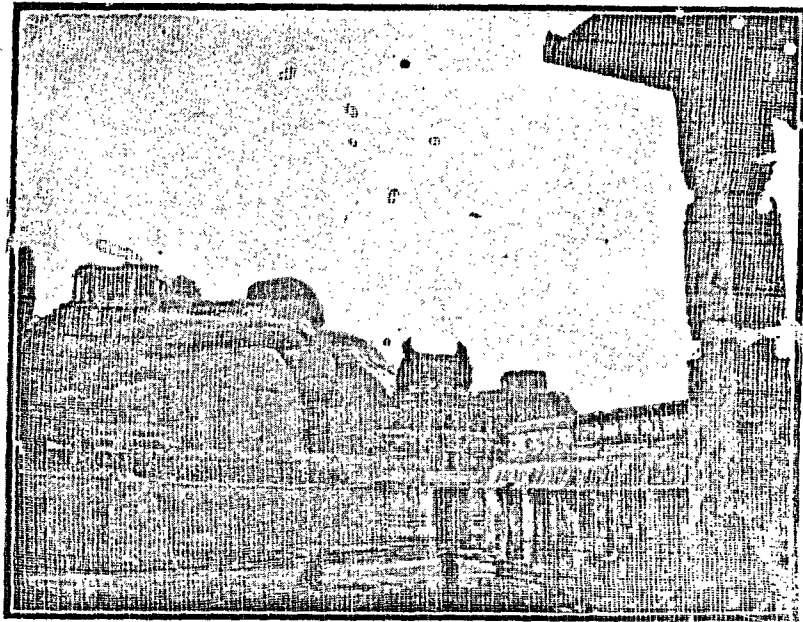
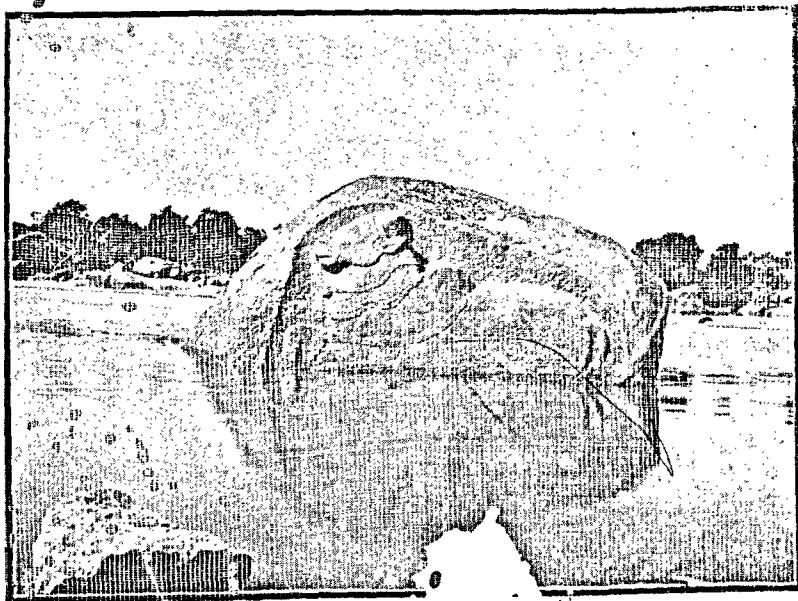


