspected, that any woman ever influenced any public action of his life. Not that he was not invariably courteous to women or that he had no consideration for them. His friendly and sympathetic feelings for two antiquated old lady-cousins, and his keen enjoyment of their innocent society and regard surprised those who did not think him altogether human—when that little part of his life became known.

It has also been stated that a love disappointment in early life was the cause of his not marrying; but, if that were the case, little or nothing is known of that possibly legendary event in his career.

The history of that career is easily summarised. Horatio Herbert Kitchener was born in 1850 and was therefore about 66 years of age when he died. He was the eldest son of the late Lt. Col. Kitchener of Aspell Hall, Suffolk. The young aspirant for fame is said to have har-

boured a desire for the stage which, fortunately for England, was not encouraged, and after passing through the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, he entered the ranks of the Royal Engineers, when he was just 21 years of age. The tide which carried him on to fame was that which began when he was selected to help in the Palestine Survey Expedition which lasted from 1874 to 1878. In those four years he learned Arabic, his knowledge of which he perfected in Egypt and which enabled him to be familiar with even the dialectical differences in use by the various Arab tribes. From 1878 to 1882 he was engaged on the Survey of Cyprus. From 1882 his activities in Egypt led him on from success to success. He commanded the Egyptian Cavalry from 1882 to 1884; took part in the Nile Expedition in 1884-85 for the relief of General Gordon; was Governor of Suakin, 1886-88; Adjutant-General, Egyptian Army, 1888-92; was wounded at Handut in 1888; commanded a brigade at the battle of Joski and was rewarded with a C. B. In 1892 to 1899 he was Sirdar of the Egyptian Army in succession to Lord Grenfell. In 1896 he commanded the Dongola Expeditionary Force and for his services was promoted to Major-General and was created K. C. B. Lord Kitchener's work in Egypt was remarkable in many ways. He proved for one thing that even the degraded Fellah of that country only wanted discipline and encouragement to be converted into a brave soldier. His crowning work was the defeat of the Dervishes and the destruction of the Mahdi in the Atbara and Omdurman battles of 1898. To eradicate a superstitious belief in the sanctity of the Mahdi, Lord Kitchener destroyed the Mahdi's tomb by blowing it up. Certain sections of the British public condemned Lord Kitchener's action as something brutal and sacrilegious, but there can be no doubt that the destruction of the tomb had a great moral effect and finally destroyed Mahdism. His military exploits in Egypt pale into insignificance when compared with the civil work accomplished in his campaign on the Nile in 1896-98. It was Lord Salisbury who said, at a public meeting to do honour to Lord Kitchener that Lord Kitchener only escaped being a great financier by being a greater General, on account of the economy with which he had achieved success in laying the railway in the Sudan. In recognition of his Egyptian services, Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, had raised him to the Peerage and Parliament had voted £30,000 as a reward for the distinguished ability with which he planned and conducted the campaign. In 1900, Lord Kitchener found Lord Roberts

in Egypt as Chief of the Staff. A few months later he assumed supreme command, and eighteen months later secured an honorable peace in May 1902. He was created a Viscount and Parliament voted him a grant of £50,000; and thanked him for his services to the Empire. The diplomatic victory he won at Fashoda is not the least of his African triumphs.

In 1902 Lord Kitchener took command of the army in India during Lord Curzon's tenure of office as Viceroy. His work in reorganising the Indian Army and making it thoroughly efficient in every part, and so mobile as to start a unit on a military expedition in the least possible time, is admitted to have been beyond praise. His difference with Lord Curzon as to the Government's Military Adviser in Council resulted in Lord Kitchener getting his own way, though the consensus of public opinion is that Lord Curzon's position was, and is, unassailable. On his return from India Lord Kitchener was placed on the establishment of Generals and, in 1909, raised to the rank of Field Marshal and posted to be Commander-in-Chief and High Commissioner of the Mediterranean. This appointment was not to his mind, and he never occupied it. In 1911 he was created a knight of St. Patrick and succeeded Sir E. Gorst as British Agent and Consul General in Egypt, from which charge he was called in 1914, much against his will, to the War Office as Secretary of War in the Government. His colossal achievement in raising an efficient Army of five millions, in the last two years, has been the crowning achievement of his busy life. It may well be said that "all the world wondered" to witness "French's contemptible little army take shape as Kitchener's huge army." Lord Kitchener's name, reputation and masterfulness of character, was able to accomplish what no other man in the Empire would have dreamt of achieving. When the War broke out his prescience told him it would last for three years, and he asserted that it was necessary to raise several armies for the purpose, and he promptly set about his task with characteristic devotion and tenacity. "Censure is a tax" says Swift, "which a man pays for being eminent", and Lord Kitchener did not escape scathing censure and ill-concealed enmity. To err is human, and Lord Kitchener made mistakes like other people; but he was not above acknowledging a mistake or remedying a wrong step, while he was curiously indifferent to criticism and never responded, explained, or apologised. When it was pointed out in the press on one occasion that a portion of a speech delivered by Lord Kitchener, made part of a speech previously uttered by Lord Curzon, no explanation

or excuse was given. Reserved, somewhat shy, self-contained in speech, unmindful of every thing except his own business, a perfect host, a true and steadfast friend to those he received into his narrow circle of friendship, extremely courteous to women, quick in decision, firm and unyielding in purpose, the embodiment of stern duty, uninfluenced by the ordinary temptations that detract from the performance of duty, Lord Kitchener was distinctly a strong man. Apparently severe and unsympathetic, ample testimony has been forthcoming that, under a stern and unpromising exterior, he had a kindly nature and humane feelings. No man is happy without a hobby, and Lord Kitchener's hobby was the collection of curios, old armour and weapons, china and objects of *virtu* with which he adorned his house. He always delighted to be in the country, though his holidays were rare and few.

Lord Kitchener's first experience of war—his baptism of fire, so to speak—was when he joined the French army as a volunteer in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870—he then being only 20 years of age. After his return from India he was invited to Australia to organise the military forces of that Island, and how admirably the small army of Australia has supported that of the mother land is only too well known. During the last few months of Lord Kitchener's occupation of the War Secretaryship, very poignant, acrid and unjustifiable criticisms—amounting to condemnation—were levelled at him both in and out of Parliament, to which, however, he made no response. On the eve, however, of his departure to Russia on the last journey of his life, he met his many parliamentary critics in a conference at which Mr. Asquith and other members of the Cabinet were present, and the result was that Lord Kitchener rose higher than ever in the esteem of his admirers and his opponents. Armed with the consciousness of his country's approval of his conduct, Lord Kitchener set out with a light heart for Russia, doubtless to secure that co-ordination of action from Russia which he, by his visits to France and Italy, ensured in those countries. Worthy successor to Lord Roberts as a purely Military genius, Lord Kitchener's powers of organization were greater, while his achievements in Civil Government were no less remarkable. One of the first actions of his, after the Sudan struggle, was to beg from the public £100,000 to establish a College in Khartoum which already is doing admirable work. He evinced great interest in agriculture and his civil administration of Egypt was a phenomenal success. Stern and

unbending as he was, he had a marvellous facility in winning the confidence and trust of his own people, of foreign nations, and more especially of Oriental peoples. It was the ambition of his life to be Viceroy of India, and it is quite believable that, had he succeeded, he would have won the affection and esteem of this country in a superlative degree. Character always tells, and the Prime Minister's tribute of praise in Lord Kitchener in the House of Commons is one which cannot be surpassed. The concluding words of a long eulogy were: "No one is less fitted than I feel myself at the moment to be, to make an analysis of his qualities or an appraisal of his services to the State. I would only say this, and I cannot say more, that few men that I have known had less reason to shrink from submitting their lives to the pure eyes and perfect witness of all 'judging Jove.'"

Lord Kitchener's death has proved a shock to England from which the country has not yet recovered. There is no military man of reputation approaching that of Lord Kitchener to succeed him. He was the idol of the people and when he made a personal appeal to the country, it was heartily responded to. A letter of Lord Kitchener's inviting men to join the army has just been sold for £6,000 and will be treasured by the State as a memorial of one of its greatest sons and highest gentlemen.

The Women of Old Rajasthan



THE tritest sayings are often the truest and most widely applicable. One such is the well-known dictum that the condition of the women of a nation is the best criterion of its civilization. Judged by this standard in theory at least, India bids fair to

rank high among the civilizations of the world. Manu, the great father of the Hindu law, does have some unhappy ideas about women, but at the same time he often holds them in reverence. "Where females are honoured", he says, "there

the deities are pleased; but where dishonoured, there all religious rites become useless." A woman should be accosted by the title "sister." She should not be struck by a man, even though "guilty of a hundred faults." Women are fairly pure creatures; "the mouth of a woman is constantly pure" like "running waters and the sunbeam." Women have much worldly power: "a female is able to draw from the right path in this life, not a fool only, but even a sage, and can lead him in subjection to desire or to wrath." They also have spiritual power: "In whatever house a woman not duly honoured pronounces an imprecation, that house with all that belongs to it, shall utterly perish." They must be surrounded with pretty things. Even their names must be "attractive, agreeable, soft, clear, captivating the fancy, auspicious, ending in long vowels, resembling words of benediction." There should be no lack of pretty clothes or jewels. "A wife gaily adorned, the whole house is embellished."

But practice, and not theory, should be the criterion of judgment. In this respect, do the Hindus rank high in the scale of nations? This requires some consideration. We know that there is a good and a bad side to almost every aspect of human life. And we know that what appears bad can often be justified and so excused. No definite standard can exist of right and wrong. They must be judged by experience. This is specially true with what we are considering. The present condition of women is not all that is desirable, quite different indeed from the original Indian high ideal. We know that she is often looked upon more or less as a mere household adjunct or as a necessary housekeeper and that consequently she is given very little scope for the education of her faculties. But we may say that there are many exceptions to this rule and the Indian woman is being gradually given an opportunity to find her proper level in society. In any case even in the worst phase of her condition she was never the degraded being she was often represented as being. Let us take examples from the women of Rajputana. We get quite interesting information about them from Lieut.-Col. James Tod's "Annals and Antiquities of Rajasthan."

Let us first take the dark side of the question and see if we can justify it. We are shown many evils which existed among the Rajput women of earlier times. The first and greatest evil was that of the terrible rite of *Sati*, which means the voluntary immolation of the living widow with the dead body of her husband. Manu gives no commands with regard to this rite; though he lays some stringent injunctions

on widows. Lieut.-Col. Tod, however, traces the origin of it to the mythological example of *Sati*, the wife of the *God Isvara*. To avenge an insult to her husband, she burnt herself before the gods, her reward being that later on, she would be united to her husband as *Parvathi*. Thus the Rajputani had a worthy precedent before her when she committed *Sati*. Nor had she no incentive to it. By the act of *Sati*, she was told by no less an authority than the Great *Vyasa*, she would make atonement, not only for her own sins, but also for the sins of her husband; and she would have the certainty of being re-united to him after death. There could be nothing more attractive than this to the women who were taught to worship their husbands, for whom their husbands represented the *summum bonum* of life. And the public reverence for *Sati* was very great, so much so indeed that the command of a *Sati* when about to leave the world was implicitly obeyed even for generations after. Yet how grateful should the people of India be to the English Government for abolishing such an inhuman sacrifice.

A still more dreadful rite among the Rajputs was the *Johur*, or immolation of every female of the family. But even for this a sort of justification can be found. In those days, one of the prizes of victory were the wives of the vanquished enemy—"the seizure of a maiden by force from her house while she weeps and calls for assistance, after her kinsmen and friends have been slain in battle." Such a custom in the international wars of the Rajputs themselves was pollution enough to the chaste women. How much more when the conquerors were the wicked Turks. No wonder the Rajput fathers, husbands and brothers, preferred their women to be burnt to such a degradation; no wonder the women themselves gladly embraced such a chance of deliverance.

There was another awful custom among the Rajputs, viz., that of infanticide. Lieut.-Col. Tod says of this: "neither traditionary adage, nor religious text can be quoted in support of a practice so revolting as infanticide." Yet he tries to find a motive for the criminal custom. We know that the Hindu hates the birth of a woman child. This feeling was even worse among the Rajputs for various reasons. One of these was the dread of dishonour to the women as the result of their wars. Another was the difficulty of finding suitable matches for their daughters, when intermarriage was prohibited, not only between families of the same clan, but between those of the same tribe. Added to this was the custom of spending immense sums of money in the marriage cere-

monies, a custom sanctioned by vanity and the immense desire for praise.

The custom of seclusion is an evil which still exists among the Hindus, a custom all the more firmly rooted, because in most cases the women themselves like it. It is needless here to discuss the origin of this custom, or the disadvantages of it. But, before going further, an interesting custom must be mentioned which greatly mitigated the disadvantages of seclusion. This was the forming of "the bracelet brother" bond between the women and the warriors of Rajput. On occasions of urgent danger a Rajput woman, even though unmarried, could send a bracelet or *Rakki* to a chosen warrior. If he accepted it by sending to her in return a *Katchi*, or little bodice he became her "bracelet bond brother". This did not mean that he could be on familiar terms with her. He must not see her even. No scandal was ever inferred from such a relationship, but he became her chosen cavalier ready to devote his life to her and protect her in every danger. It was indeed a most chivalrous custom. It is sufficient to say that in spite of seclusion the women were all powerful in Rajput society. They were given a certain measure of education. The Rajputs liked their women to consider the "household god" first, but they also consulted them in every business; they never forgave the slightest offence against them. Their actions of every day-life supplied auspicious omens; they were called "devi" or god-like. In fact "women were nearly everything with the Rajput." This is what Lieut.-Col. Tod says of the Rajput women of the early part of the 19th century; "there are few of the lowest chieftains, whose daughters are not instructed, both to read and write. Though excluded by the Salic law of India from governing, they are declared to be fit regents during minority. I have conversed for hours with a Queen-mother on the affairs of her government and welfare of her infant son, to whom I was left guardian by his dying father. She had adopted me as her brother: but the conversation was always in the presence of a third person in her confidence, and a curtain separated us. Her sentiments showed invariably a correct and extensive knowledge which was equally apparent in her letters." "The Rajput mother claims her full share in the glory of her son, who imbibes at the maternal fount his first rudiments of chivalry."

The very severity of the rites of *Sati* and *Johur* show the dominating qualities of the Rajput women—qualities which have been celebrated in innumerable poems of the ancient Rajput bards. Patriotism to the country and



THE TOP OF ASOKA'S PILLAR, SARNATH, BENARES

loyalty to their king first, then devotion and love to their husbands, are the characteristic qualities of the Rajput woman. To carry these into force she possesses inimitable courage and unbending pride. Many are the legends we get from Rajput history of brave and good and clever women. The story of Padmini of Chittore is an example of unparalleled devotion to her husband. Bheemsi, the uncle of the then reigning king of Chittore, had a wife so beautiful that she was called Padmini—a name which was given only to very fair women. The fame of her reached the ears of the Pathan Emperor, Alla-u-din, who thereupon, it is said, proceeded to attack Chittore, in order to gain possession of Padmini. His attack having failed, he restricted his desire to a mere sight of the beautiful woman. It was agreed that he should see her through the medium of mirrors. He came to Chittore for the purpose, with a very small guard showing that he relied on the faith of the Rajput. Not to be outdone in courtesy, the Rajput prince, in his turn relying on the Pathan's faith, accompanied Alla-u-din alone to his fortress. But the Pathan abused the trust and treacherously made him prisoner, demanding as his ransom the surrender of Padmini. Padmini did not know what to do. Her own safety meant her husband's captivity. Yet she could not surrender her honour to the enemy. At last she made a gallant plan. She consented to go to Alla-u-din's camp, but only if surrounded by a great number of women attendants. Seven hundred covered litters attended her; but in each of them instead of a woman was a brave warrior of Chittore. The Pathan camp was reached. It had been agreed that Bheemsi was to be released; but Alla had no intention of permitting his return. Then indeed issued a terrible fighting, which few of the Rajput warriors survived. Later on in another attack the Raja of Chittore himself was killed. But before going into battle he ordered the Johur or immolation in a closed cavern of all the women of the tribe. The fair Padmini, who could not live without her husband, was naturally one of the sacrificed women. And, when the Pathan conqueror came to the Rajput camp, he found the smoke issuing yet from the cavern where the object of his love lay buried.

We have innumerable stories of their courage in defending their chastity. The Queen of Ganore had defended five fortresses against her enemy in vain. At last she retired to her last stronghold. Her assailants arrived soon after. The Khan, her enemy, demanded her hand in marriage. Denial was useless. She sent a message of consent. The marriage was to be

celebrated two hours later on the terrace of the palace. At the appointed time the Khan arrived. He dressed himself in the marriage garment given by the queen. He gazed on her beauty with rapture. But presently he was very ill. The robe had been poisoned by the queen. She felt no remorse at his sufferings. "Khan, your last hour is come", she cried; "our wedding and our death shall be sealed together. You had left me no other expedient to escape pollution". Then she threw herself from the terrace into the flood beneath and so died.

But deeper than their devotion to their husbands was their patriotism and their loyalty to their king, whom they looked upon as the father of their people: There is the story of a noble lady, a Rajputani of the Mahecha clan, who organised a plan for the rescue of her king from prison, even at the risk of her own husband's life. She is represented as having said to her son, who had promised to aid her: "Should your father oppose you, sacrifice him to your duty, and I will mount the pyre with his corpse".

Loyalty could be even stronger than maternal affection. We have a pathetic story about a Rajput nurse. She was in charge of a Rajput Prince, Oody Singh, of six years of age, who was heir to a throne. His father, who was not a good king, had been murdered. The infant prince had just taken his food and gone to sleep. The nurse alarmed by the cries from the palace, consequent on the murder of the Rajah, hid her little charge in a fruit basket and covering it with leaves gave it into the care of a faithful servant. In the prince's place, she substituted her own little son. Scarcely had she done this pathetic sacrifice, than the murderer entered the room and asked for the prince. She could not speak; but she pointed to the cradle and soon saw with her own eyes her baby killed. Loyalty could never require a greater sacrifice than that of the poor woman.

There is again a magnificent example of loyalty in the story of Dewulde, mother of the Binapur chieftains. Her sons, Alla and Udila had been insulted by their king and sent away in disgrace from their country. They nursed their anger in secret. Suddenly a message came to them to go to the help of their sovereign, whose country was being invaded by an enemy. They hesitated; but not so their noble mother. "Would that the gods had made me barren," she cried, "that I had never borne sons, who thus abandon the paths of the Rajpoot and refuse to succour their prince in danger." Her words made her sons forget their insults

and at once go to the help of their king. The battle would be severe, death to the brave young men was almost certain. But Dewulde never drew back. "Farewell, my children," she said, "be true to your salt, and should you lose your heads for your prince, doubt not you will obtain the celestial crown."

There is also the story of the lady who received the news of her husband's defeat, albeit it meant his safety, with tears. She commanded the gates of the fort to be shut on him "and not to let the infamous man to enter." She cried out, "that he was not her husband, that the son-in-law of the great Rana could not have so mean a soul; that he was to remember that being grafted into so illustrious a house, he was to imitate its virtue; in a word he was to vanquish or die."

One more example of sublime self-sacrifice for the country. Krishna Kumara Bae, a beautiful princess of Mewar, had two royal suitors, Juggut Singh of Jeypur, and the Raja of Marwar. The maiden was betrothed to the former, but the latter defeated the prince of Jeypur and laid down as an ultimatum that either she should marry himself or purchase the peace of her country by her own death. The father of the princess passed the order that rather than marry the Raja, she should die. She meekly consented. The cup of poison was presented to her. She, in the name of her father, drank it with a prayer for his prosperity. But the poison failed to work. Again it was offered; again it failed to act. The frantic mother of the girl filled the air with her lamentation. The plucky victim consoled her with the pathetic words; "why afflict yourself, my mother, at this shortening of the sorrows of life! I fear not to die. Am I not your daughter! Why should I fear death! we are marked out for sacrifice from our birth; let me thank my father that I have lived so long". Once more, another powerful poison was offered her. She drank it with a smile and died. This dastardly deed was afterwards thus anathematized by the father's principal friends: "Had the honour of your females been endangered, had you sacrificed them all and rushed sword in hand on the enemy, your name would have lived. But to owe preservation to this unhallowed deed, the end of our race approaches."

Great was the sense of their own dignity and of the respect due to them. An amusing story is told of a princess, who thought she was insulted by her husband. He had been jesting with her about her dress, which was different from that of the women of his country. Offended at his light words, she seized his sword and told

him "that in the house to which she had the honour to belong they were not habituated to jests of this nature; that mutual respect was the guardian, not only of happiness, but of virtue."

All these stories illustrate the courage of the Rajput women. The following legend portrays it to us very finely. A Rajputani was once assaulted in a jungle by a huge bear. She retreated behind a huge tree; and at length boldly seized his paws which he tried in vain to release. A stranger was passing by the way; and she asked him calmly to come and help her. Thinking it was an ordinary matter, he did so. She left the bear to him and went away to call for help. But the task was almost beyond his strength. But she laughed at him and hastened on and soon returned with her husband. We cannot do better than close this short account of the women of Rajputana with the words of one of their own heroines to her husband.

"What is the world without women? We have the powers of Sakthi with the fire of Siva; we are at once thieves and sanctuaries; we are vessels of virtue and of vice—of knowledge and of ignorance. The man of wisdom, the astrologer, can from the books calculate the motion and course of the planets; but in the book of women he is ignorant. Yet women shares your joys and your sorrows. Even when you depart for the mansion of the Sun we part not. Hunger and thirst we cheerfully partake with you; we are as the lakes of which you are the swans; what are you when absent from our bosoms?"

K. S.

Benares



KASHI is one of the oldest and holiest cities of the Hindus situated on the bank of the Ganges. It has not been considered holy only to-day, but since the very advent of the Aryans to Aryavarta. It has been regarded as the most worshipful place in the whole of the land, and it is the centre of Hinduism.

It has stood the storms of Buddhism and Jainism and the assaults of Islam. It stands unimpaired in its glory and undiminished in its worship. It is so high in the opinion of the Hindus that they think it ever so fortunate if they can quit their mortal form in this holy place.

Gray-haired men and women pour in there from all sides in such large numbers that one may well think that the city was populated by only old people.

The varied attractions that draw people to this holy city are the Golden temple of Vishwanath, the sacred River Ganges and the temperate climate of the country which is not only conducive to good health but is also very pleasant in some months, and which can hardly be found anywhere else. The most important fact which heightens its beauty and adds to its fame is the situation of the place. The bathing ghats stand semi-circularly on the holy river facing the eastern sun. The scene is most striking at sunrise and sunset. The ghats are then filled with the young and old watching the shining orb, which has formed the subject of meditation and veneration to thousands of souls and which sheds such a glorious light on the calm and cool waters of the sacred Ganges. The place seems peculiarly fitted for concentration of the mind on almighty God and for sending our prayers to His feet.

The city is not rich commercially, but a large business is carried on in silk-spinning and brass. Benares brocade and brass ware have achieved a wide reputation.

There is not much architectural beauty noticeable in Benares. But the Manmandir, the monkey temple, and the temple of Vishwanath have a structural importance all their own. Sarnath is one of the most notable places of Benares, situated a few miles off. Here Lord Buddha preached centuries ago. The principal thing to notice at Sarnath is the ancient Buddhist architecture. I hear stone carving and polishing had reached a remarkable stage of perfection. One cannot help regretting the dwindling of that culture in modern days. The Government has taken great pains in the search for these relics, and a museum has been built where the collections are kept safe for the inspection and wonder of the world.

There are many Annachattras in Benares, where the poor and helpless men, women and children of every class and race are fed every day. These chattras are maintained by the charitable and merit-seeking Zamindars of Bengal, Madras and elsewhere. It is very good and generous indeed of them to help the poor by supplying food, but there is one disadvantage of setting up these chattras, viz., it encourages laziness in strong and able-bodied men and women, who are prevented from labouring hard and earning their own living.

Benares has not only been the centre of Hinduism, but it has also been the centre of

Sanskrit learning, since very early days. It has been the centre of the study of the Vedas and other Hindu Scriptures. There was an observatory in the olden days, which has fallen into disrepair. The Benares calendar enjoys a high reputation for accuracy and is widely accepted in the whole of Upper India.

A Hindu University has been founded by Lord Hardinge of Penshurst on February 4th at Nagoa, opposite Ramnagar Fort. Here Western education will be given along with Eastern education as liberally to both the sexes as possible. The Maharaja of Benares has greatly helped this by presenting the whole ground for the Hindu University building.

In Benares there is a great facility for the education of girls. There are two high schools started by Mrs. Annie Besant, which teach over a hundred girls. The method of teaching is intelligent, simple and interesting and attracts children to these schools, where Sanskrit, English, Mathematics, Bengalee and Sewing are taught to all the girls. The number of the Madras girls is fairly large in the upper classes. Both the schools observe *parda*. There are also many primary schools for girls here.

The name of Benares has been lately introduced into the record of War. His Highness the Kashi Naresh has generously offered his Mint house to be converted into a Hospital for the accommodation of the wounded soldiers, who have fought gallantly for the noble and great cause of the Allies.

Schools, Colleges, Courts, Mosques and beautiful gardens add to the importance of Benares. It is the most interesting city in the United Provinces and we hope it will be more so in the future.

SREE SUNITY SANYAL.



The Pongal Festival of India

THE festivals of a nation, full as they are of ancient superstitions, can be styled the caskets of its mythology; and "mythology, I have heard it said, may be considered the parent of all history." "By a proper attention to the vestiges of ancient superstition, we are sometimes enabled to refer a whole people to their original ancestors, with as much if not more certainty, than by observations made upon their language; because the superstition is engrafted upon the stock, but the language is liable to change." That India is a land of mystery is a favourite saying among those who try to write about her people. A careful enquiry into the origin and history of Indian Festivals may diminish the mystery for some people; but for some others it may but increase it. For, such an enquiry must be approached with a spirit of toleration, not with the stiff-necked criticism of the virtuous Pharisee. Even the truest lovers of India cannot help admitting that her ceremonies and superstitions show a gradual deterioration and desecration of one of the mightiest civilisations in the world; but, at the same time, they see in the latter the inevitable results of the working of an extravagant imagination, when it is not only unrestrained, but also basely fostered by the self-seeking of a cunning priesthood. A mass of superfluous detail has in many instances served to obscure the original motive, which may have been, after all, but the commemoration of a natural beneficent phenomenon. The consequence is that many of the lower caste, as well as the uneducated, Indians do not understand the meaning of their own festivals. But it is pathetic to see their slavish adherence to them. Truth and honour, business obligations and expediency have no attractions for them when set against festivals and ceremonies. And indeed there is nothing else possible for ignorant people in this land of dreamy philosophy, where almost every ordinary act of life means a religious ceremony, the non-observance of which is supposed to bring a train of evils in its wake.

The earliest objects of adoration in ancient India were the Sun and the Moon; between the two the Sun-God was naturally the most propitiated deity. Many festivals therefore we find are connected with the Sun; and among these are some, which usher in the opening of the solar

year. There are two methods of reckoning this period. The modern Solar year begins, about the 12th of April, or the month of *Cheyi*, when we get the vernal equinox. The ancient Hindu solar year, on the other hand, commenced on the winter solstice, in the month *Posha*, corresponding to about the 12th of January. No longer celebrated as the Hindu New Year day, it is yet made the occasion of a very important festival in India, the celebrated *Pongal* or *Makar Sankranti* in fact, which we are now writing about.

Before we come to the *Pongal* feast, we must consider the day before it, the 11th of January, which corresponds with the end of the Tamil month *Marqali* (Sanskrit *Mrigasira*). This is the last day of the *Dakshinayana*, a period which is calculated from the day when the Sun leaves the sign of "*Karka*" or cancer, till the time when he enters "*Makar*" or Capricorn. This is called "the night of the gods," when Vishnu goes to sleep on his serpent couch. During that period the gates of heaven are shut, and if good people die then they have to wait outside the gates of heaven till that time is over. Naturally, the last month of the period is considered the most unhealthy month in India, when many kinds of illness are supposed to occur. Therefore the last day of that month is considered a happy day. A feast called the *Bhogi*—the word means enjoyment—is held on that day in honour of *Indra*, the King of the heavens and the source of happiness and plenty.

The next day is the *Pongal* or *Makar Sankranti* when the Sun enters the sign of "*Makar*" or Capricorn. This ushers in the *Uttarayana* or "the day of the gods", the period of plenty when the gates of heaven are open. Hence the name *MAKAR SANKRANTI*—*sankranti* meaning the day on which the Sun enters a new sign. Early in the morning of this day, Hindus go the sea, or to a river. There they rub themselves with *Tila* or sesamum seed, which is the favourite grain of the Sun, and bathe, while the priest murmurs some *mantras* or prayers. On their return home, they make presents to Brahmins and receive benedictions in return. Then they sit down to their food. Here it is that the chief ceremony of the day is performed. This is the cooking of the boiled rice and milk as a propitiation to the Sun-God, because sweet things are supposed to please him. *Pongal* means "boiled-rice," and hence the name is given to the festival itself. It is interesting to note a few variations in this ceremony among the different sects of the Hindus. The *Ayyangar* Brahmins, who worship Vishnu alone, have this food cooked and served

in the usual way, after which they say their ordinary prayers. The *Smartha* Brahmins on the other hand, who worship both Vishnu and Siva, cook their food as usual; but before eating it, place it as an offering in the *Mutham* or open courtyard of the house, before the rising of the Sun. The non-Brahmins prepare the food itself in the open place and then offer it to the Sun. Then diagrams in red mud are prepared and the sun is worshipped. Friends and relations are invited to dinner. New clothes and ornaments are worn. Friendly visits are made to each others' houses, where sometimes a little ceremony is gone through. They place a mixture of sesamum seeds and sugar in their friends' hands, repeating a formula to the effect that they would continue to be friendly throughout the year. The bridegrooms of the year receive new clothes in the houses of their fathers-in-law. The brides take new vessels with fruit, rice, etc. in them to their husbands' houses. New earthen vessels replace old ones.

The day after this is also a special festival day. It is called the *Mattupongal* or cattle feast. All the cows, bullocks, buffaloes and other animals in a Hindu household are supposed to be released from their winter privations. They are washed and decorated with flowers and have their horns painted in different colours. Some sects actually worship the animals, while a priest murmurs prayers.

In villages, these cattle are often driven through the streets in procession with music. Pundit Natesa Sastri mentions an interesting ceremony connected with this. In villages inhabited by *Kalla* or robber tribes, valuable jewels, etc., are tied in a cloth to the horns of bulls. Then the animals are driven about the streets amid a babel of harsh music, which terrifies them. Young men, who are aspirants to the hand of a beautiful maiden, vie with each other in untying the bundle from the horns of the fiercest bull. He, who succeeds, wins the maiden in marriage.

There is also a special game played by the young men on this day. It is called *Jadukudi* and is usually played on the sea-shore or river-banks, or on sandy places, to prevent injury to those who are thrown down in the rough tussles of the game. Two bands of men are chosen. A young man is taken from one band and proceeds to touch the men of the other side, which scatters right and left before him. His turn lasts only while he can repeat in one breath certain words, to be chosen by himself. Those who are touched by him are thrown out of the game. On the other hand, if he himself is captured by his opponents, he is incapacitated.

The game goes on till one of the sides is eliminated.

The women have a special rite of their own on this day. They go in parties to river banks, or if there is no river in the town, to wells. There they place on saffron leaves some boiled rice which has been coloured red with *Kunkum* or yellow saffron, and offer it to crows. This is called *Kannup-njal* (*Kinu* is a deterioration of *Kanya* = a "maiden") and is supposed to bring prosperity to the brothers of the women who offer the food.

The day after the cattle *pongali* is called *Kari-nal* and is supposed to be so unlucky, that no ceremonies must then be performed.

It is interesting to observe a variation of customs among the Rajput nations, which Lieut.-Col. James Tod notices in his "Annals and antiquities of Rajasthan". The *Bhogi* festival is called *Jal-jatra*, because it is performed on the water. The *Rana* or *Rajah* and his chiefs and ministers go in procession to the lake, on which floating lights are placed. There is a grand display of fire-works, and worship is paid to the water. On the next day, which is the *Makar-Sankranti* or, *Pongal*, when the sun enters the sign of *Makar*, the *Rana* and his chief play at ball on horseback.

The *Pongal* festival, by its very nature, meaning, as it does, the worship of the sun, must have been observed in some form among the earliest of the Hindu races. An instructive fact with regard to this worship has been noted among the ancient races. Sir William Jones remarks: "If the festivals of the old Greeks, Persians, Romans, Egyptians and Goths could be arranged with exactness, in the same form with the Indians, there would be found a striking resemblance among them; and an attentive comparison of them might throw great light on the religion and perhaps on the history of the premature world." Lieut.-Col. Tod in his "Annals and Antiquities of Rajasthan" proceeds to enlarge on the resemblance. In the mythology of the Rajputs, the Sun-God is the chief deity. The horse, the beloved companion of the Rajputs, was sacrificed in his honour, and the highest heaven is the *Bhanuloka* or "region of the Sun". To the Sun-God was dedicated the first day of the week, called *Auditwar* or *Ailwar* or *Thawara*. This name sounds much like Thor, the name of the Sun-God and the war-deity of the Scandinavians. The resemblance between the religion of the Indians and the Scandinavians does not end here. The palace of this god, like the "region of the Sun", is described as the most magnificent of the heavenly abodes. Many omens were taken

from the white horse of Thor. The chief festival of the Sun, the winter solstice, was called Yule, *Hul, Houl*, which words in the language of Cornwall still signify the Sun. This name was afterwards given to the day of Christ's birth, showing that it is still held in remembrance. The same analogies were again found amongst the Getic or the Sythic tribes. They adored the Sun under the name of *Gaeto-Cyrus*. The name *Cyrus* is very near the Scandian *Thor* and the Indian *Surya*, especially when we consider that the ancient northern people pronounced *th* as the English now do *ss*. This name no doubt was the origin of the name of the country, *Syria*, and also of the name of the small peninsula of the *Sau ras* where there are still tribes of Sythic origin. They also sacrificed the horse to the Sun. "When therefore" says Lieut.-Col. Tod, "we meet with rites in Rajputana and in ancient Scandinavia, such as were practised amongst the Getic nations on the Oxus, why should we hesitate to assign the origin of both to this region of earliest civilisation? Let us at once admit the establishment of an original Indo-Getic or Indo-Scythic empire extending from the Caspian to the Ganges; and, from the lights which modern history affords on the many migrations from this nursery of mankind, ever since the time of Mahomed, let us form an opinion of those which have not been recorded, or have been conveyed by the Hindus only in imperfect allegory; and with the aid of the ancient customs, obsolete words and proper names trace them to Indo-Scythic colonies grafted on the parent stock. The Puranas themselves bear testimony to the incorporation of Sythic tribes with the Hindus".

AN INDIAN LADY,



Playmates



THE dainty little English Rose, dressed in white, with masses of golden curls framing her fair, delicate face, and the blue of the sky reflected in her large, clear eyes, danced on the verandah and waved her hand to a small Indian boy, peeping round a distant bush of chameli. She ran down the steps, before the Ayah could catch her, out into the sunshine, laughing joyously, and tossing her curls about with her tiny hands. She reached her friend before her Ayah came up with a sun topee.

"Missy Baba naughty; Missy Baba go in sun, get fever."

Rose shook her pretty head from side to side, saying, in imitation of her Ayah,

"Missy Baba not naughty, Miss Baba love the sun, and love Kashi Nath."

She joined her hands, and stood smiling on the quiet boy. He, too, stood with joined hands, and gazed at his friend with his dark eyes, large and dreamy, and with the Peace of Ages in their depths. His face was thin and refined, and had the pathetic look of frequent illness. Strange to say the Ayah had no patience with his gentle dignity, and had been heard to mutter contemptuously, "He no ill, he plenty eat sweets." To little Rose, he was a great one to be loved; and she was to him most wonderful. He liked to use his small stock of English when he was with her, and felt proud when she corrected his pronunciation.

Rose suggested a game in the sunshine, but the Ayah stopped these sunbirds before their flight and conducted them into the shade of a mango tree.

"Rose," said the boy, shyly, "come to game."

"Yes, Kashi, but where are the flowers?"

The boy went with eager haste to the bush of chameli, and returned with a large leaf on which lay a heap of pink roses. They divided them, and standing a little apart, pelted each other with the scented blossoms, in mimic war. The turmoil of nations was unknown to them; and the sorrow of the world was represented in their eyes by the death of a bee or butterfly, over which Rose shed tears, but Kashi Nath, said solemnly, "It is their Karma," and, though sad, remained unmoved.

Rose always threw herself into all her actions with heart and soul; but Kashi Nath never seemed to get excited, though, sometimes, a musical laugh passed his lips, and when Rose joined her sweet laugh with his, the sound was like the clear notes of the *vina*. They were both lovely children, each representing their own nation; and each unconsciously in love with the other. Love between children is perfect, because it is innocent and real.

Suddenly, Rose ceased to play, and raised her hands to her head. The flush on her face had deepened to a bright, rose colour, and in her eyes there was a dreamy look of weariness.

"Are you now tired, Kash?" he asked.

"No, Kashi, but there is a pain in my head."

The Ayah did not heed the children, she was comfortably seated on a large carpet a servant had brought out and spread under the tree, and she was too interested in balancing a rose on the stem of the leaf in which Kashi Nath had brought the roses for the game.

The children spoke in low tones.

"Have you the fever, Kash?" asked the boy.

"Fever!" exclaimed Rose, "Oh! no, Kashi, I never get fever, I have a headache, and a pain in my back. Let us sit down."

They went together to the mango tree, and Rose at once lay down on the carpet. Kashi Nath sat cross-legged beside her. His little feet were bare, he had removed his shoes before stepping on the carpet; and his eyes were fixed on his friend's white shoes, so small and neat, "like two white flowers," he thought in his practical way. Then his eyes wandered to her flushed face, and he wondered if she had fever. He knew what fever meant, and was sad. Their games must be put aside for a time, and his beautiful, shining playmate could no longer throw roses at him.

"Kashi," said Rose slowly, "Keep these roses for to-morrow," and she emptied her trembling little hand, of the hot and crushed blossoms. "Come to-morrow, we must play among the beautiful flowers, good-bye."

"I come, I come," murmured Kashi Nath, "and I bring new roshes, chota Rosh, *leete* Rosh, you say in the English. New roshes, chota Rosh. Good morning."

The Ayah was roused from her amusement by Kashi Nath scraping the ground when he put on his shoes.

"Rosh has the fever," he said, as he walked away, and scattered his handful of her dead roses as he went.

The Ayah was terrified when she saw the look on Rose's delicate face, and with a cry of woe she carried the child into the bungalow.

For days Hope swung first high, then low, then high again, but one morning Hope rose no more. The bungalow was silent, and people moved about with careful steps, and spoke in whispers, as if afraid to wake the Missy Baba. In a darkened room on her little cot lay Rose, a white Rose now, with folded hands. She lay among her namesake flowers, they clasped her close in their fragrant embrace. A faint smile lit the pure little face, and the eyes, with their heaven-blue light were closed. The child had left her temporal dwelling.

Across the garden, the breeze bore the monotonous dirge of the bearers of the dead, as they passed to the burning ghat from the Sirdar's house; and their burden on the stretcher was a light one.

Kashi Nath had slipped away to meet his friend at Heaven's gate.

"Kashi, Ayah says, I must not kiss you, but I love you, and mummy says we should love everybody, because in everybody there is some good. Come, the sun is shining, let us go and play among those lovely flowers."

"I come, I come."

And then the pretty little English Rose kissed the star-eyed Indian boy, and hand in hand the playmates entered the beautiful summer land.

EDITH J. CROSS-BUCHANAN.

My Kashmere Tour

"BY SHAHINDA"

[At the express desire of the Editor I am writing a short summary of a tour in Kashmere.]



THE first week of April was early enough to think of coming to Kashmere—but we wanted a change from the real to the ideal—and since we intended exploring the beautiful regions thoroughly we thought it best to have as much time on hand as possible.

My sisters, H. H. the Nawab Begum Sahiba of Janjira and Zahra Begum Fyzee, joined us at Baroda. We arrived in Pindi to find two officials waiting to receive us. These had been sent by our good friend Khan Bahadur Sheikh Makbool Hoossein—the Revenue Minister of the Cashmere State—from Jammu specially to see to all our comforts and requirements. His kindness went much further. He had given instructions in all the rest-houses between Pindi and Srinager to give us all attention wherever

we chose to break our journey. This made our journey as luxurious and comfortable as could be desired. We travelled in landaus and if one is not rushed for time and if the party is big there is no better mode of travelling—with the luggage and servants all proceeding with you.

On the 9th morning, carefully loaded, we drove from Pindi through partly-shaded level roads—then gradually ascended low hills in the pretty scenery. We stopped at Chatra, a garden famous for locquats and pure spring water. We picked the lovely orange fruit from the trees and enjoyed them in great quantities, and took along with us as many baskets full as possible.

Our first halt was at Tret, 4,000 feet above the sea level and 26 miles from Pindi. The rest-house was charmingly situated on the spur of a hill, overlooking the valleys on both sides, and the mountains on the east were covered with snow. We climbed an adjacent fir-clad mountain. The panorama was magnificent. The setting sun shed warm golden rays on the stretch of hills and valleys as far as the eye could reach. The air was scented with the pleasant aroma of the "cheer".

Early next morning we proceeded through zigzag roads on a steep incline to Murree, 12 miles further, and passing through beautiful forest scenery took our midday meal at Phagwari, 15 miles from Murree, overlooking the broad sweeps of mountains, and the first glimpse of Jhelum in the far distance, was to be had from here. We rested at Kobala, 14 miles further. The Maharaja's territory begins from here. The road winds in and out following the course of the Jhelum below flowing rapidly over deep pools and big boulders. The scenery gets wild, rugged and extremely picturesque.

Kobala to Dulai is 12 miles and the little bungalow rests easily under the shades of tall trees in front of the river.

Domal 10 miles further, alive with men, noise and buildings is an important junction. A big river Kishenganga joins the waters of the Jhelum at this stage. Right across the bridge runs the road to Abbotabad far up the flanks of the mountains opposite.

What a superb country, what climate, what fertility, and what mountainous regions! The air gets fresher and more invigorating from here.

Gachi, 14 miles distant, was our third halt. The rest-house was covered with early blooms of roses giving out their sweet perfume. Leaving Gachi the scenery gets bolder and grander interspersed with huge waterfalls. The hill sides are covered with ferns and multi-coloured blossoms and lilies, strawberries and raspberries abound in plenty, so does the dainty fruit "connab",

which we never see in the plain except in a dried form! The first "chinar" is seen at Gachi.

Chakoti, 22 miles off, is another halting place with a wide expanse of plateau and mountains. From Chakoti the scenery assumes a bold and awful aspect; with lofty precipices of steep rocks rising vertically sheer from the valley. The road crosses several deep narrow gorges.

Uri is 14 miles from Chakoti and is a lovely basin encircled in a chain of snowy mountains. There is an old fort and a Muhammadan raja holds the village.

The country of Cashmere, being mountainous, the slopes are cultivated with the result that the fields form the shape of fans which look very effective swaying in the wind like green velvety waves, and round about Uri they are particularly characteristic. The mountain sides are studded with the mud huts of the peasants at intervals—and look like flat, oblong boxes plastered neatly all over with mud—giving a desolate and lonely feeling. There is always a danger of landslips owing to loose earth and round stones and in the rainy season—the traffic has often got to stop—the roads get blocked up and washed away.

Leaving Uri, the road takes a long curve of seven miles to go on the opposite side, which in a straight line would be less than three-fourths of a mile. The slate rock precipices on either sides are perfectly marvellous. A little further the valley widens, the hills are covered thickly with scented deodars rising gracefully in feathery foliage and the ground a veritable carpet of flowers and ferns.

Rampur Dale House, thirteen miles from Uri, is in an enchanted spot. The Brankutri and Bhanyer temples in the vicinity are supposed to have been built by the Pandavas. They wear very ancient looks and are similar in structure to the other old temples of Cashmere. Rampur to Baramulla is sixteen miles and signs of human habitation mark the approach to big towns. Nowhere is a big village with an old fort. The river becomes navigable here—and a great trade of wood is carried on on the Jhelum. Logs are thrown into the river and the force of the flow carries them to their far-away destinations. We arrived at Baramulla on the 13th April, after a pleasant journey of four days. The Wazeer-e-wazarat met us here and saw us comfortably installed in our houseboats. He brought trays full of the delicious and famous Golab Valley "papery" walnuts, so-called because of their delicate shells.

(To be continued.)



THE LATE MISS CARR

The Kaiser and the Chancellor

(WITH APOLOGIES TO LEWIS CARROLL.)

The Kaiser and the Chancellor
Were warring hand in hand;
They wept like anything to see
The Allies' gallant stand:
'If these were cleared away,' they said,
'Then we could seize their land'.

'If seventy men with seventy guns
Swept them for half a year,
Do you suppose,' the Kaiser said,
'The coast would then be clear?'
'I doubt,' said the Chancellor
And shed a bitter tear.

'O Neutrals, come and war with us!'
The Kaiser did beseech.
A pirate war against all law,
Wrecks strew the briny beach;
'For thus we draw the lion's claw;
Here's a mail'd fist for each!'

But Belgians bold resisted him
A brave king at their head:
And this the answer that they gave
As they armed themselves with lead,—
"Rather than break a treaty
'T were better to be dead!"

But forty young Turks trotted up
All eager for the treat:
Their coasts dismayed by Hun's parade
Of ships from German fleet.—
And this was sad, because you know,
They should have met defeat.

And Bulgar soldiers followed them,
Thirsting for Serbian gore;
They came so fast, Serbs stood aghast,
Then fell back more and more—
Escaping from those gray-green waves,
While Greeks shook on their shore.

'The time has come,' the Kaiser said,
'To talk of many things:
Of ships and submarine attacks,
Which English blockade brings,
Making us all a hungry lot,
Hence Zeppelins with stings!'

'Oh! wait a bit', the small States cried,
'Before you squash us flat;
For most of us are Neutrals,
And our treaties point out that!'
'Scrap paper'! said the Chancellor,
And he tore it where he sat.

'Some loaves of bread,' the Kaiser said,
'Our starving children need:
Copper and cotton too besides
Would kill the allied breed,—
Supply these quickly, Neutrals dear,
Or else you too shall bleed!'

'But not on US,' proud Wilson cried,
'Your vengeance would you rave,
After so many notes have passed
Which I believed were true!'
'Your style is fine', the Kaiser said,
I cannot stop 'U. S.!'

'I weep for you', the Kaiser said:
'I deeply sympathize!'
Spite sobs and tears he trampled on
States of the smallest size,
Hiding with vile hypocrisy
The truth from German eyes.

'Oh! small States' said the Chancellor,
'I'm such a tender Hun!
'I'd shoot you in your home again.
But I see that you've got none!'
And this was scarcely odd, because
Huns shattered everyone.

L. W. KIRWAN.

(In one of his speeches the German Chancellor posed as the Champion of Small States, and shed crocodile tears over the fate of what he called "the long oppressed Flemish race." These sentiments were received with loud cheers, in spite of Dr. Liebknecht's cries of "Hypocrisy".)



The late Miss Carr

THE sad news of the death of Miss Carr will be received with regret all over the Madras Presidency. The good work she did during her service in India in the cause of the education of Indian women, will always be remembered with gratitude. For, not only did she extend the field of their education, but she also did much to improve the quality of the instruction given. And this she did, because of her true sympathy with the women of India, and through this, her intimate knowledge of their needs. The mark of her personality, we may say, has been left behind her.

She was one of the pioneer workers in the cause of women's education here. She came to India in 1882 as Superintendent of the Presidency Training School for Mistresses. Twice she acted as Inspectress of Girls' Schools in the place of Mrs. Brander, that other great worker in this cause. Later on, she became Inspectress of the Southern and Western Circles of the Madras Presidency, while Mrs. Brander took up the Central and Northern Circles. In 1896-1897 she acted for Mrs. Brander and thus had an opportunity of visiting all the districts of the Presidency. It is needless to say that schools and pupils increased rapidly, though the plans of the Inspectresses were much hampered by the want of funds. It was then that she realised the great necessity on the part of English educational officers to acquire a knowledge of the vernacular languages. She herself set the example in this direction. She studied Tamil and Telugu, passing the compulsory examinations in both these languages and even earning the reward of Rs. 1,000 in the High Proficiency examination in Tamil. It was through her knowledge of the vernaculars that Miss Carr came into close touch with Indian women and realized their needs. Thus she knew that there was a great need for qualified women teachers, especially Hindus. Therefore, when the Director of Public Instruction, after the Educational Conference of 1901, asked her to suggest proposals for the improvement of women's education, her first proposal was that all inspecting officers of girls' schools should be women, and that, in order to attract suitable women, the lowest salary should be Rs. 125 per mensem. What success this has met with is not necessary to recount now.

Then Miss Carr suggested an improvement in the salaries of the qualified women teachers of Government Girls' Schools, which were in a very poor condition.

She submitted also a scholarship scheme for the education of Hindu and Mohommedan widows. When Superintendent of the Presidency Training School, she had obtained sanction for small guardian allowances, to enable female relatives to accompany widows to school. Thus she did much for widows. All honour therefore to the memory of this earnest worker in the cause of our women.

Hints for the Sick Room

WHAT TO DO IN EMERGENCIES

(a) Burns and Scalds (severe)—

BURNS may result from coming in contact with fire dry or moist, or hot fluids—

In burns of the most serious degrees, the two important facts to remember are: (1) that the air must be excluded from the burnt surface, (2) that the effect of the shock must be counteracted. Only the slightest burns must be treated without a Doctor and the following instructions do not profess to do more than secure a measure of relief to the patient until he arrives.

If it is found necessary to undress the patient, the greatest care must be observed to remove the clothes gently and when in the region of the burn on no account to draw them in a direction to tear away the skin. It will often be best to cut a portion of the clothes away, and if a part is sticking to the burn moisten it well with olive or coconut oil before removing. Should the clothes still adhere after this treatment, it will probably be desirable to leave the place untouched till the Doctor comes. To relieve, apply dressings of carron oil (equal parts of sweet oil or coconut oil or linseed oil and lime water, shaken together in a bottle briskly till it makes a uniform emulsion) or liquid vaseline. To lessen the result of the shock, wrap the patient in a blanket, put him to bed and keep him warm (if in a cold place), surround him with hot water bottles, giving him hot drinks, like milk, strong coffee or beef tea.

(2) Burns and Scalds (slight)—

Dress the injured parts with lint wrung out of bicarbonate of soda and water. This will be found very soothing—carron oil may also be used. When the burn is less painful, use a simple dressing of lint, spread with boric ointment and change it daily. In slight burns shock does not occur.

(3) Catching fire.—At once call out to the person, who has caught fire to lie down flat.

This is most important and should be the first thing done by every one in this predicament even when alone. If alone, to summon assistance, crawl along the floor and call for help. Flames always ascend and by remaining in a horizontal position they cannot encircle the body, and have little to feed on. Quickly wrap up in a blanket and crush out the flames and when they have subsided saturate the burnt clothes with water to cool them down. Send for a doctor immediately, as an accident of this kind is always followed by severe shock.

(b) Choking.—In a mild form of choking a smart slap with the open hand on the back, or the giving of large draughts of water to gulp down quickly will probably be enough to dislodge the obstruction. When the piece of food swallowed is very large, it causes an agonising feeling of suffocation by pressing against the back wall of the wind pipe. Prevent the patient from throwing his head backward, and by gently passing the forefinger sideways along the inside of the throat get behind the mass to push it forward. If not successful, send for the doctor quickly.

In the case of a fish bone, should it be fixed in the upper part of the throat, it may be extracted by the fingers, but it must be borne in mind that there is the greatest danger of driving it still further into the throat and the rough handling will cause the bone to tear the surrounding tissues. When the bone sticks lower down in the throat, eating a crust of bread or rice or potatoes will usually remove it. But if there should be any difficulty leave it alone and send for the doctor.

(c) Foreign bodies in the ear.—Except in the case of insects getting into the ear, nothing can or should be done without a doctor, as the ear is a delicate organ. In the case of an insect, to drown it, fill the ear with oil or water after which it will generally float out. Syringing the ear afterwards is often necessary. The entrance of an insect into the ear may cause intense agony.

(d) Foreign bodies in the nose.—This is a frequent misadventure amongst children, and often distracts the poor mother dreadfully. To remove the beads, buttons, beans, or nuts, make the child compress the clear nostril and blow his nose vigorously, or try to make him sneeze. If not at once successful, take him to a doctor.

(e) Foreign bodies in the eye.—Keep the eye closed for some time, as the irritation caused by the entrance of the foreign body will induce an extreme flow of tears. Open the eye-lid quickly, as this will make the tears overflow, carrying

the particle with them into the inner corner of the eye—or on to the cheek. Should this fail, and if the particle is visible and loose, it can be removed by using the point of a pocket handkerchief. Wash it out with cold, clean water. Any imbedded body must be treated medically, but before going to the doctor the injured eye should be covered with a folded wet cloth, bandaged over the eye-lid.

(f) Insect stings.—Where present, the sting may first be removed by the pressure of a watch key over the part. To neutralise the poison, apply a cloth wrung out of salvolatile and water or solution of soda. The scraped pulp of a raw onion, cut into halves, is a remedy that is usually handy.

R. M. P.

Friendly Chats among Ourselves

PUNCTUALITY



BEFORE beginning this series, I would like to say one thing and that is that I do not wish to preach. Truth very often depends on one's own ideas of things. Many hold different views of life, though there are certain broad principles, on which the majority of people agree.

Then again, how can anyone preach to others, when the chances are that oneself is erring in the very things that one preaches. We know the old proverb "Cast out first the beam out of thine own eye," etc.

Punctuality seems to me to be one of the most absolute essentials of life. Just imagine what the world would be, if all the people in it were unpunctual. What a place of chaos and bustle. Unpunctuality may lead to a deplorable laxity of principle and to a lack of unity of purpose. It means, in any case, a great waste of time and is a cause of inconvenience to oneself and to others. It means the improper doing of other duties, through the want of time. It may mean the failure of one's object, for very often unpunctual people are too late for things. We have often heard the story of a man, who was always late for everything and so could not achieve anything in life.

Punctuality is an essential fact of morality. It is also one of the chief causes of success and prosperity. It is owing to their faculty of

being punctual and true to their word that, I think, the English have gained such a supreme place in the world. Punctuality again is very necessary in the life of a child. Older children usually go to school, and school-life is more or less punctual. But younger children stay at home and are chiefly with their mothers. It will be so comfortable for ourselves as well as for the little children, if tasks were set to different times. I find that my children always work harder with a time-table than without one. Opinions differ, of course, as to whether one needs to be too strict with small children. This depends, more or less, on the temperament of the child itself. But a general strictness will do plenty of good.

And for the women of India themselves, how very necessary punctuality is. They can keep a home happy and comfortable through punctuality. And, if they do all their many duties in time and order, they will surely find plenty of leisure for themselves, which they can utilise in reading, music and needlework. How often do we find women complain of the want of time for study—such a futile excuse too, it seems to be.

"To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven," says the preacher.

A time to be born and a time to die;
A time to plant and a time to pluck that which is planted;
A time to break down, and a time to build up;
A time to weep and a time to laugh;
A time to mourn and a time to dance;
A time to seek and a time to lose;
A time to keep and a time to cast away;
A time to keep silence and a time to speak;
A time to love and a time to hate;
A time for war and a time for peace.

"AMICUS."



Things Seen

A DRIVE ON THE MARINA IN THE MORNING



HE sea lies before us—the illimitable, unconquerable sea, its pale-grey undistinguishable from the grey of the morning sky, were it not for the shimmering veil of light, which deepens and widens till on either side it merges into the radiant pathway of reflected light, which seems to stretch away into the sky, till it meets the cloudy sun. It is like a pale bride with the beauty of her face obscured by a haze of glittering tears and stretching out lingering arms of farewell to a sorrowful departing bridegroom.

Sometimes at the far meeting-place of sea and sky, there is a most ravishing streak of white light. The wide expanse of the water is dotted with boats and canoes, which in the far distance look like horizontal planks of wood with two or three upright posts in them. Some have sails on them and look like big brown and white birds. Far away on one side is the harbour, throwing out arms into the sea and bounded on the outside by pale flashes of breaking waves. Steamers are sending out smoke through black funnels. Away over the sea can be seen a majestic in-coming steamer. The breakers are softly foaming on the white shore, sometimes throwing up feathery little clouds of spray. Still drawn up on the sands, are a few boats with their lazy owners moving about them. The soft white expanse of the sand on the shore side is bounded by the dark-green of the hedge-rows enclosing the walks. Then comes the cream-coloured promenade fringed by plots of bright flowers. On the benches, some people are still sleeping, some are sitting up and rubbing their eyes. Here and there are sand-carts tilted up and being unloaded. Groups of men are carrying about long poles and tripods and other appliances of surveying work. The calm sweet scene is being awakened everywhere into business. But sleeping still are the big beautiful buildings on the other side of the road. How majestic and grand they look in their proud eminence, fitting companions, if anything earthly can be so, to the everlasting sea.

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."

"AN OBSERVER."

The Children's Page

I

THE CROW



HARI was a dear little Indian boy of five or six years old. He loved his mother and was always with her. If she cooked, he would sit beside her and taste everything; if she sewed, he would hold the cotton for her. If she read, he would turn the pages for her. And his mother was very good to him. She did not beat him, yet, Hari obeyed her. Of course, he was not always good. Which boy can be so? He was often troublesome; sometimes he cried; many times he broke things, but his mother was patient with him. She gave him small tasks to do. She did not like him to be always idle. And the work she gave him was like play, she made it so nice.

One day, Hari came crying to her: "Mother there is a crow sitting there. I drove him away, he will not go. He stares at me with his head on one side. Beat him, mother."

"What a wise old crow," said the mother; "He knows you will do him no harm. Let him be. Let us go and look at him."

But, as soon as she appeared, the crow flew away.

"Mother," he cried, "will he poke out my eyes? Old Sesha says he will."

"Oh no, I hope not," she said, picking her son up and looking at his big beautiful black eyes, with their silky lashes. "I am sure he will not harm my boy. Never mind, my Hari. Here is a cake for you."

So Hari sat down and began to eat his cake. His eyes grew round and sleepy. But suddenly something came and pulled away his cake. He looked round and there was the crow. It was eating the cake and looked very happy. One eye was on the cake, and one was on Hari. Hari opened his mouth to cry. But suddenly he thought the crow laughed at him. So he was quiet and looked at it. The crow finished the cake. Then it began to hop about, looking so funny. Hari began to laugh.

"What a nice crow," he said, "Come and play with me."

Suddenly his mother came behind him and the crow flew away.

"O mother, why did you send it away. It was dancing. He ate my cake."

"O dear," said the mother. "He will worry you too much. Don't be always giving him cake. But give it to him sometimes. For the crows are always eating bad and spoilt things. It will be nice to give them something fresh."

"Shall we catch him and tie something to his leg, mother?"

"Oh, no, Hari. The other crows will not like it and will always worry him. You see they do not like any of them to be strange in any way. If any crow is hurt, they will try to kill him. Then only will all the crows be happy and well. That is the rule of birds and beasts. Men too used to be like that before. All the old and the sick ones used to be killed."

"Is it true, mother, that crows bring news?"

"No, Hari, how can that be? God will not send us news by crows. But many people think so. Don't you know the song they sing, when they see crows? It is something like this.

Crow, Crow, come thou here,
Who is coming, friend or foe?
If you stand still, 'tis a friend.
If you fly away 'tis a foe.
But if you hop from leg to leg,
It is someone whom I love.

But you must not believe all that, Hari."

"When do crows go to sleep, mother?"

"As soon as the sun sets, I suppose. But they are so silly sometimes. If it is very cloudy during the day, they think it is night and try to sleep. If it is bright moonlight, they think it is day and begin cawing."

"Where do crows lay eggs, mother? Have they nests?"

"They often lay their eggs in the nests of other birds, especially cuckoos, which birds are much like the crows. Then they will have no trouble to sit on them. They need not also feed the little crows when they come out. But this is only sometimes. Don't you see a crow feeding a young bird sometimes? The little bird opens its mouth and the big crow drops the food inside."

"Yes, mother, I have seen that. Are not the throats of the little crows red? Is it blood? I think the big crows are poking at them."

"No dear, it is not blood. Their skins are so thin that the blood shows through. Have you seen crows have a big meeting? Come this evening with me, and I will show you."

So Hari went for a walk in the compound with his mother. She took him to a quiet place. They went very softly. Suddenly they saw many crows all sitting on the ground, cawing and making much noise.

"There," said the mother. "There is a meeting". But Hari clapped his hands with joy, and all the crows flew away.

"Where are crows buried when they die?"

"I do not know, child. I often wonder. I suppose big kites come and eat up their dead bodies. Or, their friends may bury them. Don't you remember the story of the babes of the wood. They were lost one day and died and the birds put leaves on them and buried them."

Hari put his finger into his mouth and big tears came into his eyes. Then his mother said:

"You must learn to talk to the crows, one day, you know, Hari."

Hari forgot all his sadness. He became quite excited.

"How, mother, how?"

"Oh, not in our words. But look at them, watch them, see what they do. You can soon find out their habits. Be kind to them. Crows are a great trouble; but what can we do? We cannot be killing them. Do you remember the story of the white snake? A man used to eat one every day. Then he began to know the birds' language."

"Can I get a white snake anywhere?"

"Oh Hari, you must not eat snakes. You must not even touch them. They are very wicked. This white snake was only a story snake. Shall I tell you one day all about snakes?"

"MATER".

The Editor's Page

One has been given many pictures of the "manly woman," but one cannot do better than take warning again and again against her. Some days ago,

I read an interesting conversation in a novel about women. Here is a vivid man's description of the too-advanced woman:—

"Do you object to a woman being advanced?" asked a lady friend; and the man answered:

"According to the ordinary meaning of the word, I do most emphatically. I have seen some of the advanced American and English women in India, and I can assure you I have not been enamoured of them. They have done their best to unsex themselves. They have lost the charm of womanliness, of reticence. They will push themselves anywhere. They want to invade a realm that is not their own—that they are not fitted to—that they were never intended by nature to occupy."

Such a description leaves "a bad taste in the mouth". It is well that in India, there are hardly any of these "man-like women." Let us take the far more congenial picture of the "womanly woman". Said the man in the novel: "I dream of a friend and comrade, and yet one who shall be more than any man-friend or comrade can ever be—modest, shy and reticent as a hedge-sparrow, but keeping abreast of the times. We love woman for her womanliness, her gentleness, her reticence, and the sweet elusive something that is the very opposite of what is man. If women should ever grow to be like men, then reverence would be at an end, ideality would vanish, romance would perish."

But we must remember that everything in nature has two sides, the good and the bad, and that the one side may help to bring the other into evidence. The man-woman suffragette has produced the war-woman—the women engine cleaners, the women-farmers, the women road-sweepers, the women bus-conductors, the women-stokers, the women brickmakers, etc.—that galaxy of brave women, who wish to come so bravely to the rescue during the unavoidable absence of the men, for whose "lily hands, nothing seems to come amiss." "Men must work, and women must weep," says the poet; but the women of the present day are showing themselves capable of better things than weeping. All honour to them.

Let us take the other picture now. The man's ideal woman may produce and has produced, the "nothing but a figure-head and necessary adjunct of domestic life," as well as the too fine lady, "amiable, elegant and purposeless ladies," "with lack of concentration, lack of mental fibre, and purpose."

But "fine ladies," are disappearing now. As the *Graphic* has it about a band of voluntary ladies, of whom at first very little was expected, but who, later, agreeably disappointed their observers: "Thanks to sheer pluck and determination and a daily acceptance of the round of office routine, the voluntary ladies had overcome their temperaments. There was not a failure among them. Think for a moment of what that means!"

And think of the heroism of the nurses. An inspiring little book, called "Women's War Work," is mentioned by the *Graphic*. In it is mentioned Miss Jessie Borthwick, who was made a Belgian corporal. "She nursed the wounded in Belgium, under conditions that would make the stoutest heart quail." She herself describes a scene thus: "It was a full moon and the country was flat, with very few

trees, so we had to lie flat and crawl along, till we picked out all the men it was possible to move. That night too, we had to burn piles of the German dead, for they had been throwing them into the river and spoiling the water."

"Two years of work have sufficed to rid us of the fine lady, a creature whose fineness flourished in proportion to her uselessness. There are no fine ladies in these days, and the 'finer' they are, the harder do they work to be of some real use. There is no longer a figure-head existence. As a consequence of this wave of enthusiasm, the amateurish formlessness of the average woman's work has disappeared. The awakening preached so long and fervently has come at last, but not thanks to any outward detail, such as the gain of a vote. It has sprung from the necessity of the soul, and the rest is only a question of time."

In the *Graphic* is discussed another little book: "The tyranny of shams." In it, the author is described as going on to show that the nature of every organism is subject to change. So in time, women's physical disabilities may be swept away.

"Structure and function vary with use and environment, whatever theory of heredity one follows. Forbid the brain and muscles to function for some centuries and they will become feeble; restore their activity and they will return to strength. So with women."

In fact, development of the race will continue: "There are always extremists in every generation, both among men and women. But the world moves steadily, notwithstanding. The race is working out its destiny in the best way possible, and as long as the world shall stand, men will be men, and women, women, each a wonder and mystery to the other. So I think there will always be room for reverence and romance and ideality."

The Indian woman is asked to advance on the one side, while being a man's ideal companion. It is hardly necessary to warn her against the suffragette, or to inspire her with war-ideals. The time has not come for that. On the other hand, it has been, and is still thought, necessary, to warn her against the "figure-head and necessary adjunct of human life," existence. Going further, I do not think it is required to warn the Indian woman now of becoming "too fine a lady." Those, who want education, are too keen on their object to become "fine ladies." Let them remember that education is not only of the mind, but of the body and soul as well. And so let them prepare themselves for the future.

The *Khalsa Advocate* quotes a most interesting article from the *New Statesman* about the *Ethics of Lying*. "Lying, it is clear,"

it says, "is a business, which must be gone about warily. In this matter there is a very delicate line drawn somewhere between vice and virtue. None of us could draw that line in a map; all we can say is that we know when some one has gone too far on the other side."

The above sentence presupposes a rather sordid motive for speaking truth—the motive of always wishing to be believed, a motive which can even make a "humbug of truthfulness." The article in question speaks of other motives. There is the motive of principle; there is the motive of decency, there is the motive of necessity. There is the motive of considering whether a truth does a greater wrong or harm to a fellow-man than a falsehood. This is what is called "God's most precious gift of falsehood." Desdemona told a lie, when with her last poor gasping breath, to save the husband who has murdered her, she accused herself of self-murder. "There is the case of a man, which was put before Tolstoy—the case of a man, who saw some one flying from a murderer and was afterwards asked by the murderer whether his intended victim passed that way. Few of us could hesitate on such an occasion to tell a lie as big as a mountain." Take also the case of a mother, who shields her erring son by a falsehood, which may save him. Who can blame such falsehoods? But let us take warning:

"One may have a right to deceive others from a rational motive; one has no right to deceive oneself. The chief danger of deceiving others, indeed, is that if one does it habitually, one may end by deceiving oneself. One may by practice become incapable of knowing the truth."



News about Indian Women

(Selected).

MISS CHATTOPADHYAY

THE Cambridge Tripos lists show that Miss M. Chattopadhyay, of Newnham, sister of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, has taken a second class in Moral Sciences. There is, of course, nothing surprising in a further evidence of intellectual capacity in the family to which Mrs. Sarojini Naidu belongs. The father of these two ladies was a very remarkably gifted man, and the family might almost be compared with the Tagores for natural intellectual bent.

THE WOMEN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE, DELHI

It is notified for the information of candidates intending to join the Lady Hardinge Medical College for Women at Delhi that the institution will be open to the students on the 28th September, 1916, and that the lectures and classes will begin on the 2nd October. The college has been affiliated in the preliminary stages to the Punjab University and will prepare students for the M. B. B. S. degree of that University. Candidates seeking admission should produce certificates of physical fitness to undergo a course of medical training, as well as of good moral character. Preference will be given to students who have passed at least the Intermediate in Arts, or a corresponding examination, but a certain number possessing the minimum general educational qualification of the Matriculation or equivalent standard will also be admitted. Students of the latter class will be required to undergo a separate course in English and Mathematics, for which special arrangements have been made within the college itself and their entire course will extend to seven, instead of the ordinary six, years. The institution possesses separate hostel accommodation for Hindus, Mahomedans, Sikhs and Christians (including Parsis and those accustomed to live in European style). Boarding will be provided with due regard to caste and other considerations at moderate rates. Forms of application for admission to the college, details as to scholarships, and any further information required may be obtained from the Principal of the College, Rasina, Delhi.

BEQUEST FOR INDIAN EDUCATION

Miss Ethel Gertrude Everest, of Chippens Bank Haver, Kent, daughter of the late Colonel Sir George Everest, died on March 21st, leaving

property to the value to £22,373. She gave the Chippens Bank Estate to the National Trust for the Preservation of Places of Historic Interest and Beauty, to be used as a public park and a bird sanctuary, and the residence as a home of rest for persons who require a change in healthful and beautiful surroundings, particularly those engaged in literary, artistic, or social work, £8,000 being allocated for the upkeep and maintenance. She left the residue of the property for the formation and maintenance of a college in India for the education of Indians by Indians.

TRAVANCORE

DR. MISS POONEN HONOURED

TREVANDRUM, 22nd August.—On Saturday evening, the Indian ladies of the station, of all castes and creeds, assembled at the Victoria Jubilee Town Hall to congratulate Dr. Miss Poonen on her distinguished success in the University of London and on her being appointed Lady Doctor in charge of the Women and Children's Hospital. Over 500 ladies were present. Mrs. Muthunayagam Pillay, wife of Mr. A. M. Muthunayagam Pillay, High Court Judge, presided. On arrival, Dr. Miss Poonen was received by Mrs. Rose (Secretary) and a few other ladies, and conducted to her seat on the dais.

THE PRESIDENT'S OPENING REMARKS

The president, in opening the proceedings of the meeting, said:—

DEAR SISTERS.—We are assembled here to-day to do honor to one of our country women, who has achieved rare distinction in a new walk of life. It is my privilege to-day to introduce to you Dr. Miss Poonen who has just returned from England after a long course of studies there and has been appointed the Lady Doctor in charge of the premier Women's Hospital of Travancore. The success of Miss Poonen is a matter of pride to all natives of Travancore, and it is to commemorate that event that we have met here to-day. I will now call upon Miss Padma to read the welcome address.

THE WELCOME ADDRESS

Srimathi Rukmony Bai, wife of Mr. K. Rama Kurup, High Court Vakil, who was to have delivered the welcome address, was absent owing to indisposition. In her absence, Miss Padma read the address, from which the following is an extract:—

"Ladies, Miss Poonen's is an instance unique in the annals of India. Not being satisfied with

the high University distinction she won in her own country, she separated herself, at a comparatively young age, from her kith and kin, and braved the perils of a long voyage to a far-off land there to acquire more learning and a new training, so that she might be of greater use to her mother-land. No Indian lady had as yet the boldness to plan such a noble purpose in life, and having planned it, to execute it with such signal success. Many and various must have been the obstacles which Miss Poonen had to overcome. Mark you, we are in India, where even in these so-called advanced times there are many among the powerful and the influential to whose circumscribed minds the idea of liberty for women is a veritable hobgoblin. It is still their honest conviction that cloistered seclusion is a feminine virtue which must, at all costs, be strictly enforced. It is not for us to argue with our brethren, but let us fervently wish that the example of Miss Poonen will induce them to see beyond their noses. Miss Poonen chose the London University for her medical studies. Few students from India have as yet had the boldness to aspire for a London University Degree in Medicine. So difficult are its examinations, that ordinary students are cowed by the very thought of them. But the difficulty of the honour attracted Miss Poonen. Despite unfavourable conditions and unaccustomed surroundings, she was able to carry that very citadel of the medical learning in the British Empire at the point of her intelligence and industry and come out at the end of a tedious term of six years with a distinction which has deservedly excited the admiration of the medical world. Nor did she stop even here. For, true learning hankers for more. She devoted her remaining time to a special course in the peculiar ailments of women in the great Rotunda Institution of Dublin and came out as the very first at the final examination. It is particularly noteworthy that whatever spare time Miss Poonen had during her long sojourn in Great Britain was utilized by her in travelling extensively over Europe and visiting medical and other institutions of educational interest in France, Switzerland, Italy, etc. And thus after an interval of nearly seven years, she has again returned to us, deep in learning, full of valuable experience and in every other way qualified to take charge of our vital interests.

And we are glad that our Government, always solicitous of the welfare of the women of the State, reward her on her arrival with the highest gift in its possession, by straightway putting her in charge of the newly built and equipped Hospital for Women and Children at Trevan-

drum—a post hitherto held by European ladies. In appointing Miss Poonen to this post, the Government have made a slight departure in its policy, for which we are deeply thankful. Her appointment has already brought that institution into greater relief and will hereafter more largely attract the attention of those for whom it is intended. The European lady doctors we had till now were uniformly good to us and able too; but we may be permitted to say that, however able and sympathetic a European lady doctor may be, her comparative ignorance of our domestic conditions and habits of life must needs render us unable to realise the full fruits of her efforts on our behalf. But belonging, as Miss Poonen does, to a family of high social status in Travancore and equipped as she is with the best learning and experience available in Europe, the excellences of both the East and the West have combined and harmonised in her to the exclusion of their deficiencies. So are we thankful to our Government for her appointment, and when we accord our thanks to the Government for the inauguration of this wholesome policy, we assure you, Miss Poonen, that our thanks are none the less due to you who have made that policy so easily possible.

MISS POONEN'S REPLY

Miss Poonen, in reply, said that, as she had told the organizers of the meeting at the very beginning, she was not in favour of any speech making nor of any public demonstration, because of the calamity from which she had not yet recovered. But the importunities of her friends were so strong that she was unwilling to say "No" to their request. One distinct undertaking kindly agreed to by them was that there would be no formal speeches and that the occasion would be only an opportunity which would enable her to make the acquaintance of her sisters in Trevandrum. That idea induced her to come there and meet them. She was highly grateful to them for the good things said of her in the address and for the trouble taken by them in arranging for that function which, she could not help saying, was much grander than she wanted or expected. She believed that that was the first time in Trevandrum when Indian ladies of all castes and creeds joined hands so cheerfully and came there to carry out a common object of that kind. She only hoped that the same spirit of union and co-operation would continue to inspire them in all their future actions. She was, she need not say, greatly obliged to them for the high compliment paid to her. At the same time she would add that what little there was in her had been exaggerated. She

deserved no credit for anything she might have achieved, but would attribute it to the guidance and influence of her devoted and beloved father, and to the unselfish and disinterested way in which she was looked after by her professors. One thing that struck her was that she was glad to find Indian girls taking advantage of the facilities afforded by His Highness's Government for the spread of higher education among the women of the land. She would only warn them against thinking that education consisted in passing a number of examinations. That was not the occasion to say anything at length on the real object of education, but she would only ask them to remember that the mere passing of examinations did not make them educated. Something more substantial was essential for any one to become educated in the truest meaning of that term. She was thankful to His Highness's Government for enabling her to prosecute her studies in England. She returned to Travancore, simply because she wanted to be of some use to her country women. They could never cease to be grateful to H. H. the Maharajah for the great solicitude His Highness had shown in the concrete shape of a hospital exclusively for them—one of the finest institutions she had seen. So far as she was concerned, she was always at the disposal of her sisters for any little service they required of her. In conclusion, she once more returned her grateful acknowledgment for the trouble they had taken in arranging this Meeting.

A programme of music was then gone through and a farce acted.

THE PRESIDENT'S CONCLUDING SPEECH

The President then made the following speech:—

DEAR FRIENDS.—Our guest of this evening, as most of you know, is the daughter of one whose name is fresh in our minds, one who was our kindest friend in our sickness, a doctor whose name was a household word on the lips of all. In God's providence no sooner was he called away to his eternal reward, than his daughter has come to fill the gap, and we have every hope that she will fill it worthily. Miss Poonen, we have but done our duty in congratulating you on your splendid success. It only remains for me to assure you now that all assembled here have joined hands in this with all their hearts, and in all sincerity we wish you a very prosperous and bright career in our midst and trust you will prove a shining example to be admired and followed in the future by many of your sisters in the East.

With the distribution of *pan supari*, the proceedings came to a close.

Trait and Wisdom

(Selected).

THE INNER LIFE

It would be almost as if we had come back from the dead if we could look into the hearts of any average household of people; if we could but see their inner life uncovered—the disappointments of their daily lot, the broken ambitions, the griefs, and then with what good cheer they front the present life, so narrowed from the scope of youthful dreams; how loyal they are to the day's work, so shrunken from early hopes; with what patience they adapt themselves to imperfect companionships; how invincibly the dreariest of folk face danger and monotony. Under the hard surface life of our fellows lies the human heart. When that heart is seen, all men are one.

WORDS AS INDEX OF SOCIAL POSITION

It may be pointed out that by observation of the use made by people, of words, a more sure and unerring estimate of their degree of education and refinement, social position and habits, can be formed than by any other personal trait. The illiterate employ very few words, and rely upon the same phrase or expression to denote very diverse emotions or attributes. One knows the individual who applies to everything, from a railway accident to the herrings sent in by the fishmonger, the phrase "perfectly awful;" or who describes equally the last new singer, somebody's best gown, or an apple as "so sweet." They know no gradations or modifications, and make the one word do all the work, with the result that the impressions they convey are vague and colourless.

The vulgar expletive, the meaningless ejaculation, and what comes very near to being an actual oath, reveal at once that the person who uses them mixes only with people of low tastes and habits.

A MILLION MEN UNDER ARMS

What does an army of a million men mean? One million men marching four abreast would extend over a line 400 miles long, practically from Kansas City to the Colorado border. Some of the things that these million men must be provided with before they can fight are:

750,000 rifles and bayonets for them to fight with. 265,000 pistols, little brothers of the rifle. 8,000 machine guns, the military scythe. 2,100 field guns to batter down attack. 16,000,000 cartridges to carry them into their first fight, and as many more for each succeeding fight. 2,500,000 shells and shrapnel for their field guns every hour they are in action. 196,000 horses to carry and pull their gun carriages, 127,000 mules to haul their supplies and ammunition. 1,000,000 first-aid packets to bind up their wounds. 1,000,000 pouches to keep them dry. 1,000,000 canteens. Each of them must have uniform and equipment. 1,000,000 shelters have to protect them from the weather. 2,000,000 blankets to keep them warm. 2,000,000 pairs of shoes. 2,000,000 uniform coats, breeches, leggings, suits of underwear. 1,000,000 hats. 2,000,000 shirts. 4,000,000 pairs of socks. 1,000,000 haversacks. Finally they must eat. 1,000,000 pounds of meat each day. 1,000,000 pounds of bread each day. 2,000,000 pounds of vegetables each day. 3,000,000 pounds of coffee or tea each day. All this must be purchased, transported prepared, and cooked each day and to eat it they must have 1,000,000 cups. 1,000,000 plates. 1,000,000 knives. 1,000,000 forks. 1,000,000 spoons. To provide for proper care, training and lead in battle they should have 25,000 trained officers.

The calling into service of one million men would mean the organisation, equipping and training of ten armies the size of the complete regular army of the present time. If one million men should apply at the recruiting offices, it would require the uninterrupted effort of 1,000 recruiting parties working day and night for more than ten days to enroll and enlist them. It would require a week to move them to the camps, provided all the suitable railroad equipment of the country were given over to this work alone.

One thousand men would have to work day and night for ten days to erect the tents for them and when completed this camp would amount to a city of more than 125,000 tents, covering an area of more than 800 acres, an area equal to the size of St. Joseph.—From the *Kansas City Journal*.

SUPERSTITIONS AND SCARES

"Of course, I'm not really superstitious, but I am sure that some things are lucky and some things are unlucky, and I would not go on a journey without my black bean for anything." It is the kind of remark you may hear from a

young or even middle-aged woman in her drawing-room any day, and it sums up a great deal of the rambling and inconsequent kind of endeavour to disassociate thought from action which results in so many illogical proceedings.

Another will continue, "Oh, I just play a believing in charms and omens, and you know it is very strange how they often do come true." Or, yet again, someone says, "Well, it is no much that I believe, but nothing would induce me to walk under a ladder," and then one begins to wonder how far this kind of credulity in these enlightened and scientific days enters into daily life.

It goes considerably deeper than many moving in cultured and thoughtful circles at all comprehend.

The manifestations of this present wave of superstition are to be seen on all hands. If a jeweller is anxious to secure a large sale for any novelty in the form of an ornament, or the use of an unfamiliar semi-precious stone, he labels it "the lucky pig," or "the fortune-compelling peridot." The Swastika—one of the oldest symbols of dimly-recalled creeds of the East—appears as a brooch or a pendant, and the card above it speaks of it as the symbol that "brings luck" to its possessor. Similarly the Ankh, or key, that has come down from prehistoric cults followed in Egypt and on the banks of the Nile, is turned out in thousands at Birmingham, and sold as promising to unlock all the sources of good fortune.

Elsewhere someone asks you quite gravely what is the stone of the month of your birth, and according as it may be the sapphire or the tourmaline or the amethyst, so you will be warned in all the jargon of the subject, to avoid talking to dark women in September, never to start on a sea voyage in November, that any enterprise begun in January is sure to succeed, or something equally irrelevant. Another says, "Opals are my horror:" yet another answers that she "never knew any good fortune till she wore an opal ring."

There are shops in famous thoroughfares that display their "Mascots for Motorists"—queer little images of Teddy bears or black cats, dancing figures or grotesque policemen—intended, no doubt, to assist the drivers when they want to travel at excessive speed, to enable the owners to avoid "traps" or punctured tyres.

BEING ORIGINAL

Originality is handmade thought. It is something definitely worked out in the individual experience. It is putting new meaning in old

rms. An original person may do or say things a way that has been done or said a million times before, and yet they will be different (the bears out this statement), for behind the thought or act is the concrete substance of individual experience. On the other hand, one who is not original may concoct an unreamed-of combination of words, and still it will be common-place. Not all originality is either startling or profitable. The old stone-breaker by the roadside who has thought things out for himself has never "set the world afire," and yet he is interesting, for he has seen life from his own angle. The man in the factory may have worked out a dozen inventions that are all impracticable, and yet he is interesting. Originality is not the cunning arrangement of words. It is putting new substance behind old symbols.

THE INQUEST

Not labour kills us; no nor joy:
The incredulity and frown,
The interference and annoy,
The small attritions wear us down.
The little gnat-like buzzings shrill,
The hurdy-gurdies of the street,
The common curses of the will—
These wrap the ceremonies round our feet.
And more than all, the look askance
Of loving souls that cannot gauge
The numbing touch of circumstance,
The heavy toll of heritage.
It is not Death, but Life that slays;
The night less mountainously lies,
Upon our lids than foolish days
Importunate futilities!

POEM BY F. B. MONEY COURTS.

'Tis the best use of Fate to teach a fatal courage. Go face the fire at sea or the cholera in your friend's house, or the burglar in your own, or what danger lies in the way of duty, knowing you are guarded by the Cherubim of Destiny.
—Emerson.

Nature imposes no punishments, only consequences.

Don't part with your illusions. When they are gone, you may still exist but you have ceased to live.

Conscience is God's whisper in man's soul.

There is only one real failure in life possible, and that is not to be true to the best, one knows.
—Canon Farrar.

Selections

FEMALE EDUCATION

CALICUT MUNICIPALITY

CALICUT, 3rd July.—The report of the Special Committee appointed to consider and report upon the female education circular, with reference to the conditions and requirements of this Municipality was considered at a special meeting of the Calicut Municipal Council held this evening, with the Municipal Chairman, Mr. C. V. Narayana Menon, in the chair.

The Committee consider the state of female education in this town far from satisfactory, only about a third of the 5,880 girls of school-going age being at school. Over 40 per cent. of the girls attend Primary Schools for boys, and this indicates the desire to take advantage of whatever facilities exist.

There is an undoubted demand for girls' education, but an exception has to be made in respect of the large Moplah community and a few of the backward classes. Were a few girls' schools opened in suitable centres, they would be rapidly filled. It may be desirable to take the Thalli Girls' School under public management. There is no dearth of trained female teachers for elementary schools, but more money is needed. The net amount spent by the Council on education was Rs. 6,034, which was much below the prescribed minimum. But having regard to the Council's limited resources, adequate progress in the near future was not possible without substantial Government aid. The Committee consider that the cost of female secondary education should be a charge on Provincial Funds for the present, but there is no present need for more schools, as the two existing secondary schools would meet all requirements for some years to come. It is necessary, however, to develop the Calicut Girls' School gradually into a complete secondary institution.

For collegiate education, no facilities additional to those provided by the recently established Government Women's Colleges in Madras are needed, but the Government might meet the demand for girls' education by instituting more schools for girls. There is also no need for more Training Schools in the town.

The Committee consider that the control of primary education in the town should rest in the Municipality. Special Committees, composed of educational experts, managers of large girls' schools and select leading citizens, might be appointed to advise the Council.

The curricula in elementary schools should be decided by the Council in consultation with the educational authorities. There is no objection to boys of eight years and under being admitted into girls' schools and girls of eight and under being admitted in to boys' schools, but in the former case, the proportion of boys should not exceed 25 per cent. A higher rate of capitation for girls studying in boys' schools should be offered as an inducement to managers. The inspecting agency should be female, as far as possible, but a thorough knowledge of the vernacular should be a *sine qua non* for those who have to examine elementary schools. Compulsory religious education would be beset with practical difficulties and it is also the Government

of India's declared policy not to give particular religious instruction in Public schools. The Committee are in favour of the continuance of this wise policy. There is no necessity for caste girls' schools in the town, although a Moplah Girls' School, staffed entirely with trained Moplah mistresses, might be worth a trial. Female education in the primary stage should be free and in secondary schools and Colleges only half the rates paid by males should be charged.

In addition to the Committee's recommendations, the meeting resolved to submit that the idea of placing the inspection of girls' schools under dual agency did not commend itself to the Council.—*The Madras Mail*.

INDIAN WOMEN'S UNIVERSITY vs. WOMEN'S COLLEGES.

THE reactionary tendency of Professor Karve's scheme for the education of Indian women, though it did not altogether escape the notice of social reformers either when the Professor promulgated his scheme in his Social Conference address or when he expounded his Indian Women's University project, has become quite patent in the opposition offered in the Bombay Legislative Council by Professor Karve's leading supporter, the Hon'ble Principal Paranjpye, to the starting of a Women's College in Bombay. The opposition was based on the plea that there was no need for a special College for Indian women in which the curriculum was the same as that for Indian men, that the few women who wished to pursue University studies might well attend men's Colleges, and that it would be sheer waste of money to provide a separate College for Indian women. Experience in Madras shows that if there have been comparatively few women who went up for College education, it has been due to absence of facilities in the past and not to lack of desire. If this has been so in Madras, we believe it is much more so in Bombay where a larger number of girls attend schools and study in the higher standards of the school course.

A Women's College is intended not merely to answer an existing demand but also to invite school-going girls to pursue their studies into the College classes. Whatever may be the merits or demerits of co-education in the abstract, there is no denying that lady-students in a men's college, at least in India and in the present stage of the development of Indian society, feel like "fish out of water." In one of the early numbers of the *Social Reform Advocate* an article was published from a European lady who had taken the B. A. Honours Degree from the Presidency College, Madras, describing herself as a sort of exile during the three years of study she had to undergo in the College. In this respect she was not singular. She only expressed the feelings of most lady fellow-students. She was a European and could be expected to brave it out among men better than Indian girls. A students' hostel for women might remedy the defect to some extent, but not fully. That sense of comradeship in study which is a great intellectual stimulus would still be wanting. It is perhaps too late in the day to dilate upon the superior advantages of Women's Colleges—colleges with women students and women professors—over the system of allowing girls to share in the instruction given in colleges intended chiefly for young men. And yet this is the system which Principal Paranjpye would recommend for young women who wish to enter upon University

studies. His argument of waste of money is 'bureaucratic' cover for his unwillingness to promote University studies among Indian women. His preference is for education imparted in and through the vernaculars if not altogether for vernacular education. He wishes to see Professor Karve's scheme of education for Indian women succeed and would like to see it accepted as the chief if not the only right method of educating Indian women. When the scheme was discussed, it was recommended to support in quite an apologetic one—as the second best though not the first best thing—as the most practical though not ideally the best scheme. Now that the Indian Women's University has materialised, the tone of its apologists is changed, and they are learning to speak of higher education for women, involving as it naturally does, the studying of English and the qualifying for University degrees, as the less natural kind of education for women—the more natural being of course their practical vernacular education. This is another example of how the second best often usurps the place of the best which is tolerated if not altogether shunned. If you place before a people who are just beginning to appreciate the blessings of "female education" two schemes, one with a definite practical end, and the other, definite and practical enough, but aiming at the elevation of women as free beings capable of infinite development in the intellectual, moral and spiritual scale, the tendency will always be to prefer the former to the latter. This is why the so-called practical schemes of education have always to be examined carefully. There is lurking in them the danger of arresting progress. They may command success in the present, but they carry no germs of infinite development in the future.—*The Social Reform Advocate*, Madras.

WOMEN AT MEN'S TASKS.

SOME DIFFICULTIES OF EMPLOYMENT.

There are two difficulties, the *Times* says, which it is necessary to overcome before women can take the places in business and industry of men who are fighting for their country. One is the refusal of employers to believe that a woman can do men's work and the other is the reluctance of trade unions to relax their established rules and customs.

The Home Office for some time past has been seeking to overcome these difficulties and, as the result of conferences attended by employers and operatives, agreements have been signed which will have the effect of introducing women to processes from which prejudice and regulations have hitherto excluded them. The wool, cotton, and hosiery trades have already consented to the more general employment of women which the situation requires, and the baking, confectionary, and printing trades have been considering the question. The National Association of Master Bakers has agreed that it was not advisable for women to be employed in bakeries at night. Further conferences are being arranged in other branches of industry.

To facilitate the substitution of women for men's labour local advisory committees have been appointed in a large number of industrial centres, and their efforts are meeting with a good deal of success. Their main task so far has been to make arrangements for the lodging and general supervision of the women who are coming into industry. They also assist in

securing the transference of women to districts where their labour is required.

The Home Office is working in association with the Board of Trade in developing its scheme of dilution and substitution. In all four great Government Departments are at present actively engaged in mobilising the women. The Board of Agriculture is obtaining women for work on the land, and the Ministry of Munitions has enlisted the services of many thousands.

The need for educated women on the land is becoming a very imperative one owing to the number of men who are being called up in agricultural districts. Mrs. Wilkings, Chairman of the Women's National Land Service Corps (50, Baker Street), in giving some further particulars of the work of the corps, said:—

"Women between 18 and 35 who can give whole time and who are possessed of average strength are needed for the short courses of training which are being run by us as a war offshoot of the Women's Farm and Garden Union. This training takes from three to six weeks, and is given on farms lent by various landowners. We have hostels to house 12 to 15 in connection with each of them, Lord Rayleigh has lent us two in Essex, Lord Hood one in Northampton, Sir Maurice FitzGerald one in Berkshire and Lady Henry Somerset one in Reigate. There will be a number of vacancies presently. When the girls are trained we place them out very carefully where they will be of greatest use in encouraging other women to join.

"We are also organising emergency gangs of workers for fruit-picking, harvesting, dropping potatoes, etc., from June to October. These women need not be trained. We have, for instance, relays of Newnham students giving a portion of their holidays to help on a small holdings colony in Norfolk.

"Applications from farmers everywhere are constantly coming in, but we have not yet a sufficiency of the right women."—From the *Madras Mail*.

QUINQUENNIAL REPORT OF SAKHAWAT MEMORIAL GIRLS' SCHOOL, CALCUTTA, 1911—1915.

The following Report was read by Mrs. R. S. Hossein, Superintendent and Foundress of the School, at the annual Prize Distribution ceremony which was held at 5 p.m. on the 21st February, 1916, under the presidency of Lady Sanderson, at the school premises, 86 A, Lower Circular Road:—

PRESIDENT AND LADIES,

The school is about to complete the fifth year of its existence, and I am glad to be able to present before you a record of steady and substantial progress during these five years.

All beginnings are difficult, and our beginning was no exception to the rule. The school was first opened in March 1911 in a small rented building in Uliulla Lane, near Wellesley Square, with only 8 girls on its rolls. Soon after a Committee of Management was formed, and this Committee decided to name the school as Sakhawat Memorial Girls' School. Gradually the school began to expand so that in May 1913, i. e., two years later, we were obliged to shift into a more commodious building in European Asylum Lane. Here too in course of time the accommodation became inadequate to meet all our requirements, so that in March of last year, i. e., nearly 2 years later, we shifted into the present house in which you see us.

It will thus be seen that the school is now in the 5th year of its existence, and ever since its establishment it has gone on expanding and becoming popular in our community.

As I have already said, the school started its career with only 8 girls on its rolls. The number rose to 27 in March 1912, i. e., on the first anniversary of the school; on the 2nd anniversary in March 1913, the number was 30; on the 3rd anniversary the number rose to 39; and on the 4th anniversary in March 1915 the number rose to 61, nearly doubling that of the preceding year. At present there are 84 girls in the school. The rapid rise latterly in the number of pupils is due to our having provided three conveyances to fetch the girls from and back to their homes and also because the present building is capable of accommodating a larger number.