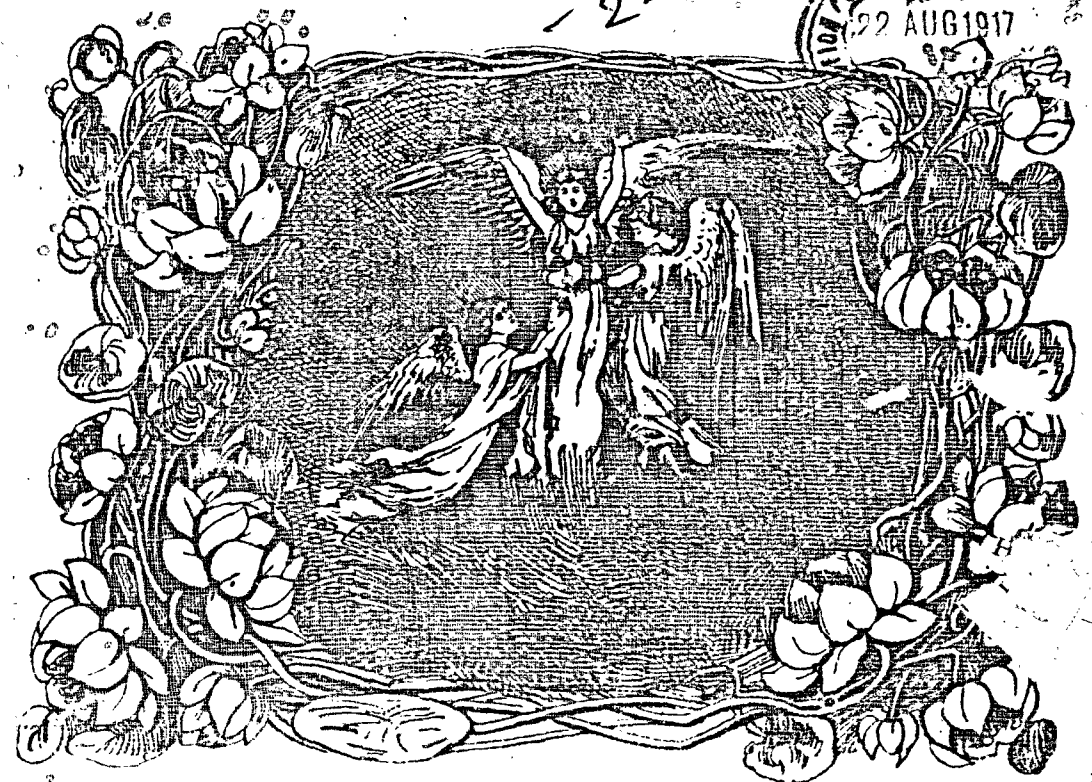


Ranganatha Temple, Hampi.



Nandi E pi.

See page 311.



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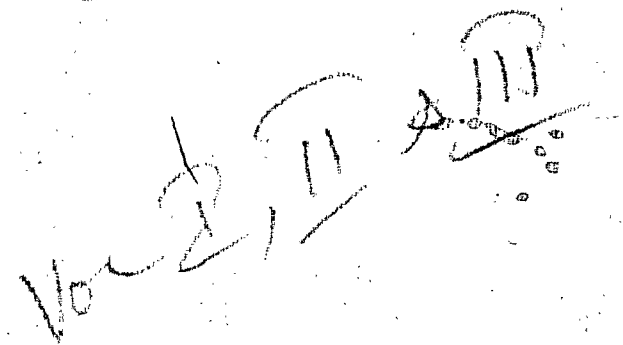
[No. 1.

The Gentle Maiden.

There's one that is pure as an angel
And sweet as the flowers in May,
Her eyes have the glint of sunlight
As it brightens the dark sea-wave,
And more than the deep-sea treasure
The heart of that maid I crave.
The sound of her voice is about me
The spell of her presence there,
And whether my prayer be answered,
Or whether she pass me by,
The thought of that gentle maiden
Will follow me till I die.

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Hindu Lady Savants.

(Continued from last issue)

Another Hindu lady Savant was Leelavathi, daughter of Bhaskara, the great Mathematician.

As the Fates would have it, she had lost her husband in early youth. But the father kept his child near him and poured out on her all his vast learning. We need not say much of Leelavathi's accomplishments. Her proficiency in mathematics was incomparable. As soon as questioned, she would calculate and declare in a moment the number of leaves in a tree. And her whole life was spent in imparting to others what she herself had acquired. Is not this one example enough? How many there are in this country whom misfortune has made single like Leelavathi, and who are living in ignorance and poverty? If they can only get educated, can they not live by themselves and earn their independent living, and if they have children maintain and educate them for the good of themselves and of society.

India had no branch of learning which Leelavathi did not know. In her time even Magic had recognition as a science. Leelavathi knew that science too. Bhanumaty, wife of king Bhoja, was the inventor of it. But it had fallen into decay since her time. The work called "Leelavathi," which Leelavathi wrote, is still considered a classic. There has not been written another work equal to it. Its problems test the wisdom of even the wisest of these times. And that work is in Sanskrit.

There was another distinguished woman. Her name was Khana. She was deeply learned in the science of

Astronomy. She discovered many astronomical truths. In fact her knowledge of that science had no parallel. There are many legends connected with her name. She was a devoted wife, and she seems to have learnt Astronomy from aboriginal races. In those times, probably, Astronomy was not much in vogue among the civilized Aryan tribes. If this should be a fact, there is so much the more credit for the large-mindedness of Khana. The Japanese people, when they wanted to develop their country, went and begged their bread and their knowledge in foreign lands and attained their present greatness. Is it not well that our countrymen too should cease from the idleness of mere talk, and strive as the Japanese did, for the speedy advance of our country? One of our ancestral women did so. But then, is there anything which woman has not done? If, in order to secure what we did not possess, Khana went to the aboriginal doors, and begged from them the knowledge that was theirs, it is not enough that we call her merely a great scholar, and so dismiss her. Such a person should not only be classed among those whom we would worship, but should be admitted to have put to shame all her male compatriots.

Following the example of Khana, another man went to the realm of the aborigines for the knowledge of Astronomy. His name was Mihira and he was the son of that Varaha, who was reputed one of the nine gems in the Court of the mythical king Vikrama.

Both Khana and Mihira lived amongst the aborigines in Ceylon, and learnt Astronomy from one of them. They both had the same desire for it and the same ardour. In the pitch darkness of the New-Moon nights,

seated in the wilderness, what efforts the two must have made in order to learn the secrets of the star-spangled sky? Where was Bharani? and where Kritika? And where were the stars Mrigasira, Ardra, Punarvasu and others? How many nights they must have kept awake to find out the answers to these questions! How those two pair of eyes must have become one with the dark endless expanse of the sky in their attempt to determine the eccentric nocturnal movements of Ketu and other planets! With what patience they must have examined where Mars, Mercury, Jupiter, and Saturn sat and shed evil and good on man!

The astronomical distinction of India has not yet become extinct. The members of the civilized nations of the west are yet singing its praises. But all that greatness is due to the noble work of Khana.

When they had finished their education, Mihira married Khana. Then they returned to their country, and lived in Varaha's house.

Of the two, Khana's knowledge of Astronomy was more complete than her husband's. We have one evidence of that.—After they had finished their pupilage, they set forth on their journey to return to their native home. But having long been settled among the aborigines, they had won their affection; some of them with their preceptor accompanied them part of their way; they reached a brook which was some distance away. There, there stood a cow immediately on the point of ealing. Seeing that, the preceptor called Mihira, and said "My son, what will be the colour of the calf which that cow will bring forth in a moment?" Mihira calculated and replied. But the reply turned out to be wrong. Then

the preceptor gave him some books, and said "My son, since you are not yet perfect in the science, these books will help to make you so. Take them, and may you ever prosper!"

Since Mihira had failed in the test, the preceptor had reason to doubt his proficiency. But he had no manner of doubt as to the perfection of Khana.

Mihira took the books from the preceptor. But he was in no mood to appreciate them. "If after so many years of endeavour and application I have failed to become perfect in Astronomy, will these books help me towards it hereafter?" he exclaimed and flung them in the passing brook. Khana, who had been taking leave of the friendly aboriginal maidens and elders, her heretofore associates, approached him at the moment, and seeing what he had done gave a cry of astonishment. But the books had been carried away by the current ere then. There is a rumour that the Astronomical science of this world has been imperfect ever since.