For 13 months since the establishment of the school in March 1911, we got no financial help from Government. From 1st April, 1912, the Government was pleased to contribute Rs. 71 per month out of a total monthly establishment charge of Rs. 171, the balance of Rs. 100 being made up every month from income from the Endowment fund, contributions by myself and others and in a small measure from school-fees realised from the pupils. We continued to receive from Government Rs. 71 per mensem for 2½ years i. e., until 1st September 1914 (although in the meantime the expenses had gone on increasing, the additional expenditure being somehow met by us) when the monthly grant-in-aid was raised by Government to Rs. 448, the school authorities undertaking to find Rs. 152 by way of income from the Endowment fund, contributions, school-fees, etc., thus making up the total establishment expenditure Rs. 600 per month. For the liberal support which we are now receiving from Government our best thanks are due to the Hon'ble Nawab Syed Shamsul Huda.

In the beginning the school met with many a calamity and difficulty, and we had to struggle hard in order to keep our head above water. I have no intention to tire your patience with an enumeration of all the difficulties we had to surmount, but I beg leave to mention only one which was the most formidable of all. My husband, the late Khan Bahadur Maulvi Syed Sakhawat Hossain, B. A., M. R. A. C., after passing his B.A. from the Calcutta University, proceeded to England with the help of a state scholarship and having graduated from the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester (England) with distinction, returned to his native country and was appointed to the Bengal Provincial Civil Service, in which he served long and meritoriously, in recognition of which Government was pleased to confer on him the title of Khan Bahadur. Before his death, out of his hard-earned income he left an endowment of Rs. 10,000 for the promotion of education among the girls of his community, nominating my humble self as Trustee. I trust I will be pardoned for mentioning in this connection that a Mahomedan newspaper of Calcutta was pleased to observe in reference to this gift that although there had been several Deputy Magistrates, Munsifs and Sub-Judges and even High Court Judges in our community how many have given to the cause of female education even as much as my revered husband, by no means a rich man, gave out of his hard-earned income. This money was at first deposited with my husband's family bankers, a Marwari firm at Bhagalpur, to which city my husband also belonged. But owing to the rate of interest having been subsequently reduced by this firm, we were obliged to transfer the Endowment money to the Bank of Burma. Two months



PEACE! BE STILL

after this transference, the Bank failed with that consequences you can very well imagine. Poor as we are, the blow was staggering and for a time paralysed all our energy. There was, I may say, no moral or legal obligation on me to make good this loss, nor am I rich enough to do so; I have just a bare competence to live upon. But dear to me as the school is, no sacrifice could be too great for its welfare. A few months after the bank failure, when there was little prospect of any recovery, I made good the whole amount of Rs. 10,000 out of my private fortune, and the money is now laid out through the Registrar of Co-operative Societies, Bengal, at a profitable investment in a Central Co-operative Bank. In this school I have a fixed salary as its Superintendent and Head Mistress, but the whole of my pay is devoted by me to the funds of the institution; besides this, I have to meet from time to time other calls, made by the school from my private purse. I have done and I am doing all that is humanly possible for a poor widow like me to do. Almighty has given me strength enough to bear all this and I am thankful to Him for His infinite mercy and grace. I am now engaged in taking legal steps to endow the school with whatever private and personal assets I am possessed of.

In my last year's report I said the girls were being fetched in a bus and a small carriage and that we badly needed another bus to replace this carriage but had not sufficient funds to purchase one. We however contrived to order and pay for a bus at a cost of about Rs. 900 in order to meet the growing demand for admission. This bus came into use from June of last year and we had thus two buses running simultaneously. The usual contribution from Government of half the cost of this bus was applied for, but the same was refused on the ground of financial stringency caused by the War. It however did not take long for the second bus to fill up, so that we were obliged to place an order for the construction of a third bus. This bus has just been completed and we received its delivery only this morning. I may mention that owing to the sad experience of last year we have not ventured to go up to Government for a contribution towards the cost of this bus also. We had the doctrine of self-help preached to us so often that for the nonce we decided to act up to it to the best of our ability. It gives me much pleasure to mention that our worthy townsman, Maulavi Abdul Karim, B.A., retired Inspector of Schools, has kindly undertaken to find Rs. 450 being half the cost of the conveyance. Now we have to find the other half, and I earnestly hope that the generous public would help us in securing this amount. In the meantime the third bus was being built we had an ordinary closed carriage, commonly known as office jaun, working for us; and although the cost of its upkeep is the same, viz., about Rs. 80 per mensem including the pay of a female attendant, its carrying capacity is however much less than that of a bus. Since we have got the third bus we expect a further increase in the number of girls.

The accession in the number of girls latterly has brought in its train other difficult problems for solution, the most pressing among which is the provision of additional teachers to cope with the increased number. The infant class had grown unwieldy and it became necessary to split it up in two sections from the beginning of this year, each having a teacher to itself, to enable every girl receiving that individual attention which is essential to good teaching. We have also since the commencement of the session opened Standard IV so as to complete the Upper

Primary Course. These measures have necessitated the employment of additional mistresses.

A lot of furniture and appliances had to be purchased lately at a considerable cost for the equipment of the class rooms. This, together with the upkeep of a third conveyance and the employment of additional mistresses, has put us to considerable expenses. We have not as yet worried the Government to relieve us of any portion of this additional burden, the monthly grant-in-aid from the Education Department having remained the same. But we hope Government will not forget that our community is by no means a rich one and that it has to look up to the authorities for help and support from time to time, in spite of its efforts to stand on its own legs.

In my last year's report and also in the report of the preceding year I referred to the difficulty about obtaining qualified mistresses to teach in Urdu schools. The dearth of such teachers is a source of chronic trouble to us, and I believe, to other Urdu schools as well. I regret very much that although the difficulty exists in an acute form, nothing practical has yet been done to remove it. I need hardly emphasise the point that so long as the supply of trained female teachers remains inadequate Urdu schools can never be expected to make sufficient progress, and I wish to make it clear that if our institution fails to fulfil public expectations in certain respects it would certainly not be through any fault on the part of the management but solely due to want of competent mistresses. Good education is impossible without good teachers. I have reason to know that Government took up the proposal of establishing training schools for Mahomedan mistresses in Calcutta and other important centres, but most unfortunately after advancing up to a certain stage the scheme fell through for want of sufficient funds. To us, who have always to contend with the difficulties of conducting Urdu schools, this decision has been a matter of great disappointment, and we are of opinion that the question of finance should not have stood in the way of so necessary and important a project. I wish to urge most earnestly on the authorities the extreme necessity of making a beginning in this direction by starting at least one training school for Mahomedan mistress in Calcutta without further loss of time.

In one of my previous reports I said that it would never do to sit idle with folded hands waiting for ideal conditions but that we must go on making the utmost use of the materials at our disposal. Our institution is intended only for pardanashin girls of respectable Mahomedan families. Its distinctive aim is to impart education to these girls in a manner so that they may become in their future lives true Moslem ladies, good housewives, and instructive and dutiful mothers. To achieve this end we are sparing no pains. Apart from general deportment great care is bestowed on their moral training and religious instruction, including Quoran reading and daily prayers. Strict purdah is observed at all times and in all respects.

Now I wish to say a few words about the great War which is the all-engrossing topic of the day and which, as you know very well, has affected every one from the highest to the lowest in some way or other. You might well wonder what the War has got to do with our little school. Some months ago our girls contributed to the War Relief Fund, and Miss Kamini Bose, B.A., Assistant Inspectress of Schools, in acknowledging the amount wrote to me saying that the sum was much bigger in comparison with contributions from other schools and that she did not

expect so much. At the invitation of the "Mahila Samity" I attended one of its meetings with some of my Mahomedan lady friends, and was given a quantity of sewing work to do in aid of the comforts of the Indian troops at the front. This work was willingly and satisfactorily done by our girls. On another occasion a small monetary contribution was sent by the girls of our school to the "Islam Mission" Fund. It will thus be seen that our aim is not merely to impart book knowledge but also to infuse and foster in them something of the sense and

spirit of public service, which is the common heritage of both men and women.

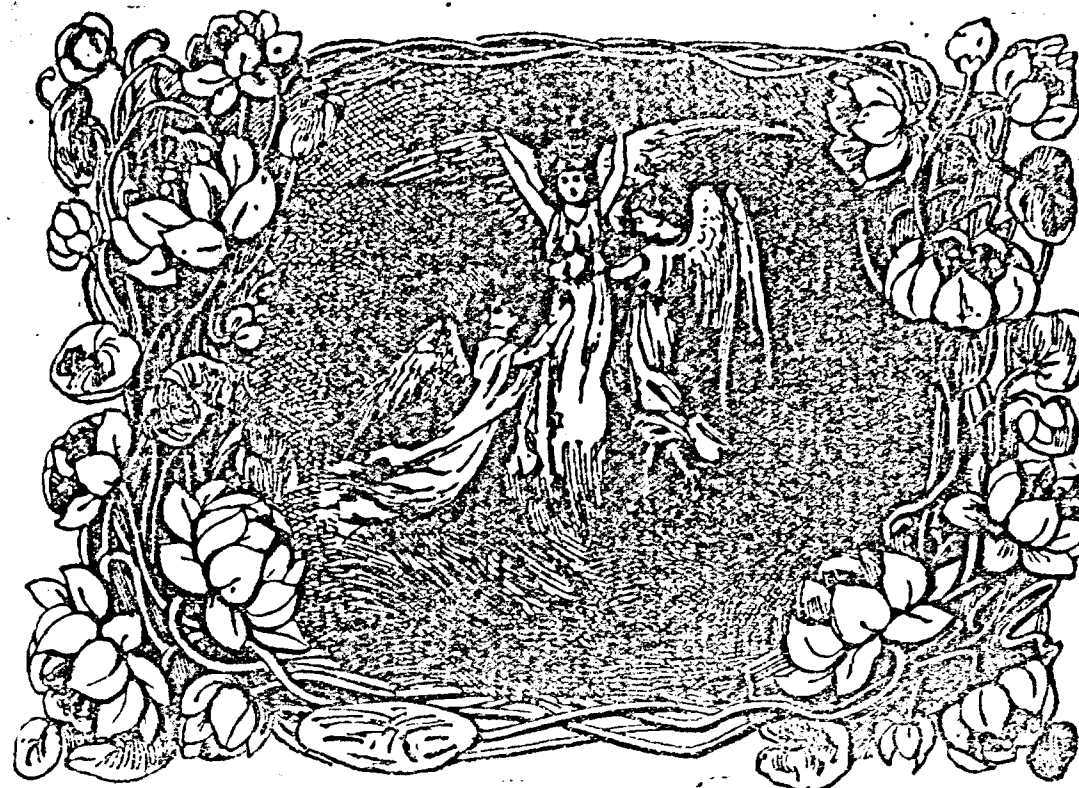
I cannot conclude without thanking our donors and subscribers for their monetary help to the school during the year 1915 and hope that they will similarly continue to encourage us in the current year as well as in the years to come.

We beg also to offer our grateful thanks to the ladies and gentlemen, who have kindly contributed to our Prize Fund. We sincerely trust that they will not forget our young ones next year too.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

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THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

[VOL. XVI] SECOND QUARTER : OCTOBER-DECEMBER, 1916 [No. 2]

CHRISTMAS BELLS

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, goodwill to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, goodwill to men!

Till ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved, from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, goodwill to men!

Then from each black, accursed mouth
The cannon thundered in the South,
And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, goodwill to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearthstones of a continent,
And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, goodwill to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
'There is no peace on earth' I said;
'For hate is strong,
And mocks the song,
Of peace on earth, goodwill to men!'

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead! nor doth He sleep!
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, goodwill to men!"

—Longfellow.

Christmas Bells



SWEET are the messages of the Christmas bells, as they peal out their chimes on the soft morning air. They affect Christians and non-Christians. We need not enlarge on the message of Christmas to Christians. The whole world knows of it—the gentle promise of peace and goodwill among men, the perfect confidence of salvation after repentance, the sweet assurance of the care of a Saviour, who hesitated not even to give up His life as a sacrifice.

The message to non-Christians is naturally less direct; but it is there. It is, I think, conveyed in two ways—through example and hearsay. The non-Christians see the joy and the happiness of the Christians at Christmas, their attempts to be at peace and agreement among themselves at this time of goodwill. These may induce the like feelings among them, through the force of example.

Then again, they hear the story of Christ, that Christ at whom the world wonders. They listen to the beautiful story of His love and sacrifice, that story which is perhaps more wonderful when imagined as endured by a mere man, than by a divine figure. They see the force of that morality, which has gained such world-wide influence. Will not all this induce in them a desire to try to lead a like perfect life?

Christmas will be a sad Christmas during this dread war. And yet the message of Christmas will shine all the brighter for the sadness. To mourners in their bereavement, to anxious ones in their agonized watch for news of their dear soldiers, to the fighters themselves in their pain and loneliness, the bells of Christmas yet peal out their news. Peace seems far off, yet peace will come; joyful meetings with lost ones will occur again in the happy hereafter, and always "underneath are the everlasting arms."

Let me conclude with the message of Christmas to children. Let not the young ones forget that Christ was once a child, that Christmas in fact is His birthday. And, let us make our children happy on this day of days.

"Children are God's apostles, day by day
Sent forth to preach of love and hope and peace."

Childlife: In Many Climes

"Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."
—Pope.



THERE is no more lamentable thought than that of the enterprises which people undertake and the inhospitable regions they penetrate, in the wild-goose chase after happiness. They will roam from China to Peru, from Polar Star to Southern Cross; they will freeze with the shivering Laplanders or pant with the sunburnt Moor, they will climb the loftiest mountains or plunge into the deepest Abysses of the Ocean; they will encounter the deadliest perils, and endure the most horrible hardships, all in pursuit of the same phantom which is so vividly set before them. Meanwhile, many seem to neglect to seek happiness where assuredly it may be found—the Holy Land of childhood, a realm flowing with the milk of human kindness and the honey of innocent pleasure. This fairy realm, universal and cosmopolitan in its extent, is not polluted, desecrated or defiled by any hymn of hate or anthem of frightfulness. It is untainted by the great madness, which pervades throughout the terrestrial orb and uncompromised by the mighty crime.

In China, the little boys have undoubtedly the best time. Girls are considered of little account, and have even been laid in the track of the tiger, or choked immediately after birth, or drowned in a bucket. The popular proverb said: "Destroy a girl, and you hasten the birth of a boy." The reason for the great desire in past years for sons is that the Chinese believed that each person had three souls, one which went at death into the unseen world, one which stayed in the grave, and a third which lived in the slip of wood which is known as the ancestral tablet, and is very carefully kept in the Chinese house. They thought that the souls in graves or tablets depended upon the offerings of pious sons. Girls might not make these offerings, because when married they belonged to their husbands' families. If there were no boys in the family, the parents were terrified of becoming "hungry demons" at death, with no one to supply their needs. Girls brought up in rich houses are very seldom seen out of doors, but poor children have to earn their own living very early in life. They collect firing, nurse

the baby, cook and sew; they also learn how to scrape the soot from the bottom of the family rice-pot with a hoe. In some places they begin at a very early age to carry loads on their shoulders slung from a pole. All seem to learn embroidery and the manner of making their own shoes and the embroidered bands which they wear round the ankles. Chinese boys receive a new name when they go to school, such as Flourishing Virtue, Literary Rank, Opening Brightness. The school is a very noisy place, for all the boys in a class read their lessons together at the top of their voices; the more noise there is, the better the instructor will be pleased. After learning to trace letters and write characters which balance one another, as heaven and earth, fire and water, light and darkness, the boys begin essay and letter-writing, which is somewhat difficult. Though most of their time is filled up with work, yet the Chinese children find time to enjoy games. Both boys and men are very fond of kite-flying; some of the kites are very beautiful, and the younger children are very fond of watching the fire-balloons. Riddles are a great source of amusement, and the boys are fond of playing shuttlecock with their feet, with which they are very clever.

Persian children have a very peculiar dress. The boys wear trousers of such wide dimensions that they look almost like a skirt. They also wear long coats reaching almost to the knee and sashes several yards long. Girls wear long white trousers reaching to the ankle, a very short full skirt about a foot deep, over this a loose shirt and a bright short jacket, and indoors a muslin head-dress called a chadar, or prayer-chadar. The indoor costume for girls is therefore bright and effective, but when out of the house they must cover up all their pretty garments with a pair of very large dark over-trousers, which cover everything up to the waist and over their head they throw a large black chadar, while a long strip of white cotton hangs down in front of the face, with drawn-thread work in front of the eyes, through which they can see without being seen. There are no night-clothes. Persians simply take off their upper garments and lie down to rest. Boys have their heads shaved, and wear their hats and caps indoors, and only take them off to sleep. Persian boys play tip-cat, hop-scotch and duck-stone and fly kites, and at the Persian New Year—in March—they play a game very much like rounders, but only for about a fortnight. The girls have dolls, chiefly of a home-made character, with the features worked in fine cross-stitch, and, of course, in Persian costume.

Gaily-painted clay animals and wooden horses are also made in certain towns and at certain seasons, but all the year round they have fire-works and illuminations in plenty.

When a child is born in Egypt, it is wrapped in a dirty rag, and, if a boy, disguised as a girl, in order to cheat the evil spirit, which the mother dreads, into the belief that it really is a girl. The poor child is made to look as unattractive as possible and referred to "as a dirty little bundle," or a "horrid little black thing". It is never washed, but is allowed to lie out in the sunlight with swarms of flies settling upon it. No one troubles to drive off the insects, which attack the eyes, and cause the terrible disease known as ophthalmia, which very often destroys the eyesight of the little sufferer. In Egyptian schools, a very common mode of punishment consists in making a small boy kneel on pebbles or hold up some heavy article in one or both hands above the head for a considerable length of time. Egyptian boys are not encouraged to play or engage in active sports, and as their mothers early fill their minds with superstitious fears, they grow up cowardly and wanting in manliness, and without love of country or respect to parents.

It has been said that the Japanese as a nation play at working and work at play, so lightly do they take their tasks and so thoroughly do they cultivate the art of amusing themselves. Certainly it is true that from very early days the boys and girls of Japan seem to mingle work and pleasure most cleverly. In the month of March, when cherry blossoms strew the earth with the pink snow of fallen petals, a sort of general birthday goes on for girls for several days. Dolls and toys galore are presented and spread about, and for the time being each little maiden, her hair a garden of paper flowers and her gown reflecting the hues of the rainbow or vying with the peacock's tail, keeps house, with puppets for persons and toys that are but perfect models of utensils and furniture in daily use. Jap children, it is interesting to note, are called by their family name, or "Last" name first, and their "given" or Christian name second. It is customary for them to have cards fastened to their clothing bearing the addresses of their parents. Then, when a child is lost, the finder examines the card and sends the little wanderer home. Generally speaking, the Japanese pay great respect to learning. They have seen enough of foreigners to recognise that "knowledge is power"; and often say, "The pen is mightier than the sword." Curiously enough, most of the children of Japan are taught to write with both hands. To see the Japanese

girl engaged in her household duties or entertaining her friend is as great a delight as to see her at play, for she laughs and chatters all the time. Sewing is one of Mademoiselle Chrysanthemum's greatest accomplishments; whilst, strange to relate, culinary art is an important part of the education of the Japanese girl at school. She will be skilled also in music and in the manner of giving that important function, the ceremonial tea, and has at her fingers' ends the etiquette of floral arrangements.

There is a school-garden in nearly every rural school district of Sweden. It is placed near the school house and the children receive practical instruction in the cultivation of plants, berries, flowers, herbs and fruits, and the management of greenhouses, etc. The trees and shrubs are given annually to the children to be planted in their own homes. School children in Mexico, who show proficiency in their studies, are permitted to smoke cigarettes by their teachers while pursuing their tasks.

S. JACKSON-COLEMAN.

Tales from the Mahabharata

BY A BRAHMIN LADY

I. MOHINI.*



LONG, long years ago, there lived a great *Rishi* called Kasyapa. This was in the Mythical Era and many things then were, that now are not. There were the Devas and the Asuras always fighting with each other, and the all-powerful *Rishis*, ordinary men and women, and extraordinary animals and trees; and many strange things happened in those days. Kasyapa lived somewhere near the Himalyas, and he had thirteen wives. But it would be a mistake to suppose that they lived with him: they all lived together in his hut, but the husband was mostly absent, doing *tapas* all by himself, and they did not even know his whereabouts and thus many years passed by. At last two of his wives got tired of their lonely life and wished to have children; so they began to pray and fast and do severe penances till their husband knew of it, and appeared before them and

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asked them to name their wish. "Let me have two sons, strong and wise," said Vinuta, the elder wife. "Grant that I may have many sons and one daughter," prayed the other wife—Katuravi. Kasyapa blessed them, saying "May your wishes be fulfilled"; and went his way, and the two ladies by and by begot, one two eggs, and the other 105 eggs. In course of time Katuravi's 105 eggs hatched 104 sons (Adishesha, etc., who belonged to the Naga race) and one beautiful daughter, by name Chalarakarai. And Vinuta, when she saw her rival's children grow up in beauty and in strength while her own eggs lay unhatched yet, grew jealous and impatient and at last broke one of them to see what was within it. And lo! there sat a strong young man without any legs and he addressed his mother and said: "By your impatience, you have made me lame, and you will suffer for this hereafter. Wait until the other egg at least is hatched in the fullness of time and then you will have a strong and glorious son." Aruna, the cripple, was then taken by the sun-god as his chariot-driver and Vinuta comforted herself with the hope of her other son. That is why we speak of the first light of dawn as Arunodayam. It was about this time that the Devas and the Asuras thought of churning the Great Ocean to obtain *Amrita*, the deathless elixir, and Katuravi's sons brought mount *Mandara* for the purpose and gave other valuable help. The Asuras and the Devas pulled the rope on either side till the Great Mountain moved and danced in the midst of the Great Ocean. It must have been a splendid sight and both Devas and Asuras forgot their hatred for a time in working for what they thought, the common good of all.

At first, however, the Serpent, which was used as the rope, unable to stand the strain, emitted a most deadly poison, and the whole atmosphere was filled with it. It seemed indeed as if they all were doomed to die, even in the very beginning of their search after the elixir which was to make them immortal. But the great God Siva swallowed the poison, and the death they all very nearly died of in fearing, just stuck in Siva's throat when boldly taken in, doing no other harm than staining his neck a deep blue colour.

The churning was resumed and they got from the Ocean a peerless gem, a pure white horse, and an elephant; and then Lakshmi, the goddess of beauty and power and wealth appeared on a lotus in the midst of the waters, and Vishnu took her as his bride. But there was still no *Amrita* to be seen and a long time had already been spent. The tired workers let go their hold upon the rope for a moment and at

once the mountain sank into the bottom of the sea. It now seemed a hopeless task, but you know that "all obstacles vanish, all enemies quail, in the might of their wisdom who never say fail." With much difficulty, the mountain was brought to the surface again, and the work was continued with persistent energy till success crowned their labour. At last the death-killing liquid floated on the crest of the waves like Nurjehan's attar, and was carefully collected in a vessel of pure gold. It only remained now to share it between all the Devas and the Asuras, for all had worked long for it. Just then, the Devas felt a sinful desire to have the *Amrita* all to themselves. For they argued; "The Asuras are our natural enemies. What is the use of added strength or lengthened life, if your enemy too has the same advantages? If we give this *Amrita* to the Asuras also, we will be helping them to make our lives unpleasant to us without having even the relief of death." But it was no easy matter to refuse it to the Asuras who, expecting their share as a matter of course, came and seated themselves opposite the Devas. Then Vishnu created an illusion that took the form of a beautiful woman. Beautiful? I will not try to tell you of, nor ask you to imagine her beauty, for it was something beyond the reach of fancy, the power of expression, of even that divine host. They simply gazed at each other and then at her, and thought was not; in enjoyment it was lost. The Devas, who knew her to be only an illusion, were eager to drink of the *Amrita* as soon as possible, but the Asuras forgot everything and drank only of her beauty. Vishnu held the vessel in his hand, and said: "Friends; Long have you laboured, each and all, for this glorious reward. Here has suddenly appeared this Charmer (Mohini) as if on purpose to serve this *Amrita* to you all. Shall I hand over this vessel to her and will you be content to receive from her hands the promise of lasting life?"

The Devas were silent, but the Asura ranks rang with approving cheers, they would gladly have received mortal poison from her hands. So Vishnu gave her the vessel with an order to serve all impartially. To and fro she moved among them, smiling at and charming the Asuras, but into the hands of the Devas alone, she poured the elixir. One of Katuravi's sons, who was shrewder than the rest, went and seated himself among the Devas when he saw the trick; for to have spoken a word against Mohini, or anything she did just then, would have meant instant death by his fellow Asuras. But he was found and pointed out as an Asura by the Sun and the Moon and the displeased

lady struck and clave him into two with the spoon and passed on. The two parts Rahu and Ketu turned in anger against the informers and swallowed them. But the Sun and the Moon had already partaken of *Amrita* and could not die; and so they came out again after a while; and so the scene is repeated again and again at every eclipse.

Mohini, after having served the elixir to all the Devas, gave the vessel with the remaining *amrita* to Indra and vanished out of sight. Then the Asuras woke from their stupor and began to search after the charmer, for they thought that some one of them had probably hid her for his love's sake. When, after long fighting among themselves, they stopped through sheer weariness, they turned to the Devas and asked them what had become of the Mohini, and why they were not given their share of the *Amrita*. The Devas mockingly replied: "Mohini was a creature of illusion and she has disappeared and will not return. You were her lovers and she often came to you, and do you ask us about your share of *Amrita*? She has left the elixir with us and we mean to keep it to ourselves, safe from your unholy touch. Search out and find your charmer and then she will give you your dues." The Asuras now saw how they had been duped and they made war upon the Devas. Elated with success and strengthened by the Elixir, the Devas easily routed the tired and dispirited Asuras and drove them out of heaven. Slowly and sadly they went back to their own cities, which they had left years ago to join in the search after *Amrita*, and they comforted one another saying: "We will think that we had not toiled long for this; that *Amrita* had never been obtained from the depths of the ocean; that the Devas alone have a claim to it, and not we. We will suppose that all these things did not happen, and we will forget all our hopes and feelings about *Amrita*, or the sweet charmer who has cheated us out of our share of it."

But they never forgot Mohini, and many of them, even when they cursed the illusion, felt that they would gladly toil for as long a time again and lose their reward in the end, just for the pleasure of seeing her once more. They often thought of her and loved her in their inmost minds for ever after; for,

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

II. GARUDA *

One day Katuravi and Vinuta went to the river to bathe, and there they saw grazing on the opposite shore the beautiful horse that had come out of the ocean.

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"Look, sister," said Vinuta to Katuravi, (we are told that these two were sisters, but perhaps they only called themselves so, as they were the wives of the same man; and they never knew the happiness of feeling sisterly love for each other, as you will see later on) "how spotlessly white that horse is, like the fame of righteous men. Is it not a pleasure to look at it?"

"The fame of good men is dazzling only at a distance and has often spots enough if you look close at it; and so I dare say, is the case with yonder horse too," replied Katuravi, as she filled her pot with water. "But this horse is really spotless" exclaimed Vinuta, and her sister answered by saying that she could already see a dot near the tail. This she said just to spite Vinuta, for the animal was, as you know really, pure white. All their way home, they quarrelled about the horse, the one declaring that there was a spot and the other that there was none; and at last they agreed to go near and look at the horse the next day and whoever was mistaken should become the slave of the other. Then Katuravi was seized with fear, and calling her sons told them of the quarrel and said: "You must somehow manage to make a dark spot appear on the horse's back to-morrow." But they, one and all, refused to do so, for it was a dishonest thing.

"Do you love honesty more than your mother's freedom? Will you have your mother a slave and take pleasure in your spotless righteousness? Woe is me that, though I have borne many sons, yet I am not dear to even one of them" cried Katuravi angrily. "You are very dear to us, mother" answered her son, Adi Sesha, "but truth is dearer still, dearer than even our own life or liberty, and we shall never fail in it. We are very sorry to displease you, but it cannot be helped."

"Will no one do my bidding?" demanded Katuravi in a passion, and the youngest son, afraid of her displeasure, promised to carry out her order. Then she turned to her other son and said: "A mother's curse upon your rigid truth and virtue. May you be hated of men and hunted from the earth and lose all good things of life."

Katuravi soon repented of her anger, for she dearly loved her sons, but you know that words cannot be picked up again after they once fall from the lips, and the curse had its effect. This is why we speak of the Serpent as bound by *Satya* (Truth) and show it much reverence, while Christians and Mahomedans hate it as an evil thing, a form of Satan. Vinuta was much surprised the next day to see a dot on the

horse's tail and though she afterwards learnt that it was only Katuravi's artifice, she thought herself bound to become her sister's slave and Katuravi ordered her about and ruled her with no velvet hand. About this time, Vinuta's second egg burst open and Garuda, the Eagle-King, was born out of it. As his mother was a slave, he too had to obey Katuravi and serve her sons. They were not kind to him and often ill-treated him, but Garuda was strong, much stronger than all of them, and so they were a bit afraid of him. He was besides a voracious youth, and his mistress had much difficulty in giving him food enough; and then, when he was filled and found himself in a merry mood, he sometimes played mischievous pranks on his masters and vexed Katuravi beyond all patience. So his presence in the quiet house was troublesome to all, and he himself hated his position as a slave. One day, he asked Katuravi whether she would not name any service, by doing which he and his mother could become free ever after, and she naturally said: "Get the *Amrita-Kalasa* from heaven that my sons may drink of it." Garuda left at once, and after satisfying his ravenous hunger with eating some wild beasts, he went to the place where his father Kasyapa sat in Tapas. He threw himself at his father's feet and introducing himself (for Kasyapa had not seen him and did not know his son), he asked of him the way to heaven. Kasyapa replied, "The way to heaven is through penance and prayer."

Garuda then told him all the things that had happened at home and of his quest after *Amrita* and prayed him to show a path to *Devaloka*, by which he may reach there soon. Kasyapa did accordingly and blessed him; and after some adventures with dwarfish *rishis* and wicked giants, Garuda reached Indra-loka one fine morning in Spring. He spent the day in seeing and admiring the sights of heaven, and towards evening, took a walk to the garden where the *Amrita-Kalasa* was kept and guarded. He entered into talk with the guards and after a while, suddenly pushed them aside and went within the garden. His very daring surprised the guards so much, that it was only after he had taken the *Amrita-Kalasa* and was about to return that they saw what he was about and attacked him; and though they wounded him somewhat, yet all of them together were not able to stop him. By this time, news reached Indra of the bold intruder, and the King of the Devas himself went in person to see and punish the thief. A fight ensued, in which Garuda lost one wing, but by that time, Indra saw what a courageous and skilful enemy he had to deal

Yvet—Cashmere

BY "SHAHINDA"



HERE is no country in the world as fertile and as beautiful as the Kingdom of Cashmere. It has all the advantages imaginable, to the artist, tourist, cultivator, sportsman, archaeologist, etc. It has the highest chain of mountains and therefore the grandest scenery imaginable.

In the centre of this lovely territory, and encircled by a chain of snow-peaked mountains is the exquisite poem-like "VALLEY OF CASHMERE" called YVET, set like a jewel, with the Jhelum flowing placidly, its banks covered with multi-coloured blossoms.

The silvery Jhelum is the waterway from Baramulla to Islamabad, a distance of about a 100 miles and a gradual ascent of a 100 feet. Its sides are dotted with picturesque villages, alluvial plains and fruit gardens.

Situated on either side and in the middle of its navigable course is the ancient town of Srinagar, the summer seat of the Maharaja. It is a great trade centre and far famed for its unrivalled art of shawl and carpet weaving, wood-carving, papier mache, enamel and other beautiful industries.

Since time was of no consequence, we floated leisurely midst a pageant of rock, stream and forest, under the pomp of shining clouds, in our splendid houseboat "NOOR JEHAN", and arrived at Srinagar in the middle of April, to find Nature turning its freaks to poetry. There was a flutter of growth and the song of spring. Life stirred rapidly in the refreshing air.

We moored in the Dal, completely lost in admiration of the wondrous spot. The expanse of the waters of the Dal is 5 miles, with a semicircle of purple mountains behind reflected in the green water and glistening beneath the shadowy play of leaf and flower. The surface is partly covered with aquatic plants, bulrushes and floating gardens.

The floating gardens of Cashmere came into existence in the time of the "Lovers of the Beautiful"—the Moghul Emperors—and were covered with roses, wafting their delicious scent, as they moved hither and thither with the fancy of the wind. They are now used for growing cucumbers and melons!

Girdling the Dal are exquisite spots:

with and inquired about his name and lineage. Garuda told his story and Indra wondered that such a hero should think of stealing the *Amrita* from the Devas to give it to the unholy Nagas. "Don't you feel ashamed of your purpose?" asked he.

"Do you then mean that one like me should remain in endless bondage?" asked Garuda, and Indra admitted that it was a great shame. So, after some more of talk, they agreed that Garuda should carry the *Amrita-Kalasa* to his step-mother without any opposition from the Devas and obtain his freedom; but that he should try and persuade his brothers to delay their tasting it for a short time, when it would be Indra's business to get it back to heaven somehow. Katuravi's pleasure knew no bounds when she saw the *Amrita-Kalasa* actually before her eyes, for she had not expected that Garuda would be able to bring it from heaven. "My sons toiled long years to obtain this elixir," she exclaimed in grateful joy, "and though the Devas cheated them of their just reward, I had always hoped that one day, they would get what was their due. God is indeed just, for I did not expect you to succeed and I thought of your absence only as a good riddance of the trouble and mischief you were always engaged in. But since you have done us this good, be free, both you and your mother, and my blessings on you."

Garuda waited just for these words, and when his brothers came to take the vessel from his hands, he placed it down and advised them to bathe and purify themselves before they touched the divine elixir. So they left it there, and went to bathe, when Indra came in the form of a crow and carried away the vessel back to heaven. The Nagas once more realised that "there is many a slip between the cup and the lip." And their mother exclaimed in her bitter disappointment, "I unjustly made Garuda and his mother slaves, but I have reaped no benefit from it. Fate has mocked me cruelly, and I can only say, 'Thou O God, art just, juster than we take Thee to be.'"

Garuda left his step-mother's house and wandered in many places, till he at last became the honoured bearer and servant of Vishnu, and he amply revenged himself for any little unkindness his brothers may have shown him in former days, by his pitiless persecution of the whole Naga race.

The Takhte-Sulaiman is an old temple on the spur of a conical hill, a thousand feet above the Valley, so called because Solomon's throne descended there, so legend says! From here you get a most extended view of the graceful plains, city, gardens, great terraces stretching towards the Lake. Beyond, is the silver and blue of the Dal, seen through rich reflected lights. The snowy Pir Panjal Range is in the far distance, crested mountains seen through a world of opal colour arched by skies of pale green melting into rose—a gigantic wall guarding the beautiful Valley.

From the Dal Darwaza (gate), following the course on the right, Gagribal is a projection with gigantic chinars, a more ideal spot cannot be imagined. The boats are moored under the gloom of overhanging trees, breathing scent in balmy silent hours. Here the well-renowned fabrics, the Cashmere shawls, had been washed and cleaned in the olden days.

Nestling cosily on the slopes a mile or two further, is the pretty village of "Gupkar" studded with Swiss Cottages, a style of structure entirely out of place in Cashmere. These detached villas and fruit gardens are hired by visitors for the season. There is an old water garden entirely dilapidated, but bearing the traces of having once been a beautiful Moghul garden, with splendid Chinars.

A little beyond is the pretty village of "Thid," laden with fruit trees. Behind, high upon the mountains, are the remains of Peri Mahal (Palace of fairies), a heavy structure in terraces. The history of this building is confused, some say Dara Shikoh built it for his tutor, others say there was a spring and it was a pleasure-garden, another story is that the Sufis built it for astronomical purposes. In all probability it was a pleasure garden, for there are the remains of fountains, tanks and terraces, and the spot is well suited for the purpose. A zigzag path along the ridge leads to the great heights of "Buchiwan", 9,500 feet. It is difficult to climb, but one is more than rewarded for one's efforts, for it commands a magnificent panorama of the country. In front is the Pir Panjal Range, translucent in ethereal shades of mauve, blue and green. The snow-touched peaks of Khagan are far away on the borders of Yagistan, drowned in the dim wash of grey blue. On the right, the hoary twin peaks of Haramoukh are lost in the clouds with their formidable crags and frowning precipices, and the grim and stern Mahadeo reflected clearly in the Dal.

The Moghul Emperors were intense lovers of Nature. They have left traces of their perfect tastes in selecting the loveliest spots and build-

ing exquisite pavilions, fountains and pleasure gardens, unequalled in beauty.

In a secluded remote corner at the foot of the Peri Mahal, is the Chashmai Shahi, (Royal spring) famous for its pure water. There is a delightful water garden and pavilion in the small enclosure, from where the cool fresh water bubbles out in great quantities. The soft air is scented by the tangled mass of roses.

Further, a few miles away, are the enchanting gardens of Shalimar and Nishat (Joy and Gladness) steeped in romance, and gracefully laid out to suit the fastidious taste of the well beloved and renowned queen Nur Jehan. There are marble pavilions, flowery paths, water terraces, fountains, cascades and glorious Chinars spreading their noble boughs in emerald green velvety foliage. The mysterious sheen of diaphanous light expands all over, serene, infinite and majestic—suddenly veiling mists pass from one flimsy haze into another—weaving their web of colour, delicate pink, faint blue and tenderest varieties of lavender mingle with reflections of gold. The stately beauty of Shalimar is engulfed in shadows of blue and purple, and the charming Nishat is seen through a blurred shimmer of silver ripples of fountains.



GRATITUDE

BY AN INDIAN LADY

The bounteous skies pour forth their stored—
up wealth

On earth's broad bosom,—earth the gift
receives

And joyously

In brilliant colour, fragrant scent and waving
leaves

Shows forth her praise.

The mighty sea accepts the rivers' gifts

Accepts,—but only to give out again,

His praise ascends

Unseen and always—stores the skies with
rain

For future days.

The moon, her fires burnt out, pursues her path
Illumined by the sun's all powerful light;—

Her gratitude

She gently beams athwart the gloom of night
In thankful rays.

The birds, whose merry flitting little lives
Are precious in God's sight,—their daily food

Their Father's care—

Trill out with tuneful voice in thankful mood
Their grateful lays.

We have so much;

God, the All-Giver, pours upon mankind

His gifts with bounteous hand;

Where'er we turn, some priceless thing we find,

Some wondrous sight, some joyous sound,
some touch

Of glory from another world—

We have so much.

Not with our lips alone, O, Lord—

Words are so weak;

The utmost eloquence men's tongues afford

Can never seek

To truly sound Thy Praise.

Our earthly lays,

Our human efforts to extol Thy ways,

Can only faintly, feebly, try to tell abroad

Our gratitude for boons bestowed and gifts
outpoured.

Not with our lips alone, O, Lord—

Words flow so fast;

The men who praise Thee now with one accord,

Ere a day's past

May use that self-same speech

False aims to teach,

False doctrines to expound, false hopes to
preach,

Replacing by men's narrow ways God's love
most broad

And thus denying Him their lips but now
adored.

O Lord, our lives, — may they show forth
Thy Praise,

As Thou hast taught;

May we remember, all our earthly days

What Thou hast wrought,

And learning from Thy grateful universe,

O may we live

With hearts attuned to praise, to love, to
work,

To serve, to give.

E. A. S. B.

A Play

"AT ANY COST"

Persons in the Play

AKBAR	... Emperor of Delhi.
ABUL FAZL	... His trusted minister and friend.
VEERA BHAI	... Queen of Rana Udai Singh of Chittore.
PADMINI BHAI	... Sister of Rana Udai Singh of Chittore.
PRATAP SINGH	... A Captain in the Rajput Army.
ABDUL KAREEM	... A Muhammadan Soldier in Akbar's service.
A SEPOY	... Gate-keeper.

Historical Introduction



AKBAR, the Great Moghul Emperor, invades the territories of the Rana of Chittore. Udai Singh, the Rana, has fallen away from the great traditions of his illustrious family and become demoralized and demoralized. As soon as he learns that some of his armies are defeated by Akbar and a portion of his territory taken, he resolves to evacuate Chittore and take refuge in the hills. His wife Veera Bhai and his sister Padmini Bhai taunt him with his cowardice but, to no purpose. As if to spite him, they don male attire and lead the Rajput Army into the field against the imperial troops. In the battle that ensues, the heroic little army, led by the queen, sustains a crushing defeat. The Queen and Padmini Bhai think of committing suicide, but intent upon selling their lives dearly, they resolve to get a look at the great Emperor, of whom they have heard so much, and kill him, after procuring admission to his presence in disguise, or perish in the enterprise. Having learnt that the Emperor is fond of music and partial to religious mendicants, they disguise themselves as Hindu Fakeers singing religious songs.

"AT ANY COST"

(Place: The Imperial Camp of Akbar near Yuvarajpur.)

Time: Evening after dusk. Akbar is seated inside his tent on a divan. Abul Fazl is seated close by).

Akbar: Yes,—We have indeed won. But the glory of the day is with that little Rajput army of heroes, which our huge army practically annihilated. I wish you had seen their young Commander on the field of battle. He seemed like the very God of War incarnate. I had given orders to take him alive. But I am afraid he has given us the slip. Ah! how they fought!

Abul Fazl: Yes—they told me that the Rajputs faced us with splendid courage.

Akbar: They must have known every one of them would be destroyed and yet how wonderful was their bravery!

Abul Fazl: Has Your Majesty ever pondered over this quality, which we call 'bravery'?

Akbar: Why? What about it?

Abul Fazl: What we admire as courage is *courage at any cost*. It is the supreme scorn of consequence in it that appeals to us. We admire it most when it is most foolish.

(Enter at some distance Veera Bhai and Padmini Bhai disguised as Hindu Fakeers and singing the following song:—

What is life?

But a moment's dreary dream

But a drop in a rushing stream!

What is life?

But an empty bursting bubble

But a circling toil and trouble!

Akbar: (After listening) How sweet those mendicants sing and how much philosophy there is in their simple words—Who is there?

(ENTER SEPOY)

Sepoy: Your slave, Huzur!

Akbar: Who are those Fakeers that are singing there?

Sepoy: They say they are Hindu Fakeers, Huzur. We tried to prevent them from coming near the tent, but they insisted on seeing Your Majesty. As the Sircar has ordered that we should not stop Fakirs, we did not know what to do and they have come here.

Akbar: Bring them in here. (Exit Sepoy).

Abul Fazl: They do not seem to be Fakeers by their voice. It is not safe to let every unknown person come so near the imperial presence.



DR. (MISS) HILDA M. LAZARUS, B.A., M.B., B.S.



MISS REGINA GUHA, CALCUTTA.

Akbar: Trust breeds trust,
Suspicion breeds suspicion.

(Enter Sepoy, and Veera Bhai and Padmini Bhai disguised as Hindu Fakeers).

Veera Bhai: It is the great god of the Mussalmans and Hindus that should grant long life and prosperity to the great Moghul Padusha!

Akbar: You can also give, for you are Fakeers.

Veera Bhai: We are but servants and instruments.

Akbar to Abul Fazl: Their voice is very melodious.

(Veera Bhai and Padmini Bhai look at each other).

Akbar: Which country do you come from?

Veera Bhai: We may now call no country our own.

Akbar: For how many years have you been Fakeers like this?

Veera Bhai: It is not long ago that we have been able to discard the pleasures of this life.

Akbar: Have you no wives?

Veera Bhai: According to our rules, we should have no wives.

Akbar: So you have no children either.

Veera Bhai: We have never had wives.

Akbar: Both of you seem still very young. Why have you become Fakeers?

Veera Bhai:—Fate has so ordained that we should, even when so young, give up all attachment to earth and life.

Akbar: Why were you anxious to see me?

Veera Bhai: (Casts a glance at Padmini).

Padmini Bhai: Truth to speak, great Padusha, it was your reputed partiality for music and Fakeers that emboldened us to seek this admission into the imperial presence.

Veera Bhai: Having heard of Your Majesty's high qualities, which are being sung everywhere, we swore to ourselves that we should at least see your gracious Majesty before we die.

Abul Fazl: We were told but just now that you persisted in seeing his Majesty this very day. Did you think, then, that your end was so near?

Veera Bhai: Such opportunities do not come to us every day, and as for dying, which of us can say for himself where or when it is to be?

Akbar: Yes: it were wise to be always prepared for death.

Padmini Bhai: We became prepared for death when we put on this dress.

Abul Fazl: Yes. I thought so from your appearance.

Veera Bhai: According to our philosophy, all existence is but appearance and the reality is hidden from us.

Abul Fazl: When we see through the appearance, do we not perceive the reality?

Veera Bhai: No. Not the reality! never! It is but another appearance behind the first appearance, quite as deceptive as that other.

Abul Fazl: I see you can also talk cleverly.

Akbar: And your voice too was so sweet when we heard you sing a short time ago outside the tent. In fact I wondered if it was some women that were singing.

Abul Fazl: You must have been born women.

Veera Bhai: Then we should indeed be glad, because as women how could we have hoped to approach this august presence.

Akbar: I am indeed charmed with your clever talk.

Veera Bhai: Can there be any doubt that the sole cause of our cleverness is the benign presence we are before? Who could help being clever, placed as we are?

(Enter Sepoy with a letter which he hands over to Abul Fazl. The latter reads it, looks at Veera Bhai and Padmini Bhai and hands it over to Akbar who reads it, looks at Veera Bhai and Padmini Bhai and then at Abul Fazl and smiles.)

Akbar (to the Sepoy). Ask Abdul Kareem to come in.

(EXIT SEPOY)

(Veera Bhai and Padmini Bhai look somewhat concernedly at each other).

(ENTER ABDUL KAREEM)

(Veera Bhai and Padmini Bhai, seeing Abdul Kareem, start slightly).

Akbar: You—fakirs—It seems as if you knew this man before. Where, when and how did you become acquainted with him?

Veera Bhai: In this drama of life, many characters come across many others. Who can undertake to say when, where and how? Your Majesty may feel assured that if this man's words were as good as his memory, your Majesty's questions would be properly answered.

Abdul Kareem: What is proper and improper depends on how you look at it, and a man bound to do a thing may also feel bound to undo it.

(Some noise is heard from outside the tent).

Abul Fazl: Sepoy! what is the noise there about?

(ENTER SEPOY)

Sepoy: May it please the Vizier Sircar—A Rajput disguised as a Muhammadan was discovered loitering about the camp. He was taken up by the guards and has been brought up here for the orders of His Majesty.

Akbar: Fazuljee, We cannot certainly complain that the evening has been dull or devoid of sensation.

Abul Fazl: Who knows how much more is in store?

Akbar: (To Sepoy)—Fetch that Rajput here. (Saying so, Akbar glances at Veera Bhai and Padmini Bhai and they look at each other).

(ENTER SEPOY WITH PRATAP SINGH).

(Veera Bhai and Padmini Bhai start again on seeing Pratap Singh, and Abdul Karim and Pratap Singh stare at each other).

Akbar: Who art thou and how happened it, thou wert loitering about my Camp?

Abul Fazl: Are you one of the spies of Udai Singh? You might have been safer with your King in the retreats of the hills.

Pratap Singh: May it please the great Padusha. Your Majesty may be certain that if a Rajput was loitering about your military camp, it was not for Your Majesty's safety: nor is the Rajput likely to deny it.

Akbar: Are these—Fakirs—known to you? (To Abul Fazl). It is surprising that, excepting us, everybody seems to know who these fakirs are?

(Veera Bhai and Padmini Bhai again glance at each other).

Pratap Singh: I am not the servant of the Delhi Padusha—I am his sworn enemy, I refuse to be questioned.

Akbar: We give you one more opportunity—If you answer truly and fully and confess everything, you may expect to live: otherwise you will be dead in a few moments.

Pratap Singh: (With a smile). For the first time forsooth, a Rajput is attempted to be threatened with death.

Abul Fazl: Even a Rajput has wife and children.

Pratap Singh: A Rajput is wedded only to his honor and lives only for his country!

Akbar: We remember having heard this sort of thing before. But be advised! If you think that by your bravado you are helping your friends there, you are very much mistaken. What say you?

Pratap Singh: That I have nothing more to say.

Akbar:—Do you imagine that I do not know who they are?

Pratap Singh: I take it that those who knew already would not ask, even as those who do not know, could not answer.

Akbar: Indifference to life has made you impudent forsooth! Sepoy! Go and tell the Commander-in-chief, as an order from us, that this man who has been spying in our camp should be hanged in the main street of Chittore at day-break to-morrow.

Sepoy: As the Huzar Sircar orders: (attempts to take away Pratap Singh from the tent).

(Veera Bhai and Padmini Bhai, realising that Pratap Singh is about to be taken away to be hanged for trying to save their lives, look at each other and simultaneously kneel down).

Veera Bhai: Great Emperor! Lord of Delhi! It is not meet that you, far-famed as the most just and merciful of men, should order to be hanged that man for an offence for which we two alone are responsible.

Akbar: Speak! Confess! Who are you?

Veera Bhai: (Tearing off the ascetic garb on her person and casting off her head-gear: Padmini Bhai following suit):—

As the Emperor will know the truth, here is the whole truth in all its bitterness! I am the senior Queen of Udai Singh, Rana of Chittore, and she is his sister Padmini Bhai. When we found that you were about to take Chittore and the Rana would not fight, but resolved, even without a feeling of shame, to take refuge on the hills, contrary to all Rajput tradition, we, women though we were and unlearned in the arts of warfare, donned the dress of men and led our little army against you. It was like rain beating against a hill. We were defeated and all our army was destroyed, our country conquered, our hope blasted and even our modesty and self-respect gone. We made up our minds to wreak our vengeance on the author of all these ills and misfortunes and came here to sell our lives dearly—in a word, just to see you, kill you at any cost and to put an end to ourselves. We managed a great deal and, as you know, we have even got into your tent. But the moment we entered your presence, the very sight of your benign and royal features foiled our purpose and we stood there, confessed in your eyes and condemned in our own. That man there, Abdul Karim, we had saved the life of, and we had hoped that as a man and soldier he would not betray us, but verily he has dogged us and done his worst. Deal with

us as you please! Decree us to death. But save him, our friend and follower, who is innocent and who has risked his life, thus, only for our sake. Great and Gracious Emperor, we implore you!

Akbar: Rise, great Queens—it is not meet that such heroic and noble souls should thus kneel. For your true Rajput valour and dignity and for your devotion to your country and your honor and above all for your truthfulness, I grant him my pardon and his life. But your accusations against my loyal soldier Abdul Karim are wrong. True it is, he wrote this letter and gave me the whole story in detail. You will see here how he has pleaded for your lives. But he might have spared himself the trouble. When I heard your voice, my doubts began. When I noticed the characteristic womanly shyness on your faces as you entered, my suspicions grew stronger and your answers confirmed me in the conclusion. All that Abdul Karim has told me in this letter, which I did not know before, was how you two heroic women are related to that coward Udai Singh, who has fled to the hills.

Veera Bhai: We have found that woman's spirit is weak even in man's vesture.

Abul Fazl: It is not the spirit that is weak. It is the vesture of the sex that makes it weak.

Akbar: Great Queens! Can I do anything for you?

Padmini Bhai: Yes! Your Royal Majesty—put an end, immediately, to us and to our shame.

Akbar: Speak not thus!—Why should you wish to die?

Veera Bhai: That two ladies of the harem of Chittore came in disguise to the Padusha's camp and were caught, will become known to all the world to-day or to-morrow. How could we put up with life after such disgrace? Death is our only refuge.

Akbar: Suppose I refuse to grant you that.

Veera Bhai: Then you refuse to give the one thing we care for.

Akbar: Friend Fazljee! What do you think of such high and heroic resolve?

Abul Fazl: Are all the women in your country heroic and high-minded like you?

Veera Bhai: No—They are better, all of them—a great deal better—not one of them would have lived on, thus disgraced.

Akbar: It is not meet you should deem your heroic attempt a deed of shame. I shall grant you whatever you may desire. Ask!

Padmini Bhai: We have never learnt to beg. *Akbar*: Then listen to what I shall grant, unasked. I give you back your kingdom.

(To *Veera Bhai*): To-morrow morning you will both proceed to your City with royal honors and there you will be crowned Queen in the place of your husband.

Veera Bhai: How can I accept even a royal gift with such conditions?

Akbar: You are hard to please—women as you are! But I am resolved to please you at any cost. You shall have the kingdom, then, without any conditions.

Veera Bhai: Has the world ever witnessed such benignity and greatness?

Padmini: May your greatness be as great as our gratefulness!

Veera Bhai: It is the truly great that are great at any cost.

CURTAIN.

Two Distinguished Indian Ladies

MISS REGINA GUHA

Her distinguished lady is of Kayastha stock, to which belonged Miss Toru Dutt, the Bengali poetess. Her career has been a brilliant one. She was born in 1893. Her father was the late Mr. P. M. Guha, Vakil of the High Court. In 1911 she passed her B.A. in the first class, being the third in the Bengal list and receiving two medals. She passed the M.A. in 1913, being the first in the first class, and was the only lady candidate, as well as the only student who got the first class. She sat for three law examinations, viz., the preliminary, the intermediate and the final, in 1912, 1914, 1915, respectively. She applied to the Calcutta High Court for enrolment as a pleader; but her application has been rejected on the ground that the law does not permit the admission of ladies to a lawyer's profession. But such a brilliant lady is sure to find other openings for herself, in which she can "fulfil herself" for the good of India. India has indeed reason to be proud of her clever daughters.

DR. (MISS) HILDA LAZARUS, B.A., M.B., B.S.

Among the passengers that sailed for England by the S.S. *Salsette* on the 27th August, was Dr. (Miss) Hilda M. Lazarus, B.A., M.B., B.S.—Having completed her medical studies in the

Medical College, Madras, and having obtained the Wadia Scholarship of Rs. 3,000 for one year, she has gone to England to obtain higher degrees and learn practical work in the leading hospitals of London. Miss Lazarus received her early education in the London Mission High School for Boys, under her father, Mr. D. Lazarus, B.A., its Principal. Although she had to compete with boys in the school, who were much older than she, she succeeded in winning the first prize in every class and obtained a Government scholarship which was continued to her till she passed the B.A. degree examination of the Madras University in 1911. She then joined the Madras Medical College and the Madras University awarded her the Anne Isabella Subramaniam Scholarship. Year after year she passed with credit the several examinations of the College and of the University, and last year she obtained the Bharati Lakshmi Gold Medal for proficiency in Midwifery. In July last, she passed the final M.B., B.S. examination, taking the third place in the Presidency. She is the first Indian lady graduate to pass the highest medical examination. We are proud of her and congratulate her heartily. We wish her every success in her studies in England and we trust she will return to her native land with new-fledged honours to work among her country women.

Ayen's Repentance

[By A. P. S.]



It is regrettable to state that Ayen was a backslider from the Christian fold. One of the greatest troubles that the Missionary has, is to keep converted persons from slipping back into their early worship. It is difficult to

escape from the coils of hereditary and centuries of superstition, and Ayen, who had been a convert for three years and gave promise of being a most exemplary Christian, suddenly backslided. The teachings of the Rev. John Brown of the L. M. S. were simple and adapted to the intellectual and moral condition of his hearers. Rightly thinking that Ayen and his like would scarcely be able to appreciate the subtleties of the Trinity, the difference in merit in Faith and Works, or the mysteries of prevenient Grace, he simply explained to Ayen, his wife Olayi and his little daughter

aged seven, among others, the love of God, which, in a very inexplicable but truthful manner, impressed Ayen and Olayi as being equivalent to human love: "As one who loves his fellow men."

Ayen and Olayi were Poliyas. The Poliya is among the lowest class of untouchables in Travancore. His presence to a Malayalee Sudra is pollution at forty paces distance. When a Potti or Nambudri is seen by a Poliya, he hides himself from sight half a furlong away. Even to an Ezuva—a toddy-drawer—Ayen was pollution to touch. So Ayen and his fellows always avoided the higher castes, or made way willingly for them, as if nature had ordained their lowly position in society. Ayen laboured in the paddy fields of Kesava Pillay, a rich Nair landlord of Chembayanor. Coarse food not always as plentiful as could be wished, incessant work during all weathers and often lasting far into the night to scare wild pig from the crops, the nearest shed of thatch for a dwelling, open all round, called a *Madom*, in which standing was impossible, a fire place, with an earthenware pot or two, a wooden mortar and pestle to bray his paddy in, and a fisherman's creel was all the furniture—barring an old mat with a piece of wood for a pillow—that the *madom* contained. The only worldly wealth of Ayen and Olayi was some coloured beads round Olayi's neck, and some rare white shells on Ayen's arm. It was not an ideal state of existence. Yet Ayen and Olayi were not unhappy. Not knowing better things, they never coveted them. It was true Kesava Pillay *Thamburan* lived in a large group of houses and that he possessed cows and money and fine cloths, that his beautiful and graceful *Thumbratee* (Kesava Pillay's wife) wore spotless white cloths and had golden *thoda* in her ears and that they fed on fine rice and curds and *palagarams*! What then? The God Padmanabha had decreed that Ayen should belong to the *Thamburan*, that he should serve him: and did he and his family not get presents of *Moondoos* (cloths) at *Onam* and *Vishu*; and on other festival days too, such as *Bharini* and *Sangrathi*, the *Thamburatee* gave Ayen and Olayi food of her own cooking and *palagarams* and fruits. Then, when harvest was over, Ayen and his cronies would make merry and they would sing martial songs—filtered down to these late pre-dial slaves in some mysterious way, pointing to their employment as bowman and archers in the troublous times of Nair warfare—and beat the tom-tom and occasionally sacrifice a cock to Madan and indulge in a devil dance, in a paroxysm of which Ayen was famous for his foretelling the future and for

threatening his enemies. Of course, at these gatherings there was plenty of betel and nut and toddy and perhaps some fiery arrack. And then to hard work for days on end, till the young paddy sprouted and was transplanted to the beat of a drum, and developed into fields and fields of golden shimmering grain. Ayen would heave a sigh of satisfaction and be conscious of a feeling of pride in his achievement, when he saw the results of his labour.

The Missionary at Donakal was an earnest man determined to uplift the depressed classes, and his catechists were ubiquitous. One day, when the harvest was ripe for the sickle, Ayen, his wife and little Ramini, after their midday meal, were resting in the shade of some cocoanut palms. There was nothing to do except to shout now and again to scare the wild parrots which are so destructive to ripened corn. They were looking forward to, and talking of, the coming harvest, when Masilamany John, the Catechist, suddenly presented himself. Ayen and Olayi did not rise, though they did not in any way act disrespectfully to the Christian *Ejaman*. They listened to him in an apathetic way. Other *Ejamins* had come and gone, they thought; but there was something arresting and practical about this one. He did not speak so much as the Missionary Sahib Brown, whom Ayen had more than once listened to in the Parpanangadi market, about the love of God and man—by which Ayen had been so abidingly impressed. Often in the lonely dark starlit nights, he had pondered on the Sahib's words. Was it possible that God had died for men? Yes, perhaps! Had not Krishna taken a human form? He had heard that! The Sahib's God had always been kindest to poor men, to diseased men, to the sick and the sorrowful. That was what Ayen wished all men would do. If he fell sick, there was no one but Olayi to look after him, or the Donakal hospital of the Mission. The Sirkar hospital he could not approach—because of the pollution he would cause to the people attending it. But the Sahib did not care about pollution! Catechist Masilamany John was a Christian; but he did not see the utility of appealing to the sinful ways and unregenerate hearts of Ayen and his wife. He appealed rather to their pride, to their covetousness and tried to rouse their ambition. And so he dwelt on the pollution question. He himself had been a *Mookoovan*—a fisher man—who was untouchable, and yet, after he became a Christian he was at liberty to go anywhere. Even the Maharajah Poonoo (golden) *Thamburan* had ad-

mitted him to an audience. It was the Sudras and Pottis and Nambudries, who looked down on the Poliyas. If Ayen became a Christian, the Missionary Sahib would clothe and feed him, and find him employment with wages in coin, or get him a little land which he could cultivate and grow hill rice and tapioca for himself on, and then he need not care for the *Proverthi* or *Police Tamburans* or anyone. The continual dropping of water on a stone wears some of it away. Ayen had already pondered on the God Christ of the Missionary Sahib, who died for sinners, who cleansed the lepers and healed the sick; and added to that the catechist gave promise of material welfare and social emancipation, and after long hesitation and in great fear—Ayen and Olayi and Ramini one midnight deserted Kesava Pillay and found their way to the Donakal Mission and were there baptised and instructed.

During the three years Ayen and his wife had been Christians, he had been employed in the garden of the Mission. Olayi had been taken into the kitchen of the orphanage, one of whose inmates Ramini was. To Olayi and Ramini, the change was delightful. Ramini was suitably clothed in a skirt and jacket and taught the three R's and sewing, while Olayi was taught cleanliness and cooking and sewing. Ayen and Olayi lived in a substantial garden shed, and saw Ramini every day. Ayen, however, after some time found life to be dull and dreary and intolerable. He often longed for toddy, and the company of his field friends, the wild life of labour, broken by fishing, trapping game, songs, the devil-dancing excitements, the prophesying, and tom-tom beating, all this he sadly missed and he yearned to return to the old life. Olayi had besides grown old and he remembered a bright-eyed Poliya girl, Chaddachi, who had been kind to him in his unregenerate days, and who he thought would live with him if he returned to Kesava *Tamburan*. This yearning to return to his old life grew into an obsession—and as suddenly as he had left Kesava Pillay, Ayen abandoned the mission and ran away to his old master. Needless to say he was warmly welcomed. Kesava Pillay knew Ayen as a good labourer and told him he should get a *Pellayee* to cook his food, and even went so far as to promise the payment of expenses if Ayen could get Chaddachi to live with him. Ayen succeeded. The long abstinence, however, of Ayen from forbidden things drove him into excesses and being an elderly man, six months after his return, Ayen fell ill and on a cold dewy night found himself paralysed and useless! Kesava Pillay

was sorry and got the local *Vydian* to send some alleviations; for though Ayen had been baptised he was still looked upon as unclean and the *Vydian* refused to attend to him personally.

It was the cold season in Travancore. The nights were keen and in his *Madom* Ayen, accustomed for three years to good shelter, and more garments than he had ever previously worn, found that his malady got worse. Chad-dachi proved a faithless, pleasure-loving creature and, when she saw that Ayen could no longer provide her with all that she required, reproached him and took up with a young fellow of Ayen's acquaintance, with whom she would be absent all day. Christmas was approaching, the happy season of love and good-will to men, and Ayen, lying ill in his miserable shed, thought of Olayi and his little girl—who had made more than one effort to win him back after he had abandoned the Mission. "They are Christians" he thought bitterly—"and yet because I left them—they don't care, and leave me here desolate". He was unjust! He felt it, and yet the thought would come that Christ, of whom the Missionary Sahib had spoken, would not have left him to die like a dog without succouring him. The Donakal Mission was not many miles away and all that had seemed drab and dreary about it, now appeared most desirable to Ayen. Christmas was a joyous season in Donakal. It was holiday time there, and he wondered if he could get back! He was afraid and ashamed to send word by anyone, as the Missionary Sahib would be angry, and his neighbours in the paddy field would flout him and jeer at him. So Ayen, repenting of his error, longing for his old wife and little child, resigned himself to the inevitable. He would die soon, thank God! There was no one to get him a drink of water, to cook?—he had nothing to cook. Payment for labour was made in kind—and he had not worked since his illness had occurred. If it had not been for the *Thambratce*, Kesava Pillay's wife, who sent him a dole of rice twice a day he would long ago have died of starvation.

But Olayi had not forgotten Ayen, nor had Ramini—now an intelligent little lass of ten, who was fast approaching womanhood. The Christmas season had brought to them happiness, and Olayi and Ramini on the day preceding Christmas day, prostrated themselves—in the old humble fashion—before Mrs. Brown, the Rev. John Brown's wife, and implored her to allow them to go and see Ayen. They had heard from a passer-by, that he was ill and not expected to live. The good lady gladly gave the permission, stipulating that Catechist

Masilamany John should see that they were not beaten or abused.

Ayen was lying before a decaying fire. Ill-nourished, exposed to the four winds of heaven; and depressed in body and soul, he shivered even on the gloriously sunny morning of the day before Christmas. He tried to remember some of the words of the Christmas hymn, which Ramini used to sing, and he thought that if Christ passed by in these days how quickly he would be healed and how he would be bidden to rise up and walk. The tears stood in his eyes, which he closed in very weariness and despair. Was that the shadow of a kite that shut out the light for a moment? He raised his hand to scare it away, when it was seized by two warm little hands with the words "Father! Father! See, Mother and I have come, we heard you were ill and"—but Ayen thought it was a dream and looked afraid. After a time he realized that it indeed was his wife and child. Speechless with gladness and repentance, he wept bitterly. The love of God and men was made manifest and from that moment his faith in the Christian God became his religion.

He and Olayi lived a short while and died in the Mission. Ramini is an Indian Christian young woman of rare intelligence, considerable refinement and some personal charm, who, as a school teacher, and the wife of a Medical Catechist, is fulfilling her mission in life.

[N.B.—This is a story pertaining to times before H. H., the present enlightened Maharajah, abolished all caste distinctions in the use of the public roads—and opened the schools and public institutions to the depressed classes.]



Was Othello An Untruthful Man?

(BY AN INDIAN LADY)

"OTHELLO" is considered to be the triumph of Shakespeare's tragic muse; the pity of it all is more depressing to the mind than the terror of Macbeth or the pathos of Lear. Hamlet alone is about equally delecting, but then Othello is simpler and is easier understood than the story of the Prince of Denmark. Next to a study of the tragedy itself, the most depressing reading that can be taken up for a sultry

afternoon, is a criticism of the tragedy. It is pointed out to us that the characters had faults, through which they earned their tragic fate and we are asked to admire the poetic Justice of it all. The strain is really too much, the uncritical reader has no other feelings save love or pity towards the Moor and his wife and would rather be a partisan than a judge. Othello erred, erred fatally in his judgment and his acts towards the close, and his life could have ended only tragically, and so we suppose the end was but what was just and inevitable. But it seems unkind to express in words such a judgment, and to analyse the character with the sole purpose of seeking for faults that may justify the judgment. The reader feels at cross purposes with the critic and, though forced to admit his authority and better judgment, is happier in doubting than in assenting to his views.

(1) In Othello's famous speech of the description of his courtship, this line occurs "of those whose heads grew beneath their shoulders". The critic at once cries out that the Moor had been telling fables to win the credulous fancy of Desdemona. This criticism is based upon the writer's opinion that such men had never existed, and therefore Othello, describing such men, was clearly telling an untruth. Now the presumption is that Othello was not a fool; if he had knowingly added fancy to facts the better to charm Desdemona, he would surely not plead it in his defence while speaking before the most potent, grave and revered signiors of Venice. And it is remarkable that none of the Senators, not even Brabantio who had charged him with winning his daughter's love craftily, had any fault to find with his account of his courtship. The Duke's comment was that such a tale would have won his own daughter. Therefore it is quite evident that Othello and the Venetian Senators thought

but that such beings might be somewhere. The true explanation of that line is perhaps to be found in the fact that during Elizabeth's reign, the wildest and most childish fancies prevailed in England about distant lands and their inhabitants. Shakespeare himself might have shared those beliefs; at any rate, an audience of those days would have understood by that, only that Othello had travelled deeper into the countries, whose coasts they imagined to be something of a faery land. Sir Walter Raleigh, writing a history, seriously tells tales as improbable as that men's heads should grow beneath their shoulders. Such things were believed and Shakespeare did not intend that Othello's words should be mistaken for an untruth.

(2) Othello is accused of untruthfulness in his account of that wretched kerchief; at one time, he said that it was an Egyptian's gift to his mother who gave it to him dying, and at another time spoke of it as a gift from his father to his mother. Now also his motive is supposed to be to play on Desdemona's credulity; as if she could prize the kerchief more for any other reason than that her husband prized it and gave it to her as the first token of his love. Why then did Othello contradict himself? probably because he knew no better. The kerchief is supposed to be a love-token, or charm, of curious embroidery, and as far as we know, the only thing that he inherited from his parents. Othello had been struggling in camps ever since he was nine years old, and the impression of his speech is that Desdemona was the first woman who loved and pitied him. This could not have been, had not Othello lost his mother very young; if she had lived even till his early manhood, he would have remembered her love, to contrast it with the love he had won late in life. Probably, he lost his parents young, probably he had heard two accounts and perhaps many more, about the magical kerchief and had never taken the pains to know the exact truth about it. At any rate, it is very doubtful that Shakespeare attached any other importance to the disagreeing statements about the kerchief, than to throw a poetic uncertainty about it, and it is unfair to call Othello untruthful on such slight grounds.

(3) Othello had been violently agitated by his talk with Iago, and his wife, noticing his pained expression, asked him if he was ill, and he replied that there was a pain about his forehead. The critics would have it that he told a lie to hide his emotion, and as it was then that the fatal kerchief was lost, they grow very wise over the moral. If these are the failings that poetic

justice punishes with misery and death, how thankful must we be that our real life is quite prosaic. But did he really tell a lie? He was agitated, in the next scene he even fainted under the strain, and even now his face showed his suffering. How do the critics know that his forehead did not really throb? A throbbing forehead is quite distinct from common headache and has been felt by nervous persons on occasions of far less unhappiness than that which agitated Othello. It is usually caused not by ill-health, but only through mental emotion, and it was most natural, almost inevitable, that Othello should have felt it. This prepares us for the swoon in the next scene and most probably it was meant by the poet for that purpose. Othello was uniformly simple and straightforward on all occasions, he spoke the truth about his marriage; he spoke the truth about his wife's murder and his last words were that the truth should be impartially reported about his tragedy. Most unfortunate he was, but he was not by nature, by the poet's conception, an untruthful man.

Saguna's Education



MRS. Amritam was a woman of uncommon ability. Although she did not have all the advantages of Western education now open to her daughter Saguna, she had an intimate knowledge of the change in thought and life which was coming over the country as a result of contact with a higher civilisation. She was at the same time alive to the problems, which an alien culture was giving rise to in her custom-bound and caste-ridden society. She was, therefore, rather anxious about the education of her daughter, and paid a visit to the new High School, which Saguna had recently joined. It was about 10-30 a.m. when Mrs. Amritam stepped out of her carriage, and met Miss Adamson, the Head Mistress, at the entrance to the school.

The work of the School having begun, Miss Adamson led the visitor into Saguna's class room, she being in the Vth Form. The class was engaged in proving a proposition in Geometry. Mrs. Amritam, who expected to see something new in the new school, watched for a few minutes the work of the girls, and turned with

a gesture of impatience to the Head Mistress and asked:

"Do you teach Euclid's Geometry? May I know the use of geometry to our girls? I can to some extent understand the value of mathematical subjects for boys. But it is a sheer waste of time and energy to make our girls go through the same course of study as that of boys!"

As the question was not new to Miss Adamson, she replied:—

"There is some truth in what you say, Mrs. Amritam. No direct practical benefits can be derived by our girls from a knowledge of geometry, or other mathematical subjects. We teach them for the sake of the mental training which an intelligent study of these subjects gives to the pupils. In the earlier stages of general education we aim more at drawing out and training the growing faculties of the mind than at imparting useful information."

"I am tired of hearing these platitudes, Miss Adamson! What is that precious mental training you associate with the study of geometry?" was the curt reply of Mrs. Amritam, who had not as yet got over her disappointment.

Miss Adamson felt at once the difficulty of presenting in an intelligible form to a practical woman like Mrs. Amritam the subtle process of mental education. However, seeing the earnestness of her visitor, she made an attempt.

"I suppose you know something of geometry, Mrs. Amritam!"

"I know enough of it to understand the work of this class," was the prompt reply. "While I was in the 1st Form, I was able to repeat most of the theorems in the 1st Book of Euclid almost by heart."

Miss Adamson suppressed a smile, which rose spontaneously to her lips, and said:—

"No wonder, you found your knowledge of geometry a useless lumber in your mind. The present method lays all the emphasis on the way the subject is taught and learned, rather than on the amount retained in memory. Taking for instance the theorem, which this class is doing, viz., the three angles of a triangle are together equal to two right angles—we teach it experimentally and practically to the lower standards. The children are made to draw different triangles, measure the angles and by the simple process of addition arrive at the general conclusion. As they are kept active at their exercises, they enjoy their lessons. Further, they have the mental training in attention, accurate observation, and generalisation. In the higher classes, the same valuable mental training in sustained attention, and connected logical

reasoning is continued, by getting the pupils to prove the theorem by abstract reasoning."

"Miss Adamson, your vindication of Mathematics may be convincing to others, but, to say the truth, I understand very little of it. You have not told me as yet why you should have the same course of study for boys and girls. Don't you think it would be decidedly better for our girls to learn something that will be useful to them in after-life? Why not give them a thorough training in the arts of house-keeping, cooking and sewing, and a good knowledge of their own Vernacular? It is really shameful that some of our Indian educated girls are not able to speak their mother tongue properly. They seem to consider their exhibition of linguistic atrocities a mark of superior attainments!"

"We feel, just as much as you do, that the girls of this country should attain to a certain proficiency in their own languages. Our aim is to enable them to use their mother tongues freely in social intercourse, and as a medium for conveying useful knowledge to those unacquainted with English. But a deep study of Vernacular literature is not practicable, owing to the pressure of more useful subjects in the school Curriculum. After all, the cultural values of Vernacular classics are not of a high order. Apart from their merits as literary works, they seem to embody a culture, which could not stand the test of time. Coming to the other subjects, they all find a place in our scheme. In addition to Domestic Economy, we have what I may call *education for the leisure hours of life* in music, singing, sewing, and painting. But I would have you remember that the main object of this institution is not to train girls for particular duties as wives and mothers, but to give them a *liberal education*, which would enable one and all to bring a thoughtful and well-trained mind to bear on all the duties and problems of life. A girl, who has had a sound general education, will be able to turn her head, heart and hand to any work that awaits her as wife or mother. She will have, further, the power of continuing her self-education in any line her situation demands."

"All this sounds grand," said the sceptical enquirer; "Can't this same training be given in a different course suited to the nature and capacity of girls?"

"There are some very good reasons, Mrs. Amritam, why the general education of boys and girls should run on the same lines. In the economy of life, men and women may have different duties, but they have to live their lives in very intimate intercourse. For mutual understanding, sympathy, and helpfulness, they must

be educated by means of the same subjects. How can a wife understand the work of her husband, or a mother the studies of her children if she had had altogether different training from the beginning?"

"It is nice for a Western woman" said Mrs. Amritam, as they both walked slowly out of the class room, "to talk of equality, mutual understanding, and helpfulness. But in our homes, even now an altogether different state of things prevails. Man thinks he will lose his prerogative if woman is allowed an insight into his affairs. He talks of 'petticoat government' and 'poking one's nose into others' affairs.' The unreasonableness of it all is that he does not hesitate to poke his nose, tongue, and hands into every bit of woman's business. It is really trying at times!"

"It is rather a delicate matter for me to talk on. Your lords are, no doubt, very slow to recognise their duties, but are insistent in their demands for more rights. They are lamentably lacking in those social virtues, which alone sanctify the use of power. We see very little of that sense of justice, fairness, and sympathy, not to speak of self-sacrifice, which impel the more privileged to work for the advancement and amelioration of the less favoured, whether they are men or women. I am afraid I am digressing. There is one other reason why boys and girls should pursue the same course of study. There was a time when every one of your girls looked forward to marriage as their only and legitimate goal, and almost all attained to that state. But now as a consequence of the advent of Western thoughts and ideas, some of your girls will, by necessity or choice, lead a life of single blessedness, and work side by side with men for their livelihood. Don't you think, in order that they may labour with men in all walks of life, they should have the same preparation?"

"Yes, Miss Adamson, it is an unpleasant truth we are forced to recognise. But your system of education is so trying, that our girls with sound heads almost invariably lose the soundness of their body. They become so weak that they are unfit for any of the simple duties of life. They even lose sight of their obligations, and crave for a life of excitement and pleasure. If they cannot spend their time between the piano and the library, they are seen flitting about like butterflies in all the social functions. Under your system, our girls seem to develop a great capacity for gathering the artificial traits and superficialities of their Western sisters, and ignoring their sterling qualities!"

Miss Adamson could not help laughing at this description of the life of a modern Indian lady, delivered with such vehemence. She observed, resuming her equanimity:—

"The physical condition of your girls in schools is a serious consideration. We are doing our best to suit the course to the capacity of the girls, we also pay a good deal of attention to *physical education*. In addition to physical drill, which is calculated to exercise the several members of the body, and give precision and gracefulness to their movements, we have out-door games regularly for all girls in the field out there. Games are the best recreation for mind and body."

"The games serve your purpose well enough. But they don't serve our purpose. Our girls who take to games show a tendency to sport through life. Home becomes very dull for them, its ordinary duties very uninteresting and contemptible. Real education ought to find expression in true womanhood."

"Quite true!" assented Miss Adamson "educated girls ought to glorify their homes, and invest its routine with beauty, orderliness, and intelligence. Much of this depends on home education. I see no harm in your girls indulging in games. The sporting instinct is deeply rooted in human nature, and demands satisfaction. Moreover, some of the best moral qualities are called into play by organised games in the play-ground. I am afraid Indians sometimes mistake the liveliness of a healthy girl for unseemly display of animal spirits—; shall we go into this room?"

They went into the IVth Form and found the girls engaged in examining a pair of sheep's lungs. Mrs. Amritam was taken aback at this unexpected demonstration of educative principles. She exclaimed:—

"What do you say to this? What mental training can these girls derive from handling this piece of flesh?"

"This is only a practical illustration in connection with a lesson in physiology—the science which treats about the structure and functions of the organs of the human body. This subject is meant more for information than mental training. How many of your girls know where the food we take, and the air we breathe in, go to, and the work they do there?"

"Oh! Miss Adamson, don't you think our girls are so ignorant", retorted Mrs. Amritam swelling with pride. "They know well enough that food and air get into two entirely different bags: only they may not be quite sure of the work they do!"

"That is why we teach Physiology and

kindred subjects like Hygiene and Sanitation—a course of study which they can turn to good account in their modes of living at home and outside—we have not as yet looked into the VIth Form."

As they both walked towards the VIth Form, Mrs. Amritam remarked:—

"I see there is one more class for Saguna: that means one more year in the school. One great obstacle in the way of educating our girls is that we can't keep them long enough at school, they must finish their studies by their fourteenth year. Can't you so arrange your course as to make them complete their High School Course by that time?"

"I am not surprised at your suggestion. Even talented Indian lady educationists think that a complete High School Course can be crammed into the last four years of a fourteen-year-old girl. It passes my comprehension how a girl, before she is fourteen, can ordinarily be made to have a fairly good knowledge of a foreign language like English, a good working knowledge of a vernacular, and such knowledge of Domestic Economy, Hygiene, and two or three optional subjects as will turn her into a helpful mother. The intelligence of girls, of course, matures long before that of boys. Nevertheless even your most gifted girls may not be able to stand the strain of such a crowded curriculum. If you cut short the period, you will have either superficial knowledge or brains weakened by overwork. If your customs stand in the way of your real progress, your customs must go."

By this time they were among the girls of the VIth Form, who were working at one of the English Texts meant for non-detailed study, under the supervision of one of the assistants. The pupils were reading the play of "The Tempest" from the Tales of Shakespeare by Charles Lamb.

"What is this class doing?" enquired Mrs. Amritam. "This is a class in English. The grown-up girls spend some of the best and most useful hours here in reading for themselves a few of the choicest books in English literature. They read books of purely literary value, or history and Geography. We help them in the selection of books, and direct their attention to the admirable traits in the characters they read about, and the good influences that have been at work in moulding the spiritual and social institutions of different nations. This is not only an intellectual training, but a *moral training*, in self-help, right use of liberty, and the choice of what is best."

It was doubtful if Mrs. Amritam followed the

Head Mistress in her interpretation of the work of the class. She knew what the story of "The Tempest" was all about. And the remarks of the Head Mistress fell as a spark of fire on gunpowder. Mrs. Amritam had had one of her sorest disappointments. She had set her heart on making a good match for Saguna. But Saguna could not be persuaded to fall in with her mother's views. Saguna even showed symptoms of independent action in the matter. Hence her intense vexation, which found expression in the following words:—

"Our children enter the portals of your Schools as innocent babes, but they come out with such romantic notions and strange fancies that they are the plague of our lives."

Mrs. Amritam was well-nigh out of the class room, as she delivered the last sentence. And her generously-built frame was trembling with irrepressible emotions. Miss Adamson followed her, rather astonished at this uncommon outburst of maternal solicitude, and addressed her calmly.

"What is the matter, Mrs. Amritam? Do you find anything radically wrong in our work?"

"I know nothing about it", was the excited reply, "our girls before they are fourteen begin to talk about love, choice, and companionship. They claim to know better than their elders, who have the wisdom and experience of several years." And she added in a whisper, "Saguna is a standing example of this perversity."

"There is nothing strange in their attitude, Mrs. Amritam. From their earliest years, your children come in contact with the ideals of a free nation in some form or other. They are fed on literature, which is instinct with ideas of love, liberty and individuality. No wonder, then, that some of your young girls in the flush of youth and in the dawn of emotional experience disregard their social restrictions and time-honoured customs, and wander with Miranda into an enchanted Island, or like Juliet delight in the constancy of a Romeo!"

"But, can't you see that our Mirandas, instead of finding a Paradise of love, very often land themselves by their indiscretion in a miserable quandary? Do you mean to say that, in the marriages our parents arranged for us, we never experienced love and happiness?"

"I don't say that. There can be as much genuine love between a pair who meet for the first time at the altar, as between those who pick and choose their companions. The essential thing is that the parties concerned should make up their minds to love and respect each other. And the thing will be done. But the claims

of the modern woman lie elsewhere. According to your cherished traditions, the rights and duties of a wife are very limited. Any girl, who could keep a house, was fit to be a wife to any man: and she was content to find her happiness in the narrow sphere assigned to her. But the old order is passing away. Your educated men look, not merely for a house-drudge under the name of house-wife, but a *Companion* in their help-mates. Your educated young women expect greater recognition of their powers, and demand from their partners for life a wider sphere of activity, and liberty of thought and action. They are slowly coming into their own, and it is but natural that they should desire to choose their companions. Companionship requires, not only equality of states and culture, but suitability of temperament. No one can choose a companion for another. But in order that . . ."

"Complete dislocation of our society", interrupted Mrs. Amritam, "Will be the result of this free choice and independence. Every girl will want to follow her girlish fancies and mad impulses: utter ruin and disastrous . . ."

Mrs. Amritam stopped short for want of words. Miss Adamson continued:—

"In order that this *individualism* may not run riot, we ought to cultivate in the younger generation a virtue, which is not much in evidence among them, owing perhaps to defective home and school education. I mean there is a lack of *self-control*, without which liberty of thought and action will be a fruitful source of danger to the individual and society. Every girl, by the time she completes her education, must possess, not only a clear idea of what she has to look for in life—I mean a clear grasp of the *real* things of life—but the power to keep in check her feelings and desires, till she has decided for herself, in the light of her training, the material and moral worth of the course suggested by her inclinations or environment."

"Your ideals are high, and too abstract for our guidance. If I am not mistaken, you seem to find the remedy for the existing evils, in the early education and training of children. We can, of course, instil into our children, while they are under our protection, good principles and worthy ideals. But I cannot bring myself to believe that they can be entrusted with the realisation of these ideals without our help and advice."

"The primary duty of the parent is to guide her child by wisely-regulated and strict discipline, while she is young. But, as the child grows, the control of the parent should relax in proportion as the former is able to guide herself.

"There is the wolf-man for one," Madame said. "Nights like these, when the wind drives the snow against the windows and rumbles in the chimney, he knocks at many doors, and everywhere the wolves follow him. One night I heard a knocking at the door, and when I went to open it I saw a tall man in a wolf-skin cloak, with the hood drawn over his head. But in the shadow of the hood I saw eyes that glittered."

"What do you want?" I asked him.

"To give each one of your children a present," he said. "I am Santa Claus."

"I have no children," I said, and quickly shut the door and drew the big bolt, because out beyond him across the snow I saw the shining of many eyes, and I knew they were the wolves, who never leave the wolf-man for a second."

Just as she finished speaking there came a knock at the door.

Even Madame Duboc shivered a little, and when the knock came again, louder than before, she wished she had not spoken to the children about the wolves.

But when she went to the door and opened it, there was no one but a poor old man bent double with the cold.

And though he seemed so old and weak, yet Madame Duboc did not trust him, when he asked her to let him come in and warm himself by the fire.

And he wore a hood over his head, which made Madame think of the Wolf-man. She was just going to shut the door in his face when little Fifi called out:

"Oh, no no, Granny! He is so cold, and perhaps so very hungry too! We can't leave the poor old man outside in the cold and the snow."

And before Madame Duboc could stop her, she had seized the old beggar by the hand and pulled him into the room.

And then the very oddest thing happened.

The old man straightened himself up, and threw his cloak away. And then, what do you think the children saw?

They saw a tall, handsome man in a beautiful suit of black velvet trimmed with silver-fur, and carrying a great big velvet bag, which was most beautifully lumpy.

And in it he had brought a present for everybody, even for Madame. Her present was a pair of spectacles.

"If you wear these," he said, "you will see so clearly, that you will never turn poor people away who come for shelter to your door. I think your sight has grown a little dim."

And then he went out quickly.

And in the pauses of the wind the children heard clearly the sound of reindeer bells.

Parlour Puzzles for Christmas

THE MYSTERIOUS BOTTLE

Pierce a few holes with a glazier's diamond in a common black bottle; place it in a vase or jug of water, so that the neck only is above the surface. Then, with a funnel, fill the bottle and cork it well, while it is in the jug or vase. Take it out, notwithstanding the holes in the bottom, it will not leak; wipe it dry, and give it to some person to uncork. The moment the cork is drawn, to the party's astonishment, the water will begin to run out of the bottom of the bottle.

HEART, DART, AND KEY

A little care in cutting out is required for making this puzzle. A key, a heart, and a double-headed dart must be fashioned out of cardboard. In the heart make four angular slits. Press out the lowest slit to form a loop, which is drawn through the ring of the key, so that one end of the dart can be passed through it. Fold the dart in two, so that the heads fit exactly upon each other, bring the loop back into its former position, drawing it out of the ring of the key. The key will then glide down the dart and hang, held securely by the barb. The three objects will now be joined together in a seemingly inextricable fashion, and you can challenge your friends to separate them.

A MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM

A blacksmith had a stone weighing 40 lb. A mason coming into his shop struck it, and broke it into four pieces. "There!" says the smith; "you have ruined my weight." "No," says the mason; "I have made it better, for, whereas you could only weigh 40 lb. with it, you can now weigh every pound from one to forty." What was the weight of these pieces?

Answer: 1 lb., 3 lb., 9 lb., 27 lb. In any series of numbers proceeding in a triple ratio, each term is one more than twice the sum of all the preceding, and the above series might go on to any extent. In using the weights, they must be put in one or both scales, as may be necessary. To weigh 2 lb. put 1 lb. in one scale and 3 lb. in the other, and so on.

TONGUE TWISTERS

Kimbo Kemble kicked his kinsman's kettle.
Did Kimbo Kemble kick his kinsman's kettle?
If Kimbo Kemble kicked his kinsman's kettle,
Where's the kinsman's kettle that Kimbo Kemble kicked?

CAN YOU DO THIS?

Many ingenious and effective tricks may be performed without special apparatus, but merely by using articles which may be found in any household. Here is quite a brain-racking puzzle, which anybody having obtained possession of a pair of scissors and a piece of cord may set the company. The scissors having been fastened to the wall by means of the cord, the puzzle is to remove them without breaking or cutting the cord. This is how the trick is done. First the cord is to be fastened in a loop to the left handle of the scissors, and then the double cord is to be drawn through the right handle and secured to a nail at some distance. Next the noose at the left handle must be drawn through the other handle, and so onwards until it is between the two blades. As soon as this is done the cord can easily be loosened from the scissors.

MISSING WORDS

Far from the railway and noise,
Along the pleasant countryside;
Where each bird and sings with joy,
Where ploughmen lead their with pride,
The rider his fiery steed,
But soon on and wine will feed.
All the five missing words are composed of the same letters. Here they are: STEAM, MATE'S, TEAMS, TAMES, MEATS.

A HOUSEHOLD UTENSIL

Without an "s" I would weep,
Instead of making the hall
Ready for guests who'll keep
Holiday one and all,
Feasting on iced cake
Stuffed with citron and plums,
While after they're gone I take
Only a supper of crumbs.
Answer: The Broom.

MAGIC WRITING

Ask someone who knows the game to go out of the room, and then request the company to choose any word they would like written. When this is done call in your confederate, and, taking a walking-stick, write the word upon the floor in this way. Suppose the word was "Fowl." As you make scrolls on the carpet, casually remark, "Fearfully difficult to write, this word," or something of the sort, the first word of the sentence beginning with the first letter of the chosen word, and so on with all the letters except the five vowels. These are indicated by a certain number of taps, according to their order. Thus "a" is indicated by one tap, "e" by two, "i" by three, "o" by four, and "u" by five. Then the writer, after tapping four times for "o," would finish his word by saying, "We ought to have more space," and "Let us begin again, shall we?" for the "w" and "l." Of course, the writer must not speak a word unless he is doing these actions; otherwise the confederate will get confused. This game never fails to mystify the audience, and is very easy to perform.

The Editor's Page

I have been seriously thinking of making a monthly Journal the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* a monthly journal from the beginning of next year.

Quarterly numbers of the Magazine seem to be so much out of touch with each other. The subscription, of course, has to be increased, especially now when paper is so expensive. I think it will have to be Rs. 4 a year, including postage, for inland subscribers, and Rs. 4½ for foreign subscribers. I shall be much obliged if the readers of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, who do not approve of this suggestion, will write to me, as soon as possible, about it. A short communication on a post-card will be enough.

Another suggestion is that a correspondence column should be opened in the pages of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, like the one in English journals. Questions can be asked over abbreviated signatures or pseudonyms. I have induced a few friends to ask a few questions and am answering them in the correspondence column of this number. I hope this suggestion will meet with the approval of my

readers. I cannot promise to answer all questions. I shall answer as many as possible, taking them in order and limiting them to a certain space in the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*.

Under this heading, the *Times of India* has an interesting article on the changes being wrought in English womanhood by the

war. After taking a review of the chances of the pleasure-loving classes and deprecating their increased love for pleasure. The *Times* yet finds much hope for women. Women have been looked upon by men as the "purveyors of their amusements and social elegancies. Incidentally, they have been their partners in creating the homes, but there has been very little consideration as to the atmosphere of the home-life." But the war is gradually changing all this. "In these days, when the sword has pierced so many hearts, it is with the agony of love, not the bitterness of shame." The women are willingly giving up their men to the dreadful maw of battle. "Many a woman has been made a widow and childless, but if the joy and crown of her life were restored to her here, she would again send them forth to fulfil their high calling and vocation." And the women have no need to be ashamed of the sons they have sent forth.

But what do women prepare for the future after the war? Many of them must be thinking of what sorts of homes the men would require on their return. "Will the vision fade, the high endeavour slacken?" asks the *Times*. "Will the nation sink back into that lethargy from which its higher being was called forth by the quick resounding drum."

That it can so fall back has been proved after many great wars. That it need not do so is equally certain. And it is the women who can so uphold a nation. "Show me the women of a country and I will tell you its history," is a common saying.

"Judged by this high and sacred test, we may take courage and go forward in the path of reconstruction. The women have not failed the nation during the war, and they will not fail when the dawn of the age of peace breaks on the mountains of time." Careless women there will be, but how few compared to the careful ones!

Therefore, women can no longer be looked upon as "mere supernumeraries in society." Women have proved that they are able to do many works hitherto denied to them by men. There will be no time for hysteria then. "For in them lies the hope of the future, in the new estate of the Realm into which we are about to enter."

All these remarks can be well applied to our Indian women. Many of our women also have sent their dear men into the war and have not grudged the sacrifice. They also have stood the test. And so, Indian women also, can no longer, though in a much smaller degree than the English women, be considered as mere accessories of life.

But the war has not directly touched all parts of India. Many of our southern states are only indirectly connected with the war. But, I think, I am not exaggerating when I say that war has changed the outlook of many of even those women.

There is a larger outlook on life now, a deeper thoughtfulness in the essential things of life. More heartfelt sympathy has been roused in women's hearts now than at any other time. Their hearts bleed when they think of the wounded and dead heroes of the war, and of the many homes left desolate by losses. Also, they have been roused to a deeper patriotism to England. Women understand now how much England has been, and is doing, for them, and are trying to do their best in return.

And then comes the improvement of the women in self-organization. Societies and committees have been formed for the preparation of clothes and accessory comforts for soldiers. Concerts and fetes have been arranged for the raising of money for war purposes. Many of these have been worked by Indian women alone. Is this not a great thing? Women are learning to think for themselves, not to depend wholly on the man. Sometimes, such independence, it is feared, will lead to bad results. But I do not think any such fear can be felt with regard to Indian women.

Last, but not least, Indian women can learn many things from the example of their foreign sisters in this dreadful crisis of life. That they are so learning need not in the least be doubted.