Khana's father-in-law, Varaha, was one of the nine gems of the court of the great mythical King, Vikrama. Once, Vikrama had a fancy for knowing the number of the stars in the evening sky. The responsibility of giving him the true scientific reply was fastened on Varaha. How could he do that? It happened to be beyond his accomplishments. Seeing that he was vexed over it, Khana inquired into the affair and appeased him by saying that she would provide the answer required. Varaha took his daughter-in-law's statement, and going to the royal court related it faithfully to the amazed King. "What, in the name of Heaven, is the method of finding out the number of the stars?" he asked of his courtier-astronomer.

Not knowing what it was himself, Varaha had but to confess that he had a daughter-in-law, who had that secret. Then king Vikrama enquired into the extra-ordinary and noble learning of Khana, and ordered that she should be the tenth gem in his royal court.

There is a tale that Khana's life ended in woe. We need not enquire into that now. She did not live long to enjoy the honours conferred on her by good King Vikrama. It is said that her tongue was torn by a weapon's edge and that as the last drop of blood fell on the ground, her soul also quitted her frame. She had been a devoted wife, and had tended her husband's parents with dutiful care.

It must not be assumed that the record of the educated women of Ancient India closes with Khana's name. There were many besides her, quite as famous. We shall name a few more of them.

King Bhaja, like the Roman Augustus, was a great patron of letters. In his time many learned poetesses are said to have achieved fame. Of them, Devi, wife of a potter, and another who was the wife of a Forester, and several others seem to have been noteworthy. Their poetry is great and rich with sentiment. From it we gather also that it was not only Brahman damsels, but others also, that had opportunities for literary accomplishment.

Women seem to have studied the Veda as well as any other book, on an equal footing with men. It is said that sage Yagñavalkya propounded the metaphysical part of the Vedas to women.

Sulabha, daughter of King Pradhana, not finding her superior amongst men in qualities or attainments, remained single and then taking the veil of the

nun, wandered from country to country, and reached final beatitude. Her story is related in detail in the Tenth Book of the Mahabharata.

Scanda Purana, in its section called Brahmottara Khanda, says that a woman called Malayavati was extremely highly educated. She was the daughter of the King of Benares. She studied as a pupil of the famous ireful sage Durvasa, and became proficient in many branches of learning.

Vedavati was the daughter of King Kusadhwaja. She was an expert in the Science of Yoga. She was not married, but became an ascetic. Her story might be read in the Sequel of the Ramayana, and in the 15th and 16th Chapters of the 9th section of Devesh Bhagavata.

In the 197th Chapter of the Fifth Book of the Mahabharata, it is said that a woman named Amba lived in a hermitage on the banks of the Jumna and practised the most auster penance.

In the 6th Chapter of Bhagavata, it is said that Dharini and her sister were perfect in asceticism, as well as in ceremonial observances.

Malayavati was the wife of the great epoch maker, Salivahana. She is said to have been extraordinarily clever in the Science of Grammar.

Devadatta's wife, Kamala Devi, was an adept in many sciences and arts.

Mrigavati was the mother of the Commentator Udayana. She was highly learned. The cause of the son's unlimited knowledge was the early training received from the mother.

Sankrityayini in that very old Sanskrit work, the Brihatkathasara, is said to have been greatly learned, and to have practised extremely rigorous austerities.

Aka was the disciple of Rama Das and much devoted to meditation.

Banka was the daughter of a potter, but studied many of the sciences and became a recognised metaphysician. It is said in the second chapter of Bhaktavijaya that she used to argue with her father on the doctrines of Idealism.

In that ocean of stories, Kathasaritsagara, it is said that King Ananta Deva's wife, Sooryavati, was a very accomplished, kind and devoted wife.

It is not only known that Mukta Bai, Mohanangee, Girija Bai, Prema Bai, Jana Bai, Apagga, Maragya, and other ladies, were practised in many sciences, and acquired great learning, but it is also known that some of them were extremely well-known poetesses, besides being well-versed in Politics, Astronomy, Chemistry, Geography, and Metallurgy. Some of them graced the levies of Royal courts. All of them were highly endowed metaphysicians. Their histories may be learnt in detail

Bhaktavijaya, in Kavicharita, and Kosaleswara Vijaya.

Malaty, the heroine of Bhavabhooti's noble drama, "Malaty and Madhava," was a highly educated young lady, and in the sixth act there, discusses the difference between death and salvation.

From the description of Kamandaki in the Second Act of the same drama, we learn that that female ascetic was not only proficient in Buddhist Codes of Conduct, but that she also had an equal grasp of the Hindu Codes of Law. It also appears from the same context that she had been a fellow-pupil with two famous ministers, Bhoorivaśu and Devarata.

Another woman named Kowsiki in the same play, had acquired the title of "Pandita" from her wealth of learning.

Sukla was the daughter of a rich Buddhist in the village of Kapilavastu.

Such was the fame of her beauty, that numerous princes, in the fashion of those times, used to come to her to woo her hand in marriage. But she ignored her father's great wealth, and being indifferent to worldly comforts, devoted herself to obtaining spiritual salvation. By her deep wisdom, and by the holiness of her discourse, many of the princes who came to woo her, learnt of her the vanity of sensual joys, and went back to woo no more.

Soma was a Brahmin Maiden. Her power of memory was remarkable. She never forgot what she had read once. Comprehending things at one reading, she learnt all the Sciences, and ended as an ascetic.

We learn from Buddhist works that Upalavarna, Sakula, Bhadrakapilinee, Anula, Gowtamee, Dharmadina, Mallinatha, Kuvalaya, Saree, Kasee-Sundaree, Kshema, Supriya and Malinee were not only very learned, but were also very advanced spiritual thinkers.

Among them, Kasibundaree was the daughter of Brahmadatta, the king of Benares. She worked many miracles by her strength as a Yogi.

Kshema was the daughter of another king, Prasenajit. When it was being arranged that she should marry Brahmadatta's son, the young prince of Benares, she conceived a distaste for domestic pleasures and remained a student of the spirit. Malini was the daughter of Krika, king of Benares. Supriya and Rukmavati were great thinkers, greatly virtuous, generous and compassionate.

In the 54th section, of Avodhana-kalpalata, Rukmavati's story is told in detail. In the Buddhist works written in Pali we might read of the life of Kshema. Sari was famed as very learned. Her son Upatishya, the

disciple of the great Buddha, though himself no mean scholar, was known only as Sari's son. Mallinatha became sanctified on account of the purity of her learning, and gained fame as the nineteenth Teerthankara among the Jains. Anula lived in the time of Asoka, and was the wife of king Mahanaga. She spread the Buddhist faith in Ceylon and was counted among the Saints.

In the famous drama, Uttara Ramacharita of Bhavabhooti, there is mention of a female ascetic, who went forth from Valmiki's hermitage, in order to study the spiritual part of the Vedas.

When the historic Chinese traveller Houen Thsang came to India on his tour of pilgrimage, he saw Emperor Harsha Deva's sister, Rajyeswari, discussing with the Pandits, in the presence of the royal court, Philosophy and Manners and Conduct. She was then a widow.

In the Sanskrit work called Sadukta Kamamrita written in 1205, of the Christian Era, many female poetesses were mentioned. Among them Bhava Devei, Chandalasatopa, Sita, Bhattarika, Vidya, Vijaya, Vikata Nitamva, and Vyasapada were famous authoresses.

Gandhari was the mother of the Kauravas. She was far-seeing, devoted and firm-willed. Not only did she well distinguish between what was right and what was wrong in conduct, but was also a devoted wife to a husband who was blind. It is stated in the 129th chapter of the fifth Book of the Mahabharata that she used to instruct her sons on the duties and the responsibilities of kingship.

Satyabhama was one of the wives of Sri Krishna. On her husband's account, she battled even with Kubera,

the mythic Lord of wealth. It is related in Bhagavata that Sri Krishna applauded her martial skill very highly.

Damayanti was a perfect model of a woman. She shared the exile of her dethroned husband. And when that husband abandoned her, her efforts to recover him were marvellous. Even now Hindu women become aglow when they read her tale. It is beautifully told in the third Book of the Mahabharata.