Women of the Time

OUTSIDE INDIA



THE activities of women were never so many-sided as they are now. The dearth of men consequent on their presence at the front has compelled women to take to occupations hitherto the peculiar province of men. Instead of society and those of the "smart set" leading listless lives in retirement, performing the daily trivial duties of domesticity, or rushing about seeking excitement and pleasure, they have been stimulated to use their energies in all kinds of employment, which the necessities of the War have created. In France, the Government gave the call to women to exert themselves. In England, the women moved without that call. The anxiety of women to help in War work was keen. H. M. the Queen went to the rescue of 40,000 women in London, who found themselves suddenly out of work and promptly formed the Queen Mary's Needle-Work Guild. The suffrage organization, instead of breaking windows and wrecking houses, formed themselves into a Woman's Emergency Corps. The nursing service was mobilized, and women like Miss Becher, Miss Fletcher, Miss McCarthy, Miss Sydney Brown, all belonging to the R. R. C. and other known professionals threw themselves heartily into the task. Lady Beatty, the wife of Admiral Sir D. Beatty, fitted up a yacht as a hospital ship and went on active service. The Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, Dr. Flora Murray, Dr. L. Garrett Anderson, the Marchioness of Crewe, Miss Neil Fraser—who died of typhus in Serbia—Miss May MacArthur, the honourable Mrs. Alfred Lyttleton, Mrs. Austen Chamberlain, Mrs. Gasson, Viscountess Middleton, Lady Roxburgh, Dr. Marion Phillips, Mrs. Buckmaster, Lady Jellicoe, Mrs. Lloyd George and others, all and each, took up various tasks, from speaking to their sisters, providing comforts for the army, feeding those out of work, to organizing work for women and girls. Economic questions of all kinds were involved and these energetic ladies triumphed over all difficulties. One lady well known in Madras, Dr. Mary Scharlieb, wrote to the *Times* stating her belief that the demand for medical women was not sufficiently realized and that she knew of numerous women willing to serve

their countrymen in the war medically. With regard to candidates, Mrs. Scharlieb said: "The more mature woman has certain great qualifications for the task. Her verbal memory may not be so strong as that of her juniors, but her trained mind, experience of life and general *savoir faire* are of considerable service to her as a student and still more as a practitioner. That women are capable of rendering efficient professional aid is proved by the fact, that at the present time several hospitals, officered entirely by women, are at work in the theatre of the war, and that the services of these medical women are much appreciated by their medical brethren and by their patients."

As for the women of England, in the lower walks of life, they have taken up all kinds of work, agricultural, industrial—not the least of which is the manufacture of munitions—as tram-drivers and conductors, as ticket-collectors and booking-clerks on the railways, as postal and telegraph-delivery peons, as police-constables, butchers, bakers, girl-messengers to the War Office and mercantile firms, etc. They have also formed a Volunteer Reserve. Miss Lena Ashwell, Lady Emmett, Lady Selborne, Princess Arthur of Connaught, Queen Alexandra, Princess Schleswig Holstein, Lady Proctor, Lady French, Mrs. Arthur Sassoon, and other ladies of distinguished position have instructed their sisters, furnished them with funds, preached self-denial and encouraged them in every possible way. Among energetic workers, may be mentioned the women of the Salvation Army, especially Brigadier Mary Murray, the daughter of the late General Sir John Murray. The History of Women's work in the War is yet to be written. Their noble endeavours, their ceaseless toil, their courage, perseverance and single minded devotion will be an unfading memory for all time.



Current Comments



SHOULD women preach in the pulpit is a question which has attracted a considerable amount of attention; and lay writers, and speakers, ecclesiastics and women themselves have been and are discussing the matter. Opinion is much divided and women among themselves furnish contradictory replies. The great war now raging has curiously enough raised the question. Women have, since recent times and more especially since the War taken upon themselves so many of the activities of life, so long reserved to the men, that some of them now consider that there is no reason why competent women should not expound the Gospel and minister to the religious needs of humanity. The modern woman lectures on the platform and in college. She discusses on platforms and in the press labour problems, and politics, practises medicine and surgery, lectures on hygiene, art, eugenics and science while many of them are keen business women and manage hotels, factories and workshops. They are clamouring for admission to the Bar, and the Suffragettes demand the vote and aspire to enter the House of Commons. The Church has hitherto been sacred to men and the modern woman wishes to break down the barrier in this regard with the barriers which keep them from the arena of the bar and the House of Commons. Women in the Roman Catholic Church, and even in the Protestant and Dissenting Churches, minister to the religious needs of children and take part in proselyting work in the missions; but nowhere has woman preached from the pulpit in a church except perhaps in the Salvation Army. Those who know, declare that the woman preacher of the Salvation Army is not a success and that she has not the same power as have men. Among the leaders of the Church of England, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of London and Chelmsford think that women might be permitted to preach on conditions. The Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Oxford are opposed to the idea. Of course in the Roman Catholic Church women have no chance.

It is however not a question of ability, but one of fitness. There are women, who would make splendid soldiers, but the consensus of opinion, masculine and feminine, is against women adopting a military life. A priest of the Church is a soldier in the Church. Militant and woman is not wanted in the pulpit. They are better in the home, more fitted to carry out and inculcate in the home the words of the man preacher, to soothe and minister to the sick and suffering, to educate the rising generation, to advise, comfort and console in trouble. To brighten the lives of those around her is woman's mission and it is a nobler mission than to stand in the pulpit and interpret the ways of God to men. That the discussion will not cease is certain and it is quite as certain that women in the vast majority will set their faces against the proposal.

Mrs. Fawcett contributes to the September number of the *Englishwoman* an article entitled "Nearing Victory," in which she states her conviction that the suffrage will be extended to the women of England after the war, when the reconstruction of political and other matters will be considered. She quotes Mr. Asquith as saying that he will most certainly not oppose the proposal to grant women the suffrage in any scheme that may come before him with that object. The marvellous resource and stamina displayed by English women in the War, their capacity for intellectual and practical work, most certainly qualify them for a voice in the conduct of public affairs. It was only by the Local Government Acts in 1889 and 1893 they became eligible for votes and seats in Parish Councils and School Boards and since 1907 in County and borough councils. Various bills for the extension of the suffrage to women have been introduced in Parliament, but none have been passed. The latest of these was read a second time in the Commons in July 1910, but was subsequently dropped. One of the objections to woman suffrage, as it exists, is that it would be confined to spinsters and widows, while married women could only get the franchise under universal adult suffrage.

The wife of the Viceroy occupies a position in India unique in its way. Nowhere else in the world perhaps,—the wife of the President of America excepted—does the wife of an official, from a comparatively private position, assume one so full of responsibilities, dignity and delicacy and one so fraught with good or ill to millions of womenkind. In the case of Lady Chelmsford, a few months ago she was merely the wife of a Territorial Army officer. Her high birth and social position as such were of little consequence, but as the wife of His Excellency the Viceroy and the first lady in the land, her position and influence are very different while her example is of the first consequence. Every Viceroy's wife, especially from the time of Lady Dufferin thirty years ago, has been brought into close touch with the women of India by reason of her administering the Lady Dufferin's Fund. This beneficent scheme has enabled the Viceroy's wife to obtain an intimate knowledge of the needs of Indian women and an acquaintance with their social conditions. Lady Chelmsford, apparently, has determined to delve deeper into that comparatively unexplored mine by learning *Urdu*, a language which is an open sesame to friendship in the Zenana nearly over all India. Armed with this key, Lady Chelmsford will be able to converse confidentially and intimately with Indian ladies, not only of rank and position, but with her attendants and others of lowlier place in life. Familiarity with this vernacular will enable Lady Chelmsford to win the trust and confidence of women, whom otherwise she would not be able to reach.

It has often been said that with few exceptions the wives of official-Europeans and non-officials have failed to get into touch with Indian womenkind through lack of knowledge of the Vernaculars, and if Lady Chelmsford's example is followed it is certain that both European ladies and Indian ladies will benefit.

In the Women's section of the Dussarah Industrial Exhibition at Mysore some excellent samples have been exhibited: the work of Indian women. The girl pupils of Mr. Patankar of Bombay have sent a series of pictures in silk embroidery which closely ap-

proximate water-colour paintings, so skilfully has the artistic work been accomplished. Beautiful examples of lace work and embroidery by some of the Urdu ladies of Mysore and by the girl pupils of schools in Travancore and other educational centres attracted much attention. A palankeen cover with gold embroidery work by Miss Champubai of Bombay was much admired. Specimen of fine needlework, net, knitting crochet, dolls, fine rattan work, etc., indicate that there is much scope for employment in the leisure hours of Indian ladies.

In this Magazine, some years ago, we had an article on the great need that exists for dolls suitable for Indian children. At present the crude products of the bazaar are of no artistic merit and give false ideas to children. The Europe doll is not familiar and the education of Indian children requires that some effort should be made to provide them with dolls and play things which they have now no means of obtaining.

Books of the Day

THE KING'S INDIAN ALLIES: THE RAJAS AND THEIR INDIA

By Saint Nihal Singh, Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Ltd. 7s. 6d. net.



IN this book the author describes what may be termed an Unknown India—an India within the India known to be under the rule of Great Britain. This Unknown India is self-governed, that is to say it is divided into the territories of the Indian princes, varying in extent, population, wealth and influence. The Indian Princes, of whom the Nizam of Hyderabad is the premier Prince, possess the titles of Maharajas, Rajahs, Raos, Maharaos, Thakores and Nawabs and are about 700 in number. The methods of administration vary—and in most of them the rule now is a happy combination of Eastern and Western methods. Mr. Singh tells us that the aggregate extent of these States totals 850,000 square miles with a population of 73,000,000. The old days when Indian rulers were autocrats and in many cases oppressed their people have passed away and "on the contrary" says Mr. Singh, "the Rajahs of the present generation are showing an ever increasing inclination to attend to their functions of sovereignty, and they endeavour to advance materially, intellectually and morally, the people entrusted by Providence to their care: broadly speaking, the Rajahs, intent upon business and filled with beneficent ambitions possess the energy to initiate and carry out bold reforms". How true this is may be seen from the fact that Indian Princes, like Mysore and Baroda and Travancore, have introduced measures of administration which the British Government in India have not been able, for excellent reasons doubtless, to accomplish. Mr. Singh's book is a mine of information on the India of the Indian Princes, is magnificently illustrated and should be read by every person interested in this great country.

LOVE AND WAR (BY HOLBROOK JACKSON)

IN *To-day* is a very fascinating review of Mr. Holbrook's book. The book itself is a valuable commentary on the happenings of the present time, and shows clearly how the war, now devastating the world, is a natural consequence of the war of 1870. The Germany of to-day is the same Germany of 46 years ago—imbued with the same ruthless lust of power and aggression, the same greed of conquest, the same desire to quench the existence of small powers, the same disregard of treaties and agreements, the same inhumanity and cruelty. "Woe to the conquered" said the Kaiser when the war began in 1914, but it is precisely what Bismarck said in 1870. "We do not make war with gloves on. War is war and there is suffering everywhere. Woe to the conquered!" "Yes. It is very convenient to be always talking of God. Indeed it helps me a great deal in keeping the people in hand. I should feel rather powerless without that; but God is invariably on the side of the stronger. That is why just now He is with us, and why we can do as it pleases us." The Kaiser has learnt Bismarck's teaching thoroughly. Though often told before, the story of Bismarck and the war of 1870—as told by Mr. Jackson, is enthralling in interest.

THE LAST LOVE OF AN EMPEROR

(The Iris Publishing Co.) Reminiscences by Comtesse Louise de Mercy-Argenteau.

This is a charming contribution to the period just previous to the Franco-Prussian War. These reminiscences have for some reason remained in manuscript and have only now been published. The Comtesse, a Belgian lady, was the wife of an Austrian aristocrat of immense wealth who became a naturalized Frenchman during the days preceding the downfall of Napoleon III. She was a great beauty and was credited with much wit, keen intelligence and sagacity, with manners as charming and fascinating as her person. It was commonly supposed that Napoleon III was her passionate and devoted lover, but there appears to be no reason for believing that the Comtesse's relations with Napoleon were anything more than platonic. The Comtesse herself declares that Napoleon III was no more to her than her king, who honored her with his confidence and whom she was honored in serving. Bismarck, seeing the influence she had with the Emperor, tried to make use of her. The Man of Blood and Iron even ventured to make love to her. With her well developed sense of humour, the Comtesse played with Bismarck, possibly as Vivien played with Merlin. She describes "his frog's eyes, his falling moustache of doubtful cleanliness and his rude manners." Bismarck made her his confidant and did his utmost to bring about a union with France and Prussia—"to save the world." The Comtesse was never deceived for a moment, but in her keen anxiety for the safety of France was careful not to make an enemy of the Iron Chancellor. After the débacle of Sedan and the fall of Paris which Thiers was not able to prevent, the Comtesse it was who wrung from Bismarck concessions which Thiers failed to obtain. It was the Comtesse again who persuaded Bismarck to exclude the town of Belmont and the French navy as the indemnity that France had to pay to Germany. The personal traits of Napoleon, the Comtesse, and their devotion to each other are well brought out in the volume.

"THE ILLUSIONS OF NEW INDIA"

By Prema Nath Bose (Lond) W. Newman & Co., Calcutta, 1916.

This book is a strong and vigorous protest against the accepted opinion of New India—that is the young men who have imbibed the potent and unsettling waters of an English Education only, and who know nothing of the civilization and social condition of this country in the mighty past. Mr. Bose deals with the masses of the people, their economic condition, their past and their future. He condemns the unrest, the pervading anxiety to be doing something out of the ordinary duties and responsibilities of life, to be going somewhere where there is no necessity to go, the aimless search for excitement and in the parlance of the present day to be progressive. The simple life is neglected and ridiculed, the religious side of life is ignored, the higher aspects of life shunned. Mr. Bose regrets the disintegration of the caste system as a practical, economic co-operative plan which held Indian Society together for centuries. Mr. Bose contemplates with something approaching dismay the time of stress hardship and moral degradation in India, which will most assuredly result from the existence of the new Industrial conditions, similar to those in Europe, which threaten to take root in this country. The labour and social problems of industrialism are almost insoluble in European countries and he has no desire to see them take shape in India. The only safeguard against such a calamity is a reconstruction of Indian social life on co-operative lines analogous to the caste system. The book will arouse controversy, but it makes one, as the French have it, "furiously to think."

News About Indian Women

EDUCATIONAL NOTE

THE INDIAN WOMEN'S UNIVERSITY AND THE EVEREST BEQUEST

Sir W. Wedderburn writes in *India* :—

IN your issue of July 21, you draw attention to a Reuter telegram sent to India on June 5, in which it was stated that "Miss Ethel Everest, of Hever, Kent, had left £14,000 for the endowment of a college in India on lines to be appointed by Indians for the education of Indians by Indians." This telegram naturally excited much interest among educationists in India, and I have received communications on the subject from the Hon. R. P. Paranjpye, Principal of Fergusson College at Poona, and from Professor D. K. Karve, Principal of the Poona "Mahila Pathashala" (Women's College), both of which institutions appear to answer the requirements stated in the telegram.

Unfortunately, the statement in the telegram was incorrect as regards two important particulars. As shown by the extract you have given from Miss Everest's will, it appears that no specific sum is mentioned, the bequest being a residuary legacy; also, the will contemplates the "formation" of a college "not at present instituted." By the courtesy of the trustees under the will, I have received some further particulars, and it is a disappointment to learn that, owing to the depreciation in the value of investments, in consequence of the war, little or no residue will, it is feared, be available for the Indian benefaction, at any rate, for some time to come. I have communicated the above information to the heads of the Fergusson College and the Mahila Pathashala.

The Mahila Pathashala was not to be opened before the 5th of this month, and as the will is dated February 5, 1912, we may hope that this institution may not be excluded from the benefit of the bequest. I, therefore, take this opportunity of noting the principal conditions of this enterprise, which must be of great interest to the friends of women's education. The Mahila Pathashala, which is one outcome of twenty years' faithful work by the Hindu Widows' Home Association of Poona, will be the first college affiliated to the Indian Women's University which was inaugurated on the 5th of this month at Poona, with Sir R. G. Bhandarkar, K. C. I. E., as Chancellor, and the Hon. R. P. Paranjpye (Senior Wrangler, Camb. 1899) as Vice-Chancellor. This University will be an independent institution, the fundamental idea underlying the movement being (1) That the medium of instruction in schools and colleges affiliated to this University should be the vernacular of the province in which the school or college is located, or (2) That the education be suited to the Indian women's needs and should not be quite the same as for men, as it has been hitherto.

In the same spirit of self-abnegation, which animated the founders of Fergusson College, five graduates of the Bombay University have combined to devote their lifetime to the work of the Association and the College. At Fergusson College, there are now 1,400 students, and there are 25 "Life Members," all graduates of distinction.

LADY WILLINGDON'S MATERNITY SCHEME

The *Times of India* published an interesting account of the scheme started by Her Excellency Lady Willingdon to reduce the alarmingly heavy infant mortality in Bombay

city. The object of the scheme is to create an interest in the work done by the Bombay Sanitary Association towards reducing the infant mortality and the dangers to mothers due to the ignorance and superstition of the native midwife and the women who employ her. We have to deal with a class of people, who from poverty, ignorance or superstition, cannot be reached by simply providing trained nurses, unless they are taught to appreciate them and can afford to employ them. Lady Willingdon's aim is to put the Indian *dai* or midwife under trained supervision, so as to minimise the risk to mother and child. It is desired to improve *daïs* not with the idea that they can take the place of the trained nurse, fresh from hospital, but to reduce the risk to the mother and child and to get them in touch with the trained nurses and lady health visitors, so that their work can be supervised until the demand is created and the supply provided for a better trained class of nurse. But the scheme does not stop here. What is of equal importance is to educate prospective mothers to appreciate a better class of nurse, to provide them with trained assistance during labour and greater inducements and facilities for lying-in-hospitals: the ultimate object being to improve the class of nurse by creating a demand for a higher standard, resulting in a reduction in the infant mortality and risk to the mother. There are ten Municipal district nurses and three health visitors, who attend poor women in confinement and give instruction in personal and domestic hygiene; they are empowered to give aid in the shape of a bed, blanket, milk, etc., and disinfectants to women who are certified by a magistrate to be in a deserving condition. There are ten Municipal dispensaries, and at each of them these Indian women have been collected and a course of demonstrations and instructions given to them in their own language. "With the funds at our disposal we are now able to provide ten more trained women. It must be understood that this movement is an educative one, directed—first, at removing some of the risks by controlling the *daïs*; secondly, by providing more lady health visitors to induce mothers to ask for more skilled attendance by visiting the homes and explaining the advantages. What we want is the assistance of the ladies of Bombay, both rich and poor, in educating the women and this can only be done by providing more lady health visitors to visit the homes of the poor and instruct the mother on the importance of personal and domestic hygiene and the necessity for employing only those nurses who are certified as capable of attending them during labour. The work so far

has been done out of voluntary donations and owing to the increasing scope of the work more money is urgently needed and should be sent to the honorary secretary, The Lady Willingdon Scheme Health Department, Bombay Municipal Offices." These facts being understood, no one can mistake the nobility and importance of the good work on behalf of poor Indian mothers that Lady Willingdon has set in motion with all her accustomed energy and her sympathy for those who cannot help themselves.

A Correspondent sends the *Leader* of Allahabad the following particulars of a remarriage.

There have been several cases of widow remarriage in the Hindu community during the last few years. But amongst the Kashmiris, whose orthodoxy showed itself to be rather of a stiffer kind, no such case had yet occurred. The first courageous move in this direction has now fortunately been made. We congratulate Pandit Kunwar Prasad Kaul, son of Pandit Sharka Arasad Kaul, on the bold step he took in marrying the widow of Pandit Mohan Krishna Tankhwa, son of Pandit Sham Krishna Tankwa, despite the obstacles and unfavourable circumstances which always present themselves in the ways of pioneers of social reform. We still more congratulate Mrs. Kaul who showed great courage in initiating a much needed social reform. The parents and other relations of the couple were, we are informed, deadly opposed, at first, to such a union, but finding the determination of the parties inflexible gave their reluctant permission to marry, though they themselves abstained from taking any part in the ceremonies. As a matter of necessity, Pandit Arjan Nath Tukru and his mother acted for the purposes of religious ceremonies as the parents of the bridegroom and Pandit Gopi Nath Kunzru along with his cousin Pandit Vishwanath Kunzru's wife as the parents of the bride. The majority of the Kashmiris of Agra, we learn with great satisfaction, stood by the side of the dauntless pair and enabled them to calmly and easily overcome the difficulties which could not be surmounted in Lucknow, (to which place the couple first looked for help) perhaps, on account of that city being still a stronghold of orthodoxy and conservatism. Pandit Govind Shari Sharma, Babu Pragnarian, Vakil, Babu Puran Chand Sud, Vakil and other non-Kashmiris too were present on the occasion. A good number of persons were invited from outstations also. Some attended, while others, regretting their unavoidable absence, fully assured the reformers of their sympathies and co-operation;

to mention a few of the names, Pandit Manohar Lal Zutshi, Pandit Braj Narain Chakbast and others. We now learn on good authority that Dr. Sapru also views favourably this innovation and admires the courage of the pair to whom posterity will be largely indebted, although their present lot may consist of nothing but unkind words from the mouths of those who may be aptly described as fighting for their chains. Amongst those who joined the wedding was also Pandit Braj Nath Kak of Meerut, a retired Deputy Collector, who has nearly completed the psalmist's three scores and ten. He happened to reach Agra accidentally, but on hearing that a new movement was to be inaugurated stayed on at great personal discomfort to join the wedding. The marriage was performed, on the 10th of the last month, in the garden house of Pandit Jagan Nath Kunzru, in strict accordance with the ceremonies observed by Kashmiris on such occasions. Not a single omission in this respect was made. The most remarkable feature strikingly noticeable even to an unobservant mind was the whole-hearted support lent to the step by the ladies. Almost all, the young and the old, men and women, threw their weight in the scale of reform. The few who dissented consisted of men who though in spirit with the new party and willing to help them indirectly, either did not wish to join openly lest they might be regarded as throwing overboard their old school of conservative ideas which have formed their lifelong pets, or were too timid to risk the displeasure of their elderly but delusive opponents. The event aroused keen excitement which daily increased in intensity as the marriage day, eagerly awaited, drew nearer and nearer. Most of all, our thanks are due to the priests who rose to the occasion and, unmindful of what their disciples may have to say about the affair afterwards, performed the ceremonies. And as a result of this, one of them has been threatened by some that he would be given up and has been asked to explain his conduct in this matter, which to their minds is tantamount to sacrilege.

CONFERENCE AT MADRAS ON FEMALE EDUCATION

The Conference summoned to meet in Madras to discuss the question of affording further facilities for extending Female Education was held in Madras in the Old College Buildings, Nungumbaukam, under the Chairmanship of the Hon'ble Mr. J. H. Stone, the Director of Public Instruction. Of the members appointed

by Government the following did not attend:— Miss Macphail (on furlough in Scotland), Mrs. Srinivasa, the Inspectress of Schools, and the Hon'ble Mr. V. S. Srinivasa Sastriar (who was absent in Simla).

Representation having been made by the Catholic Community of South Canara, the Collector suggested the appointment of the Rev. Mother Aloysia of St. Anne's Girls' School, Mangalore, as a member of the Conference. The Government having accepted the suggestion, the Rev. Mother Aloysia also attended.

The first day of the Conference was devoted to the formation of Sub-Committees who discussed the various aspects of Female Education, viz., Primary, Secondary and Higher Education, and on the second day the Conference adopted resolutions which were to be forwarded to the Government of India.

It is reported that the question of imparting religious and moral instruction to girls was left out owing to wide divergence of opinion and impossibility of arriving at a practical scheme. Hence no resolution was passed on the subject. Dewan Bahadur Seshgiri Rao of Cocanada is stated to have urged the teaching of Hinduism to Hindu girls, but Dr. Nair among others opposed the proposition. According to statistics supplied to members, the number of girls attending the non-European Secondary Schools in the Madras Presidency in 1916 is 7,837 as against 7,251 in 1915, while the number of girls in Elementary Schools is 279,863 in 1916 as compared with 264,881 in the previous year.

The general opinion in regard to the means of providing further facilities for the extension of Female Education was that the time had come for establishing a Secondary School for girls in each District Centre.

The Conference also passed a resolution recommending liberal capitation grants, and the Conference is understood to have come to the conclusion that the control of primary education may be entrusted to Local Bodies.

COLLEGES FOR WOMEN IN MADRAS

The Madras Presidency has now two Colleges for women. Two years ago there were none. But we understand that a third college is already under contemplation and will soon be established. One wonders whether there has been a sudden and unprecedented demand for college education from Madras women. The Government College which was established a year and half ago is reported to be flourishing. The Mission College which was started later has a large field

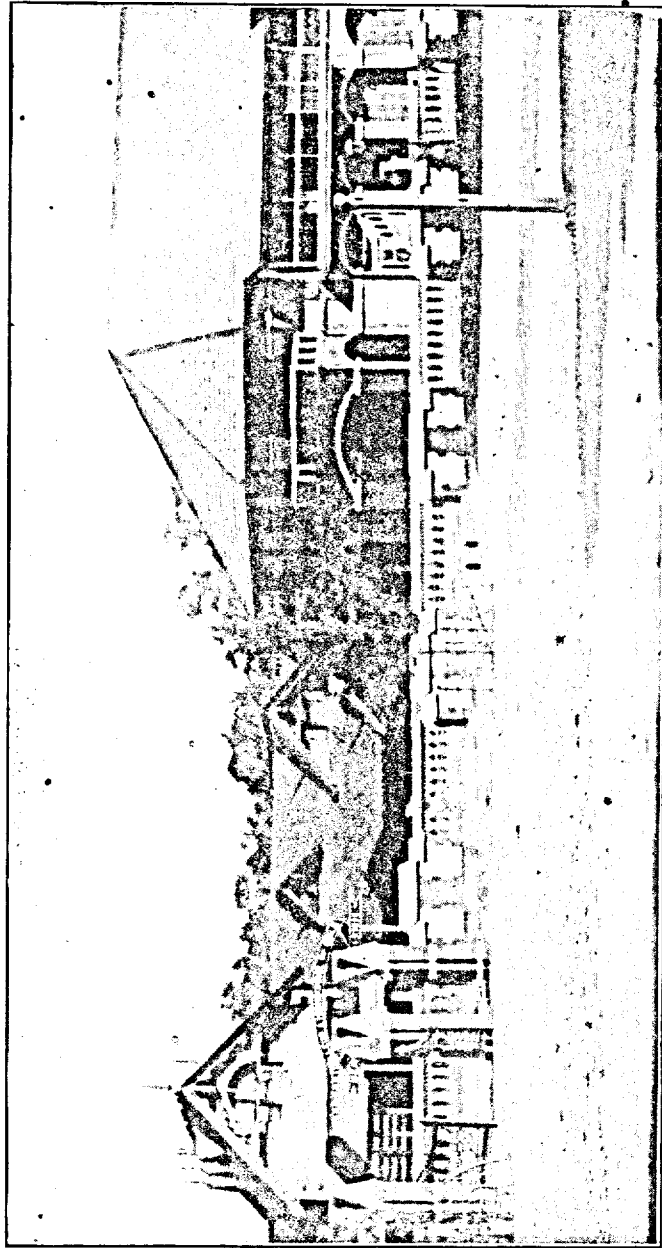
of utility of its own. Under the will of the late Mrs. Reckefeller, the Madras Women's Christian College has had, says a local correspondent, a windfall of £5,000; further and a sum of £10,000 bequeathed for the purpose of establishing a Women's Christian College in South India. We believe there is a large Indian Christian population in the southernmost districts of this presidency, to whom such a college is of great advantage. We note that Mysore has a State College for women working for the last 12 years and in all there are 4 colleges for women serving 1/16th the vast area of India and only 2 to serve the 15/16ths of Indian! This is hardly reasonable and ought to attract the attention of the Government of India and of some big millionaire.—*The Tribune*.

AN INDIAN LADY AS COLLEGE LECTURER

It gives us sincere pleasure to learn that Miss Kamakoti Natarajan, the daughter of Mr. K. Natarajan, Editor of the *Indian Social Reformer*, has been appointed Assistant Professor of History, Women's Government College, Madras. The young lady is a graduate of the Bombay University, her education being the result of her father's conviction that the daughters of a family are entitled to as much education as the sons. She is in a special sense a product, a living product, of that phase of the social reform movement which originating in Madras and embodied in the Madras Hindu Social Reform Association has found in Bombay a congenial atmosphere in which to flourish. Miss Natarajan has been assisting her father in conducting the *Indian Social Reformer* and if she shares, as we have no doubt she does, in his patriotic desire to contribute to the uplift of the country by educating public opinion and creating among the people a larger outlook on life and an unrestricted play of human sympathy, she will find in her new sphere of educational work opportunities of influencing the rising generation of womanhood, through whom more can be achieved by way of social emancipation than through the united efforts of men unaided by women.

"THE MAHILA SEVA SAMAJA"

Mrs. Whitehead, wife of the Lord Bishop of Madras, paid a visit on Friday afternoon the 3rd instant to the Mahila Seva Samaja, Bangalore, in order to meet the members and sympathisers of the institution. Over a hundred ladies belonging to the leading families in the



H. H. The Maharajah's College for Girls, Travancore.

See Page 83.

City and Cantonment were present; the attendance would have been much larger, had it not been for the rain.

Mrs. Whitehead was received on arrival by the President and the Honorary Secretary, and by the Superintendent Miss Arunachalam. After introductions were over, Mrs. Whitehead was taken round the premises and shown the various kinds of activities carried on, in regard to which she made several enquiries.

She then talked to the ladies present about the conditions prevailing in England, which had greatly changed as the result of the war. There was sorrow everywhere; the men were sad, and the women were sadder still; but the spirit of service had been evoked and reigned everywhere. Women of the upper ranks, who had everything done for them by others, and would never go out unattended, now went abroad freely to do work that had to be done, and she instanced the daughter of a peer, who did not formerly know how to dress her own hair, but who now devoted herself to washing and nursing wounded soldiers. The first thing that the women learnt was cooking, then they learnt nursing. Formerly the people of England did not take much interest in India; now they were beginning to be interested, especially as they came to know that the spirit of service was waking up in India also. Then the speaker went on to refer to the changed conditions in India, where formerly no Brahmin would visit a panchama, but where now Brahmanas were freely teaching panchamas and visiting panchama schools everywhere. She hoped that the women of India would also cultivate the spirit of service, she hoped at the same time that if they gave up old customs, it would not be merely for fashion or for pleasure, but, as in England, because it was required for duty's sake. It had given her great pleasure to visit the Samaja, as the existence of such societies afforded extended opportunities for service.

Mrs. Chandrasekhara Aiyar, on behalf of the ladies present, thanked Mrs. Whitehead for her kindly visit and for the information and advice that she had given them. The visitor was garlanded and presented with a bouquet; scents and flowers were distributed to the others present, and the meeting came to an end with the singing of the National Anthem and the *Mangalam*.

Selections

REPORT OF THE MAHILA SEVA SAMAJA (WOMEN'S SERVICE LEAGUE) BANGALORE

From 1st July, 1915 to 30th June, 1916

Preliminary.—The Council of the Mahila Seva Samaja, Bangalore, begs to lay before the members and the public the following report of the work done by the Samaja during the year 1915-16, the second of its existence.

2. A detailed account of the foundation of the Samaja and of its objects was given with the report for the period from 1st October, 1913 to 30th June, 1915, which was read at the previous anniversary celebration. Here it will be sufficient to state that the Mahila Seva Samaja (which was originally known as the Seva Sadan Society, Bangalore) was formed in order to promote measures having for their object the benefit and advancement of Indian women, including the organisation of educational, medical and philanthropic work and the training of women to take part in such work. The particulars about to be given will show how far it has been possible to progress towards the attainment of this object during the year under report.

3. *Membership.*—There were on the rolls of the Samaja, on the 30th June, 1916,—inclusive of 2 life members (elected as such on payment of a donation of not less than Rs. 100),—65 ordinary members (paying a monthly subscription of not less than Rs. 1); also 7 lady sympathisers, 6 associates, and 19 ordinary and 1 honorary gentleman sympathisers. Their names are given in Appendix I.

4. *Meetings.*—A general meeting was held on the 24th July, 1915 for the transaction of business and for the election of office-bearers for the year 1915-16. In addition to this, three public meetings were held—one on 1st October, 1915 to commemorate the Foundation Day of the Samaja; the second on 11th March, 1916 in aid of the Bankura Famine Relief Fund, when a sum of Rs. 150, made up of contributions, in the shape of cheques, rupees and even annas and pies made by all present and paid on the spot, was raised and remitted to the Famine Relief Committee; and the third on 12th June, 1916 to celebrate the Birthday of His Highness the Maharaja of Mysore.

5. Two extraordinary general meetings were also convened during the year.

The first meeting, held on the 17th November, 1915 had for its object the collection of winter comforts for the Imperial Service Lancers fighting at the front and the raising of contributions to the War Fund inaugurated for their benefit. As a result, articles of the approximate value of Rs. 200 (among which may be mentioned 106 pairs of woollen socks, 33 balaclava caps, 24 mufflers, 1 woollen jacket, 24 napkins and 12 khaki shirts) were collected and despatched; and, in addition, the Samaja was instrumental in the filling up of a collection sheet of the value of Rs. 160 in aid of the War Fund, the proceeds being transmitted to the Honorary Secretary of the War Fund Committee. It may be added that the sheet in question, bearing the signature of His Highness the Yuvaraja of Mysore, will be hung up in the office room of the Samaja as a war memento.

The second meeting was held on the 2nd December, 1915 for the consideration of a communication from the Honorary Secretary of the Bombay Seva Sadan Society on the question of the relation between the two associations. The meeting in question saw no reason to reconsider the decision that had already been reached, namely, that the association at Bangalore should be and remain an independent and self-contained body though working on cognate and sisterly lines with the one at Bombay; and it could not therefore assent to the suggestion put forward that it should now regard itself as affiliated to the latter. But, out of deference to the wishes and susceptibilities of the Bombay Seva Sadan Society, the local association resolved to change its designation to "Mahila Seva Samaja" (or Women's Service League), under which it is at present known. The needful consequential changes were made in the rules, including the deletion of the rule relating to the device of the association. It was also resolved at this meeting, as recommended by the Gentlemen Helpers' Committee, that the quorum for extraordinary general meetings be reduced from one-half of the number of residential members to one-third.

6. *Activities*.—The regular activities taken up by the Mahila Seva Samaja may be arranged under the following heads:—

(1) *Literary classes*.—Two classes, one for teaching Kanarese, and the other for teaching English, along with arithmetic, history, geography, hygiene and other subjects, were held daily between 2 and 5 P.M. in the premises of the Samaja. The number of pupils who attended these classes was 25, all of whom received instruction free of cost.

(2) *Home classes*.—A home class for teaching English was also held daily at a private residence in Chamarajpet between 8 and 9 A. M.

(3) *Lectures*.—The Seva Samaja has always attached importance to lectures on educational, social, moral, sanitary and other topics of interest to women, as one of the means for attaining the objects which it has set before itself. During the period under report, public lectures on the subjects mentioned below were arranged for under the auspices of the Samaja. The lectures were either delivered in Kanarese or were followed by a translation into that language, and were all of them well attended.

- (i) The human body, its diseases and their prevention—a magic lantern lecture. By Rev. A. Paramanandam.
- (ii) Duty of women for the advancement of the country.—By Srimathi Rangammal (Mrs. G. Aravamudu Iyengar)
- (iii) Unanimity.—By Mrs. K. H. Ramaiya (Smt. Revamma.)
- (iv) Samanya Dharma—(Ordinary daily duties). By Mr. S. N. Ramaswami Iyer.
- (v) Women's duty to the Motherland—a series of three lectures. By Mrs. K. S. Chandrasekhara Aiyar.
- (vi) Service.—By Srimathi Thirumalammal of Nanjangud.
- (vii) The German War—a lantern lecture. By Revs. Edwards and Paramanandam.
- (viii) Beauty of life.—By Miss E. Granger.
- (ix) Thought power.—By Mr. Cuddappa Nanjundappa.
- (x) Advancement of women.—By Miss Carswell.

(4) *First Aid in Accidents Classes*.—A series of 12 classes explanatory of First Aid in Accidents were conducted by Dr. B. Nanjappa, M. B. and C. M., of the Lead Quarter Establishment. These classes, which

were held on Sundays in the hall lent by the Bangalore City Lodge of the Theosophical Society, were very popular and well appreciated, the attendance ranging from 40 to 55.

(5) *Domestic Economy classes*.—A course of instruction in Domestic Economy and Home Management was instituted with effect from the 5th February, 1916 at the instance of Sir M. Visvesvaraya, K. C. I. E., Dewan of Mysore, who also kindly undertook to contribute a sum of Rs. 20 a month for one year towards the expenses. Under this scheme 15 weekly classes have so far been held up to the end of June 1916, the average attendance being 30. The subject matter of instruction comprised—air, sun and light, cleanliness, use of pure water, cooking, food and drink, house linen and needlework, household income and expenditure, care of infants, the sick room, and various other matters intimately affecting the happiness and welfare of Indian households. Owing to the great importance of the subject and the interest with which the study is being pursued, it is intended to make permanent provision for the continuance of this course of instruction. It may also be mentioned that the preparation of a hand-book of Domestic Economy in Kannada has been undertaken by Mr. B. Ramaiya, the Honorary Secretary of the Gentlemen Helpers' Committee of the Samaja, at the instance of the Inspector-General of Education in Mysore.

(6) *Industrial Classes*.—Of the industrial classes opened by the Samaja, the most numerous attended were the classes for knitting and sewing, which were taken advantage of by about 40 pupils, mostly adults. A class for teaching rattan work was opened in April, 1916, the cost being met from a donation of Rs. 100 kindly made by Rajakaryapravina Rao Bahadur Mr. A. Rangaswami Iyengar, Retired Revenue Commissioner. A dozen lady-pupils are at present learning this useful industry.

Quite recently the arrangement for teaching home industries have been reorganized at the instance of the Education Committee of the Mysore Economic Conference, who have been pleased to sanction a lump sum grant to the Seva Samaja of Rs. 200 for each of the three classes in (1) Sewing and dress-making, (2) Knitting, and (3) Rattan work. Regular work under the new scheme has been started with effect from 1st July, 1916, and the results will be indicated in the report for the coming year.

(7) *General instruction*.—In addition to the public lectures already referred to, a class for the study of religious and moral subjects and other matters of general instruction adapted to Indian women is held every Friday and Sunday afternoon, when one of the Puranas or some other book or magazine article of merit is read and explained. The class has always been popular and attracts a satisfactory audience. A special Harikatha performance by Mr. K. Narahari Shastri dealing with "the Life of Savitri" was also arranged for under the auspices of the Samaja on the 8th August, 1915, when an audience of over 100 ladies was present.

(8) *Scholarships*.—Three scholarships were given by the Samaja during the year under report, namely, one of Rs. 5 per month to Srimathi Rajamul, a student in the Arya Palika Patasala, Bangalore, who was being prepared for the Mysore Lower Secondary Examination in English; and two of Rs. 3 each per month to Srimathi Lalithamma and Srimathi Kaveramma, who were attending the classes of the Samaja. One of these scholarships, it must be mentioned, was paid out of a special donation of Rs. 36 received from Rajakaryapravina Rao Bahadur Mr. A. Rangaswami Iyengar.

From

SIR. V. C. DESIKACHARY. KT..

PADMA VILAS.

LUZ, MYLAPORE.

Thursday, 8th Feb. '17.

To

The Editor,

Indian Ladies' Magazine.

Dear Editor,

I read with great pleasure your post card announcing that from the beginning of this year your useful publication would become a monthly and I at once sent my subscription up to 31st December 1917. I was just thinking if it would not be possible to raise a fund by your subscribers—or several of them—paying their subscriptions in advance, say, for 5, 3 or even 2 years, so that you may be saved the trouble of corresponding about subscriptions and sending reminders. The cost of paper and of printing has gone up by leaps and bounds. Your Magazine offers such cheery reading that I know my girls look forward to its coming out, and when it does reach us we all read it from cover to cover with great interest. I should like you to publish this, if you see no objection, in your next issue as an appeal from one subscriber to his fellow subscribers. If my appeal succeeds, it will put the Magazine on a sounder basis financially, and relieve you of a good deal of worry. The time so saved can be more usefully employed in improving the Magazine.

As a firm believer in the truth of the old saying "Example is better than Precept," I enclose my cheque for Rs. 20, which please accept as my subscription in advance up to 31st December 1922 i. e. for 5 years. I sincerely trust that this appeal of mine made in the interests of a very useful Magazine will not fall on deaf ears.

I remain, yours faithfully,
(Sd.) V. C. DESIKACHARY.



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

VOL. XVII

JANUARY, 1917.

[No. 3

The Moonbeam's Smile.

See how, beneath the moonbeam's smile,
Yon little billow heaves its breast, .
And foams and sparkles for a while,
And murmuring then subsides to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on Time's eventful sea,
And, having swelled a moment there,
Thus melts into eternity !

THOMAS MOORE.

Maurine.

A Story of a Woman's Sacrifice.

"MAURINE" is the name of a sweet little narrative-poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, about the supreme sacrifice of a woman for a friend—not a man-friend, strange to say, but a woman-friend,—and that as a direct refutation of the general theory that women can never form true friendships among themselves. This is intimated indeed to us at the very beginning of the story.

Maurine LaPelle and Vivian Dangerfield are dear friends, who are on the very borderland of love's sweet kingdom. They are in a sweet restful trance!

"A time when yet no word the spell has broken,
Save what the heart unto the soul has spoken
In quickened throbs and sighs but half suppressed,

A time when that sweet truth, all unfessed,

Gives added fragrance to the Summer flowers,
A golden glory to the passing hours,
A hopeful beauty to the plainest face,
And lends to life a new and tender grace.

This blest hour, in love's glad, golden day,
Is like the dawning ere the radiant ray
Of glowing Sol has burst upon the eye.
But yet is heralded in earth and sky,
Warm with its fervour, mellow with its light,
While care still slumbers in the arm of Night,
But hope awake, hears happy birdlings sing,
And thinks of all a Summer day may bring."

Into this sweet calm comes a dear woman-friend of Maurine, Helen Trevor. They are exact opposites of each other. Helen is a golden sunbeam:

"Slender
Even to frailty. Her great wistful eyes
Were like the deep blue of Autumn skies;
And through them looked her soul, large, loving, tender.

Her long light hair was lustreless, except,
Upon the ends, where burnished sunbeams slept,
And on the earlocks."

Through Maurine's veins ran,

"The warm

Red blood of Southern France, which curved her form,

And glowed upon her cheek in crimson dyes,
And bronzed her hair and darkened in her eye."
And yet, they are real heart-friends,
perhaps because of the contrast.

Says Maurine:

"True friendship's silken tether,
Binds Helen Trevor's heart and mine together,
I love her for her beauty, meekness, grace;
For her white lily soul and angel face,
She loves me, for my greater strength, maybe;
Loves—and would give her heart's best blood
for me,

And I, to save her from a pain or cross,
Would suffer any sacrifice or loss."

But Vivian Dangerfield believes that such true friendship can never exist between woman and woman:

"Friendship is not friendship at the best,
Till circumstances put it to the test.
Man's, less demonstrative, stands strain and tear,
While woman's half profession, fails to wear.
I've faith in woman's friendship too—for Man!
They're true as steel, as mothers, friends and
wives:

And that's enough to bless us all our lives.
That man's a selfish fellow and a bore,
Who is unsatisfied and asks for more."

But Maurine holds the opposite theory, and that she is right, she goes on later to prove in the story—not indeed as a mere refutation of Vivian's theory, but because circumstances force the proof on her.

Helen's heart is ready for love. We hear her sing:

"O thou, mine other, stronger part!
Whom yet I cannot hear, or see,
Come thou, and take this loving heart,
That longs to yield its all to thee,
I call mine own—Oh, come to me!
Love, answer back, I come to thee!
I come to thee.

This hungry heart, so warm, so large,
Is far too great a care for me.
I have grown so weary of the charge
I keep so sacredly for thee.
Come thou and take my heart from me,
Love, answer back, I come to thee,
I come to thee."

Is it any wonder then that she is attracted by Vivian Dangerfield, for he is a man worthy any woman's love?

"Oh! His form was grand;
And he possessed that power, strange, occult,
Called magnetism, lacking better word,
Which moves the world, achieving great result,
Where genius fails completely. Touch his hand,
It thrilled through all your being—meet his eye,
And you were moved, yet knew not how, or why;
Let him but rise, you felt the air was stirred
By an electric current."

That Maurine loves him, and that he loves her, we know. The course of true love ought to have run smooth for them. But, by the strange perversity of Fate, it is turned into the turbulent torrent of sacrifice.

The last sweet day of Maurine's happy girlhood has come.

"Oh, happy day! the last of that brief time
Of thoughtless youth, when all the world
seems bright,

Ere that disguised angel men call Woe
Leads the sad heart through valleys dark as
night,

Up to the heights exalted and sublime.
On each blest, happy moment, I am fain
To linger long, ere I pass on to pain
And sorrow that succeeded."

The three go out boating on a summer sea, and Vivian Dangerfield makes up a poem:

"If all the ships I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me,
Ah, well! the harbour could not hold
So many sails as there would be,
If all my ships came in from sea.

If just one ship I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me,
Ah, well! the storm-clouds then might
frown;

For if the others all went down,
Still rich and proud and glad I'd be
If that one ship came back to me.

If that one ship went down at sea,
And all the others came to me,
Weighed down with gems and wealth untold,
With glory, honours, riches, gold,
The poorest soul on earth I'd be
If that one ship came not to me."

He says this to Maurine; but Helen thinks it is meant for her. She makes

sweet naive confession of love given and love returned, to her friend Maurine. The latter is then indeed in a sad state.

"She nestled in my bosom like a child,
And' noath her head my tortured heart
throbbed wild

With pain and pity. She had told her tale—
Her self-deceiving story, to the end.

How could I look down on her as she lay
So fair and sweet, and lily-like and frail,
A tender blossom on my breast, and say,
'Nay, you are wrong—you do mistake, dear
friend!'

'Tis I am loved, not you!'"

Her heart is numbed; but her active brain gives rise to one great thought of mighty sacrifice and self-denial:

"Oh! it blanched my cheek,
And wrung my soul; and from my heart it
drove

All life and feeling. Coward-like, I strove
To send it from me: but I felt it cling,
And hold fast on my mind like some live thing."

An anguished war between Self and Friendship wages within her. Helen is a friend for whom she can die to save her pain:

"Then go lay thy love
On friendship's altar, as thy offering,
Helen is frail. 'The anguish of love unreturned
will kill her.'"

"Can I destroy
God's handiwork, or leave it at the best,
A broken harp, while I close clasp my bliss?"
But how make such a supreme sacrifice?

"Nay", cried my heart, 'Ask any other thing
Ask life itself—'twere easier sacrifice,
But ask not love, for that I cannot give.'"

And then, is it fair to the man, to make him give up his heart's true choice, and marry another, even though this latter is worthy all love, and even though she may die for want of such love?

"Think how one, whose life thou wert to bless,
Will be cast down, and grope in doubt and fear,
Wouldst thou wound him, to give thy friend
relief?

Can wrong make right?"

But what if she disillusion him, and makes him think her a fickle

woman, who has but made light of the love which has been laid at her feet?

"Pride
And Time can heal the saddest hurts of Love."

And so, Maurine decides upon the supreme sacrifice. She makes Vivian slowly think that she does not really love him, but has merely played with his heart.

"It was the slow undoing
Of long sweet months of unimpeded wooing.
It was to dam love's happy singing tide
That blessed me with its hopeful, tuneful tone,
By feigned indifference, till it turned aside,
And changed its channel, leaving me alone,
To walk parched plains and thirst for that
sweet draught,
My lips had tasted, but another quaffed."

At the critical moment, Roy Montaine, a long-lost cousin, appears on the scene. Vivian thinks that Maurine prefers Roy to herself. He loves and hates her.

"Woman, how dare you bring me to such
shame!
Oh, frail and puny woman! could you know
The devil that you waken in the hearts,
You snare and bind in your enticing arts!
The thin pale stuff that in your veins doth
flow,
Would freeze in terror."

"God made poor woman with no heart,
But gave her skill and tact and art,
And so she lives and plays her part."

Then, in an unguarded moment, poor simple Helen lets Vivian see her heart. She is so frail and sweet, such "a little dove", such a fragile "lily-bud", that he cannot bear to make her unhappy. So, while telling her that he can only give her a second-best love, for the first has been scorned by a fickle woman, he asks her to marry him and she consents.

Poor Maurine has hoped to escape being present at the marriage; but her Aunt falls dangerously ill and she cannot get away. So even that great agony she undergoes.

"How strangely, in some awful hour of pain,
External trifles with our sorrows blend!
I never hear the mighty organ's thunder,
I never catch the scent of heliotrope,
Nor see stained windows all ablaze with light,
Without that dizzy whirling of the brain,
And all the ghastly feeling of that night,
When my sick heart relinquished love and
hope."

Then Maurine falls into a strange apathetic illness of mental and physical despair.

She recovers from it and goes abroad, where she earnestly studies art and fairly succeeds in her aims.

Then one day comes a message from Vivian that a child has been born to him and Helen. He sends her a lock of the baby's hair. Then

"All my maternal instincts seemed to rise,
And clamour for their rights, while my wet
eyes

Rained tears upon the silken tress of hair.
The woman struggled with her heart before!
It was the mother in me now did speak,
Moaning, like Rachel, that her babes were not,
And crying out against her barren lot."

Sometime later comes a sudden message that Helen is dying and that she wants Maurine. Then, in the latter's heart, wakes again to life the true love for her dear friend, and she hastens to her. Helen is nearly over the border-land of life,

"Her face,
Pale always, now was ghastly in its hue.
And, like two lamps in some dark, hollow place,
Burned her large eyes, grown more intensely
blue.
And on her mouth was that drawn look of pain
Which is not uttered, yet an inward light
Shone through and made her wasted features
bright
With an unearthly beauty."

Then Helen gives a last precious charge, her own baby, into Maurine's willing hands.

"Let her be free and natural as the flowers
That smile and revel throughout the summer
hours,

Let her rejoice in all the joys of youth,
But first impress upon her mind this truth,
No lasting happiness is e'er attained,
Save when the heart some other seeks to please,
The cup of selfish pleasure soon is drained
And full of gall and bitterness the lees."

She hopes that her husband will seek consolation in a later love, for he has made her supremely happy on earth.

"God has heaped my measure
In three short years, full to the brim with
pleasure;
And, from the fulness of an earthly love,
I pass to th' Immortal arms above,
Before I even brush the skirts of Woe."

Then she dies. Vivian goes away for three years, which Maurine passes happily in caring for her adopted child. At last he returns to find sweet consolation in the faithful heart of Maurine.

"Sweet, my Sweet!
He murmured softly, 'God in Heaven knows,
How well I loved you seven years ago.
He only knows my anguish and my grief,
When your own acts forced on me the belief
That I had been your plaything and your toy.
Yet from his lips I since have learned that Roy
Held no place nearer than a friend and brother.
And then a faint suspicion, undefined,
Of what had been—was—might be, stirred my
mind,
And that great love I thought died at a blow,
Rose up within me, strong with hope and life.
Before all heaven and the angel mother,
Of this sweet child that slumbers on your heart,
Maurine, Maurine, I claim you for my wife—
Mine own, forever, until death shall part.'
Just then, the child upon my breast awoke
From her light sleep, and laid her downy cheek
Against her father as he knelt by me.
And this unconscious action seemed to be,
A silent blessing which the mother spoke,
Gazing upon us from the mystic shore."

"PADMINI."

The Woman of the Future.

THERE is a great fear in men's minds lest the future bring a type of woman, who will not only be extremely repugnant to the average man, but who will destroy the home, and work such havoc in the outside world by glutting the market with cheap labour and ousting men from their natural position, that

she will defeat her own ends and the ends of existence. Nature admits of no confusion and this question may be dismissed a priori by such considerations as natural selection and the law of adaptation. But it would be interesting to discover in what causes this fear has had its birth, how far and in what manner, the new woman, will differ from her sister on the other side of the border line.

Change in itself is a cause and a potent one for dread. The reason lies in the difficulty man finds in suddenly adapting himself to new conditions, and is partly psychological and partly physiological. Unless a man can anticipate the future and fit himself for it, any great change in his environment finds him unprepared, and the process of adjustment has to become more rapid and therefore painful.

Usually, however, changes are very gradual, but continuous. A life is a working equilibrium of internal and external forces. It may be imagined that the internal development is in excess of the extra-organic process, and then no sudden change need be feared, but in fact it is not so and at every step man and his surroundings are conditioned by each other.

If, then, change in the abstract produces such effects on the mind and constitution of man, how much greater will be the alarm when change involves the uprooting of dearly-loved prejudices, especially the favourite one of man's innate superiority, and involves also the admission of the other half of the human race to an equality with men? By the way, it may be remarked that the doctrine of final causes never reached so absurd a conclusion, as when stretched to its logical limit of including women for the benefit of men. Strange that Aristotle's dictum of the naturalness and jus-

tice of the institution of slavery should have been disputed & utterly disproved so many years ago, but that it should be left to women at the end of the 19th century to refute the further assertion that men were the natural masters of women. What was the cause of this dilatoriness?

There is no doubt that to-day the conception of woman's nature and sphere of action is different from what it was fifty years or even twenty years ago and very different from what it was a hundred and fifty years ago. Women have grown very quickly of recent years, and one would not be mistaken in thinking that it is due to the stimulating intellectual effects of woman's movement and to the more healthful system of education that has been advocated of late in all the civilised countries.

If we go back to the woman of Aristotle's time or even much further back, to the stages which include the Central Australian tribes and the Terra del Fuegians as also other savage and barbarous races, maintaining, however, the classification which was adopted in ancient Society and trace up woman's development from that point, we will find that the first periods of her life were marked by a physical dependence which was the necessary result of the precarious life the early tribes led, surrounded as they were by wild beasts and insurmountable natural obstacles. As society became more established and some kind of order prevailed, as means of sustenance, not merely depending on chance, were discovered and the arts of life and instruments of defence became more numerous, the merely physical dependence was superseded completely by, or only gave the first place to, economic dependence.

In some cases it happened, however, due to a peculiar condition of society, resting most probably on the influence of communal marriage, that the institution of the mother-right gave to women a temporary predominance. In all cases the mother-right yielded to the pater-power and man's domination was re-established and from that time onward, woman became more economically dependent and as a consequence of this and the interaction of forces produced by a developing civilisation, economic dependence was strengthened and produced as natural results, political dependence and social dependence, which latter crystallised into legal dependence in the same measure, as custom became law.

This many-sided dependence is seen to characterise every stage of woman's development, though the real causes were often disguised in the prevailing sentiments. It existed as long as the conditions that made it necessary remained unaltered, and, when at the end of the 18th century through the gradual education of women the question was taken up and discussed and thoroughly sifted, it was discovered that no reason existed for woman's continued subordination. Since then, due no doubt to the position which Giddings laid down that society can convert the natural process of evolution into an artificial process and can volitionally shape its own destiny, the woman's status has been greatly improved and she is standing at the threshold of her emancipation.

This is in broad outline the story of woman's life. Now we have to ask what does this emancipation involve? The keynote of modern freedom rests in the right to vote, as is seen from the popular cry 'no taxation without representation.' Not only in England where

the constitution is based on political freedom, but in all the continental countries where when a man has the right to be represented then only is he considered free, the agitation has been for political equality, because it was understood that the right to rule would mean the right to legislate and the necessary opening of all avocations would induce economic independence.

If Woman's emancipation means complete freedom for her, the question has to be further answered whether there is anything to dread or to hope, whether more to hope or dread from this change. Will women all refuse to marry, or married, will they refuse to bring up their children and maintain family life? If they refuse to do these things, what will they do with themselves? Will they, as some people hold, for the sake of notoriety or novelty rush into all other crafts and make life harder for the men? It is difficult to believe there will be such a dislocation, nor have we anything to justify this belief in the conditions of the other countries which have admitted women to political equality. If society is to exist at all, women will marry and look after their homes; the surplus, however, and statistics always show an excess of women over men, will be in a better position, in that their added responsibilities with larger opportunities for the expression of their energies will enable them to realise themselves more fully. To all women, the State will mean what Spencer thought it ought to mean to all men—a means of securing the highest happiness, and what is of greater value to Society, this sense of responsibility towards the State and towards themselves, as citizens with the full rights of citizenship, will help in the establishing of what is known as the Ethical family. This has hitherto been of the

romantic type, but is tending towards disintegration, and the problem of marriage has arisen again. There is no doubt that this solution will be a temporary one, owing to the dynamic quality of society, but be that as it may, for a time at least the ethical family will meet the requirements of a growing civilisation.

"There is no radical cure for degeneration, but in a pure and sane family life, which disciplines the welcome and untainted child in the robust virtue of self-control and in an unswerving allegiance to duty. The ethical family subordinates all lesser considerations to the development and perpetuation of that national personality which is the supreme end for which society in its entirety exists." It makes Society more reflectively self-conscious and more rationally volitional, and it can itself be the resultant only of forces produced by the mature deliberation and uplifting of a conscious motherhood and fatherhood.

Doors.

HOUSES were built after pre-meditation induced by many needs, but the genesis of doors was the result of a sudden realisation. For, allowing human instinct for self-preservation, it is natural to suppose that the need for shelter, for protection, and for hiding was the moving thought in the mind of the builder, and that the contingency of outgoing and incoming was a problem that had to be faced by the way. It must have proved a difficulty to the early builders of huts: to allow a man to enter, a hole had to be made in the walls, to prevent the pursuit of his enemies the hole had to be filled; the stop-gap had to be strong to resist the assaults of baffled anger, and yet

capable of being easily moved. It was easier and safer to make the opening small, it was better and nobler to make it broad and light.

Experience eventually taught the makers of doors to choose the better part, and much skill enabled them to obviate the dangers. Thus the door, from being the weak spot in the defences, came to be the last word in the stronghold.

Doors have an ancestry of no mean traditions—traditions of defences severely held, of steadfastness to trust and resistance to lawless insurgency! and these have left their stamp on doors, and endowed them with a solemn dignity that checks many a thoughtless would-be intruder and makes frank unconventionality pause and knock.

In the bettering of time, the door has gained a hardness—of more than mere material. The spirit that lurks in every door is harder than the brazen nails that pierce it.

There is nothing so relentless as a door; ask childhood, with the eternal question in its eyes, how often its driving curiosity has been blunted by a closed door; ask youth whose best ambitions must needs be thwarted, because doors are closed to him; ask poverty forever shut out: these will bear witness to the inexorableness of doors, their dull lack of response, their forbidding inscrutability, their hard unsympathy.

It is the closed door that teaches human nature its limitations, that cuts short the vistas, and helps to make a man content with very little,—a questionable virtue.

But in this world of not unmixed evil, it has possibly also helped to make him understand that stone walls do not necessarily make prisons, and that there is nothing retentive to the strength of spirit.

It may be a bitter thing to be unable to walk with God in the free and un-walled garden, but it is a very blessed thing to have a sanctuary to fly to, and a door to close; and he is a poor man indeed, who does not ultimately find himself a magician with an iron key for closing and a golden one that "opes amain."

G. M. C.

The influence of the personality of the teacher on smaller children.

IN most departments of human knowledge, we distinguish between what is theory and what is practice. We always discover theories underlying practice and we feel it of great value to study theory by itself and to be able to formulate it. Still it is also recognised that a sound knowledge of the theory of a subject alone cannot imply an assured capacity in practice. The less the possibility of divergence between the theory and practice of a subject, the greater its utilitarian success. Probably in no branch of human activity has theory by itself been so extravagantly indulged in as in education. The science of education is the most elusive of sciences and it has been formulated with a certain persistence by some of the greatest scholars and even schools of pedagogy are established. Educational psychology has been dived in and the Herbartian steps are talked of as essential to all methods of teaching. But what becomes of all this when brought to the touchstone of education—the living personality who is in charge of training the children and their young minds? The teacher might scrupulously follow Herbart, might speak all the most sensible things of

human knowledge and still lose all influence over the children by certain radical defects in his personality. After all, the teacher, like the poet, is born and needs to be inspired as often as the poet.

Man is not born wicked and it has been recognised that the best ethical training ground for children is an atmosphere of pleasantness and sweetness. The delicate plants of the garden of children need to be nourished with a fountain of maternal love and sympathy. The love should not be the fondling idle indulgence of stupid mothers, but that which is guided by the wisdom of a discreet mother like the Madame Julie of Rousseau. The kindergartener should be an all-soft and all-gentle person. For the time being, the kindergartener forgets his or her own world and lives in the world of children. She never loses patience, is always agreeable and acts as a magic influence to draw out their faculties. Such self-sacrifice and such gentleness as are implied in the work of the kindergartener are not to be easily found among men. The gift belongs to the fairer sex. In Tennyson's words—

Her office there to rear, to teach,
Becoming as is meet and fit
A link among the days to knit
The generations each with each.

After all the kindergarten is only a substitute for the work of the wise mother. In America and in England we are told, in the elementary schools for boys and girls, women preponderate in numbers over men as teachers. The kindergartener is a wise mother, but still the mother. The true mother never mistakes the pranks of the children for acts of wickedness to be punished with violence and she knows that the children have a right to grow only in an atmosphere of love.

It is said that a good man is discovered by his relations towards children. Children are drawn spontaneously in affection towards a good man. It is also said that children instinctively shun bad men. This is an illuminating comment on the peculiar character of children. Children are not reasoning beings, still they exhibit an instinctive sensibility of things. It is more subtle than reason. The teacher of children has to conduct himself in every little particular in such a manner as will not repel the affections of the little souls before him. He has to be really and sincerely good, otherwise, whatever false appearance he may strive to put on, he is bound to betray himself in many unconscious moments.

Children differ from maturer persons in that their hearts alternate between extremes of feeling. They either love one or shun him absolutely. The kindergartener cannot achieve any success till he can personally endear himself to the hearts of his children.

We speak frequently of freedom of development for children in a kindergarten. But, though it is somewhat paradoxical to state it, development is impossible except under the influence of a congenial personality in the kindergartener. The principles of a kindergarten have always the danger of becoming stereotyped and mechanical in practice, defeating the essential aim of a kindergarten. An uninspired teacher has thus no place in the kindergarten.

It will be possible for us to acquire a more comprehensive view of the proper personality of the kindergartener, if we reason from the necessities of the keynote to the whole system of the kindergarten which is in the words, "freedom of development." By freedom we mean that children should be allowed to be children as

long as they are only children. It implies that, as far as possible, children have a right to be protected from the fetters and hard necessities of human life. It would follow from this that the teacher in the kindergarten should rise above his own ordinary life. He would indeed need to be sufficiently well-placed in life to be endowed with the pride and joy of life, to be able to impart to the children an eternal ray of optimism.

We recognise that sympathy is the first requisite of a kindergartener. This is really a poetic quality. What we mean by sympathy is that the teacher should closely observe the psychological phenomena manifested in the child and sympathise with its needs. It is more or less a poetic quality to be able to love the varieties of human development in children.

Next, to love what influences children most is the æsthetic view of things. Children have an instinctive love for things that are pretty and things that are beautiful. The ethical sense comes to children at a comparatively later stage, but the exercise of the æsthetic sense will serve also as the best ethical training in the earlier stage. The æsthetic sense should, however, not be abused. It should not be for visible objects only, it can be extended to mental ideas. In any case the objective sense should not be confused with the mental one. For instance, a child should not have an idea that all pretty persons should be loved and all ugly persons hated.

It is desirable then that the kindergartener should cultivate an æsthetic sense of things in his own life. Physically and mentally he is under obligation to make himself attractive to children. Before his children he is an almost ideal man. All his acts are

gentle and loving and above all he is wise. Esteem is a feeling of which the child is not capable, but the child has an implicit confidence in the true kindergartener. The kindergartener is to the children the wizard, through whose help the secrets of this wonderful universe are unravelled to them. This then is the crowning aspect of the personality of the teacher to the smaller children. The teacher knows so much more than the children, he commands his knowledge at his finger tips; he knows his own superiority, but does not obtrude it, but all the same he has inspired his children to look up to him in unconscious reverence and to seek his guidance.

P. R. KRISHNASWAMI.

True Education.

Its Conception and Attainment.

EDUCATIONISTS, Indian and English, of both sexes, have had some measure of success in their efforts to arouse the Government of India to a sense of its share of responsibility for female education. But their efforts will not be rewarded with complete success until there is an insistent and widespread demand from the great mass of Indian women. The point has been reached at which such a demand ought to, and surely would, have more weight in determining the attitude and action of the Government, than anything which educated Indians or Englishmen can do or say.

Before requests for the Government's co-operation in providing facilities for female education can be made with the unanimity necessary to success, an immense amount of energy must be expended in cultivating in uneducated

women a sense of their need. A great obstacle in the path of Indian women's education is their own indifference. The causes of this indifference must be considered, preparative to making efforts to remove it.

One cause is a misconception of what Education really is. It is a common error to be blinded to the excellence and value of a scheme by the false motives of its advocates and supporters. If the true objects of education were grasped, the indifference in the minds of the uneducated would more quickly disappear. Many, who have received and desire to receive what passes as education, consider it merely as the necessary preparation for earning a better living than is possible by manual work; or as a ladder on which to climb to a higher social position. If those were indeed the sole objects of education, women's indifference would be excusable. The true objects of education must be emphasized: namely, the full development of the mental faculties, enabling the spirit to enter a vast region of the unseen world and to taste joys surpassing those of the visible world; the enlargement of the soul's environment; the acquiring of ability to grasp and assimilate new ideas; the attainment of greater powers of understanding the soul, the universe and God.

Where the beauty and desirability of a perfectly trained and developed body is accepted, it is only one step further to grasp the idea of the beauty and desirability of the perfectly developed mind.

Lofty as such a conception of education is, its foundations can be laid in the school room; the development of the mental faculties can be begun by quite elementary studies, provided the teacher holds a lofty

conception of what education may be and chooses her methods accordingly. On a foundation of a merely developed memory and a knowledge of facts, no stately building can be reared. If, however, a few windows of the child's mind have been opened, if an appetite for learning has been acquired, if the development of the reasoning powers has even begun, the child has a good chance of becoming an educated adult. He stands at the threshold of the world of books, having the organs necessary for living, breathing and growing in that world.

But for the child who has been taught as dogs and parrots are taught, although he may be literate, the Education is not even begun. He can no more absorb culture from reading than a fish can breathe in the open air; and that for an analogous reason—in neither fish nor child are the necessary organs developed.

OLIVE, M. WHITBY.

Friendly chats among ourselves

The Love of beautiful things.



WHEN you see beautiful things, does not your soul seem to rise within you? Do you not wish that you had some dear one next to you, with whom you could share the beauty?

You feel as if you loved God anew for the beauty around you. Thus, beautiful things raise all kinds of good thoughts within us, the chief of which seems to be love, love of the beauty we see, and, through that, love for all else.

If we opened our eyes wide enough in their observation, and if we made our brains receptive enough to receive

the impressions of these observations, and if we softened our hearts deep enough to feel these impressions, we should see beauty everywhere, even in the smallest things around us, even a little leaf dancing in the breeze, even a shadow cast in the moonlight. And what about the beauty of the pale moon and the sparkling stars and the leaping waves? I could mention to you many beautiful things besides those in nature. There is the beauty of human beings. Even the ugliest of them may have some beauty in them, beauty of expression, if not of feature. For, beauty is not only of the surface. It goes deeper. It comes from within. And the most beautiful face, without the beauty of the mind and soul, leaves or should leave but a very shallow impression.

But beauty is not only of the kind prepared for our delectation by God, whether in natural objects, or in human beings. There is the beauty of household objects, which we ourselves can create. Even the poorest of us can make our house and its surroundings beautiful in simple and inexpensive ways. But, where money can be had, how beautiful can a home be made!

The first essential of beauty is, I think, cleanliness. If an object is clean and sweet, it will look beautiful. There is also the beauty of 'non-utilitarianism', if I may use the word. We choose articles for their substantiality and usefulness. But, let us not forget to look for lines of beauty in them. Utilitarianism is not everything in the world after all.

Then there is the beauty of arrangement. Even a table and chair can be made to look pretty by the way they are arranged in. In most Indian homes, the most beautiful furniture is sometimes spoilt by a too symmetrical arrangement. Symmetry is good. Indeed symmetry is essential

for beauty. But it should be a sort of unsymmetrical symmetry—objects placed in a sort of order and yet disorder. Chairs and tables can be placed at angles or drawn out invitingly, instead of being left too straight. Books need not be kept in stiff lines on a table. It is the same with pictures. Why place them all in one line on the walls? Change the order of the position.

Then there is the beauty of colour. We often see rooms spoilt by inharmonious colours—a bright red mixed with a bright blue or green. Sometimes the eye fairly aches with dazzle to contrasts. Sober richness of colour is not too sober—but relieved by touches of a brighter, but at the same time, harmonious tinge, would be the right thing. A cool green—dark and light shades with touches of pale pink or dark-red mixed—would be very restful to the eye in India.

There is also the beauty of drapery. Some people like too much drapery about. But I do not think this is advisable in India, the land of heat and mosquitoes and germs. Just the necessary curtains for shutting out the glare, or for screening from the eyes of the public, would be required.

The beauty of choice must be mentioned. It does not matter how few pictures or how few ornaments we may have, so long as they are not too flimsy or gaudy or glaring. A few pictures carefully chosen from prints of views or copies of beautiful paintings, or failing that, photos of friends and relatives, would be enough. Fans and flimsy brackets on walls, I think, spoil the effect.

Plants and flowers in the room add a great deal to beauty.

Then there is the beauty of space. Articles should not be crowded together. There should be room to move about.

Also there is the beauty of use and familiarity. It is all very well to keep a carefully-shrouded and isolated reception room. But this can be only in very rich houses and should be meant for very formal visitors. Friendly guests would feel unhappy, if received in an unused room, spick and span in its newness.

Finally, beauty should be all over the house, not only in the drawing-room. Other rooms also should be beautiful and a rest to the eye. Even a compound should be kept prettily. And, as I said before, all this is possible, not only to the rich, but to the poor. The trouble with many is that they do not make an effort to make things nice around them. If they only spent a little time in thinking about such things, beautiful effects can be produced everywhere. And this is very necessary, I think. For beauty leads to intellectual advance and moral goodness. When the eye is rested and pleased, the mind and heart and soul get repose and find leisure to think and feel and be good. It is hard to be clever or kind or virtuous in uncongenial surroundings.

"AMICUS."

The Children's Page.

Talks about Animals.

(These are conversations between a little Indian boy called Hari and his mother. The first one was about the Crow.)

II

THE SNAKE

"MOTHER," said Hari, "Where is the white snake? You said you would give it to me to eat."

"No," dear, "I did not tell you so I told you a story about a white

snake. I said a man ate it and learnt the words of birds and beasts. Do you remember now?"

For one moment, Hari looked very cross. His lip poked out and his eyes grew big with tears. But then he knew his mother. She never told lies to him. If she did make a promise, she would always try to carry it out. She must be right now about the white snake. He saw her looking at him with her soft black eyes. So he bravely smiled his pretty smile back at her. Then she kissed him.

"You, dear child!" she said "but I shall tell you all about snakes. Would you like to hear about them?"

"Yes, mother, I would."

"Then we must call in a snake-charmer to show you some snakes. I know such a man who lives here. I shall send for him."

So the snake-charmer came. He carried two flat round baskets strung to a pole on his shoulder. He brought one basket out and opened the cover. Then he began to play a nice tune on a funny kind of flute. Hari moved about gently in time to it. And then out came something long and slender from the basket. It settled itself in a coil on the ground, lifted up a high neck with a small head on it. Then it began to move gently from side to side to the music. It was a pretty sight. Hari knew it was a snake, for he had seen snakes killed before. He moved closer to his mother.

"Mother," he whispered "the snake will come here and bite us."

"No," she answered, "that man will be careful. But I think the snake has no teeth. Hey, old man," she called out, "Did you take away his teeth?"

"Yes, amma," he cried. "If not, it will bite people, and they will die."

"Will it not bite you, and will you not die if it does?"

"I have a medicine, lady. See this black stone," and he produced a small flat stone from his bag. "If I put this on a snake-bite, all the poison will come out. Then I shall squeeze the stone. A green water will come out of it. Then I shall wash the stone in milk. After that, we can use the stone again for another bite. I shall give it to you, lady, if you give me two Rupees."

Hari's mother took the stone and hid it away carefully. But she was not sure if the right stone was given her. Who was to trust the charmer?

Then the charmer said he could catch snakes in the compound. So he went out into a grassy place where many trees were. He took out a tame snake and let it play about. He blew on his flute. Suddenly, they saw something flash in the sun-light. There was a noise in the grass. And out came another big snake. The charmer pounced on it and picked it up by the head and put it away in his bag. Hari was greatly excited.

"O mother," he cried, "tell him to kill it. It will bite him."

"No, no, dear, he is alright. Let him go on. But come and examine the first snake he has shewn us. It is a cobra, you know. If it bites people, they will die very soon. Do you see its mouth. Do you see its thin tongue? It has two large teeth called 'fangs' in the upper jaw. Near the bottom of the fangs is a bag, which is full of poison. There are small openings in the fangs. And from there, the poison comes out through the holes and gets into the bite. It is a terrible thing. Now look at its head, Hari. Do you see the marks there? They are like my spectacles, are they not? Only cobras have them. Did you see the snake when it danced? Its head became flat and big, did it not? That is called a hood. If the snake is angry, it will dance,

shaking its hood from side to side. And then, suddenly it will bend forward and bite. It is done very quickly. It is like a lightning flash. It is very dangerous to meet a cobra. When you see one, you must not make it angry. You must slowly go away. Then it also will creep away. When a snake crawls, you see how it goes. It goes in small half circles. It cannot go straight, so when a snake chases you, you must run in a straight line from it. But they say, snakes do not bite children. But, Hari, in any case, you must not go near snakes. But when people see it, they must kill it."

And they say, Hari, that cobras never forget their anger. If a man hurts the cobra will remember the man and one day will bite him. This is what people say. I do not know if it is true. I had a servant once, who tried to kill a snake. But he did not kill it and it ran away. One day, a snake came where he was lying down. He jumped up and the snake ran away. He would not stay with us after that. He said that the snake would come for him again. So he went away to his own town. There, one day, he killed a snake. Then he said that this was the snake which had tried to kill him. He was very happy because it was killed. And he came back to us. Was not that silly?"

"If snakes bite, cannot people be cured, mother?"

"Sometimes. But we must use the medicine at once. You see the poison mixes with the blood so quickly and the man dies. Now, there is a good medicine. We must first tie the leg or hand tightly above the bite. Then we must cut all round the bite and rub the medicine into it. It is very painful."

"Can you do it yourself, mother? You do not like to hurt people and you hate blood."

"Truly, I do. But this means the saving of a life. So I must do it, when it is needed. Do you not think so?"

Hari nodded his head, and his mother went on.

"They say also that anyone can suck at the bite and save the man. But, when you suck, there must be no sore in your mouth. If there is a sore, then you will die. The poison must not go into the sore. But it can be taken in small portions. Is not that right? This poison is sometimes used as medicine."

But our servants say that they can be cured by charms, mother."

"That is what they say. And some are cured. Some men say 'mantrams' over the bite. But they are really cured by some medicine which the man uses. There are many medicines for snake-bites, you know, Hari. But very few people know about them. In Ceylon, people are not at all afraid of snakes. They have such good medicines for them. There are also some leaves which cure. When the mongoose is bitten by a snake, it eats a leaf and is all right."

"What is a mongoose?"

"It is a small animal, which is a great enemy of snakes. Snakes and mongooses have big fights. The mongoose will catch a snake by its lip. Peacocks also hate snakes and kill them. Also cats. I had a beautiful cat once, Hari. I was reading in the verandah one night. You were a small baby then. The cat was very fond of me. Suddenly, I saw it running up and down. It would come to me, then go to the other side. For a time I did not notice it. Then I looked round. And I saw a big snake. The cat would not allow it to come near me. And it had been trying to tell me about the snake. Was not that clever and good of him?"

"Where is the cat now, mother? Did the snake kill it?"

"Oh no, Hari. The snake did not bite it. The cat died a long time after, because it became old."

"What do snakes eat, mother?"

"They are very fond of eggs and milk. Did you see sometime ago many Hindu women coming to our compound? You know where snakes live, do you not?"

"Yes, mother, in those big heaps of earth made by ants. I see big snake-holes in them. Why do the snakes take the houses of the ants?"

"I do not know, Hari. But I was telling you something. Those Hindu women came and poured milk into the snake-holes."

"Why?"

"Because snakes love milk. And the Hindus have a snake-god. They want to please him by pleasing other snakes."

"Do snakes lay eggs?"

"Of course, they do. They lay them in warm sand. Some days later, little snakes come out of them."

"Is there only one kind of snake?"

"There are many kinds. Come this evening to the Museum and I will show you different kinds of snakes."

So they went to the Museum. First, they saw the cobra. If they tapped the glass, the cobra would hit the glass with his head and try to bite it. Hari was very frightened. Then they saw a little rat-snake, sleeping in a small cage. In one corner a small rat was hiding. It had its eyes fixed on the snake. Hari was so sorry to see it. He knew the snake would eat it when it woke up.

Then they saw a green snake, which was on a small tree in a cage. His mother told him it was a tree-snake. Hari suddenly remembered a story he had heard. "They say it flies at people's eyes, mother. Is it true?"

"I do not think so, Hari. It may jump at a man. His face, of course, will be near the tree. So people say it jumps at the eyes."

After this, they saw a sand-snake. It seemed to have two heads. One of them was on the tail-side. Its colour was the same as sand colour. It seemed a very lazy snake.

There was another snake called the whip-snake. His mother told him that people were afraid of its tail. If the tail beat any man, they said he would die. But this was not true. She showed him another poisonous snake, which was full of lines. If it bit a man, people said he would also get lines all over his body and then die.

Last of all, they came to the rock-snake. His mother told him that sometimes these snakes were very big. They could even swallow donkeys. Hari found it very hard to believe her. She told him that they first coiled round an animal. Then they would crush all its bones. Then slowly they would swallow him. Hari felt so sorry when he heard this. He asked what this snake would eat. His mother told him, that they sometimes gave small lambs or rabbits to it.

"O! mother," the little fellow cried, "Don't let them give pretty lambs. Can I be given to the snake?"

His mother nearly cried when she heard this. But she laughed and told him about another snake, found in America. This was called a rattle-snake. It was very poisonous. But God gave it a rattle, with which it would make a noise when it was angry. As soon as people heard this noise, they would run away. So, God always took care of his people.

"In old days, Hari, snakes could walk like us. But the devil once put on a snake-form and did wicked things. Then God was very angry and told the

snake that it could never walk any more. It must always creep, and whenever people saw it, they would kill it. It is a sad story, Hari. But it is a good thing that it cannot walk. How can we escape from snakes, if they can walk?"

Come, let us go home, Hari. The are shutting up the Museum. Goes shall I tell you about next time?" go

Hari thought for a while. They looked up with round eyes. "About it, cow, mother. I like cows. When grow up, I shall drive a cow-carriage, Will you give it to me?"

"MATER"

Nita and the bee.

NITA was only seven years old, but she had a garden; in the middle was a coffee tree, and round the tree were plants of purple iris. She loved her plants very much and also all animals and insects, and was kind to them; but one day as she sat on a step of the fountain near her garden, she saw a bee fly into an iris, and, I am sorry to say, she got angry, and scrambling up, hastily smoothed her red dress and white pinafore and pushed aside the red ribbon that tied her brown hair. You see she was a tidy little girl. She kept her eyes on the bee as she went cautiously to the flower.

"You naughty bee," she said, "I am going to punish you for stealing the honey from my flower."

She picked up a little twig with one hand, and gently put the other hand between the petals of the iris, and her tiny fingers closed on the wings of the bee.

"Now, I've got you," she cried, "And here is a twig, with which I am going to whip you."

She walked towards the shade of an orange tree, but before she got there her fingers opened suddenly and the bee flew away. The reason of this was that the bee had stung the dainty little hand. Nita dropped the twig, and clasped the hurt hand tightly with the other. It was very painful and swelled up, but no sound passed her trembling lips, though tears were shining in her pretty grey eyes. She went slowly into the house and stood quietly beside her mother, who at once iced the swollen hand, and, guessing the cause, applied the right remedies, and asked how it had been hurt. Nita confessed, in a low tone, that she had intended to whip the bee for stealing her honey.

"No, my darling," said her mother with a gentle smile, "the bee was not stealing, but taking it out of the flower to make it good for you to eat. I know

you had some honey this morning with your bread and milk, and I heard you say, 'Oh! how nice.' It was the good and busy bees that made that honey for you; so you must now remember to thank them, instead of trying to beat them. The poor little bee was quite right to defend itself. You must have hurt it when you caught it by the wings." Nita always remembered what her mother had said and never again tried to beat the bees when they flew into any of the blossoms in the garden, or into the purple flowers in her own little garden, but stood back so as not to frighten them, and used to say with a graceful little bow,

"Help yourselves, dear little bees, to the sweet stuff in my beautiful flowers; and I thank you very much for making such nice honey for my little sister and me."

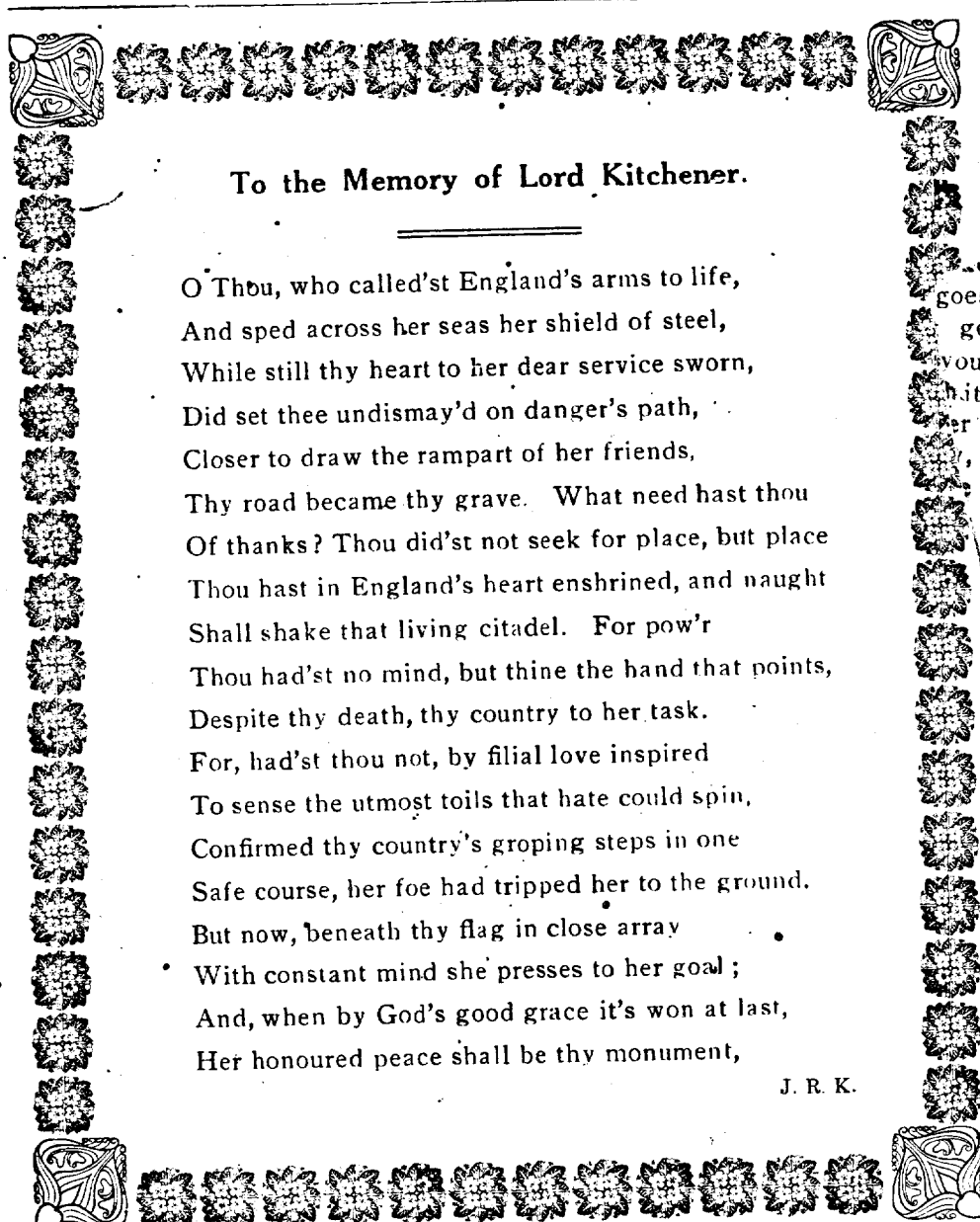
WENONAH.

Queen Tirsarakshita's Jealousy.*

Asoka's loving queen was wroth in mind,
And deep distressed to see her royal spouse
Had wrapped himself all day and night in vows
Of pious worship; sorely grieved to find
He sat for hours in contemplation, blind
To all the world. A Bodhi's tender boughs
Absorbed his care and kept their loves
Apart; and fondling whispers, sweet and kind,
Had ceased to be. She nursed her silent grief;
Resolved, a tree, though sacred, shall not mar
A woman's happiness,—and sought relief
One night, by rooting out the Bodhi-tree,
Saying, the claims of Love were greater far
Than those of God and Immortality,

P. SESHADRI.

(* The episode is the subject of a painting by Abindranath Tagore, C. I. E.)

A decorative border of small, repeating floral motifs surrounds the central text. The border is composed of a series of small, stylized flowers or leaves arranged in a continuous line.

To the Memory of Lord Kitchener.

O Thou, who called'st England's arms to life,
And sped across her seas her shield of steel,
While still thy heart to her dear service sworn,
Did set thee undismay'd on danger's path,
Closer to draw the rampart of her friends,
Thy road became thy grave. What need hast thou
Of thanks? Thou did'st not seek for place, but place
Thou hast in England's heart enshrined, and naught
Shall shake that living citadel. For pow'r
Thou had'st no mind, but thine the hand that points,
Despite thy death, thy country to her task.
For, had'st thou not, by filial love inspired
To sense the utmost toils that hate could spin,
Confirmed thy country's groping steps in one
Safe course, her foe had tripped her to the ground.
But now, beneath thy flag in close array
With constant mind she presses to her goal;
And, when by God's good grace it's won at last,
Her honoured peace shall be thy monument,

J. R. K.





Miss Dorothy Gedeon B.A.

The Girls' College, Trivandrum.**Prize Distribution.**

THE Distribution of prizes to the successful students of His Highness the Maharaja's College for girls took place on Saturday, the 2nd December 1916, under the presidency of Mr. A. R. Cumming, the British Resident in Travancore and Cochin. The College, which was tastefully decorated with palms, evergreens etc., presented a beautiful and gay appearance on the occasion. The proceedings began precisely at 4 P.M., the first item of the programme being the singing of "God save our Maharaja" by the whole School. This over, the Lady Principal, Miss Watts B.A., read the annual report of the College, a text of which is given below:—

"The strength of the various departments of this Institution compared with that of the year 1019 is as follows:

Year.	College.	Training School.	H. G. S. School.	El. School.	Total.
1090	35	24	499	399	955
1091	38	30	550	384	1002
Difference.	3	8	51	15	47

The figures show a steady increase in all the upper departments; the Elementary school for want of accommodation is being kept down. As in former years, several girls were admitted to the College and the H. G. S. School from out-stations. The opening of a Hostel would add considerably to the usefulness of this Institution. Among the applicants, who, this year, asked to be boarded, was a member of a good Mahomedan family in Hyderabad, to whom the Registrar of the University had recommended this College. The percentage of attendance for the whole school was 92.7; in 1090 it was 94.7.

Castes and Creeds.

	In 1090	1091
Malayali Brahmins	...	2
Tamil Brahmins	...	30
Nairs	...	337
Other Hindus	...	248
Christians	...	344
Mahomedan	...	1
Total	955	1002

The Malayali Brahmins and the Muhamedan are in the Elementary School; one Tamil Brahmin is in Form V. and all the rest in forms below the third. Nairs, Elavas and Christians are fairly well distributed throughout the School.

Accommodation. The classes are all very crowded. In fair weather, a class is often able to go under the large shady trees at the bottom of the School garden, but in rainy weather, such as we have been having recently, the congestion is a source of much inconvenience.

Scholarships.—Training School.

All the Students receive stipends, the five from private Schools having half the amount paid by Government. Seven College students are this year receiving scholarships of Rs. 10 each, all given by Government, and in the Secondary School, nine of Rs. 5 each.

Examinations. Training School.

The public examination is held only at the end of the Probationary year, that follows the Training given here and after the students have passed out of our hands.

College.

The whole class of 14 took the Intermediate Examination, but only 2 passed. One of them has entered the B. A. class here in Trivandrum, and the other the Women's College in Madras. 4 of the failed candidates, have come back. 2 candidates who failed last year, appeared privately and passed this year.

Secondary Schools.

EXAMINATIONS.	NO. PRESENTED.	NO. PASSED.	REMARKS.
S. S. L. C.	39	13	Received certificate qualifying for a college course.
Madura Tamil Sangam Intermediate.	3	3	
Matriculation.	7	7	
Music (Trinity College.)			
Piano playing.	6	4	
Violin.	1	1	
Singing	14	14	
Drawing (Royal Drawing Society.)	97	95	82 with Honors.

Out of the 13 S. S. L. C. Certificate holders, who qualified for admission into the Intermediate class, 8 entered the College, and of the others 21 returned to Form VI to get better certificates. One of the successful music candidates, Miss. F. de Netto, passed the practical part (piano playing) of the Teacher's Diploma of Trinity College, and, if she passes in the theory of teaching for which she is sitting to-day, she will have completed her Diploma, the highest music examination that has yet been taken in Trivandram. The S. P. C. A. prize was divided between J. Gomez and L. Janaki Amma of Form VI. Seven students sent drawings to the Royal Drawing Society's Exhibition in London and two of them were commended as 1st class.

Teachers, who have been successful in Examinations, are:—

L. T. Degree.

- (1) Miss. R. Kuryan,
- (2) Miss. Theresa Joseph,

Higher Teacher's Certificates.

Mrs. Kamalam Rasalam (B. Certificate.)

Miss. Ailey Abraham (C. Certificate.)

Group Certificate in Drawing.

Miss. Grace Peter.

Library.

The number of books is now 4812. The care and responsibility of the Library is growing difficult for want of a Librarian.

Staff.

The Lady Principal was on leave during the greater part of the year, 9½ Months; and Miss Rosemayer, the first assistant, was in charge and Miss. M. de Netto acted as first assistant. Three teachers were added to the staff following upon the division of forms IV & VI and the Preparatory class. Two women graduates and one man were appointed; but before the close of the year the third was replaced by a woman. We now have seven woman B.A.S., of whom three are also L.T. S.

I take the opportunity to thank the staff one and all for their whole-hearted co-operation with me in carrying on the work of the school, and for the zeal they individually display, not only in their set time-table programme, but in all the extraordinary interests and activities which go to maintain the tone and esprit-de-corps of the Institution.

General.

An excursion to visit a steamer lying off *Valiyathuray* was the only one undertaken.

The School Club showed considerable activity. One interesting meeting was held by the Literary club, when a programme of co-ordinated recitations, songs and drama, bearing on Tennyson's works, was gone through. The Sewing club worked with energy on comforts for the soldiers from materials provided by Mrs. Graham. Every Teacher and child contributed her mite in response to the appeal to relieve the sufferings of the starving children of Belgium. The Sports Club was rather slack, but it has

revived with much spirit since hearing the news that a silver challenge shield offered by the Golden Jubilee Committee for annual competition, will soon be ready. The order has been placed with Messrs P. Orr and Sons of Madras.

A special prize is being awarded to-day to the student in the Training School, who showed herself most successful in teaching the Kolattam dance. An item in to-day's entertainment is a contract between the Tamil Kolattam, the Malayali Thiruvathirakali and the European Country Dance.

Regarding the physical Education given in this school, Dr. Gray, an expert in physical culture, who visited the school recently, remarked, "the class work by the elder girls was excellent and showed that very good instruction had been given. The Junior classes also showed as excellent work as I recollect having seen in India"

Before I conclude, I feel it my privilege to acknowledge most gratefully the deep interest His Highness the Maharaja evinces in the Girls' College. We have practical proof to-day in the Drawing and Music prizes awarded in His Highness' name,

My thanks are also due to their Highnesses the Senior and Junior Ranees, who give the conduct prizes.

I also wish to thank Mr. Krishna Iyer for his English Prize, Mr. Kulathu Iyer for prizes for Malayalam, and Mr. Narayan Nair for a Nature-Study "Prize."

This interesting report was very much appreciated.

The next item of the programme was an Entertainment by the school children. This consisted of:—

- (1) Round by the High School choir
- (2) Drill by the Middle School
- (3) Kindergarten action Song, 'The sleeping Beauty,' by the Infants.

(4) Union Song "The Mermaid" by the High School choir.

(5) Song and Dance.

(a) Tamil Kolattam } Trained by
(b) Malayalam } the Normal
Thiruvathirakali. } Dept.

(c) English clap dance.

(6) Part Song, by the High School choir.

Every item was very creditably gone through.

This over, Mrs. Cumming gave away the prizes; after which Mr. Cumming made a nice little speech which was very interesting and appropriate. The next item of the programme was a vote of thanks given by Mr. L. C. Hodgson M.A. the Director of Public Instruction, on behalf of the Lady Principal, and the proceedings came to a close by the Singing of "God Save the King." On the whole, the function was a grand success and Miss D. H. Watts B. A., the able and energetic Lady Principal, deserves to be congratulated on the same.

R. K. A.

Miss Dorothy Gideon, B. A.

THIS young lady is the elder daughter of Mr. L. B. Gideon, an Assistant Engineer in the service of H. H. the Nizam's Government, and belongs to a good family. She received her early education in the Convent Schools at Hyderabad and Secunderabad and matriculated from St. Philomena's Convent School at Bellary in December 1909. After devoting her time to music for a year and a half, she joined Northwick, Rayapuram, Madras, in July 1911, when it first opened classes for the Intermediate, and passed that examination in 1913. She then underwent the three years' course of the B. A. Honours degree in

English Language and Literature at the Presidency College, Madras, and succeeded in obtaining the B.A. degree. She is now preparing for the L.T., and we wish her every success in her future career.

Things Seen

An Early Duck Shoot.

THE dawn has not broken as yet and all the world is shrouded in darkness. The hunters of duck are grouped together near the tank and they talk in hushed whispers, for it seems sacrilege to break the stillness of the night by the harsh discord of human voices. At last, all the necessary details of the shoot having been settled upon, the men break up into parties and march away in different directions, and the tank is surrounded by murderous guns ready to pour forth their destructive fire at a moment's notice.

The dawn is breaking and all the earth seems to be shrouded in a grey mantle. The cold morning air makes the blood tingle and forces the hunters to draw their woollen coats closer.

All the world seems to be at peace, and nothing looks more peaceful than the grey waters of the huge tank, so absolutely still and tranquil. A grey mist floats upon the surface of the water, which appears to be just like a child nestling in its mother's arms.

With the coming of light, sleeping nature wakes up. The water birds call to each other, the bird-life of the surrounding country sets up its singing and all nature seems to welcome the advent of the blessed morn.

The hunters, now fully on the alert, keep on the look-out for the duck and hide themselves behind trees to avoid

being seen by the sharp eyes of the birds they have come to destroy. Suddenly, they see a flock of wild duck swimming tranquilly on the water. The duck themselves, utterly unaware of the impending danger, preen themselves, and have a little game of 'hide and seek' with each other.

On a sudden, a loud report breaks the calm peacefulness of the tank. And immediately chaos seems to have been let loose, for all the birds in the near vicinity set up a horrible clamour; the duck themselves rise in a greyish-white cloud and circle round and round the tank, while the swish of their wings is heard everywhere. Long-necked cranes fly past with outspread wings. Paddy birds hide themselves under the water. And, alas! one poor duck has come to the end of his existence.

The birds, not being able to account for the disturbance, soon settle down, for even poor birds will get used to discord and change. Again a report is heard and again chaos reigns supreme. What a discord!! Is it worth while to break up the peaceful organization of nature, for the sake of satisfying the momentary lust of man?

W. R. S. S.

Editorial Notes

THE Union Jack Fete held in the Banqueting Hall late in December was a success in which very many Indian ladies shared and but for whose generous gifts and assistance so much money would not have been obtained for the War Fund. It is always a cause for congratulation when a common object brings together members of the various communities in the fellowship of joint-effort. European, Anglo Indian, Indian Christian, Hindu and Mohammedan

ladies, all gave liberally to, or worked unselfishly for, an object which each and all of them recognised to be of supreme importance. It was refreshing to see young Indian ladies going about fearlessly and persuading people to buy their wares. We do not wish to be invidious by mentioning names, but there can be no question but that Indian ladies, of all castes and communities were as active and zealous as any of the European ladies present.

The New Year greetings from Australia to H. E. the Viceroy must have appealed strongly to the people of India, more especially to the wives, daughters, mothers and sisters of the gallant Indian soldiers still fighting for the Empire, or who have paid the last great sacrifice in the Empire's cause. Australia's message was as follows:—

"The Government and the people of the Commonwealth of Australia send you cordial New Year greetings. They fully appreciate the splendid work which your Government have done, and have been filled with admiration of the feats performed by your forces. It is trusted that the year 1917 will see the combined efforts of the Dominions and Allied nations crowned with complete victory and lasting peace."

It is no mere ordinary compliment that has been paid to the Indian soldiery, and many a woman's heart will swell with pride to hear that the Sahiblogue beyond the seas in far-off Australia appreciate the gallant conduct and heroic stand made by Indian soldiers against a common enemy. In bomb-shattered Gallipoli, the Australian and Indian were as brothers

Her Excellency Lady Chelmsford is to be congratulated on her spirited and generous defence of alleged Indian in-

difference, lack of effort and generosity in supplying comforts to the troop on active service in Mesopotamia. "The grave injustice" of such an accusation in the face of indisputable evidence to the contrary by Lady Chelmsford, is emphasised by Her Excellency in a letter to the Times, a copy of which has been sent to the local daily press for publication. In concluding her letter, Lady Chelmsford says:—

I feel that it is my duty to attempt to remove the entirely erroneous and ungenerous belief that the women of India have failed to take their share in the work of caring for the troops, serving overseas. In the few months that I have spent in India, I have seen enough to satisfy me that, so far from this being the case, the industry and devotion in connection with voluntary work displayed by the women in India will bear comparison with that displayed in England; and the many grateful letters received from the troops in Mesopotamia show that they fully appreciate what India has done for them and would emphatically repudiate the suggestion that they have been neglected and uncared for.

Mrs. P. N. Ramen Pillay B.A.L.T. (nee G. Parvathi Ammal) made a most interesting address in November at the Malayalee Graduate Club on the occasion of the club entertaining the Malayalee graduates of the year. In advocating higher education for Malayalee girls, Mrs. Ramen Pillay deplored the fact that both boys and girls do not remain in school for much longer than they are accustomed to.

Mrs. Ramen Pillay said that, on the average, boys and girls remained in school for only about 3½ years in all, too short a period to assimilate any

knowledge worth possessing. This is true especially with girls among Mohammedans and the orthodox Hindu castes, where the *pardah* system and child-marriage respectively preclude the growing girl becoming an intelligent wife and mother capable of educating her children. Mrs. Ramen Pillay said: "Throughout the whole training of the Indian girl, there should run the idea of her high and holy functions, as wife, mother, home-maker 'the cement and bond of Society.'"

Every little Indian girl, we are afraid, does look forward with undesirable precocious anxiety to marriage as the one event in her life, but shorn of the sense of the great responsibilities of wifehood and motherhood and ignorant of the physiological and psychological aspects of so important a relationship. That is where the evils of early marriage come in. "Fortunately," said Mrs. Ramen Pillay "questions like child marriage, post-puberty marriage and remarriage of widows, happily, do not concern the Malayalee," and in our opinion it is no wonder that Malayalee girls and Indian Christian girls are outstripping their other sisters in the race for education. It is a fact that there is no cry for social reform in Malabar, Travancore and Cochin. The freedom given to Malayalee women negatives the necessity for social changes, and it is also remarkable that this freedom has prevented Malayalee Hindu ladies abandoning their religion in favour of Mahomedanism or Christianity. Miss Blandford laboured in Travancore for more than a generation in the Zenana Mission and at the end of her hard working career lamented that she had never been able to secure one Malayalee Sudra lady as a convert, though she had been successful with East Coast Brahmin and non-Brahmin Hindu women. This fact is mentioned

here to show how the child-marriage and the non-marriage systems are at the root of social reform and even change of religion.

The infant mortality in Madras is very high and is due to insanitary surroundings, insufficient light and ventilation in dwellings, unfiltered water, unclean metal vessels used for drinking purposes, impure milk, injudicious food taken by the mother when nursing, misjudged requirements in the shape of clothing, ignorant and barbarous medication and lamentable ignorance in all matters concerning birth, baby-hood and the upbringing of the child. To lessen preventible mortality, the Corporation has evolved a scheme for the improvement of lady health-visitors to give instructions to wives and mothers on matters relating to pregnancy, birth and baby-rearing. It goes without saying that the employment of health-visitors is an excellent idea, but it seems to us that highly educated ladies, European, Anglo-Indian or Hindu, are not the persons who would be likely to best reach the classes whom it is desirable to educate. A high percentage of infant mortality in Madras is no new thing, and cannot be reduced in a day; so it would not much matter if, instead of employing lady visitors straight away on good salaries, classes for Indian women and the common dhais were opened in Rayapuram, Georgetown, the Maternity hospital, Mylapore, and other suitable places where the necessary instruction could be given. The abilities of a Sub-Assistant Surgeon are not wanted. These will pose as Doctors, give instructions and walk away, and, as soon as their backs are turned, their admonitions and directions will be forgotten. Just as the poor are more charitable than the rich to the poor, people ignorant of the

laws of health will listen more attentively to persons just able to advise them in little matters than to more capable mentors. Dhais could be taught how to act as midwives in a rough and ready way, and in difficult cases to report to the nearest qualified lady or man. The benefits of pure milk, plenty of fresh air, and light, suitable body coverings, clean surroundings and the general precautions to be taken in birth and babyhood could be imparted to intelligent widows or available young women, who should be supervised by qualified lady practitioners who should go about inspecting the dhais and women. A small pecuniary fee in all successful cases, on the baby attaining one year of life, should recompense women who exert themselves. In this way the co-operation of the classes, whom it is meant to reform, will be secured. At first, the response to the demand for dhais etc. may not be brisk, but with a little patience and perseverance a fair number of women could, we are inclined to believe, be found capable of instruction and prepared to undertake the simple task of Medical adviser to the poor. Child-bearing is more or less not dangerous to the lower classes. Among Mohammedans, the *gosha* system is causative of numerous diseases and deaths among women and children and a poor dhai or low caste woman would be more welcome in poor Mohammedan dwellings than the lady Sub-Assistant Surgeon, or her more highly educated sister.

Perhaps the best-known Indian lady in this country is Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, the poetess, not excepting even the celebrated Begum of Bhopal, who has won a unique position in India as a ruler & a philanthropist. Mrs. Sarojini Naidu is an author who has achieved a higher

position in the literary world than Toru Dutt. Brahmin of the Brahmins, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu broke away from the caste traditions of her community by marrying a non-Brahmin gentleman, and entered into the wider sphere of a free and untrammelled public life. Of her books, "The Golden Threshold" and "The Bird of Time", we need not speak, and we only mention her as one of the pioneers of her age in the political arena of Indian affairs. Mrs. Sarojini Naidu has often lifted her voice on India's behalf, but nowhere did she arouse such enthusiasm and earn so much applause as at the Lucknow Congress in the last week of December of last year. The resolution of the Congress on the necessity for the repeal of the Arms Act was moved in the presence of the Lieut-Governor, who was a visitor to the Congress pavilion. Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, in support of the resolution, said:

"It might seem a kind of paradox that I, a woman, should be asked to raise her voice on behalf of the disinherited manhood of the country, but it is appropriate that I, who represent the sex that form the mothers of men whom we wish to make men and not emasculated machines, should raise my voice on behalf of the future mothers of India, to demand that the birthright of their sons should be given back to them, so that the India of tomorrow may be once more worthy of its yesterday. To disarm the children of the soil, the Mussulman of India, of their legitimate and much valued birthright of wielding arms, to disinherit the martial Rajput and the Sikh of the right and privilege—that coveted privilege and that inalienable right—of carrying arms, is to insult the very core of their valiant manhood; to prevent, to day, millions of brave young men willing to carry arms

in the cause of the Empire, is to cast a slur on the very ideals of the Empire; and so, in your name, unarmed citizens of India, I appeal to the representative of the great Emperor of this great Indian Empire to plead for our rights, to support us in our claims, to grant to the children of to-morrow the right that their forefathers of yesterday possessed; and who but a woman shall raise her voice for you, who have not been able in all these years to speak for yourselves with any effect? I come from a city, where every man is privileged to carry arms, the African, the Rohilla, the Sikh, and never has it been said in my city of Hyderabad that all these various armed elements have ever been disloyal to the Sovereign Power. Shall not the greater portion of India, British India, take a lesson from that one Native State that knows how to trust the loyalty of its subjects? In the hour of need, have we not in our millions, we women of India, sent our sons and our brothers to shed their blood on the battlefields of Flanders and France, Gallipoli and Mesopotamia? And when the hour comes for thanks, shall we not say to them, for whom we fought, when the terror and tumult of hate shall cease and life is re-fashioned and when there is peace, and when you offer memorial thanks to the comrades that fought in the dauntless ranks, and you honour the deeds of the deathless ones:—

'Remember the blood of our martyred sons and, remembering, arm India and restore to India her lost manhood?'

Yielding to the letter the homage of one brave man to another, may this bond of appreciation grow stronger and bring the white Colonist and the dusky Indian in this Dependency to regard each other as comrades in a good cause, whose interests are identical, as sons of the same Empire."

News about Indian Women

"The Broken Wing."

IT is probably under this title that Mrs. Sarojini Naidu's new volume of poems will be published. The first poem of the collection is entitled, "The Broken Wing," and it is interesting to know that the late Mr. Gokhale, referring to Mrs. Naidu's indifferent health, said to her one day: "Why should a song-bird like you have a broken wing?" It is expected that the book will be included in Mr. Heineman's autumn list. Her war poem, published some months ago in the INDIAN MAGAZINE AND REVIEW, the *Times* and many other British papers, has now travelled practically all round the world.

For Parsi Orphans.

The first report just to hand of the Bai Avabai Framjee Petit Parsi Girls' Orphanage, is practical evidence of the desire to give a fair chance in life to Parsi orphans by ensuring for them maintenance, education and training. The Orphanage owes its existence to the generosity of Miss Hamabai Framjee Petit, who, in remembrance of her mother, desired to redeem, as far as her individual means would permit, the human material, with its potential goodness and usefulness, which is wasted or lost owing to unfavourable social conditions. She secured the co-operation of other philanthropic Parsis, and eventually a suitable house and grounds were found on Palli Hill near the sea, and twenty-eight girls were admitted in June 1913. In December, 1915, there were 88 foundation girls and nine boarders, three of whom are paid for by charitable societies and six by their guardians. Instruction is in Gujarati and

English, and the well-planned scheme of general education includes domestic science, nature study, and gardening; special attention is given to physical development and recreation. The Principal is an English lady, who has the help of two Parsi lady graduates as head-mistress and first-assistent mistress. On the executive committee the following serve:—Miss Hamabai F. Petit, Lady Dinabai Petit, Mrs. Jehanghir B. Petit, Miss Serene M. Cursetjee, Mrs. Sereenbai M. Cama, Miss Dinbai F. Patuck, Mr. Fardunji, M. Dastur. Mr. Jehanghir B. Petit was Hon. secretary till 1912, and B.T. Anklesaria has succeeded him as secretary. There is an Hon. physician, dentist and oculist. The demand for admission is greater than the present financial resources can meet, but an appeal is made to the Parsi community to support so necessary and important an undertaking and to extend the facilities for girls, when they have passed out of the orphanage to the work for which they have been equipped. In congratulating Miss H. F. Petit on the splendid service to the community which she has inaugurated, we wish the Orphanage still greater success and extension in the future.

Ladies' Progressive Union, Madanapalle.

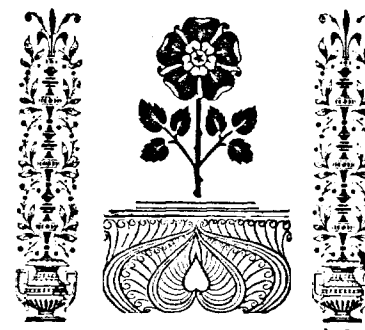
By V. PADMASANI AMMA, Secy. A. A. S.

THE Ladies of Madanapalle, who two months ago successfully started the Aḇala' Abhivardhani Samajam, took advantage of the visit of Miss Tara Bai, the Indian Lady Sandow, to invite her to give them a lecture on physical culture. She kindly consented and on the 16th instant over two hundred ladies gathered to hear her in the Union Office Hall, kindly lent for the occasion by the Chairman of the Union.

Miss Tarabai spoke in Hindustani, which was ably translated by Mr. R. Seshagiri Row, and in the course of her lecture she urged all women to practice physical exercises in their homes, as the improvement of their physique was a necessity for the better future of the race. She also showed her keen desire to help her sisters in their efforts to obtain education and she generously and spontaneously promised the Samajam a donation of half the gross proceeds of a special benefit performance.

This took the form of a matinee on the 19th instant and the resulting sum will be devoted to maintaining the permanency and efficiency of the Samajam classes.

The following after-noon, a most enjoyable garden party was given for the members of the Samajam by its capable and indefatigable Secretary at her home, when an engraved silver pansupari plate was presented by the members to Miss Tarabai as a souvenir of her visit to Madanapalle and a token of their gratitude to her for the help she had given the Samajam by her personal encouragement, and financial aid.



In making the presentation, the President Mrs. Cousins, Mus. Bac. said that Miss. Tarabai's feats of both physical and mental strength made every woman feel stronger, because of their common womanhood; she was raising the heavy stone of out-worn customs from the lives of women; she was pushing before her the cart-load of masculine false ideas about women's weakness and incapacity, and everywhere she went she was forming a higher public opinion of women's power and destiny.

The party ended with garlandings and the taking of photographic groups of all present.

The Fifth Annual Meeting of the Ladies' Recreation Club Mylapore, Madras.

A very interesting gathering of Indian and European Ladies took place on this interesting occasion in the spacious Club compound on Tuesday, the 6th. instant. There was a large attendance, and the dresses of the Indian and English ladies mingled very prettily together & quite brightened up the grounds. H.E. Lady Pentland presided at the meeting and her kindly and gracious manner distinctly shewed the great interest she took in the affairs of the Club.

The proceedings began with the reading in English of the fifth annual report by one of the Hon. Secretaries, Mrs. Madely. This was then read in Tamil very gracefully by Mrs. Sadasiva Iyer. Mrs. Turner, one of the Hon. Treasurers then read the financial report, after which Lady Pentland proposed, and Mrs. E. S. Hensman seconded, the adoption of the report,

which was unanimously acceded to by the Members present. The following is a copy of the report.

Report for the Year 1916.

The Committee beg to submit the following report and statement of accounts duly audited for the year ending 31st December, 1916, verified by the Auditor, Mr. S. N. Krishna Iyengar, L. A. A., Associated Accountant, (London), Madras.

I. *Membership*.—The year opened with 248 members. There were 13 admissions during the year as against 14 in the previous year.

The Club has lost 7 members by resignation, 4 of these having left India. The number on the rolls at the end of the year was 254 (resident and non-resident members).

II. *Finance*.—

(a) The annexed statement of account shows the particulars of Income and Expenditure during the year under review. The year began with a balance of Rs. 7,401-1-1, to the credit of our Capital Account. The ordinary Income of the Club from Subscriptions and Entrance Fees, amounted to Rs. 2,379-0-0, as against Rs. 2,310-0-0, in the year 1915. We had an extraordinary income of Rs. 872 for the War Fund started by the Club. A separate statement of accounts has been made for this Fund.

(b) *Expenditure*.—The ordinary expenditure of the Club amounted to Rs. 2,217-7-7, during the period under report, as against Rs. 1,924-2-11, during the previous year. In connection with the War Fund Account, we have spent for the purchase of articles and materials Rs. 653-1-9.

III. *Outstandings*.—The outstandings during the year amounted to Rs. 596 being subscriptions due from

members. It is believed that the whole of this amount will be realised.

IV. *Investments*.—We have Rs. 6,000 in the Fixed Deposit at the Bank of Madras.

V. *Cash Balance*.—The Cash Balance on hand on 31st December 1916, amounted to Rs. 997-13-5; out of this amount Rs. 950-15-9 is in Current Account with the Bank of Madras.

VI. *Committee and Office-bearers*.—The Committee have held 8 monthly & one special meeting during the year. No meetings were held in May, June, July and August as many of the members of the Committee were absent from Madras and no special business arose. There have been no changes in the office-bearers.

Mrs. Gillman has been appointed as a Vice-President by Her Excellency on the recommendation of the Committee to fill the vacancy caused by the departure of Lady Stuart from India.

VII. *Club Premises*.—The Club still occupies the same premises as last year, viz, The Luz, Olivers Road. The house and compound are very suitable for the purpose of the Club, but the Committee regret that the house is not more central for the convenience of all the members. Up to the present more suitable premises have not been found.

VIII. *Work in connection with the War*.—At the last annual meeting, an appeal was made to the members asking them to give small monthly subscriptions to the Fund, in order that the work might be carried on as long as it was necessary. Of the members only a few responded to the appeal, still their subscriptions have enabled quite a large number of articles to be sent in.

It is hoped that during the coming year more will subscribe.

Up to the end of the year the following work has been sent in:—

34 doz. towels.
15,000 cigarettes.
4 pairs knitted gloves.
36 dusters.
30 flannel shirts.
30 knitted mufflers.
26 pairs socks.
70 pyjama coats.
4 " trousers.
22 " suits.
19 " protectors.
12 topi shades.
10 bags for hot water bottles.
36 pairs canvas gloves.
23 khaki shirts.
38 handkerchiefs.
250 bandages.
150 spice bags.
57 pairs flannel drawers.
168 Novels and Magazines.
6 bundles illustrated papers.

In July, the Rani of South Vallur very generously gave Rs 200 to the Fund.

On October 15th, a communication was received from H. E. Lady Pentland saying that she proposed to organize another Union Jack Fete on the same lines as last year, in order to raise funds to meet the increasing demands for comforts for the troops fighting in Mesopotamia and elsewhere and again asking the Club to undertake a stall of Indian things.

In order to make the stall a greater success, the Committee agreed to co-operate with the National Indian Association, and to have one large stall of Indian things of all kinds. At a Special Meeting, the members were informed of Her Excellency's request and they agreed to the proposal, which had been accepted by the Committees of both Societies. The members were again asked to give at least 2 articles each

and many of them responded generously to the appeal.

The members of the Committee, Indian and English, acted as stall holders, in conjunction with Lady Wallis, Mrs. Todhunter and other Ladies of the National Indian Association. The stall occupied a large space (4 times as large as the previous year) in the Banqueting Hall, Government House, where the Fete was held and the total proceeds of the joint stall amounted to about Rs. 14,500.

IX. *The Reading Circle*.—The Reading Circle which was formed last year only met for a short time, early in the year, when Haxell's "Benares" was read, Mrs. Arthur Davies very kindly taking charge of the Circle. The readings were discontinued when Mrs. Davies left for the Hills.

X. *Lord Hardinge Library*.—A number of new books have been added to the Library during the year. A set of Rules has been drawn up and a Catalogue of the books prepared.

Mrs. Todhunter very kindly presented to the club several issues of the "Ladies Field" and "Sphere"—these were much appreciated.

XI. *Social Gatherings*.—The attendance at the ordinary weekly meetings has fallen off somewhat during the year, and the Committee would very much welcome any suggestions from the members as to how it can be improved in the coming year.

The Games Sub-committee have arranged Badminton and Tennis Matches with the two Women's Colleges of Madras. On 22nd February, teams from the Women's College Mylapore, visited the Club and good matches were played, the College Team winning the Tennis and the Club Team the Badminton Matches. A large number of members and friends

attended and Mrs. Todhunter and Mrs. S. Srinivasa Iyengar were "At Home" to them after the games had been played.

On March 28th, there was a Badminton Match between a team from the Women's Christian College and the Club. The latter won by 2 games to one. A return match was played on November 3rd, the Club team again being the winners.

The Billiard table has been supplied with new rubber cushions and a new cloth, which has improved it very much.

There was a special Social Gathering on January 29th, when Miss Beck, the Hon Secretary of the National Indian Association, (London), visited the Club. In the course of an interesting speech she expressed her great appreciation of the organisation and work of the Club and said that she considered institutions of its kind of great importance to the ladies of India, as by intercourse with persons of different modes of thinking the outlook on life is broadened and a better understanding arrived at.

Note.—In the year under review there has not been so much general activity amongst the members, which was perhaps due to some of the more active members being away from Madras. It is, however, gratifying to note that a large amount of work has been done, and it is earnestly hoped that the new year which has opened, will make a period of greater activity commensurate with the needs of the day, and worthy of the past record of the activities of the Club.

In conclusion, the Committee once again wish to thank Her Excellency the President, for the sympathy and support extended by her to the Club.

H. E. Lady Pentland then made a very pleasant little speech. She

said that the club might now look on itself as a settled institution, having bravely lasted till the adoption of its fifth annual report. This report might not shew a very substantial progress, but the work was being steadily done and as steadily appreciated, and Her Excellency hoped that suggestions for further improvement in the club would be made and accepted. She complimented the office-bearers, especially the Hon. Secretaries, Mrs. Madely and Mrs. Tiruvankatachari on the excellent work they had done and were doing. She thanked the club for the great help it had given to the Ladies' War Depot, especially at the time of the Union Jack Fete when such a large sum as 47,000 Rs. had been realized. And she hoped that many would fall in with the suggestion that monthly subscriptions for the war should be opened in the club. Her Excellency also touched on the question of Social Intercourse, which was being so largely advanced at the present time, chiefly through the brave efforts of the Indian ladies to learn English. English should be learnt by them more and more, for their own sakes, for the sake of their men and for the sake of their own and their sovereign country especially at this time of war. In olden times, some Indian ladies had been greater than men, even in abstruse branches of philosophic study, and why not now?

After the adoption of the Report, Mrs. Bedford spoke about the work of the National Indian Association. The Home Education classes were being closed for the want of pupils. Surely the time had come for striking out fresh lines. Suggestions had been made for the opening of new classes, co-operation being kindly offered by Government. A class was being started on model

lines in Triplicane; another was to be soon held in Egmore, under the superintendence of the Head-mistress of the Presidency Training School for Mistresses.

Mr. S. Guruswamy Chetty and other influential gentlemen were seriously making plans for a class in Georgetown, and, last but not least, a model one was to be opened at Mylapore. The fees would be Rs. 3 per head, being slightly larger than at other centres, because the aims were more ambitious here. A European teacher with a knowledge of phonetics was being looked for. There would be two sections, most probably, class A and class B; and there would be opportunities for even those who knew very little English. Married ladies must not think it beneath their dignity to join these classes; for education did not stop at marriage and in England married ladies often attended lectures and classes for improvement.

After Mrs. Bedford's interesting speech, Mrs. Todhunter gave a vote of thanks to Her Excellency for her kind interest in the club, to the office-bearers for the grand work they had done, and to the guests. This was seconded by Mrs. Tiruvankatachari.

Then Mrs. Todhunter and Mrs. Sreenivasa Iyengar were 'At Home' to the ladies, and tea and refreshments were partaken of.

Then there was an adjournment to the seats placed just under the steps of the club building. A prettily-draped platform had been arranged on the club verandah. Here, an Indianized version of "The Sleeping Beauty" was beautifully represented in living pictures by the Indian girls. Everything was most tastefully and artistically done; and the pictures were a real delight to the eye. The classical features of the Indian girls, their rich and

graceful dresses and their sparkling jewels made a most happy combination. We append here the little programme of living pictures.

LIVING PICTURES

Kattil Kunnayanthu Kattalayagi

OR

The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.

SCENE 1.—The Fairies "Health" and "Beauty" blessing the baby Princess on her first name day.

SCENE 2.—The Fairy Anger, enraged at not being invited, curses her, saying that when she is 15 years old she shall prick her finger with a poisoned needle, and fall asleep for ever.

SCENE 3.—The Fairy Love arrives in time to lessen this by saying, she will fall asleep for 100 years, when she will be awakened by a handsome Prince, whom she will marry.

SCENE 4.—The Princess aged 15, sewing with her ladies.

SCENE 5.—All asleep.

SCENE 6.—The Prince arrives, 100 years after.

Altogether, a most enjoyable evening was spent at the club and our grateful thanks are due to all those who were in charge of the arrangements.

Books of the Day.

MARY. By Miss Braddon. (Hutchinson)

Every novel reader has read "Lady Audley's Secret," the first novel, if we make no mistake, of a prolific writer of fiction. Miss Braddon—we retain the name by which she is best known, for she married Mr. W. B. Maxwell later in life,—belongs to the old school of three volume days, and *Mary* is the last novel from her pen. It has been

published after her death. In this novel, the author betrays no loss of her ability to chain the reader's attention. It is the story of a girl married to an adventurer, who deserts her penniless on the slums. She is rescued by a well bred and educated man fond of slumming. First placed in a refuge home of no great repute, she subsequently obtains the place of a reading companion to an invalid uncle who is a millionaire, who ultimately makes her his heiress and her enormous wealth and second marriage combine to make a most readable story.

A SPIRITUAL PILGRIMAGE (By Rev. R. J. Campbell (Williams and Norgate))

Every one who is at all acquainted with the religious life of England has heard of the Rev. R. J. Campbell of the City Temple, London. He will be remembered also as the author of a book, which created a great sensation some years ago, called "The new Theology," in which it almost seemed that Mr. Campbell was an out-and-out free-thinker who denied the Divinity of Jesus Christ. Since then Mr. Campbell has renounced his opinions and has returned to the bosom of the English Church. In a 'spiritual pilgrimage,' Mr. Campbell narrates the history of his religious development. First an Anglo-Catholic, he turned to the Non-Conformity of the Congregational Church and by his preaching obtained the adhesion of thousands of people at Brighton. At Dr. Parker's request on his death bed, he undertook to become Dr. Parker's successor at the City Temple, from the pulpit of which he expounded the "New Theology pantheism and his mystical views of God and Nature." Attacked by Non-Conformists for his strange and

heterodox and unfamiliar expositions of Christianity, he has returned to the fold of the church of England. As a Preacher, the Rev. Mr. Campbell must be considered one of the most powerful and earnest, and with his leaning to some of the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, it would not surprise the world to hear that he may end his earthly and religious pilgrimage in the Romish Church.

INDIA AND ITS FAITHS. By James Bissett Pratt (Constable.)

All sorts and conditions of men have written about India and its beliefs, its idolatry, its philosophic conceptions of the Godhead, and its superstitious puerilities, with varying degrees of knowledge, sympathy, hostility or prejudice. If every one was as fair and unprejudiced as Dr. Pratt, much of the ridicule and misconception of the faiths of India would never have appeared in print. Dr. Pratt describes Hindu worship, the various deities, the priests and their pretensions, and touches on the beliefs of the Theosophists, the Jains, the Parsis, and he does so with a discriminating sense of fairness and justice. He sees the goal of the spiritual life and the moral values, beneath the dross of empty ceremonials and debasing superstitions. He expresses his admiration of the dignity, the courtesy, the patient endurance of the people of India to inevitable hardships, and their boundless hospitality. Dr. Pratt gives his readers a very fair and impartial resume of the work of the Christian Missions in India, and of the activities of the Mohomadan and the Buddhist. His book is one which anybody interested in Indian sociology & ethics should read. Much is to be found in it worthy of remembrance in a land of "myriad

idols" and "the legions of muttering priests," which to a Western student are phenomena marvellous to behold. What Dr. Pratt finds the Indian people lacking in, are Character and Practicality, while he regrets that the West lacks the Soul and Spirituality that the East possesses.

"TOWARDS A SANE FEMINISM". By Wilma Meikle. Grant Richard's Rd. London 3s. 6d. net.

This is the day of women. The war has opened out various avenues of employment, and, if women are not to abandon the kingdom they have come into, they must organize and protect their interests, to be prepared against the time when normal conditions of society will struggle to reassert themselves. Miss Meikle's book is a daring excursion into the domain of contemporary feminism, and she criticises, in no hesitating way, the efforts of women in the past to attain a large share in the activities of life and an increase of influence in regard to such activities. In Miss Meikle's opinion women, instead of endeavouring to extend their work in the educational and political spheres by the suffragette tactics of the hooligan, should have exercised their energies in attaining a higher economic status. The war having now given women a unique opportunity of achieving a stable economic position, they should try to obtain complete freedom by acquiring "that business and industrial value which the country demands of its voters". To be more economically indispensable, is more potent and more prolific of results than to attain economic independence by securing the vote. Women could not do this before, because they had no opportunity of securing an economic status. The war has made a change, and Miss Meikle

advises women to organise themselves into Trade Unions and endeavour to become employers of labour. "If," says Miss Meikle, "women are industrially powerful, politicians may be trusted to sue for their favour with the gift of the suffrage." "Towards a Sane Feminism" is a book with a purpose and pregnant with thought felicitously expressed. Whatever stimulus the book may afford to feminism in England, we hope it will be a long time before Miss Mickle's suggestions become applicable to feminism in this country. We do not desire that they ever should! European and Indian ideals of what women should be are fundamentally the same, but extraordinary circumstances demand readjustments, and it may be that instead of woman in England and Europe being the companion and support of man, she will become his active rival and competitor. It would be an unnatural state of things and we refuse to believe that it will last for any length of time. A reaction will inevitably set in. In England, as in India, we should like to say with Montgomery, the Poet:—

"Here woman reigns the mother,
daughter, wife,
And strews with flowers fresh the
rugged path of life."



Wit and Wisdom.

SUCH an expression as "English art" is a meaningless expression. One might just as well talk of English mathematics. Art is the science of beauty and mathematics the science of truth : There is no national school of either.

C. Wilde, *Lecture to art Students.*

Cultivate unceasingly the habit of being thoroughly and implicitly reliable in the smallest of life's humble details, and this done no one can bar the way to your ultimate success.

Dr. D. P. Sarbadikari, *Convocation Address.*

The worker must always be prepared to be criticised and misunderstood by the idlers. His Duty is, however, not to the idlers, but to the public interests involved.

(Justice) Ranade.

The ethnologist did not make invidious comparison between either times or races. The poet might declare that East and West could never meet, but that kind of reasoning was no longer sufficient for science. The prejudice of Europeans was that there was some kind of innate superiority in the white race, but when they subjected this assumption to a credible test they found little evidence to support it. The size of the brain, too, was not sufficient evidence of superiority. A large brain did not necessarily mean a large intelligence. The laws which governed the operation of the human mind were the same throughout the universe, and broadly considered, there was really no such thing as race.

Dr. G. A. Dorsey, at Cambridge University.

"Long prejudice, an inferior Education and a perennial legal inequality and injustice," said Mazzini, "have created that apparent intellectual inequality which has been converted into an argument of continued oppression."

It is curious how many people have got the idea that to live a simple life a person must live like a hermit, or in a hovel, or in a bare room, adopt uncouth ways, and disregard everything either modern or beautiful. They do not seem to be able to get it into their heads that there are two ways of achieving the simple life. One is by not wanting things, and being cheerful and happy without them. The other is by steadfastly and bravely toiling for what you want—and getting it. A definite aim, or a definite determination to be cheerful in aimlessness; either of these is a recipe for the simple life. Simplicity, with all that it implies, is a state much to be desired in thinking, in dressing, and in living; but this does not mean crude, comfortless ways of doing things, or negligent ways of dressing. Make home happy; hold loved ones first in your heart; leave off fussing over fashionable ways of living; be natural, and you will be living the simple life, though you clean house by electricity, entertain hospitably, and have every convenience known to man. The quality of the individual is what determines the simple life, never his surroundings.

It is possible to say of Emerson, as he said of himself, that his sentences are mutually repellent particles—that he has no construction; of Dickens that he runs too much to external tags for character ; of Jane Austen that her stage is small; of Scott that he is careless and long ; even of Shakespeare

that he is uneven, cares nothing for the spiritual unity of the universe, and sees life only as a panorama. And when you have said all these things you have said nothing. You have not approached the thing that makes Emerson, or Dickens, or Shakespeare; the difference from the rest of us; the size, the greatness, the gift, that is all.

A woman never makes a greater mistake than when she imagines that she is cheapening her intelligence or her accomplishments by applying them to the business of home-making. It requires a high degree of intelligence and a marvellous array of womanly attributes to perform these duties finely. She must be a scientist in her home, and a financier in the expenditure of the family income. She must have a heart of love. She must be the *soul* of the home.

Sometimes the means may be limited and the closest economy necessary. When this is the case it is well to remember that there is always a simple dignity in careful planning and plain living that is never found in lavish spending and vulgar display. It requires more tact and wisdom and refinement to keep the home and home-life at its best, than it does to shine in any society whatsoever.

What often stands in the way of a girl showing the best that is in her before strangers is an exaggerated shyness. It may cause her to be inconsiderate and rude, when she really wants to be polite. It often strangely ties the tongue of a girl who talks freely enough when she is with those who know her well and love her. When shyness, in itself a virtue, becomes thus exaggerated by making a girl self-conscious, or rude or taciturn, it

becomes an unfortunate falling, and like any other bad habit should be fought and conquered. For it is not unconquerable. In a great many cases girls who were once afraid of their own shadows have learned to throw off their timidity and diffidence and to meet strangers pleasantly and naturally. But it costs an effort to begin.

One of the chief characteristic differences between men and women is that men's watches are more apt to be correct than women's watches. Now, of course, every woman reading this will at once call to mind instances of men who are never in time and of women who move through their well-regulated days with the smoothness of the hands of a good clock. All generalisations break down in detail. But, as a rule, men in general are more punctual than women. They may not be constitutionally so, perhaps, but they have to be. It is one of the conditions of masculine success.

It is curious, too, that women should be found lacking in punctuality since two of the most pressing problems of their world are directly related to the keeping of accurate time. One is the problem of nerves; the other, the problem of domestic service. An important factor in the solution of each of these difficulties is the habit of regularity. As for nerves, we all know that regularity and serenity go together. The apportioned day, with its definite assignments of tasks, of recreations and of rest, combines the largest amount of accomplishment with the least amount of worry. It is by such an apportionment that men make their business possible. To bring some system into the domestic day is the salvation of tired women.

Domestic service is one of the details. One of the troubles with it at present

is a lack of clear understanding as to time. What is needed is a more definite prescription of duties and of hours. Of course the thing is difficult. The unexpected is more likely to happen in the kitchen than in the office. The baby defies the clock and cannot be depended upon to go to sleep at ten o'clock. But that makes the problem. And the first aid to its solution is a well-regulated watch in the hands of the woman.

Women are always authoritative; they are always above or below, that is why marriage is a practical see-saw. There are only three things in the world that women do not understand and they are Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.

G. K. Chesterton.

A mother-in-law is extremely subtle because she is a thing like the twilight. She is a mystical blend of too inconsistent things, law and a mother.

G. K. Chesterton.

"Woman" said John Todd on Woman's Rights—, "is the highest, holiest, most precious gift to man. Her mission and throne is the family, and if anything is withheld that would make her more efficient, or happy in that sphere, she is wronged and has not her rights."

The happiest women, like the happiest nations, have no history.

George Elliot.

A child should not be discouraged from reading anything that he takes a liking to, from a notion that it is above his reach. If that be the case, the child will soon find it out, and desist.



The President & Committee Members of the Hindu Ladies' Lakshmi Vilasa Sabha, which has existed 7 years in Madras, with branches in Georgetown, Muthialpet, Parawalkum, Triplicane, Mylapore.

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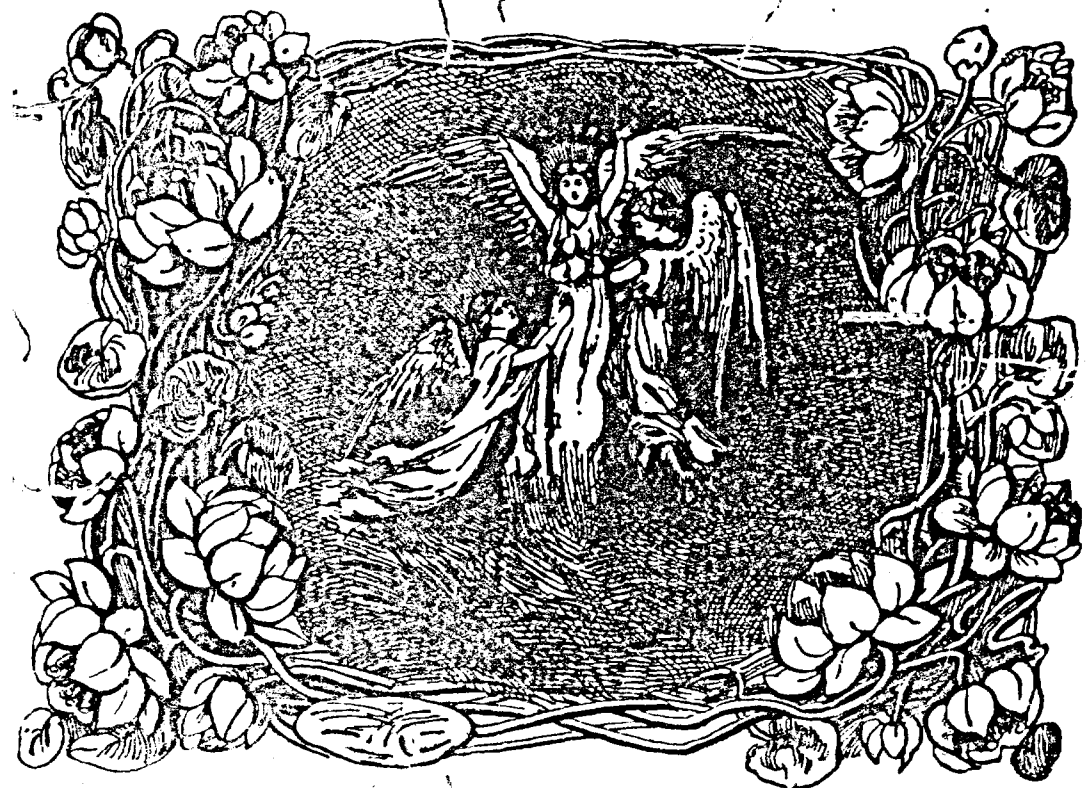
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THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

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TO-MORROW.

Where art thou, beloved tomorrow?
Whom young and old and strong and weak,
Rich and poor, through joy and sorrow,
Thy sweet smiles we ever seek,—
In thy place—ah! well-a-day!
We find the thing we fled—To-day.

SHELLEY.

Indian Women in Proverbs.

By the Rev. Dr. Lazarus.

ONE of the strongest proofs of the unity of the Indian people, notwithstanding their apparently impassable divisions and distinctions, is their remarkable proverbial literature. Go where you will throughout the length and breadth of the country, you will find the Indian village substantially the same. Men are similarly clad, if their upper and lower cloths may be said to clothe them in this tropical climate, while the *sari*, with a uniform length of eight yards, may be seen both in the North and the South and the East and the West, as the selfsame attire of the Indian woman. A hundred languages may be spoken, so that he who speaks one of them cannot be understood by the ninety-nine others, and yet the thoughts, aspirations, manners and customs have a single national characteristic—something peculiarly Indian. In the great upheaval that is going on towards a national consciousness, this uniformity will prove a most valuable asset.

Proverbs are not the least expression of this unity. Each Indian language possesses its proverbs in thousands and among these a great many are common to all. When I was in Bengal and Bombay, I was struck by the identical proverbs in Bengali and Marathi and in Tamil and Telugu. In very ancient times there was undoubtedly only a small nation of Aryans and Dravidians or rather of Aryan fathers and Dravidian mothers, at least in most families residing in a small area in North India. When family ramifications multiplied, and tribes, both pure and mixed, spread out far and wide in search of pastures green and still

waters, both for themselves and their cattle, modes of speech and utterance increased and new languages were formed; but the thoughts and opinions remained substantially the same. And proverbs, which are some-what loosely defined as the wisdom of many and the wit of one, have since found their parallels in most of the Indian languages.

In this brief article, some of the Tamil proverbs relating to women will be described and I am sure their counterparts will be easily traced in the other languages. There are at least 15,000 proverbs in the Tamil language, the most ancient Dravidian tongue, contemporary with, if not anterior to, its northern sister. The Kural, a didactic poem composed about 19 centuries ago, sings thus of a mother's great joy:—

She, who rejoiced at the birth of her son,
Will rejoice more exceedingly
To hear of his being called a noble man.

Of a woman's looks, says the same poet:—“She has two looks; with one she causes pain, but with the other she cures it.” Certainly, a shrewd observer of the Indian women, he must have been! This by way of illustration.

Proverbs relating to women generally are both beautiful and instructive. “Even a demon will pity, if it is a woman,” and “Don't stand on the Earth and swear against a woman unjustly,” recommend sympathy with the weaker sex. “Gold removes a girl's deformity” tells of the secret of oriental partiality for jewellery. The next justifies such partiality. “What was done for beauty will serve for adversity.” “A woman's virtue is her dowry”—is a saying worth remembering by dowry-demanders. It is not merely westerners who applaud a slender waist, for “to have a slender waist is beauty to a woman.” “Food given to woman is never wasted,” extols their serviceableness. That she holds in her hand the secret of family prosperity

is indicated in the saying: “What can the farmer do? his welfare depends on her who holds the pot.” Translation robs these proverbs of the beauty of their expression and the felicity of their rhythm. Few proverbs of other languages can equal the force and truth of the following, “A house without its creeper (wife) is a ruin; a man without a wife is only half a man.”

Woman's place in Indian domestic economy is well-known. She amply fulfils the description of the virtuous woman in Proverbs, ch. 31, “She boils her sauce by the side of her rice-pot.” That is to say, she utilises the side heat of her oven—which cooks only one dish at a time. It is said of the celebrated poetess, Avvai, that she led a semi-starved life and gave expression to it in the following verse:—

O my Stomach, you would not
Give up a single day's meal,
Nor would you take two days' meals at a time;
It is impossible indeed to live with you.

Indian proverbs also portray the sorrows and sufferings of the Indian widow. To begin with, weddings are followed by misery, for “there is a six months' famine in a family which has had a wedding.” This is the first sorrow for the young wife. Then, “There is no bliss to a woman who has lost her husband.” “No weeping can rid a widow of her tears.” Of many a woman suddenly deprived of her lord, the saying is, “she wedded on Friday and got widowed on Sunday.” “Why does a widow need the black dye, the dot and saffron bath?” implies the abstemious life an Indian widow is expected to lead even as regards her person. She has far more fasting days than feasting days in a year. “She is like the river-sand,—quite a creature of circumstances.”

It is quite common in this country for very old men to marry young girls—for

the simple reason that widows, especially among Brahmins and the higher castes are not permitted to marry. So the saying goes, “before the bride come of age, the husband rolls into his grave.” Indians' marriages cannot be dissolved, for “they are a crop which lasts a thousand years.” Though parents choose brides and bridegrooms, they should look to ancestry and then give their daughters in marriage. “Similarly an old channel should not be filled up and a new one opened”; where the moral is unmistakeably pointed.

Relationship between husband and wife has yielded many a pithy proverb. “Is there anything like hatred of rice or of a husband?” Jealousy is condemned by the saying, “He who guarded his wife too much lost her.” “Of what avail,” asks the ancient bard, “are bolts and bars? A woman's chastity is her chief guard.” Bigamy, though permitted in cases of childlessness, is nevertheless looked upon with disfavour. For, “why a tuft of hair for the bigamist,” since the two wives are sure to seize it in a quarrel; and “the younger wife sits and eats, while the elder does all the drudgery in the house.” “Though your husband is hard as stone or soft as grass, he is still your lord and master” recommends invariable subjection in the wife. Husbands speak of the trials of matrimony and complain “a wife is a fetter for the foot and children for the mouth,” and “though one cares not for one's wife one must care for one's child.” “Before marriage it is all pleasure, but after it, it is all pain.” General decorum is implied in the following “A weeping man and a laughing woman should not be trusted.” Also “Did you laugh, or did you lose your good name”? Shame-facedness is in

Indian morality a synonym for modesty, and so it is regarded as one of the four great female virtues. To laugh aloud or look bold is unbecoming in a virtuous woman. This is oriental and not altogether uncondemned in occidental society.

As the mother-in-law is the great bugbear of Indian families, so far as the young wife is concerned, I shall conclude with a few proverbs describing her. The Hindu joint-family system and early marriages have created that disagreeable and yet necessary character called the mother-in-law. It must be remembered that in India the orthodox custom is for a youth to wed his sister's daughter or his maternal uncle's daughter—the latter being in either case his first cousin. Thus the mother-in-law is the child-wife's own aunt and she has thus to undergo further training under her—which, by the way, is not so pleasant as the indulgence she has enjoyed with her mother. Thus the young wife has naturally uttered sayings which have become proverbial. Witness the following: "Though a broken pot may be mended, never a mother-in-law;" "The daughter-in-law shed tears six months after her mother-in-law died;" "What the mother-in-law breaks is an earthen pot, but what the daughter-in-law breaks is a gold pot;" "There is never a mother-in-law who has praised her daughter-in-law;" "Oh, when will my mother-in-law die and I shall be rid of my tears!" "Though a wife of gold, she needs a mother-in-law of earth," insists on discipline for the former under the latter.

Courtship in many Climes.

"Affection lights a brighter flame,
Than ever blazed by art." *Cowper.*

"COURTING," said a genial Irishman in his characteristic brogue, "is like dying: sure a man must do it for himself": and, undoubtedly the occupation is of such a pleasant nature that few are so abnormally shy that they would wish to do it by proxy. The sentiment of love is a perennial spring, and exercises a like power upon the hearts of men and women of all ages, though a superficial study of folk-lore even shews beyond dispute that external influences have modified and moulded the forms and observances of courtship to an appreciable degree. Each new generation has had to learn its own lesson and pay its own price. Now, just as in olden times, Jacob serves seven years for Rachel, and the tragedy of Anthony and Cleopatra is enacted again and again. Courtship, it need hardly be remarked, is the portal to the Temple of Matrimony; and, of the three great archways in life's edifice, this is the only one through whose portals we may pass voluntarily. Birth is thrust upon all: we are born to die. The genesis and exodus of human life lie at other doors than ours. In those climes of Christendom, however, where civilisation has reached its highest ebb, the citizens are given the prescriptive liberty of courtship with its vast possibilities of making or marring the impending marriage. Courtship, wherever it is permitted by the unwritten code of society, nevertheless varies with the changing climes, and we may occupy many an interesting moment in reviewing its former associations and the observances which serve as an essen-

tial prelude to the more stately rites of matrimony.

In the old, long-by-gone classical age, Romeos were wont to go after dinner to the vestibules of their fair Juliets and whistle or cough in order to attract attention. When this course of procedure did not succeed, they sang amorous ditties or wrote them on the door; sometimes they fixed tablets upon the doors and wrote them on the plate. If, after all these ceremonies the young ladies were unaffected, they supplicated the gate, poured libations and perfumes upon it, and even kissed the post in an amorous manner. In the event of continued failure, they adopted other measures. They broke the gate, the windows, and everything else that came in their way. Some used to serenade, while the more sentimental would weep at the door. They would occasionally hang crowns upon the door and stay upon the threshold all night. Greek lovers appear to have paid visits to the houses of their beloved ones, and it seems to have been customary for the daughter of the house to have offered drink to visitors. After she had first sipped the liquor, he drank at the same part of the cup. The fair damsels, as a token of their affection, dressed themselves with flowers, hung garlands at the doors of the house, sent garlands and roses, bitten pieces of apple, morsels of meat, made mutual presents of birds, wrote their names on walls, hung garlands on statues, and many other little absurdities only excusable in the love-smitten.

In old Judaic times, men and women were betrothed—promised "by one's truth"—when they engaged to be married. This actually took place a year or more before marriage. From the time of betrothal, the woman was regarded as the lawful wife of the man

to whom she was betrothed. Nowadays, marriages in Jewry are often arranged by "Go-betweens" or "match-makers"; but, whether in an artificial or in a natural fashion, if the twain consent to become a dual unit in society, the services of a Rabbi are called into requisition. Formal betrothal precedes marriage at the present time by six or twelve months or more, and on the Friday evening before the wedding the Reader refers to the ceremony in a chanted address.

One of the most important rules which regulate Chinese marriages is that which prohibits two persons having the same surname being allowed to marry. As there are only about a hundred recognised family names, this is a serious limitation. Among the celestials, nevertheless, it is a very rare thing to find an unmarried woman of over 25. Indeed, parents expect all their children, irrespective of whatever may be their state of health, to assume their fullest prerogative. Often during infancy these marriages are arranged. There are cases where two friends make a solemn promise, or even take an oath, to unite in marriage the children of the different sexes that may be born to them. In ordinary circumstances, the contracting parties do not see each other until the wedding day, when it is said they sometimes meet their partner with fear and dismay. As a general rule, there is no such thing, therefore, as wooing or courting, either at home or in the streets. It is considered improper for a man to speak to his fiancée. Love matches, however, and run-away marriages, are not altogether unknown. Betrothed young ladies have been bold enough on occasions to elope with some other swain. Generally, however, the affairs are arranged through a "Go-Between", who is furnished with a card stating the ancestral name and

characters which denote the hour, day, month and year of birth of the candidate for matrimony. The "Go-Between" takes this card to the family indicated, and tenders a proposal of marriage for a daughter. Should the girl's parents entertain the proposal, they show to a fortune-teller the 8 characters which tell the exact time of birth of the young people; and he, after examining them, says, whether the betrothal would be auspicious. If, for instance, the girl was born on the day dedicated to the goose, and the boy on that of the fox, negotiations would terminate, because from time immemorial foxes have eaten geese. In the event of the respective days being favourable, the families interchange cards upon which a formal agreement is written. The young man's parents send gold or silver bangles for the girl and pig's feet, a pair of fowls, 2 fish, 8 cocoanuts, etc., for the family. The girl's family send 5 kinds of dried fruit, artificial flowers, vermicelli and cakes of ceremony. Small dolls made of flour are stuck on the top of these cakes, which are distributed amongst friends. A pair of geese are also sent as an emblem of domestic bliss.

It is somewhat astonishing to discover that courtship in Italy is so prosaic an affair. After the first etiquette of the situation is over, letters having been written and duly discounted by the peasant fiancée vowing that the lover has "il paradiso nel cuer"—things run uneventfully enough. It is still popular with country lasses to endeavour to make their sweethearts swallow cumin-seed as a philtre in order to ensure their continued attachment and fidelity. If the lover is going to serve as a soldier or has obtained employment in a distant part of the country, his lady-love gives him a newly-made loaf seasoned with cumin,

or some wine in which cumin has been previously powdered and mixed. For their variety, their significance and their antiquity, the courtship customs of the German peasant are particularly interesting. The formal betrothal among many of the Lutheran peasants takes place at the Church when the banns are published. Their hands are then joined and rings solemnly exchanged. As a rule, however, the German betrothal is celebrated under the bride's roof. The poorest peasant is expected to give to his maiden a suitable betrothal gift. This is usually in the nature of a ring although in several parts of Southern Prussia a handsome prayer-book is invariably chosen. Sausages, it is interesting to note, are nowhere more highly reputed than in Thuringia. Gretchen, however, is very careful not to put one on the table when Hans goes a-courting. A sausage or any part of a sausage for supper would mean an unequivocal rejection of his suit. If a lover in Saxony presents his sweetheart with a handful of ferns, it is equivalent to a proposal.

When the Japanese child has reached a marriageable age, the duty of securing a suitable partner lies with the parents. An old custom allows this duty to be performed by a middleman, usually some discreet married friend. An eligible suitor having been arranged for the daughter, a ceremony called the "mi-ai" is observed, when the couple are introduced. If the young man objects to the damsel or the damsel to the young man, there is an end of the matter. If, however, the two have no objection one to the other, or if the parents think the union will prove beneficial, the proceedings go a stage further. Gifts of clothing, or of money, or of fish, or certain kinds of edible seaweed, are exchanged. Neither

party can then draw back. In some parts, the man may propose and be accepted or refused without a word being spoken on either side. The Japanese lover approaches the dwelling of this lady, bearing some choice plant in his hand, which he boldly proceeds to plant in the empty vase which is situated outside the houses of all marriageable females. This curious ceremony is equivalent to a formal proposal to the young lady who dwells within. If the youthful gardener is the right man, she takes every care of the gift, after his temporary retirement, and waters and tends it promptly with her own hands. But if he is not a favourite, or if the stern parent objects, the plant is torn forthwith from the vase and lies limp and withered the next morning on the verandah below. In other parts of Japan, the parties are unknown before the tying of the "fatal knot".

In Greece it is considered an everlasting disgrace to remain "an old maid"—as the English are prone to call an elderly unmarried female. Girls are betrothed very often when still tiny babies. Marriages of love are practically unknown, since parents seek husbands for their daughters through the agency of a professional Match-maker. The father, however, is most particular that the intended husband should have an ample provision to support a wife and family. For the girl, a dowry is not so important as in France, but a certain amount of linen and household furniture is generally required. The whole training and education of a Greek girl is simply a preparation to render her brilliant in the society of the great world. Although most Greek girls are naturally very pretty, they begin to paint and powder from a very early age—cheeks bright red, eyebrows and lashes deepest black, and veins delicately blue. The result

is a withered old woman at forty, and nowhere are uglier women to be found than beneath the blue skies of lovely Greece.

S. JACKSON COLEMAN.

The ideal of Indian Womanhood in home, social and national life.

The Benson Memorial Fund Prize essay, written by A Karthyayani Ammal, of the Madras College for Women.

ONE of the living forces of India in these days is the rise and growth of the national spirit. This spirit can be looked upon as a sort of self-realisation, which marks a considerable advance in the civilisation of a country. The growth of this spirit in India has been accelerated to a great extent by her close contact with the west, to which therefore she owes a great debt of gratitude. It is a force which ought to be encouraged and used, because we know what a great part national enthusiasm has played in the Social and political progress of a nation. But aimless enthusiasm will end but in revolution. It will only shake the established order of things without even suggesting the idea of a newer and a better order. If it must end in real reform, a change for the better, it should centre round a worthy object or ideal. It is then that enthusiasm becomes akin to a divine inspiration and the enthusiast does not even feel the effort he makes to get at his ideal.

Great changes in the political and social life of a nation are accompanied by a necessity for some changes in its various ideals of life. This is the case with the India of to-day. The ideal that she has to find is not a present,

past or future ideal, but an ideal which is suited to the present conditions and aspirations, and which does not go against all that is good and bad in the past. To form such an ideal even in the abstract is not an easy thing. To do this, a person should have a correct knowledge of modern life, its conditions and needs, and also a clear idea of the past. The difficulty is best overcome by a compromise between the various ideals suggested by worthy persons working from different points of view, and trying to make a consistent whole. By this means we can be most sure of the fact that our ideal contains all the various aspects, in which it ought to be considered. What one may see imperfectly, another may clearly discern, and thus we get material to construct a consistent and faultless ideal.

Before proceeding to describe the ideal in its details, it is better that we should consider some of its general features. The compromising spirit which I spoke of before is necessary even in determining the nature of the ideal. Roughly speaking, firstly we can say that the present ideal of life in India should be a double compromise, i.e. a compromise between past and present, and a compromise between east and west. The first is necessary, because we know what a firm hold the past history of a country has upon its present life. The second is justifiable, because of the inevitable contact of east and west and their increasing intimacy with each other. Secondly, the ideal we form should be a possible one. Otherwise it will be of very little practical use. In doing this, it may even be necessary to make it less high and less noble. But if we first form a possible ideal and attain it, it will be easier for us to aim at a still higher and nobler one. Thirdly, an

ideal should be a flexible one. In this connection we must remember that India is in one of her "transition" periods. As years go on, conditions change unexpectedly, and if the ideal is not a fixed one, it will absorb the new forces and develop itself accordingly.

What should be the ideal of Indian womanhood in home life, social life and national life? One of the important points to answer with regard to this question, is the sort of education a girl ought to receive in order to make her an ideal woman, because education implies the development and discipline of all the mental powers, in order to qualify one for the business and duties of life, in short, the formation of character. It is not possible in this short essay, nor is it necessary for the purpose, to give an account of the exact nature and extent of the education which is to be adopted in order to make the Indian girl an ideal woman in all her spheres of life. We have to say what results the accepted system ought to produce, rather than how it should be produced.

Briefly speaking, the education of a girl should make her "conscious of herself and conscious of the times which she lives in." To be conscious of herself is to realise her own worth, what she is to do with it, i.e. what her duties are and how to perform them. To be conscious of the times is to know the nature of the living present, which is necessary to enable her to do her duty by her fellow beings. She should know the history and geography of the world she lives in. She should know what the Sciences are, not that she should be able to prepare a gas or perform an experiment. The technical details of a subject which she is made to study, must be such as to enable her to have a practical know-

ledge of it. She reads about the lives and thoughts of others, not merely for the mere sake of knowing them, nor to pass an examination, but to enable her to think for herself, to give her a knowledge of human nature which is an essential element in culture. What Ruskin says with regard to the education of women is important to note. He says that the girl's education should be the same as that of the boy's, but differently directed, not to enable her to equal or excel him but to make her understand him completely, so that she may never fail beside him. The differences in their courses of study should be based upon the fact that women as a class have different functions to fulfil in the social economy, from those of men. Ruskin sums up the aims of female education thus, "to educate them as human beings, to educate them as wives and mothers and to educate them as members of a nation."

Looking at the great aims of education, we should think that the method of instilling education is as important as the subjects taught. The subjects taught should have a practical value in life. The duty of the instructor is not merely to help the student to memorise the details of a subject, but to instill the real spirit of education into him. Most often, education fails to fulfil its objects, not because of any serious faults in the system itself, but because the student mistakes the means for the real end. He forgets the fact that education is not an apprenticeship to enable him to follow this profession or that, but is an apprenticeship to enable him to answer the great "Call of Life".

Now we will proceed to the detailed characteristics of the ideal Indian woman in her most important sphere

of life, i.e. home. Her life at home can be divided into 3 stages, as a daughter, as a wife and as a mother. That she should be obedient and helpful to her parents, respectful to her elders, kind and loving to the young, virtuous, modest and truthful, has been the rule from ages past. But the present daughter of India has more serious and more difficult duties to perform than her sisters of the past. Her ancient sisters had a way clear before them, and their duty was to go along the trodden path and be worthy of their ancestors. But she has a present in which she has to live and work, and a past which she cannot wholly accept or wholly reject, and her best guides along the new path, are her own observation, experience and judgment. She is the pioneer of a comparatively new order of things, and she has to fight against the upholders of an unmodified past. In this lies the difficulty of her position.

How to overcome this difficulty? How to convince the old and the ignorant, seats of orthodoxy and obstacles to all kinds of progress, that the path she pursues is at least harmless, if not full of good? These people are proof against arguments and preaching. Hence the most effective means she has at hand, and the most difficult also, is the means of convincing by example, i.e. to prove by what she is, than by what she says or does.

Firstly, she should try as much as possible not to fail in the performance of any duty that is expected of her by her parents. "My girls are of no use to me even in my old age. They are always too busy with their books". A girl may have much to study, but if she is wise, she can prevent the frequency of this most painful complaint.

Secondly, she should try her best not to wound the feelings of the old and

the orthodox. For instance, there are certain customs and ceremonies even in the daily life of an Indian, which can by no means be justified in this age. But, when the observance or violation of such practices does not mean any real progress or retrogression, you should better leave them alone. We have nothing to lose even by confirming to these customs, and so it is indeed very unwise on the part of the educated girls to go and express their reasonable contempt for such things. Love and consideration towards their elders ought to make them capable of such small sacrifices. Besides, if we are indulgent to them, they will make concessions for us also.

Thirdly, the daughter should win sympathy rather than command it. She should never try to beat down the old by arguments. She should tell them how much of her future success depends upon their consent, and blessing, and by mild persuasion she should try to bring them round;—after all, you will find it is not a very difficult task, as it seems to be at first sight.

Another duty of the ideal daughter is to influence the young towards the good. She should enter into the lives of the young, place high and noble aims before them and encourage them by judicious appreciation of the little good they do.

We see that the performance of these duties requires the possession of not only the simple virtues of the ancients, but also such qualities, as are rare among the young, viz., decided purpose, perseverance in action and most of all prudence in action and speech.

The second stage of a woman's life at home is as a wife. Vararuchi, the ancient writer, has in about six lines of Sanskrit verse given an ingenious description of an ideal Indian wife.

Vararuchi's merit lies in the fact that his ideal is universally applicable, i.e. at all times and in all places. For instance, he says that a wife is like a minister in giving Counsel to her husband. How can any woman do this unless she is able to understand all that her husband has to say? "Cooking, nursing, reading and writing the mother tongue, and a smattering of the King's language" can by no means enable her to fulfil this function. Giving counsel is no easy thing, especially if the husband has a high notion of his own wisdom! This shows that much depends on the method of giving counsel. There is no question of equality or superiority in the case of Vararuchi's husband and wife. What he means is nothing but the most complete co-operation, sympathy and companionship. This, we know, is impossible if the wife is not educated in the same sense as the husband is.

Another consideration is the great influence that women have had over men. If the wife is not educated, has narrow views and is full of petty cares, the husbands would do well to guard themselves against the evils of bad company.

"Well versed in indoor affairs" says Vararuchi. The phrase may be a small one, but it is very elastic. Not only to cook and to nurse, as if the tasty food and the comfortable arrangements are all that go to make up the real happiness of a home. Indeed they have their own importance in the home. But are not the happy smile and the affectionate words more important than these in making a home happy? It is these which make the other services even enjoyable.

It is interesting to note Vararuchi's comparison of the housewife to Mother Earth, in patience. Is it possi-

ble that even in Vararuchi's days there were women, who were impatient of what they call the "drudgery of the kitchen" as they call it, who thought it more becoming to be seen in a reading room than in the store-room? Probably so. Otherwise, no woman needs an "exercise" of patience, i.e. if she knows that it is her proper sphere of work and that she ought even to be proud of it. It is only her ignorance of the great influence of the home on the world, that makes her discontented in the home.

The constancy, unselfishness and the divine nature of the wife's love is brought out by the great poet in his comparison of her love to that of a mother. "That dame deserves the name of wife, whose husband is her breath of life" says the Mahabaratha. Indeed the ancients arrived at a higher ideal than we do and the wonder is that they practised it. There is remarkable evidence to show that the first suttee was a voluntary act. Indian orthodoxy retained it even after its spirit had departed and for the abolition of the cruel practice, as of so many other things, we have ever to be grateful to the British Government.

To sum up, a wife who thoroughly understands her husband, who can sympathise with him, inspire him to good actions, encourage him when he fails, can nurse him when he is sick, cook for him if necessary and who looks up to him and loves him with a deep and divine love, well, such a wife is the ideal for the present, even as it was in the past.

The most important duty of a woman is as a mother. The "Child is the father of the man", and the care of the child is entrusted to the mother. The ideal woman should know the great responsibilities of motherhood and the great power which the fulfilment of that res-

ponsibility gives her to influence the progress of nations. The man's voice on the platform or the pulpit is but an echo of the mother's voice in the child's ear. No professional work, no public service rendered by a woman can equal the gigantic influence which she exercises through the home.

Education in its widest sense should begin at home. The mother should never lose sight of the child, i.e. she should watch the growth of the child's mind as closely as that of the body. Her work is not merely to clothe the child's mind as she does its body. She has to mould the child's character. It is she that ought to lay in the young mind, a foundation of the knowledge of its mother-tongue, its religion, customs and manners, its national traditions and stories of ancient prophets and saints, all of which are factors of great importance in the formation of national character. She should not only see that the child knows, but the child acts as it knows. The mother should find out the special aptitudes of the child, good and bad and encourage the good and root out the evil. If the higher virtues are instilled early in the child it will need no effort to be 'good' in later life.

The mother should know the crisis in the child's mental growth, when it opens its mind to new ideas and impressions and she should give a right direction to these. She should also know the child's company among books and among other children. When she knows that the virtues implanted in her child have firmly taken root, she can restrain her hold upon him in order to give him freedom to develop into his full stature.

In spite of the close watching of the mother, the child should not feel any vexatious restraint. The mother should rather win the obedience and the confidence of the child rather than command

it. The love and respect towards the mother should be the motives to inspire the child to act.

Another thing that the mother especially in these days ought to do, is to realise the fact that her child would be in advance of her, even as she was in advance of her mother. She should not object to the child's differences, just because they are differences in her mind. She should remember that she is moulding the destiny of a future generation.

Social Life.

Our ancient women were good neighbours. They helped, advised and sympathised. We too should do the same. Perhaps the methods we have at hand to express these feelings may be different.

The social work of the Indian ideal woman of the present day as helper, adviser and sympathiser, may be summed up under the great title of "Social Reform". Her greatest work lies among the poor and the ignorant, the old and the orthodox. Her duties are to improve their material conditions and to promote their education on the moral, religious and secular side.

A certain amount of preparation is necessary on her part to enable her to do this. This is nothing but the careful behaviour and the prudence in action, which we spoke of as necessary in the daughter's case. Her work has better chances of success, if she first wins the confidence and respect of those whom she is going to reform. It is by this means that they become her unprejudiced and willing listeners.

The best method of social reform for the average woman of to-day, is by means of private and individual conversations and the exercise of personal influence. The ideal woman is the one who goes freely into the poor

houses, becomes familiar with them, shows her sympathy for them and makes her influence felt there. Public lectures and such like are things suited to promote progress in already civilized societies. In private interviews with select friends, we can pay individual attention and so the influence will be more effective. Another important advantage of this is that it accords more with the popular idea of a woman's unfitness to appear in public and lecture to a large gathering of men and women. Besides, the work itself being silent, will not invite criticism. It is when she professes her profession that she will have to guard against prejudice. In this case also a great deal of results of work depends upon what we are, as well as what we do.

A great help that such a worker can expect is from her sisters of similar aptitudes. Even in the matter of seeking the co-operation of her sisters, I mean in society, she should be careful. Here also formal speeches are less effective than private and informal conversations. If she have any real desire to do good by awakening the minds of her sisters to noble aims and ideals, she should never show that she is talking simply to influence them. They are the last people to sympathise with, if she tries to lead them. Here also I have to repeat that we ought to win, rather than command sympathy. Co-operation and united action among educated women, in what they are and what they do, has a great influence in promoting progress.

The woman reformer can influence the men of the community through her brothers, husband or friends; and, as regards the children, there are a thousand ways of inspiring and improving them, especially if we have the co-operation of their mothers.

National Life.

Any great enterprise or achievement attempted by man should receive the support, sympathy and help of the woman, if it should become completely successful. How can anything be looked upon as settled, if half the nation, *i.e.* womankind, is against it.

In saying that woman should work with the man in all his enterprises, we do not mean that she should become "an additional man" for the purpose, as is misunderstood by some. Firstly, if a woman has fulfilled all the great duties that she has to perform in the household, she has done the greatest national work that she is expected to do. This is the direct national service she can render, though sometimes it is looked upon as indirect. Secondly, it is the woman's point of view that she has to give, and the man must profit by what she differs from him and from what she agrees with him. An Indian lady, in order to show her sympathy towards the national movements and such-like need not necessarily go and lead a public life in the same sense as a man does. If at all she does this, she must be a representative of some others of her own sex. But in most cases, she can arrive at the same results without making any unnecessary noise in the world, for the father, the husband, the son or the brother can be made to voice her opinions. Even if this is not possible, there are worthy men, in these days, who are ready to listen to her and work for her. Whatever the sincerity of purpose, the good intentions with which she may do it, if an Indian woman goes and bravely demands her rights, she has the least chance of getting what she wants. Public lectures and such-like on the part of women are well appreciated in India. But it is a fact even among many of

the so-called educated, that the sight of an Indian lady lecturing has not yet become a pleasing familiarity. As I said before, the reformer cannot be sure of the results she produces by such means, but she can be sure of the definite results she produces on persons during the course of a few private and informal interviews.

Woman's national duty is not only to make her views known to her opposite sex, but to influence her own sex towards good, to awaken their interest in wide questions of the day and to place high aims and ideals before them. There is a certain mistaken notion among women, that the fulfilment of national duties will be hindered by marriage. But I think that in India at the present day the married woman, if she has wide interests and earnestness of purpose, can in most cases do as much real work as the unmarried woman. She has even one advantage over the professional woman, *i.e.* the advantage of being safe from public opinion. The professional woman, who has sacrificed her happiness for the sake of her country, has not yet become a recognised necessity. By the majority she is looked upon as premature.

So, we see that woman has enough work to do in her own house, among her neighbours and among her companions. Hence, it is not necessary that she should forsake all this work, which is best done by herself, to help man working in his own sphere, *i.e.* outside the home, but towards the same end as she has in view, unless she finds a great scarcity of men, which happily is not the case in the India of to-day.

In conclusion, I have to say that in the first place the ideal woman described here is not a perfect one. Ideals much higher and nobler can be formed

even with less difficulty. But, as I said before, the ideal we form at present should be a possible ideal. It is time that we should produce substantial results by our work. We have little time to aspire and fail. It is not the fanciful idealist, nor the rash enthusiast that India wants now. It is the thinking mind, the earnestness of purpose and the firm, deliberate step, that can lead her to her real purpose. It is the possibility of this ideal that pleads its acceptance. The work itself may be very silent. But what great results its silent but sure acting can bring about!

Secondly, I have not attempted to describe the ideal in all its details, *i.e.* that she should be such and such. My object in this short essay has been rather to give the general 'tone' or 'temper' of the ideal, its spirit, rather than its picture. It is not a fully drawn picture, it is rather a representation or a vivid suggestion of the picture by a few effective touches. If the reader has caught the 'spirit' of my ideal, *i.e.* is able to say what my ideal woman would have done or said at such and such an occasion, then I can say that I have attained my object, in writing this essay.

To take a review of our ideal woman, there is nothing striking in her outward appearance. In this she is even like her so-called uneducated sisters (now-a-days, uneducated, means, uneducated in English, according to the western system of education). You must watch her actions and words closely and then you will find that she has certain principles and she tries her best to act according to them. Her influence is silent, hence unquestioned and unobstructed. She can converse as easily with an ignorant peasant as with a learned scholar. She does not profess much, *e.g.* though

she may not vehemently denounce the caste system, she acts in such a way that the meanest pariah does not feel the ban of his caste in her presence. It is her great love and desire to improve that makes her act so kindly and freely towards him. It is not because she has no respect for the caste system, "that custom established by our wise ancestors, from immemorial times" says the low-caste and so it is that he respects her words and obeys her. She is a woman who knows the ingredients of a pudding as well as she knows the various elements that constitute human nature. She is a mother who instructs her children through the classical stories of the Ramayana or Bharata, but you can also see her growing eloquent when she relates to her children the glorious virtues of Queen Victoria. She is not the great "elocutionist" or the "great writer" or the great "reformer"; she is universally "the good lady". The old people like her. "She is a wise girl, very rare in these days" they say. Her companions respect her, have nothing to say against her. The children of the neighbourhood love her, not for her sweets or presents, but because she is so good and really loving and they like to obey her for that and be like her children. Mankind knows her as a close observer, a wise judge and a deep, but practical thinker. They feel that if every woman is like her, her old association with 'wine' has become a piece of impertinence (wine and woman). Instead of this, the future moralist will speak of "woman and wisdom", a combination which would lead to the great "redemption" spoken of in the Maha-Bharata, instead of the ruin that followed the libertine's love of the other combination.

It is such women that we want now, because it is they who can do real, substantial work, which means slow and steady steps on the part of our country, which will lead her further and further to her goal, *i.e.* the golden plain of freedom, gratitude and loyalty.

Demonstrativeness.

THE French are thought to be very demonstrative. They speak, not only with their lips, but with their eyes, their hands, their shoulders and by gesticulation of various kinds. In the higher circles of English life, demonstrativeness of this kind is not considered good form. Perhaps the English people carry their lack of demonstration to the other extreme. They admire the repose that marks the caste of Vere de Vere, and two well-bred Englishmen, old friends, perhaps near relations, will meet each other after a lapse of years with a mere hand-shake and "How are you old chap?"—instead of embracing and kissing one another like a couple of Frenchmen or Italians. It is a matter of custom partly and of temperament. Demonstrativeness notwithstanding has its uses. George Eliot in one of her novels, says, "Not only do I desire to be loved, but I like to be told that I am loved." Now, many a married couple has come to grief for the lack of these declarations. The man says to himself—"She knows I love her and it is a nuisance my saying it every now and then. She will understand." But she very often does not understand and feels the omission and worries herself; and this little cleavage in the lute sometimes grows, and by and bye makes the music of married life mute. Life is so complex, and misunderstandings are so frequent, that it is only by the daily, hourly communion of hearts and interchange of sympathies that affection is maintained. If there were more of this display of affection, and the assurance of continued regard and love, and more warmth, between husband and wife,

between parent and child, there would be infinitely more happiness in this world. A young lady, grown rather cynical before she had outgrown her teens, on beholding a gentleman and lady at a hotel ventured to say to me "they cannot be husband and wife." I am an enquiring mortal and was curious to ascertain why my fair young friend was so positive about a relationship she could not have known anything about. "Can't you see", she continued, "that the gentleman is too attentive to his companion, to be her husband." She was right. It is the continuance of the lover-like attention, which my fair friend assured me was more or less discontinued after marriage, that is so necessary in married life. Some people may think it "bad form" as "uxorious"; but none the less, the absence of such attention is too often the cause of a coldness, and indifference which destroys love. "Pooh! sentiment", says the practical man, altogether oblivious of the fact that sentiment rules the actions of men and women. There is no reason or utility in maintaining a cold, stoical demeanour in our intercourse with people, more especially with those near and dear to us. Many a loving heart has been hardened, many a kindly action prevented and many an enmity engendered, by the icy response, the cold denial or the passive and passionless behaviour of those we come into contact with. The lives of most of us are scant of affection and love, and I, for one, like, in kissing to be kissed, in loving to be loved, and like George Eliot to be "told" that I am loved. All else is vanity and vexation of spirit—a picking up of dead-sea apples with ashes at the core.

A. P. S.

War-Prophecies.

THE human mind has at all times displayed a natural tendency to lift the dim veil in which futurity lies hid. But that curiosity is increased a hundred-fold at times of special stress. Man, tossed on the waves of doubt, and anxious about the future, is willing to catch at the slightest straw that gives him a hope of escape from danger. That is why portents and omens and prophecies are so plentiful at the great crises in the history of nations. Thus we read in Livy's History of the Second Punic War, "At Rome or near it, many portents appeared that winter, or, as often happens when once men's minds are affected by religious fears, many were reported and heedlessly believed." Nor was this a state of mind peculiar to the Romans. It has survived to the present day even among the most enlightened nations of Europe. In fact, at the out-break of the present World-War, quite a number of omens and prophecies sprang up, which hitherto had not attracted attention. In this article I propose to deal with a few of these.

In many cases, the origin of the prophecy is attributed to holy persons, so that it might obtain an easier credence. Undoubtedly, in the Scriptures, we find prophets inspired by God to reveal the future to His people. Naturally men believe that what a holy man delivers must be inspired by God. Another argument for the authenticity of a prophecy is often found in the holiness of the people who believe in it. It is supposed that, if the prophecy were false, God would not permit good men to continue in error.

Be this as it may, in August, 1859, there died in France Jean Marie

Vianney, *cure d'Ars*, a man of undoubted sanctity of life, whom the Catholic Church has placed among the list of the Blessed. This *Cure* certainly possessed the power of prophesying about individuals who went to him for help. During the Franco-Prussian War, a prophecy was fathered upon him. The course of history proved that prophecy to have failed. At the outbreak of the present war, it was revived in September, 1914, in a slightly altered form from which an extract is given below.

"The enemy will not retire immediately. They will again return destroying as they come. Effective resistance will not be offered to them. They will be allowed to advance, but after that their communications will be cut off, and they will suffer great losses. They will then retire towards their own country, but they will be followed, and not many will reach their goal. They will then restore what they have taken away, and more in addition. Much more terrible things will happen than have yet been seen. Paris will suffer, but a great Triumph will be witnessed on the feast of Our Lady."

The feast here referred to was to take place on the 8th September, and although from about that date in 1914, a change did take place in the fortunes of the Allies, it can scarcely be said that Paris has suffered any great evil. The prophecy was related by a lay brother, who professed to have heard it from the *Cure d'Ars*. But beyond this assertion, there is nothing to show that the latter had any hand in the matter. In fact, it was notorious that the *Cure* never concerned himself with political events. He exercised his prophetic gifts to tell individuals about their own future. The probability is that the lay-brother imagined his own dreams to be the recollections

of what he had heard years before from the lips of the holy *Cure*.

Again, the occult Review for October, 1914 contains the following ;

"As I go to press yet another prediction of the present war reaches me, this time from Norway, though the author of the prediction is stated to have been a Portuguese priest by the name of Dom Bosco, who died ten years ago, and the quotation is a translation from the well-known French paper, *Le Matin*, in which it appeared in June, 1901. It runs as follows :

"In 1913 or 1914 a great European War will break out. Germany will be torn completely to pieces, but not before the Germans have penetrated into the heart of France, whence they will be forced back to the further banks of the Rhine. An arrogant man will see his family tree cut in splinters and trampled upon by all the world. Great battles will take place on August 15th and September 15th. At that time the Pope will die and live again and become stronger than ever. Poland will get back her rights."

With regard to this wonderful prophecy, it may be remarked that the Salesians, an order of priests founded by Dom Bosco, know nothing of the prophecy attributed to their leader. The office of the *Le Matin* denies that it published such a prophecy in June 1901 or at any other time. It is also worthy of observation that Dom Bosco was not a Portuguese but an Italian by birth.

Such are the wild imaginings of men in the presence of the awful gates of the unknown. It is impossible to state dogmatically that prophecies are always unreliable. We find them in abundance in the Scriptures. In fact, one argument for the identification of

Jesus Christ with the promised Messiah is to be found in the events of Christ's life tallying so wonderfully with what the prophets had foreseen. If, therefore, God at certain times permitted men to enter the mysteries of the future, there is nothing to prevent Him from doing so again. But men, even learned men, are so anxious to penetrate the veil, especially in critical times, that they are easily led to believe in the truth of what in sober moments they would have been the first to reject as foolish. This is only another way of saying that, in spite of all their boasted wisdom, frailty is the portion of the children of men.

"UNCLE CHRONOS"

Miss Tara Bai.

EUROPE is proud of her son Eugen Sandow. But India, the land of romance and mysticism, has every reason to be prouder of her daughter Miss Tara Bai, whose wonderful feats of physical strength have shown that the fair sex is not necessarily the weaker sex, but may be stronger than the sterner sex, if properly trained.

Though an Ajmeer lady, Miss Tara Bai does not confine herself to the four walls of her house like her sisters of Rajaputana, but she has made herself a sister to her country-men and women and is becoming widely known as the **Indian Lady Sandow**. The life of such a lady is sure to be not only of great interest, but also of deep inspiration to her sisters.

Every one, who sees, admires the skill and strength of Miss Tara Bai, but very few realise the real secret that lies behind the several forms of her exhibition before crowded audiences in the

big cities. That secret, in one word, is the control of the mind over the body. This control of the mind, she avers, is really responsible even for such wonderful feats as pushing a fully loaded country cart with her head resting on a pointed spear attached to the cart. That other feat of laying herself at full length on five pointed spears is also due to the control of breath known to our ancients as **Pranayamam**. One is simply struck with astonishment to see her perform such dangerous feats with all the ease of a girl at play—so trim and fresh, indeed, does she look after her greatest feat. She knows no exhaustion; nor do her strained muscles and limbs need a moment's rest, but are ever ready for the next feat—may be, the lifting of a 250lb. stone. Well might we wonder whether such a girl could be the offspring of a child-wife or of age wedded to infancy. But the truth—and it speaks volumes—is that Miss Tara Bai is the worthy child of a heroic union in marriage between Johovar Singh of military fame and a widowed bride of the Radhod sect among the Rajaputs. Miss Tara Bai lost her beloved father, when but a child of six months. The out-cast family of mother and child had then to remove to Baroda. It so happened that just near their new quarters, there was a **Talimkhana** run by a Mohamaden named Ameen Uddin, with the help of a state grant. Ameen Uddin could see in little Tara the promise of a prospective **Lady Sandow**. He accordingly encouraged her first to go into his gymnasium and watch and then to practice feats of strength and take part in wrestling matches held there. By dint of perseverance she could beat the men and thus she came to endear herself to her instructor, Ameen Uddin, who took a special in-

terest in his first lady pupil. After she had received sufficient training, she used to accompany her master on his visits to the great Rajaput courts, on marriage and other festive occasions, and thus she obtained introductions to almost all the ladies of the rich families of Baroda. Miss Tara Bai, at this time lost her only surviving relation—her beloved mother—and was thus left an entire orphan at the age of ten. But her reputation had already spread far beyond the bounds of Baroda and she was requisitioned into the service of a Bioscope Company of Bombay, with an offer of three hundred rupees for a single night's performance. The news spread like wild fire and an over-crowded house silently and with bated breath sat to witness the many astounding feats to be performed for the first time by a woman. Miss Tara Bai's maiden attempt was a thorough success. But the promised money was not paid by the company. So she had to seek the legal advice of a Parsi Lawyer, who, fortunately for her, happened to have witnessed her feats with admiration. Like a true chivalrous Parsi, he offered to pay the amount himself and helped her to proceed to Hyderabad (Deccan). He introduced her to his fellow Parsis there, and sent his own brother, R. M. Patel, Esq., to accompany her. Thus she came to know Mr. Patel, the man behind the organising screen, her present manager. The manager, like his brother, looks upon Miss Tara Bai as his own sister. It is no wonder that those, who have seen Miss Tara Bai at home, always take Mr. Patel to be her own brother. Miss Tara Bai herself, though twenty-eight, moves about at home, cheerful and innocent as a child. Moving, from childhood onwards, in the company of men and women alike, she knows to treat them

only as brothers and sisters. She says she never feels difference of sex. She lays it down as a rule of domestic and social life that co-education in childhood is bound to generate, as it alone can, pure and chivalrous sentiments in men and women alike, and develop strong and healthy bodies. Wherever she goes, she recommends that family ladies should see that their sons and daughters take regular exercise in Indian gymnastics, which, she believes, are the best suited to our conditions of life and climate.

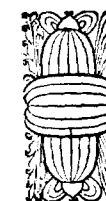
After touring through the Nizam's Dominions, she visited the Mysore State, where she became an intimate friend of the first Brahmin Lady Graduate, Mrs. Sreerangammal. She gained entrance to the zenana ladies of H. H. the Maharajah's Palace through her respected "foster-mother",—as she lovingly calls Mrs. Sreerangammal. Being the first instance of a lady athlete, she has had to fight hard, to over-come the prejudice of a custom-ridden society, however educated. But, by her unique goodness of nature and extraordinary force of character, she has succeeded right through. In Travancore especially, H. H. the Maharajah was pleased to take a special interest in the rare achievements of this lady and he presented her with two bangles, "Veerasankhalamulu", tokens of honour which very few are privileged to receive. The Dewan, as a true Hindu, showed every encouragement to Miss Tara Bai. She speaks with gratitude of the fatherly help she has received from Dewan Nagamiah. She visited the Madras Park Fair of 1914, when she became the talk of Madras and attracted the prominent notice of Her Excellency Lady Pentland. Then she had a long tour in the South, including the French Settlements, winning laurels wherever

she went. She is now in the Circars. There is something in this orphan girl, which makes everyone feel a sisterly affection towards her. The whole troupe look up to her as an ideal mother and she helps them in a variety of ways unseen of them. When a lady of this type heads a troupe, that troupe is bound to be an ideal one and thus we see that regular families are in this troupe travelling like pilgrims of old from place to place.

Miss Tara Bai devotes a tenth of her income to charity and she can be said to belong to the Indian Suffragette Movement, minus all western militancy. It is particularly striking that, in spite of her extraordinary strength, she retains in full measure, the native grace and modesty so characteristic of Indian womanhood. She holds advanced views both in social and religious matters. Her guiding motto is a pure mind in a pure body, be it of man or woman.

Miss Tara Bai is an ardent admirer of the Brahma Samaj, which has all along worked for the emancipation and regeneration of her sex.

R. KOUSTUBHAM.



Women of the Time.

THE Marchioness of Exeter is a very earnest and enthusiastic worker in the War. She has her own hospital for 20 patients with the requisite Staff under her personal superintendence. Before her marriage, her maiden name was the Honorable Myra Rowena Sibell Orde-Powlett. She is the only daughter of the Baron Bolton.

Another lady devoted to Hospital work is Lady Tredgear. She has converted her fine house in Bryanstone Square into a hospital for the Officers of the Royal Flying Corps. Before she married Lord Tredgear, she was Lady Catherine Carnigie and is the daughter of the Earl of Southesk.

Lady Radell Capell, daughter of the Earl of Essex is now parlour maid at Londonderry House which has been converted into a hospital for Officers wounded in the war.

Mrs. Alfred Duggan who was recently married to Lord Curzon of Kedleston once Viceroy of India, is an American, a widow with two sons and one girl. Her late husband was Mr. Alfred Duggan of Buenos Aires. She is a woman of great charm and beauty and as Lord Curzon's wife will probably take an exalted position in London Society. The Archbishop of Canterbury officiated at the wedding in his Grace's private chapel at Lambeth.



Editorial Notes.

Kala-Azar.

IT will rejoice the hearts of many mothers to know that an effective remedy has been discovered for the hitherto fatal disease Kala Azar, which, in Madras, has caused so many deaths and which, in Africa and in other tropical countries, is so greatly feared. Every conceivable disease is now said to be due to some microbe, generally the host of some poisonous smaller organism, which is causative of disease. It has long been suspected that the common bed bug conveyed the minute organism called trypanosomes, now named after Lieut. Col. Donovan, I.M.S., who is well known and very popular in this City. Col. Donovan was elected to a Fellowship of the Royal Asiatic Society last year, but a more deserving recognition of his discovery appears to be called for. Sir Leonard Rogers, in his Presidential address at the Annual Meeting of the Asiatic Society in Bengal on the 7th instant, gave an interesting resume of his researches, for 20 years, on Kala Azar. The discovery of the Kala Azar parasite in 1903 enabled Sir Leonard to study the life history of the parasite and, after patient investigation and experiment, he arrived at the conclusion that the homely, ill-smelling bed bug is the carrier of the disease. Trying various remedies like arsenic, antimony and other drugs, Sir Leonard succeeded in finding that intravenous injections of tartar emetic led to good results. Several consecutive cases have been treated and have recovered, and this "most deadly disease has now been conquered as regards both prevention and cure." The best prevention that we can think of, is to give the bugs no chance. Cleanliness in the house,

in the clothes and in the furniture will secure immunity from the attack of bugs. What is astonishing is that Kala Azar is often found to attack children and adults in comfortable circumstances, who must be quite alive to the necessity of having furniture and beds free from bugs. Now that the bug is found to be so dangerous to human life, every endeavour should be made to stamp it out.

Leaflets should be distributed in the vernacular, and remedies to kill the insects should be suggested. Kerosine oil is as good as any we know, and it is comparatively cheap. It should not be an insurmountable task for the Railway Companies to kill all the bugs which are such a nuisance in the carriages and which expose the traveller to the risk of contracting a dangerous malady. It is not every one who is able to attend large hospitals for treatment.

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Emigration.

Lord Chelmsford made out a very plausible case for the continuance of the Indenture system of emigration for 5 years more, in his opening speech at the last Sessions of the Imperial Legislative Council. That the indentured system must cease has been whole-heartedly accepted by the Government of India and the Colonial Office, but—preliminaries have to be arranged, the planters have to adjust themselves to the proposed change, another system of emigration has to be evolved, a larger sex ratio has to be thought out, etc., etc.—and—therefore—the admittedly undesirable system has to continue for another quinquennium! We regret that we are unable to see eye to eye with His Excellency in this matter. There is no obligation for this country to supply labour to Fiji,

or any other colony, under any circumstances whatever; but when the system is admitted to be practical slavery for the emigrant, proved to have a demoralizing effect on the men and women, and is a system which leaves the women victims no alternative but to lead a life of prostitution, there is but one course to be followed, viz., to prohibit the indentured system and to prohibit emigration to Fiji, till some system more acceptable to the people of India, and more safe and wholesome for the Emigrant, is organized. It is not as if the women emigrants who are persuaded to travel to Fiji were women of the town. They are always simple village wives and maidens, desirous of bettering themselves and anxious to return to their village homes with the fruits of their toil. What really happens is that these virtuous, simple women develop into shameless unwomanly dissolute diseased creatures, who, if they return, contaminate those they come into contact with; or live, evil and criminal lives where crime is very frequent and very grave. The women of India should not remain silent; and while their men call meetings of protest, we would suggest a great women's meeting in Madras and in the chief cities of the Provinces to protest against the continuance of an iniquitous system which has been condemned as vile. We were glad to read Mrs. Sarojini Naidu's eloquent protest against, and appeal for, the abolition of a system which cannot be permitted to continue to smirch the fair fame of this country, and the honor of Englishmen.

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The Ladies' Recreation Club.

The Annual Report of the Ladies' Recreation Club at the Luz which was read at the meeting held on the 6th instant and at which H E Lady Pentland presided, shows that the Club is in a prosperous condition, with a substantial balance at the Bank—the best indication possible that the Club is popular and is justifying its establishments. The Club has done admirable work for the War and both Indian and European ladies have evinced much interest in the noble and loyal work of providing for the needs of our gallant soldiers fighting in the cause of the Empire. As Lady Pentland in her speech at the meeting said, the main object of the Club is to create social intercourse between Indian and English members, and it is most gratifying to record that in this regard much has been and more is being accomplished, Club life is alien to Indian Ladies, but there are indications that the relaxation from monotonous domestic life, and the healthy recreation afforded by games, a good library and conversation at the Club, is being warmly appreciated by the many Indian ladies who have contrived to divest themselves of the diffidence and shyness which the peculiar circumstances of Indian social convention impose on women. The attendance at the Club Meetings it is reported has fallen off somewhat, but this may be due to causes which in no way militate against the popularity the Club enjoys in the estimation of its members. Tennis and badminton, billiards and reading classes, are excellent and attract many, but there are a number of Indian indoor games which might be introduced. Perhaps some of the more educated Indian ladies could arrange for a series of—we refrain from calling them

lectures—talks on domestic economy, hygiene, the care of infants, etc., in the vernacular;—for not every Indian lady is familiar with English to clearly understand such subjects. Talks on botany, especially with reference to flowers, their history and significance, and their refining influence on cookery, the nutritive value of certain vegetables, the manufacture of table dainties, the decoration of the home, the selection of pictures and statuary, in short, all matters connected with dress, deportment, manners, and domestic life may be found to be attractive. Occasional lantern exhibitions of world scenery, friendly informal debates on social differences and ideals may also be useful. We are far from intending to imply that the club is not sufficiently attractive as it is, we merely offer suggestions which may commend themselves to the management. We are aware that the executive, headed by Mrs. Madeley, Mrs. Tiruvengkatachiar, Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Srinivasa Iyengar is unwearied in its efforts to make the club everything it should be, and we are only solicitous of affording it our aid by venturing to make these remarks.

Indian Women Doctors.

At the prize distribution of the Royapuram Medical School, emphasis was laid, by one of the authoritative speakers, on the enormous demand that there is for medical workers among the Indian people—who, in the absence of licensed practitioners, are the dupes of ignorant quacks and self-styled medical men. Although the masses still possess abundant faith in the indigenous system of medicine, the real professors of that science are, by no means, abundant. Many of them, we may say

the vast majority, are pretenders and the consequences to the health of the people are ruinous. Till Government is pleased to place the Ayurvedic and Unani Systems of medicine on a practical working basis, so that the public is able to tell the differences between the quack and the licensed practitioner, the European System of medicine is the only alternative. The needs of the population are so great, that in spite of themselves they are glad to get any treatment that affords relief or cure, in the thousand ills they are heirs to, notwithstanding disbelief in the efficacy of English treatment. Increasing numbers of people are beginning to realise that the European Allopath is able to successfully deal with the ordinary every day ailments that cause so much misery, and which result fatally, unless taken in time. The skill and knowledge of the Sub-Assistant Surgeons are not very extensive, but for all that, the intelligent Sub-Assistant Surgeon is a very real help in time of trouble, and even in Madras, the competent Sub-Assistant Surgeon has a practice and a reputation that many a man more highly trained and educated envies. The examination is not too difficult, and is well within the intellectual achievement of young women with an average school education. It seems to us that the Indian Christian and Malayalee ladies, who now pass out, have good and lucrative careers before them. There are Hindu Castes, other than Brahmins, whose widows are not permitted to remarry—for instances some sections of the Naidu and Chetty classes—and there is no reason why the parents of young widows and virgin widows should not endeavour to obtain for these superfluous women—whose lives are one long monotony of thankless domestic drudgery—an

education sufficient to enable them to take up the study of medicine up to the Sub-Assistant Surgeon's qualification. It is woman's peculiar province to minister to the sick and suffering, and no nobler careers are open to women than the medical and nursing careers. Brahmin ladies have gone to England and passed out and it is a waste of opportunities for Indian widows to turn a cold shoulder to such an institution as the Royapuram Medical School.

Books of the Time.

ANCIENT INDIAN POLITY.—*Pranatharath Bannerjea (D. Sc. and Edin.) (Macmillan).*

This book is beyond the scope of a reviewer of current literature in this Magazine, but it is impossible to pass without notice, a volume by an Indian, dealing with ancient Hindu polity. It is a most satisfactory sign of the times that Indians of culture are paying more attention than heretofore to researches connected with the condition of India in times prior to the modern period, the history of which is enshrined in numerous volumes.

The *Times* (London) in reviewing Dr. Bannerjea's volume considers that the author in dealing with his subject, imports "too strong a mixture of modern notions into his account of ancient India. It is a question whether the idea of the 'State' was as clearly formulated as would be inferred from passages in this learned and interesting book." That is so. One of the great difficulties of the administration of justice in India is the inability of the average Indian to consider the state as a responsible entity. The personality of a ruler, of a Maharajah, or King, is intelligible. If A murders B's child, A

can realise that *B* is aggrieved and he further admits the right of the King, or his Minister, or Magistrate to enquire into the matter; but he cannot understand that if *B* makes no complaint and is willing to condone the crime, how the state can take cognisance of the fact and punish him *A*, for committing it and punish *B* for being an accessory after the fact. The State in ancient India must have been equivalent to Louis XIV's *l'état c'est moi*. Not that there were no checks on the king, for there was a potent Hierarchy, which intervened in every department of life and to defy which was often fatal to a ruler. There was another check on the King imposed by his Coronation oath. Professor Rangachariar has stated that "Although the king is indeed a great man in the coronation ceremony, the ceremony itself seems to have been intended to teach him humility and to impress him with the sense of his great and serious responsibility. But Kings are at times, even with such restraints, masterful men to whom oaths, and the condemnation of the priesthood are as nothing." As Mr. V. Rangachariar, Asst. Prof. of History in the Presidency College says in the *Educational Review* in his article on the *Evolution of Indian Polity*, "Monarchy became almost universally synonymous with Government in Ancient India". A Nation's, as a human being's, theories of conduct are invariably better than as practiced, and although Mr. Bannerjea recites in the pages of his volume the excellent theories of Government and the goal to be reached, it is certain that the practices of Ministers and Monarchs fall far short of the counsels of perfection held up as a desirable achievement. Dr. Bannerjea's excursion into ancient Indian Polity is a document which no student of history can

afford to neglect. It is full of instruction, is impartial in its exposition and reliable in its statements, notwithstanding a tendency to view the monarchical past through the democratic spectacles of the present day.

THE CASTAWAYS W. W. Jacobs' (Constable).

Mr. W. W. Jacobs' numerous novels and short stories are familiar to every reader of fiction. He is irresistibly comic and his sailor men are inimitable—especially in his short stories, and so charmingly and sympathetically does he write of them that the reader invariably rejoices in, and forgives, the disreputable sinner in his unholy triumph over the innocent sufferer. In the 'Castaways' Mr. Jacobs does not draw on the sailor element, except a boatswain of that ilk. Its other characters comprise two exceedingly cheeky and breezy young men, a rich bank clerk, a chauffeur, a servantmaid and a boy—with a few other characters. The dialogue is amusing and bright and full of go—and the book adds one more to Mr. Jacobs' many successes as a writer of immense versatility who would rather have his readers laugh at, than sorrow for, the inequalities and vicissitudes of this wicked, but not altogether objectionable world.

MEDIAEVAL INDIA FROM CONTEMPORARY SOURCES. Dr. Stanley Lane Poole (Bombay K. and J. Cooper).

This is rather a sketchy book of history. Indian history is still in an amorphous shape. We get glimpses of the history of this great continent rather than a full picture. Of Indian Philosophy, the Indian drama, Indian poetry, there is an abundance, but there is no accepted history of the

various peoples, the numerous dynasties, the internecine warfare, the political relationships, the economic condition of the whole continent. The History of India has been built up into a structure with many parts of it in an unfinished condition and that a reliable connected and comprehensive history of India will ever be written appears extremely doubtful. The history of India in more modern days, especially since European nations began to trade, and established political relations with Indian rulers, is very full. The value of historical teaching for students consists mainly in the training of the pupils, mind to discern through the details of changing dynasties, the vicissitudes of kingdoms, the wars and insurrections, the famines and floods, and the many side issues that distract the learner's attention, something of the conditions political, moral, intellectual and economic, that have contributed to the shaping of present day circumstances. Indeed a general knowledge of ancient history is a great acquisition to the student studying modern history, and for this reason we welcome any volume that gives its readers a true and definite vision of times gone by. Those who have perused the charming volumes of Manucci obtain portraits of the Indian celebrities of his time, and much quaint and curious information valuable to the student of history. But Manucci is more a gossip than a historian, and it is necessary to sift the pearls of historical value from the store of interesting but—*from a historical point of view*—superfluous detail. Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, the charming Anglo Indian Novelist, is the author of a book called "India through the Ages," but delightful as it is to read as a narrative of events which she passes in review from the earliest times to the present, the historical value is nil. Dr. Stanley Lane Poole's book is of a different kind, and a genuine attempt is made to write history, but there is in it a lack of proportion—some periods of importance receiving scant attention compared with periods and events of vastly greater magnitude. Indeed the author might have easily written a much longer book without making it less useful as a historical study. Dr. Lane Poole has undoubtedly devoted much time to the study of mediæval Indian times, and so admirably has he reviewed the conditions of that period that we look forward to a revised and extended edition of his very useful volume.

The Madras College of Women.

A very creditable performance of the *Merchant of Venice* was given by the students of the college, at *Snogdon*, Adyar, the residence of Mrs. Bedford. At the kind invitation of Mrs. Bedford, a few guests were present, besides almost all of the college girls, and one and all enjoyed the performance. Most of the performers did fair justice to their parts, especially those who acted Portio, Shylock, Gratiano, the Duke and Bassanio. Miss MacCormack and Miss Phillip, we understand, trained the students in their parts, and they are to be congratulated in their efforts. It was a pretty sight to see so many girl students—most of them Indians—the future hope of our India, trying to enter into the spirit of the immortal Shakespeare, and speaking his grand and gracious words with great understanding and enjoyment. It could not, of course, be expected that the performance

should rise to the full spirit and meaning of the play, especially in the beautiful casket scene. Even the best actors and actresses, I think, will fall short of it. Humble admirers of the great dramatist can only try their best—however much they fail—to express his meaning to their hearers. And there was no doubt of the fact that the play was produced in a true spirit of humility and admiration by the sweet budding "girl graduates" of Madras. This was especially apparent in the grand trial-scene, of which quite a creditable representation was given. We hope that we shall be given, later, performances of other dramas by the students of the college.

The play was acted at one end of the noble drawing-room of Mrs. Bedford's house. This was railed off, as it were, by a row of pots of beautiful begonia flowers. Seats for the spectators were arranged at the other end, and the students and few guests presented a truly pleasing spectacle of charm and intelligence. Refreshments were served in the garden, which looked cool and shaded under its fine spreading trees. Mrs. Bedford is to be thanked much for her encouragement of the students.

First Part.

Antonio	...	N. Narayani.
Bassanio	...	M. Bhama Bai.
Shylock	...	B. Amirthammal.
Morocco	...	S. Janaki.
Aragon	...	A. Ammucutty.
Portia	...	A. Inkster.
Nerissa	...	N. Janaki.
Salario, Messenger, etc.	...	A. Lakshmikutty.

Second Part.

Duke	...	M. Lakshmi.
Antonio	...	C. N. Nallamuthu.
Bassanio	...	Seetha Venkata Krishna Rao.
Gratiano	...	D. D'sylu.
Shylock	...	E. K. Janaki.
Portia	...	D. Guy.
Nerissa	...	N. Janaki.
Clerk	...	A. Lakshmikutty.

News and Notes of Indian Women.

THE following half playful but wholly admiring description of the Hindu girl going to School is taken from the Daily Magazine of the *Madras Times*:—

Saraswati skips to school
With steps so light and fleet,
I often think on peri's wings
She dances down the street.

Saraswati's wealth of hair
No Vedic fashions quell,
'Gainst oil and tightly braided tress
Her pretty curls rebel.

Saraswati's frequent laugh
Rings full and low and sweet.
Melodious as the tinkling bells
Upon her shapely feet.

Saraswati's little brow
Is puckered in a frown
She thinks and thinks, then quaintly
puts

Her childish fancies down.

Saraswati's trying to write
A "Yessay on the crow"!
I wonder if the ill-omened bird
Her piteous fate can know.

For she was wed—her lord is
dead—

She's ten, but she's under the vow!
She's spared the flame—but only in
name—

For *suttee* is lifelong now!

POPSY-THE-HERMIT.

Sanction has been given to the constitution, from the beginning of the coming financial year, of a Central Midwives Board for the Punjab. The idea is, says the *Civil and Military Gazette*, to provide facilities for the training of midwives and *dais* from mofussil districts and towns in which such facilities do not now exist. The

training of such women will continue to be carried on also in the various cities where facilities now exist, and it is with the idea of co-ordinating and bringing into line of these efforts that the formation of a Central Board is being undertaken. It is proposed to hold examinations in three or four large towns, such as Lahore, Rawalpindi, Multan and Rewari, provided sufficient candidates present themselves, the examiners being appointed by the Central Board, and usually consisting of three, of whom one would be the assistant to the Inspector-General of Civil Hospitals. Three standards of training will be required:—(1) for English speaking midwives; (2) for vernacular midwives; (3) for *dais*. The Board will draw up a syllabus for the training of *dais* according to the required standard, and rules to be followed by midwives and *dais* in their practice. The Government have also under consideration the question of starting a school for the training of *dais* at Amritsar, the scheme to be worked in connection with the maternity hospital for which the Municipality is providing.

The Egmore Balika Patasala.

The eighth anniversary of this girls' school was celebrated yesterday evening at the residence of Mr. P. Bashyarcalu Naidu, in Egmore. There was a large attendance, including a number of ladies. The Hon'ble Mr. S. Srinivasa Iyengar, Advocate General, occupied the Chair. The proceedings commenced with a welcome song and after an interesting programme of music, *kolattum*, dialogue, etc., Mr. N. Govinda Pillay read the annual report. The distribution of prizes to the pupils took place and afterwards Dr. (Mrs.) Muthulakshiammal delivered an ad-

dress in English on "Why we should Educate our Girls." There was another address in Tamil on the duties of girls, by Srimathi P. Nagaratna Ammal. The Chairman in his concluding remarks thanked the lecturers for their addresses and congratulated the school on the useful work it had been doing.

The Government Hindu Girls' School, Salem.

A correspondent writes:—The annual prize distribution was held on Wednesday, the 7th instant. There was a large gathering present including Mr. E. W. Legh, who presided, Mrs. Gillespie, Mrs. and Mr. Stevenson, Mrs. Dawson, Messrs. C. Rajagopalachar, M. D. Subbaraya Iyer and S. K. Yegnanarayana Iyer. The programme opened with the welcome song by the girls, and a number of other items were gone through in a very pleasing manner. The annual report was read by the Headmistress. Mr. Legh after giving away the prizes, made a short speech, in the course of which he asked those present to join him in congratulating the school on the successful programme and in thanking the staff for the pleasant evening they had arranged. The extension of the playground might be beyond the powers of the Salem public, but he was sure they would give any help they could in supplying the wants of a school so admirably adapted to their needs. During the singing of the "Flower Song", Mr. Legh was garlanded and *pansupari* and flowers were distributed.

The Saraswathi Sangam.

The Saraswathi Sangam of Georgetown organised a house to house collection on Pongal Day, for raising

funds to promote female education on national lines. The collections were made by students, and twenty collections-boxes being opened yesterday in the presence of Mr. G. Ratnam Pillai, Headmaster of the Progressive Union School, a sum of Rs. 390-II-1 was found to have been realised.

A Sikh Lady Presented Seven Recruits.

It is well-known that of 2 lakhs of new recruits supplied for the war by the three hundred millions of India, over 30000 are from the Sikh nation, which forms only 1/100th of the whole. The sacrifices which this community of warriors has so far made on the altar of loyalty to the Crown have no parallel in the World's History. So much so that even our old tradition that Sikh ladies accompanied their sons, brothers and husbands to the battlefield has been revived by a Sikh colour-Havildar's wife presenting seven Sikh recruits for the Front. Says the *Fauji Akhbar*:—Colour-Havildar Mota Singh of the 23rd Sikh Pioneers (whose retired Sardars and non-commissioned officers too are serving in the Depot) has joined the said regiment for the 2nd time. But before this too he rendered much assistance in securing recruits. Now it is in continuation of that valuable assistance that his wife has presented the commanding officer with seven new recruits. In acknowledgment of this, the Commanding officer convened a special meeting in the Gurdwara and presented to the above mentioned Sardarni Sahiba a suitable suit of clothes, through his *Mem Sahiba*. He expressed his special thanks to her and remarked that hers was the "first example of female

devotion to the Empire and that hence it was most commendable."

The commanding officer is right in remarking that it is the first instance of the sort in British Indian annals. We are proud this has been set by a Sikh lady.

Miss D. De la Hay, M.A. writing in the People's Magazine in "The Duty of Young India towards its women" says:—

"There are other questions than these which have to be mentioned under the head of the duty of young India towards its women, but I do not propose to do more than mention them, for they are matters which have been discussed through and through by more experienced persons.

Dont Marry Young.

Such a question is that of child marriage. You all know the arguments against it, the weakness of the children born of such marriages, the incapacity of the young mother to train her children rightly. There is also the impossibility of giving girls a good school education if they are withdrawn at such an early age. That was another difficulty which kept arising at the late conference on Female Education. "Yes, of course, Domestic Economy is a subject girls ought to know, especially the older girls, but if we keep it for the higher classes the girls won't be there." You have only to look at the figures representing the numbers in the various classes to realise how few Indian girls really complete their School education. Thus we have the trouble of which we have spoken, the unequal marriages, the intellectual separation of the wife from her husband, nay, sometimes the absolute rejection of the husband when the time comes for him to claim his girl

wife, because he has been to England and cannot have kept in the strict path of orthodoxy. The final argument against child marriages is of course the number of child widows which results from the practice.

Therefore do your duty by your sisters and set your face against this custom of child marriage, both in your own personal case if that is still an undecided matter, and when you have to arrange the marriages of your own children.

The College for Women, Madras.

The following address was presented by the students of the College for Women, Mylapore, Madras to Miss. K. Natarajan on the eve of her departure to Bombay, on the 3rd February, on resigning her post of Assistant Professor in the College:—

Dear Miss Natarajan,

It is with feelings of regret that we assemble here this afternoon to bid you farewell and God-speed on the eve of your departure from our midst, for we shall lose your pleasant company, and your unfailing sympathy towards us.

It was only last evening that we heard you were leaving us so soon as tonight, and we therefore apologise to you for this hurried entertainment, which is but a very feeble expression of our regard and appreciation of what you have done for us during your stay of four short months in the College.

We thank you most sincerely for your work among us, and the Hindu section, especially, feels it owes you a deep debt of gratitude. We have had the unique privilege of having you—the first Hindu lady appointed to the College,—and we remember with what joy we heard from Miss de la Hay that you were coming to augment the

College staff. But we scarcely thought our pleasure was to be so short-lived, and that you would leave us so soon.

While we regret very much your separation from us, we feel sure it must be something better that calls you, and in bidding you farewell we pray that God may grant you many more years of health and strength to continue your work for the betterment and uplifting of your country-women and ours, and that you will experience much joy and happiness in your future career, in whatever sphere it may be.

Thanking you once more for all you have done for us, and wishing you success and God-speed,

We remain,

Dear Miss Natarajan,

Your grateful and obedient Students of
The Madras College for Women.

Indian Maternity.

Surgeon-General's Lecture.

SALEM, 13th Feb.—The above was the subject of an interesting and instructive lecture, delivered by Surgeon-General W. B. Bannerman, I. M. S., yesterday evening, at a well-attended public meeting, held under the auspices of the Salem Literary Society. The chair was taken by Mr. C. Vijayaraghavachariar.

The Surgeon-General began by stating that the question of child marriages in India was an important one and they were faced with a difficult problem, viz., the question of Indian maternity. To one like himself, born and brought up in an English atmosphere, the system of child marriages, as obtaining in India, was unthinkable. That being so, he had to adduce such arguments against it as would convince his hearers

of its dangerous aspects. It was not many weeks ago that a conference of the Madras Medical Council was held to discuss the large infantile mortality in the metropolis. Government had sought advice in the matter, and, contrasting the figures both in India and in England, it was discovered that the worst infantile mortality was in the large manufacturing centres. Why was that? All the members of the Medical Council discussed the problem and he would give a *resume* of the conclusions arrived at. One conclusion reached was that the great mortality among infants in this country was due, in a large measure, to the early age at which girls became mothers. The Health Officer was strong on that point. Perhaps, in an audience like that, composed mainly of laymen, he must draw analogies from nature to bring home to their minds the terrible consequences of early and premature motherhood in Indian girls. Taking examples from both the vegetable and the animal kingdoms, Surgeon-General Bannerman illustrated his points by telling the audience that the mango growers of Salem and the breeders of cattle and horses in England always took particular care to see that either the immature plant or the young animal did not impregnate and thereby produce weak offspring. The same arguments, he contended, applied equally to the human kingdom. Girl mothers were biologically incapable of bearing strong children, and their offspring could not have the same stamina as those born of healthy mature mothers. The girl mothers were immature themselves. They became exhausted by child bearing and often died of consumption. At the meeting to which reference had been made, women doctors brought to their notice many cases

in support of the terrible havoc wrought by child marriages. He would, therefore, appeal to the educated men of the country to consider these points. Besides, the child-wife of twelve could not play the part of a mother and a household manager. It was for them to start a campaign against the continuance of such a system. He was told that the *Sastras*, correctly interpreted, did not countenance such a system.

An Indian was admittedly not so long-lived as a European, and one suggestion made to account for this was that very many Indians were born of immature mothers. That was one of the reasons why Indian lives did not come up to the expectations of Insurance Actuaries. If they agreed with him, then the only thing, to do was to change a custom of the country, slowly gathering way as they proceeded. They had to have the old, orthodox people with them who were all powerful in the Indian homes. Surgeon-General Bannerman advised his hearers to try to reason with them and convince them of the real dangers besetting the race. In England and in other advanced countries of the West, marriage was put off until the girl was of sufficient age and education to undertake the burden of motherhood and the cares of the household. He would exhort them all to raise the marriageable age of Indian girls above the age of consent, and hoped that men like the Hon'ble Mr. Narasimha Iyer would introduce a Bill on these lines. The only way to get the feeling of the country with them was to start an agitation by men of light and leading and to bring pressure to bear on the community at large. Government would only be too ready to lend an ear to such a demand, and, so far as Government was concerned, it would be no controversial measure after the educated leaders had

moulded public opinion in the matter. When Government was convinced that this had been done, there would be no difficulty afterwards. Another thing needed was that the Educational Department must be approached to introduce in the schools lessons in domestic economy and child-welfare. Lastly, Surgeon General Bannerman touched upon the vexed question of training the indigenous barber midwife and reiterated the remarks he had made at the Queen Alexandra Hospital.

Mr. C. Vijayaraghava Chariar closed the proceedings with a few remarks in support of the views put forward by the Surgeon General, and afterwards, on behalf of the audience, tendered thanks for the interesting and very useful lecture.

The Education of Mohamedan Women.

AN extract from the Presidential Address, delivered by A. Hydari Esq., at the Mahomedan Educational Conference of Southern India.

I now come to the all important questions of the education of our women. It is perhaps unnecessary for me to remind you how inter-dependent are all the various stages of instruction and how limited in their effects. It is impossible to hope for any progress in University Education without real progress in Secondary, which in its turn cannot advance until Primary Education has reached a considerable stage of development. But no education in any stage can be fully fruitful, unless and until it is helped by a proper healthy training of the child in its home; it is useless to expect much from schools, if parents use them simply

as a means of saying themselves the trouble of looking after their children at home.

I have read with pleasure in the Madras reports that female education is making praiseworthy progress in your Presidency. In the Report for 1914, it was noted that in two years the number of school-going girls of our community had been doubled and in 1915 there was a further increase. In Secondary Schools in 1914 there were 14 girls; in 1915 the number was 31. There is one question, however, that I would like to ask with regard to these girls, and that is, how many of them are receiving an education which will ensure the continuance of their interest in reading when they leave school and after they become involved in domestic affairs? I would in this connection like to read out to you the impressive words of Dr. Wachtzolt quoted in the Special Educational Studies of the English Board of Education in the volume on German education:—"Let us not forget that the most pressing necessity is not found in universities for women, nor in the participation of women in the scientific labours of the time, nor in the opening of higher professions for women, but in the great and extensive education of the millions of girls—indeed, for the education of the mothers of the coming generations". These words, "the mothers of the coming generations", are fraught with a deep and solemn import, and remind us of the great and heavy obligation that rests upon us in this regard, for the future will be much more enlightened than the present, and much greater preparation is therefore necessary for those that will be the mothers of that future. If we fail in this duty, we shall be thrown back in the path of progress with an ever-increas-

ing velocity. The problem before us is a difficult one, and although there is a great deal of talk in every province of India about women's education, yet I have come across but few deliberate and thoughtful discussions of the subject or any concerted efforts to start practical action. In this connection, I would draw attention to the efforts of Her Highness the Begum of Bhopal, to whom so much is due, and who has invited a public discussion of a curriculum for girls published by her—an invitation which, I am sorry to say, has not met with sufficient response. I trust this Conference will be able to establish committees in different parts of the province, who will consider what curriculum for Mohamedan girls is suitable which will develop their intellect and yet enhance their refinement and grace; how far the scheme of studies for them should be the same as or different from that for boys; whether girls should be encouraged for the University Examinations; what are the best means of obtaining suitable teachers and ensuring increased attendance of girls in schools. In this way, I hope that most of the difficulties that stand in the way of an adequate diffusion of education among our girls will be removed and I trust that in these efforts they will be helped by those educated ladies belonging to our community who, I am sure, are ever ready to work for their less fortunate sisters. In this connection, may I venture upon a suggestion? I see so many earnest young faces around me. Is it too much to ask each one of them to take a vow to himself that he will see that at least one person of the other sex, whether it be his wife or daughter or sister, is educated? Let me assure him that he will thereby be laying to himself a source of true and pure hap-

piness in the home to which nothing can compare and at the same time add to the economic, intellectual and moral strength of his community.

Prize Essays on Indian Emigration.

1. I have much pleasure in inviting essays in English on Indian Emigration, considered both in its general aspect and with special reference to Ceylon and the Straits Settlements and bearing on the following points:—

- (a) Its History
- (b) Advantages
- (c) Difficulties
- (d) Methods of overcoming difficulties.

2. The Essay competition is open to all residents of India (including Native States) and of Burmah and Ceylon irrespective of age, sex or race.

3. The essays should be sent so as to reach the undersigned on or before the 30th June 1917.

4. The following ladies and gentlemen have kindly consented to be adjudicators of the merits of the essays.

MISS E. MC. DOUGALL, M.A.,
Principal, Women's Christian College, Madras.

MRS. K. SATTHYANADHAN, M.A.,
Editor, Indian Ladies Magazine, Madras.

Prof. K. C. RAMANATHAN,
M.A., B.L., L.T.,
Pachaiyappa College, Madras.

ZAIN-UL ABIDIN SAHIB, ESQ., B.A.,
Shifa-ul-Mulk, Ez-Member Legislative Council, Madras.

I. SRINIVASA IYER, ESQ., B.A., F.M.U.,
Principal, Hindu College, Tinnevely,
E. KEYWORTH, ESQ., F.R., G.S.,
Palamcottah.

5. The first and second essayists will be awarded gold medals and the third a silver medal.

6. The essay should not exceed 16 pages F'cap in manuscript, written on one side only or 12 pages in type.

Palamcottah, South India,
16th Jan. 1917. } T. B. PANDIAN.

Madras War Fund.

Ladies' Depot.

Circular of Requirements for February 1917 and until Further Notice.

The requirements of the Ladies' Depot are now as follows and Her Excellency Lady Pentland will gratefully receive contributions of such articles which should be sent to—

The Ladies' Depot.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
Madras.

STORES	MISCELLANEOUS.
Smokes.	Gift bags.
Sweets.	Reading matter.
Lime juice.	Writing materials.
Spices and condiments.	Games, outdoor and indoor [British & Indian].
Pickles and chutneys.	Fishing nets and tackle.
Fruits, tinned or dried.	Socks
Golden syrup.	Twill shirts and pyjamas.
Sugar.	Dhoties.
Jellies.	Gauze vests.
Vegetables	Towels, dusters and handkerchiefs.
Biscuits & cakes } in tins.	Toothsticks & mirrors.
Ground coffee	Slippers.
Hair oil and soap nuts.	Cup and dish covers.
Keating's powder.	Housewives.
Camp chairs.	Bandages.
Country sleeping mats.	Fly rolls and flaps.
Walking sticks.	

Gift bags should be made of khaki drill or holland, should measure about 7"X9" and should be tied round with two tapes sewn on to the back. They should contain toothbrush or toothsticks, toothpaste, soap, small towel, hankerchief, writing-pad, pencil, a packet of cigarettes and a box of matches.

The following are two out of many letters of appreciation which have been received:—

(1) "On behalf of the patients in this hospital, I have to thank the Ladies' Depot, Madras War Fund, very much indeed for the excellent gifts which were received on the 20th September 1916. The contents of the bags are

most useful and well thought out. The patients highly appreciated the gift and the Medical officers all state that they are the best we have ever received."

(2) "The Commanding Officer desires me to thank your Committee most heartily for two cases which have just arrived containing a quantity of cigars, cigarettes, tinned fruits and other food, chit blocks, envelopes, toilet and washing soaps, dubbin, mufflers, shirts, handkerchiefs, socks and towels. A few of the articles were sent to the Regimental Hospital and the Remainder were distributed among the Non-Commissioned Officers and men of the Battalion, who appreciated them most highly, especially the smokes and food, the latter making a welcome change from army rations. It is wonderful how quickly the news gets round that cases or parcels have arrived from India or from Home."

R. G. MUNN,
LIEUT. COL.,
Military Secretary.

GOVT. HOUSE,
MADRAS,
29th Jan. 17. }

A. Scheme for Establishing an "Indian Ladies' Association."

AT BHOPAL.

THE measures so far adopted for the moral and material progress of Indian women were as puerile as they were void of proper attention and interest. It is for these reasons that the results were not as fruitful as they should have been. Nor was any effort ever made to carry out such measures as were most essential for the well-being of the generations to come. It is indeed

very disappointing that when the condition of women is compared with that of educated men the comparison becomes invidious.

Women are not so well advanced in education as to discover their own flaws and as such the task of bringing about healthy and happy reforms among them naturally devolves upon educated men. Those who are sympathetic among them have come forward and taken up the cause of female education. But they are sometimes overpowered under this heavy strain and come to a standstill. Nevertheless, one fact cannot be denied above all that, unfinished and half-hearted though these measures were, they have given to India a bright cluster of women who are imbued with an ardent desire for a real progress of reform among their own sex.

Should they make a united and unstinted effort and lend a helping hand to that sympathetic group which has already espoused their cause, then their efforts will certainly be crowned with success. They may not be able to reap the benefit in their life-time of what good has now been sown, but future generations—generations which will comprise both men and women, and for whose physical, educational and moral well-being the present generation is responsible—will doubtless have the advantage of a full and prosperous harvest. They will then be able to pursue the path which will now be paved for them. Men with whose co-operation women will push on this sacred work of reform to-day will in their turn be thankful to them to-morrow. It is, however, very encouraging to note that even under the present circumscribed circumstances, women have devoted their best attention to ameliorate the condition of

their sisters within their own respective communities. But such instances are few and far between; and what is more their sphere of influence is also very limited.

It is a well established fact that no country or community can ever lay a claim to civilisation, unless and until the men and women of different shades of opinion and diverse precepts of religion are quite at one and on the same level. All these phenomena indicate that for the moral and material progress of a community the evolution of its womanhood in general is most imperative.

Men are naturally led away by certain political reasons of their own and thus their endeavours are restricted for the exclusive benefit of their own community. But in this respect women cannot be deterred from making a united and well-diffused endeavour, because their common interests all over are so dexterously interwoven. Their objective is well defined and they should not therefore deflect from making a progress in their social reforms as well as in their education. The objects being so clear and definite, the consensus of their opinion and the concentration of their minds should render them all the more powerful.

After mature considerations of what all has been discussed above, I have come to the conclusion that, if women of all communities irrespective of caste and creed were to form in a body a strong Association for the amelioration of their own sex, and if such an Association worked with full scope and exercised a healthy influence on all the womankind, its benefits will be unbounded and its noble effects beyond belief.

But to make it successful at the outset without creating any difference of

opinion, it is quite essential that such a Society should consist of only educated and enlightened ladies who may possess a large-hearted toleration and be free from religious prejudices.

When such a united and cosmic Association of Indian women is once established, it will not only promote a spirit of social and educational reform among them, but also be an emblem of their own strength and union.

Rules and Regulations.

Name.—1. That a select body of Indian women of various castes and creeds which will think over and bring about the amelioration of their own sex shall be called the "Association of Indian Women."

Objects.—2. The objects of the Association are social reform and a general widespread of Female Education. The Association has no concern whatever with any political or religious movement.

Officers.—3. (a) One of the members elected by the majority of votes shall be appointed the Honorary Secretary of the Association.

For the assistance of the Honorary Secretary one or more officers may be selected.

(b) The Association will have no permanent President, but a fresh President will be selected for every General Meeting.

(c) Her Highness the Nawab Sultan Jahan Begam, G. C. S. I., G. C. I. E., C. I., Ruler of Bhopal, shall be the Life Patron of the Association.

Members of the Association.—4. (a) Such ladies as will take an active and keen interest in the moral and material progress of their Indian sisters shall be eligible for membership.

Those desirous of becoming members shall have to apply at once.

(b) Two weeks after the passing of the present Regulations there will be a general election of new members who will be eligible after being proposed by one of the old and existing members and seconded by the votes of the majority of members.

Fee for Membership.—5. No fee will be taken from any member for the coming five years. All expenses of the Association will be met with from the donation which Her Highness the Ruler of Bhopal will kindly contribute.

Head-Quarters.—6. The Head-Quarters of the Association will be at Bhopal.

The General Working of the Association.—7. (a) All the minutes and proceedings of annual meetings will be published in English, Urdu and Hindi or in any other vernacular language as occasion may arise.

(b) Ladies who will write any essay or pamphlet regarding the promulgation or the support of the association will have it published at their own expense. But should the members be in favour of such literature it will be published by raising a special subscription.

Agenda and Vote.—8. (a) All the Resolutions which shall have to be put up before the General Meeting should reach the Secretary's office, by registered post, at least three months ahead. It will be incumbent on the Secretary to circulate with the Agenda, at least two months' before the date of General Meeting, all the Resolutions thus received in her office.

Written Statements and Resolutions.—Those members who may be unavoidably absent from the General Meeting are at liberty to send to the Secretary their

opinion or resolution, in writing, at least 10 days before the date of the Meeting. Such papers will either be placed or read before the General Meeting.

Precedence in bringing up Resolutions.—10. (a) Each Resolution will be put up before the General Meeting and the order in which the several Resolutions will be put up will rest with the President.

(b) The members who presented that Resolution will be given the preference of speaking first on that subject. After that the other members who are either for or against the motion will speak. But on two members rising together to speak at once the President will decide as to which of the two will speak first.

Final decision on Resolutions.—11. Resolutions will be passed or dropped, as the case may be, by the majority of votes which will be counted by the President.

President's Vote.—12. The President will give her vote at the end, and it will rest with her to give her casting vote for or against the motion.

The Language of Speech.—13. All speeches will have to be made in such a language as may be generally understood by the members present, but should any member be not in a position to command such language her speech will be translated before the audience then and there.

President's Power to Stop Scathing Speeches.—14. (a) No member is authorised to make in respect of another member sarcastic or cutting remarks or to make an irrelevant speech, or to drift to subjects which may have a tinge of religion or politics.

(b) Should the speech of any member be replete with such observations as specified in (a) above, the President herself, or, at the instance of another member, will call the speaker to order, which, it will be the duty of the speaker to obey forthwith.

(c) Failing the President's order in (b) above, the member in default will be called upon to leave the meeting, and votes will be taken for the expunction of the defaulter's name. The votes will be in writing.

The Managing Committee and its duties.—15. (a) From among the several members or the Indian Ladies' Association, a Managing Committee will be constituted by the majority of votes. This Committee will continue to exist for three consecutive years.

(b) It will be incumbent on all the elected members of the Managing Committee to attend the General Meeting.

(c) The meeting of the Managing Committee will be held annually and the President will be elected from among the members present.

(d) The Managing Committee will try to bring into force those measures which have been passed at a General Meeting of the Association; and will also endeavour to adopt and promulgate the objects of the Association.



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[No. 5]

The Dead.

How they so softly rest,
All, all the holy dead,
Unto whose dwelling-place
Now doth my soul draw near!
How they so softly rest,
All in their silent graves,
Deep to corruption
Slowly down sinking!
And they no longer weep,
Here, where complaint is still!
And they no longer feel
Here, where all gladness flies!
And, by the cypresses
Softly o'ershadowed,
Until the Angel
Calls them, they slumber!

LONGFELLOW.

The Song of Hiawatha

BY
Longfellow.

THE basis of this beautiful poem is a tradition, which was prevalent among the North American Indian tribes of a man of miraculous birth, who was sent to clear their rivers and forests and fishing-grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace and civilisation, in fact, who was a sort of saviour to them. He had different names, one of which was Hiawatha. It is the story of this man's life that we are given here; and it is worth reading, for it is full of lessons to young and old.

"There he sang of Hiawatha,
Sang his wondrous birth and being,
How he prayed and how he fasted,
How he lived and toiled and suffered,
That the tribes of men might prosper,
That he might advance his people!"

The poet himself says that the song is chiefly addressed, to lovers of the beautiful haunts of Nature;

"Ye, who love the haunts of Nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,
And the rushing of great rivers
Through their palisades of pine-trees,
And the thunder in the mountains;"—

to the lovers of a nation's legends:

"Ye, who love a nation's legends,
Love the ballads of a people,
That like voices from far off,
Call to us to pause and listen,
Speak in tones so plain and childlike,
Scarcely can the ear distinguish,
Whether they are sung or spoken;"—

to those, whose hearts are fresh and simple:

"Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings,

For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness;"—

to those who sympathise:

"Ye, who sometimes, in your rambles,
Pause by some neglected graveyard,
For a while to muse and ponder,
On a half-effaced inscription,
Written with little skill of song-craft,
Homely phrases, but each letter
Full of hope and yet of heartbreak,
Full of all the tender pathos
Of the Here and the Hereafter"

We are told first of the Great Spirit, the Master of Life, descending on a mountain, and calling together the nations of men. He broke off a piece of the red sand-stone rock, made it into a pipe, smoked it over them, and told them that it was the *Pipe of Peace*, the peace-breathing calumet, and that he would send them a Deliverer:

"I am weary of your quarrels,
All your danger is in discord;
Therefore be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together.
I will send a Prophet to you,
Who shall guide you and shall teach you,
Who shall toil and suffer with you;
If you listen to his counsels,
You will multiply and prosper;
If his warnings pass unheeded,
You will fade away and perish!"

Then we are told of the birth of Hiawatha. Mudjekewis, the great hunter, in reward for his prowess, was chosen lord of the West-Wind; his children getting the East, South and North Winds. One day, when the moon was full, from it fell on earth Nokomis, a beautiful woman, the wife of a moon-fairy. A daughter was born to her, whom she called Wenonah, who

"Grew up like the prairie lilies,
With the beauty of the moonlight,
With the beauty of the starlight.

This girl was wooed by the false West Wind; and she bore him a son called Hiawatha, who grew up an

orphan, for his mother died at his birth and his father cruelly deserted him. Nokomis, the moon-woman, brought him up to be a child of Nature and told him many pretty legends of all the wonders around him.

"At the door on Summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
Saw the firefly,
Flitting through the dark of evening
With the twinkle of its candle,
Lighting up the brakes and bushes;
Saw the moon rise from the water,
Rippling, rounding, from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it;
Saw the rainbow in the heaven.

Then the little Hiawatha became friends with all the birds and beasts:

"Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets;
Of all the beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets."

Then he was taught hunting. We are told of his exultation as he killed his first deer, and how he was feasted and praised for it. He grew from childhood to manhood, swift of foot, strong of arm, brave of heart.

"Skilled in all the crafts of hunters,
Learned in all the lore of old men,
In all youthful sports and pastimes,
In all manly arts and labours."

As he grew up, there rose in his heart a great anger against his father, who had deserted his sweet mother. So he journeyed and journeyed on till he came to the Kingdom of the West Wind; and there he met his father and had a long conversation with him. Then we are told of the terrible conflict between the two, and of how the West Wind retreated before his son, till they went to "the portals of the Sunset, the earth's remotest border."

There the West Wind halted and told his son that all this had been but a test of his courage and strength, and

that now he would receive the reward for it:

"Go back to your home and people,
Live among them, toil among them,
Cleanse the earth from all that harms it,
Clear the fishing-grounds and rivers,
Slay all monsters and magicians,
And at last, when death draws near you,
I will share my kingdom with you."

After this, we are told that Hiawatha prayed and fasted in the forest, not of the sake of any material advantages,

"But for profit of the people,
For advantage of the nations."

As he lay exhausted in his lodge on the fourth day of the fasting, a beautiful youth approached him, dressed in green and yellow garments, with feathers of green bent over soft and golden hair. This was Mopdamin, "the friend of man," sent by the Master of life, to instruct Hiawatha, in return for his single-hearted and unselfish prayers. This youth wrestled with him for four days and was at last overcome. He was buried in the ground according to his own instructions. Hiawatha watched beside the grave night and day, till at last he saw issuing from the ground the maize plant in all its green and golden beauty. And thus was given this great new gift to the people.

Hiawatha had two great friends, Chibiabos the musician, and Kwasind, the very strong man:

"Long they lived in peace together,
Spake with naked hearts together,
Pondering much and much contriving
How the tribes of man might prosper."

He learnt to build his canoe from the bark of the Birch-tree, the boughs of the cedar, the roots of the Larch, the resin of the Fir and adorned it with a necklace of quills from the Hedgehog.

"And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch-tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,

All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily."

With this boat, he and his friends cleared the river of its logs and sand-bars.

Then we are told of his fishing and his killing of the mighty sturgeon, the King of Fishes, with the help of his bird-friends and the little Squirrel. With the oil of the fish, he smeared his beautiful canoe to make it go swiftly through the water to the haunt of the Pearl-feather;—

"He, the mightiest of Magicians,
Sends the fever from the marshes,
Sends the pestilential vapours,
Sends the poisonous exhalations,
Sends the white-fog from the fenlands,
Sends disease and death among us"

He killed this demon with the aid of Mama, the woodpecker, whose tuft of feathers he stained with red, in reward for his services.

After this came his wooing and wedding of the lovely maiden, Minnehaha, or Laughing Water;

"With her moods of shade and sunshine,
Eyes that smiled and frowned alternate,
Feet as rapid as the river,
Tresses flowing like the water,
And as musical a laughter."

Good advice was given the happy pair by all:

"O my children,
Day is restless, night is quiet.
Man imperious, woman feeble,
Rule by patience, Laughing Water."

After this, came happy days for the tribes. War and battles were forgotten and peace reigned sweetly everywhere. The magic plant, which Hiawatha had obtained through his fasting, grew luxuriantly in the fields; and we hear of the further blessing of them by the wife of Hiawatha, walking in the dark night, robed in her tresses, round the fields, drawing a magic wall round the fields to keep off flies, cater-

pillars, grasshoppers, worms and insects. The wicked crows tried to undo the blessing by ravaging the maize, but were defeated and killed by Hiawatha.

Then came the teaching of Picture-writing to the people. The thought came to Hiawatha one day of how there was no permanent record at all of his tribes:

"Lo! how all things fade and perish!
From the memory of the old men
Fade away the great traditions,
The achievements of the warriors,
The adventures of the bunters,
All the wisdom of the Medas,
All the craft of the Wabenos,
All the marvellous dreams and visions,
Of the Jossakeeds, the Prophets."

And he immediately started drawing wonderful figures having mystic meanings of all the things around him. Thus was born picture-writing.

After this came the teaching of medicines. Chibiabos, the sweet musician, was killed by the evil spirits, and his friend Hiawatha mourned deeply for him. Then all the magicians and prophets came to visit him and heal him with their medicines. They even called up the ghost of Chibiabos and made it the Ruler in the land of spirits.

"Forth then issued Hiawatha,
Wandered eastward, wandered westward,
Teaching men the use of simples,
And the antidote for poisons,
And the cure of all diseases.
Thus was first made known to mortals
All the mystery of Medamin,
All the secret art of healing."

We are then told the story of the conquering of the Storm-fool, the whirler of snow-flakes, the blower of the gusty wind, whom Hiawatha changed into the great War-Eagle.

Then the ghosts of all the Departed appeared to him, came daily to his house, stole his food and disturbed his rest. But neither Hiawatha, nor Minnehaha, nor Nokomis disturbed them,

but always welcomed them. Finally they one day told Hiawatha their errand. He was to teach his people not to weep for them with lamentations, which but called them back from their happy rest, and not to bury in their graves heavy death-offerings, which were but a burden to the spirits:

"Farewell, noble Hiawatha!
We have put you to the trial,
To the proof have put your patience,
We have found you great and noble,
Fail not in the greater trial,
Faint not in the harder struggle."

But troubles came upon Hiawatha. His great friend, Kwasind, the Strong Man, was killed by the Little People, because he was too overcome by lazy sleep to fight with them. Then came a terrible famine, in which the beloved Minnehaha died:

"Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you!
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Land of the Hereafter!"

One day, Iagoo, the great traveller, returned to the land, telling them of a wonderful piece of water he had seen, of a great canoe, "bigger than a grove of pine-trees," of warriors in the canoe with white faces, and bearded chins. The people laughed at him, but Hiawatha knew he spoke the truth, for he had seen it all in a vision, and the strangers were coming to their land; but they were blessed strangers.

"The great spirit, the Creator
Sends them hither on his errand.
Wheresoever they tread, beneath them
Springs a flower unknown among us,
Springs the White Man's Foot in blossom."

They were to be welcomed and hailed as brothers.

"And the heart's right hand of friendship
Give them when they come to see us."
Listen to their words of wisdom,
Listen to the truth they tell you,
For the Master of Truth has sent them
From the land of light and morning."

So the White Men came to the land, and were welcomed right royally. Then was told the people the story of the cross, of the great Saviour, Christ, who had lived and died for men. The chiefs all listened, encouraged by Hiawatha, and made gentle answer:

"We have listened to your message,
We have heard your words of wisdom,
We will think on what you tell us.
It is well for us, O brothers,
That you came so far to teach us!"

So the old order of things changed. Hiawatha's noble work was finished. He was leaving his people in good hands. And alas! he was going away from them:

"I am going, O my people,
On a long and distant journey;
Many moons and many winters,
Will have come and will have vanished
Ere I come again to see you."

So he went away:

"And the people from the margin,
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,
Till the birch-canoe seemed lifted
High into that sea of splendour,
Till it sank into the sea of vapours
Like the new moon slowly, slowly
Sinking in the purple distance."

But, before he went, he saw a distant vision of the future of his people:

"I beheld too in that vision.
All the secrets of the future,
Of the distant days that shall be.
I beheld the westward marches
Of the unknown crowded nations.
All the land was full of people,
Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,
Speaking many tongues, yet feeling
But one heart-beat in their bosoms.
In the woodlands rang their axes,
Smoked their towns in all the valleys,
Over all the lakes and rivers,
Rushed their great canoes of thunder."

But alas!

"Then a darker, drearier vision
Passed before me, vague and cloudlike.
I beheld our nations scattered,
All forgetful of my counsels,
Weakened, warring with each other;
Saw the remnants of our people
Sweeping westward, wild and woeful,
Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,
Like the withered leaves of Autumn!"

It is ever so; birth, growth, progress;—disobedience, decay!

PADMINI.

CHANDRIKA.

(By the light of the moon)
(All rights reserved.)

A Scene.

Dramatis Personae.

Chandrika : The Fairy of the Moon.

Lakshmi : A School-girl.

Janaki : Her companion.

The Messenger of Dawn.

Place.

A Street in an Indian country-town.

Time.

During the early part of 1915.

It is sunset with a full moon rising. The fairy appears first alone, coming on cautiously, peeping round everywhere. (Soft music playing). She sees the two girls approaching and quickly hides behind a tree, where she can see and hear them, herself invisible.

L. Why did you not know your lesson to day? See how our teacher had to scold you; it made you cry.

J. I was thinking about the War I had heard of; do you know anything about it?

L. The War! You mean the War in Europe? No, why should I?

J. Why! Well that is just what kept me from learning my lesson properly.

L. Oh! how silly! Why should we girls bother about such things? I asked my Mother one day; she had heard there was a War, but she did not think about it except that it made things so dear.

J. Did you ever hear of a country called Belgium?

L. Yes that is the country——.

J. Wait! Yesterday I was doing my lessons, when I heard my father say to a friend, "The Germans have killed women and children in Belgium. They

killed many old ones and took all the young ones away somewhere. They have even killed children. German soldiers were seen marching past a house, where a little boy was playing; one of them stuck his 'bayonet' (that is the word father used) into the little boy and carried him off like that."

L. Oh Lakshmi! I can't believe it! don't tell me more! I cannot bear it.

J. Now you understand! I felt like that myself and went and asked my father whether it was true and would the Germans do the same to us if they were able to come to India? But he was angry with me for listening and told me to go and do my lessons; women and girls had nothing to do with the war, he said.

L. But if they kill women and girls we have something to do with it.

J. That is what frightened me. I dreamt about it in the night. I want to know what a "bayonet" is; I want to find some one who knows all about this war.

(The Fairy comes forward, smiling).

F. Here I am, children, I can tell you what you want to know!

(Both girls scream and run away; the Fairy calls after them and follows).

F. Why are you so frightened? I heard what you said; come, come, tell me your names

(Lakshmi hides behind Janaki).

L. and J. But who are you? where do you come from? (together) When did you come? Why did you——

F. Softly! softly! One question at a time! I am the Fairy of the Moon and it is my work to go round the world every 24 hours, and to watch what human beings I can help.

J. Then you see everything, everything! Please, can you not take us with you?

F. And just now you wanted to run away from me! No, dear, I cannot take you with me, but I can tell you what I have seen. (Both girls press round the Fairy and Lakshmi takes Janaki's hand to make her come closer).

L. Please, dear Fairy, will you tell us all you have seen in this war and tell us all about it?

J. And what a "bayonet" is? (shivering).

F. Yes but it will make you very sad; (L. and J. sit down).

Before this war, I loved all countries alike; each had its beautiful places, its holy groves, its smiling valleys; the building of its power and its learning; the spacious greatness of its mountains, the golden crops of its prosperity. Each place I made more beautiful with my light; my heart went out to each country with a joy that made me sing with the choirs of the stars praising the Lord God who rules over all. Now, over half of the world I see slaughter, ruin, fire; the agonies of the wounded, the prayers of the dying, the tears and despair of women; fair places fouled; the beautiful earth stained with the blood of those whom it reared.

L. But why, why, why must such terrible things be? (She hides her face in her veil).

F. Suppose you had two quiet little sisters, and a big bad neighbour insulted them and began to beat them; would you not run to help them, especially if you had promised to do so?

L. Yes of course; we would have to do it. Besides he might come and beat us too!

J. Oh dear! yes of course.

F. Just so! Apart from their sacred promises, this fear also influences each country fighting in Europe. You see there they all are round a big bad neighbour. I will tell you their names:

first there is one called little Serbia; she has a big sister called Russia close by her. The big bad neighbour who tried to beat her is called Austria Germany or Germany, two names for two different countries joined together. When he tried to threaten little Serbia, big sister Russia said "take care how you treat my little sister!" But the big bad neighbour cared nothing for words. He watched them like a cat watches a mouse. Little Serbia had another big sister called France; she had more cause to know how terrible a neighbour Germany can be than any other country in Europe. She knew what he meant to do before he did it.

L. What did he do then?

F. He said to Russia "I fight you now because you help Serbia!" But, before any of the sisters had time to finish talking or to defend themselves, he rushed towards France and attacked her! Then, something extraordinary happened. The big bad neighbour had to strike very quickly if he were to ruin France, and his shortest way to reach her lay through Belgium (turning and taking Janaki's hand) the country of which you spoke before I came to you. To the King of this country, the sisters had promised protection and independence. So had Germany, but he tried to forget and deny that promise. (She bends forward intently). This King seeing the awful danger that threatened his sisters and all Europe, stood up bravely to the big bad neighbour and said "This is my country; I have no quarrel with France; your armies shall not pass through my territories to kill her." Then it was that the big bad neighbour rushed on through Belgium and did those dreadful things of which you heard. (Turning to Janaki), A bayonet, which you wanted to know about, is a short, sharp,

thick spear fixed to the barrel of a rifle (pats the frightened child's arm).

L. Why did he do it?

F. To terrify the Belgians into submission.

L. And did he?

F. No, because the Belgians preferred to suffer all those horrors rather than become cowards. And also they delayed the Germans gloriously.

J. Had Belgium no sister, could nobody help her?

F. England had to come forward to keep her promise. Besides, it was plain to see that, if the big bad neighbour conquered France, his one desire in life was to come across from France and attack England.

L. Are you sure?

F. Only too sure! For years longer than your mothers can remember, the big bad neighbour had been teaching his people year in and year out to hate England.

L. Why, what has England done to him?

F. England is an island; therefore for hundreds of years she had to have ships to send them to all parts of the world. With a big fleet she controlled her sea routes and made many friends in other countries. Meanwhile, the big bad neighbour became bigger and fatter every day and wedged in as he was between Servia's two sisters France and Russia, he had to look out for more room for himself. That room he thought he could only find by looking towards Asia, where England was already settled. So he says to his people "It is not enough that you pay for the biggest army in the world; you must also pay for building a navy." And then, my dear children, began a struggle such as you cannot imagine! As quickly as he built a ship, so quickly

he added a regiment to his many thousands, so quickly they had to count theirs! It was like war without the killing! When the sisters asked him "why do you do this?" he smiled and said "I must have these ships to protect my trade," and he pretended to be ever so friendly. Europe and England believed him. But I knew. I watched this fever of ship-building and of making every man born into a soldier. He also paid vast sums to certain people to make them tell lies in the newspapers about England because he knows that people like reading newspapers. People believe in print! He thought England would never fight him, (smiling) he is tremendously clever but I cannot tell you at all why he is so ridiculously blind when he judges England—and British—affairs! I think: "hate blinds a man."

L. Could he do anything against the sisters' ships and the British Fleet?

F. He knows he dare not meet the British war ships on the open sea; whenever he has tried to do so he has had to retire quickly! England's losses have done her no harm whereas Germany's losses have always taught him a terrible lesson. So he attacks under water with what are called "submarines." He attacks not only warships, but any ships of any country, fishing vessels, merchantmen, passenger boats, relief ships and even think of this: hospital ships with the wounded on board going home. Naturally those countries who are not at war with him are becoming very angry. It will do him no good in the end.

J. Will this big bad neighbour be beaten back and when?

F. By now he has nearly all the European countries fighting against him and in the East the Japanese Fleet

helps England and Russia to keep his ships off. The sisters must go on fighting, until he becomes too weak to try again to kill them. From what I have seen in his own country, I do not think he will hold out much longer.

L. What will happen then?

F. Every country will come into its own again without having to live in constant fear of such a neighbour. The countries of the British Empire outside England, like India, will continue to enjoy Peace. The British Raj is just; it thinks first of the needs, traditions and prospects of its people. I saw this clearly, when those Indian Soldiers, who stood ready to fight in this war under the British Flag, sang and danced and then fought like tigers! The King Emperor honours them side by side with his own soldiers. When he pins the medal on their breasts and the wounded cannot move perhaps, but can only look up into their Emperor's eyes, yet they trouble no more about pain nor do they mind waiting long before they can return to their own country.

J. What is a battle like? Have you ever watched over one?

F. Over many, but I fear to tell you: What I saw one night in France after a battle, I remember well: it was bitterly cold; there was white ice on the ground; I saw the red blood against it; I tried hard, hard to pierce the clouds and to give the men there light to see by; one man's leg was shot through, he raised himself and called for water; another could not rise even; swiftly and silently Englishmen (they had a white bandage on their arms with a red cross on it) came running along with litters. They lifted those wounded men on the litters and put them in the motor ambulances waiting further back; quickly they reached the field hospitals. My light

followed them and I looked through the window; carefully the doctors washed and dressed each wound and nurses sat watching all night to keep fever off. Many looked up to my light and (I thought) sighed contentedly. As soon as they could be moved, they were taken in hospital ships to England. In England there are big hospitals for your Indian soldiers only; because there are Hindus, Mahomedans, Sikhs, Ghurkhas, Jats, Dogras, Baluchis. They must each have their caste rules respected and their separate food cooked by their own caste men. I have seen as many as nine separate kitchens in one such hospital and as many water supplies and wash-houses. If a man dies, he is buried by his own people with all the right ceremonies, just as if he had died at home.

L. Is there enough food for so many wounded?

F. All necessities are provided. The nation would rather starve than let their wounded want.

L. What are necessities?

F. Tell me, what do you think you must have for your daily food?

L. Rice and curries and,——

J. (Interrupting). But my Mother also gives me curds and sweets and fruits and oh! ever so many nice things besides!

F. (smiling) I see, a kind mother who has money to spare. Apparently also she likes her little girls to be comfortable and to wear pretty jewels!

L. (wanting also to be admired). Look, my Father gave me these bracelets.

F. Happy little girls! Just such extra happiness many people have tried to provide for the Indian soldiers during this war; the comforts which please a man, who is lonely and in pain. Once I saw on a special day presents given to all the soldiers; one

of the Indian soldiers looked a little quiet, so his nurse asked him "do you enjoy your present?"

"Oh yes"! he said, "but it does not come from my home".

J. Oh! can I send him what he wants?

F. This you cannot do by yourself, but if you like to save an anna here and an anna there and ask your friends to do the same you will get it done successfully. Many people in India set apart their time to take and distribute all such collections in Mesopotamia or in England wherever there are Indian soldiers; then each of those kitchens of which I told you can buy just what dainties it wants, or they can buy presents which the nurses want so badly to cheer up the men as they get better, so that they can have the happiness of knowing that they are remembered and prayed for. I once heard two Indian soldiers talking together like this: said one "Brother, why are you fighting here? You have your own lands and a wife and children at home; is it for the pay?" The other got very angry; "If you were not so young and new", he said, "I should feel that you were trying to insult me. I fight because of my Oath to my Emperor. I fight to save my family and all the women and children of my country from the fate that has befallen other countries, not so fortunately placed as my own, through these Germans. All I want is to see my family once again, if only for one glance." Just then an orderly came and gave him a big woollen scarf, which his daughter had made for him; he gazed at it, he hugged it, he put it round his neck; he took it off again to look at it. All that night he had beautiful dreams. The other man, who was not married, also received by the same

Mail a present from people in India to their soldiers. He then understood that they remembered him and realised better what he was fighting for.

J. I cannot make a scarf, but can I send my annas up? What can I do? I am only ten you know!

L. I am older, tell me!

F. All you have to do is to give your money, and ask your friends to do the same, into the hands of those of whom I told you, who know how and where to send it so that it shall be of real use. I know this your native town; I have watched it often taking the lead in many fine and public enterprises. And (laughing) if there is any soldier who does not know where it may be, I shall whisper to him what and where it is!

L. Dear and Wonderful Fairy, who knows everything and sees so much and has made us understand this great trouble, could you not yourself tell the people of this town?

F. I will, if you wish it. (Suddenly she hides her face and sinks on her knees).

The Messenger of Dawn enters in haste and addresses the Fairy;

Be quick, your time is up; hurry away or surely you will die!

F. The Sun is merciless. Men have to hide their deeds from him, the all-seeing. I have seen violent death with all its horrors, and only I can tell about the courage, endurance and tenacity of those who have fought through a long night and wait for the dawn. Can I not stay a little longer?

M. (Who has all this time moved restlessly to and fro, watching the sky). The sky is already clearing, I will run quickly and call to the wind to roll up some heavy clouds to hide the Sun for a few minutes longer; Quick then, quick! (lifting up the Fairy who has

sunk on her knees in supplication and leading her towards the audience).

Do what you wish to do before the Sun sees you and overwhelms you with his light! (runs off quickly).

F. (Turning to the audience).

Before I must return to my moon, help me, dear friends, to go hence with a glad heart, because I shall have accomplished the good for which I look to you tonight. When the light of the moon descends so clearly during an Indian night and shines on your peaceful villages, on harvests gathered in, on little children safely asleep, as if there were no terrors, no war in this world—then I dread the hour when my light must fall again on so much suffering, on villages burnt and deserted, on widows homeless and grief, on stricken orphans who know not where God will provide the next meal for them.

Think, show your pride in your men, your pity for those who suffer.

Think not to say that your help will be of little effect;

Even one single tear dried, one pain relieved, one dying struggle soothed, one reviving hope kept alive and strengthened will swell the effort of our united Empire to attain its glorious aim!

Only if all help, will that aim come to its fulness.

Seize the opportunity now put before you. By gladdening the hearts of others, make your own hearts glad; and when the day of our full peace comes, India, by right of blood and devotion, shall take her place as the brightest jewel in the Imperial Crown of England.

(Suggestion for the costume of the Moon-Fairy); a pale greenish silk, of that soft tint which is seen when the sun sets and the full moon rises. It is

to be ornamented with silver-tinsel binding, and gold, silver and blue beads.

A white silk muslin-veil, scattered over with buds and arranged inside a beaded crown, in the fashion of the English queens of the 13th century.

C. L. A.

The Women's Christian College, Madras.

SEVERAL years ago, a committee was appointed in Madras to consider the possibility of establishing a first grade residential college for women in Madras. This was to be under the control of the many missionary societies of India. In 1912, this scheme became part of the missionary plans for India. Visits to America and England aroused much interest in, and sympathy with, the scheme. Finally, the college was opened in 1915. It was affiliated to the University of Madras as a first-grade college in December 1915. Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Pentland visited the college in January 1916. In February, there was a visit from Dr. Chamberlain, the Secretary and Treasurer of the American section of the College Council.

A great deal of interest has been shewn in this college by the women's colleges in England and America; and there has also been substantial financial help. Among other instances, we may mention the donation of Rs. 26,700 from the Old Students Fund of the Westfield College in England, the gift of Rs. 75,000 from the American Baptist Board, and the yearly amounts paid by twelve societies in S. India. The College has a very efficient staff of teachers under the worthy Principalship of Miss E. McDougall, M.A. That the institution itself is a popular one we see from the fact that towards the end of last

year, there were 70 residential members in the college. There is a fine library, "small, but well-chosen," attached to the college. There is also a Debating Society, a Literary Society, a Dramatic Society, a Musical Society, a Games Club and a Y.W.C.A. Branch. There is also a college magazine called the "Sunflower," ably edited and managed. Various visits are made during the year by the students, to instructive institutions such as to the Lighthouse, to St. Thomas' Mount, etc.

The college is openly a christian institution and the aims of the missionary are set in front. The observance of Sunday is specially seen to in the College.

The following is an account of a day in the college:

8-30 a.m., Drill class; 8-45, Roll-call and morning worship; 9 to 10 a.m. Scripture classes three times a week, for two of which all the school assembles. The third class is separated into groups according to denominations.

Then lectures.

11 to 12-30 Breakfast and rest. Lectures then till 3-30, except on Fridays, when 2-30 to 3-30 is taken up by the Debating and Literary Societies. Every second Friday, the news of the time is related by the Principal. 4 p.m., tea and conversation; 5 to 7-30 p.m. exercise in the compound; 7-30 Dinner. On five days of the week, four students are invited daily to the high table by the Principal.

Then evening worship. Then studies till 10 o'clock.

The College has its premises in Nungambakum at Doveton House. The history of this house is rather interesting. It was built by Mr. Benjamin Roebuck about 1798; 30 years later it became the property of Sir John Doveton, from whom it took its name. He was a

distinguished cavalry officer, and served with distinction in the campaigns against Hyder Ali and the Mahrattas, after which he was publicly thanked by the General on his leadership. He died at Doveton House in 1847, after giving the property to a Brahmin family, which added the name of *Doveton* to their Hindu titles. In 1875, the house did the duty of a prison to Mulhar Rao, Gaekwar of Baroda, who had attempted to murder his British resident. Traces still remain of his occupation, such as a little stone monkey-house, and the spacious room in the roof, from which a view can be had up to St. Thomas' Mount. Then came other tenants to the house. In 1898, Doveton house was taken by Sir Ralph and Lady Benson, who had it till 1914. The Indian National Congress was held here; and for some time it was a hostel for the students of the Pachaiyappa's College. In 1916, it became the property of the Women's Christian College.

The College motto is "Lighted to lighten", a very significant one for the girl-students, especially when we consider it in connection with Rabindranath Tagore's poem: "The Maiden with the lamp." The College Song is a suggestive one:

"There is a College nobly planned,
Founded to help our Motherland;
This is her purpose great and high,
And we will love her till we die.
Study and friendship, prayer and play,
These occupy our College day;
Training of body, soul and mind,
All in our College surely find.
English and History, Botany,
Languages, Science, Philosophy,
Such in our College is the lore,
And daily we learn more and more.
'Lighted to lighten,' we proclaim
Service of India as our aim,
So let our lamps be filled and trimmed,
To bear our light to all undimmed.
Eastern and Western we unite,
Strong against every wrong to fight;
This is our progress great and high,
And we will hold it till we die."

It will not be amiss to close this little sketch with a few words from the Principal's message to the students in the College Magazine.

"There is no department of life, in which University women have not made their presence felt, and always as a power that makes for betterment. The term 'University woman' in England connotes some one efficient, public-spirited, large-minded, generous, devoted to her duty, trustworthy and 'good at need.' It is not only that they compose the strength of the teaching and medical professions; but in all kinds of public and social services, even where learning and intellectual attainments do not at first sight seem essential, the demand for 'College-bred women' is unending. And they are as yet only on the threshold of their usefulness.

There was never a time in the history of India when the need for educated and well-trained women was so great as now. If they will set themselves patiently to learn the lessons of the experience of women in other lands, and then bring trained intellects and disciplined wills to the service of their country, there is no limit to the service which they may render.

Much has been done for us, and it now remains that we should do our part to 'fulfil the good intent of our founders.' There is nothing that they could do for us that they have not done, and it rests with us to make the College the beautiful thing it was intended to be. This cannot be accomplished by fitful moments of generous enthusiasm, but by faithful and meritorious work, by daily perseverance, by thousands of small acts of self-discipline, and by the habit of preferring the very best to the fairly good."

We give a picture of the professors and students of the College from 1916 to 1917.

AN INDIAN LADY.

Popularity.

A popular man is always a matter of curiosity and it will be interesting to make a rough classification of different kinds of popularity, and to see why a man is popular and with whom. There are three definite kinds of popularity, and these may be divided into sub-groups; but as this article is only concerned with a rough draft, it will be quite sufficient to try and enumerate the characteristics of the popular man in each of the three different kinds of popularity.

The first kind of popularity is the general kind and is so common that this type of man may be found almost anywhere, followed by a few satellites or otherwise. The characteristics of this popular man are easily enumerated. They consist chiefly of a ready wit, a clever repartee, good sportsmanship and a well-dressed appearance to keep in harmony with his inward dash. This sort of man is very popular with the common herd of people. He can talk boldly to the ladies, flirt with them perhaps, he knows when to make a witty remark, and his admiring followers applaud him voiceferously; he knows the standard jokes by heart and the latest rag-time songs. He has all the scandal of the neighbourhood at his finger tips and he knows how to flatter; no wonder he is so popular with the commonality.

But even with all these laudable attributes, this many-talented man is not appreciated by a few people of a particular type, who may be named, the *Select few*. By the "Select few" is meant, the men who can look through the outward dross into the inner heart and see if the heart is made of gold or

of lead. Let us consider, why this kind of man is not liked by the *Select few*. His first and foremost characteristic for instance, is a ready wit. Now, there are two kinds of wit; one is original and the other borrowed. As time passes on; original wit becomes more and more scarce, because each original man will discover some new form of expressing wit and this will continue until there is not a single witty thought or answer which will not have to be borrowed. Even a man's most witty comment, if carefully examined, is in most cases borrowed. This borrowed plumage is either delivered in its own natural originality or is twisted and turned by the borrower and is so neatly clothed in his own words that, when it is delivered, it is believed to be a piece of native originality; in spite of its having been the product of some ancient ancestor, now long since dead and plunged into the dark obscurity of the grave. But this is not the case with all people, for some (only a few) are capable of producing some very original wit. Therefore a man may be popular with the common herd on account of his borrowed plumage, but still he is not admitted into the circle of the *Select few*.

The second kind of popularity is more scarce and is difficult to be found by all. A stranger may say of the man; "The man is not witty, he is not fond of talking;" and still he is popular. But this is the opinion of strangers. This man is not popular with the common herd. They say he does not join in their pleasantries, neither does he laugh at their jokes nor does he joke himself; it is seldom he speaks and if he does so, the words seem to be forced out and are constrained in the extreme; he is clumsy and is quite unable to talk to the ladies, as they ought to be talked to; that fellow

is quite impossible. But the *Select few* also have something to say of him. Among them he is popular. His friends know him and understand him. In their presence, he breaks out into a 'Noble strain of thought.' He talks fluently and his friends hang upon his answers. He is loved, adored and revered by them. But, among strangers, he shuts up like a telescope. Such a man was Joseph Addison.

There is a third kind of popularity. Here is a man popular with all. He has wit combined with wisdom, cleverness of repartee with intellectual intelligence, levity with gravity. Such a man is thoroughly acquainted with the proverb, "when in Rome, do as the Romans do." This is by far the best kind of popularity.

It is therefore clearly seen that popularity depends upon two main things:—The nature of the man and the covering with which he clothes his nature.

W. R. S. S.

Technical Education in India.

WE perfectly agree with Sir John Jardine that the present system of high general education has been most beneficial to the people, because it has opened our eyes to the very many defects of our past career in the world and also to the needs of the future of our race, if we are to continue to be a factor in the progress of the world. Sir John is quite right in pointing out that the present leading position of Germany in manufactures is mainly due to the superiority of the general educational system of Germany over that followed in other European countries, and that in Scotland the improvement of agriculture

followed the diffusion of high general education. We do not question the value of these and other examples adduced ably by Sir John as tending to show that the present system of education is calculated to benefit the future of the industrial development in India, by enabling us to understand the manifold lessons of the past history of human progress and by scattering the evils of ignorance, bigotry, prejudice and time-honoured routine. At the same time it should be borne in mind that so long as the technical side of education is neglected and ignored, so long as the educated intelligence of our university men has to be turned to purely literary pursuits or merely official employment and cannot for want of technical education be directed to practical pursuits, people cannot at all render any service to their country by developing agriculture, its arts and its industries. The old customary methods of industry cannot compete with the machinery, and the combination and the enterprise by which the cheap products of European manufacture are made to flood the Indian market. Our cloth-weavers, our metal workers are degenerating fast; and it is imperatively necessary that they should all be brought together so as to find scope for their hereditary aptitudes in the new and improved forms of industry by which European products are raised. Some attempts have been made in this direction, but these have been but very partially successful and sometimes they have proved thorough failures, because they are not able to keep pace with the improved methods which are discovered and employed in Europe. It is by having a well-organised system of technical education in India that we can ensure a good scope for the in-

tellect of the land, educated and trained under a well-devised system of general education, being directed to the arts and industries of the country and thereby resulting in the discovery and successful application of such suitable appliances and methods of working them as will advance our own material progress. The industrial downfall of our country has been brought about by the mediæval separation between intellect and handicraft skill. As the result of the neglect of the general education of our artisan classes, they became entangled in the 'miry ruts of routine' and have been entirely crushed by the competition of the improved machinery of Europe. Hence the sense of hopeless ruin and desolation has seized our industrial classes and now only they are beginning to seek for their material improvement by sending their children to our schools to acquire a literary education and compete for Government employment. This is certainly calculated to do India the greatest possible harm. No doubt India is an agricultural country, but there is no reason why India should not be a manufacturing country too. There was a time when our country was the foremost country in the world for manufacturing industry and our manufactures were exported to distant parts of the globe and were in great demand there. The contrast between that state of prosperity and the present era of industrial decay and disaster is highly discouraging and it is necessary to seek a speedier remedy. No time should be lost in devising a good system of technical and industrial education. The present system of Government technical examinations for the purpose of restoring industrial prosperity is not very successful. When even in England the people are

daily engaged in raising a cry for improved technical education, how much more should we in India raise our voice for the same cause here. Let us eagerly hope that something speedily will be done by our Benign Government towards the inauguration of a system of technical education here. This is one of the surest needs of the day and the people of India will really bless their rulers if they will have the generosity and foresight to see that something is done to supply it.

V. BALASUBRAMANYAN.

O, The Tragedy of It!

IT was the evening of the 15th of December; a bright sun was shining over the Hostel grounds. A few students were playing tennis, and round them was a group of their class-mates applauding, cheering, and jeering, and in various other ways accompanying with their admiration or their contempt the strokes of the various players. Among them stood Gopalakrishnan, a pale-faced, slightly-built youth, with the sleepy eyes of the dreamer, but eyes which could at times flash with an ardent glow.

Suddenly a change came over the knot of students, for Rajaram, one of the brightest of the class, brought the information that the notice-board contained the announcement that a number of students would not be presented for the ensuing Intermediate Examination, and that Gopalakrishnan's name was among the number. The interest now shifted from the game to the news of which Rajaram was the herald. Who were those who had been detained? In what subjects had they been detained? What considerations had prompted the detention? These were

the topics that were discussed by that group of students. But none remarked that Gopalakrishnan had softly retired from that scene, unobserved by any.

When he received the news, it came upon him as a shock. True, he had not been particularly bright in his studies. When first he joined the College, he had had a bright School-Final Record. In his native town in Malabar, the pleasant land of hills and valleys, under the care of a headmaster who understood his peculiarities, and who sympathised with him, the lad had come out the first in his class. But in the alien atmosphere of the Town, where the professors took or seemed to take no interest in him, where the large crowd of students stifled his individuality, the boy had lost all interest in himself and in his work.

The change from the school to the College standard had been too sudden. Too suddenly had he been called upon to understand and appraise the relative merits of English writers, he who could barely make himself understood in decent English. In Mathematics, in the Science subjects, the student felt that he could scarcely cope with the work. There was no one close at hand to urge him on to work, or, what was even more important, to point out the right methods of work. The last two years had been to him, a period of misery. Step by step, he had failed to keep up with his class. If, by superhuman effort, he kept himself from sinking in one subject, it was only at the cost of yet more disastrous failure in another.

But he had really intended to pass in the last examination. He had worked hard. He had sought the help of the cleverer students, though it had galled him to the quick. He had hoped against hope that he yet might be given

a chance, and that he might be allowed to sit for the public examination. His father had urged upon him the necessity of passing the examination, and now he would not even be presented.

Thoughts came surging into him like wave after wave of a tumultuous sea. He recalled the day when he had set out from his native-land, a boy of sixteen, with lofty dreams of what he would do in far-off Madras. There he would come in contact with the brightest intellects of the Presidency. He would see for himself those people about whom others discussed in their homes. He would acquire so much learning. He would be an ornament to his family. It had always been distinguished for its learning. Through generations it had won the favour of princes and monarchs by its profound Sanskrit lore—and now at last had come this rude upheaval. What would the shades of his departed ancestors think about this unworthy scion of their race? How could he go home and meet his father, his father who had in letter after letter kept telling him that he ought to try his best to secure a pass, and that every other consideration was to be subordinated to the supreme necessity of securing the degree? How could he meet that father?

And of various other things he thought, of the school where he had won the good opinion of students and teachers alike, of his dearly-loved home, his mother who had fondled him on her knees, of his sister with whom he had played so many childish games. How could he go back and revisit those who were near and dear to him? Would not the finger of scorn be pointed at him by young and old? He had been the first from his village to go to Madras for purposes of study. The

simple villagers had come to him and blessed him and wished him a prosperous career. And how had it all ended?

Was life worth living? What if he put an end to himself? Nobody loved him or would love him in the world. Was not his a wasted life? Why should he continue to live a burden to the earth? Why should he shame his friends, his relatives, his father? Another existence was waiting for him, and, then, perhaps, he might do better. But in this life all had been evil. He had been the play-thing of Fate. Death would end all.

That night Gopalakrishnan was missed at the roll-call. Nor was he seen the next morning. Anxious inquiries among the students led to no results. In the evening it was reported that a corpse had been stranded on the beach.

Far away in an obscure village of Malabar, a beautiful damsel of thirteen goes by with a face saddened with the sadness of despair. She is clothed in scanty garments, tripped of her jewels, shorn of her raven tresses. Hers is the crime of having sent her lord into Yama's realm.

K.



Story-telling in the Kindergarten.

STORY-telling is not only a formal subject of teaching in the Kindergarten; it colours in truth everything that is imparted in the Kindergarten. As the *parable* is most frequently the medium of imparting spiritual truth, the story is the legitimate form of instruction in the garden of children. Is it because the Kingdom of children and the Kingdom of heaven are so allied?

It is interesting to observe how every subject of instruction at school is reducible in its preliminary stages to the form of a story. Even Arithmetic begins with concrete examples and situations, where the bare needs of a story have to be fulfilled. The need of the story here is the result of the effort to make instruction in scientific truths *real* in every sense.

A story lesson has considerable value for exercise in language. The extension of vocabulary involved in recounting the new situations and the new incidents of stories is obvious.

In knowledge of subjects like geography and history, the story can be made quite fascinating. Of course the fascination is possible because the instinct of curiosity is rampant in childhood. It is the task of the teacher at every step to rouse this curiosity, evident in most children and dormant in others. Story-telling, as a form of instruction involves by necessity the enveloping of more or less common truths and common objects with a degree of romance. And is not this most welcome at a stage when "the shades of the prison house of human life" have not as yet closed quite round the world of immortal childhood? Strictly scientific phenomena, like the earth moving round the sun and the moon round the earth,

are not these the glorious stories of the universe? The huge terrestrial globe rotating at a maddening pace and revolving millions of miles round the great solar star and giving us all the seasons of the year, the foliage of spring, the autumnal moon, the rains from the clouds, the rising sun of the east and the setting sun of the west, the rivers and the mountains on earth, is not all this a romantic story for man to drink in as pleasantly as possible at least in his earliest stage of life?

The place of the story in history-teaching is yet more evident. Biography is necessarily the most prominent part of history in its earliest stages and its kinship to story needs hardly to be mentioned.

Story-telling to little children—and even at later stages—need not and should not be confined to what is truthful and real merely. One of the most interesting gifts of childhood is the possession of an active and even extravagant imagination and fancy. This is a healthy sign of life after all, as it will conduce most to aesthetic training and richness of the mental creative faculty. But the stories of national myth and legend have probably the sublimest influence on the human mind. The vacuity resulting in man by the absence of the knowledge of one's national myths can be better imagined than stated. But the greatest stories of ancient times, and the numberless accounts of the world when gods and goddesses lived on earth receive the most willing ear in childhood and leave a lasting and profound impression thereafter. In childhood man is noblest. Narrowed and practical considerations do not dwarf his vision. I have vivid recollections of how passionately I lent an attentive ear to the recounting

Sufi-Worship.

of the glorious stories of the "Bhagavatam," the book of the great God. I remember what great sympathy I felt for King Parikshit who lay under a Sage's curse to meet his death before the sunset of the seventh day after its pronouncement, how the days drew from one to another and how on the evening of the seventh day, the King desperately put a little worm on to his neck and how it suddenly transformed itself into a gigantic serpent and killed the king, in satisfaction to the fates.

Heroic stories have a tendency to rouse the better side of man even as Shakespearean tragedy influences its audiences through what is known as a purging effect. Stories for children must convey a great deal of action. Thoughts are evident to children only in action. At the other extreme is the creative work of the so-called psychological interest, as evidenced by the novels of a writer like George Meredith.

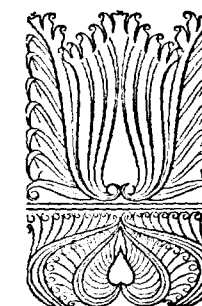
It is quite possible to introduce a distinct story-telling period in the Kindergarten. Apart from the kinds of stories already mentioned, there are numbers of literary stories which are good in themselves, in their artistic shaping and the unity of their development.

Lastly, story-telling has an incalculable ethical value. In practical life, it has been found that a most effective manner of reproof to children is by story-telling. This applies in great measure even to adults, but to children, stories appeal as so much more real, that the example and precept contained in them have surely a value informing the minds of children in right paths of conduct.

P. R. KRISHNASWAMI.

Sometimes, O Love! Thou art revealed
To me, and sometimes art concealed
Somewhere. This strange Unity
Flowers in Thee, and only Thee!
Love! Thou sayest to me, "I
Build my Home in earth and sky.
In the hue of the new-blown Rose
See! my hidden beauty glows.
In the garden, rich and bright
Lo! my secret-hid delight.
I am born in every note
Showering from the bulbul's throat;
My existence doth rejoice
In each tender maiden's voice.
I live in every starry spark,
And laugh alike in Light and Dark";
And yet—says't Thou "Behind the screen
I dwell alone; unknown, unseen!"
How oft O Lover! Thou dost bless
Our hearts with Thy pure Loveliness;
And yet Thou whisperest "Alone
I live behind the Screen, unknown."
How long O Hidden Lover mine
Shall I seek Thee in Mosque and shrine?
Dost Thou not hear me call to Thee?
If Thou dost hear—O! answer me!!
Give o'er this strife of Thee and Me,
And thro' clear eyes of wisdom see!
In Love no difference ev'r can be
Twixt Me and Thee!

H. CHOTTOPADHYAYA.



Things seen.

A temple festival.

A large rectangular tank called the Teppakulam, surrounded by low, painted and striped walls. On one side of it a line of cocoanut trees with feathery branches waving gracefully. To one side and a little away, the mysterious temple with its high black carved walls. In the middle of the tank itself, a little pavilion. Everywhere brilliant, twinkling lights—all round the tank-walls, from the temple itself and from the houses in the streets round the tank—all faithfully reflected in the dull, tank water heavy with lotus leaves. And over all, the mild yet triumphant light of the beautiful moon. It is night, and yet not night.

A big cluster of lights is moving round the water. The lines of a large boat attended by a smaller one can be faintly distinguished. Sounds of music and the rattle of oars are heard. This is the pleasure-boat of the god; he is being rowed a number of times round the tank. All is mysterious and dreamy, even in the midst of the rough street-crowds.

But loud and discordant sounds are heard, garish and more dazzling lights are seen. This is the procession going round the tank. It will presently be joined by the god in the boat, and all will go to the temple.



Women of the Time.

I.

OWING to the war, the usual Royal Drawing Rooms, when young ladies in exalted social life make their debut by being presented at court, have not taken place. A debutante of this year, but for the war, is Miss Myrtle Farquharson of Invercauld. She is the elder of two sisters who are counted among the personal friends of H. R. H. Princess Mary. Miss Farquharson's father, Mr. Alexander Haldane Farquharson, was a Hussar officer and later on was Lieut. Col. in the Garden Highlanders.

II.

A Lady who evinces the greatest interest in the war is Countess Priscilla Annesley. She is a frequent visitor to the duchess of Connaught's R. C. Hospital and has often entertained a "ward" of wounded convalescent soldiers at her cottage at Taplow. Lady Annesley is a widow and is an indefatigable war worker and has been a helper at the London Bridge free buffet since the war began, and holds weekly concerts for the blind inmates of St. Dunstan's Hostel at her residence.

III.

The new Lady Cromer, the daughter-in-law of the late Earl of Cromer, *nee* Lady Ruby Elliot, is one of the most beautiful and popular leaders of Society in London. Before Earl Cromer's death she was Viscountess Errington. Lady Ruby is well-known in Canada where her father, who is Earl of Minto, was Viceroy from 1898 to 1904 and in India where the Earl was Viceroy from 1905 to 1910. Lady Ruby was married to Viscount Errington, M. V. O. A. D. C. to Lord Minto, in 1908. Lady

Ruby has two charming little girls, the Ladies Rosemary and Violet Baring.

IV.

Mrs. Lloyd George as Miss Margaret Owen was married to Mr. Lloyd George in 1888. She is very keenly interested in religious work, in providing comforts for the troops in war especially the men from her country, Wales. She is a good platform speaker, though she seldom speaks in public. She is credited with a striking and attractive personality and is very anxious that her husband should not overtax his strength in attending to the many-sided responsibilities of his high office.

V.

The Countess of Derby, only daughter of the late Duke of Manchester, is a well-known London hostess and is unwearingly active in all works connected with the war. She has done valuable but unostentatious work for all war charities—one of her latest efforts being the support of a café chantant and fancy fair at the Savoy Hotel in aid of the wives and children of soldiers and sailors. She was married to Lord Stanley, who became Postmaster General and was subsequently in the War Office, 27 years ago.

VI.

A remarkable instance of self denial is reported in the generous and spontaneous offer of Lady Maxwell, the wife of Lieut. General Sir John Maxwell, of one-third of her capital, amounting to £35,000 free of interest for the use of the nation till the war is over. She wrote to the Prime Minister:—There is so little that we women can do, but I know that one of the chief factors of victory is money. Therefore, I am writing to offer the Government, through you, one-third of my capital free of any

interest whatever for the duration of the war. The interest on £35,000 is about £1,666 a year which Lady Maxwell has offered as an annual gift to the nation for the duration of the war. England has reason to be proud of such daughters who, unable to offer their personal services, are anxious to part with the wealth which they possess for the use of the nation in its extremity.

Current Comments.

H. E. Lady Chelmsford in opening the first finished block of the Lady Hardinge Medical Hospital at Delhi last month, made a very happy reference to the zeal and love which prompted the late Viceroy's wife to take steps to open an institution which is sure to prove of the greatest use to Indian women. The social conventions of Hindu and Mahomedan life lie heavy as death on the womenkind of India, and deprive them of much of the innocent joys of life free to all those, who, under god's smiling sky, can obtain the benefits of fresh air, abundance of sunlight and freedom of movement—in short, exercise, which tones up the physical system and invigorates the mind. Lady Chelmsford's advice was most happily conceived. She did not dwell on the need for medical aid, so much as she did on the need for the women of India to live a normal existence. Her Excellency appealed to the educated women of India to be the guides and mentors of their more ignorant sisters. "I have been shocked," she said, "to see cases of quite young women suffering from consumption, and distressed to learn what a common

disease consumption is in this country. I believe it is a matter in which the women of India, and especially the educated women, could do a good deal. The great prevention and cure for consumption is fresh air and if the women could accustom their children to sleep with doors or windows open, or on the roofs of their houses from the earliest childhood, they would arm them with greater powers of resisting cold and fortify them against this dread disease." Her Excellency's advice is well meant, but we doubt the wisdom of sleeping on the roof of a house in any part of India during the cold season. There is no necessity for extreme measures. A free current of fresh air in a sleeping apartment is quite enough. There is much ignorance in this matter of fresh air and how to obtain it, which educated women in mere talks with their sisters in the Zenana could easily dispel. Exercise and sunlight and fresh air, on these one may base all the laws and doctors of medical science. As for diet, the Indian, being mostly a vegetarian, does not die from repletion, and if he does put on adipose tissue to any extent it is due not so much to the excess of food as to lack of exercise. Lady Chelmsford mentioned also the great demand that exists for nurses, and we have over and over in this magazine, urged the necessity of Hindu women, not encumbered with husbands taking to nursing and medicine as a profession. The educated men of every community should encourage and not deter young widows from becoming medical practitioners and nurses, and so ministering to their sick suffering sisters and to numberless children, whose lives are sacrificed on the altar of superstition and ignorance. Social reform is of slow growth and it will be many years be-

fore the Gosha system will fall into disuse if ever it does, but there is nothing in the Gosha system or the social conventions against adopting measures for giving residents in the most zealously guarded zenanas plenty of fresh air. We pity most the young gosha women in the poorer quarters of the cities and towns of India, where houseroom is limited and where neither fresh air nor exercise can be enjoyed, but even in such places intelligent instruction would do a great deal to check disease. In England, ladies of position, take upon themselves the task of district or parish visiting, and most certainly carry comfort and consolation to many a poor and suffering soul. Why should not Indian ladies, blessed by providence with wealth and position, devote a little of their time and more of their knowledge, to, and for the benefit of, their poverty stricken and ignorant sisters in the streets of a city like Madras. One has only to call for beggars, and hundreds will clamour for help. Judicious visiting among the poor Mahomedans especially would go a great way in checking disease, minimising infant mortality and in brightening the lives, let us say of hundreds, of poor women in the towns and cities of this great country.

We do not care to see Indian women competing with men in all the departments of public life. We are old fashioned and maintain that woman's proper sphere is the home. In that sacred retirement, her activities should be unceasing, for all her strength, physical, moral, and mental should be devoted to making the home the training ground of youth, the house of peace and love for her husband and the shrine of

all that is noble and inspiring in human life. As mother, daughter, wife, a woman need never be without occupation. In ancient India marriage was an obligation. The superfluous woman was a *rara avis*; but other times want other manners, and now the superfluous Indian woman is frequently met with in the shape of widows among caste Hindus, or spinsters among Indian Christians. The European single woman abounds and is taking advantage of the war to compete with men. When the war is over, it is quite possible that women will continue in the work that the war has forced them to take up. Time was when women doctors were thought to be impossible, and yet a trial has convinced the most sceptical male objector that without the help of women practitioners the world would be appreciably poorer. The only profession, excepting the army and navy, not open to women, is the Bar. At a meeting recently held in the Inner Temple, Mr. Holford Knight moved a resolution to admit women to the Bar. After an interminable discussion, an overwhelming majority, negatived the proposal. That women will, after a further period of time, be admitted to advocacy is certain, if the passing of a second reading of the Bill for the admission of women solicitors in the House of Lords is any evidence for such a conclusion. In India it is most desirable that there should be women advocates, because the Gosha system negatives Indian Ladies being consulted by, or consulting, male legal advisers. Miss Cornelia Sorabjee, a Parsi lady, is a lawyer of some note, and failed to obtain permission to practice; but as a consulting lawyer she is eminent and has a considerable chamber practice. It is only a matter of time. Indian girl graduates must persevere and break down this last barrier to women's activities.

Australia is in advance of England in the matter of the employment of women in the law Courts. In the current "Law Almanac for Australia" may be found the name of Miss Nancy Isaacs as associate to her father, M. Justice Isaacs, of the High Court of Australia, with a salary of £300 a year, and Miss Mary Gawan Duffy with a similar salary as associate to her father, also a Judge in the High Court. Both these ladies are barristers, but the appointment of Miss Isaacs—the first of the kind ever made—caused much consternation among the male members of the Bar, who regarded such posts as their special prerogative.



Book Reviews.

SACRED TALES OF INDIA.—By Dwijendra Nath Neogi (McMillan & Co.).

These most interesting tales are crystallised legends from the immense stock of Indian folklore and Mr. Neogi has done a distinct service to his country by rescuing them from forgetfulness. The folklore of any country exhibits the past and present intellectual, moral, religious and social condition of the people to whom it belongs. The aboriginal Aryan legends may be arranged under myth and fable. Most of the stories that Mr. Neogi has collected serve a moral or didactic purpose. The morality of one age differs from that of another and it may seem to the modern reader that the morality of the folklore tales is not of a very exalted character; nevertheless there is a distinct desire to indicate that virtue is always triumphant. The difficulty with these sacred tales lies in interpreting them correctly, and some of them show a family resemblance to the folklore of European countries. MacMuller tells us somewhere that sun worship has been a universal religion, and stories of the sun in India, and of the sun in northern latitudes, while exhibiting a family resemblance, are yet told in a different manner and are framed in a different spirit. Enquirers like Mr. Neogi accumulate material which is likely to lead to yield much ethnological and anthropological information. One of the stories in Mr. Neogi's collection emphasize the power of the Brahmin and the humility of the god that bows to the Brahmin's decree. The true lesson to be learned is that, when right is right, even the gods are powerless against it, and that humility is a godlike quality. No Hindu lady

should neglect an opportunity of learning something of the psychology of the past, as represented in these tales, if only to acquaint herself with the legends of the past—by way of comparing them with the thought that increasingly prevails in the most orthodox Indian homes to-day.

THE SHINING EAST.—By Emily M. Burke. Ralph Holland & Co.

An admirable book for intelligent children—one that is calculated to broaden their minds, enable them to compare the past with the present and to visualize that the present is but the inevitable consequence of the past. Man is a creature of his environment. Climate, physical surroundings, or the presence or the absence of rivers, a sea board, mountains, etc., are factors in shaping his character thought, and destiny, and the Shining East is a book which illustrates these facts in a convincing way. Burma is called the Silken East but with Burma "the Shining East" does not deal. The author deals with the cradle of civilization in Egypt, Persia, the land about the Euphrates and the Tigris, Persia, Babylonia, etc. The stories of these ancient civilizations are told with skill and dramatic power of narrative. Indian civilization is as old probably as that of Cheops or Niniveh and the Indian child student would obtain a better insight into the civilization of this country by comparing it with the story so simply and so effectively narrated by Miss. Burke. We strongly recommend the book.



The Children's Page.

Talks about Animals.

III.—THE COW.

(These are conversations between a little Indian boy called Hari and his mother. The first two were about the Crow and the Snake.)

"Now tell me about the Cow, mother", said Hari.

"Do you like our cow, dear?"

"I do. It looks so pretty, but I am afraid of it. It has horns and looks very big."

"I know, Hari. But I do not think our cow will do you any harm. Of course you must not beat it or hurt it. Shall I call the cow here?"

And Hari's mother went out and called "Seetai, Seetai", Presently a big white cow came marching up to her and put her head in her hand. Hari also went to his mother and patted the cow.

"Look at its big eyes, dear," said the mother, "Are they not beautiful? The cow is looked upon as very holy by the Hindus. There was a cow goddess once. It was called Kama-dhenavu. It belonged to a holy man. When he wanted anything, it used to give it to him."

"I wish we had a cow like that, mother."

"All cows give us gifts, Hari. Let us see now what we can get from them. First, what do you get?"

"Milk mother."

"Yes, milk; is that not a great gift? What would you do without milk? From milk we get curds, which you like so much. Also ghee. And that fine sweetmeat, *Palkova*."

"Please make it again for me." Hari's mother smiled, then went on.

"What else do we get from the cow? People eat his flesh."

"O mother, how can we kill that beautiful cow?"

"Not we, dear; but others eat it. Then from the skin we get shoes. There is also the fat, from which we get candles. Do you see the horns? We can get combs from them. The bones are also useful. They can be used instead of ivory. Ivory is made from the long teeth of the elephant."

"The cow gives us so many things. What can we give her, mother?"

"Plenty of food, dear, and much grass. And we must be kind to it. Look at the thin cows of the poor people. They look so sad. We must also be kind to the calf. When we milk the cow, we must leave milk for the calf."

"Do let the calf out from the shed, mother. Why do you tie it up?"

"Because it will drink up all the milk. I will call you when it is time to milk the cow."

"I like to see it jumping about," said Hari with a pout. But it quickly went away under his mother's smile. Then he went off on a new track.

"Why do they make cows drag carts?"

"Oh no! we must not be unkind to the cow. The beasts which drag carts are bulls, not cows. They do not give milk, you know. But they can be used in carts. What do you think of the buffaloes, Hari?"

"I hate them, mother. They look so ugly and big. And they are always lying down in dirty water. And there are flies on them."

"Yes, yes. But they also give milk and they drag carts. What do you think of that big Brahmin bull in our town?"

"I am so afraid of him. He makes such a loud noise."

"He does. He belongs to the temple. None must beat him. And they give sweets too to him and cakes."

"Can cows talk, mother?"

"In a way. Do you not hear them calling loud, 'Amma'?"

"Yes, but how do they talk?"

"I do not know. Have you seen cows standing close to each other and licking each other. They must have some signs among themselves, I think."

"Are there any cows in the jungle?"

"O yes, cows, bulls and buffaloes. What we have here are tame. But in the forest, they are very fierce, chiefly the bulls and buffaloes. Even tigers are afraid of them. When people hunt tigers, they sometimes take bulls with them. When these see a tiger, they all get round the tiger in a ring. If the tiger attacks them, they hunt it with their horns. There was a story I heard about a buffalo and a tiger. They were made to fight with each other. But the tiger was frightened. It ran away and laid down and pretended to be dead. But the buffalo waked it up."

"Did the tiger die?"

"No, they did not let the buffalo kill him."

"Tell me some more stories."

"I do not know any more stories. But I shall tell you something. Have you ever seen cows going together? Sometimes, do you not see one cow going a little in front. This is usually an old cow. Old cows like to be first in everything. And the young ones let them be so."

"What nice things they are to be sure. Are they better than horses or elephants?"

"What do you think?"

"I think an elephant is the best of all, mother. He is so grand and big. Tell me about the elephant next time."

"MATER."

A Hindu Drama.

Performed by Hindu Girls.

AN Indian lady writes to the *Madras Mail*:—A very pretty representation of the beautiful Indian story of *Savitri* was given at the Victoria Hall by small Hindu girls below ten years of age—the juvenile members of the Georgetown branch of the Hindu Ladies Lakshmi Vilasa Sabha. It was surprising to see the grace and charm with which the girls acted, and the ease and fluency with which they spoke or sang their parts. One would have thought that a representation of *Savitri* would have been beyond their little powers, but it was by no means so. Indeed, it was, I think, a much more naturally acted play than it would have been if performed by older actors.

The story was acted in several scenes. The meeting of Savitri and Satyavan, the choice of the latter as her husband by Savitri, her adherence to her choice in spite of the doom of an early death hanging over her lover, the loss by Satyavan's father of both his kingdom and his sight, their exile to a forest, the marriage of the hero and heroine, their happy life in the forest, the death of Satyavan and his deliverance from the very hands of the Lord of Death through the constancy and resource of his wife—all were followed with great interest, even though familiar to almost everyone. The love and faithfulness of the gentle heroine Savitri, which was able to wrest her husband's life from Death itself, is a worthy ideal for Indian women and one cannot but feel that our girls, with such ideals before them, have every chance of growing up to be good and gracious women.

Much credit is due to the President, M. Lakshmi Ammal, and to the two Captains, K. Hanuboyammah and A. Chinnammah, for their training of the children, for the clever arrangement of the scenes, and for the pretty dresses. The girls themselves seemed to enjoy their performance, and, like most children, they were very earnest about their acting. It was especially amusing to watch one charming tot of five, with curls running all over her head, doing her stringent duty as a servant of the Death God.

Lady Wallis, who gave her patronage to the play, was present and stayed till almost the end of the long performance. There were two other European ladies present, Mrs. Madeley and Mrs. Bedford. There was not a very full attendance of Indian ladies, we were sorry to note. This we understand, was the second acting of the play by the same performers, having been given at the special request of many people.

Each little actress was the happy recipient of a very pretty gold medal, worth about a sovereign. There were 17 of these medals, one being also given to the young lady, who presided the whole evening at the harmonium and delighted the audience with her songs. An English dialogue and a Mahomedan farce were introduced into the interval at the middle of the play. We were glad to see that the Indian girls could so easily learn English. But the subject of the dialogue was, we cannot help thinking, slightly unfortunate, treating, as it did, of the selfishness and high-handedness of a conceited husband, and we were glad to find that the dialogue ended with a very real effort at reconciliation. We must not forget a dance, which was introduced into the play, and which was cleverly performed by a graceful

child. At the presentation of the medals by Lady Wallis, the President, M. Lakshmi Ammal, made a very nice speech, later accompanying each presentation with witty and appropriate remarks. We indeed, congratulate all concerned on a very creditable and enjoyable performance.

The Hindu Ladies' Lakshmi Vilasa Sabha has, we understand, five branches, at Georgetown, Mylapore, Triplicane, Muthialpet and Pursewalkum.

Scientific Notes.

WAR AND RACIAL DEVELOPMENT.

THE influence on racial development of the greatest of all Wars will be a subject of interesting study for several generations, to come. With its already accumulated statistical records to serve as a basis of comparison, England is in a condition of preparedness for such an enquiry, and will doubtless watch the results with anxious concern for the future. Addressing the Royal Statistical Society, however, Major Leonard Darwin lately pointed out that it will be many years before it can be known whether one effect will be a shortening of the English nation in stature, as the French are supposed to have been shortened by the Napoleonic Wars. All warfare undoubtedly kills off the strong and best types of manhood, and in the present destruction the damage to race is heightened by the great death-rate among officers, the leaders of the strong and vigorous. The lowered birth-rate among the highest physical types will continue after the war. There are two ways of mitigating the harm to race: (1) by encouraging large families in the near future among healthy persons who have been born

within the last eighteen years and have thus escaped the selective killing off, and (2) by checking in every way practicable the multiplication of the unfit.

Prof. W. H. Pickering, in charge of the Harvard Observatory, at Mandeville, Jamaica, describes in the "Monthly Weather Review," the effects of passing hurricanes in that region upon the upper air currents, as observed by the following method. If we point a telescope at a bright star, remove the eye-piece, and place the eye near the focus, we perceive a bright disk crossed by dark fluctuating dots or lines. These are due to currents in our upper atmosphere. The same result is obtained if, instead of removing the eye-piece, we draw it out a few millimeters beyond the focus. In the latter case, if we determine the number of millimeters we can readily compute the altitude of the current whose motion we are observing. The dark lines travel longitudinally in the direction followed by the current. At Mandeville, the "seeing" is never very bad, except when a hurricane is in the neighbourhood. At such times the mode of observation above described gives timely notice of the approach of a hurricane, and also furnishes a means of studying the movements of the upper currents in connection with these disturbances.

A LIFE-RESTORING SERUM.

Several physicians are experimenting with a serum, which they are said to have used with success in the laboratories in restoring cases of asphyxiation and drowning in animals, several hours after life has been practically extinct. There appears to be one drawback in the results thus far, however, in that in the majority of instances there

have been serious after effects such as high blood pressure or hardening of the arteries. If the serum is to be perfected, and more than likely it will be, the physicians are of the opinion that it can be injected into human beings several hours after the accident and restore them to life. In one case the serum was used on an animal that had been apparently dead from drowning for a period of four hours. The animal was brought back to life, but it died a short while later from blood pressure. Other cases, report the physicians, have been successful.

PROTECTIVE STRIPES USED BY SAVAGES.

Describing in the "Geographical Journal" his explorations in the Belgian Congo, Dr. Cuthbert Christy records that in travelling from Stanleyville to Avakubi he came upon a group of forest natives remarkable for the curious way in which they mark their bodies for the purpose of concealment. Narrow strips of black or red are marked on limbs and face, and sometimes the body. This device has the effect of breaking up the outline and making the person less conspicuous in the lights and shadows of the under-wood. Even in the sunlight the duiker-boks of the forest will run past the motionless hunter without perceiving him, and are caught in nets. It is interesting to note that an analogous device has come into use during the present war for concealing vessels, guns, etc.

ELECTRICALLY OPERATED TYPEWRITER.

There has recently been placed on the market a typewriter of standard design which is equipped with special mechanism so that letters may be written automatically from a perforated paper record or master sheet. The

paper records are perforated on another machine provided with a standard Keyboard. The automatic typewriter is operated by a 1-20th horse-power electric motor, and if desired the auxiliary mechanism can be disengaged and the typewriter used in the usual way. Thus it is possible to fill in the name and address of the person for whom the letter is intended and then start the paper record mechanism running for the balance of the letter. Further, the mechanism can be shut off at any point and a special sentence or paragraph inserted. Obviously, the work produced by this machine is identical with that produced on the conventional type-writer, hence it is accorded the same attention by the recipient as would a personal letter. The new machine is said to write at the rate of 130 words per minute.

SANDAL-OIL DISTILLATION IN MYSORE.

The factory for the distillation of this valuable oil set up by the Director of Industries in Bangalore is calculated to assume a first-rate importance in the economic annals of Mysore. Mr. Chatterton announced a profit of Rs. 25,000 for the first-quarter ending May, in the Economic Conference of June last, and in the current year's Budget, the Durbar have taken credit for a profit of a lakh of rupees roughly for the 12 months ending June 1916. These results, the outcome of an investment of only one lakh of rupees, go far to show how the industry has come to be regarded as a veritable "El Dorado" amongst us. Distillation on scientific lines is carried on only in some countries in the West, and in consequence, the demand for raw sandalwood is confined solely to the markets of Europe or America, where when any serious crises occur, the demand gets extinct

practically. This was forcibly illustrated in the case of Mysore where owing to the present world war the revenue from sandal wood has wiped away the slate since the year 1914. The case with the oil is quite different. The chemical and perfumery trades all the world over are as brisk as ever and the market for good, pure oil is as vigorous as usual.

The most important paper material of India is the "Shet Baruwa" or *Daphne caunabina*. It also belongs to the family of "Thymelæaceae" and is known to produce very good qualities of paper. This tree occurs in the temperate Himalayas from Chamba in the Punjab to Bhotan and is believed to be the source of the once famous Kashmir paper of Upper India. Thus we find that in British India, there were three distinct centres of indigenous paper manufacture, each of which was identified with a particular favourite plant of local growth. The western had its main centre in Kashmir and employed "*Daphne caunabina*." The eastern was in Nepal where the favourite source was "*Edgeworthia Gardneri*." And the Burmese had their "*Broussonetia papyrifera*."

ELEPHANTS' CURIOUS TEETH.

Whoever have looked inside an elephant's mouth has seen a strange sight. Elephants have no front teeth, and they never eat flesh or any food that requires tearing apart. Eight teeth are all they have, two above and two below on each side, huge yellow molars as wide as a man's hand. Over these hay and fodder are shifted by the queerest, ugliest tongue in the whole animal kingdom, a tongue that is literally hung at both ends, having no power of movement except in the middle,

where it shifts back and forth from the side, arching up against the roof of the big mouth like a wrinkled pink serpent. Elephants, like human beings, have two sets of teeth. The milk teeth, which are smaller than the permanent molars, fall out when the animals are about fourteen years old. These baby teeth—which are, nevertheless, enormous—are occasionally picked up by circus men among the fodder, and preserved as curiosities.

EYESIGHT.

Much of our defective vision—a weakness unknown among savage races—is undoubtedly due to the fact that, after the tenth year, the human being in civilized countries is forced to spend a great part of the time in poring over books either to read or write. The child is admonished not to allow his attention to stray, but to apply himself diligently to the work in hand, whereas he should be taught that, while reading or writing, he must glance up every few seconds and look at some distant object, like a tree, to be seen through a window, or the chimney of a far off house.

In keeping his eyes rivetted on the book right in front of him, the child is doing the worst possible harm to his eyes, for such continual application to a near-by object changes the form of the eye, and produces that elongation which results in near-sightedness. The reason why the savage is never near sighted is that he lives an outdoor life and knows nothing of books and pictures.

What manual labour he performs is performed in the open air, and the manifold dangers which surround him, the beasts of the jungle or hostile tribes, make constant vigilance and an alert scanning of the horizon necessary. There is no better remedy for keeping

the eyesight in good trim than to look up every few seconds from one's work, focusing the eyes on a distant object. If such a practice were followed in our schools, there would be far fewer near-sighted persons.

CLIMATE AND ARCHITECTURE.

Architecture is affected by many influences, amongst which are race, climate, materials, religion, and social conditions. An interesting article on this subject appeared in a recent issue of "The Builder," in which it was shown that climate is the principal factor that determines the type of roof and window of any building. The former is the more important, for the history of architecture is very largely the history of roofing. A climate such as that of Egypt, which is very hot, with a slight rainfall, results in the use of a flat roof, the simplest method of protecting a building from heat. The exclusion of wet being of secondary importance, a sloping roof becomes unnecessary. To obtain light, only small openings are used, it being natural in a hot and very sunny climate to prefer a dim light as a relief from the outside glare. The flat roof also affords pleasant sleeping spaces during hot weather. Greece and Italy have brilliant sunshine and less heat, but more rain to contend with than Egypt. The consequence is that the slightly sloping roof, by means of which rain water is conveyed from the building, becomes a necessity. The slope adopted for the roof settles the proportion of the pediments. The natural method of excluding wet from a building with a pitched roof is to make the roof plane advance beyond the external face of the wall, thus covering the joint between the roof and the wall. As a result, we obtain the cornice, which may be said to spring out of an

News and Notes.

The Nominal Independence of Woman.

EDUCATED English ladies have complained that in their language woman has no name which is not reminiscent of her sex, her weakness, or her dependence on man. Indeed a punster in Old England wrote that woman was so-called because she spelt woe to man. Cynics have prepared similar puns in India. But the Indo-Aryan has coined quite a respectable number of names for woman, which do not indeed attribute self-reliance or heroism to her, but which do not at the same time suggest her dependence on man. When cows and mares, does and roes, ewes, sows and hens enjoy the distinction of independent nomenclature, an English lady may well complain that she is denied it. But stop—what about girls, matrons, nymphs and wenches? Let English women discuss it, their language is not ours. The etymology of some of the names which the Indo-Aryan gave to the fair sex is now forgotten. Where it is remembered, woman is described as she of well-shaped limbs, the lovely, the pleasure-lover, she of parted hair, and in similar terms. The new woman may say: "Oh, this is impertinence, we are not created to please man, but to please ourselves." Granted, but eliminating all the terms which may be challenged, we still have *Stri*, *Nari* and *Yosha*. It seems that *Vanita* means "solicited" and many an educated woman may not care to be solicited, and may claim the right of herself proposing to a man, or advertising for a husband in the press. But what about *Mahila*, a very common word nowadays, which seems to mean 'the honoured

absolute constructive necessity. In northern countries, where there is more rain and occasional snow, steeper roofs are advisable, with ordinary buildings than those used in Greek and Roman buildings. Windows are larger, and details, to be satisfactory, must be bolder.

3,000,000 years old.

A REMARKABLE MAMMAL AT YALE.

Brontops Robustus, a member of the Titanotheres family, which has been added to the Yale collection of vertebrates, is said to be 3,000,000 years old. For many years this specimen has been regarded by palaeontologists all over the world as the most perfect fossil mammal in existence.

The skeleton was found by Professor Marsh during his famous trip to the Black Hills in 1874. While the major part of the skeleton was exhumed that year, portions of it were found later on, some of the feet bones having been recovered as late as 1888.

The Titanotheres were huge browsing mammals. Their nearest relatives are the rhinoceroses. The Yale specimen represents one of the largest and finest of these races, but not the most extreme in specialisation. Splendidly endowed with strength, weapons, and brain, their extinction came with dramatic suddenness in middle Oligocene time, because the specialised character of their teeth limited them to succulent herbaceous food.

The Oligocene was a time of increasing aridity and a consequent spread of the harsher grasses and dwindling of herbaceous vegetation, hence the grazing animals such as the horses and camels rapidly increased, and the great browsing forms of the Titanotheres suffered racial death.

The height of the skeleton at the shoulders measures 8ft. 2½ in., while the length is 15 ft. 2½ in., over all.

one? Surely that ought to satisfy the most sensitive champion of women's rights.

Mrs. Gilbert-Cooper.
HER WORK IN INDIA.

We take the following from the *Guardian*:—

In Catharine Gilbert Cooper there has passed away a gracious and gifted personality, who, in her ninetieth year, was a notable link with the past. She could relate at first hand the experiences of her father, Commander Molyneux Shuldham, R. N., when, after fighting under Nelson at Copenhagen, he was taken a prisoner of war and lived at Verdun for seven years. Brought up in the country in the thirties, without any of the present-day advantages, Catharine Shuldham, by her extensive reading, her delight in poetry and art, became a most accomplished woman. She studied French, German, Italian, architecture, heraldry, and printing, and practised the beautiful missal illumination. With the use of only a shilling paint-box she won a prize at a London exhibition for an original illumination of the Twenty-third Psalm. She played the harp with grace and spirit up to her eightieth year, and often composed tuneful hymns and little marches for her grandchildren. In India she used to teach the Hullah system to large classes of English and Eurasian children—to their great delight. Miss. Younge accepted and published several of her stories in the *Monthly Packet*, and she occasionally contributed letters to the *Guardian*. Her verses were often deeply devotional, but she could write *vers desociete* both amusing and witty. Living in the early days of the Oxford Movement,

Mrs. Cooper became an ardent Church-woman and lover of Keble. Her keen sympathies, travelled life, and extensive reading kept her horizons wide, and prevented her from being narrow or exclusive. She counted among her intimate friends Roman Catholics, Dissenters, and Agnostics.

She married, in 1849, the Rev. Gilbert-Cooper, and when, in 1855, he accepted a Chaplaincy in India, she accompanied him thither, and for years subscribed to and worked for the S. P. G. Mission in Bangalore. Parted from her boys by her life in India, she wrote a beautiful little book of *Prayers for a Young School boy* (published by the S. P. C. K.). Her wonderful memory and keen intellect were bright and fresh to the last.

Turning to female education there was, in the words of the Government Review, a gratifying advance in the education of Indian girls. The number of Girls' Schools rose by 127 and the total No. of girls under instruction by 16,500. 44 additional Girls' Schools were opened with the aid of the Department of Education. The number of institutions specially intended for Mohammedans rose from 886 to 906 and that of pupils from 55,554 to 57,432. It is interesting to note that the number of Mohammedan pupils attending Secondary Schools, went up from 6,769 to 6,950. There was a further advance both in the number and strength of the schools for the Panchamas and the total No. under instruction in all classes of public schools increased by 9 per cent.

Should Women Preach?

The controversy that is going on in the Church of England on the question of allowing women to preach, shows that we, in India, are in some essential respects far ahead of the Church of England. The Rev. F. T. Hallows prefaces an article in the *Indian Standard* for January, pleading for the right of women to preach, with an account of the controversy. He says: "In connection with the projected Anglican Mission of 'Repentance and Hope,' the Bishops of London and Chelmsford gave permission to certain women to speak in the churches of their Dioceses, under strict limitations. They were not to speak from the pulpit, lectern or chancel steps, but apparently standing somewhere in the aisles, and were to address only women and girls, not even boys. This concession, small as it was, raised an ecclesiastical storm from High Church quarters, which was so violent that the Bishops revoked their permission, and the 'women messengers,' as they are called, are not to be allowed to deliver their message during the mission. Remonstrance on the part of various writers, men and women, has been in vain. However able, eloquent and spiritual the women messengers may be, however prompted by the Holy Spirit and used and approved in times past, in more liberal quarters, they are not to be allowed to make proof of their ministry in the consecrated buildings of the Church of England. Their testimony, if given at all, must be given outside the churches of the Establishment." Mr. Hallows concludes: There is nothing in the intellect of woman, nothing in her spiritual endowments, which may properly exclude her from proclaiming the Gospel of the Son of God; and above all, there is nothing in

the Bible which bars the way to such useful ministry. Hence, those, who would prohibit her, do so in opposition both to Nature and Revelation." If the highly educated priesthood of the Church of England can take so bigoted a view of women's place in the Church, why blame our illiterate *purohitas* for opposing adult marriages?

Hindu Religion for Women!

At the last anniversary of the Hindu Girls' School at Conjeeveram, Dewan Bahadur Govindaraghava Aiyar is reported to have remarked that, however controversial the subject of imparting religious instruction to boys may be, the education of girls should not be devoid of the religious element, for it, will be their duty, as mothers, to bring up children in a religious atmosphere. Is this a genuine Hindu way of arguing? It may be true that the male Hindu, who receives Western education, cares less for religion than his uneducated, or less educated wife. But in the past women and Sudras were considered to be unfit to teach religion, and the true religious upbringing of the boys was in the hands of the male members of a family. Even now, if the male elders disregard religion, all that the women succeed in enforcing upon the boys is a nominal conformity with a few customs, and even that with difficulty. Indeed, as Mrs. Besant remarked at the same meeting, the Indian woman's religion is apt to be a little childish. In the circumstances, though irreverent women may shock the susceptibilities of the lordly males to a greater extent than the scepticism of the bread-winners, it is doubtful whether the responsibility which was in the past borne by the male members may be conveniently shifted to other shoulders hereafter. The Dewan Bahadur was

perhaps thinking of the part played by English women in their families and the kind of religion practised in other lands. If a Hindu woman is not entitled to perform the Sandhyavandanam of the males, how can she teach it to the boys?

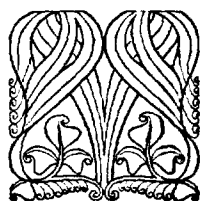
Woman and Children Prohibited.

The Government of India have prohibited the issue of passports to women. Similar orders have been issued in other parts of the Empire. Masters and owners of vessels sailing from Canadian ports are absolutely prohibited from carrying women, girls, and children under the age of 12 years on board any ship or vessel proceeding to the United Kingdom. British women and children are also prohibited from embarking on vessels sailing from any port in the United States of America to a British port, unless urgent necessity for the voyage can be shown.

A proposal to encourage the ladies of the Punjab to seek admission to the degree of Bachelor of Arts was considered at a recent meeting of the Oriental Faculty. The proposal came from Bhai Mohan Singh, Headmaster, Khalsa College, Amritsar, who is well known for his exertions on behalf of female education, and who has already done much to forward the cause in the Punjab. Before calling upon Bhai Mohan Singh to explain his proposal to the meeting, the Hon'ble Mr. Shah Din, the Dean of the Faculty, dwelt on the importance of the proposal. After speeches from the Hon'ble Mr. Fazal-i-Hussain, Dewan Bahadur Narendra Nath and Lala Shiv Dayal, the proposal, being put to the vote, was unanimously passed. The Dean promised that he would support the proposal when it came before the Syndicate and the Senate.

The Maternity Hospital, Trichur.

A correspondent writes:—The distribution of certificates to the trained midwives of this hospital was held on the 29th March. The leading European, Eurasian and Brahmin, Nair and Indian Christian ladies of the town were invited and they were accommodated in the hospital central hall, which was most invitingly decorated. Mrs. J. W. Bhore, M.B., presided. Miss. G. M. De Souza, the doctor in charge, after welcoming the guests, gave the audience a report on the working of the hospital since its inauguration last year. She particularly emphasised the high death rate among children under five years in Trichur and the State in general and spoke of the solicitude of the Durbar and of the measures proposed to arrest its alarming advance. Mrs. Bhore gave away the certificates and made a short speech, congratulating the recipients, and exhorting those present to help and encourage the midwives, who were being sent out trained after the modern and scientific methods of accouchment. She also spoke in enlogistic terms of the work the hospital was doing. The President was garlanded and limes were distributed to the guests. Miss. De Souza then proposed a vote of thanks to Mrs. Bhore and to the guests, and thus brought a pleasant function to a close.



Miss Mary Poonen,

B.A., A.L.C.M., M.B.B.S. (Lond.) & L.M. (Rot.)

Dr. R. Phailbus, Lady Doctor, in charge of the Women & Children's Hospital, TRIVANDRUM.

Inspectress of Girls ...
P. N. Kondalroyaswamy Naik,
Kurivikulam.

C. V. Krishnaswamy Esq., Tiruvalur ... 3

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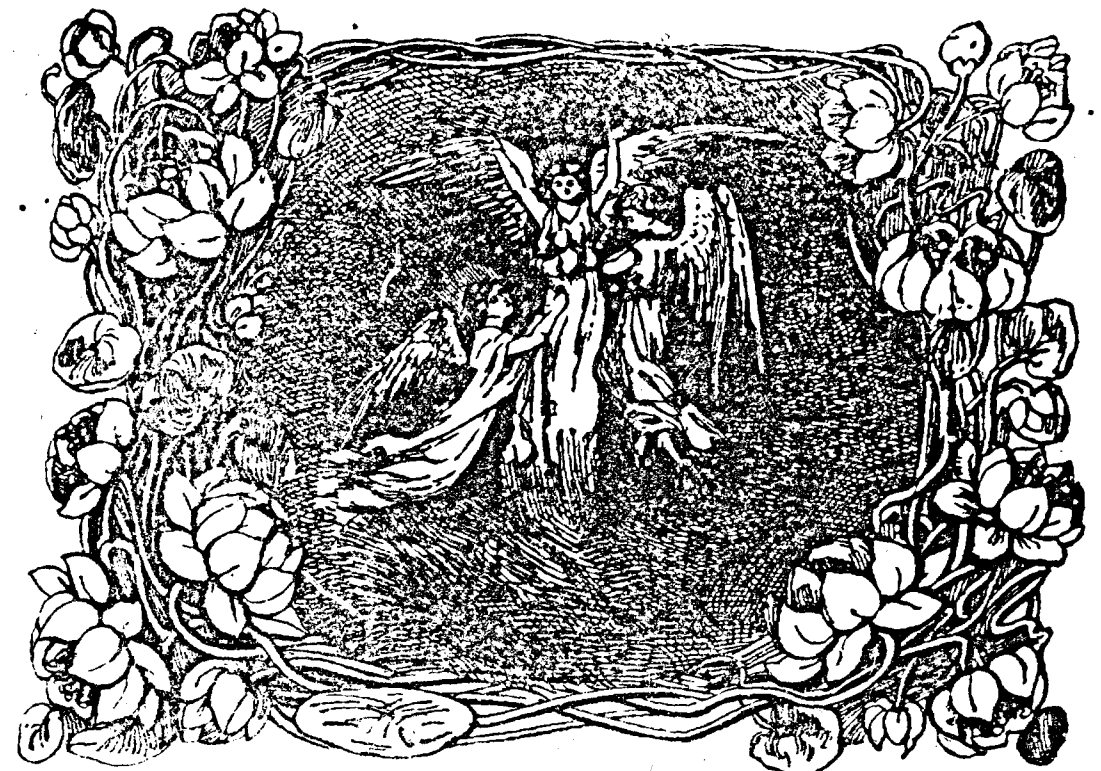
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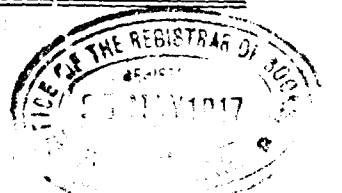
MUTABILITY.

"The flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow dies;
All that we wish to stay
Tempt and then flies;
What is this world's delight?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright.

Virtue, how frail it is!
Friendship too rare!
Love, how it sells poor bliss
For proud despair!
But we, though soon they fall,
Survive their joy and all-
Which ours we call.

Whilst skies are blue and bright,
Whilst flowers are gay,
Whilst eyes that change ere night
Make glad the day;
Whilst yet the calm hours creep,
Dream thou—and from thy sleep
Then wake to weep."

SHELLEY.



D-Lies

THE great danger with babies is the utterly unexpected nature of their appetites, passions and fancies; it is not the baby who is the victim of this unexpectedness, but the unfortunate grown-ups with whom it happens to be in contact at the time of any particular spasm. It is a common mistake, and one fraught often with disaster, to suppose that for the baby also its whim of the moment is ungoverned or ungovernable; after a close and careful study of babies from a respectful and wary distance, the writer (a bachelor) is firmly convinced that the baby knows exactly what it wants, but for its own nefarious purposes pretends to the rest of the world that it does not.

It is this alleged mental and intellectual helplessness on which the baby deliberately depends to put the finishing touches to an armour which in the nature of obvious things is already sufficiently impenetrable; its physical weakness is evidently clear because, to gain its own ends, the baby covers itself with fat and, for as long as it can, pretends to the undiscerning that it has no bones; therefore, when it is found out in wrong-doing, its seeming frailty prevents an adequate application of that physical correction which appeals so powerfully to an erring mind. "Besides", argue the fond parents, "the poor darling would not understand; how can you expect it of him?"

To get then at the real thoughts of the human baby, one has to go to the animals and work by analogy, because animals being born with less complex brains are more defenceless in their thoughts. The pup for instance, after its needs of food and sleep have been satisfied, lives only for destruction and

for the general promotion of disorder and chaos; and there is no reason to suppose that a baby's motives are any higher. But the pup after its eyes have been opened has not even the sense to shut them when diplomacy requires it and therefore too soon it stands confessed as a free moving creature, who can and should be taught without further delay the paths which it should avoid; but the baby, by pretending not to be what it is, can amuse itself unchecked at the expense of its victims; hence its contemptuous disregard of the proprieties and insolent indifference to all social laws.

But while the pup and the young of other animals are handicapped by their own physical disabilities, the baby has unlimited arms and legs to help it in its unending search for such further achievements as its undisciplined mind suggests. Tradition is a powerful master and babies have firmly established the tradition that their seeming wants require the first consideration, and their behests, expressed or imagined, immediate obedience. The writer has seen one small baby sitting calmly on its mother's knee and clearly convulsed with internal mirth, while the rest of a crowded railway carriage irrespective of age and sex, hastened to supply as best they could its many wants, great or small, or busied themselves in trying to recover things which it professed to have lost, dropped, or remembered. Then when it saw that backs were aching and arms stiff and that there was every prospect of its slaves giving way to exhausted nature and slumbering, it pretended to give up in despair the struggle to try and be comfortable, and proceeded to cry, so that there was an automatic revival of frenzied ministrations.

An amusement which never appears to pall on a baby is to try and make strangers look ridiculous. It usually chooses a respectable churchwarden sort of personage, or a young and nervous bachelor to be the victim of this kind of ebullition: a seemingly innocent and complimentary look of interest, then, when it has caught the general eye, a well simulated ecstasy, a lusty and undeniable cry of "Dadda" a "reasoned" grab at the whiskers or nose, and the thing is done. And the victim gets no sympathy whatever; in fact the baby's mother and immediate dependents are usually inclined to pity the man as a soulless and undiscerning creature, if he does not take the outrage as a compliment and an invitation to further engagements, while the rest of the public is lost in admiration of the baby's charming affability. But this particular antic is such a notorious favourite with babies, that it has become almost a common place with all conditions of writers. What has not been so readily recognised is that it is the culminating effort of that love of pure mischief which animates all young things!

The human baby then is apparently a calculating and subtle-minded peace-breaker, who should as far as possible, be kept at arm's length. But the present writer has to admit, in spite of his diatribe, that, where babies are concerned he is, fortunately for himself, no less weak and subservient than the generality of mankind! May they multiply and flourish with wider autocracy and in greater force after the war even than before. May the mighty potentiality of their lives be guarded more zealously than ever. May the divine innocence of their eyes continue to be an unanswerable rebuke to all that is evil and unlovely, and the

clinging helplessness of their little fingers a stinging reproach to masculinity and unwomanliness,

Keats His Mission.

A vindication.

ILL recent times, literary critics have done hardly any justice to the "father of the nineteenth century poets." To many, Keats is symbolical of sensual happiness; to some, he appears as the representative of the class which gloats over literary images and graphic descriptions; many, including Sidney Colvin, find in him the expression of the spirit of literary emancipation and its triumph in England. But the general English reading populace do not entertain such a high opinion of the poet. Keats is to them, a mere vagabond, a rake, a globe-trotter, who, with no definite views about the aim and purpose of art, blundered in poetry. This is indeed a cruel compliment—if it is a compliment at all—to the poet, who was almost the spirit of the century we are, in and who had to his credit the production of a Tennyson, a Rossetti and a Ruskin.

The reasons for such a crude notion about the life of one, who still continues to be a favourite in some circles, are obvious. A modest and searching approach to the ideals of Keats remains yet to be made. Readers of Keats are more carried away by the spirit of the story than he is—as he is charged to be—by very fine attractive phrases. They do not concern themselves with the probable motives for writing any specified poem; and what a most unpoetic man can have from a reading of the truly poetic Keats, and the hasty self-assertion he will assume in his condemnation of the poet, they are

content to have. Poetic philosophy, which lies deep, should be made distinct from the literary fervour which runs on the surface. Leigh Hunt very cleverly puts it thus, "True poetry begins where matter of fact or science ceases to be merely such, and, to exhibit a further truth about the connection it has with the outside, would end its power to produce imaginative pleasure. Inquiring of a gardener what flower it is we see yonder, he answers 'a lily.' This is matter of fact. The botanist pronounces it to be of the order of *Hexandria Monogyma* 'This is a matter of science.' 'It is the lady of the garden', says Spencer and here we begin to have a poetical sense of its fairness and grace. It is the 'plant and flower of light' says Ben Johnson, and poetry here shows the pleasantries of the flower in all its mystery and splendour." We may write little things well and accumulate them one upon the other, but never shall we be called great poets unless we have treated a single subject worthily. One may be the poet of the idler, or the lover. 'A throne is not built of bird's nests, nor do a thousand reeds make a trumpet.' A great poet must clasp the higher passions breast high and compel them in an authoritative manner to answer his interrogatories.

A wrong understanding of one's poems can never be the fault of the writer. It is the weakness of the reader who fails to put a correct interpretation upon his writings. Keats certainly deals with the life of man and woman together—the expression of the subtle feelings of human nature does receive a detailed mention at his hands. Nowhere is this more marked than in *Isabella*. Yet Keats never forgets his mission as a poet. He immediately rises to the occasion and at the most

opportune moments gives his message to the readers. He is certainly an infant philosopher in the domain of literary artists. As even Sidney Colvin writes, everyone can see his faults, while the beauties appear and appeal only to the poetically-minded. With equal truth it can be said every poet-aster can see the beauties of Keats, while his philosophy appeals only to the philosophically-minded. It may indeed appear preposterous to many to see Keats, a confirmed sensual poet, claimed as a literary worthy with a spiritual message.

Colvin in his book on Keats is unspeakably enthusiastic in his appreciation of *Sleep and Poetry*. He considers it as the trumpet-call of literary revolution and poetic liberty. It is a pity he has completely forgotten to make a statement vindicating the charge against Keats, especially when the same poem opens vast possibilities for it. To us it appears, that Keats had struck in unmistakable terms the keynote, that his poetry could not and never intended to be sensual in its influence. A close study will reveal the truth in it. The charge that Keats wanted to live in a paradise of beauty and unintermitted enjoyment should stand self-condemned. How else could he give vent to the transitory nature of the world and the happiness one could have from it.

Stop and consider, life is but a day,
A fragile dewdrop on its perilous way
From a tree's summit, a poor Indian's sleep
While his boat hastens to the monstrous steep
Of Montmorenci.

He continues that life is the rose's hope yet unblown. Most frankly he confesses the "ever changing tale of life." Man should live, should enjoy, but enjoyment should make him look above. Keats speaks of his travels in various countries, of tasting their pure fountains

of passing the realm of Flora and old Pan, of sleeping in the grass, of feeding on apples and strawberries, of choosing each pleasure that his fancy sees, of wooing sweet kisses from averted faces. He does not end by saying this. Pleasures are only means to a greater end.

And can I ever bid these joys farewell
Yes, I must pass them for a robber life
Where I may find the agonies, the strife
Of human hearts! for lo! I see afar
O'er-sailing the blue cragginess, a car
And steeds with streamy manes.

Later on he continues the thought of the car.

The car is fled
Into the light of heaven and in its stead
A sense of real things comes doubly strong
And like a muddy stream would bear along
My soul to nothingness, but I will strive
Against all doubtings and will keep alive
The thought of that same chariot and the
strange

Journey it went.

Who could be the charioteer? He is the Almighty. He is Jove. "He with wondrous gestures talks to the trees and mountains." To Keats's wonderful powers of imagination, this appears and appears most convincingly. He sees quite well the possibilities of imagination and the real use it should be made of. It is to know the lowest as well as the highest in life.

Is there so small a range
In the present strength of manhood that the
high

Imagination cannot freely fly
As she was wont of old . . .
. . . Has she not shown us all
From the clear space of ether to the small
Breath of new buds unfolding. *From the mean-*
ing

*Of Jove's eyebrow to the tender greening
Of April meadows.*

'What is poesy'—Keats rightly asks. Does it consist in beautiful imageries, happy descriptions or attractive phrases; is it in romance, pathos or delight? Poetry should make one know

the higher qualities in him—knowledge of soul and life. It should be his guiding star, the ideal which he should always try to reach, and the goal which he should eventually obtain. It should sustain people in shocks and rescue them from their falls. It should be an unfailing friend;

A drainless shower of
Of light is poesy; 'tis the supreme of power

. . . forgetting the great end
Of poesy, that it should be a friend
To soothe the cares and lift the thoughts of
man.

Keats was never a word-hunting-technical philosopher. He was the true poetic philosopher according to his ideal. He never understood human psychology, nor could he give reasons for his assertions. In him we find 'conviction' speaking out boldly. To Keats, philosophy and conviction were inseparable. He could not have expressed himself more strongly.

Though I do not know
The shiftings of the mighty winds that blow
Hither and thither all the changing thoughts
Of man, though no great ministering reason
sorts

Out the dark mysteries of human souls
To clear conceiving: yet there ever rolls
A vast idea before me and I glean
Therefrom my liberty: thence too I've seen
The end and aim of Poesy.

In similar strains, Keats speaks in *Endymion*. Our voyage in the world must be for a great purpose. Difficulties we must undergo, obstacles we will have to surmount, in spite of them we must continue our march.

Peona! ever have I longed to slake
My thirst for the world's praises: nothing base,
No merely slumberous phantasm, could unlace
The stubborn canvas for my voyage prepared—
Though now 'tis tatter'd; leaving my bark bared
And sullenly drifting; yet my higher hope
Is of too wide, too rainbow-large a scope
To fret at myriads of earthly wrecks.
Wherein lies happiness? In that which beck
Our ready minds to fellowship divine,
A fellowship with essence; till we shine
Full alchemized and free of space.

In any case we cannot mistake Keats in these lines of his. Putting on such a look as would cry 'shame on this poor weakness', Poena said with trembling voice.

Is this the cause?

This all? Yet it is strange and sad also!
That one who through his middle earth should pass

Most like a sojourning demi-god and leave
His name upon the harp-string, should achieve
No higher bard than simple maidenhood.

Colvin writes, 'All these—his broodings in the cave of Quietitude, his illusion and awakenings, his final farewell to mortality and to Peona and reunion with his celestial mistress in her own shape, make up a narrative inextricably confused, which only becomes intelligible when we take it as a parable of a soul's experience in the pursuit of the ideal.' How else can it be interpreted? It appears from the constant references in his poems to his ideals of poesy, that he very likely intends the poem to be taken as a parable, if not as an allegory. It is not a mere love-story with no message for us. The fact that he paid the best possible attention to this poem, and wanted it to be a great master-piece, his choice of subject and method of treatment, may also aid us in making a correct estimate of his ideal. But it is often asked 'why should Keats write love stories for imparting spiritual lessons—if at all there are any.' The answer is not far off. In fact, he prefaced the story of Endymion with these lines, probably anticipating attacks of the kind.

All lovely tales we have heard or read
An endless fountain of immortal drink
Pouring into us from the heaven's brink.

To proceed to give an allegoric interpretation to every one of Keats's works is certainly a highly impossible task. Of his story of *Isabella* we can afford to make a bare mention. Besides its pathetic beauty and artistic finish, it

is remarkable for the lines which bring home to us the end and aim of life. The ghost of Lorenzo, the beloved of the poor simple Isabella speaks thus.

I chant alone the holy mass.
While little sounds are around me, kneeling,
And glossy bees at noon to fieldward pass
And many a chapel bell the hour is telling
Paining me through.

It is not for the sudden intermission of love nor for the bodily separation of Isabella, that he grieves so pathetically. It is because he chants alone. Hither to they were chanting the mass together. Now it is impossible. Are we going too far when we say that Keats' ideal of life was "to chant the holy mass together."

Keats was very particular about this advice of his to us. It is to this same idea he draws pointed attention later in the story, and consecrates it by using the dignified term of 'music.'

Turn to the very tale
And taste the music of that vision pale."

Even towards the close of the poem, the poet strikes a note that *Isabella* has something else besides its literary merit. He refers to the man walking in the street thus,

She would cry
After the Pilgrim in his wonderings.

This is the first time probably a defence of Keats appears on these lines. In this, an attempt has been made to define Keats' ideal of poetry. One cannot feel sure that this defence will carry him safely through the attacks of various critics. But, if men still persist in calling Keats, a sensual poet, they are indeed the true descendents of the Blackwood whom Keats had not the misfortune to see.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy, rolling
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven
And as imagination bodies forth
The form of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name. (Shakespeare)

E. S. S.

Marriage in Vedic India.

THE great aim of girls in Vedic India (the India of the Indus-Ganges valley systems before 1000 B. C.) was marriage. So much so that an unmarried girl was given the imprecatory epithet of 'Bride of the Lord of Death' (Yama). A hymn of the Atharva Veda, used in a magical rite for preventing a maid from getting a husband runs thus:—"By this rite] have I taken unto myself her good fortune, as [we pluck flowers for] a garland from off a tree. Like a broad based mountain, may she sit long with her parents! May this girl be shaken down to thee, O Yama, king (of Death)! May she be bound in her mother's house, also in her brother's, also in her father's. She is thy housekeeper, O King; we commit her to thee; may she sit long with her parents, till her hair drops from her head."

To counteract such evil magic and to ensure marriage, people interested in the welfare of the girl performed other rites, accompanying them with the following hymn:—"Unto our favour, O Agni, may a wooer come, to this girl, along with good fortune for us. Enjoyable [is she] to suitors, agreeable at festivals; may good-fortune be for her quickly with a husband. I do this rite of husband-finding [to secure] the fortune enjoyed by Soma, enjoyed by Brahma, brought together by Arzuna with the truth of the divine Dhata: may this woman, O Agni, find a husband; for King Soma maketh her of good fortune; giving birth to sons, she shall become the chief consort [of her husband]; having gone to a husband, may she, having good-fortune, bear rule [in his house]. As, O Lord, the pleasant covert comfort-

able to live in, is dear to the wild beasts, so let this woman be enjoyed of the Lord of Luck (Bhoga), not disagreeing with her husband, unusually dear. Ascend thou the boat of Bhoga, full, unfailing; with that, cause to cross over hither a suitor who is according to your wish. O Lord of riches; turn a suitor's mind hitherward; make him call out to us. [O girl,] turn the right side to every one who is a suitor according to thy wish. There is gold, bdellium, here *anksha*, likewise fortune; these have given thee unto husbands, in order to find one according to thy wish. Hither let Savita conduct for thee, conduct a husband that is according to thy wish; do thou assign [him] to her, O herb."

The phrase "agreeable at festivals," which occurs in the above hymn proves that girls were not confined to set quarters but moved about as freely as boys. Indeed we read in the Rig Veda that the Dawn Maiden "decks her beauty, shining forth with sunbeams like women trooping to a festal meeting." She is said to move in the sky "in pride of beauty like a maid" and "to show her form that all may see it, fair as a bride embellished by her mother." Girls combed their hair with combs of a hundred teeth; "decked themselves with gay ornaments" and wreaths of flowers, and attended gatherings, "fair to look on and gently smiling," and walking on glancing to the right and left, "in pride of beauty, smiling, youthful, shining brightly." They decked themselves with beautiful lotus-garlands and, "robed in garments, fair as heaven to look on", swung in green and bright swings stretched between tall, graceful trees. They sang to the accompaniment of various musical instruments and danced in the open air, "close-clasping one another."

Though girls enjoyed so much freedom, courtship was not regarded as a necessary preliminary to marriage; but matches were generally arranged by go-betweens, whose patron-deity was Arzana. Says the Atharvaveda, "Here cometh Arzana (the go-between), with locks loosened in front, seeking a husband for the spinster, and a wife for a wifeless one." Young suitors, sons of wealthy houses, decked their bodies with golden ornaments and accompanied the "wooer" i.e. the go-between. Once, though there was no actual courting, opportunity was afforded to the young man and the girl of seeing for themselves the proposed consorts, and we may take it, the wishes of the young people were to a large extent, respected by the parents before the marriage was decided on.

P. T. S.

Miss Mary Poonen, B.A., A.L.C.M., M.B.B.S. (Lond.), and L.M. (Rot.).

WE have great pleasure in publishing this sketch of one who, by her intellectual attainments, diligent application to work, steadiness of purpose and a distinguished University Career both in India and the United Kingdom, has immeasurably raised the status of Indian Womanhood in the eyes of the foreigner. We refer to Miss Mary Constance Poonen, B. A., A. L. C. M., M. B. B. S. (Lond.), and L. M. (Rot.). Every stage of the Educational career of this young and promising lady has shewn that she was bound to make a mark in the wide world and add glory to her sex. Perhaps it would have been a wonder if her career had been otherwise, especially when we consider the talented and respectable family

from which she is descended. Her father, the late Dr. Eapen Poonen, M.D. was a distinguished Physician and Surgeon in the Travancore State service; the Medical skill and talent which have so early shewn themselves in the Young Lady Medico might be considered as the influence of heredity.

Miss Poonen had her early education in the Holy Angels' Convents at Quilon and Trivandram, in both of which Institutions she was a favourite of the Sisters and teachers. When she came to the Matriculation class in the Trivandram Convent, she had created a very good impression on the Lady Superior by her continuous success every year in the lower classes and by her uniformly steady character and diligence. She took a creditable pass in the Matriculation and was awarded the Krupabhai Sathianadhan University Gold Medal for her proficiency in English. She passed the F. A. also from the Convent and then joined His Highness The Maharaja's College for Boys in the B. A. Course—the first lady to be admitted to this college. Her Career in the College classes was always characterised by her usual habits of diligence, readiness to execute the work allotted to her and punctuality—habits which she had formed in the lower classes of the High School, which always won for her the especial esteem and regard of her Professors and teachers. On taking her B. A. Degree she was publicly honored at a representative meeting of the citizens of Trivandram held in the Victoria Jubilee Town Hall, when a gold medal, the gift of the various Heads of the Churches in the State, was presented to her. In sending the medal, the three Prelates, viz. His Lordship Right Rev. C. H. Gill, Anglican Bishop of Travancore and Cochin, the Most Rev. Mar

Dionysius, the Jacobite Syrian Metropolitan and the Most Rev. Titus Mar Thomas, the St. Thomas Syrian Metropolitan, Malabar, conveyed their congratulations to Miss Poonen in a joint letter from which the following is an extract:—

"It was recently your good fortune to receive the hearty congratulations of your many friends, not only upon your being admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts in the University of Madras but also upon your being the first lady of the ancient Syrian Community of Malabar to gain this coveted distinction. It has been felt by many throughout Travancore and Cochin that such an auspicious event should not be permitted to pass by without some more general recognition. And it seemed right and proper that some token of public appreciation should be offered to you in the form of a small present, which would remain throughout the years as a memorial of the achievement which has won credit both for yourself and the community.

It only remains for us now to solicit your acceptance of the accompanying gold medal as a token of our warm congratulations, which we offer you on behalf of the religious bodies which we represent, and to express our earnest hope that you may long be spared to utilise for the public good those splendid talents and the unique scholastic honor which it has pleased God to bestow upon you."

That earnest hope is being realised today to the very letter, and the fervent blessings showered upon Miss Poonen by the Ecclesiastic Heads have borne excellent fruit, though at the time they were given, the Prelates themselves did not know the particular direction in which those "splendid talents"

would be utilised "for the public good." Soon after this public recognition of her academical distinction in her *Alma Mater* of the Madras University, she left for England in August 1909, on receipt of a Scholarship from the Government of His Highness the Maharajah of Travancore, to prosecute her medical studies in the University of London. It need hardly be mentioned that Miss Poonen was the first Indian Lady graduate from Travancore to proceed to England from these shores to study medicine. In several subjects of her study she secured special distinctions in the London University and the confidence which the Professors had come to repose in her was so great that as a Senior Student she was given special charge of particular wards—a rare distinction enjoyed but by few. After completing six years and covering herself with glory at the University of London, she took an additional year to specialise in diseases of women and children, and subsequently went to the Rotunda Hospital in Dublin for practical work in Mid-wifery. She won equally golden opinions from the distinguished Physicians and Surgeons of the Rotunda Hospital and the degree of proficiency attained by her was considered by them as sufficient to entitle her to occupy a responsible position in that big institution, which has earned an enviable reputation throughout the world for training in Mid-wifery. She headed the list of successful candidates in the L. M. Examination of the Rotunda Hospital. By this time she had obtained name and fame among medical students and was offered several good appointments in the United Kingdom. But she declined them all and came down to her own native land to minister to her sisters. Before leaving England however, Miss Poonen

had the rare opportunity of working as Assistant to many well-known Physicians and Surgeons. During her long residence in England, Miss Poonen was the only Indian Lady Medical Student in the University of London. At present she is the only Indian Lady in India possessing the qualifications M. B. P. S. of the London University. On arrival in Trivandram, she was made a surgeon and placed in charge of the newly-constructed women and children's Hospital, as Lady Doctor in succession to Mrs. Austin who had retired from that post. A few weeks after she took charge of this Institution, her Indian sisters of all communities and religions entertained her at the Victoria Jubilee Town Hall at a social gathering at which all the prominent ladies of the station were present. During the past one year of her charge of the women and children's Hospital, she has won the hearts of the women of the land. All classes of Indian women, high or low, orthodox or enlightened, have been crowding to the Hospital to secure medical aid, and the fact, that both in and out patients have considerably been on the increase with each month, is an eloquent and unmistakable testimony to her wide popularity and to the growing necessity of an Indian Lady Doctor of high attainments and skill—one who can freely mingle with her sisters and whose invaluable asset, is her close acquaintance with the habits and tastes of her sisters.

Such are the particulars of one whom we have tried to present to our readers, and we sincerely hope that the bright and shining example of Miss Poonen will rouse her sisters to higher ambition and wider usefulness in the field of work, where woman has all along occupied the proud position of "Ministering Angel."

Marriages in many Climes.

"Honest wedlock
Is like a banqueting house, built in a garden
On which the spring flowers take delight
To cast their modest odours."

MIDDLETON.

Marriage, so far as womankind is concerned, is at once the happiest and saddest event in human life. The promise of future bliss is founded entirely on the demise of former enjoyments. The bride quits her home, her parents, her companions, her amusements, and everything upon which she has hitherto depended for comfort, affection, kindness and pleasure. Buoyed up in many claims by the confidence of requited love, she bids a fond and grateful adieu to the life that is past, and turns with excited hopes and joyous anticipation to the happiness to come. Distance, as in so many other instances, of course, lends enchantment to the view. One is apt to overlook that life, with its additional responsibilities, is fuller of sorrows than it is fuller of joys. Yet, as quaint old Jeremy Taylor has reminded us, those burdens are delightful in character. For it cannot be disregarded that marriage is the Mother of the World, and preserves kingdoms, fills cities and churches, and even Heaven itself. Marriage, although practically a universal institution, however, differs with the changing claims, and no feature of folk-lore is more interesting than research into its hallowed and labyrinthine precincts.

The Jewish wedding ceremony is almost the same to-day as it has been for centuries, and is simple and impressive in character. Religious Hebrews get married under a canopy of silk, called the "chuppah", which is a survival of very ancient times when the service was performed in the open air outside the synagogue, and the bride

was escorted in triumphal procession to her husband's home. The canopy is supported at the corners by four slender poles, which are beautifully decorated with white flowers and green leaves. The rabbi, carrying a glass goblet of wine, leads in the wedding procession. Next come the parents of the bride and groom, and behind them the bride and groom arm-in-arm. Two curious customs play a part in the ceremonies which follow. Both the bride and bridegroom take a sip from the goblet, when the minister pronounces a special blessing. At the conclusion, however, the groom dashes the glass to the ground and crushes it beneath his heel. The precise meanings of these customs are lost in the mist of ages; but the drinking of the wine is supposed to hark back to the days, when the marriage ceremony was possibly limited to sharing food or drink in the presence of witnesses. The breaking of the glass, besides serving as a sad reminder of Zion's shattered crown of glory, portrays the indissolubility of the tie and that it should be as impossible to dissolve the marriage as to make the glass whole again.

"Marriages are made in heaven"—No nation believes this axiom more firmly than the Chinese, where custom lays down that a happy union may alone be consummated when the couple do not meet prior to the wedding. After the marriage, the groom unveils his bride, and, in his mother's parlour, he looks for the first time into the face of the woman with whom he has to spend his life. The bride invariably stays for a few years at the home of her husband in order to wait upon her mother-in-law. The young husband may have employment at some place hundreds of miles away, when he has to be content to see his wife no oftener

than once or twice a year. The mother-in-law calls her son's wife by the euphemistic name of "Heart-treasure" but she often treats her very harshly, is very unreasonable in her requirements, and makes the bride's life well nigh unbearable. This does not, of course, always occur; and should the young wife give birth to a son, she is treated at once with more consideration. Crimson, it is interesting to note, is the Chinese bridal colour. Young brides in China are all royal, and were granted that privilege by an Emperor in ancient times.

A wedding in Roumania takes three days in the minimum and is hedged about with restrictions. The food must be prepared in a certain way and cooked in a particular manner, otherwise all sorts of unpleasant fates will await the young couple. All weddings begin on a Thursday, and are not completed by the Saturday, when the couple are brought together for the first time during the ceremony for the feast proper. The preliminary stages of the wedding take place at the house of the parents of the bride and bridegroom; the latter part at the house the young people are going to occupy. As soon as the guests arrive, the bride has to throw cold water on them. She does this by means of a spoon and each drop a guest receives means a blessing. Some guests make a practice of getting as close as possible. Feasting commences when the guests are all assembled and goes on all through the Saturday night and Sunday and on Sunday the actual wedding takes place. The couple are first married by the Mayor of the village; after which they go to Church for Holy Communion, returning home to the grand feasting which concludes the wedding festivities.

The Italian bride would be considered very poor, if she could not number every useful article of wearing-apparel by a dozen of each kind. All the bride's friends assemble on the day before the wedding and carry her property with great pomp to the dwelling of her future husband's parents, with whom the young people are to take up their abode. No bridesmaids are seen at the Italian wedding. The newly married pair do not go into the country, nor set out upon a journey, but enter into possession at once of the apartments destined for them. One of the most beautiful of all the Italian wedding customs is that of the bride flinging her bouquet, immediately after the ceremony, among her maiden friends. The one who catches the bouquet is supposed to be the next bride.

In fashionable circles in Russia, it is the custom to solemnise marriages in a drawing-room by candle-light. There is a banquet, followed by a ball, then by a supper; and, when this last repast is held in houses where old customs are observed, a new satin slipper, supposed to belong to the bride, is produced. For the purpose of drinking the bride's health, this is used by the friends of the groom until it is soaked through and will hold liquor no longer. Where speeches are made, it is the bride's father who is privileged to respond on behalf of the bride. This usage is in vogue, as the father still retains authority over his child after she is married. He may summon her home to tend his wants in sickness. If he loses his wife, he may claim his married daughter's services during the first three months of widowhood. If the daughter's husband dies, her father may compel her to return to his roof, and he becomes the guardian of her

children. None of these privileges are retained by a married woman's mother.

The Japanese are very much attached to their national marriage customs. They marry early and the ceremony takes place in a room prepared for the purpose and decorated with pine, bamboo, and plum blossom, which are the emblems of conjugal happiness. Before entering the room the bride puts on her veil, which partly conceals her face, and is then conducted into the chamber where a small party awaits her. The bride and bridegroom sit opposite to one another. Between them stands a table of white unpainted wood, and upon it stand three bowls of different sizes, one above the other. No words are spoken, no promises, no vows, no prayers; only the "sansankudo" or ceremonial exchange of wine-cups. Bride and bridegroom drink alternately from these cups until all the "sake" has been consumed and each of the cups has been used three times. The newly married couple then rise and offer cups of "sake" to their parents, after which the bride removes her veil, the ceremony being at an end, and the rest of the guests are admitted to partake of the festivities and mirth.

S. JACKSON COLEMAN.



Ethical training in the Kindergarten.

THE most essential part of education at school is moral instruction or moral training. That the pedagogic world should have arrived at no definite conclusions in the matter is perhaps in consonance with the nature of the subject of ethics itself in the realm of human thought. Surely no absolute standard of human conduct is conceivable. Even the most fundamental precepts of right conduct acknowledged by the world have been strongly refuted. "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," is the highest code of morality. But a writer like Bernard Shaw tells us that the precept should be just the other way: "Do not do unto others as you would they should do unto you, because tastes may differ." Dr. Ingersall tells us that morality consists in the harmony between act and circumstance. It is in the nature of genius not to be prudent, it never obeys convention, it perceives, as if by intuition what is the noblest thing to do. Ethical training then would imply a nice perception of conflicting issues in life, but the well-regulated mind decides about the action without hesitation, with courage, straightness and resolution.

The strengthening and forming of the moral being of man proceed necessarily on the presumption of certain human characteristics. Man is born with immense potentialities. He has got in him the germ of splendid activity in life and he has largely a disposition to be pleasant, sweet and good. To draw out these potential capacities, the surroundings offered to the

child in the Kindergarten are paid attention to. They must be beautiful. The child should breathe in fresh air and bright light, before it can have a healthy development. The walls can have suitable decoration—of artistic pictures that can exercise a lasting interest on the minds of the children. Still the most potent aspect of the child's surroundings is the living teacher. The only way of starting to make the child cultivate a good disposition is to be pleasant and good to it. Here begins the burden of the teacher to become a practical, living example of the precepts he may indicate in his lessons.

After all, the limitations of the ethical question in the Kindergarten should be properly grasped. The child does not know as yet to discriminate what is good from what is bad, its existence is non-moral. The child is supremely interested in its own *doings*. Of course it is possible for the child to grow to be what is known as a naughty child, and the best remedy to avoid this is to direct his activities in such ways and to such an adequate degree as to engage his attention fully and enable him to grow on healthy lines.

Again it is open to debate if there is need at all to speak separately of ethical training as a subject by itself in the Kindergarten. Is not ethical training involved in every moment and every hour of the child's experience in the Kindergarten? Every new piece of perception and knowledge in the class room, every new occupation engaged in, have all, if rightly conducted, a considerable effect in the fashioning of the human mind on a sound moral basis. Literature lessons, history, nature study and every other school subject necessarily offer a training of the mind which is of value to place it on a sound moral foundation as well, not that the

didactic element should be obtruded so to speak into any of these. Even in story-telling it should not be so. There is always a fitness of things, a harmony of perception in all processes of knowledge that can be turned to good account for the moral well-being of man.

Dr. Ingersall tells us in his own emphatic way, that the most passionate are the really virtuous and that the attempt of reformers time after time to extinguish the passions, if rewarded with success, would lead only to one end—the desire for annihilation on the part of humanity. The truth contained in this statement amounts to this, Human nature longs for excitement, and to be happy and to be able to live, it must have within it certain healthy limitations. Now it is our business to inquire what the needs are of the children in the Kindergarten, and how they should be satisfied. Children are instinctively drawn towards things that are beautiful. To look at every pretty picture and at every pretty toy fills the child with the rarest pleasure. One effective way of ethical preparation in the Kindergarten, then, is to satisfy as much as possible the æsthetic craving of the child. In this connection, painting, drawing, singing, and rhythmical exercises are of great value. The development of the social virtues should also be attended to. The question of ethical training is again largely affected by the proper exercise of discipline in the school. The abuse of punishment should be guarded against, and the teacher should exhibit that energy which will be sufficient to put children on their guard.

The present writer is not conscious of any noticeable part that religion can play in the province of moral training. The Swami Vivekananda

said that religion was neither in ritual nor in dogma, but in being and becoming. But who will despise the value of epic stories and those scattered in many of the sacred books? Strip them of the sombre light of religion, make them human and surprisingly grand and noble as far as human minds can judge, and the children are bound to derive a lasting inspiration from them.

P. R. KRISHNASWAMI.

The Mahila Seva Samaja, Bangalore.

SOME Impressions of Lucknow" formed the subject of an inspiring address in Kannada delivered recently by the Samaja President, Mrs. Parvathi Chandrasekhara Aiyar, to a large gathering of Indian ladies in the Hall of the local Lodge of the Theosophical Society. After a short description of the place, its geographical features and climate, its past history and present position as one of the largest and best maintained cities in India, and its principal attractions in the way of buildings, gardens, etc., the speaker referred to the occasion of her visit to Lucknow in December last in the company of her husband, and to the various important popular functions held there which had helped to make Christmas week a veritable national festival. Many thousands of people assembled from all parts of India, often at much cost and personal inconvenience, in order to take part in one or other of the various gatherings which were intended to give expression to all phases of national activity, religious, social, political, educational and industrial. One remarkable feature was that there was no undue accentuation of differences of caste, creed or province;

those that were present felt that they were above everything else children of the same motherland; all those distinctions of Hindu and Moslem, Brahman and non-Brahman, and the like—which are made too much of by those who do not wish well to Indian national aspirations—were conspicuous by their absence at Lucknow. A spirit of real brotherhood based on the fundamental identity of interest was very prominent, with the result that the proceedings of the week were characterised by a general feeling of harmony, earnestness and enthusiasm. Just as the energy represented by the electric current can be applied in many different ways and utilised for many different purposes, as for lighting, for working a fan, for cooking food, for driving an engine or tramway, so God's energy, while one in essence operates in manifold ways according to the work to be done and the vehicles available. So, at Lucknow the enthusiasm of the people expressed itself in various channels. The speaker then referred to the several conferences and conventions that were held, their objects and the principal speakers thereat; remarking, in passing, on the noteworthy fact that at three at least of those gatherings women of distinction, like Mrs. Besant, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu and the Dowager Maharani of Cooch Behar either presided, or were among the principal speakers.

The chief event of the week was of course the Indian National Congress, which, after the split at Surat, came together again as a united body, justifying Mr. Tilak's happy reference to its sections coming together again in the "United Provinces" at a city bearing the auspicious name of "Lucknow." Muslims and Hindus joined hands as a body and the leaders of each community were welcome speakers at the

meetings of the other. It was clearly the Divine will that the nation should close up its ranks and proceed to achieve "Swarajya" for itself, while remaining deeply loyal to the throne of the King-Emperor. Indians had shown themselves fully qualified for all positions to which they had access, as administrators, as judges, as lawyers, as teachers, as engineers, as traders—and they were resolved thenceforth to take their proper place as partners in the household of the Empire, instead of being content to remain indefinitely as junior members or dependants.

Now, a little over one-half of the people of the land consisted of women; and in order that the appointed destiny of the Nation might be achieved, it was necessary that the women must contribute their share of impetus to the various movements for the national regeneration. They had been too often in the past acting as a drag upon progress, like the log round the neck of the recalcitrant buffalo, or the stone round the neck of the swimmer. Often the husband was an ardent advocate of social reform, and talked vehemently against evil customs at social reform meetings; but the wife at home insisted on early marriage for her young daughter and on a heavy dowry being provided in order to secure a well-to-do or promising bridegroom. The husband preached economy, but the wife practised extravagance in the matter of jewels and marriage expenses, even while stinting herself as to food and raiment. The men talked of and worked for union outside; but the women made union impossible within the home, and their quarrels were often the stimulating causes of family partitions. If progress was not to be retarded, if there was to

be real advance, the women must cease to be obstructions and aim at becoming real helpers to the men. In order to do this, they must train and fit themselves adequately for the task, and take up the question of women's education in right earnest. No one denied the intelligence the loyalty, and the devotion of our women; but it was all raw material for want of proper training and education.

This question of education was not a mere matter of recent growth. The records of the past showed that those whom we regarded as perfect ideals of womanhood were all of them highly accomplished women able to hold their own with the men in intelligence and learning and to rise fully to the occasion in sudden emergencies. The speaker instanced Sita, the pearl of her sex, who scorned the advances of the demon king Ravana and supported Sri Rama in his single-handed fight against the legions of Khara and Dushana; Savitri, who wrested her husband's life from the Lord of Death himself; Damayanti, who bore up against unexampled adversity with unparalleled fortitude and devotion; Sakuntala, who, though repudiated by king Dushyanta in open court, took her stand firmly on the rights of a wife under the Sastras; Satyabhama, who fought side by side with the Lord Sri Krishna in battle; Subhadra, who drove Arjuna's chariot in the field of battle; Maitreyi and Gargi, who spoke eloquently in public assemblies and held their own with the most learned pundits in discussions and arguments on the most abstruse subjects. Coming down to more modern times there were to be found women of truly heroic mould among the Rajaputs, such as the wife and sister of Udai Singh who disguised

themselves as men and got back the kingdom that had been conquered by Akbar. Times now were much quieter and opportunities for distinction much more restricted; but even in the present day Indian women have qualified themselves in such walks of life as are open to them, such as medicine and teaching, and some have even earned lasting fame as administrators of Native States.

But it was not with a view to securing appointments in the public service that the speaker was impressing on them the need for education, nor was it indeed necessary that all women should take University degrees and become graduates. The education to be provided generally should be such as to enable the women to fill their proper places in the home and in the nation, as real helpmates to their husbands, as careful mothers and nurses, as workers for social service, as intelligent units in the corporate life of the State. The mere aping of outlandish ways and fashions, in dress, diet, and social customs, was not what was wanted. Old customs and manners, unless positively harmful, should not be given up for the mere sake of fashion, but only if required for greater efficiency of service. Here the speaker referred to the remark made in this connection by Mrs. Whitehead (wife of the Bishop of Madras), at her lecture to the Members of the Samaja, as to how fashion was sacrificed by the ladies of the most aristocratic families in England for the sake of national work, how even high-bred girls had given themselves up to service, cheerfully sacrificing luxuries to which they had been accustomed. They had given up fashionable dress and customs, not for mere pleasure, but for service sake. What was wanted, then, in India

was a well-devised system of education and training adapted to the special needs of Indian women, such as had been indicated by Lady Chelmsford in a recent address.

This led the lecturer to speak of the objects of the Mahila Seva Samaja, which was an association conducted for the benefit of the women of the land, largely by the efforts of women themselves. It had chiefly in view the needs of grown-up women who were past the school-going age, and for whom it sought to provide both literary education and industrial training, besides scholarships and other forms of pecuniary assistance to those who were in need of the same.

The speaker gratefully acknowledged the generous help rendered by Government in the way of monthly grants-in-aid, furniture grants, etc., and referred to the recent gift of a site of 2 acres to the Samaja for erecting a suitable building. But, in a matter affecting the welfare of the community so intimately as this, they must not rely solely or chiefly upon Government help. The people must also readily contribute such help as they can, in money, service and sympathetic co-operation. The President was glad to acknowledge the help already received in these directions from several of her sisters, both here and elsewhere; and she had no doubt that more would be forthcoming when she sent round for help, as she proposed to do shortly. She hoped that those who were approached would not consider it a trouble to respond to the call for help, but cheerfully and willingly give what they could spare, so that they might have the satisfaction of having co-operated in however small a degree in placing the Mahila Seva Samaja on a basis from which it could grow in

course of time into a great and beneficial institution of national importance. In conclusion, she impressed on her audience the immense possibilities that such an institution had in store for the future of the women of India, in the new conditions that were rapidly coming into existence.

Wit and Wisdom.

The inhabitants of Asia came to be vassals from not having been able to pronounce one syllable, which is—*No*.
PLUTARCH.

Never add the burden of yesterday's trouble to that of to-morrow—the one is past, the other may never come.

No hard task is as easy to do as at the moment when it first ought to be done. It may be very hard to do it just then; because it is so hard, we often defer it to another time. But then it becomes about twice as hard. The deferred difficulty is the doubled difficulty. If we repeal the deferring process, and continue repeating it, the task finally becomes such a bugbear that we hate even to think of it. The least efficient persons in the world are those who habitually start at, or intend to start at, the same task over and over again. The most efficient are those who plunge into the hard things as they come and finish them up in the first encounter. "Do it now," is the surest, easiest method of disposing of hard work.

Sympathy is the silken bond of all Society.

The strength of a woman is as needful to her womanhood as the strength of a man to his manhood, and the woman is just as strong as he will be.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

There is no luck in life. Luck is of our own making. Luck means rising at six in the morning, living on one dollar a day if you make two, minding your own business and not meddling with other people; luck means the hardships and privations which you have not hesitated to endure, the long hours you have devoted to work; luck means the appointments you have never failed to keep, the trains that you never failed to catch. Luck means "Help yourself and Heaven will help you."

No other poet, in whatsoever tongue, has extolled and glorified a woman as Dante did Beatrice. But Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Scott, Shakespeare, Byron, Wordsworth, Shelley, Tennyson, can all be shown, by apposite illustration, to leave on the mind a conception of woman, as being tender, devoted, faithful, helpful, "Sweet and Serviceable" as Tennyson says of Elaine, quick to respond to affection, sensitive to beauty in Nature and the arts, sympathising companion alike of the hearth and of man's struggle with life—in a word, a creature of whom it is true to say, as, indeed Byron has said, that "Love is her whole existence", meaning by love, not what is too frequently in these days falsely presented to us in novels as such, but Love through all the harmonious scale of loving, material, filial, conjugal, romantic, religious and universal.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

"Politeness" Says Lord Chatham is benevolence in trifles, or the preference of others to ourselves, in little, daily, hourly occurrences in the commerce of life, a perpetual attention to the wants of those we are with.

Man, said Burke, in effect, must adapt himself to everything like an animal; he must not try to alter everything like an angel. The last weak cry of the pious, pretty, half artificial optimism of the last century came in the voice of Sterne saying:—"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and Burke, the iron evolutionist, essentially answered: No! "God tempers the shorn lamb to the wind". It is the lamb that has to adapt itself. That is; it either dies or becomes a particular kind of lamb that likes standing in a draught.

CHESTERTON.

The great historic woman is more herself when she is persuasive than when she is coercive. If a woman is to have power, it should be despotic, not democratic. . . . She is never responsible till she is irresponsible. Almost every despotic or oligarchic State has admitted women to its privileges. Scarcely one democratic state has admitted them to its rights. One Pankhurst is an exception: a thousand Pankhursts are a nightmare, a Bacchic orgy, a witch's Sabbath. Men have thought of women as sublime separately, but horrible in a herd.

CHESTERTON.

If Shakespeare could sing with Myriad lips, Browning could Stammer through a thousand mouths.

Imagination is the result of Heredity. It is simply concentrated race experience.

O. S. WILDE.

The Book of Life begins with a man and a woman in a garden. It ends with Revelations.

A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE.

Latin and Greek ought to be regarded as luxuries, not as essentials in Education.

PROF. H. B. BAKER.

Thought-lenders are in some ways almost as ruinous as money-lenders.

BISHOP OF CARLYLE.

If there were no sorrows in the world, I wonder how much prayer there would be.

REV. R. J. CAMPBELL.

Any man of honor is a religious man.

BERNARD SHAD.

The more one knows, the simpler one is.

ALFRED STEVENS.

"The Cook."

Mrs. X was in need of a Cook. She was a tall gaunt personage, well above fifty and her nose was adorned with a pair of horned spectacles through which she was in the habit of glaring at a person as if she would eat him up alive. Her voice had a distinct resemblance to that of a screech owl. This eminent lady, was in need of a cook. Now, when Mrs. X needed a cook, it was a very serious matter indeed and everyone knew that.

Her last cook had left that morning for being "cheeky" as it was called. Since that unbecoming attribute, "cheeky" was not required in a cook serving under Mrs. X, the man had been "sacked." This was how the "cheekiness" had come about:—The rice, the previous day, was a quarter of an inch below the standard height in the dish, so Mrs. X called Ramaswamy up to her and said, "Ramaswamy, someone has been stealing the rice; it must be either you or the *Thannikarchi* (water-woman); the *Thannikarchi* is a good girl, so you must have stolen it. What have you to say for yourself? Stealing is a mean and wicked habit. If you needed rice, you could have asked me for some and not stolen it like a thief.

I shall fine you one Rupee for this base theft."

This long lecture naturally galled Ramaswamy, as he was absolutely innocent of the charge brought against him, and as he had to support his wife and seven children on the meagre pay of 10 Rs. per month. So, hearing of the reduction in his pay, he said, "No, Madam, I no did steel the rice; new rice today, Madam, and so rice being less."

"You did steal it, I say."

"Beg pardon, Madam, I no steal rice; why me only steal rice and not the Butler, who is new servant?"

"Oh, the Butler is a Christian."

"Madam, will Butler no steal because he am Christian."

"Certainly not. Dont argue with me; I said you stole the rice and you did. You answer back too much. Are you my master, or am I yours? I shall fine you 1 Re. and nothing less."

"Please Madam, I am family man, got wife and seven children and Madam giving me so little pay."

"You cheeky fellow, did I not tell you not to talk? Be silent and go; you did steal, you did, you did! and so I will fine you."

"I am family man, Madam."

"You leave my service this evening you have too much cheek in you. Do you think I cannot get 51 servants like you? You are a bad cook and steal; so if you talk any more, out you go."

"Very well, Madam, I will leave to-day." Mrs. X was thunderstruck to see this dirty Plebian, this low-caste Hindoo, asserting himself and being so independent. So, in order to keep up her dignity, she put on a dignified and pompous air and said "You may go, but you shall have only half pay given you for being so cheeky and impertinent. Here is your pay, leave at once."

"Madam, I have served you for more than two years; will Madam not give me one character."

"No, you scoundrel, if I give you a character, it will be a bad one and so you had better not have one as it will be bad for you rather than help you. Go! leave at once."

"Salam, Madam."

"Go."

Ramaswamy exit.

And now, Mrs. X was in need of a cook. Somehow or other, the 51 eager cooks did not turn up, which was a mystery, and Mrs. X had to do all the cooking herself that day. The next day a cook came and Mrs. X called him up before her.

"Have you done service before?"

"Yes Madam."

"With whom?"

"With Mr. I.C.S., Collector of and with Major. I.M.S. and with many more great men."

"Have you any characters?"

"Yes Madam, here they are."

"Why did you leave your last service?"

"Because my Master, he going away to England; Master giving me pension, 2 Rs."

"What pay do you want?"

"Madam pleases, 20 Rs. a month."

"What !!! 20 Rs. a month !!!

"I paid my last cook Rs. 10 and I shall give you Rs. 11 a month and not more."

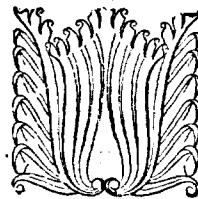
"I am sorry, Madam, I cannot work." Exit.

And so it continued, day by day. Cooks came and cooks went, good cooks, bad cooks, mediocre cooks, but none who satisfied Mrs. X's fastidious tastes. This man was dirty, that man could not cook chicken curry, one man had no character and another asked for too much pay. All were unsuit-

able and few were humble enough. Finally a man turned up, who promised to be a good bargain. He agreed to 10 Rs. pay and had a fair amount of characters, and a humble face, and was a good cook.

Mrs. X was delighted and boasted of her great acquisition to all her friends. For the first week the new cook cooked splendidly and cheaply. The rice was higher than the standard height and everything was very satisfactory. Then came the fall. The man went from bad to worse and expenses went up by leaps and bounds. Mrs. X grew frantic and decided to sack the cook on the next day and as good as told him so. She went to sleep that night and woke up the next morning and went to her safe to take out some money. The safe was open and empty. In her grief she sent for the cook to send him to the police. The cook was gone. She waited all day for him, but he never returned. To make matters worse, her favourite dog fell into the well and was drowned. "It never rains but it pours." And again, "Mrs. X was in need of a cook."

W. R. S. S.



A Midwife's Second Sight.

A bright sunshiny morning in the tiny village of Cochannapolliem, a small village nestling at the foot of the Nilgiri Hills. The cattle were being driven out to the foothills to graze, carefully avoiding the extensive fields of ripe paddy shimmering in the golden radiance of the sunlight. Harvest parties, with their midday refreshment of *conjee* in small pots poised on the heads of the older women, and the young men and girls with sickles in their hands, were hastening to the distant fields where reaping was already in progress. The stream of clear water running through the village from the hills was sadly attenuated, and crowds of happy young women were gathered at the water pits, in the sand of the stream bed, discussing the great event of the week, a wedding that was even then being celebrated. Lutchmi, a young Iyengar girl, the daughter of the Village Munsif, was to be married to young Venkatramana Chari, a rising police officer who, after passing his B.A. & B.L. degrees, had thought of entering Police Service. It was a good match for Lutchmi, a fair-complexioned, nice-looking, slender girl, but with no education or culture. It was a marriage arranged by Venkatramana Chari's people, and the dowrie was a handsome one; and as the astrologers had declared that great blessings would attend the young couple, that they would beget many children and that both would live to a green old age, the young Police officer of 21 years of age made no objection to a girl 11 years his junior, and so the wedding of the two was taking place to the ear piercing sounds of the clarionet and the ceaseless throbbing of drums. Numbers of people from

the adjoining villages had been invited, and the red and white cloth decorations of the wedding pavilion, with plantain trees, with bunches of green fruit and green cocoanuts, made a brave and festive show. In the afternoon the wedding procession set out, the bride, in a marriage palan-keen—a litter hanging from a great curved bamboo support, and gay with turkey red cloth, tinsel and beads—sat opposite to the bridegroom. The former laden with jewellery remained with bowed head—the conventional fashion—and gazed into her lap; the bridegroom looking anywhere but at the bride or his friends. When the procession round the village terminated, the usual ceremonies subsequent to the procession were carried out, and *pan supari* and spices, etc. were served out in profusion. After three or four days of festivity, during which time the music was scarcely ever mute, the function came to an end. Venkatramana Chari left for Avenashy, where he had been posted, leaving his child wife with her parents.

In a *maligai*, or upstairs house, in a Malabar village of scattered homesteads, Rama Iyengar's wife had just given birth to a little girl. There was only Rama Iyengar's aged mother down stairs, and the midwife attending the case was Minachi, an ancient Malayali sudra woman, assisted by Parvathi and Janaki, two young Nair women. Outside, the rain fell ceaselessly in that downright fashion so characteristic of the West Coast. The wind howled round the gabled roof ends and threatened to send the cadjan thatch whirling into the adjacent sea, where the noise of many waters added to the terrors of the storm, and completely drowned the wail of the new-born infant. While

the mother and child were on a cot in a corner of the room, one of the Nair girls busied herself in tidying up the room, while the other went downstairs to inform Rama Iyengar that he could come up and see his wife. Rama Iyengar was an educated man and was not quite orthodox in his opinions or in his ways of life.

The old woman, Minachi, was staring out of a tiny window at the storm. As she stood there, silent and apparently absorbed in contemplating the gathering darkness, she seemed to Rama Iyengar, who was standing near his wife, a witchlike creature with her dishevelled hair—generally so tidy among Malayali women—and wrinkled skin and aquiline face, with the lobes of her ears, innocent of *thoda*, hanging to her shoulders. Her immobility and silence prompted Rama Iyengar to address her. In reply—muttering to herself—she approached the bed and gazing with something like affection at the mother, whom she had known from a child and was devoted to, she bent and lifted the baby and hugging her close to her shrivelled bosom broke into a kind of sing-song, which, by Rama Iyengar, was interpreted as follows:—

Twice ten years shall pass away,
Years of happiness, youth and play:
A period of marriage, but for a day.
Twice ten years in her virgin bed,
In twice ten years again she's wed.
In twice ten years a bride she will be
A daughter-like wife, none so happy as she.
Children will bless her, hark! what I say—
The man she will marry is married to-day.

Chanting this in a slow monotone and caressing the little one by holding her face against hers and drawing a long breath, she laid it down and without any sign of farewell slipped out of the room.

Rama Iyengar was angry. The old hag's prophecy might distress his

wife, who, however, was used to Minachi's strange ways and only smiled, not fearing her at all. All the same, Rama Iyengar did not like the old thing saying that his little girl would become a widow and re-marry. He was quite orthodox, and he did not foresee how he would change in a few years and he was rather disturbed, but said nothing. In course of time Rukmini grew up to be the apple of his eye, she being his only child.

Rukmini, be it said, was born on the day that Venkatramana Chari, the Police Officer, married Lutchmi of Cochannapoliem in the distant Coimbatore District.

At 11 years of age, Rama Iyengar had his daughter married to Rajagopal Chari, the Tahsildar of Yerur Amshom in the Malabar District. The auguries were favourable; but, before the marriage was consummated, the Tahsildar was assassinated one night when travelling in a boat, by a Moplah with a fancied grievance against the Revenue Officer—and Rukmini was left, that sad thing, a Brahmin widow. During the 11 years Rukmini was a child, Rama Iyengar had travelled far on the path of Social Reform. He thought the remarriage of virgin widows a most excusable thing. He deprecated marriages between men and girls, where there was a difference of over ten years of age, and though he had consented to Rukmini marrying a man of 25, he had salved his conscience with the thought that Rukmini's education was above the average, and that Rajagopal Chari was not quite orthodox himself, and would give his wife greater latitude of action and would make a companion of her, instead of condemning her to being a household drudge. On Rajagopal's death Rama

Iyengar set his face against Rukmini disfiguring herself by shaving her head. He insisted on her wearing rich saris and jewels, and devoted himself to giving her a sound education. Rama Iyengar occasionally thought of Minachi's prophesy, and wondered if the second part would come as true as the first part.

Eleven years had passed in Cochannapoliem where Venkatramana's wife's house was. She was expecting her second child and Venkatramana had sent her home to be brought to bed, and there she died leaving a second son to survive her loss. Venkatramana on his wife's death left his infant sons to the care of his people and resigning the Police went to England to study for the Bar. On his passing out, he returned to India and settled in Malabar to practice his profession.

"And do you love me dearest—truly and really" asked Rukmini of Venkatramana as they stood in the shade of a friendly laurel tree. He held her hand in his and as he gazed into her dark eyes and bright and intelligent face, he, who had seen many women abroad and had had many experiences, felt that he had never seen a more winsome, modest and refined young woman than the girl he had asked to be his wife. He had been fully 37 years old when he first saw Rukmini. Their first meeting was a most natural thing. Her father and Venkatramana often met each other on business; and what more likely than that the younger man should call on the elder? One was a social reformer determined to do the best for his only child—the other a travelled, educated man, untrammelled by orthodox limitations. And associat-

ing with them was Rukmini—a very pearl of winsome womanhood—and, it came to pass, that they were married and lived happily. It was a marriage of affection and the husband and wife were drawn into closer bonds of union. Rama Iyengar often ponders over Minachi's prophesy, which, whenever it is referred to, he answers by quoting:—"There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

A. P. S.

Women of the Time.

ONE of the most remarkable women of the time is Lady Mackworth, a daughter of Lord Rhondda who has enormous business interests in America in which Lady Mackworth assisted him in early days. Her business aptitude was phenomenally good and she gradually extended her operations and now she holds the place of a director in no less than 27 companies and that of Chairman in several. Her London office is artistically furnished and bears no resemblance to the money grubbing unlovely chambers of many business men. Personally, she is young, pretty and has a most charming manner—assets she makes no little use of in her business transactions. Lady Mackworth is of opinion that in point of remuneration in business women should be paid just as highly as men. Of course there are women of limited means, who cannot employ servants to look after domestic work; but when a woman has the means she considers that women should not confine their activities to house work. Lady Mackworth has lately accepted an appointment in the administration of the Women's section of the National Service in Wales and is organizing

the registration and enrolment of women workers. She is one of the super-business women of the hour. In France and in Burma, women are much occupied in business and only of recent years has the Englishwoman turned her talents in this direction.

Miss Stella Maude, the daughter of General Sir Stanley Maude, who has achieved victory for England in Mesopotamia, is now occupied in organizing "Mesopotamia Day" in London. She has fixed the 13th of April for the day, as she is not a believer in the unlucky number 13, and she has chosen for her Head Quarters a house numbered twice, 13=26. She has original ideas, for it will be a flag day without flags and she has arranged for the sale of original wares, the real Mesopotamia myrtle leaf, Mesopotamia brooches in stamped metal and tiny representations of "oases" in the desert, with the water springs, the palms, the camels, etc. all done in colour. Miss Stella Maude appears to possess the energy, the resource and the powers of organization of her distinguished father.

The stage has given to the aristocracy of England many charming wives and one of the most note-worthy is Miss Zena Dare, the sister of Miss Phyllis Dare. She is now Mrs. Maurice Brett, the wife of the Hon'ble Maurice Brett second son of Viscount Esher. He is a Captain in the Black Watch, has been an A. D. C. and been mentioned in despatches during the present war, and is Chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France. Mrs. Brett has done self-sacrificing service as a Working Nurse in France and is possessed of a most engaging personality.

Among other distinguished war workers, though in Ireland, is Lady Wimborne, wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who has won the esteem and respect of that warm hearted, if stubborn, people, the Irish. The Lord Lieutenant in Ireland lies on no bed of roses and in his wife Lord Wimborne has a help who by her intuition, tact and grace has been of immense help to her husband in his responsible task. Her beauty is remarkable and a great deal of her time is spent in working for the comfort of Irish soldiers in the War.

Lady Swaythling is a worker in many War Charities. She is the wife of the Second Baron Swaythling, who is the head of the well known banking firm of Samuel Montague & Co. She was Miss Gladys Helen Goldsmid, daughter of Colonel Albert Edward William Goldsmid, M. V. O. She is one of the most popular Peeresses of the day.

Book Reviews.

WAR, PEACE AND THE FUTURE.—
Ellen Key (Putnam).

The author has a decidedly feminine detestation of war. She holds that war is utterly, absolutely indefensible, and that the main cause of wars is the secrecy, which characterizes the conferences, the drawing up of treaties, the alliance and the settlement of international affairs. Autocratic exclusiveness must yield to democratic openness. Men, Miss Key says, have failed to prevent war, because a good many of them delight in war. Peace and the maintenance of peace is woman's task, she thinks, and women must in future have a voice in national affairs. This is all very well, but how

does Miss Key propose that women should dominate the men and have a controlling voice in affairs? We confess our inability to frame any plan of operations. The old song may be remembered where a French grisette sings.

"If I were Queen of France
Or, what's better, Pope of Rome,
I'd have no fighting men abroad,
No weeping maids at home:
All the world should be at peace
And if Kings assert their rights,
I'd have those who make the quarrels,
The only ones to fight."

Miss Key has been forestalled and it does not seem that war will ever cease. Force is the last of arguments and though international arrangements may make a world-wide war like the present impossible in the future, coercion of some kind—and that is not peace—will, till the end of time, be the last resource of weak unreasoning humanity. A book well worth perusal, for it compels thought.

MY RUSSIAN AND TURKISH JOURNALS.—*By the Dowager Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava (John Murray).*

Russia just now fills the vision, both as an Ally of France and England in the war that is desolating the world, and because of the totally unexpected Revolution which has unseated the Royal family. But it is always the unexpected that happens, as Germany has found to her cost. The journals refer to the period 1879 to 1884—85, during the time when the late Lord Dufferin, once Viceroy of India, was Ambassador at the Court of Russia. Lady Dufferin's "Viceregal life in India" will be remembered for its remarkable charm of criticism and comment on men and things in India, and Lady Dufferin is not less happy in her reminiscences of Russia, its people and its per-

sonages. She has dealt *inter alia* with matters not ordinarily noticed by the historian; but which nevertheless will be found to be of importance in obtaining a true vision of that extraordinary land with its sharply defined differences of social condition. Lady Dufferin's descriptions and pen portrait of celebrities are very happy. Here is a thumb-nail portrait of Bismarck, which is admirable:—

He was in uniform, a large, tall man with a very pleasant face. He sat down and talked all the time, very good English, in a deliberate manner. He told me a great deal about Prussia and I enjoyed his visit very much."

One could almost draw up the character of the man from this brief description. "The uniform, the talkativeness, the information about Prussia mostly, his deliberation in speaking and his thoroughness in speaking the English language."

These reminiscences of Lady Dufferin make charming reading for ladies especially, though the masculine reader would be able to find many things of great interest to instruct him.

THE BIGAMIST.—*By Miss E. Mills Young (Lane).* The old story of a false marriage. A man marries a second woman in the most orthodox fashion while his first wife is alive. But, since this bigamist marriage took place five years pass away, years of much domestic happiness, and then the second woman learns that she is not a wife and her child is nameless. Not that her husband wishes her to leave him, but if she does she must go away penniless. It is a psychological study of no ordinary kind and how it is faced by the proud wife must be read from the book itself. South Africa has been the *mise en scene* of many entertaining stories, not the least among which is the *Bigamist*.

Current Comments.

OUR new daily contemporary in Madras, *Justice*, touches on a social anomaly of considerable interest. "The Brahmins," says the non-Brahmin organ, "in Madras have made great advance in education judged by University records. Their women folk are among the educationally least advanced in the Presidency and it is practically impossible to get the co-operation of such a community for social reforms." The non-Brahmin organ is correct in saying that the women in India rule their homes and husbands. Woman as home ruler is, in our opinion, in the right place. In all that concerns the moral and social atmosphere, women in India control the home. Intellectually she now does not; and it does not appear that the boys or girls of the family suffer intellectually, at all events among the Brahmin community, for the boys and girls are athirst for education and the infant marriage system is perhaps, the main hindrance to Brahmin girls obtaining the alleged advantages of a high education. We say alleged, advisedly, for we do not think it necessary or desirable that the average Indian woman should be a B. A. The average English girl is not; for, beyond the surface accomplishments of the drawing room, a small fund of general knowledge, and a more or less biased religious training, she is not particularly intellectual or cultured. As she grows in experience in the company of her husband and children who possess advantages she never possessed, she assimilates their knowledge and maintains her position more or less unimpaired. The Brahmin woman gains by similar association. Social reform is a growth. It must develop from special circum-

stances, and very often the development goes on unperceived and it is sometimes falsely concluded that there is no development at all. Then some event occurs, some stimulus is given to social thought, and a decided advance is made in practical social reform. We have no hesitation in saying that, though there appears to be little or no change in the social life of the Brahmin community, there is a leaven at work, among the women which in a short time will produce unexpected results in the direction of social reform. Indeed, it is among the Brahmin community more than in other castes of the Indian communities that this awakening may be expected. The leading position that the Brahmin community has established in Indian public life necessarily reacts on its private and social life, and the women folk are unconsciously preparing themselves for the adoption of the changes, which appear to be inevitable in the social life of India in the near future. We hold no brief for the Brahmin community, but it is but just to say that, among Brahmins more than among non-Brahmins, have been found earnest religious and social reformers, and this is a fact which should not be lost sight of in any survey of the social reform activities of this country. Meanwhile, it is not altogether desirable that Indian womenkind should travel on the path of western progress as fast as the men. Education does not come by books alone. The vastly improved social conditions under which thousands of Brahmin ladies live and move and have their being, is an education which is imperceptibly modernizing their ideas and providing new concepts of life and its duties. So that we are not inclined to be pessimistic as to the future. Indeed we rejoice that the progress in the social emancipation of Indian caste women has been slow.

A slow development, retaining all that is womanly and modest and virtuous in Indian life and ideals, is all that we wish, and it is much.

* * *

It has sometimes been the privilege of a Native State Government to lead the way in important matters of reform, especially in the direction of social legislation; and as social customs in India are intimately connected with religious sanctions, and as the paramount power is pledged to strict neutrality in all religious concerns, any attempt at social reform in other states is rendered impossible. With a Hindu Prince as ruler of a state, or a Mohammedan Prince as ruler of another, reform in social matters is not so difficult to introduce. Native States, like Mysore and Baroda and Travancore, have travelled a considerable way in effecting reforms by raising the age of consent in marriage and in delicate questions of inheritance, divorce and *Sambandham*. In Travancore, the Government have introduced social legislation with regard to Vellalas, Nairs and Syrian Christians without any measure of opposition. In other respects, such as the introduction of compulsory education, the landlord and tenant act in the Malayalam country, the Native States are in advance of the British Government, and to mark a distinct advance in religio-social reform Baroda has just issued the draft of a bill entitled the "Caste Usages Bill," as a corrective of caste usages which hinder the physical, moral and material welfare of the people. The bill is an attempt to aid and assert the enlightened opinion of Indians, whose knowledge and sympathies are opposed to superstitions, supererogatory and tyrannical; but who are, none the less, unable to combat ignorant and

fanatical practices, which are felt to be injurious and oppressive. We do not know if the practice of removing the hair of widows and depriving them of their jewels and condemning them to wear sackcloths is one of the usages, legislation in Baroda is opposed to; but we should not be surprised if it were. In Madras, at any rate, in leading and enlightened Indian circles, these indignities are not insisted on, and the people who thus defy orthodox practices have not, as far as we know, suffered ostracism or paid any penalty for not following precedents. It is to render impossible such ostracism and punishment that the Caste Usages Bill has been published. It is purely permissive and not compulsory, and affords protection to those who seek it at the hands of the Government. Such a legislative enactment in British India would be objectionable, and it says much for that progressive ruler, the Gaekwar, that he should initiate a measure which is destined to have far-reaching results. His Highness is to be congratulated. That the Gaekwar is free from the meticulous and trifling observances of caste, which militate against ordinary freedom of action and are sometimes very injurious in their ultimate results, is apparent from the significant fact that a European lady is required for the efficient management of his household. In the Maharani, His Highness has a liberal, enlightened and gracious coadjutor in the cause of social reform.

* * *

While Social Reform is thus making its way, *Varnasrama dharma* Associations are attempting the vain task if rehabilitating caste and establishing co-operative social life on the caste system. The main idea that society is an organism like the animal body, and

that every part of the organism has a particular function to fulfil & that only by such co-operative effort will society be best served is self-evident and indisputable; but to assign a particular task to a particular section of the community and to tie it down by rigid caste obligations to that task alone, is a deprivation of human liberty, unjustifiable even in the cause of a model co-operative organism. Co-operation must be secured by consent and not by compulsion, and in casteless countries interdependent social conditions have established themselves without the compulsion of caste. That the caste system was once both beneficent and effective as a co-operative going concern suited to early times, may be admitted, but so was slavery and the feudal system; but just as it would be unwise and impossible to restore slavery, or feudal government, the self-imposed task of rehabilitating the caste system, with all that that system implies, is absurd. The world is an old world and systems of government and society have risen and fallen and re-established themselves and disappeared, time and again; but the tendency from the remotest times to the present has been towards the assertion of individual right and liberty; and it seems to us that the freedom of the individual is more than the fate of nations and of states. The present war is one of slavery *versus* liberty, of organised state force against individual liberty, and the liberty of the individual is what the great democratic peoples of the day are fighting for, and they will win. Social conditions, after the war is over, will readjust themselves, no doubt in a manner far from perfect; but perfection is not possible in a world of men and women who are not perfect. Birth and death, health and illness,

wealth and poverty, light and darkness, misery and happiness will be the lot of future men and women, till the end comes to each one of them. For the rest.—

"This is enough to know, the phantasms are;
The heavens, earths, worlds and changes changing them,
A mighty whirling wheel of strife and stress
Which none can stay or stem."

News and Notes. (Selected.)

WE deeply regret to have to record the death of Mrs. Pittendrigh, at Kodaikanal, whither she and her husband had gone to spend their honeymoon. The deceased was formerly Vice-Principal of the Women's Christian College and was married only last month. The news of her death will be a shock to the many friends in India of the Hon'ble the Rev. G. Pittendrigh.

Miss Mabel Tomlinson, youngest daughter of Mr. J. J. Tomlinson, late of the Travancore State Survey Department, and a resident of Ootacamund at present, has succeeded in obtaining her M. A. degree from the University of Madras this year. Miss Tomlinson received her early education in the Doveton Girls' High School, Vepery, and after completing her High School career there in 1910, she entered the Madras Presidency College, where she took her B. A. degree in 1916. She completed her studies for the M. A. course in the same College in 1917.

Miss Tomlinson is the first from the Doveton Girls Institution to secure this degree.

The Anti-Dowry Movement.

The *Bengalee* laments that, in spite of the tragedy of self-immolation by girls driven to madness by the sight of the despair of their parents in failing to find the extortionate dowries demanded at the marriage of the girls, there are no signs that this custom is on the decline. "Heavy dowries are still demanded," writes our contemporary, "and obtained, and the approaching marriage of a daughter is still looked upon as a calamity. It is not as if this practice is confined to needy fathers, who hope to make some money by the marriage of their sons. We have heard of instances in which heavy dowries are demanded by fathers who are themselves in affluent circumstances. Among them are to be found men of culture and good social position, who are supposed to hold advanced views on many subjects. They are certainly not in need of money, still they demand exorbitant dowries when their sons are to be married. So feeble is the voice of public opinion and so slow is the progress of social forces that this evil custom continues unabated in our midst, and there is no near probability of its being discouraged by social ostracism. This augurs ill for our social future. Concerted action is necessary to put an end to a practice which is sordid in its inception and productive of widespread misery in its effects."

Indian Women's University.

We have received copies of the reports for the year 1916 of the Hindu Widows' Home Association of Poona and the Indian Women's University. The report of the Hindu Widows' Home Association is its 21st annual report. Last year the Widows' Home and its two offshoots, the Mahila Vidyalaya or Girls' School, and the Nishkama Karma Math or the Disinterested Service Abbey, were amalgamated into the single institution, the Mahila Pathshala or Women's College, which is affiliated to the Indian Women's University. The 21st annual report of the Hindu Widows' Association is, therefore, the first report of the Mahila Pathshala. The High School and Primary School classes, together form the Mahilashrama, while the Mahila Pathshala teaches the courses of the Hindu Women's University. The Mahilashrama covers a period of nine years, the tenth year being devoted to preparing students for the entrance examination of the University. The number on the rolls of the combined institution on the 1st January 1917 was 216, which was 10 less than the number on the rolls in the previous year. Of these, 86 were widows, 109 unmarried girls, and 21 married women. Widows were thus only 40 per cent. of the total number on the rolls. This denotes a radical departure from the original objects of the Hindu widows' Home Association. The special object of the Association, that of providing a Home for widows, seems to have receded into the background in favour of providing higher education of a special kind for girls and young married women and, of course, widows. In this connection, it is noteworthy that while any Hindu female, married

or unmarried, above ten years of age, is eligible for admission into the Mahilashram, Hindu widows who seek admission should be less than 25 years of age. The object of this restriction in the case only of widows, is not apparent. The conversion of an institution started 20 years ago for the special purpose of helping Hindu widows, into a school and college for women, is open to comment. The proportion of widows, as remarked above, was only 40 per cent. of the total of scholars on the first January last. We expect that it will go still lower down in the coming years, and it is perhaps this probability which has induced the management to announce that they are prepared to admit twenty more widows as free boarders in the current year. Nearly 50 widows were supported by the Ashram last year, and the new free-studentships will bring the total to 70. The total number of widows on the rolls was 86, and as nearly 50 of these were gratuitously supported by the Association, the number of paying widows was about 42 per cent. We have got the reports of previous years at hand to compare this with the proportion of paying and non-paying boarders in those years. Our object in citing these figures is to show the tremendous change that has taken place since the Hindu Widows' Home was started 21 years ago. In so far as this change implies a recession in the interest in and concern for the condition of Hindu widows, it is clearly a matter for regret. But in so far as it is, the outcome of steady improvement in the position of Hindu widows, and the decline in the absurd prejudice against them, it is altogether a matter to be thankful for. The Mahilashrama sent one girl for the Matriculation examination of the Bombay University

last year, and she came out successful. We believe that this is the first girl to pass that examination from the institution since it was started. Seven girls are being prepared for the same examination this year, but the school being now affiliated to the Women's University, no students will be hereafter sent up for the Matriculation of the Bombay University. Meanwhile, it is significant that while there were 61 scholars in the Vth standard of the school, and 30 in the IVth, there were only 11 in the first and 10 in the second. How far this reflects a decline in the number of new admissions, we cannot say, as no particulars are given in the report bearing on the point. The work of collecting funds was hampered by the financial stringency consequent on the war, but there was no fall in the amount of subscriptions.

The Progress Report of the University shows that there were four students preparing for the first year's examination of the women's University, after passing the entrance examination held in June last. Many institutions which have played a great part in the history of the world have commenced with fewer numbers. A large part of the report is taken up with an account of the formation of the electorates, the election of the Senate, and certain changes proposed to be made in the constitution of the University. The first meeting of the Senate was held in June last, and Sir Ramakrishna Bhandarkar was elected Chancellor, and the Hon'ble Mr. Paranjpye, Vice-Chancellor of the University. The second meeting of the Senate will be held next June. Meanwhile the Syndicate has been engaged in framing recommendations so as to secure equitable representation of different interests, which will be placed before the

Senate at its next meeting. The report shows that donations to the amount of Rs. 50,000 were promised, and also annual subscriptions amounting to Rs. 10,000. The actual receipts during the year from both sources, we learn, were enough to provide for the University a permanent fund of Rs. 30,000, after all the initial and current expenses amounting to Rs. 3,300 had been met. The report however notes a disappointing feature regarding the collection of subscriptions. It is that about 20 per cent. of the subscribers fail to pay up their subscriptions and refuse the value payable packets sent to them for the recovery of their dues. The Registrar rather lectures the delinquents on their want of character, but the fact, to our thinking, is significant of the way in which the University propaganda have been rushed in several parts of the country. In a matter of this kind, it is well to give would-be supporters sufficient time to make up their minds after a careful study of both sides. So far as promises of donations are concerned, the promoters of the University hope to recover them sooner or later. In concluding the report, the hope is expressed that the college will be complete with all the classes in June 1918, and that, in June 1919, the first batch of graduates of the Indian Women's University will go forth into the world. "The desirability of a separate University for women is believed no longer to be an open question," we read, "and strenuous efforts are being made to prove its practicability." The sentence seems to suggest an antithesis between what is desirable and practicable in the matter of women's education. We think that the events that are taking place around us, are calculated to emphasise the importance of men and women being educated in the

same manner. The women of England have taken up the work of the men who have gone to the front. A bill has passed the House of Lords admitting women to practise as solicitors. Opponents of Women's suffrage in England have seen fit to recant, and at the next General Election women's votes will, for the first time in English history, exercise the franchise equally with men. For the first time in the history of the United States, a woman took her seat as a member of Congress the other day. The Russian Duma has declared women to be eligible to be elected not only as a member of that body, but also to hold all offices including those of Ministers. It would have been an ungracious act on the part of the Duma not to have done this, considering what an important part University women played in bringing about the Revolution, how much they suffered and agonised in the pursuit of freedom under the defunct autocratic regime. Surely, it is, to say the least, inopportune, to say to-day that the desirability of a separate University for women is no longer open to question! There is nothing in the report to warrant the conclusion that the women's University has passed the state of experiment. On the contrary, some of the facts stated therein would seem to show that the enthusiasm for the movement is distinctly on the wane.

Indian Women and Education.

Every one with a primary knowledge of the history of British rule in India knows that one of the various benefits that have accrued in consequence of connection with Great Britain is the strong influence the latter has exercised towards popularising female education in this country. Even those

that are disposed to deprive the Government of the credit of initiative in the direction of progressive schemes, cannot in fairness deny the keen solicitude they have always felt for the education of the Indian women, as might be seen from the establishment of colleges and schools not only in all the Presidency towns but in the important centres of the mofussil as well. The superstitious views still current among many of the high castes in this country and particularly in this Presidency, that woman is not competent to receive any education on the score of religious prohibition, that it is a very great sin to keep a girl unmarried till she attains the age of puberty, that she has been created solely for the pleasure of man, and a lot of similar prejudices offer no inconsiderable opposition to the social reformer as well as to the Government, which out of deference to the established traditions of this land has to take up an attitude of neutrality towards proposals brought forward by the advanced section of the Indian community for legalising post-puberty marriages, intercaste marriages and such other unpopular but progressive reforms. To prove the accuracy of this statement, instances are ready to hand in the fate of Mr. Basu's Civil Marriage Bill and Mr. Sastri's Post-Puberty Bill.

Though the present day degeneracy of the Hindu communities, moral as well as physical, is a clear proof of the mischief wrought by numerous deleterious social customs, persons are not wanting to extol these very customs that have been the cause of so much mischief, and perversely adduce solitary examples of great women who, by dint of merit and personality, rose to high eminence in spite of unnatural restrictions in the olden days, and

ascribe their attainments to the prevailing customs of the times.

This kind of fallacy, though it does not find favour with the progressive section of the educated people, is still believed in as gospel truth by the illiterate masses which are unhappily too many, with the consequent evil that the major portion of the Indians look upon their women in no other or better light than that of cooks and child-bearing machines. It is a most regrettable thing that, while their European sisters are so far advanced in education as to clamour for franchise, the Indian women should be purposely kept down in a bondage of ignorance and denied the opportunities of learning to lead a more useful life. The forcing of maternity on young girls of scarcely thirteen or fourteen is as cruel as it is unjust, since at such an age a girl can never be expected to realize the serious responsibility of marriage and to have any preferences and partialities towards men. Even those who do not like the work of the Christian missionaries in this country cannot deny the fact that it is largely to them that we owe the recognition of the importance of female education which they very sedulously popularised within the last thirty or forty years. A few decades ago it was considered highly improper and almost sinful for girls to attend schools, but to-day girls with at least a knowledge of the proverbial three R's are in such great demand that the generally exacting bridegrooms in the matrimonial market are willing to sell themselves at a lower rate in consideration of the educational qualifications of their would-be wives. It is really a happy sign of the times that parents, literate as well as illiterate, are vying with one

able match.



At the beginning of this year the Mysore Government—i.e., the Economic Conference, granted a sum for the encouragement of Home and College Industries. For the purpose, institutions have been opened in Bangalore and Mysore and elsewhere, in which altogether 23 light industries are taught, among them being Photography, Mat work, Fan work, Carpentry, Tailoring and Dress making, Toy making, Lace and Tinsel work, Knitting, Crochet, Binding, Drawing and Painting, Nakki, Needle work, Upholstery, Silk throwing and Twisting. The institutions are attended by family women, and by male adults and boys. The women learn some useful domestic industries, the men some paying handicrafts. Some women who would scruple to attend Girls' Schools attend these. This picture is the photo of a small institution in Bangalore, where merely rattan work is taught to young wives and mothers whose afternoons are free.

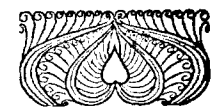
another in sending their girls to schools, although their anxiety does not proceed so much from genuine desire to educate as to secure for them a suitable match. In fact a good number of Indian parents keep their daughters at school only till such time as may be necessary for securing a happy alliance, while others break up their studies as soon as they attain puberty. It is thus obvious that the seriousness of female education has not yet been brought home to most Indian parents, who look at it only in its ornamental aspect. It is true that the growing desire for at least this ornamental education is a clear indication of the advance we have made, or rather, we have been forced to make in recent years; but the rate of progress has been so slow and the opposing forces are so powerful as not to hold out any bright hopes for the future unless there is an appreciable change in the psychology of the Indians as regards their social affairs. At such a time as this when politics seems to be the all-absorbing subject with every Indian, it would be idle to expect a healthy deflection from that subject to the more useful one, viz., social reform, whose dire necessity some politicians completely ignore, while others go to the extent of impeding its further progress by starting reactionary movements like the Varnashrama Dharma movement and others which aim at perpetuating many of our social evils. Such of our politicians as divorce social reform from their exciting political careers may be reminded that any amount of political concessions will not lead to any good result if the recipients of such privileges have not sufficiently advanced in social and moral life. In a society where women are mere hewers of wood and drawers of water it would

not be reasonable to expect any appreciable national consciousness, however educated might be its male members; and hence our politicians, some of whom seem to give the most restricted meaning to the word 'politics,' will do well to devote as much or even more attention to this all-important subject of female education than they do, since there can be nothing more national or more political than these improvements. To what can we attribute the increase in infant mortality amongst us, our miserably weak physique and our low average life, if not to the colossal ignorance of our women?

Many of the world's great men, whether warriors or philosophers, poets or statesmen, have one and all acknowledged their indebtedness to the sacred influence of their mothers. Can an Indian child expect such influence from an illiterate mother, and what respect will the child have for her as in proportion to growth the child comes to know more and more of the mother's utter ignorance?

The task of educating our women has been made very easy for us by the missionary bodies, who have already ploughed and sown the field, and even sown the seeds, and it only remains for us to carefully watch further progress so as to ensure the healthy development of the tender saplings, whose growth it is the duty of every Indian and friend of India to nurse.

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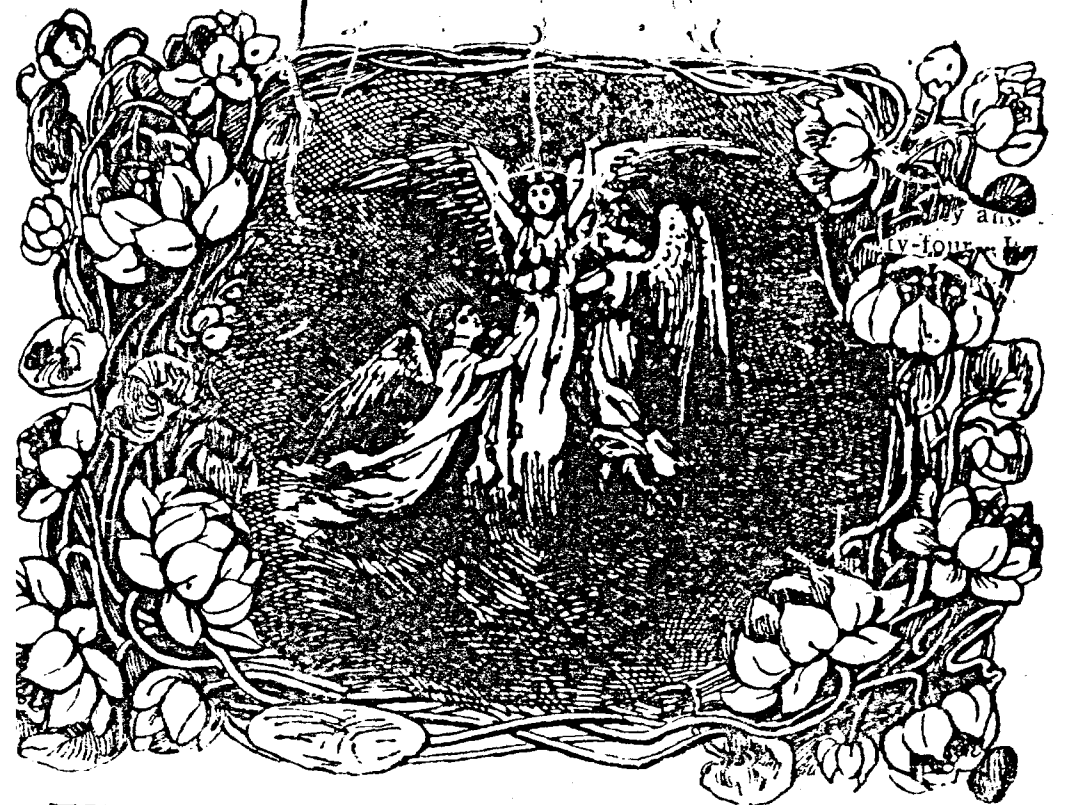
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A Strong Will.

"O well for him whose will is strong!
 He suffers, but he will not suffer long;
 He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong;
 For him nor moves the loud world's random mock,
 Nor all Calamity's hugest waves confound,
 Who seems a promontory of rock,
 That, compassed round with turbulent sound,
 In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
 Tempest-buffed, citadel-crowned."

TENNYSON.

Is Robert Browning Obscure?

THE difficulties, which we encounter in attempting to appreciate a classic poet from whom we are separated by a long interval of time, are well known. Criticism in the course of ages has sufficiently determined what we are to look for in such a poet, what we are to admire, what is worthy of repeated perusal, what may be glanced at or omitted. Criticism does not precede, but follows art; it is the artist that widens the sphere; and to the new facts which the artist forces upon him the critic slowly adjusts himself. When we approach a new and original artist, our rules do not apply, our pre-possession are shocked, we know not whether to admire or to condemn. Of a classic author we know both the merits and defects. We are aware that Shakespeare's diction is sometimes turgid, that he occasionally sins against our present good taste, that he is frequently obscure. But in a new poet the apparent sin may be against our individual taste, not against the rules of art, the obscurity may be in our own dulness, not in the poet.

Robert Browning was born on May 7th, 1812, at Camberwell. The Brownings were Dorsetshire people and Robert Browning, it is interesting to note, came of mixed nationalities. His grandmother on the paternal side was a Creole. His mother, born at Dundee, was a daughter of a mother who was pure Scotch and of a father of German extraction. Thus there were in Browning mingled threads of nationality, worked upon a web of English middle class. In Browning's descent were germinated his vast intellectual and emotional range and his susceptibility to race differences, but the

genius which modulated these varying strains into undreamed of harmony was all his own. We may think of Browning's childhood as spent among 'old trees,' 'climbing plants,' and 'morning swallows.' His imagination was deeply impressed by distant London, murmurous, lighting the sky by night, and imagining that 'need of a world of men' so paramount in the after years.

Of Browning, we hear that even when he was eight years old he debated with himself, whether he should not, while retaining the sceptre of poetry, conquer also the province of music and painting. At the age of twelve he had written poems enough to form a volume. Browning went to no public school and to no University. The systematic use of his father's admirable library was the most important part of his early education. At seventeen or eighteen, he made up his mind that he would make poetry his career and profession. So then in Browning from the beginning, we have the unusual phenomenon of a poet who was consciously prepared for his vocation.

Browning was born in the after-glow of the great Revolution and grew up with the growing fame of Shelley and Keats. His earlier poems were written under the influence of Byron's work. In them, the style has not yet attained the compression, vigour and tortuousness of his later work; but the subject and manner of treatment are already those which he later specially made his own. Whatever may be Browning's defects as a poet none can doubt his originality. There is no poet of our time more original, be that originality good or bad, than Browning—no poet of our time so uneven and so voluminous.

Every great writer has his own method of presentation. We have no

right impatiently to resent it; our duty and privilege are to try to understand and appreciate it. Browning is difficult to understand, as he was himself quite willing to acknowledge. But there are difficulties and degrees of difficulty. The obscurity is not so universal as some would have us think. Many of his shorter poems are entirely free from difficulty. Many others require only a word or two of explanation. But there remains a large portion of his work, which undoubtedly demands close attention and the use of a good reference library to comprehend it.

The ordinary theory of Browning's obscurity is to the effect that it was a piece of intellectual vanity indulged in more and more insolently as his years and fame increased. There are at least two very decisive objections to this popular explanation. In the first place, it must emphatically be said for Browning that, in all the numerous records and impressions of him throughout his long and very public life, there is not one iota of evidence that he was a man who was intellectually vain. The evidence is entirely the other way. He was vain of many things, of his physical health, his good looks, his masculinity and his knowledge of the world. But everything is against the idea that he was in the habit of thinking much of himself in his intellectual aspect. Our whole view of Browning is bound to be absolutely false, if we start with the conception that he was what the French call a "Poseur."

There is another practical objection to the ordinary theory that Browning's obscurity was partly the result of the intoxication of fame and intellectual arrogance. We constantly hear the statement that Browning's intellectual

complexity increased with his later poems, but the statement is simply not true. He wrote the greater part of 'Sordello,' noted for its obscurity and density, when he was twenty-four. It was in his youth, at the time when a man thinks of love and publicity, of sunshine and singing-birds, that he gave birth to this horror of great darkness; and the more we study the matter with any knowledge of the nature of youth, the more we shall come to the conclusion that Browning's obscurity had altogether the opposite origin from that which is usually assigned to it. He was unintelligible, not because he was proud, but because he was humble. He was unintelligible, not because his thoughts were vague, but because to him they were obvious.

A man who is intellectually vain, does not make himself incomprehensible; he is so enormously impressed with the difference between his reader's intelligence and his own that he talks down to them with elaborate repetition and lucidity. What poet was ever vainer than Byron? What poet was ever so magnificently lucid? But a young man of genius, who has a genuine humility in his heart, does not elaborately explain his discoveries, because he does not think they are discoveries. He thinks that the whole street is humming with his ideas, and that the postman and tailor are poets like himself. Browning's impenetrable poetry was the natural expression of this beautiful optimism.

The difficulty in understanding Browning's poetry is due almost entirely on the one hand to the sources from which he drew his illustrations, metaphors and similes, and on the other hand to his peculiar style. His poems, nearly all, refer in minute detail to the scenery, manners and

sentiments of Southern Europe. To understand his poems, books of travel, the Atlas, the Guide book, the Gazetteer, and the Italian dictionary have all to be brought into requisition. Any dozen passages of Browning contain a volume's references to history, biography; and questions of research are being continually aroused. Browning loves to go off at a tangent. He follows up a branch line with as much interest as though it were his main theme. He is 'a creeper into worm-holes,' and the obscurities and unknowns of the past are more to him than its great events and trampling Conquerors. Yet Browning's hardest lines are no harder subject for grammatical analysis than many in 'Paradise Lost.' The worst that can be said of his roughness and difficulty is, "here is pure gold, but it is uncoined and must be dug for, and certain fragments of rock are sticking to the nuggets."

To this dauntless, sanely optimistic poet, who stands "unique and outside all schools," 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 workings of the human mind. This makes Browning so complicated that he cannot be easily understood; he can better be "FELT". There is nothing flabby in Browning, he is always bracing, and realistically dramatic, even if rugged and abrupt.

But it is the style of Browning which does most to puzzle the reader. In many of the short poems there is nothing to complain of. In the longer

poems the language is often more puzzling. His style is at once verbose and elliptic. He makes his sentences somewhat long and confusing by the use of many parentheses. He sometimes cuts them down too much, by the omission of grammatically necessary parts of speech. He omits prepositions, articles, personal and relative pronouns, and auxiliary verbs at his pleasure. He employs uncalled for and graceless inversions.

Browning is a prolific master of what Walter Bagehot calls the "Grotesque art" in poetry, even as Wordsworth and Tennyson are the typical representatives of the pure and ornate style in poetry. The grotesque art deals not with normal types, but with abnormal specimens; not with what nature is striving to be, but with what by some lapse she has happened to become. This art works by contrast. It enables us to see, it makes us see, the perfect type by painting the opposite. It shows us what ought to be, by describing what ought not to be: when complete it reminds us of the perfect image, by showing the distorted and imperfect image. Of this art of working by contrast, Browning is a prolific master.

Further more, the choice of his subjects accounts for much of the obscurity of his works. This was very natural with a poet, whose wishes inclined or whose genius conducted him to grotesque subjects, and there was no age like his, whose real life was so fit to suggest them. A buried life like the spiritual mediæval one was Browning's natural element and he was right to be attracted by it. In the natural working of his "grotesque art" of working by contrast, he had sometimes to choose topics, which could not charm; and so on these occasions he has failed

to fascinate men and women of sane taste.

'Sordello' is acknowledged on all hands to be the most difficult among his works and presents in the fullest development the least estimable features of his style. Every one knows how Tennyson is said to have declared that there were only two lines in it which he understood, and that both of them were untrue:—viz. the first,

"Who will, may hear Sordello's story told," and the last,

"Who would has heard Sordello's story told." Carlyle affirmed that Mrs. Carlyle had read it through, without being able to tell whether Sordello were a man, a city or a book. The Obscurity of *Sordello* then is proverbial, but before careful study this obscurity gradually vanishes. A very great part of the difficulty of "Sordello" is in fact that before the reader even approaches to grappling with the difficulties of Browning's actual narrative, he is apparently expected to start with an exhaustive knowledge of that most shadowy and bewildering of all human epochs, the period of Guelph and Ghibelline struggle in Mediæval Italy. Here, of course, Browning betrays that impetuous humility, which we have previously observed. His father was a student of Mediæval Chronicles, he had himself imbibed that learning in the same casual manner in which a boy learns to walk or to play cricket. Consequently, in a literary sense, he rushed up to the first person he met and began talking about Ecello and Taurello Salinguerra, with as much egotism as an English child shows, when it talks English to an Italian Organ Grinder.

The difficulty found by many in certain of Browning's works arises from a quality the very reverse of that which

produces obscurity properly so called. "Obscurity", says Mr. Swinburne, "is the natural product of turbid forces and confused ideas; of a feeble and clouded, or a vigorous but chaotic intellect. Now if there is any great quality more perceptible than another in Mr. Browning's intellect, it is his decisive and incisive faculty of thought, his sureness and intensity of perception, his rapid trenchant resolution of aims. To charge him with obscurity is about as accurate as to call Lynceus purblind or complain of the sluggish action of the telegraphic wire. He is something too much the reverse of obscure; he is too brilliant and subtle for the ready reader of a ready writer to follow with any certainty the track of an intelligence, which moves with such incessant rapidity, or even to realise with what spider-like swiftness and sagacity his building spirit leaps and lightens to and fro, backward and forwards, as it leaps along the animated lines of its labour, springs from thread to thread and darts from centre to circumference of the glittering and quivering web of living thought, even from the inexhaustible stores of his perception and kindled from the inexhaustible fire of his imagination. He never thinks but at full speed; and the rate of his thought to that of another man's is as the speed of a railway to that of a waggon, or the speed of a telegraph to that of a railway. It is hopeless to enjoy the charm of gist of his writings except with a mind thoroughly alert, an attention awake at all points, a spirit open and ready to be kindled by the contact of the writer."

So then, the difficulties we encounter in understanding and appreciating most of the works of Browning are due to the sources from which the ordinary

illustrations, metaphors and similes are taken; his sudden impatient, up and down style arising from his keen, abrupt, zigzag thought, his mastery of and liking for the grotesque art in poetry and lastly to his choice and depiction of exceptional characters from mediaeval spiritual life. Surely, his own mind was never obscure. It was, as Hutton rightly observed, his own Short-hand style, that obscured it, not any obscurity in his own perception or his own conception.

S. R. A.

Children and Toys.

A grown-up child" is a term used more often in sorrow and pity than in admiration, though of course there are parents who take a delight in entolling their children's "cleverness." But such parents should almost certainly be called misguided and indiscreet, because, in the ordinary affairs of every day life which are judged by experience rather than by science and "special knowledge," the general consensus of opinion is not often wrong.

A child is called grown-up, precocious or any of the other adjectives which the psychologist reserves for the abnormal, when it has realised that circumstances set limitations on life: in other words when it has gained the consciousness of self. The ordinary child has not yet realised its personality: its world consists of a background of "grown-ups," who may or may not be intelligible since they appear to suffer under mysterious fluctuations of lucidity and the reverse, and a foreground filled by itself. It may be argued that this last remark is a direct contradiction of the one just before it and that if self looms so

largely on a child's horizon, then its consciousness of self must be on a peculiarly extensive scale: but there is really no contradiction. To a child, life is a picture, and if one is looking at a picture one clearly is not oneself in that picture. The child can, and usually does, imagine its world as a picture in which a figure corresponding to itself takes the most prominent position: but this figure is not itself, but a creation of its imagination, and, without the child's mind to animate it, just as lifeless as the other figures with which the rest of the picture is peopled. The child's personal presentment bears the child's name, just as a parcel has to carry a label for the sake of convenience and for purposes of identification, but the characteristics and attributes which it bears in the picture are as varied and divergent as the child's knowledge or fancy.

It is easy therefore to understand why a normal child delights in toys. But it cannot take an intelligent interest in them till they come into place in its picture. By an absurd convention, toys even for the tiniest babies are made in the shape of cows and dogs and other animals, but the baby obviously looks on them as so many articles on which to exercise its gums. But as soon as a child sees animals and carriages and other babies, and understands that they have definite and individual characteristics, the possibilities of its toys become infinite. The hard-hearted limitations of time and space make it impossible even for a child to have real grown-ups or animals or carriages as pawns in its game of life, though for the absolutely normal child time and space have no meaning till it begins to walk and to recognise the feelings of hunger; but with its toys the child can reconstruct whatever scene has taken

its fancy, and its own individual presentment in the picture takes on the attributes demanded by that scene. Therefore the boy imagines himself a real engine-driver, while his toy engine becomes a real engine, and the girl imagines herself to be her mother, while her doll becomes some other child or quite possibly herself!

It follows that the chief mental power which a child possesses is imagination, and the chief instinct, imitation. That this must be so is clear from a consideration of its personality. A child has no experience: it understands just enough of what it sees and hears to be perfectly sure that there is a great deal more beyond, which is quite certainly fascinating, but which it cannot proceed immediately to investigate because of the foolish and tiresome prejudices of parents and other grown-ups, and so it has to give its imagination play. For the same reason, since it has no experience and therefore no sufficient basis for original effort, its actions are founded at least on what it sees and hears.

Since the normal child has the healthy vitality of a young animal, it cannot keep still either in mind or body. Therefore imagination and imitation must go together and be given every facility for their exercise. Either without the other is like a thing without life, a used-up yesterday or any other encumbrance without excuse for its intrusion. Suppose a child has the seeing eye and can tell exactly how a horse gallops: neither its sight nor its knowledge is of any real use to it, unless it can put them into practice: in fact it has taken particular notice of the horse, because it unconsciously intends to imitate the gallop as soon as opportunity offers. But the fact that it has two legs, while the horse has four, makes no difference in its own

mind (however it may appear to the grown-ups) to the satisfactory evolution of the image, because, while it uses the two legs which it does possess, its imagination makes the other two play their proper part. It is these attributes which make a child so literal and at the same time, often unfortunately to the despair of its elders, so whimsical. The want of an actual leg or two, or of a wing or two, or even of a tail, makes no real difference to the child, because the main thing is the detailed image in its mind of that which it is intending to reproduce. Under such circumstances, the vehicle of imitation becomes of secondary importance, but at the same time some instrument of presentation is essential, because a child is a metaphysician through lack of experience and want of the knowledge of limitations and not by an effort of pure intellect. This is why toys, pictures, stories are so necessary for the proper development of the child.

Because the child knows no limitations for any grown-up in whom it has confidence nor for the possibilities of experience, nothing really seems incongruous to it. Since it has not realised itself yet, it has no sense of proportion nor standard of comparison. Whatever it sees or hears or feels becomes part of its lessons of experience, marks as it were on an otherwise blank page, and it is not difficult to see that on the nature of these marks depends the character and disposition of the child. The function of the mind is to think and thought produces action, and feeling or emotion produces thought. For its feelings and emotions, the child has to depend on its environment and the ultimate responsibility for the child's development therefore returns to its parents, who arrange and control the environment. Fortunately, the child

is ready to help them to its utmost. Unless its mind has hereditary perversions (and then it is no longer normal and will not come under any general laws), it is prepared to accept whatever it is taught in a more or less literal form: but, because its mind, as has already been said, cannot rest passive, it is absolutely necessary that the images put into its mind are capable of wide expansion: this explains why the ordinary child takes such delight in fairy stories: they afford a practically unlimited field for the exercise of its imagination and since their theme is usually poetical and chivalrous their development in the child's mind will run on healthy and joyous lines.

But the child without toys, without stories, without any of the healthy mental food which is a necessity of its nature, turns for its pasture to the prosaic or sordid details of every day grown-up life: it learns too soon the limitations of time and space and the narrow bounds of personality. It wearies its unexperienced mind with what is, neither good nor profitable for it to understand; and, because its sense of proportion is either incipient or untrained, it falls into perversions or morbid exaggerations, and the child is no more a child but an abnormality with possible leanings towards vice or crime. Therefore is it that a "grown-up child" is looked upon with pity, because, even if its spiritual refinement has not been coarsened in the process of forcing, it has anyhow lost too soon the limitless freedom of childhood's gaiety. Too soon have its parents allowed it to fashion for itself "the prison bars" that "close it in" from so much that the grown-ups learn to value but cannot recover.

"Remember that a child's innocence is sacred" says Juvenal and it is

toys and all that appertain to them that keep that innocence intact. The alphabet, and sums, and even the capitals of countries and the dates of accession of long-dead kings, are estimable things in their way, but they are apt by reiteration to become dull and pointless and afford little sustenance to the imagination; and a child, without imagination and the uncontrollable desire to exercise it, is like an empty husk without kernel and the mechanism of healthy growth.

J. K.

Work for Indian Women.

By the Rev. Dr. J. Lazarus.

THIS title may sound strange; it is nevertheless true. Let me explain it. Roughly speaking, the female population of India amounts to 160,000,000. From this total must be deducted about 65 millions of labouring and artisan women and about 35 millions of very young girls and aged women, who cannot be expected to engage in work of any sort. This leaves about 60,000,000 women who are mostly married and in the prime of life. These form the bulk of the female population and belong, with a small exception, to what is called the great middle class—which is the nation proper and in which pulsate all the national virtues and characteristics. To them is by nature entrusted the care and welfare of their husbands and children. They are the traditional treasuries of the nations' ideals. Familiar with the stories of the heroes of their epics and puranas, if they are Hindus, or with other sages and teachers, if they are Sikhs, Buddhists or Mussalmans, they conserve the piety and practical religion of the land and hand them down to succeeding generations.

It is for this vital class of the population that work is pleaded for—not labour, but work. Labour, which is the lot of their unfortunate sisters, is a necessity and a legitimate means of livelihood. But work is more or less optional and forms a willing and healthy occupation. It may be that these wives and mothers have the duties of cooking and bringing up their children. But this work occupies merely a fraction of their time. King Alfred is said to have divided a day into three portions—one for state duties, another for meals and recreation and the last for sleep. Granting then that eight hours are naturally devoted to the duties of the house, there are left on the average as many as another eight hours at the disposal of the Indian woman—a third of a day which she does not know how to spend. At eight hours leisure a day, an ordinary middle class Indian woman has at her command something like 3,000 hours per annum—which is capital of the greatest value and which may be converted into considerable wealth. Fancy this multiplied by the 60 million women of this class. An idea of the immensity of this marketable commodity within reach of middle class women may be formed by the fact that when day-light saving in London was computed in money, it was found that about £46,000 per year would be added to the citizens' income by the single hour thus saved.

It is by no means the fault of the Indian woman that she lets slip between her fingers so precious a source of wealth and delight. While an English woman of the middle class, not to speak of others, complains that a whole day is not sufficient for her to properly go through the allotted work, her more fortunate—or unfortunate, to

speak more accurately—Indian sister does not know what to do with the hours she is daily obliged to idle away. Read or write she cannot, for this is the condition of 990 women out of every thousand of the population—Literacy, so excellent a means of killing time with European women, has been denied to the Indian and will continue to be so for even centuries to come. The pace of female education is far too slow to make any appreciable progress for the census commissioner to report once in a decade. Then the Indian climate is such that it induces sloth and encourages a strong inclination for repose or sleep once in the day. When I was in Europe I noticed this enervating effect of climate as I travelled southwards from Scotland. The contrast in the habits of the people in the north and in the south of Europe is most striking. An Italian woman may be usually seen standing lazily gazing at her street-door, which is seldom or never the case in the northern countries. The intenser cold forbids it. In India, the intenser heat compels it—there being nothing to the contrary.

The Indian climate is also responsible for the extreme scantiness of clothing worn by an Indian woman, as compared with her western sister's profuse abundance of apparel. The Indian Sari needs no plying of the busy needle. I know of a German woman who sat up a livelong night to work at her gown! Our women are saved all this labour which would otherwise consume a few hours daily. If one woman only knew the use of the needle, whether plain or knitting or crochet, would not 60 million scarves or coats or some other useful articles have been prepared for our Indian troops? This reminds me of the story of a noble-

man and a poor rustic, who were once cast adrift on the coast of a savage island... The former knew nothing, useful except to eat, drink and sleep; but the rustic knew how to work with date-leaves. They were both immediately surrounded by the savages who were intent on harming them. Both were hungry and in terror. The nobleman was at his wit's ends. But the rustic gathered a few date leaves and wove them into caps, baskets and other useful articles which so pleased the people that they at once began to befriend him, feed him and otherwise make him comfortable. The neglected lord was in a sorry plight and lest he should perish of hunger, he undertook to be the rustic's servant and gather date-leaves for his work! The tables had been turned by the knowledge of a useful trade in one and the lack of it in the other.

Suitable occupation, therefore, for the eight hours leisure of Indian women, is the problem requiring solution at the hands of reformers in the field of female progress. What an amount of useful and valuable material such occupation could achieve needs no proof. It lies on the surface. Knowledge is power and time is wealth; and the habitual appliance of the former to the latter in the case of women, as in every other instance, cannot but yield immense treasures, of which Indian women cannot even dream. Even the good Queen Victoria, though burdened with the duties of a Sovereign and mother, despised not the healthy influence of useful work and worked at anti-macassars and visited the poor and needy in her scanty leisure.

An idle man tempts the devil. To rest is to rust. This is no less true of women than of men. The absence of a useful occupation leads to gossip,

which often ends in slander and sorrow, to sleep, which injures health and breeds disease, to perpetual chewing and nibbling, which impairs the appetite, and to a luxurious sloth which corrodes moral fibres and creates unholy thoughts. Useful work, then is a double blessing. It is both negative and positive in its effects. It opens up a new world to the Indian woman, even if she is not educated as is all but invariably the case. The mind becomes busy with the hand, while thought and action combine in happy co-operation.

Individual instances of this useful occupation, producing admirable results, and far-reaching in their effects, may occur to most of our readers. What are called Pulicat baskets are known all over the world. They are the work of Jonava women who have learnt to weave with the all-useful Palmyra leaf baskets and mats of various sizes and shapes. These women though shut up in their zenanas earn an honourable living by the pleasant occupation of their deft fingers. A missionary reformer taught pillow-lace to the women of Nagercoil and this most beneficial art has spread to various parts of India. Beautiful, embroidered cloths and covers and carpets worked in gold and silver are turned out by poor Musalman women and are the admiration of all Europe. It is strange that the middle class Indian woman has not yet taken kindly to the needle. Though she may not require it for her *Sari*, her children do—in these days of Indian renaissance. Modern ideas of decency require modern clothing for the rising generation. Lakhs of Rupees in tailors' wages may be saved by the adept use of the needle and scissors. I have known many a poor Indian Christian woman securing by her needle all the

needle work of her neighbourhood. Another widowed mother, while engaged as a resident tutor to a Rani, so utilized her spare time as to educate her son for the Cambridge Senior Examination, conduct a magazine and even write a novel.

The fact is, the habitual, useful occupation of a woman's leisure hours never fails to give her a proper estimate of the value of time. The contrast between an Indian and an English idea of this precious commodity may best be seen at two Railway Stations. At an English Station, the passenger arrives just a minute before the starting of the train, while at an Indian Station the passengers are there some hours before the time and sit idly chatting or sleeping away like the five foolish virgins in the parable. When the Indian woman learns to fill her vacant hours with something solid and useful, she begins to take pleasure therein and even forget the worries and cares of her domestic life, which is a great asset in itself, and if the work turned out proves profitable, as it generally does, she will find a fresh inducement to work and gradually take a keener interest in her new occupation.

The present, dreadful war has revealed in a remarkable manner the hidden and hitherto undeveloped capacity for work possessed by women. They are filling with wonderful skill and credit the offices and duties for which men alone were considered qualified. Leisure-hour occupation for millions of middle-class Indian women would bring to light similar gifts and graces. It would beget even a thirst for education. The pleasures of reading would be sought for its own sake. India would thus become a richer, happier

and more useful country, and rise higher in the scale of civilized nations.

If behoves all dutiful fathers and devoted husbands to train their women-folk to acquire early habits of useful occupation for their vacant hours. Such occupation lies at the very door. From the tiny needle which costs but a pie, up to the painter's brush, there are countless means within the reach of all. For

God entrusts to all
Talents few or many,
There's none so young or small
That they have not any.



The Roll of Honour.

Our loved one's dead : not his the choice of time,
 Or place or line : nor had he cause himself
 For quarrel with the men from whom he met
 His death : his only part in his young fate
 Was that he chose the soldier's road : Oh, deep
 Our grief that one so strong and young, instinct
 With all the precious promise life can show,
 Can never more rejoice our eager eyes,
 Nor greet us with the welcome of his touch.
 But may we still, amid our grief, uphold
 The birthright of our souls : for man alone,
 Of all created things, can face unmoved
 The fear of hurt or death : alone can choose
 Gladly to risk for duty's sake, the last
 Most solemn sacrifice : may humble pride
 Uplift our grieving hearts and comfort us,
 Because among ourselves was found a man,
 Who rose above the weakness of our flesh,
 And proved once more that men are sons of God.

K.

"The Last Rites"

In Many Ages and Many Climes.

"The glories of our birth and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things
 There is no armour against fate ;
 Death lays his icy hand on kings.
 Sceptre and crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade."
 J. SHIRLEY (1620)

Although the problem of death has always been before our minds, it is undoubtedly a mystery which has been little explained. Thousands will agree that the Great Mystery, however, became more profound when the world set out in deadly strife in August 1914. It cannot be gainsaid that the end of all things is death. That stern reaper cuts down alike the bearded grain and the flowers that grow between. With his keen sickle he lays low old and young, the king and his counsellors, the courtesan and the cottager. There is much interest to be gathered, nevertheless, from a study of the associations in various climes of that dread moment, when the spirit takes its flight, and it becomes necessary for some relative or friend to perform the necessary rites preparatory to interment.

It is one of the most striking facts in the history of civilisation that in the classical age of Athens two distinctly opposed forms of burial—burning by fire and burial in the earth—were practised side by side. After the body had been washed, anointed and wrapped in linen cloths by the women of the household, and an "obolos" had been placed in its mouth as a fee for Charon the ferryman, it was "laid-out" for a day upon a couch in the house. In front of the dwelling was set a water-pot, full of pure water fetched from another house,

and with this the persons who were defiled by approaching the corpse sprinkled themselves on leaving the house. Women sang the monotonous "song of lamentation" around the body, tearing their hair and beating in measure upon their heads and breasts. Before sunrise the corpse was carried out without covering, as is done to this day in Athens, with music and a numerous company, and either buried outside the gate of the city or burned upon a pile of wood. When the last glowing embers of the fire had been quenched with wine, the bones were carefully gathered into an urn and buried. The mound or sepulchral column was henceforth visited frequently by the kinsfolk. Every year a solemn offering was brought to the dead man on his birthday and the 30th day of each month was regarded as a general commemoration day of the dead.

Among the old-time Romans, the spirits of the departed were believed to be imperishable. They were regarded as living a kind of shadowy life, haunting the tomb in which they were buried, and depending for their well-being on the honour which they received from their descendants. It was the greatest misfortune for a family to become extinct, for then the spirits of the dead were left, without any one to give them due honour. It was the greatest impiety to neglect the rites due to ancestors, for this course was supposed to bring misery upon them in the unseen world.

Death had a gloom and terror for the Israelites in Biblical times, which for Christians it has lost. Old age was treated with reverent regard and long life was accounted a great blessing. When death came, however, the body was washed, covered with spices so far as circumstances permitted, and wound

round and round with long cloths of linen or other material. The head was infolded in a separate cloth. The relations gathered at once to the house of mourning, and so, too, did the hired minstrels and "such as were skilful of lamentation." For these proceedings the time allowed was but short, since, in all ordinary cases, the burial took place if possible on the same day. The body was laid without as coffin on a bier, and carried out beyond the town walls to the place of burial, which was either a public cemetery, or, where circumstances were favourable, the private grounds of the family. The women often led the procession and it was the office of the hired mourners to express sorrow by music, praises of the dead, loud wailings, with other outward signs of woe, such as beating of the breast and rending of the garments. All who met the funeral were expected to join the procession. The house continued in mourning for a week; but this was not permitted on the sabbaths nor on certain festivals.

Innumerable superstitions are associated with death in various climes. On no account must a dying person in Roumania be allowed to pass away in the dark. He must hold a candle or taper in his hand at the moment of dissolution, as the light keeps away evil spirits who would otherwise tamper with his soul. In addition, it is supposed to enable his spirit to find its way to heaven. When the dying person is breathing his last, a window must be opened instantly, or, failing this, one of the panes of glass or sheets of oil paper, whichever are used, must be broken, in order that the spirit may pass easily away. The body is then washed reverently in hot water, which is afterwards carefully poured at the foot of a tree; its nails are cut and the parings

embedded in wax and retained by the relations as keepsakes. Afterwards, the corpse is dressed in new linen, the best clothes, and a black lamb skin hat. For 3 days candles are kept burning before the corpse; after which, the coffin, uncovered, is taken to the Church-yard. The reason for its being left uncovered is to enable the dead to take a last look at the world. In certain districts, the authorities will not allow interments being made in this manner, and the difficulty is overcome by putting little windows in the sides and lids of the coffin. After the funeral, everyone drinks to the future life of the departed, but, before so doing, is careful to spill a few drops of wine on the ground.

In Belgium, it is also customary to place a lighted candle in the hand of a dying person, and in some parts of Hainault it is thought right to make the animals belonging to the dead man wear mourning. Crape will be placed on the neck of the cat, or on the bird's cage, or even on the beehive; otherwise it is supposed that the bird will die, and the hive be forsaken by the bees, before the year is out. Clocks are stopped; and at Stavelot all water in saucepans and other vessels must be thrown away, for, the soul is said to have passed through these to purify itself before leaving the house. There is a notion at Laroche that if a burial takes place on Sunday, there will be another death during the week in the same locality; and at Court St. Etienne they fancy that if a person is buried on a Friday, another of the same family will die in the year. In the vicinity of Antwerp, they believe that the souls of persons killed in duels belong to Satan, and in some places they are supposed to become the owner of the horses which have carried the dead bodies from the mortuary to the church.

In the North of Spain, where fear lays its griping hand upon the rank and file, the prospects of death create a consternation that is one of the Church's most valuable assets. Even in the laughter-loving south, the approach of the "King of Terrors" is dreaded, but in the north people fear to die save on the battle-field. When the priest walks through the dim streets attended after sunset by acolothists bearing torches, the passers-by kneel and say a "Credo" for the soul then passing beyond the care and joys of mortal life. Half of the double entrance door is shut in the house of death, and the bedroom in which the deceased rests is turned into a "capella ardiente," where the corpse lies in an open coffin with tapers burning and nuns praying round the bed without ceasing for the soul that has gone to the bourne from which no traveller returns. Burial follows upon the heels of death, and the ceremonial varies from extreme simplicity to a display that seems to mock the occasion. Among the very poor, the State is "the undertaker," while those who are high up in the social scale have quite a stately array. The trappings of the six or eight horses that take Dives to his last home are as brilliant as money can make them, and often the vast concourses which assemble on such occasions appear quite indifferent to the calls of daily labour.

Among the Greenlanders there is much fear of the souls or ghosts of the dead. The dying are often dressed in their best garments a little while before death. The legs, too, are often bent together, so that the feet come up under the back, and in this position they are sewed or swathed in skins. This is usually done during their lives so that the survivors may not contract

uncleanliness by handling a corpse more than is absolutely essential. The dread of touching the dead goes so far, indeed, that Eskimos will only with reluctance assist a drowning man or a fellow-being otherwise in danger. The clothes and other possessions of the deceased are thrown out immediately after death and the survivors also carry their own goods and chattels outside of the domicile, so that the taint of death may pass away from them. Eskimos, curiously enough, are very much afraid of mentioning the names of the dead. It is believed that there is a spiritual affinity between two people of the same name and that the characteristics of a dead person are transmitted to anyone who is called after him. The fear of mentioning the names of the dead extends so far, however, in certain districts that cases are frequent of a survivor changing his name upon the death of a companion who has borne a similar name.

Among the Turks who have not adopted the use of hearses, the dead are always borne to the cemetery on the shoulders of the living. It is considered a meritorious act to carry a dead body even for a little way, and the bearers at a Moslem funeral are soon relieved by others, who seek to obtain the benefits which the performance of this religious duty is believed to confer. The coffins of men are distinguished by the turban or fez of its occupant on a peg at the head, whereas the shell of a woman has her chimber or coif. In reverent silence the procession makes its way to the Morgue. After the interment the Imam remains a short time at the grave—in order it is said—to prompt the deceased in replies to questioners. These are two angels, Mounkie and Nekir, who, according to the Moslem

creed, enter the grave with a dead man in order to interrogate him concerning his faith. If the deceased was well-to-do, gifts are made to the poor from his personal effects. Specially prepared dishes are sent round on the third day to the friends. The poor also receive funeral cakes, in return for which their prayers are asked for the soul of the departed. This ceremony is again gone through on the 7th and 40th day after the burial, and, on the latter occasion, a dole of loaves is added. Excessive sorrow for children is considered not only sinful but detrimental to their happiness and rest in Paradise.

According to a popular superstition once prevalent in many parts of England, dying persons could not pass peacefully away if there were any feathers of game birds or pigeons in the bed on which they were laid. It was also customary, when the moment of death was near, to throw open all the doors and windows so that nothing could hinder the flight of the departing spirit. For the purpose of averting evil spirits the thumbs of the dead were doubled in Northumberland; while the tapers keeping solemn ward round a corpse were termed ghost-candles in certain parts of Lincolnshire as they were supposed to keep away ghosts and evil spirits. The ceremony of holding watch over the dead between the time of death and burial was called in Ireland, Scotland and the North of England "a Wake." On the night before the funeral it was usual for the relatives and neighbours of the deceased to assemble at the house and spend the night in the room with the corpse, chanting Psalms and dirges, telling stories eulogising the virtues of the departed and eating and drinking. The customs connected

with the tolling of the "Passing Bell" vary somewhat in different localities, but generally the bell is tolled for some minutes and then there is a pause. Then follow the tellers, thrice three successive strokes for a man, twice three for a woman and three strokes for a child. It has been suggested that the old saying: "Nine tailors make a man," is a corruption of "nine tellers mark a man."

It may be well to remark that it is one of those strange and inexplicable traditions that Christian nations have adopted black as their mourning colour. It is empty of any symbolism that suggests comfort, or hope, or belief in the Resurrection. The "Heathen Chinese" uses white, suggestive of hope and not gloom. In some parts of England, child-mourners at a little one's funeral wear white—the last survival of a beautiful custom. Pale-brown, symbolising the fallen and withered leaves of life is the mourning colour of Persia. In Bokhara greyish-brown is the colour, suggestive of the return to the parent dust. In Egypt and Burmah, yellow is the mourning colour, symbolising the "sere and yellow leaf" and its decay. Royal mourning is purple, and that is the mourning colour of Turkey.

S. JACKSON COLEMAN.



A Letter to the Editor.

Social Intercourse.

DEAR MADAM,

For some years now I have been a regular reader of your magazine. Your insight into all questions which are of interest to your country-women and your fairness while dealing with complex subjects, made me realise anew that the one quality which makes all human intercourse first of all possible, then successful, and lastly enjoyable, is the gift of imagination: the quality which enables one to understand and reckon with the point of view of everybody, although we ourselves may not entirely share it with them. In furtherance of the objects of your magazine it might interest your readers, I thought, to become acquainted with the point of view and experiences of an English-woman in India, who would also profit greatly by your advice and criticism on many subjects which are sure to present themselves during such a correspondence. Reading Indian History and books on India is—if a useful preparation for coming to the country—not at all sufficient for finding one's way through practical life in India, if one feels a sincere desire to meet one's Indian country-women socially; that is to say, on any social basis which their traditions and customs will allow. Life is made up of little things, or is it the big things which constitute life? In my experience, life is filled with "the little things," which carry with them the most unexpected issues; while the "big things" fall into our lap unexpectedly, beyond our control. They appear like epoch-making events, commands from Heaven, which we accept and must follow up if we are not to go under. For our daily life—the social

intercourse in private and in public—the little things have to be weighed one against the other, and custom and tradition are still the hands which point along the road:

"What custom bids in all things we should do,
"The rush of antiquè time would lie unswept,
"And mountainous error be too highly piled
"For Truth to overpeer."

My first ambition after arrival in India was to master the language of the district in which I was to live. Oriental languages are not compulsory subjects for the Education of English girls and modern European languages naturally rank first. We cannot anticipate having to come to India and when we do, I realise that unless we happen to have studied Sanskrit, it is impossible to conquer the local dialects in a scientific way. All we can hope for in the given time is to learn a certain amount almost parrot-fashion and to catch the sound of the language without being able to speak it. My hopelessness about this however soon grew less when I found how very expressive Indian eyes could be and how much could be imparted by very little gesture. This stage, however, is reached only after some considerable time, when we get to know one another. The only opportunity available for me at first for meeting your country-women was at ladies' parties got up by the local body constituted for such purposes. The tradition was to sit in rows on chairs and to listen to a paper read by a lady. If it was read in English, the lecturer would stop every two or three minutes and have the sentences repeated in the vernacular. It astonished me not a little that anybody cared to try and follow the meaning of these jerked-out sentences, rendered extempore by a translator and interrupted again by English periods which the majority

present were unable to understand. I thought these proceedings extraordinarily dull from a social point of view.

For myself, I thought it best to have my papers translated into and read in the vernacular by a friend. Yet I consider that the amount of labour involved in such an undertaking does not justify the result. The reason is that the attendance is most uncertain; really influential ladies in a town find it difficult to go out at all, neither do they care to meet in public places like town-halls and clubs. If I offered my own bungalow, it was often said to be too far away from the centre of things, and before I could claim personal acquaintances many found it more profitable not to come. I am not at all surprised at this because, as I have indicated, owing to the language difficulty, we were put to such desperate shifts and adopted such heroic remedies in order to understand one another at all. I cannot help thinking that the language difficulty is to a very large extent responsible for the slowness with which English and Indian ladies come to mutual acquaintance or friendship. As I have said, hardly any English lady knows for certain that she is coming to India till she has to get ready to start; but the Indian lady is absolutely certain that the majority of the foreigners whom she meets will be able to speak English. Therefore, dear Madam, shall I be accused of insular arrogance, if I say timidly and tremblingly that Indian ladies would be doing a great deal to meet their English sisters' wishes for social intercourse by making a point of learning English? I cannot tell you the joy and relief I felt in my private social intercourse when I had the good fortune to fall in with an Indian lady who could talk English. We chattered and chattered and I at

least went away with the strong feeling that the apparent indifference of Indian ladies to meeting us is due more to the language-question than anything else. Think of the golden opportunities each side loses by not being able to converse freely with the other. Think of the comfort which an Englishwoman might introduce into her domestic economy by kind hints and advice from one who knows all about the country. Think of the many occupations which an Englishwoman could suggest to an Indian lady for the pleasant employment of her leisure time.

This letter affords an illustration of my remark that correspondence of this sort will automatically raise many interesting questions. For instance, I have said that English ladies are very anxious to meet Indian ladies and hinted that the wish is not always reciprocated by Indian ladies. On the practical side I have suggested that Englishwomen find it difficult to be comfortable in India and that Indian ladies have more leisure than they advantageously use. Clearly, these are all questions which can and should be discussed. But this letter is already so long that they must lie over for a future occasion, if the idea of this correspondence meets with your approval.

Yours sincerely,

AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN INDIA.

Editor's Answer.

It was with great pleasure that I received the above letter from "an Englishwoman in India." As she says, there are many questions which need to be fairly and impartially discussed by English and Indian women alike. And, one of the best methods for such discussion is undoubtedly the opening of a correspondence in the pages of a

magazine. The advice given and the suggestions made in a letter will naturally be more practical than those ventilated in general articles, or poured forth on public platforms. At the present time, we are more in need of the former than of the latter. So, I am sure, the readers of the Indian Ladies' Magazine, will welcome the letter of the "Englishwoman in India," and look forward to more of these from her. Knowledge is best obtained from experience; and I am sure we shall learn many things from her experience.

Many subjects are sure to present themselves for discussion during such a correspondence on the question of Social Inter-course between Indian and European women. We have often discussed the benefits of this in the pages of the Indian Ladies' Magazine. The two aspects of Social Intercourse suggested by the "Englishwoman" are very suggestive: Indian women can help English women to carry on their domestic economy more comfortably than they do now; and Englishwomen can help Indian women to spend their leisure time more happily and profitably than they do now. The other question raised,—that Indian ladies do not always reciprocate the sincere wish of English ladies to meet them,—will need much discussion before we can conclude if it is to be answered in the affirmative or negative. Indian ladies do appear not very anxious to meet Indian ladies; but, as the "Englishwoman" herself suggests, this is chiefly due to the absence of a common language. This, as she says, can be surmounted chiefly by the Indian ladies themselves. Englishwomen come unexpectedly to India; they stay there only for a short time; and there are so many vernaculars to be learnt. How then can we blame them for not talking

to us in the vernacular? It is we, Indian ladies, who ought to learn English. Why cannot we do so, more generally than we do now? It cannot be denied that now many Indian ladies are learning English; but still there are many, who are not. If we analyse the causes for this, we shall find that they can be chiefly traced to the men, to their lukewarmness and want of real encouragement. The women, no doubt, are in the first place not energetic enough and in the second place do not find time enough to learn English; if they do know a little English, they are too shy and self-conscious to speak it. But we shall find that, where the men are anxious that their ladies should learn English, it is learnt. The necessary energy and the necessary time are surely found; and shyness and self-consciousness are easily overcome by personal encouragement. If the man insists on often speaking English at home, the woman will soon get into the habit of speaking it.

The men, therefore, are to blame, not only because they do not encourage the women to learn and speak English; but also, because when this is done, they do not give the women enough opportunities to meet their English sisters. Questions of distance, of the want of conveyance, of the inability of women to go out in public, will all gradually disappear, if the men will overcome their slackness, and make a real and persistent effort on behalf of their poor women.

K. S.



Friendly Chats among ourselves.

Throwing Stones.

KILLING a man by stoning him with stones till he died, was a well recognised form of Jewish punishment in the times when the Jews were a nation in Palestine. The punishment was decreed for particularly atrocious offences and the grouping of the stones on the grave of the sinner stood as a memorial against him for evermore. In these modern days the punishment of offenders against the law is left in the hands of the state. There is no need for any one of us to cast the first stone, or any stone against the sinner. But, nevertheless, we are constantly throwing stones, and when many join in doing so, the unfortunate victim,—not necessarily a sinner—succumbs and passes from among his fellow men. Not that we actually lift a stone and throw it, No! We are much too civilized and refined for that; but we have no hesitation in throwing—with a shrug of the shoulders it may be, with a smile that may mean much, often with an indignant frown—the stones of slander, of false witness—nay perhaps the stone of truth—and with fatal consequences. Each such stone causes a wound and many such lead to dire results. It has been said that the greater the truth, the greater the libel. That is so!

A man may be to all appearances, a good and worthy man. Perhaps he is—and he is universally respected and liked. In his early days, however, he committed some offence which most people have not heard of, but he in a new environment lives an honest, cleanly life—as citizen, friend and parent. Then out of an unflecked blue sky falls a stone. Someone who

has heard of, or knew him in his youthful days, mentions his little offence, in a whisper it may be, to a friend. There is not the slightest necessity for him to expose the man. He gains nothing from making the exposure. He bears no ill-will towards him. He merely thinks it not quite advisable that he should be considered quite such a paragon as he seems—Stone number one—and the friend who hears the whisper tells some one else—stone number two,—and so on till the victim becomes conscious that there is something going on, or being said to his discredit. "Conscience makes cowards of us all" says the poet, and our friend is no exception. "Can it be that my little mistake that happened so many years ago is known to any one, and that that is the cause why Mr. R. cut my daughter the other day, and that such a good friend as A. was hardly cordial in his welcome to me the other morning?" he asks himself. He begins to get nervous and fancies hostility in places where there is no hostility, a derisive smile which certainly was not meant for him, and occasionally active dislike to his advances. And he withers under coldness and the real or fancied condemnation of those who believe without any evidence the slander maliciously spread. Not one of the stone-throwers cares to inquire whether the slander is true. Some of them exaggerate the sin. No one knows the extenuating circumstances under which it was committed; none, how many times the temptation to commit the sin was resisted. No! But they are all unanimous in throwing each his little stone, of censure, of false witness, of truth it may be, of wrath, for some real or fancied slight, and the pile of these stones rises higher and higher against the victim, and he either dies socially or disappears from the sight

and knowledge of his persecutors. "Thou shalt not hear false witness," is one of the sins of the Decalogue and no sin is so universally committed.

And they took him without the gates of the city and stoned him with stones that he died"—says the Jewish historian, of some poor wretch who was convicted of sin.

They had no Teacher to appeal to for the decision of conscience and say:

"If any of ye are without sin, let him cast the first stone".—This appeal resulted in there being no accuser, and the erring woman was admonished and sent away uncondemned even by the Master. Could we not follow His example, not only by not casting the stone of condemnation even on a guilty person, but by trying not to stone, carelessly, irresponsibly, thoughtlessly, a quite innocent one? A. P. S.

Life Without Love.

What shall I live for? Every passing day,
Is fraught with an eternity of tears,
And every moment, while thou'rt far away
Bleeds with the anguish of a thousand years.
The world is dark as night without a star;
Life's path is thorny and devoid of flowers.
I wander as a traveller wide and far
Without the smallest lamp to light my hours.
My feet are burnt in the unceasing fire
Of my red wounds. My heart is parched and dry.
My one-stringed lyre of tremulous desire
Sobs its last music to the silent sky.
Night darkens on my path. Alone I stand
Lost and bewildered in a strange, new land.

CH.

Women of the Time.

IN a recent issue of this Magazine, we had a few notes of Mrs. Lloyd George, and our readers will be glad to know that, like the wives of many distinguished men, she is an abiding help and support to her husband as Premier of England. It was Lord Palmerston, who declared that politicians ought to marry, because he generously ascribed much of his success in the political world to the tact and intelligence of his wife. Mr. Lloyd George is fortunate in having in his wife a lady of exceptional parts, who evinces the deepest interest in his work and assists him in many a delicate situation with her advice and counsel. Her talents as a hostess have had no proper opportunities for forming a judgment. Ordinarily the Prime Minister of England during the Parliamentary Sessions has certain obligatory duties in regard to entertaining his colleagues and distinguished visitors at dinners, receptions and similar occasions. The War has, in the case of Mr. Lloyd George especially, seriously interfered with such social functions. Possibly Mrs. Lloyd George does not altogether regret this, although Mrs. Lloyd George is an English lady to the finger tips, and was trained to be the *grande dame* of a *salon* or a society hostess. The Lloyd Georges live a simple, strenuous life and there is no ostentation or show in their home life. With respect to entertainments, bazars, meetings to render aid and hospitality to the men of the army and navy, or to promote the interests of labouring people and the poor, Mr. Lloyd George is never found to be inaccessible or negligent.

A short time ago, the wife of the Rev. W. W. Cooper, an Indian Chap-

lain of the Establishment, passed away at the venerable age of ninety, says the *Guardian*. When Mr. Cooper was appointed a chaplain, it was two years before the Sepoy Mutiny. His wife resided in Bangalore for several years and devoted her energies to the work of the S. P. G. in that Station. "The memories of the just lie sweet and blossom in the dust", and when Mrs. Cooper died lately it was felt that a personality of some distinction, whose liberal education and personal charm obtained for her the respect and regard and friendship of Roman Catholics, Dissenters, Agnostics and Indians, of all shades of opinion, had ceased to be. She was a writer of devotional books and poems and she indulged in the lighter task of composing *vers de societe*. She was an accomplished art student, musician and something of a linguist—and when in Bangalore taught the Hullah system of music to the European and Eurasian children, who attended her classes in the S. P. G. Mission School. She was the daughter of Commodore Molyneux Shouldam of the Royal Navy, who fought with Nelson at Copenhagen. In 1849 Catherine Shouldam was married to the Rev. W. W. Gilbert Cooper.

One of the most popular and charming of hostesses in London is Lady St. Davids, the wife of the politician of that name, whose Baronetcy dates back to 1621; the higher honor being conferred in 1878. Lord St. Davids took an active part in criticising adversely the conduct of the General Staff at the front, when Sir John French was in command. The comments and criticisms were not justified perhaps, but nevertheless they prevented slackness and any tendency to become slack. Lady St. Davids is a clever conversationalist,

has much force of character and is devoted to War work of any kind that may call for her help and support.

The wife of King Victor Emmanuel III of Italy, Queen Elena, is a Montenegro Princess and is known as the Shepherd Princess. Montenegro is not a very wealthy country and the majority of the people are yet very primitive in their way of living. Princess Elena was brought up in a simple, frugal way and her only pleasures were out-door activities, riding, skating, shooting, etc. with her brothers, and this has given her a natural grace of figure and movement, endowed her with splendid health and enhanced her singular beauty. She is immensely popular with Italians, for an Italian loves any thing that is beautiful and graceful. Since her marriage, says a writer, Queen Elena has given abundant proof of her queenly gifts in very varying and testing circumstances. Her personal charm and helpful common sense, her fearless courage and prompt decision in difficulty and danger—as in the great Messina Earthquake of some years back—her tireless energy, wisdom and kindness in the service of others, have won the allegiance and affection of the Italian people, who were disposed to resent the elevation of a Princess of the little Black Mountain (*Monte Negro*) State to the throne of Italy.

War medals, orders and similar decorations have always been the reward of men for bravery, skill or self-sacrifice in war, and it was rare for women to be distinguished in the same way, for woman's task is not on the field. The devotion of women in ameliorating

the condition of fighting men after being wounded, in illness, etc. has been remarkable and many titled ladies, sacrificing ease and security at home, have rendered heroic service to their brothers in the field. The first lady to receive a decoration was Florence Nightingale for her services in the Crimean War. That war was in 1854, and only in 1907 was Florence Nightingale decorated with the Order of merit. In the following year she was given the freedom of London City. The gratitude of the Nation was expressed earlier in a grant of £50,000, which, however, the good lady spent in founding the training home for nurses which bears her name. During the present war, many women have won decorations and one of the most distinguished among them is Lady Fairbairn, the widow of Sir Andrew Fairbairn, M. P. who died in 1901. Lady Fairbairn's father was Sir John Loraine, Baronet. Lady Fairbairn was never in the field, but those also serve who only stand and wait, and she did conspicuous service to Russia by raising sufficient funds for an Anglo-Russian Hospital in Petrograd, for which the Red Cross Decoration was conferred on her.

Among other ladies of position are Lady Castlemaine and her daughter Miss Evelyn Handcock. The latter is taking an active part in amateur theatricals, which her mother is organizing in Athlone, in aid of the War Hospital Supply Depot. Miss Doreen Lawson, daughter of the Hon'ble Elinor F. Lawson and sister of Viscount Montgarret and widow of Mr. Andrew Sherloch Lawson, is another lady who spares no efforts in assisting in every way every scheme for the good of the men at the front.

Current Comments.

EDUCATIONAL Reform is in the air everywhere and it is now realised that the education given to children and young men in England is capable of enormous improvement, and that education to be of any national use must be general and not the monopoly of a single class. The *Madras Mail*, in a late leading article observes: "Education must be revitalized and, in a measure, recast to meet the new demand. Our sons must be better than ourselves: better in mental equipment, better in thinking capacity, better in their outlook on life." It is a task, all things considered, difficult of accomplishment. Our contemporary quotes Mathew Arnold, assaying: "High culture and ardent intelligence, pervading a large body of the community, acquire a breadth of basis, a sum of force, an energy of central heat for radiating further, which they can never possess when they pervade a small upper class only." The conclusion is incontrovertible; but it implies the extension of high culture to the many, a national work, which will tax the financial resources of the Government. But such sacrifice should not be denied. The war has shown what sums of money the state is able to furnish in defence of liberty, and what better preparation can a nation be given than high culture and pervading intelligence which would negative, to a great extent, the resort to force as a deciding factor in human affairs. It is true that intelligence and culture can be turned to evil purposes, as Germany shows; but that is because German "Kultur" is a negation of an all-pervading God. The high culture attained by the Brahmins and Buddhists, led them to regard all

life as sacred. The high degree of culture—if not this deep consciousness of god—was confined to a select class, while industrial life was shut up in the water-tight compartments of a rigid caste system—and the result was a kind of arrested development in material life, and mechanical worship and superstition generally in spiritual life. To hit the mean between the two extremes of German "Kultur" and Hindu stagnation should be the aim and end of national education.

The war appears to have had some influence in developing a spiritual revival; and, in scriptural phraseology, turning the hearts of the people—except the Germans—"unto the Lord their God." But will this reaction from the material convictions of the years before the war endure? Will not the war fever, which dominates the larger part of the European peoples, find its harvest in an indifference to life and a belief in might? "As ye sow so shall ye reap." It is impossible to think that the children born now, and for sometime to come, to the men and women of the English and French Nations, to speak of no others, will not be tainted by the primitive feelings of combat, revenge and hate.

Here in India, at all events, the vast bulk of the people have been untouched by the war. It is plastic material to mould according to the artist's will—and so far it is generally admitted that the education given to Indians has been one-sided in being too literary. The demand now is for technical, industrial, and scientific instruction, but beyond that, the real need is free primary and secondary education. Higher education, limited to a small class, will no

be dynamic in its results. The children should first be educated in their vernaculars and their education should be built up on that foundation, step by step, till Higher Education is general. Anderson, in his *Scholarship and culture*, observes "To the highest culture, evenness of development, resulting in roundness and symmetry, is essential" and Mathew Arnold tells us that "culture is.....a study of perfection." Aptitude in educating the young is a factor to be remembered, for the secret of education lies in responding to the capacity and desire of the pupil. In any reorganization of the educational system in India after the war, compulsory elementary education, a vastly extended instruction in the vernaculars of the country, improvement in secondary education as a basis for the higher education, a specialized standard of education as a basis for industrial education, and provision for post-graduate research are necessary, if education is, to use the term of the *Madras Mail*, to be revitalized; but all the same, in the words of Mr. H.R. James, "no attempted reform or improvement in education in India can have any real success, unless it can somehow win first, the approval and support of educated Indian opinion."

"The suffragette movement just previous to the breaking out of hostilities had antagonized politicians against granting women's suffrage." If women were capable of the actions which suffragettes became notorious for, it was rightly argued that they could not be entrusted with any degree of power. But it would seem that it was enthusiasm gone rabid—a temporary aberration of mind resulting from systematic refusal to consider women's claims to

equality and against the contempt that was opposed to their most atrocious proceedings. This rampant enthusiasm ceased with the tocsin of war, and the enthusiasm of the suffragette was turned into the wholesome channel of war work, both against the enemy and in aid of their countrymen. The results are astonishing. The war opened in the first week of August 1914; and in the month following the munition workers numbered 221,000 and in January this year they numbered nearly 700,000 workers. In other fields of labour, the way that women have become efficient is truly marvellous, and this response to the national call has changed "the Angle of Vision" as to capacity for the suffrage. Mr. Asquith, who was an anti-suffragette, has yielded to the logic of facts. "Short of bearing arms on the field"—the late Prime Minister says, "There is hardly a service in which women have not proved as active and efficient as men." Mr. Lloyd George has always supported the appeal of women for the vote and has declared that when the country comes to recast the industrial affairs of England, it would be an outrage to keep the women out without a vote or a voice in the matter. Weighed in the balances women have not been found wanting. We deplore the circumstances that have to a certain extent placed woman in an anomalous position. Her adaptability to the requirements of the time indicates that under more beneficent conditions, she will be as clever and willing to respond to a different order of things—and instead of being one of the knights of the tourney be its queen.

The reticence of the English has become a by-word, but one cannot help echoing the suggestion made in one of

our contemporaries that it is carried too far when, in spite of the malicious and extravagant libels published by the enemy against England, English statesmen still cannot see their way to giving publicity to the dark and bestial doings of the enemy. The world should understand how far the lust for conquest has carried the Germans, and nothing could give more emphasis to their demoralisation than their latest practice of treating the dead bodies of their unhappy soldiers scientifically, so as to produce oils and other commercial products.

Book Reviews.

HERBERT SPENCER—By Hugh Elliot (Constable).

The author of this study of Herbert Spencer views both the author and his wealth of literary output with something like astonishment, with admiration tempered by difference of opinion and with evident fairness. Without money or influence or special education in philosophy or science, Herbert Spencer, at 17 was appointed as Engineer on the London and Birmingham Railway. Mr. Elliot declares that Herbert Spencer has ceased to be a force—many of his conclusions are now considered lame and impotent, though his writings cast a spell over the public mind for about half a century. The present generation is perhaps more practical and is indifferent to Herbert Spencer. Mr. Elliot's endeavour to be absolutely impartial in his characterisation of this subject of his study betrays him into exposing some of the philosopher's more unpleasing traits of mind and manners. Mr. Elliot thinks that the basis

of the Herbert Spencer philosophy is liberty and not obedience and that, notwithstanding his limitations in education, the originality of his ideas helped him to lead the chief controversies of the time on Biology and Evolution. Mr. Elliot gives him the entire credit of establishing the science of sociology. He was in Mr. Elliot's estimation the prophet of *laissez faire* and a persistent opponent of war.

Mr. Elliot's criticism is not likely to be the last of its kind and indubitably his conclusions will not be accepted by every one. That is natural. Outside of his native land at any rate, the "apostle of the understanding" as he was called is not without honor. Among continental nations, Spencer's contributions to philosophy are held in respect, and in India and Japan the bold, massive generalization of his principles have found acceptance. His attempt to find the root principle of phenomenal existence—he held that from the constitution of the human mind the knowledge of *noumena* is impossible—was helped forward by three great generalizations—the theories of gravitation and nebular activity and the doctrine of the conservation of energy—which built up his theory of evolution. In organic evolution, he traced the course of psychological evolution from the first indefinite sign of feeling to the highest intellectual process. God, or the great cosmical mystery of the beginning of things and the endings, he declared unknowable and like the Greeks of old built a temple to the "Unknown God." At the present time, Spencer's influence has waned—but no student of Philosophy can afford to ignore his works which may appeal to posterity as Epicurus and Lucretius appeal to distinguished schoolmen of the present time.

WOOD AND STONE—By J. C. Powys, (Heinemann.) The times are too full of events and life is too strenuous for a novel of the length of *Wood and Stone*, while the story itself will not be popular, as the characters, though marvelously drawn, are not attractive persons. Mr. Powys has chosen Wessex for his *mise en scene*—Thomas Hardy's familiar ground—and the reader unconsciously associates and contrasts the literary style of the author of *Tess* with that of *Wood and Stone*, not entirely to the credit of the latter. This is the vulgar age of slang and brevity of speech, and Mr. Powys' stilted periods and needless verbiage will tax the patience of readers. For the rest, *Wood and Stone*, for psychological subtlety, for the analysis of motives, for its dramatic situations and for a certain abnormality of treatment, will attract attention as a work out of the ordinary. Mr. Powys, we believe, is better known to the American than the English public.

SEPARATION—By Alice Perrin, (Cassell.)

Among several lady novelists of Anglo-Indian and Indian life in India, Mrs. Perrin is certainly one of the foremost. Mrs. Flora Annie Steele and Mrs. Everard Cotes are hard to beat. The first deals with Indian life in an intimate way and has absorbed Indian sentiment to an extraordinary degree. Mrs. Penny has given us several Indian and Anglo-Indian novels, but one feels that she is not sure of her facts. Her knowledge of the class and caste differences is limited. With Alice Perrin, one is on safer ground. No one could have written "Red Records" without personal experience and knowledge of Indian life, and her latest novel, "Separation", deals with that

common and enforced necessity, which keeps European husbands apart from their wives in India, mothers apart from their children, and isolates husbands and fathers from both. Alice Perrin treats with sympathy and knowledge the history of such a separation, and the novel will appeal to a large circle of readers.

RELIGION AND DHARMA—By Sister Nivedita—(Longmans Green & Co.)

Perhaps no European lady who has visited India has taken such a hold on the affections of the Indian people as sister Nivedita. Mrs. Besant has a great following, but as a Theosophist and Teacher and as an exponent of the political aspirations of the Indian people. Sister Nivedita of the Ramakrishna Vivekananda Mission moves in a religious and social groove, in which she has completely identified herself with the inwardness of Indian life. In *Religion and Dharma*, sister Nivadeta interprets in modern terms the faith and practice of the past. Mr. S. K. Ratcliff, for sometime a well-known journalist in Calcutta, in his preface to the book says, "The theme of the articles in the book", which originally appeared in the *Modern Review*, "is the renaissance of Dharma." It is "a fresh relation of the contemplative to the active life, a new conception of worship and sacrifice to the ideal, the monastic ideal expressed in social service, the recovery of the religious sense and its re-establishment in a fuller understanding of the Indian social order, the exaltation of work of positive character and in knowledge in which alone is the mastery of the future." The criticisms, comments and suggestions of Sister Nivedita are of a constructive character. She expresses a profound admir-

ation for, and appreciation of, Indian religious conceptions and so deals with them as to make them practically applicable to modern conditions. The desire for giving expression to the social activities, under obligatory religious sanctions, is stimulated, while the necessity for the abiding charity of thought and action and the purity of life in every condition of life is well brought out. It is a book which will commend itself to the thoughtful Indian man or woman for its simple wisdom, deep sympathy and practical possibilities.

The Mahila Seva Samaja.

Mrs. Hilda Wood, of Adyar, gave an address on Monday last to the members and sympathisers of the Mahila Seva Samaja, in the Theosophical Hall, Bangalore City. There was a good attendance of ladies, numbering nearly one hundred and fifty. She spoke upon the social position of ladies in the various countries in which she had lived, giving a description of English life and customs, and comparing them with those in France, Switzerland, Italy, and India. She ended by advising Indian ladies to follow a bold line of development, based essentially upon their own traditions and ideals, which embodied a valuable type of womanhood. They were in a position to make a very definite contribution of their own to social life, and to add to society valuable womanly qualities which were lacking in public life everywhere.

Mrs. Parvati Chandrasekhara, President of the Samaja, interpreted the address into Kannada, and a brief review of the lecture in the Vernacular was also read by the Secretary, Mrs. G. Aravamudu Iyengar.

News and Notes.

(SELECTED)

Civic and Social Activities.

ON Wednesday the 9th May, there was a public meeting of ladies in Mysore, at which Mrs. Rangamma, Assistant Inspectress of girl's schools gave a lecture on "Women's Power" in Kanarese on behalf of the District Committee of Social and Civic activities. This was the first meeting of the kind in Mysore; but it was very well attended by the families of note in the capital. Mr. M. Venkatakrishniah Presided and introduced the lecturer in a speech, which was extremely interesting. He spoke to the audience of the influence of women on society and the influence of mothers on children. He spoke to them of the French Fenelon, who wanted £10,000 to remove the bad qualities imbibed by the Dauphin at home. He told them how the mother was all in all at home and how pervasive was her influence on the current as well as the coming generation. He spoke of the necessity of her becoming conscious of her own importance and fitting herself for it.

Then the lecturer, who, by the way, is rather a popular personage in the city, as elsewhere, began her discourse. She first referred to the general nature of woman's work and then gave a romantic description of two households, to graphically bring out the conclusion that there was a vast difference in the good and the bad management of a household; the two kinds depending respectively on the fitness and the ignorance of the female head of the family. Then she spoke of the things necessary for a woman to learn, of which principally were the three R's, something of domestic economy, something

of hygiene, something of child-training, and some domestic industries useful or elegant. She referred incidentally also to the problems which were harassing society recently, the question of the age of marriage, which includes the question of widows, the question of increased prominence in society for women, and several others. She closed with the insistence that while graduating in a university was a necessity and possibility to a few women, it was a necessity for all to acquire the ability to carry on their work in life well.

Mr. Venkatakrishniah then rose and spoke of the education of the child: how it began in very childhood and how one could become very proficient before fifteen. He spoke of the education of John Stuart Mill, how his father dismissed all his servants at his birth and how Mill caught 3000 words in five languages before he was thirteen. He spoke of the problem of early marriage, how boys and girls under eighteen were liable to diseases and death and the calamity of marrying people before that age. He said that boys were beginning to have their own say with respect to their marriage, and that girls would too unless parents became wiser. He told how Dewan Rangacharlu used to say that instead of fostering late marriages and remarriages reformers ought to educate girls, and that the needed reforms would then come of themselves. He then spoke of Indian women and patriotism, how in England, in America, in Japan, women had played and were playing glorious parts. He said that Indian ladies were not deficient by nature, and that the chief difficulty was want of opportunity and will. He exhorted them to exert their will and so create their opportunities, and overcome mountains of difficulties. He thanked the Ladies and lecturer

for the unique occasion to which they had kindly contributed.

At the close, at the wish of the audience, another meeting on Friday the 11th, was agreed upon, the demonstration of Anna Poorna Cookery to be made by Mrs. Rangamma.

The demonstration of an easy mode of cookery by Mrs. S. Rangamma, Asst. Inspectress to the ladies of Mysore is one of the signs of the times in regard to the progress of Indian women. Amble Anniah pundit presided on the occasion. Almost all classes of the city had sent in their members and the meeting began at 5 P.M. The Secretaries of the District C. & S. activities Committee were the only male members present besides the chairman.

The chairman described the occasion as unique. He spoke of the beneficial effects of such meetings on that isolation from which Indian women had to free themselves. He then referred to Mrs. S. Rangamma's enterprise and good work, and the purpose of their meeting that day. The current mode of cooking was extravagant and wasteful. Mrs. Rangamma was going to show them the mode of cooking which was economic, which would economise time, trouble, and fuel, and make dishes tasteful. He then called upon Mrs. Rangamma to begin her demonstration.

Mrs. Rangamma promised the audience that she would cook *ten Indian dishes* for a family of four, within the space of 45 minutes. Each one of the vessels containing the raw stuffs was taken round among the audience before going on the oven. The lecturer explained the proportions of dhal and water, of water and rice, and of vessel and water. She showed how a dozen kinds of vegetables, meant for

different dishes, could be cooked in one vessel at the same time.

She showed that ten minutes to set the vessels in place, and ten minutes to take the things out, were all that was necessary for cooking. She showed that the cook could be otherwise engaged in the interval and actually organised a musical party, vocal and on the *veena*—while the cooking was going on.

Subsequently the president spoke of the advisability of starting a Ladies Association with ladies to preside at the meetings. He said that lady audiences felt male presidents to be irksome. Then he and the two secretaries left for another meeting and Mrs. Srinivasa Row, (retired circle Inspectress) took the chair. The cooking demonstration was complete in thirty-five minutes—ten minutes earlier than the time prescribed. The dishes were tested and tasted, and served among the children and girls present. The Meeting terminated at 7-30 P.M.

Marriage Law Reform in Indore.

Your readers are probably aware that the Holkar State, under the beneficent and enlightened rule of His Highness the Maharajah Tukoji Rao III is forging full steam ahead in matters of educational, social and other public activities. His Highness the Maharaja was pleased last year to introduce in his State free and compulsory education. Important social legislation has also been taken in hand. One special characteristic feature of this legislation is that it is designed to help social reform, not only in this State, but also to afford facilities to social reformers in British India; in achieving some of the reforms in which they are at present handicapped by the absence of legislation, for which they have for

years been clamouring in vain. It is to this feature of the social legislation in the Holkar State that I particularly wish on this occasion to draw the attention of your readers, who may be interested in the subject.....

His Highness the Maharaja of Holkar has been pleased to pass a Widow Re-marriage Act, very much on the lines of the British Act of 1856, and a Civil Marriage Act on lines of the Special Marriage Act minus its limitations. A Divorce Act has already been framed, and is under the consideration of His Highness' Government. The Indore Civil Marriage Act (Act No I of 1916) is a broadly conceived measure, which, without doing any violence to the tenets of any faith, leaves open the benefit of its provisions to persons of all castes and creeds residing in and out of the Holkar State. The object and scope of the Act are explained in the preamble which states:—

This measure is of a purely permissive character. It will affect only those who choose to avail themselves of its provisions. It does not interfere with the religious susceptibilities of any sect or community but only secures liberty of action to those who wish to extend their social horizon beyond the limited circle of their castes and communities. It is believed that the measure will promote general welfare and tend to bring about a better understanding between the different communities in India."

The Act in its procedure is simplicity itself, and as it can be taken advantage of by persons of all classes and creeds, even though resident in British India or in foreign States, seeking to celebrate widow re-marriage or inter-caste marriage it deserves wide publicity, and I may therefore sum up here for general information the scheme of the

enactment. The only qualification as to residence is that one of the parties to the marriage must have resided within the State for 14 days before notice of the marriage is given to the Registrar of Marriages (Registrar of the High Court is an Ex-officio Registrar of marriages) the fee for registration being Rs. 5. The conditions under which a marriage under the Act may be registered are that:—

(1) Neither party must, at the same time of the marriage have a husband or wife living.

(2) The man must have completed his age of 18 years, and the woman her age of 14 years.

(3) Each party must, if he or she has not completed the age of 21 or 18 years respectively, have obtained the consent of his or her father or guardian to the marriage.

(4) The parties must not be related to each other in any degree of consanguinity or affinity which would, according to any law to which either of them is subject, render a marriage between them illegal.

(5) Proviso:—

No such laws or customs, other than one relating to consanguinity, or affinity, shall prevent them from marrying.

Fourteen days previous notice of an intended marriage must be given to the Registrar within which period any caveat may be lodged against the proposed marriage. The Registrar upon receipt of an objection may postpone the solemnization of the marriage for 14 days, during which period, the party objecting may institute a suit in the Civil Court. The marriage is solemnized if no suit is instituted or is postponed until the decision of the suit or appeal from the same. If the objection is found to be unreasonable or not made *bonafide*, the Court can fine the objector

in a sum up to Rs. 1,000 and award the whole or part of such sum to the parties of the intended marriage. The marriage may be solemnized in any form provided that each party says to the other in the presence and hearing of the Registrar and the witnesses "I (A) take the (B) to be my lawful wife (or husband)." A bigamous marriage under the Act is made punishable under section 494 and 495 of the Indore Penal Code. The provisions of the Indore Divorce Act (which is under consideration) shall apply to marriages under the Indore Civil Marriage Act.

Persons desirous of celebrating widow marriages or inter-marriages, who may find difficulties to secure their object in British India, or in Native States, can legally celebrate their marriages under the Indore Civil Marriage Act, and I feel no doubt that His Highness the Maharaja of Holkar will feel gratified to know that the cosmopolitan enactment he has been pleased to make has been found to be of practical assistance and benefit, not only to his own people but to those outside his State. The Act was only recently passed and one inter-marriage has already been celebrated and another widow re-marriage is going to be celebrated at the end of this month. Several agencies have been levelling down caste restrictions and distinctions and these will gather force and volume in the coming years, when the Indore Marriage Act will be more freely availed by those who "wish to extend their social horizon", but who are seriously handicapped by the refusal of communal priests to help them and who cannot consistently with their conscience forswear their own creed or faith and who yet have the moral strength and grandeur of character to be prepared to undergo any sacrifice, obloquy and persecution to

act up to their own convictions. This Act will always stand out as a great land-mark in the progress of social reform and it will appeal to all thoughtful minds as it opens the way for salutary permissive social legislation which will help to loosen and break the shackles of convention and raise the level of our existence to something higher than that of mere animals brought into being by Providence we know not and care not why.—The *Mallari Martand Vijaya*.

Sir Rabindranath Tagore on Indian Women's Progress.

The *Indian Messenger* of Calcutta gives an interesting report of two conversational meetings at the Mary Carpenter Hall, where many Brahmo ladies and gentlemen met Sir Rabindranath Tagore and had a free talk with him on various topics. "The first of these," says our contemporary, "was organised by the lady teachers of the Brahmo Girls' School on the 23rd instant, and its success was so complete that the Young Men's Committee organised another meeting on the following day to which a general invitation was extended; quite a large number of ladies and gentlemen attended this meeting. Sir Rabindranath looked cheerful and in perfect health. Various topics were discussed at the meeting, the principle being the position of women in our Samaj and their activities in various spheres of life. The poet deplored that in spite of our efforts there has not been any very marked progress in this direction and that our ladies are sadly lacking in initiative and co-operation which may be traced to their inborn shyness." But how many are the men of India who have shown initiative? How can we expect women, with their inferior

opportunity, even apart from the *purdah*, to show more of the quality?

Higher Education for Indian Women.

The London correspondent of the *Englishman* gives a brief summary of the paper (and discussion that followed on it) on female education in India, read at the East India Association on Monday March 23 by Miss Ashworth, late Inspectress of Schools in Bombay. Referring to higher education, she deplored the want of a women's college in Bombay, where there was a genuine demand and where at present 140 Indian women were reading for degrees in men's colleges. Sir Frederic Lely, who presided pointed out that Government had adopted a merely negative attitude and said India needed "a larger staff of self-respecting, well-balanced, educated English women, who would teach, control and inspire and would be the vanguard of the new race of Indian women, who would take their place in time." There was the inevitable reference to sedition in schools and colleges spread by the persistent enemies of India. This was, it was stated, one of the objections raised for the fostering of higher education of women in India. Miss Ashworth said she did not believe that sedition would have infected men's colleges, if there had been a closer connection between teachers and students. It is amazing these well-intentioned persons discussing the matter as though sedition in colleges in India was a common every day feature. We wonder what justification they had to spread this injurious and unreal idea in England at this time. They seem to think that just as India imports Lancashire and Manchester products, sometimes aided by an excise duty on Indian mills, so Indian women must import

their educationists and educational ideals from London and Girton, and as a safeguard too against sedition. This suspicion about India seems to be eternal, and we wonder what real benefit we can derive from men and women who do not care to study the truth about India and who go away with the damaging impression that Indian young men and young women would learn sedition if colleges were multiplied. It was no wonder that the Indian delegates to the Imperial Conference, though invited, did not attend this learned yet prejudicial discourse, about the education of Indian women. In this connection we may say that Dr. Weitbrecht put in a strong plea for vernacular revival, pointing out that this should be a feature of the Indian renaissance as it was of the rebirth of western culture a few centuries ago.—*The Tribune, Lahore*.

In his speech at the sixth annual meeting of the Bombay Humanitarian Fund, Mr. Labhashankar Laxmidas, referred to the crime of enforced widowhood and the insensate practice of ornamenting little children. He inveighed against these unwholesome practices with all fervour and called upon the audience to put an end to the misery caused by following such practices. He said:—

"People are wondering why I, who am known as a pleader for animals, should resolve to plead for luckless widows and starving teachers. I beg to explain and assure you that these widows and starving teachers are almost, if not wholly, animal-like in their helplessness. Enforced widowhood is responsible for the murders of *literally* hundreds of newly born children and I appeal to those whose religion is *Jiva Daya* to persistently

agitate against this most terrible crime against humanity in this country.

Another sad fact to which I beg to draw your attention is the thoughtless fashion among Hindus and Mahomedans to decorate their children with ornaments. This thoughtless fashion is responsible for the murders of many Hindu and Mahomedan children, cases of which are reported in the press from time to time, and yet people remain indifferent to the terrible risk of ornamenting their children. Ladies and gentlemen, I beseech you to use your voice, pen and influence to make Hindus and Mahomedans realise the criminal folly of ornamenting their children."

Amongst the many charitable organisations working in connection with the war, not the least deserving is the Scottish Women's Hospitals, on behalf of which Mrs. Abbott recently toured the country with considerable success. The romantic history of the noble work Scottish women doctors are doing, in connection with this organisation, in the war, has already been told in these columns; how from very small beginnings the Hospitals have now become an important feature of the system of medical organisation with the Allied troops. The work is a great one, and we are glad that India, and particularly our own Presidency, has generously responded to the appeal for help. Up to the close of Mrs. Abbott's tour, total subscriptions, throughout India, had been received to the extent of over Rs. 4½ lakhs; of which Madras is responsible for over Rs. 18,000, Bangalore very nearly Rs. 3,000, Coonoor Rs. 180, Kolar Rs. 978, and Ootacamund Rs. 338 odd—quite a good showing, though far behind Calcutta with over Rs. 2 lakhs and Bombay with Rs. 60,000.

Madras; however, still has a chance of making up for lost time, for the Fund still remains open at the Alliance Bank of Simla. Mrs. Abbott, having concluded her Indian tour, is about to start for Australia, where we have no doubt that she will meet with the generous support her cause deserves.

The sad news has reached us of the death, at Donnybrook, Dublin, on the 15th April, of Miss Cicely Kate Benson, only daughter of Sir Ralph and Lady Benson. The announcement will evoke profound sympathy with the bereaved parents, who were for so many years resident in Madras and were held in the highest estimation. The late Miss Benson was universally beloved for her amiability and sweetness of disposition. Like her mother, she was never wearying in "good works."

A lady residing in Cambridge, writing to a friend in Ceylon regarding the National Lent at Home, says:—"When rationing 'on your honour' first came in, we found bread a great difficulty, but I have learnt to make palatable oatcake, 'parkin' and barley meal scones, and we get on very well now." We have evidence also to show that many who took an interest in cookery, especially Indian cookery, while they were out here are now being compensated for the knowledge then acquired. A lady from Madras who has been settled at home for some years now, referring to the same subject, says:—"The food restrictions do not hit us as badly as they do some of our neighbours in these flats. I can make do with Indian cookery and quite a number of things to which the restriction order does not apply. I have already had calls from one or two of the other dwellers in these

"mansions," asking for tips—the maid evidently has been talking—and I am sure that if I started an Indian cookery class, I should be besieged with applicants."

A Sensitive Palm Tree.

IN FARIDPORE.

Popular interest has been excited by certain remarkable diurnal phenomena exhibited by a palm tree in the district of Faridpore. In the morning it holds its head erect with its outspread leaves, but on the approach of evening its head bows down, the leaves touching the ground, in the act of prostration. This is repeated day after day. Professor Sir J. C. Boss sent two expeditions with self-recording apparatus specially constructed for the purpose to trace the cause of this extraordinary phenomenon. Dynamometric measurements show that the internal forces whose periodic fluctuation causes this remarkable movement are very active, and great power is necessary to bring the tree down to its position of prostration, equal to a weight exceeding several hundred weights. Continuous curves have been obtained, showing the rate of the movement of the tree at every instant during day and night. Other records give the fluctuating forces of environment. The results obtained offer a complete solution of the very mysterious phenomenon, which also gives an independent support to Sir J. C. Bose's theory of the universal sensitiveness of plants.

Woman's Awakening in Italy.*

Whoever believes firmly in the emancipation of women as an indispensable factor in the development of any

* *The War of the Back Lines* (La Guerra delle Retrovie). By Carla Cadorna. (Bemporad & son, Florence. 8vo., pp. 136.) (The entire proceeds of the sales will be dedicated to the National Committee for Soldiers Invalided by the War.)

nation, and believes, moreover, that this emancipation must have its roots in a broad and true outlook embracing alike things spiritual and things material, must find a real gladness and sense of inspiration in reading the book of thirteen essays and an Introduction, which Carla Cadorna—daughter of Italy's Commander-in-Chief—has just given to an Italian public.

Most of the articles have already appeared in past months in various Italian papers, and all are notable, not only for their admirable literary style, but their observations on passing phenomena, alike scathing and inspiring. In "The Censorship of Tongues," "War Philanthropy," and "The Background of Big things," we find such protests against frivolous criticism, pretentious well-doing, and chicanery of all kinds, as, whatever our country, have risen many times in the hearts of all of us in recent months. Yet, though we smile, and nod, and admire as we read these iconoclastic pages, the condemnatory or destructive note is not that which gives its chief character to Carla Cadorna's book, but rather the faith which rises, always above all "breakage"—the construction which proceeds steadily on the ground which destruction merely clears.

As a woman, she speaks chiefly to women, and her scathing pen points out every fault and failing which women of England have long since learnt to associate with the type which we call "the woman of yesterday"; but not less clearly in such chapters as "To-day and To-morrow," and "The New Feminine Conscience," does she indicate the giant strides which she perceives her countrywomen to be making in this war, and the new life alike in outlook and in circumstance which she is confident awaits them to-

morrow. The best chapter in the book is, perhaps, "Discipline and Liberty," and also here the title alone suggests the excellent maturity of outlook—the balance of mind which knows alike how to conserve and to progress.

With many people, it is the conception of patriotism to-day to admit only the good points of their country, and to refuse to face or admit even the most obvious defects. Carla Cadorna's patriotism is of a robust order. On the title-page of her book we find the words of Mickiewicz, "The more you widen your soul, the more will you widen your frontiers," and this is the faith which colours all the pages in which she addresses herself to that "war of the back line," that conflict between things great and small which is working itself out in the civilian life of her country people at this moment.

In one of her chapters, "Our Ultra-strong Women," the writer invokes with sympathetic and artistic touches many of the heroic feminine figures of the Italian Risorgimento, such as Clara Maffei, Costanza Trotti Arconati, and others; but whilst glad to be reminded of these figures of yesterday, many readers, and especially women, will find a deeper satisfaction and stronger inspiration in the less dramatic, but no less real, courage, which, through her book, we can feel in the "women of to-day."

It is the taste for hard truth, combined with a deep sense of poetry and an inexhaustible faith, which make the charm of Carla Cadorna's book. She speaks of passing things, but not in the passing spirit—she tells with joy of the revival of religion in the trenches—the reconciliation of the Sword and the Cross—but in the militancy and devotion which run linked through all her book, we feel that it is not in the

trenches only that this great union is being achieved. Appealing against the false sentiment which so often mistakes all strength for heartlessness, especially in a woman, "why is this prejudice still current?" she asks. In the beautiful etymology of the word, heart and courage (*cuore* and *coraggio*) are one and the same thing!

There are many other points in which the scathing attack is immediately followed by, almost coupled with, the touch of poetry and truth. Beside the idle chattering of the city, she points us to the patience of the countryside—the old bent peasant-woman, who has no impatience with the slow progress of the war amid the Alpine snows, or the Carsic rocks, because she has learnt in the hard school of experience "how little the will of man can effect, in face of the caprices of Nature." In the discussion of popular catchwords and their abuse, there is cutting scorn, yes, for those whose ability for sacrifice is always for the sacrifice of others; but quickly pity also makes its appearance, and the passage ends with a quotation from Manzoni, "Oh, pitiful for ever he of whom spiritually it must be said, 'He had no part in this.'"

In her last chapter, "The New Feminine Conscience," as also in "To-day and To-morrow," Carla Cadorna speaks definitely of many of the new lines of work opened up to women in this war, and unquestionable efficiency which in many cases they have shown. But it is not this summary of facts which to the writer of this review at least has brought "the glad touch of inspiration," but rather the spirit and the outlook which breatheth through all the book. There has been, indeed, some small stirring amongst women in Italy in past years, but only so far a false stirring—an imitative and unreal thing

without roots or life. And writing of Italian women before this war, the present writer dared to say that for them there would be no real emancipation ever along northern lines, but wholly and solely through passion lifted to the highest level. In this war, that passion—the passion of sacrifice—has been awakened in large numbers, and it would seem as if Carla Cadorna and her militant little book, at once profoundly religious in spirit and practical in grasp, were to be, perhaps, the standard-bearers and the heralds of the truer womanhood of a truer age.

LUCY RE-BARTLETT.

The Woman of Russia.

Not only in the active propaganda which has led to the great revolution in Russia, but in the future government of that Republic, the women have, and will play a most important part. There has been no open suffragette movement as in England, but during the last fifteen years, the professional women of Russia have taken an active part in local government and in general politics, and the announcement of the new Government that women will have equal rights of voting with men, came as no surprise to those who have been in touch with the efforts of the educated women of that country. In the first two Dumas, which were elected on a more democratic franchise than the third and fourth, there was a majority in favour of women's rights, and it is a fact which cannot be contested that the most influential sections among the educated people have strongly sympathised with the idea that women should be allowed to take a real part in the politics of the country. Had the new provisional Government neglected to make this one of its foremost provisions, it would have shown a base in-

gratitude to the women who had, hand in hand with the men, fought strenuously in favour of political rights for all. So long as men were not permitted the exercise of electoral rights, there was no reason for a separate movement in favour of women's rights. But all united in the sacred cause of liberty, and their sacrifices have been rewarded with a recognition of their claims along with the men.

Though the women's question may be said to have been largely merged in the question of general political rights for all, there have been, since 1905, certain Societies, which have specially emphasised the claims of the women. The Women's Franchise League was quickly established and the members carried on a great propaganda throughout the country, speaking at political meetings, lecturing in the provinces, and publishing literature of every description. But they were careful not to dissociate themselves from the general movement, and though they were not granted any political rights when the Duma was established, the influence of their work made itself felt in many directions. Gradually laws were passed which opened the way to better things. First a law was made giving rights of inheritance equal to those of men, another providing for the separation of husband and wife in case of necessity, and posts which had before been closed were opened. With the great change comes a splendid opportunity for the women of Russia who will now find that in practically every direction they will be able to exercise their rights.

In Russian novels and popular literature, the political women have been to the fore, and it is freely recognised that their devoted service has been one of the great factors in the re-birth of

Russia. An equally important work has been carried on by women of the professional class who have steadily advocated their claims. In the second half of the nineteenth century there was a strong movement for the emancipation of women, and in the ranks of these workers were many wealthy women who set themselves to secure independence and knowledge, even though at the cost of many amenities and conventions of fashionable life. They took advantage of every opportunity that presented itself, and for two years numbers of them attended the Universities to listen to the lectures. But this privilege was soon taken from them. Several remarkable women established a higher college for women, and never rested until it was recognised as a Women's University. When the timid University Board decreed that women should not study mathematics, medicine, law, etc., they replied in return that they would seek places outside their own country. Away went large numbers to study in the Universities of Zurich and Berlin, where they proved their capabilities in scholastic studies. After the foundation of the University College a medical school for women was opened in connection with the Nicholas Military Hospital. Though their course of study was equal to that of the men, they were not given the title of physician, but were simply called "trained midwives." But the opportunity came with the outbreak of the Russo-Turkish War in 1876 in which year the first batch of students had passed their final examinations. They were permitted to serve with the army, and it is said that their devotion and ability broke down all prejudice. In the Bulgarian war many of them were decorated for their service. In the descriptions of medical

work in Russia in the present war, it is apparent that women doctors as well as trained nurses are responsible for much valuable work done in the hospitals. In civilian life they are largely employed, and in connection with the factory life of the large towns they are invaluable.

It may be said that the higher education of women was firmly established before the revolution, but there are certain features which will doubtless be modified. In all the University towns there are women's University Colleges, but, so far as the actual Universities controlled by the Government are concerned, they are not permitted to attend the courses. An exception is made in the case of Tomsk where the medical faculty is open to women. Hundreds take the University course, and though not allowed to take a degree after passing their examinations, they are allowed to wear a blue Maltese cross. With the steady advance in the number of educated women, there will be increased demand for more openings in the higher professions. Teaching has always been attractive to women, but in Russia, only the lower posts were open to them. Gradually, they were enabled to take posts in the high schools and sometimes even in boys' high schools. New schools have been opened for the training of women as architects, engineers, electricians, and chemists. As they qualify they will be eligible for posts in factories where professional services of this nature are required. The Zemstvos are even encouraging women to take up the study of agriculture as a science with a view to acting as instructors to the peasants. These are only in the opening stages, but who can doubt that with the establishment of a new Government with

a strong representation of women, there will be a quick advance along the lines already being followed. In no country in the world have women a greater opportunity than in Russia, for they have the chance of moulding a country which has hitherto been the most backward of European nations, and of making such laws as will effectively save her from the inequalities and dangers which have grown up with the growth of other nations in which women have not been allowed an active political interest. Mrs. Alex Tweedie, who has travelled widely, says that an educated Russian woman is hard to beat in any land. All nations will watch with interest the way in which she uses her newly obtained powers.



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Love and Death.

"What time the mighty moon was gathering light,
Love faced the thymy plots of Paradise,
And all about him roll'd his lustrous eyes;
When, turning round a cassia, full in view
Death, walking all alone beneath a yew,
And talking to himself, just met his sight:
'You must begone', said Death, 'these walks are mine'.
Love wept and spread his sheeny vans for flight;
Yet, ere he parted, said, 'This hour is thine:
Thou art the shadow of life, and as the tree
Stands in the sun and shadows all beneath,
So, in the light of great eternity,
Life eminent creates the shadow of death;
The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall,
But I shall reign for ever ever all.'"

TENNYSON.

Hindu Lady Savants.

[Based on the Canarese of Mr. B. Venkatachar, the late Mysore novelist.]

It must not be said that the things which the modern world recognises as necessary for the growth of the civilization of a nation, were things not recognised as such by the Aryan ancestors of this country. They too were perfectly aware that their nation would not be developed by giving education merely to its masculine half. Consequently, their men did not leave their women behind in the darkness of ignorance, and proceed onward singly into the light of literacy and learning. They carried their women too along with them as fellow-travellers in their pilgrimage towards culture.

Go as far back as we may in the past history of the Aryans of old India, we still perceive that there were women, learned, and famed afar for their learning.

As yet, we cannot command any authentic records about the state of the country previous to the growth of the Vedas. A veil of darkness seems to hide that period from human eyes. But even looking into the Vedic times, we find that the Aryan people had developed a civilization suitable to their time and clime.

The Vedic chant, which had sprung on the banks of the Panch Nad, was already filling the wide expanse of the peninsula of India. The rhythmic song uttered by human lips at dawn, noon and evening, was shaking the three realms of earth, air and water. In the construction of this entrancing song, many Hindu dames and damsels were helping their male companions and kinsmen. Just as we men of to-day recite the Vedas and proudly call ourselves 'the children of the Aryas,'

so did once upon a time women proudly proclaim that they were 'the Daughters of the Aryas,' and claim a share in the greatness belonging to the sacred name of the Vedas.

Several women showed their dexterity of composition in the Vedas. Their names can be clearly noted. Even from the Rig Veda we can take one or two names. It may not be new to our readers that in the beginning of each of the Rig Vedic hymns, the name of its Muse, and the name of the person who composed or conceived it were mentioned. It is a fact generally known.

So the 28th hymn of the fifth chapter of Rig Veda was the creation of a woman. Her name was Viswa Vara. She was born of the race of the sage Atri. The Muse of that hymn was Fire.

The name of another composer was Lopamudra. She was the wedded wife of the sage Agastya. She composed the 179th song of the Rig Veda. Its muse was Rati. Every one, who has perused the Puranas, knows the story of Lopamudra. It is told in detail in the Kaseekhanda. Once, many sages were assembled in the Forest of Naimisa. When Agastya approached, they all respectfully rose, and offered obeisance, and welcoming him, praised his wife lavishly. They said that she was the paragon of womanly virtues, and that, though Arundhati, Savitri, Anasooya, Sandilya, Rati, Khyatiroopa, Lakshmi, Suneeti, Sangna, Swaha and others were famed for their domestic virtues, yet there was none so deserving of praise as Lopamudra. Her story was told as an example for virtuous wives in the Ramayana. Lopamudra was an unparalleled scholar and savant, yet was a most devoted wife to her husband.

The 125th song in the tenth chapter of the Rig Veda was composed by Vak. She was the daughter of Ambhri. The hymn she composed is known to be of high merit. Many commentators on Hindu philosophy say that the seed of the later Vedantic philosophy was contained in that song.

As time flowed on, the greatness of the Hindu civilization rapidly increased. With it, the greatness of Hindu women too increased apace. When the Hindu men began to be known as proficient in philosophical study, even then, Hindu women did not stand behind. The strong man could not in matters of learning pass by and leave behind the members of the weaker sex. Women too were venturing onward with equal ardour and ambition and with an unrestrained spirit of rivalry.

We shall first speak of Maitreyi. Maitreyi was a famous savant. Her story occurs in the Brihadaranyakopanishat. She was Mitra's daughter. Mitra too was a great Pandit. He had educated his daughter from early childhood. Then he gave her in marriage to the great Yagnavalkya.

A part of the Brihadaranyaka is taken up by the description of the supreme intellectual attainments of Maitreyi. We are filled with wonder when we read of the learned discussions, which she used to hold with her great husband on abstruse theories of spiritual philosophy.

Sage Yagnavalkya, after sometime, wished to pass from the state of the householder to that of the recluse. Then arose a great discussion between him and Maitreyi. Yagnavalkya had espoused two wives. Before parting, he divided his wealth into two portions, and asked them to take one each. The other wife took her portion. But

learned Maitreyi entered thereupon into a discussion with her husband about the nature of worldly wealth, and on the vanity of all earthly things. Reading that, even the great philosophical scholars of to-day are struck by admiration.

In those days there was a Vedic school established by king Mitra. Maitreyi was one of the teachers there. She was not anxious, like many moderns, to hide her attainments within herself.

There was another woman at that time, who was greater even than Maitreyi; Maitreyi's aunt, Gargi.

Yagnavalkya, the great scholar, who had defeated all his compeers in discussion, and was paramount among the learned, at last bowed his head in humble submission to a woman. That was Gargi.

When King Janaka had some point of learning or philosophy too knotty for ordinary solution, it was his habit to invite scholars from various lands, and then give out that point for solution in their assembly. The assembly did not contain merely the learned among men. Many learned women also shone in it, and entered into the discussions equally with the men.

Once, King Janaka performed a sacrifice. Then at the close of the sacrifice, he brought forward a thousand excellent cows, and tied ten coins of gold to the horns of each. He had invited scholars and learned men from various parts to grace the sacrifice with their presence. At its close, he turned to the assembled and said, "He who is greatest among you all in metaphysical knowledge, can take these cows, and the gold tied to them."

Among the thousand and more Pandits that were assembled there,

there was not one who could claim for himself the right for the thousand cows. Who dared come forward from among them and say that he was more proficient than all others in heavenly knowledge?

Seeing the diffidence of the learned assemblage, Yagnavalkya bade his pupil take the thousand cows home. Every one had usually recognised that in knowledge and learning Yagnavalkya was paramount. Consequently, Yagnavalkya too felt somewhat self-confident of his own powers. Nevertheless, there was commotion in the assembly when Yagnavalkya ordered the cows to be taken home. But none there ventured to oppose him.

Then one female heart in a corner of that full assembly, seems to have been pricked by this presumption of the great Brahmin. She rose from where she was seated. All eyes turned to her. It was Gargi.

She turned to Yagnavalkya, and in a voice which mingled music, loftiness, and reproof, asked Yagnavalkya, "Art thou the greatest in this forest of learning? Art thou the Prince of this assemblage?" Yagnavalkya answered with a steady voice "Yes, I am." She replied "you shall allow us to test it."

Then arose a discussion between the man and the woman at which the great assembly was amazed. Arguments were put forth and returned, quotations were made and counterquoted, and king and courtiers listened to it spell-bound. It was a discussion in which the great scholar found himself defeated, and found also his superior. The whole court rang with the praises of Gargi and dubbed her Queen of Dialecticians.

The name of another female savant was Devahooti. Her father was one of the Manus of the Hindu mythology.

From girlhood she had been devoted to learning. Though a great king's daughter, she married a poor ascetic, so that she might not be disturbed in her studies. His name was Kardama. He was by no means fond of family life, but yet seeing the girl's yearning for study, and won by her fondness for himself, consented to become a householder.

Devahooti, i. e. king's daughter, living in a palace in the enjoyment of the luxuries usual for a king's daughter, left her home, and went to the forest-cottage of her husband. Her husband, unlike many modern husbands, did not try to leave her cherished desire unsatisfied. He freely presented his precious store of knowledge. Seated at the feet of her domestic lord, in that lonely forest, Devahooti learned what there was to learn, with single-minded devotion. As she went on learning, many abstruse things of life, many abstract problems of philosophy, pictured themselves before her, and that royal female thinker tried to propound them all to him.

Devahooti was the mother of the sage Kapila, the author of Sankhya, the foremost of the Vedantic systems of philosophy. Kapila was the first to turn man's thought to the solution of problems within him, from a contemplation of things without. It was he that set ablaze the torch of philosophy, and tried to shed light on the darkness of the human life. It was he that probed the secrets of the mind and the heart, and located there the seeds of happiness and misery. It was he that first found a remedy for that misery, and prescribed a means for gaining salvation.

But who was it that first tended him, and trained his infant mind? Who developed in him that instinctive grasp

of the workings of the human heart? It was his incomparable mother, Devahooti. Had there not been such a mother, we cannot say whether the world would have known Kapila, the founder of the Sankhya. Devahooti was herself the instructress of Kapila. She gave the direction to his intelligence and to the current of his thought. She made the seeds of universal philosophy which she had conceived, grow out into luxuriant foliage through the medium of her son.

Then in course of time, with the growth of Buddhism, there came an impetus to the growth of the Education of women in the land. The Buddhists were ardent in their work in this cause. They educated their women, made scholars of them, and deputed them to lands far and near. Finding it impossible for men to teach the tenets of their religion to the female half of the nation, they caught the idea of making women the preachers of that religion. Many distinguished women thus went from land to land as exponents of that faith. One is known to us as pre-eminent among them all, Sangamita, cousin of the great king Asoka. She travelled to Ceylon and preached the doctrines of Buddha there. She made many women of Ceylon proficient in those doctrines. At last she made Ceylon her permanent home. To-day, the inhabitants of that island have not forgotten her. Many anecdotes about her still engage the popular imagination there.

When Shankara, the great champion of Brahminism arose, he marched, with his disciples, from the Comorin to the Himalayas, to limit the bounds of the then all-pervading Buddhism. We know to-day how greatly he succeeded in his work. There was one who shared with him the credit of that success. It

was a woman. She was Bharati, the wife of Mandanamisra. Bharati was a famous savant.

Mandanamisra and Shankara entered into a Shastraic discussion. Shankara vowed that, if he should be defeated in it, he would forsake his monkish vows, and become Mandanamisra's pupil. Mandanamisra too declared that, if he was defeated by Shankara, he would give up family life, and devote himself to pupilage under Shankara. Both were great scholars, and no ordinary dialecticians. In the controversy which raged between those two, who could stand by as referee and decide dispassionately, after a consideration of the various sides of their most abstruse discussion, and say that one was the victor, and another had to stand by his yow? Who could make a claim for such greatness of learning?

The referee was not far to seek. Mandana's accomplished wife, Bharati, undertook the precious task of judging the two scholars, and deciding between her husband and his opponent. We might guess from this what must have been her attainments.

The discussion commenced. Bharati was seated on one side listening with rapt attention. The argument rose to its heights, and at last closed. Bharati made a fair consideration of the case, and finding that her husband had failed, declared calmly that Shankara was the winner. According to the previous vow, Mandana gave up family life, and became the disciple of Shankara. Bharati too became a follower of Shankara. Bharati is another name for Saraswati, or the Indian Minerva, the Goddess of Learning. It would be no exaggeration to say that this Bharati was a veritable incarnation of Sharada. Shankara had won two things from his discussion. He

had become victor over Mandana, and had secured the assistance of Bharati. In the great work which he had undertaken, the assistance of such a woman as Bharati was also necessary. In the many things which Shankara accomplished in his short life, no little help was given him by Bharati, and much of the fame which attaches now to his name, goes to the part which she played in his work. To the last she was his intellectual helpmate. It might justly be said that it was as a monument of her greatness that he established a Cathedral at Sringeri in Mysore, and ordered that all who became its heads should be known by her memorable name. The present head of that Cathedral seat is known by the name.

Even now, within its sacred shrine, the image of Bharati, the great Goddess of learning, is accorded daily worship. We might put whatever interpretation we like upon this. It might be said that Mandana's Bharati is worshipped there as the incarnation of the great Goddess; or it might be the Goddess herself who is accorded worship there. At any rate there seems no doubt that the human Bharati deserves no ordinary praise.

We shall refer to another woman well-known to the world. Her name was Leelavati. She was the daughter of Bhaskara, the great Mathematician.

(To be Continued.)

G. R. JOSYER.



"The Romantic Revival."

THE Romantic Revival is the name given to a certain movement in English Literature. It has also been called the 'Renaissance of Wonder' and it has coloured all the poetry and prose of the earlier part of the 19th century. In its broadest sense, the term signifies a reversion of feeling against the productions of the 18th century authors and especially of Dryden, Pope and their followers and imitators, and the movement itself is but the product of the reaction against the 18th century canons of taste.

This Romantic Revival may be said to have begun in the history of English Literature, from the year 1798,—the date of the publication of the "Lyrical Ballads." Several causes contributed to the origin and growth of this movement, which was to exhibit itself as a revolt to the established modes of thinking and writing, at a momentous period. First among these, we may mention the reaction against the influence of Boileau, who flourished during the reign of Louis XIV and was a confirmed classic poet. His influence upon England was accelerated by Charles II being a Frenchified-English-Monarch and Dryden being the Court poet of the period.

All historians know that Charles II was in a sense only the hired servant of France and he managed to pass himself off tolerably by getting secret money from Louis XIV on the one hand and from the English themselves on the other. Consequently, the political causes themselves favoured the French influence no less than the tastes of the period; and, to crown matters, after Dryden came Pope who, though "destitute of his model's sweep and power," had got, instead, those very

powers, which were to bring the classical influence to such a height, afterwards only to be rudely pushed down. Pope was followed by a crowd of worthless imitators, who inherited his style without his genius. They succeeded to perfection in writing verses after the model of Pope; and so many numerous poems began to be published as to make Cowper remark, "Pope made Poetry a mere mechanic art; and every warbler had his tune by heart."

Nor was this servile imitation productive of any good to Literature. Dryden himself differed, in some essential respects, from the last of the Great Poets of the Elizabethan period—Milton. In his hand, poetry lost beauty and gained didacticism. It lost naturalism and got affectation. It lost emotion and got intellectuality. In all the Poetry of the period, we find theological and moral questions discussed. What is "The Hind and the Panther" but a poem full of theological disputes? and what again is the "Essay on Man" but a moral dissertation? Instead of spontaneity, it imported artificiality. Nothing could be more unlike the real Iliad than the polished epigrammatic translation of Pope, which Coleridge has well expressed under the one expression, "A conjunction disjunctive of epigrams!" Another great feature of the eighteenth century poetry was its satiric element. It was the age when the "Dunciad" and the "Rosciad" were produced; and we well know how Pope, in the former, lashed all the poets of the Grub Street mercilessly, and how, in the latter, Churchill criticised all the great men of the age and especially all the actors, to whom he was the object of special terror.

Nor was the language in which these sentiments were couched of an attractive kind. It was characterised by

extreme lucidity, but unnatural artificiality. Every line and every syllable bore the mark of Convention imprinted upon it. Moreover those poets paid very great attention to the metre and form. We have it indeed reported from authentic sources that Pope's imitators used always to put into prose what they had to say and then to recast the whole thing into poetry. When such polish began to be given, emotion grew to be considered non-poetic. Poets felt it their duty to be lucid. Poetry became in their hands explicit instead of suggestive. It did not conduct man to infinity. It set a barrier to his imagination and gave food only to his understanding. To lose oneself in feeling was considered very ungentle and, as a direct effect of this, truth to Nature was cast off. Pope's well-known dictum 'The proper study of man is man' was idealised and followed to the very letter. The language too was not that of every day life. It was fantastic and at the same time in the minds of men, 'a system of words, refined from the grossness of domestic uses and from the harshness of terms appropriate to particular wits.'

Such was the state of English Poetry at the close of the 18th century. It had had its popularity and was now on the decline. Young minds began to feel a sort of aversion for the convention. They felt that such words as "I remember thee" were infinitely superior to the expression

'Thy image, on her wing, before my fancy's eye shall memory bring.'

and turned with the bitterest disgust from such moralisings as,

'Hope humbly, then; with trembling pinions soar;

Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore;

Hope springs eternal in the human breast; Man never is but always to be blest.'

couched in such extravagant language.

At this stage of men's ideas, pre-saging a revolution in thought, the world was greeted by the tremendous cataclysm—the great French Revolution of 1789. It was a rising against old systems in all branches—in politics, in religion, in literature, in social life and in what not? All the young un moulded minds of the day enlisted themselves as champions and defenders of that event. Nothing could be more astonishing than to see Wordsworth, who afterwards developed into the serene man, unaffected by external circumstances, now write enthusiastically on this occasion, 'Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, but to be young was very heaven'! Thus, we already see the younger generation turning away with disgust from the Popean school of Poetry and hailing with unwonted enthusiasm, an upheaval, which was to change the whole course of European thought and life in an extraordinary degree. See again the scheme of Pantisocracy and what its aim was! Three young men, not bound together by any but their feelings of revolt to the established modes of thinking, determined to settle in America and there found a colony on the banks of the Sasquehanna—a place with no other qualification except a musical designation. Let us refer again to Shelley who never recovered from his attachment to the Revolution and was a confirmed revolutionary to the end of his life, in his political as well as in his poetic creed. Again, let us turn to that great misanthrope—Byron. How fondly he was attached to liberty and how pathetically he made Napoleon say, when leaving France for ever,

..... "But when Liberty rallies

Once more in thy regions, remember me then,"—

Again, aristocrat as he was, how enthusiastically he championed the cause of the People against tyrant kings; and what heartfelt contempt he expressed to tyrants and how he rejoiced in their fall;

Behold, the desolator was now desolate,
The victor was now a victim.

The arbiter of others' fate was now a suppliant for his own. Such was the effect of the Revolution upon the young minds of the period; and to it, more than to any single cause, we must adduce the '*Romantic Revival*.'

Last but not least, may be mentioned as a cause of the "*Romantic Revival*," the influence of Germany. Slight though this influence at first sight might appear, it was productive of the highest good. The influence of German Transcendentalism first through Coleridge and afterwards through Carlyle was unbounded. Its literature too was Romantic. True it is that the Romanticism had been imported from England through the influence of Percy's "*Reliques*" and Macpherson's "*Ossian*." But it, in no way, impaired its value. De Quincey's famous dictum, 'The Literature of every country, unless it be crossed by some other of different breed, tends to stagnation', and his pointing out to the German Literature as the only one, then extant in Europe, whose influence would be productive of the highest good to the English Literature, was but a giving expression to feelings possessed by every thoughtful mind.

Nor must it be understood that the Romantic Revival was imported into England by these external causes alone. It is one of the Commonplaces of Literature that the spirits of Romanticism and Classicism are prevalent in all ages and that they are moving continually side by side, now merging

to produce an organic unity, and now separating to produce different types of composition. In the literature of every century, both these tendencies are present; and sometimes one predominates over the other. Thus, though for matters of convenience, the eighteenth century has come to be called "*The Classical Period*," yet, it is far from true that the spirit of Romanticism was absent for a minute. Slowly but surely, it was rising up and replacing the classical tendency. At the very time when Pope was at his height, there were a group of dissenters who silently looked askance upon his productions. They could not believe how such poems, devoid of spirit in them, came to be called Poetry. From the spell of the new emotions and new ideas poured into society by the revolution, these poets derived their passion, energy and earnestness. Under the influence of the Napoleonic wars, their feelings were stirred and they longed for liberty. Other influences also, not less potent, were at work. Collections of Old Ballads, such as Percy's "*Reliques*," which was published in 1764, inspired the genius of Scott. Macpherson's "*Ossian*" and Chatterton's poems, counterfeit though they proved to be, were not to be without any influence. They inspired all young poets to exertion in fresh fields of thought and opened a vast field for imagination. Again, this influence is noticeable in a series of Poets like Blake, Burns and Cowper; and, as the first of the series and the precursor of the '*Romantic Revival*', we might name Thomson, who in his "*Seasons*" has thus described sunrise:

"But yonder comes the powerful king of day
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad."

A decided increase in the Romantic spirit is noticeable, when in our minds' panorama we see the extensive progress that has been made from Thomson's simple love of Nature to the mingled simplicity and fierceness and the lyrical melody of Blake.

Thus, let us compare with our previous passage from Thomson, the following one from Blake:

'Whether in heaven, ye wander fair
Or the green corners of the earth
Or the blue regions of the air
Where the melodious winds have birth;
Whether on crystal rocks ye rove
Beneath the bosom of the sea
Wandering in many a coral grove, etc., etc.,

A more decided improvement again is noticeable when we take into account Burns, the Scottish Poet. 'Versatility of imagination', says a great critic, 'vigour of expression and veracity of description are the prime features of the poetical art of Burns.' In song he is matchless and whether his subject be emotional or material, his treatment of the theme is always passionate. Thus, in his description of a rose-bud he met with in a walk, he is all melody:

A rose-bud by my early walk
Adown a corn-enclosed bank
So gently bent its thorny stalk
All on a dewy morning.
Ere twice the shades of dawn are fled
In all its crimson glory spread
And drooping rich the dewy head
It scents the early morning, etc., etc., etc.

Again, the same love of animal creation characterises him as it does Wordsworth. Thus, see his address to a mouse over-turned by the plough:

Still, thou art blessed, compared with me!
The present only toucheth thee, etc., etc.

The same feature runs throughout Coleridge's poems, and it is noticeable that the Ancient Mariner is freed from the revengeful spirits of the Polar regions by simply appreciating the beauty of the sea-snakes:

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire,
Blue, glossy green and velvet black,
They coiled and swam

O, happy living things, no tongue
Their beauty might declare;
A spring of love gushed from my heart
And I blessed them unaware.

"The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" indicates the birth of the new poetry in England. Here the stutters and flashes of Blake become coherent speech and steady blaze; here poetry, which for a century and a half had been curbing her voice to a genteel whisper or raising it only to a forensic declamation, which had at best allowed a few wood notes to escape here and there as if by mistake, spoke out loud and clear. Then, in the 'Mariner', also comes the gorgeous metre,—freed at once and for the first time from the "butter-women's rank to market", which had distinguished all imitations of the Ballad hitherto,—the more gorgeous imagery and pageantry here, the simple directness there, the tamerless range of imagination and fancy, the fierce rush of rhythm:—

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever went
Into that silent sea."

And thereafter, the spectre of Life-in-Death, the water snakes, the rising of the dead men, the snapping of the spell. There had been nothing like all this before; and in all the hundred years, for all the great poetry we have seen, we have seen nothing so new as this. His descriptions of Nature are often condensed and vivid, like those of Dante, showing the power to enter into the spirit of a scene and reproduce it with a few quick strokes:—

"The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;
At one stride comes the dark." (Saintsbury).

We have now in a manner named the characteristics of the classical period and traced the growth of the Romantic spirit up to the time of Wordsworth. We have also tried to name the several causes that were at the basis of the progress of the spirit. It now remains for us to consider Romanticism proper in its different aspects. Let us picture here how it affected Poetry.

The chief characteristics of the Romantic period are the spiritualising of Nature, the humanising of social life, and the recognition of the importance of individual man. These are the fundamental principles; and the others are only subsidiary. Thus, Wordsworth's love of nature, Coleridge's supernaturalism, Scott's Mediaevalism are all but different manifestations of the one single doctrine—The Spiritualising of Nature. To Wordsworth indeed, whose mind was wholly unsusceptible to external influences, Nature was the source of every joy. In it he found comfort and from it he drew inspiration. A rock, a flower, a sunset, a mountain torrent were enough to impress him and to send him off into one of his poetic moods. But this was not the ecstatic rapture of Shelley. Rather it was a rich and measured contentment. Common-place subjects such as 'A Peasant Girl' interested him, as evinced in the lines:

She dwelt among untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid, whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love
A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.
She lived unknown and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me.

To Coleridge again who, 'supremely plastic in imagination and susceptible

to every cross current of emotion,' differed from Wordsworth, the whole World was a vesture in spiritual and supernatural forces. Himself a poet of the very first rank, a critic of great talents and a philosopher and exponent of German transcendentalism and mysticism, his whole genius was yet completely immersed in the love of nature, as exhibited in such lines as:—

'The sun now came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he,
And he shone bright and on the right
Went down into the sea.'

Let us now turn to Shelley, who, more than any other of the Poets, was a product of the Revolution. With a propensity from his youth to direct his energies into a rebellious and aggressive struggle against every form of recognised authority, with an antagonistic attitude towards the past and her traditionary customs, with hopes rooted in the future, he had yet, as a Poet of the period of the "Renaissance of Wonder", much in common with Wordsworth in his attitude towards Nature. In all his poems, there was the same note of his belief in the sympathy of mute Nature with the spirit of man. Thus in his poem entitled the 'Pine Forest' he said:

'We wandered in the Pine Forest
That skirts the Ocean's foam,
The lightest wind was in its rest
The tempest in its home,
The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the woods and on the deep
The smile of Heaven lay,
It seemed as if the day were one
Sent from beyond the skies,
Which shed to earth above the sun
A light of Paradise.'

The list might easily be extended to Keats, Byron and Scott. But in all their works there is, except for some characteristic differences due to particular temperaments, the same attitude

towards Nature, towards such ordinary and even commonplace things as 'An ordinary sunset,' 'The garrulity of an old seaman,' 'The rain-bearing wind,' 'The song of a nightingale,' etc.

The Spiritualising of human nature, then, is the keynote to all the Poems of this period. But there are also other features of this movement, worth considering. First among these, we may mention the demand for the complete freedom of the individual in thought as well as in action. This is well exhibited in the development of democratic principles and also in the demands of Poets like Shelley for liberty of belief and freedom from political restraint. Next we may include the growth of the historic sense and its application to Literature and Politics. This feature, as I have already tried to point out, is seen in a new study of the mediaeval ages and in efforts to preserve genuine relics of the past; Scott was in his youth an eager Collector of ballads and in his mature years a willing writer about mediaevalism. We may also note the influence of this Romantic movement upon Fiction, Historical Novel, Religion and so on.

Now to conclude: So then the reaction against Boileau, the succession of worthless imitators to Pope who inherited his style without his genius, the satiric element of the eighteenth century Poetry, the unnatural artificiality of the language in which the sentiments were couched, the Poets' casting off of Nature because they wanted to be lucid, the idealization of the dictum "the proper study of man is man"—all these made the younger minds of the early nineteenth century feel a sort of aversion for convention, and revolt against such barriers to imagination. We had occasion to observe in sketching the development

of the new form of thought that the influence of the French Revolution and the influence of German literature also were at the basis of the progress of this period. We watched the decided increase of the Romantic spirit, in the poetry of Thomson, Blake, Burns and others. Further on, we noticed the Romantic spirit reaching its high water-mark at the hands of Coleridge and Wordsworth in the "*Lyrical Ballads*." It was quite possible, we saw, to include under the influence of the Revival all the great poets such as Shelley, Keats, Byron and Scott. We also saw that the '*Spiritualising of Nature*' was the outstanding characteristic of the poetry of this period.

S. R.

The Folk-Lore of Women

In Many Ages & Many Climes.

"O woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair to look like you."

OTWAY,

Within the last few decades, a radical change has been effected gradually in public sentiment with regard to the position of women in the world. In bygone days, she was consigned, either to the most menial and dependent services for a totally inadequate reward, or set to occupy an idealized place where few superficial accomplishments were allowable and any tendency towards a cultured intellect was stigmatised as unnatural and unseemly. Yet the political and moral condition of a people may be gauged—in the opinion of the world's greatest statesmen—very largely according to the rank occupied by its women folk. Their influence is more or less salutary, of course, in relation to the degree of

esteem in which they are held. A superficial view is sufficient to reveal two broad and well-defined divisions of the human race. One half of the globe unfortunately remains with little progress or thought and under the burdensome load of a barbarous cultivation; under such conditions women are treated more or less as slaves. The other half, however, advances towards freedom and light; the women are loved and honoured. Apparently, there is working even in our mundane sphere, therefore, a law of eternal justice, and Nature seems very largely to associate the intelligence of a race with the dignity of womankind. By the working of natural laws, man cannot degrade womankind without falling into the abyss of degradation; he cannot raise them without placing himself upon a loftier pedestal.

Ancient history reveals that the especial harm wrought to family life in old-time Athens was the fact that the husband spent almost the whole of the working day outside the house, while his wife, who was immeasurably inferior as regards culture, was wholly excluded from his interests. Domestic life gained new vigour, however, on the collapse of political life in the Hellenistic age. The female sex rose higher in popular esteem; and we find Plato demanding more careful and more thorough culture for girls. The married women at Rome, on the other hand, lived far differently from those of Athens and the Ionian states of Greece. They were not shut up in the women's quarter of the house; indeed none such existed in the Roman dwelling. As honoured mistresses of the household, they span and wove with their daughters and maid servants. Everyone made way for them in the streets and anyone

who insulted them was judged to be worthy of death. They were allowed to go out to pay visits and to receive them. It was their practice, too, to accompany their husbands to the games and to the theatres; and they were often not lacking a warm and intelligent interest in the affairs of their country. In our Lord's day, the Jewish elders had carried to such a stage their tenets in regard to the inferiority of womankind that it was deemed an impropriety for a Rabbi to speak publicly to a woman at all. If obliged to do so, he was bound to confine himself to the fewest words possible. It has been observed, therefore, that our Lord's converse with the Samaritan woman involved a three-fold self-humiliation, in that He spoke to a woman, that the woman was a Samaritan, and that she was a sinner.

The Turk of to-day is very far behind in his treatment of women, although it appears the European war has by force of circumstances largely modified his position in this regard. One of the two rooms, which the Peasant's house essentially contains, is reserved for the male and the other for the female members of the family. The men and women never meet in any social gatherings, and largely on account of this exclusion from public and social life the women of Turkey have made little intellectual progress. The education of a Turkish girl comprises at most the mere rudiments of reading and writing and a few verses of the Koran. Girls as a rule do not go to school until they are seven, and, since they leave when about ten years of age, their education consists merely of a three years' course. After that age, unless of the poorest class, the girls are shut up with the women of the house, and never go out unless closely

veiled. At fourteen, a girl is in the marriage market, and a Turkish marriage is purely a business transaction;—the girl, in most instances, never sees her future husband, since all negotiations are carried through by the parents. It is a hopeful sign that some of the more progressive Turks wish to improve the standing of women in their country. It is hard work, nevertheless, to break down the customs of centuries.

Although in Greenland a woman is practically regarded as the property of her husband, she is treated as a rule very well. The employments of the two sexes, both of which wear trousers, are entirely distinct. To the man there falls the laborious life at sea as hunter and food-provider; it is the practice of women who help him ashore, to take the booty to the house. The women, indeed, flay the seal, cut it up according to fixed rules, cook the food, and attend to all other domestic tasks. They build, in addition, the house, pitch the tents, and row the woman-boats. When the family is out hunting the reindeer, it is the women who perform the laborious duty of dragging the game to the tent. While the man passes most of his time on the sea, the woman is generally to be found at home busily occupied with one task or another. Indeed, when women even go beyond the circle of their ordinary domestic employment, it is generally to busy themselves with the weapons of the men, and to ornament them with bone-carvings, etc.

Mademoiselle Chrysanthemum rises early, is out but little after dark, and retires not too late. To see her engaged in her household duties or entertaining her friends, is as great a delight in Japan as to see her at play, for she laughs and chatters all the time.

Indeed, her face is one perpetual smile. She is very industrious. For a great deal of the manual labour of Japan is done by women. They are to be seen in the fields, carding silk or spinning in their own homes. Considerable numbers are employed in cotton and silk mills, in dressmaking and kindred trades. They are also employed to a large extent in the different post and telephone services and in clerical work on the Railways. A select few join the medical profession and it cannot be denied that the hospital and other professional classes reach a high level of perfection. Indeed, a Japanese trained nurse is universally acknowledged, by those who have had occasion to require her services, as a most efficient one. A woman of Japan usually combines a manner of gentle womanliness, easy good temper, brightness, and an evident desire to please, with an outward grace and form. It is a curious characteristic that, if a Japanese lady is attired in European dress, she invariably proceeds her husband into the room in accordance with the custom of the West; but if, on the other hand, she is vested in the old traditional Japanese costume, she adopts the fashion of her country and follows after him.

Swiss maidens are not without their charm—the charm of the village "hoyden". They partake of the character of the race of mountaineers to which they belong—a brawny, large-boned people. The Swiss soul is assuredly beautiful, and, if hidden, is none the less there. Perhaps for this reason the Swiss appear vested with an air of romance, and mysticism seems to characterise their sentimentality. As to physique, both men and women bear out the ethnologist's theory as to the mixed nature of the race. They are

fine healthy specimens, as well as diminutive and weakened; many pleasant faces; but few harmonious types. Yet the Suisse is an excellent housekeeper. Her instincts of frugality cause her to keep a sharp eye upon the outlay. Too great economy and a fear of spending too much, indeed, often causes proper nourishment to be sacrificed. This regime accounts for many of the girls being chlorotic. The Swiss woman is a hard worker and scrubs away from morning to night. It is her pride that "you may eat off the floor," although, unfortunately perhaps, personal hygiene is not so carefully considered. Apart from the direct duties of the house, the crochet hook, the needle and the pattern are the constant companions of the real Suisse. Wash-day, or rather wash-week, however, is the event of the year. For many of the Swiss people have a novel habit of washing but once or twice in the 12 months, and then the long lines of shirts and the broad grass plots filled with "ling" afford a curious sight.

The Ashanti women are treated with much more respect than other African women. They are really treated as the equals of men, and are said to be very intelligent, and energetic and shrewd in money matters. A woman may hold property, over which her husband can exercise no authority, and according to law, it is inherited at death by the king. The women are the market keepers and the men do the weaving and sewing. A husband, who has a number of wives, always has one as mistress of the house, to whom everything is confided and who is set over all the others. In the absence of the master, she governs the others and takes his place. This house mistress,

as she is called, is generally older than the others, and when she dies, it is her prerogative to elect one of the younger ones to take her place. The Ashantis paint little patterns all over their faces and darken the corners of their eyes with a bodkin dipped in powdered lead. Their coiffure is most extra-ordinary, their heads being shaven, save for a small patch on the top. To the left side of this patch the hair is allowed to grow about 10 inches long, and it is then drawn up into a cone-shaped knot. Behind the left ear another patch is left, but on this patch the hair is cut short, and above either temple there is left a wisp of hair, which is divided into three parts. Their costume consists of a single piece of drapery flung around them.

S. JACKSON COLEMAN.

Depression.

IT is difficult to smile, when the heart is sad, but is it right to give out depressing vibrations, and so depress those around us? There are people who are depressed from choice and are not happy, unless they are unhappy! They wrap themselves up in misery, and go about with the drooping figures, and slow pace used in funeral processions, and their homes remind one of a mausoleum, where footsteps are softened and voices hushed. To live with such people and in such houses, is nothing but an appalling misfortune, the effects of the depression are awful, and seldom realized, till too late to remedy the mischief they have caused. A cynic was once heard to say that "a smile is only the stretching of the eyes East and West"! Let him have his opinion; though after all, "a smile is a glimpse

of Heaven." Let us try to smile when things go *against* us, so that our burden of sorrow, anxiety or disappointment may not be added to those who have their own to bear. Everyone has a cross to carry; and God alone knows its weight, but there are people who forget that, and are not satisfied unless some one on earth feels it too; they are more comforted by a neighbour's sigh of sympathy, than by the words, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden." It is strange that so many, who declare that they love and believe in Christ, do not go to him in their troubles, but wait till their health is better, at their fit or depression gone, and these are loudest in advising others to trust in the Lord. Those, who smile and endeavour to be cheerful, show that they live near God, for, in the sunshine of his love, no one can be depressed. Then there are those foolish mortals, who with upraised shoulders and drooping lips, say in a helpless manner, "But we cannot smile for ever." No one wants that, because a continual smile is irritating and in nine cases out of ten, settles into a grin. We can see that on a skull smiles never mean depression, but depression means living in great darkness, chaining the body and dulling the brain, and in that state the mind and body become inactive. Depression has the effect of turning the thoughts inwards and self-pity is the result. Self-pity is one of the greatest barriers to our being able to smile. Who but a professional kill-joy—would enter a sickroom without a smile? what good would depression do an invalid? Many sick persons are kept from making a quick recovery, by the unsmiling depression around their beds. It must be remembered, however, that there is a time for every-

thing, and that a smile will be out of place on many occasions. But it remains; with our own unselfishness and kindness of heart, to know when to smile; but it is certainly better to be too smiling, than depressing; the first can never do any harm, but the latter can, and when people realize that depression is really selfishness, there will be less unnecessary sadness, and the dreary words, "the world is so

hard," will be heard no more. Most people, especially, depressed ones, forget that the world is a place, and is incapable of being either hard or kind to any one; but, it may be human nature, to fail in the moral courage to say bravely, "God is hard." Let smiles shine out, and in their brightness, black depression will soon die, and faces will become happier, and bodies healthier. WENONAH.

Sonnet

Written on the Sussex Downs, after a storm at sea.

"A mighty splash of silver-tinted gold,
The surface round with darkened blotches fleck'd,
A shining mirror, bright and smooth and cold,
Where shining sun and scudding cloud reflect;—
The nearer distance studded o'er with gulls,
And rippling hamlets gam'bling on the shore,—
Out there, a boatman, resting on his sculls;
His sea-lines bent to filch the Ocean's store.
A Picture so serene and calm as this
The Master Painter etched Himself, I wis.
Is this the Sea, where those vast billows rolled
With scathing fury, seeming all unchecked?
If change like this the Earth and Sea can hold,
How shall we dare to probe God's Intellect?

"I. D. V."

A Talk on the Women's Movement.

MY Indian friend was having her first introduction to English life. At the end of her first week in London, she opened the question of the women's movement.

"Why are some of you English women so dissatisfied with woman's position socially and politically?" she asked; "Etiquette indicates that you are treated with the greatest respect and deference. At dinner to-day, all the ladies, including the hostess, were served before the gentlemen guests. I have seen men give up their seats in crowded buses to women, even when they are total strangers. 'Ladies first' seems to be the rule everywhere."

"Do you know what big questions you are asking?" I laughingly answered. "Are you prepared to listen till bedtime? First, let me remind you that you have only seen middle-class life yet, but 80 per cent. of our population belongs to the working classes. But, strange to say, even in the middle classes, our codes of manners do not indicate truly the position of the woman. They give a false impression of the attitude of the sexes. Is it not extraordinarily inconsistent with Englishmen's professions of deference, that a wife should be legally bound to obey her husband? Yet that is the case. The law recognises only one parent"—

"Well naturally! the one who bears and rears the children is more competent to judge what is best for them," my friend put in sharply.

"Quite so! But the law does not recognise the Mother, but only the Father, His will is upheld, if it clashes with hers; even if widowed, a mother may not appoint a guardian for her children,

if the father has already done so; also if she dies without making a will the husband gets all her property, her children inherit nothing. The case of the unmarried mother is very hard too. The only legal claim on the Father is for 5s. a week for the child's support, and to get this she must take her case before a court (entirely composed of men—what wonder the more sensitive girls do not face it!) before the child is born, in fact not more than 6 months after the wrong was done her. If she dies without a will, her child inherits nothing."

"Her position should not be made too easy; she deserves to suffer for her conduct," my friend remarked.

"She is sometimes deserving of heavy blame, but you speak as if she was the only one. Why should the girl bear the whole burden of shame and punishment, while the man escapes it?"

My friend was silent and I think more thoughtful. I went on, "Then consider the case of the women engaged in factories and industries. They are cruelly underpaid; they are forced to work under conditions, the unhealthiness and discomfort of which might be easily remedied. Cases are constantly coming to my notice, in which women are paid less than men for precisely the same work, which it is admitted they do as efficiently. These are only a few instances out of many, in which the law fails to protect women." I paused and looked into my friend's eyes, where I read the promise of whole-hearted sympathy, when she should have fuller knowledge.

She spoke slowly. "I see that your wrongs are not fancied and imaginary. Why does not Parliament pass laws to protect women's interests?"

A good opening to introduce the vote!

"Why! Because our legislators are *men* and elected by *men*."

"But Englishmen are so chivalrous!" (She was genuinely puzzled.) I drew a long breath and went on—

"Laws could be framed to help us, if the legislators had enough knowledge and sympathy. You know something of our system of representation?"

"Nearly every man has a vote which he can give to the candidate, he thinks will best represent his wishes and interests in Parliament, has he not?"

"Yes that is the principle. Theoretically, the Member of Parliament represents the wishes and interests of the women in his constituency too, but in many cases practically he is too busy considering the wishes of the electors even to find out what the wishes of the women are. It is very natural. If he does not please the electors, they will choose some one else and he will lose his seat."

"You are rather cynical of human nature, when you say that is natural."

"Really, I did not mean to be. I would rather think that men had done their best for women, than that they were consciously unfair. Their mistake is that they think they know better than we do, what is good for us. If a lawyer, trying to extract some one's tooth, broke the jaw, I should not accuse him of wilful cruelty, but of stupidity in attempting a task for which he was not qualified. I think the cases are parallel. I can give you an instance of men's attempt to solve a woman's problem."

"It was noted that the health of mother and child suffered by the mother's returning to work too soon after the birth of the child! 'She must be forbidden to

do so' cried the benevolent gentlemen; and accordingly she was by act of Parliament. Result, if the mother might not work, she could not earn, so her poverty was increased to the verge of starvation. She would have foreseen that, but she was not consulted! Women's voices are drowned. Even when the measures of reform they clamour for are introduced into Parliament, they are set aside, in some cases for periods of many years."

"What sort of measures?"

"Oh all sorts, dealing with subjects that women feel more keenly about than men. Measures dealing with the white Slave Traffic, the raising of the age of consent, a pure milk supply for our city children—all vitally important to national welfare."

A rather long silence fell between us. My friend broke it at last.

"What you have told me raises many questions in my mind. The first is, 'How can women spare the time to study and then take steps to remedy these social evils? Women's place is the home—she has her children to look after.'"

"Well" I replied, "it may as truly be said that men have to earn the money to keep the home going; they have their business or profession; how can men have time to study these questions and take steps to remedy them? But plenty of men are found to study social reform; no woman ought to be so entirely occupied with home duties that she cannot read and think about things outside her home. Many busy women are thinking very seriously and if they have a vote the whole nation will get the benefit of that thought. Many women never marry, or marry in middle life and so have time for public and social work. Merely possessing

the vote does not mean plunging into public work and party politics!"

"You have given me plenty to think about," said my friend rising. "I am beginning to understand the women's movement better."

"Well, it is an immense subject, wide and deep as the ocean! we have only been wading in the shallows by the shore to-night."

The White Petunias.

THEY grew in great profusion in the garden, down the rocky slope of the hill, and across the road, and some were blooming on the sides of the road itself. The air was full of their perfume, and the blossoms looked snow-white in the glow of the sunset. Florence King, a flower among flowers, stood near the wall at the end of the garden; it was her favourite spot, because from there she could see, round the shoulder of a hill, the great snow-peaks, far off and grand. Her hazel eyes gazed into the distance in wonder and awe, for she never saw those peaks of the Himalayas but with reverent feelings, and when the clouds obscured them, she looked in their direction knowing her beloved mountains were there, though hidden. The last rays of the sun rested on the masses of her dark brown hair, and touched the crest of its waves with gold; and made her white dress, with its knot of white petunias at the throat, seem whiter in the evening light. Her slender hands held a cluster of white petunias over which she bent her gentle face, and inhaled the scent with a sigh of satisfaction. She had lived many years in Almara and had seldom visited the

plains, but, now, into her quiet and peaceful life. Fate sent two men, who came accompanied by her brother, a professor in a college in Allahabad. The two men were not teachers, but Fortune's favourites, touring India in comfort and leisure. Their hearts sank as the carriers bore them shoulder-high in dandis up the steep road to Almara, and though neither voiced the thought, both wondered if they could stand the dead-level dullness of such a tucked-away-out-of-sight hill station.

"Is n't this glorious?" cried Young King.

"Ripping" answered his friends, without enthusiasm.

They both felt depressed at their distance from the plains, and began to picture a sister that King had mentioned, and concluded she must be just a little idiot of a school-girl, in short frocks, and hair tied in two pig-tails, who would be nothing but a nuisance. But, nevertheless, they looked about for the "idiot of a school-girl." A turn of the road brought into view a white bungalow, and they were soon in its garden, being welcomed by an elderly couple and two girls, whom King presented as his parents and sisters. The visitors were amazed to find how quickly they became members of the hospitable and cordial family; and the time passed away without one dull day, all were happy and bright. And when they left Almara it was with feelings sad, as when they arrived, but not on account of dullness, but because they had left their hearts with the angel who lived among the white petunias. Each knew the other loved Florence King, but they remained silent, though feeling, in a vague way, that neither cared much for the other's company now. As they

neared Kathgodam, the heat of the plains irritated them, and Hugh Seabrooke remarked,

"Whew! what heat; let's go to Darjeeling."

"No! let's go home," answered George Alden, crossly.

The first speaker raised his eyebrows, and the second lit a cigarette.

It was of those two men that Florence King was thinking on the evening at sunset, as she stood in the peaceful garden, the white petunias in her hands, and her eyes on the everlasting snows.

"Oh! how brave and good they were," she murmured, "to answer the call of 'your King and Country need you,' without a moment's hesitation. Dear God, protect them—specially Hugh," and a big tear fell on the white flowers.

Somewhere in France, the two comrades stood in a downtrodden garden of a ruined chateau, the sun was setting in a cloud of smoke and flame, and the horrible voice of cannon came to them on the evening breeze. Hugh Seabrooke gazed at the distant glare of a village on fire, but saw only a quiet garden in Almará, a garden overgrown with white petunias.

"Dear God," he prayed, "be with those good people in Almará,—but specially with Florence, my darling, my love," and his hand clutched at the sundial as his eyes grew dim.

George Alden stripped the silver paper from a last bit of chocolate, and as he chewed the treasured morsel, said bluntly, "This is no time to mince matters, Seabrooke; we both love Florence King, and if we ever come out of this pandemonium it will be war to the knife between us. I wish

I had spoken to her before I left Almará."

"It is well she does not know our feelings towards her," replied Seabrooke sadly.

"May be," said Alden, and added bitterly, "If we ever come out of this alive, we'll be, in all probability, but helpless and disfigured remnants of men, more fit for the dust-heap, than to marry such a woman."

"She would not think so," said Seabrooke without turning round, "she, who is so gentle, would never turn away from a human being in distress."

A look of contempt shot from Alden's eyes as they rested on the tall figure of his companion.

"She cannot marry both of us," he remarked, throwing a pellet of silver paper at a broken wall.

"God grant she may have to choose between two men, not two ruins," answered Seabrooke, as he sat down on some stones near a bush, and bent low to look at something white in its shadow, then started back with a gasp, and walked away with his hands clenched.

"Queer fellow that," thought Alden, "I wonder what frightens him in that bush." He peered down, and he, too, drew back, when his eyes saw a small, white petunia balanced on a long, bare stem, and then he parted the branches of the bush, and bowed his head over the flower, "For her sake," he said as he kissed its fragile petals; then closed the branches so as to protect the little blossom. The dawn saw the comrades in the thick of the battle, though not side by side; and towards noon George Alden, with smoke-stained face and bloodshot, staring eyes, saw a tall, strong man fall in a heap.

"Seabrooke, my rival!" he cried with a triumphant laugh. Just for one second, he stood motionless, then shouted—"No—my comrade, my brother," and dashed forward, with uncontrolled sobbing, to the hill before him, and returned, stumbling and staggering, with a bleeding and senseless burden which he laid in a place of safety, and then sank unconscious by its side.

Seabrooke opened his eyes in a hospital ward; he felt something had happened to him, one leg was bandaged stiff, and rested on a pad under the spotless sheet. He had a drowsy, seasick feeling and closed his eyes, but slowly opened them again and saw a Red Cross Nurse and a Doctor by the side of his cot. "He will pull through, he is young and strong," he heard the latter remark, as they passed on. He wondered where he was, but felt too tired to question, and lay staring dreamily at a shaded light. All was silent, save when a moan, or murmur of unrest came from the occupant of one of the many cots, and then a nurse seemed to float by, towards the sound. It did not surprise him to see George Alden standing near his cot, and he said softly,

"Alden, old fellow, what brings you here? I cannot move, but you look quite well and smiling."

"Do you want anything?" asked the ever-watchful nurse.

"Where is he? My friend was here just now, and looked so happy."

"No one but the doctor has been here," answered the Nurse. Seabrooke passed his hand over his eyes and said, "It must have been a dream, but I saw him distinctly."

The Nurse watched him close his eyes, and go into a quiet sleep, and

was glad he did not see a stretcher carried silently away from a far-off cot.

"Brave George Alden," she said, saluting the stretcher as it passed, "Your suffering is over, and so your life; but your noble deed can never die."

"Florence, my darling, let us go and sit where the white petunias grow, I never thought I should see you and them again. My leg is almost well now, and I shall soon be able to hobble about alone. Come, dear heart, and let us talk of George Alden, and keep his memory green, for by his great sacrifice I can now call you wife."

EDITH J. CROSS-BUCHANAN.

Women of the Time.

IN last month's issue of this magazine, we mentioned that several awards had been made to women in the shape of the Red Cross decoration. We know that in India the Kaiser-i-Hind silver and gold medals have been awarded to lady workers in education and social service,—the latest recipients of which, in the Birthday honor's gazette were Mrs. Whitehead, the large-souled wife of Bishop Whitehead, and Mrs. Elwes, who were granted the K. I. H. gold medal, and Mrs. Madely, who as a social worker is indefatigable, and who was awarded the silver medal. In a war like the present, it is not only the combatants whose services deserve recognition. They also serve, who only stand and wait. They fit into a particular niche where their presence is essential. Women in foreign European countries have been more liberally treated in this respect, but the services of women in the British Empire have been so remarkable that His Majesty's Govern-

ment have determined to grant certain awards for women on active service. There are two orders of the Royal Red Cross, the Military medal, the Campaign medals hitherto strictly confined to men, and the Coronation medal. Foreign decorations are permitted to be conferred on British lady workers. Among numerous others, we may mention the names of the following ladies given by the *Madras Mail*, whose services have been acknowledged by the bestowal of awards. The Grand Duchess George Michaeloitch of Russia: the Royal Red Cross order.

Miss Browne, Matron in Chief of Queen Alexandra's Military Nursing Service: the Royal Red Cross Order, the Egyptian War Medal, two medals for the South African War, the Coronation Medal and the Khedive's Star.

Miss Catherine Margaret Carruthers, Staff Nurse, Territorial Force: Nursing Service Coronation Medal.

Lady Dorothy Felding, Miss Mabel Tunley, Miss Hutchinson, Miss Whyte and Miss Allsop: Members of the Army Nursing Service: Military Medal to each.

Over a thousand similar awards have been made to other nurses: The Military Medal is granted only on the recommendation of the Commander-in-Chief.

Among recipients of foreign awards may be mentioned Mrs. Harley (sister of that gallant soldier, Lord French, the Croix de guerre—for her services in the French army in connection with two Scottish women's Hospitals in France and their field hospital in Salonika. The Croix de guerre is a much coveted man's decoration and Mrs. Harley was the first woman on whom it was conferred. Dr. Elsie Inglis, for Hospital work in Serbia; Order of the White Eagle from the King of Serbia.

Countess Ellen Greechen and Miss Nina Hollinge of the British Red Cross: Bronze medal for Military Valour by the King of Italy for fearless service in the field to the Italian wounded. Sister Julie, a French lady, was granted the Legion of Honor; Miss Emilienne Moreau, the war cross. The foregoing are only a few of the hundreds of women whose services have been recognised. It is common knowledge, however, that there are hundreds of others who equally deserve recognition and who are content to go without it. For one V.C., the British Army has thousands who deserve that decoration, but it is clearly impossible to give every man who deserves it the V.C. As in other things circumstances determine why one man is decorated and another equally deserving goes empty away, and so with women.

Lady Churston, *nee* Miss Denise Deine, wife of Lord Churston, is an active personality in War work. Miss Deine was a star on the Musical Comedy stage and in 1907 married Lord Churston, then the Hon'ble John Yarde-Buller. Lord Churston, before he assumed the title, was formerly an Aide-de-Camp to the Viceroy of India and he also took part in the Boer War. And he is at present at the front fighting the enemy. Lady Churston is described as being tall, of fair complexion and singularly beautiful in face and figure.

Miss Arundale, Miss Palmer, B.Sc., and Miss Vëale, B.A. are doing good educational work in Benares in the education of women. The five girls who appeared for the Matriculation all passed; and two out of three for the Intermediate. Seven successes out of 8 candidates is a decided success.

It is always interesting to know what individual women think of the new spheres of work into which the war has, in many instances, compelled young women to enter. Miss Madeline Cook, a lady of the upper classes in England, with commendable curiosity determined to do farm work, in exchange for her food and lodging. So satisfied was the farmer with her work that, when she stated her intention of leaving the farm, he offered her 16s. a week with overtime at 4 pence an hour. Miss Cook considers that farm work of ploughing, rolling, harrowing, though these operations are within the power of women of ordinary average strength, are still too hard for the majority of women. Some of the farm equipments are too heavy to carry and move about and would involve an undesirable strain on their physique. Certain branches of farm work no woman should attempt to do, but in many other branches women could successfully compete with men.—“Farm life” Miss Cook says—“widens the mind, rubs off the corners, makes one more understanding and tolerant and less opinionated and conceited. It is a remarkable good school for character.” She thinks, within certain limitations, that farm life for an educated girl is quite a possible and healthy life.

Pierre Loti has told the world something of the emancipation of Turkish women of the higher class from the thralldom of the harem system, but the war has precipitated Turkish women of the middle class into the crucible of public activity. Greeks and Armenians formerly employed in the Post and Telephone Offices are now replaced by Turkish women and girls. They have adopted veils of the flimsiest kind, which they remove without any

scruple should they care to do so. An attempt on the part of the authorities to compel women to wear thick veils, to lengthen their skirts and to refrain from wearing corsets, has been followed by something like a strike of the red cross, post and telephone workers, and it is predicted that the subjection of women in Turkey to Zenana control is at an end.

Current Comments.

WOMEN in England—and England is our example in many things—have taken to occupational activities, hitherto the exclusive province of men. Ever since the introduction of machinery into European countries, a profound change has taken place in the condition of women. The introduction of machinery was naturally followed by the co-operative credit movement, and woman's condition was still further affected. In the early Victorian age, women found sufficient occupation in rearing their children, in spinning the linen required for their own domestic purposes or for sale, in preparing sweet preserves and pickles and household wines and medicines, in supervising or doing laundry work and in knitting, sewing, etc. The position of the lady of a large household, unless she was extremely wealthy, was no sinecure. She was like the ideal wife mentioned in the Book of Proverbs:—

“She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff....

She maketh herself coverings of tapestry: her clothing is silk and purple.

She maketh fine linen and selleth it, and delivereth girdles unto the merchant.

She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness."

And so on—and the worth of such a virtuous wife, King Solomon declared "to be above rubies." The introduction of machinery rendered superfluous much of the domestic work of women, and machine manufactured goods were better in quality, could be procured in any quantity and were available at prices much below that demanded for hand-manufactured materials. Women soon made the discovery that they were without a vocation; and the consequence has been that while some sought after higher education, others took to pleasure, some to sport, some to authorship and the study of music and painting, while some aspired to be leaders of fashion and members of the "smart set." Success in education led to competition in the professions, notably in medicine and teaching. The introduction of the motor has further disintegrated the union of family life, and the war has practically obliterated the dividing line, in economic and social and public life generally, between men and women. How things will adjust themselves after the war, it is not easy to predict, but most probably there will be a reaction, a new building up of domestic life in a new and novel environment.

* * *

Professor Huxley in one of his "Lay Sermons" if we rightly remember, in discussing the probabilities of women competing with men in the industrial and professional life of the world, expressed the opinion that, while the average woman was quite the equal of the average man in brain power, she would yet be lacking in staying power, because of the handicap of bearing children. Unfortunately, numberless

women resort to reprehensible methods to evade the pains and responsibilities of maternity, and social and national life has suffered in consequence. All this will need readjustment, and State Education should be directed towards rebuilding the national character, and eliminating the deteriorating tendencies of modern domestic life. If the signs of the times may be relied on, the emancipation of woman will be completely achieved, when she is admitted to the suffrage, and then perhaps women of light and leading, will be able to take a part in ameliorating the condition of their humbler sisters in social life, and in devising means to educate the girls of the nation in a way that will tend to make them good wives and worthy mothers. "The wife is the foundation of family cohesion, co-operation, prosperity and progress into a higher place of life" says Middleton. "I fear that in the election of a wife, as in a project of war, to err but once is to be undone for ever." A good wife is an oasis in the desert of life, "a fountain in life's wilderness", as some Indian poet has expressed it, and it is perhaps the fact, as George Elliot said, that "the happiest women like the happiest nations have no history." With woman taking so active a part in life's activities it is to be doubted whether she will tamely settle down to domestic life and be content with the bearing and education of her children. Not for one or two generations, we fear. A new trend is necessary for feminine thought—a need of education to help her to understand and appreciate her true destiny in the scheme of existence. As we opined, the reaction from the present strenuous life that women are leading is bound to come and that will be the opportunity for the State to educate the girls—the future wives and mothers of

men, to realize their legitimate responsibilities in national life and to be man's true helpmates.

* * *

Here in India, the war fever has not affected the moral or mental health of our women kind, and it has dislocated our domestic arrangements in no sensible degree; but nevertheless a very perceptible development of the feminine mind is taking place. In the more conservative classes of Indian women, it is as yet a very slow development, inasmuch as they lack the courage to break through the traditions of centuries—and education has not filtered down to their girls. Their men are advancing and associated with them is an education in the direction of enlarging the vision and neutralizing hide-bound custom. In the Indian Christian community, is seen the finest fruit of English Education, so far as women are concerned, and in the Brahmin community where individuals have had the courage of their convictions. Among the non-Brahmin classes, the condition of women requires a great deal of improvement, except among the Malayalees of the West Coast; but then the West Coast women, by reason of their peculiar system of marriage and inheritance, are exceptions.

In India, for a very long time to come, women are not likely to take any prominent part in public life. There are, however, two directions in which those women, who are not deprived of the opportunities of availing themselves of a sound education, have opportunities for their activities,—medicine and nursing, and teaching. There is a vast field for women able to nurse the sick and suffering, for trained midwives and for medical women competent to administer relief in the many diseases that

flesh is heir to. These will assist the women of India directly; but more potent than their work is the indirect work of the women-teachers—and there is a great scarcity of that valuable material. It is work for the superfluous women of India—the young widows whose remarriage is prohibited. Indian Christian and Eurasian women should hasten to enter the noble profession of teaching. The average Indian women prefer the Eurasian or European teacher to the Indian Christian teacher, especially if the last is from the depressed classes. Prejudice is a difficult thing to eradicate, and it is regrettable that Eurasian young women do not evince more earnestness and perseverance in qualifying themselves as medical women and as trained teachers. Type-writing and shop-assisting and telephoning are at best of secondary importance. Ability to give instruction in the Vernaculars would be immensely useful. No social reform is possible by means of resolutions in conferences. Men may speak out, but it is for women to act; and the only lever to move woman is education. The movement towards social reform must come from the women of India; and at present, at any rate, there is no danger that social reform, even of the most pronounced kind, will lead Indian women into the undesirable excesses that characterized the majority of their European sisters in modern domestic life before the war, and which are likely to be intensified after the war, unless the state adopts measures against what, from an Indian point of view, we cannot look upon with approval. "Woman is the highest, holiest, most precious gift to man. Her mission and throne is the family, and if anything is withheld that would make her more efficient, useful or

happy in that sphere, she is wronged and has not her rights."

The Cinematograph has taken possession of every large City of India, and as yet there is no censorship exercised as to the films exhibited. There are critics who assert that the exhibition of detective dramas, in which criminals are run down, is responsible for a marked increase in juvenile crime. This is a legitimate inference and it is certainly a fact that detective dramas draw larger houses than industrial pictures, pictures of foreign scenery, etc. It is very interesting to watch an assembly of Indians, in Madras for instance, at a detective drama and to note the applause when the detective scores a point to the disadvantage of the criminal, and the downfall of the latter. But then it is not in all dramas that the virtuous triumph and the evil person is punished; occasionally the sympathy of the house is distinctly on the side of the criminals, whose excessive daring or clever evasion of the law appeals to them. The Indians are a law-abiding people and grave crime boldly carried out is rare; but it is to be feared that the films shown, in many cases, are very suggestive, and the ignorant are likely to be impressed with the idea that the moral atmosphere in which Europeans live is indubitably criminal, and that the well-dressed and accomplished men and women who are actors in these films are average members of European society: A wholly erroneous assumption. Bishop Welldon stated before the Kinema Commission in England that the Kinema was doing immense service as an Educative Agency; and that attendance at a picture palace, was less harmful than attendance at

a pot-house, a gin palace or a low music hall. It may be so, but we consider that, to be really educative, detective dramas of sordid crime, violence and fraud should give place to industrial pictures. Agriculture methods in this country are crude and primitive, and films picturing prosperous and up-to-date methods in farming, with specimens of well-bred cattle, should be acceptable. The fauna of the whole world with explanatory letter press, the birth, growth and development of animal organisms, the triumphs of machinery, the birds that are friends and those which are enemies of the agriculturist, as the *Manchester Guardian* says, the whole machinery of animal life in motion, the movements of the muscles, the circulation of the blood, the working of the digestive system, etc., would be really instructive. The scenery of this world, of historic buildings, of the various races in the world and pictures of the different peoples of India are all subjects which should be dealt with. Shakespearian plays by great artists deservedly draw good houses, and bring within the means of the poorest the triumph of literature and art. The Comic films are really not comic, but mere exhibitions of horse-play in most cases and are harmless; but some control is necessary in regard to films portraying the resources, the actions and the successes of criminals, which are merely fakes worked up to thrill the beholder, which are untrue, and which are completely misunderstood, and which are likely to stimulate receptive minds to imitate.

A Letter to the Editor.

II (See the I. L. M. for May for the first letters)

Social Intercourse.

MADAM,

The May issue of your Magazine brings your reply simultaneously with my first letter; how glad I am of it! you realise with me how much nearer we shall get to many intimate points, when we discuss them in a friendly correspondence. Indeed I know that I can never reach the thoughts of your country-women in any lasting way, unless you guide me thus into the privacy of each house where your Magazine is gladly expected and carefully read.

While you affirm my first reason, given as one of the causes of the slow response to social intercourse (the language-question), you anticipate my second point: that this difficulty will not be overcome, unless the men help cordially. As far as I can judge, just at the moment when an Indian girl gets on at school, before she begins to read and to listen to her teachers for her own sake with pleasure and not only by compulsion, her relations take her away. The really important period at school when the mechanically-acquired training begins to stimulate independent thought is in almost all cases ignored. The lot in India of the head-mistress of a girls' school always reminds me of poor Sisyphus who had to push a huge stone up a hill only to see it roll down again the moment he reached the top! The reasons for this premature interruption are being constantly so much discussed and deplored, that I need not dilate upon it now; I go back to the fact that since school life is so hopelessly restricted for the vast majority of girls, they soon forget, I

should imagine, the English they have learnt; especially as life immediately after school, certainly so far as freedom to go outside is concerned, becomes completely controlled by those several traditions and customs to which each household adheres with a conservatism difficult to beat. One can explain such an attitude and certainly allow for original causes, but if India is to march with the times and according to her own wish abreast of them, one cannot now excuse it. Walls around a continent (in the sense of the ancient Chinese idea) are for practical and social purposes no more possible at this time of the world's history. A nation cannot form itself, unless it is willing to understand and also to share the various responsibilities of existing nations towards each other and her own in relation to them all. The reluctance of Indian gentlemen to let their wives, sisters and daughters mix naturally with their English social equals outside, appears to me unreasonable; not only would such interchange of social life benefit both sides; it would also put a stop to many misunderstandings and clear the atmosphere of much unnecessary prejudice. Let me quote here a paragraph from an Englishman's book on life in Northern India published in 1913,

"The late Maharajah of Cooch Behar "was practically the first Indian prince "to adopt European customs and with "his family to mix freely in European "society. By doing so, he helped "greatly the cause of friendly inter- "course between the two races and "did much to break down the barrier "between British and Indian. But, be "it remembered, that barrier is not of "the white man's raising. Educated "Indians, when in England, complain "bitterly to sympathising audiences

of the State, for the organization of Local Committees, in their respective localities.

Seeing that health is the chief factor in social well-being, the Central Committee has published a booklet containing the essential principles of Hygiene, formulated in English by Dr. M. Srinivasa Rao, Sanitary Commissioner in Mysore, and translated into Kanarese by Mr. Josyer. It has also secured plans of a dozen or more model dwellings to suit various tastes and purses, and is trying to advertise them for the benefit of the Bangalore public. It has further, arranged for lectures on subjects of popular interest, such as sanitation and hygiene, public administration and moral development.

Coming to Mysore, the District Committee has prepared a scheme of sanitary vigilance, and has sent up recommendations to the President of the Municipality to divide the city into different wards, and allot the care of them to certain prominent residents of the locality, whom the municipal employees might periodically consult, regarding deficiencies in sanitary matters which might have come under their notice. Further, it has advanced proposals for the affiliation of the various social organizations of the Capital to the Civic and Social Activities Committee. Its managers have started a monthly periodical, for the encouragement of thought, and for the advocacy of social welfare, which is making its way slowly but surely enough, and which has been accorded the sympathy of friends also in Madras and England. It has, next, taken steps to establish a Ladies' Association, and has held two public meetings. Added to these, Mr. Venkatakrishnayya has published two eminently useful books in Kanarese and the life

of Booker T. Washington, while Mr. Josyer has read for the press the translation of Sister Nivedita's "Web of Indian Life," and also the translation of a very popular English book known as "I Serve," laying down the first principles of man's rights and duties. Besides these, the English translation of an interesting Kannada pamphlet on the "Learned Women of Ancient India" is expected to be published before long. And last, a comprehensive hand-book of Civic and Social Development is under contemplation.

The Hassan Committee has held about a dozen public meetings and is trying to inculcate ideas of thrift and temperance. The Committee at Doddaballapur, too, is looking into the conduct of schools, reading-rooms and libraries.

Coming to finance, the Central Committee had promises of about Rs. 1,750, of which it has succeeded in realizing so far, nearly Rs. 1,350. The rest of the sum promised will, it is hoped, not be long in coming. We are, however, aware that the usefulness of a public worker—individual or corporate, is not so much in the money that he or it can command, but in the sustained zeal and energy of the individual or body of workers. So much for the direct work of the Civic and Social Activities Committee.

We shall now take a brief survey of the lines of the social development of the past. First, women's education.

It was about 35 years ago, that the idea was conceived of establishing a movement which should stand out as a memento of the occasion. The result we see in the Maharani's College and the various kinds of Girls' Schools with which the central and mofussil

localities of the State are studded. With this we must note the Home for Bereaved Women, which has been working for the last ten years and upwards in the Capital.

Next come the Depressed classes. The movement has not numbered more than four years since its inception, but already it has the management of nearly 12 boys' and girls' schools, elementary and industrial, and ministers to the development of nearly 500 boy and girl brains of the lower classes. The policy of the Civic Activities Committee in this is not impatiently to brush away the just distinctions which have rightly or not come from the past, but patiently to remove what sufferings and misery the distinctions may have entailed on the lower classes, thinking that here, as in the human organism, misery in a single limb of the body leads to misery in all. (The aims and objectives of the movement will be exhibited in fuller detail by the special report of the Secretary to the Depressed Class Mission.)

We then pass on to the deaf, blind, and dumb. It is pleasing to note that the helpless defectives of our Society have not remained without a friend. It was in 1901 that the home for the deaf, dumb, and blind, was started with four boys and girls, and now its strength has gone up from 4 to 61, 37 of whom have come from the mofussil; and are cared for in the hostel attached to the institution.

The Home Industries: Institutions of very recent birth—their originators deserve thanks for bringing in more light and artistic interest to the lives of our craftsmen and women. They propose to teach the Home Industries, and some of the elegant accomplishments to our poorer craftsmen, and to the leisured ladies of the middle classes.

Apart from their economic interest, they deserve to be encouraged from the artistic and elegant enjoyment which they bring to our lives.

House building for the benefit of the poorer classes, being another object of the Society, it may be noted that two House-building Societies have been successfully working lately in Bangalore. For the last few months a similar Society has been under formation in Mysore also.

For general social work, there is a Social Service League in Bangalore, which is conducting four well-attended night schools, and has two or three Co-operative Societies to encourage thrift and relieve indebtedness among the lower classes.

We must refer, before closing, to the *Anathalaya* or Home for Destitute Boys, the Brahmin Education Fund for the support of poor Brahmin boys, and the Poor Boys' Fund for the maintenance of all classes of the poor without distinction, existing in Mysore.

This, in short, is the history of social development in the past. The work of the Civic and Social Activities Committee is to stimulate and develop what has been done before, and strike out new paths of social and civic welfare. Much, very much, yet remains to be done. It has to establish Students' Aid Societies to advise and encourage students, and erect poor houses for providing the necessities to those who are too weak and poor to take care of themselves. It has to appoint Committees to visit the sick in hospitals, and to give lectures to the criminals in jails. It has to create a Society for the organization and healthy direction of the currents of charity, and found a Reformatory for boys and girls. If the Civic and Social Activities Committee will help in the

realization of at least a few of the above objects, it will have done no insignificant work. Would that our efforts, however feeble and inadequate, may contribute, in how small a proportion soever, towards such a consummation in the near future!

News and Notes.

(SELECTED.)

The Bombay Presidency Social Reform Association.

THIS Association has just issued its report with the accounts and balance sheet for the past two years. At the very beginning, it mourns the loss of one of its oldest and most active members, Mr. Daji Abaji Khare. During the two years under report, the Association's efforts have been mainly directed towards "maintaining widows who intended to remarry and required facilities for that purpose." For this purpose, the Association started a 'Widows' Home under the care of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Wagh. The home has been doing some useful work. Its other activities have been encouragement of girls' education by giving scholarships to women students, and organising in Bombay the Indian National Social Conference of 1915, which proved a very great success. Before concluding, we would like to suggest to the Association the idea of opening a Women's College in Bombay, for which purpose appeals for funds should be made to the public.

Says the *Madras Mail*:—Sir M. Visvesvaraya, Dewan of Mysore, at the opening of the Mysore Civic and Social Conference, after detailing Indian habits and prejudices which act as a

bar to social and civic advancement, such as the caste system, marriage customs, the want of education and proper training of women and the practical shutting out of women from participation in the social life of the community, went on to say:—"If an Englishman's house is his castle, an Indian's house is very often a women's prison. Under the purdah system, we know that, in parts of Northern India, grown-up men and women, even of the same family rarely meet. I have known a person who confessed that he would not have been able to identify his own sister-in-law if he met her, say at a railway station." We have never heard a more startling description of the isolation into which Indian women are driven by the purdah system, and yet when one comes to think of it, it is convincingly true. It derives weight from being uttered by an Indian gentleman of the position of the Dewan of Mysore.

We learn from the *Observer* of Lahore that her Highness the Begum of Bhopal has proclaimed in her territory that any Muhammadan found in a state of intoxication, or carrying liquor in his hand or sitting in a liquor shop should be immediately challenged in court, where the magistrate on conviction of the accused may sentence him to a week's rigorous imprisonment and fine.

Women and Railway Travelling.

While welcoming the announcement that the Railway Board has issued orders that first and second class compartments reserved for ladies on night trains would be provided with efficient arrangements for fastening doors and windows from inside, the *Praja Bandhu* of Ahmedabad remarks: "This is

without doubt satisfactory so far as it goes. It, however, covers only the case of the well-to-do portion of the public. On the other hand there is a much larger number of women of the middle and the poor class who being unable to afford to travel in the higher class travel in the third class. They being timid and shy need some such protection as is provided in the case of their wealthy sisters to a much greater extent. As a matter of fact it is absolutely necessary in their case, and the Indian public will be glad to see it arranged as early as possible." As a matter of fact, however, women travelling third class are seldom alone in their compartments, and are, therefore, not often the victims of railway prowlers. It is otherwise with women travelling in the higher classes. But the Railway Board's remedy is not quite satisfactory from the health point of view as it makes protection from molestation contingent on women travellers shutting out fresh air which is most needed, in the hours of sleep, in long distance railway travelling. If the Railway Companies will interpret more liberally than some of them do the rule permitting women travelling alone to take a woman servant with them in their compartments on payment of third class fare, it will give all the protection needed, without depriving them of fresh air.

In a most interesting article on the care of the eyes of school children, by an eminent ophthalmic surgeon in London appearing in the May issue of the *School World*, there is a section devoted to what is called word-blindness, which, however, is not, a defect of the eye at all, but of that part of the brain which converts the things seen into the things understood. Children

with this defect see pictures correctly and they can see and tell the names and meanings of figures; but the letters of the alphabet when strung together to form words present much difficulty. It is this defect that is at the bottom of much of the bad-spelling that one comes across among children and even among adults. The association factors of the brain are weak; such children and grown-ups do not see the words in the "mind's eye." It is we suppose this effort to make the brain visualize a word that is the reason for a habit some people have of ensuring correct spelling in a letter by writing on a separate piece of paper words the spelling of which they are doubtful about.

Women's Education in Sind.

REMINISCENCES AND REFLECTIONS.

[By "B. D." in the *Daily Gazette*.]

Attending a native girls' prize distribution the other day, my mind instinctively flew back to the past, to the state of girls' education in Sind as it was a generation ago. At the prize ceremony, I saw before me Sindhi girls, some of whom were blossoming into buxom maidenhood, reciting the "Psalm of Life" and the "Blind Boy," and other English poems with the verve, the gusto and the self-confidence and boldness of strapping lads, and performing the Swedish flag drill with the alertness and self-assurance of boy scouts, and wondered what the Sindhi girls of the eighties of the last century and their mothers would have thought of such stazy adventurousness. I remember a time in the early eighties when no girl above 8 or 9 years could be coaxed even into reading a few verses before school visitors, and the lass that sang on the school stage and played a "part" would be regarded as an unsexed immodest monstrosity.

Girls' schools were then few and far between and the school-going girls were all under 10 or 11 years of age and these, in spite of their littleness, such coy demure maidens with an almost oppressive consciousness of the future wifehood permeating them. Very little of the joyousness and gaiety of natural childhood could be discerned in them, save perhaps in some of the tiniest, who hugged and cuddled raggy dolls and occasionally pinched and jostled each other or smiled a vacant smile.

To teach them the English language would then have been regarded as an atrocious heresy. Even the teaching of the vernacular of the province was regarded as a probable evil that would enable them to write valentines or indite amorous missives to the evil minded masculine, who needs must be believed to be prowling about the pathways leading to their schools and attempting to entrap their young hearts. The Hindu girls were to be confined to the religious script, the "Gurmukhi," and the Mahomedan to the "drawled out Arabic" of the Alkoran, both of which were not the scripts in which the hovering street Romeos were believed capable of subscribing. The work of female education in Sind was then a herculean task, the Government Education Department being left to deal with it as best it could to stumble through, and be disheartened about, as much as it wished. Qualified female teachers could not be had for love or money. Of the unqualified, too, there was a very limited number. The best had but a smattering of rudimentary knowledge, and the worst almost nothing, but even the latter were not very easy to procure. Aged male teachers did duty in many instances instead. The women teachers that could be driven by poverty or coaxed

or cajoled by the "district "Deputy Education" Sahib's honeyed tongue to serve in the schools were, many of them, especially when they were Mahommadans, old cronies, fussy and raucous, with more ignorance and obstinacy than literacy in their brains.

These old Matrons were very rigid and obstructive exponents of conservatism and orthodox domestic ritualism and observed the *purdah* more strictly than the most prudish Muslim maid ever did. A very genial Educational Inspector of Sind, who subsequently made one of the best D. P. I.'s of the Bombay Presidency, related to me how one of these aged maids, who was the sole teacher in a girls' school, on his approaching the school hid herself in a school press (where she otherwise stored her school register books and other school paraphernalia) and in that safe retreat behind its closed door answered his queries. Entering the school once without notice, he saw a knot of Muhammadan girls sitting in a sort of half-moon on the floor, silently poring over their open Korans or softly droning its verses, but no sign of any mistress. When he inquired about her, a hushed silence came over the class, the timorous girls being unable to decide whether to reveal her lurking place or not. On the inspector repeating the inquiry several times, slowly from behind what looked like a wooden wall, in a niche of the school room, came a hoarse female voice like that of a solemn ghost, answering the distinguished visitor's questions and pleading the *purdah* as the cause of her concealment.

From that time to now, much water has flowed under the bridge, and there is almost a transformation; a great rolling back of the forces of conservative and ignorant opposition and

obstructive customs, and we have comparative smooth sailing. Girls' Primary Schools have multiplied enormously, and several secondary schools have been established, three or four of which are high schools. The *purdah* is relaxing its grasp, especially among the Hindu women (for it must be remembered that the better class Hindu woman in Sind followed the custom of the *purdah* like her Muhammadan sister), the old evil custom of very early marriages is gradually declining both among Hindus and Muhammadans. The latter too are beginning to see the advantages of girls' education, though rather faintly yet, not only the Muhammadan man but the Muhammadan woman as well. The greatest drawback that still exists is the paucity of female teachers.

In spite of special female training institutions, now the demand still far outstrips the supply. We have also in addition a number of minor difficulties, such as the absence of girls of a somewhat better class than those that seek training now offering themselves for instruction in small towns, the comparative costliness of training female teachers, the unsuitability in some cases of the curricula and syllabuses of instruction, and want of books specially written to suit female teachers, etc.

But these will be solved in course of time, if the necessary funds become available and the intellectual and national awakening that has come all over India, in which Sind has a share, is allowed time to operate. His Excellency Lord Chelmsford's reference in his address at the Educational Directors' Conference to the urgent need for providing funds for much larger training of teachers applies

with special emphasis to the extension and increase of training institutions and facilities for mistresses.

The female normal institution should provide not only for training primary teachers, but gradually for secondary teachers as well. In the larger towns of Sind especially, the demand for secondary education for girls is bound to increase now year by year.

For the next ten or twenty years the higher or collegiate education of girls in Sind, as a general proposition, must be left out of account, and attention concentrated on primary and secondary education alone.

There are in Sind entire classes of communities that hate illiteracy. These put nearly all their boys in the schools and would be eager to put their girls too.

They exist in small or large numbers, not only among the Hindus, but the Muhammadans, of Sind as well. The Memons and Akhuns of Hyderabad, the Khojas of Karachi, and several similar sections of Muhammadan communities in Upper Sind, who furnish recruits for the higher classes of the Sind Medressah and provide Muhammadan undergraduates for the Dayaram Jethmal College at Karachi, the Bahauddin College at Rajkote, etc., are an instance in point. They will be a radiating centre for girls' education as well.

There are some things too good for panegyric, and the V.A.D. Nurse is one of them. She has her faults, of course. She is only human. She is often very young. Her high spirits sometimes make discipline difficult. She is largely untrained. Her ignorance is often as boundless as her zeal and her willing-

ness for self-sacrifice. But no one who sees her at work at close quarters, tired by long hours of standing and of hard labour, wearied by sick men's whims, tortured by wounded men's agonies, haunted by the mental horror of the shell-shocked or the gassed, exhausted by night duty or by long wakeful days in which sleep evades capture, will refuse the respect due to high endeavour.

Whatever the failings of the V. A. D.'s, who will refuse to say that with all their faults we would not have them other than they are? They seem born for whatever is arduous; difficulties vanish at their touch and their works is by its nature the noblest that any human being can undertake. At midnight in mid December, in a tempest of snow, they will push the sleeping-huts away from the blizzard. When the men orderlies give out, it is they who carry coals or heavy patients and perform every sort of impossible emergency work. Scrubbing and washing up plates and cups and knives and forks innumerable, waiting at other people's meals and waiting for their own, appear to come natural to girls who once were waited on hand and foot. To cut up half a sheep or a side of bacon is a source of pride for young women, who before the War turned their heads away in disgust from Butcher's Shops! We speak of those who have crossed the Rubicon. Another 20,000 must go and do likewise.

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