In the 50th Canto of the fourth Book of the Ramayana, we hear of Prabhavati, who, clad in rough-linen, covered with deer-skin, performed austere penance.

Sabaree was the disciple of Sage Matanga. She was a great devotee of Rama, and extremely spiritual by nature. The conversation between her and Rama would make even stones move. It is replete with many philosophical truths. At the close of the conversation, Sabaree offered to Rama the fruits which she had gathered in the forest for him. The 74th Canto of the third Book of the Ramayana well describes her story.

Kalidasa's wife was very accomplished at an early age, and had a great opinion of her learning. She used to examine all the princes who came for her hand in marriage. But finding that none of them suited her, she refused to marry. It made her father thoughtful. At last he determined that if the next candidate turned out to be good-looking at least, he would give her to him, whatever his other deficiencies. People were sent in search of a handsome youth, and they in order to spite that self-willed, squeamish girl, brought a good-looking plough-boy, and decking him with good clothes, presented him to the king as a great scholar. The king had his

daughter regularly married to him. But later on, the fact of his pure ignorance becoming known to the princess, she spurned him, and reviled him. That made the poor man extremely heartsick, and he swore that he would not return to her until he was her equal in learning, and so went away. For his labours Minerva blessed him. And when he returned and showed his face to his wife, he was a new man. He it was who is known to us as one of the greatest of the world's poets, Kalidasa.

Sasikala was the daughter of Vairasimha Sena, the Ruler of Guzerath. She was educated under Bilhana, the far famed court poet of Cashmere, and was known to be proficient in Sanskrit and in the other languages of India.

Lilavati was the wife of King Bhoja. That King once slighted poet Kalidasa on account of some supposed misbehaviour of his. Kalidasa regretfully left the palace precincts, and went to his home. The king too was grieved at it. Lilavati knowing the reason of the estrangement between the king and the Lord of poets, said to her husband, "The moon shines with the full light of its beams, in the absence of the sun. Yet men's imagination calls it flaw-some. The same moon is the cherished ornament of God Mahadeva. Therefore it is hard to settle the merits and demerits of your followers by any one individual reason. So, I think you would do well to invite Kalidasa back again." Then she sent for Kalidasa. This Queen was herself a very good scholar.

Samyogata was the daughter of Jayachandra. She was the Queen consort of Emperor Prithu. Not only was she extremely pious, but she was well read in the science of social polity and contributed to her hus-

band's happiness in all ways. In one of his campaigns, she gave him many political truths. At last at his death she died on his funeral pyre.

Mamata, the wife of the holy Tulsi Das, the author of the most popular Ramayana of these times, weaned her husband from his early pleasure-loving ways, and turned his mind towards God.

Bhamati, the wife of Vachaspati Misra, who has written a commentary on Sankara's exposition of Vyasa's Vedanta Aphorisms, has written an erudite commentary on a work called Kalpataru. Vachaspati was so pleased with his wife's extraordinary talents, that he has named one of his own exegetic works "Bhamati" after her.

Kalyanee was the sister of Sree Madhwa, the author of Vaishnavism. She wrote many works, some of which are even now in vogue.

Mainavaty was King Vikrama's sister, and Queen and wife of King Gopichand. From chapters 18th to 20th of Nathaleelamrita it is known that by meditating on the teachings of her spiritual preceptor, she reached salvation.

Raja Kumarapal's wife seems to have been a very well read and orthodox lady.

The Queen of the Ruler of the Karnata country was said to have been the equal of Kalidasa in her compositions.

Ballala Sena's daughter-in-law, achieved great fame as a poetess.

Viswa Devei Ganga wrote an ethical hand-book, named "Vakya-valy." That book was as good as the works of Nanda Pandit and other writers.

In the 14th century, during the time of King Harasimha, the wife of his grandson Chandra Simha, Lakshmi-devi, wrote a law book called "Vivada-

chandra." It is now current in the Mithila country. It is taken as an authority in that branch of law. The women-folk of Mithila, have, according to that text, more rights than those of other countries; and according to its prescriptions, decisions are given in law courts.

Mitakshara is a law-code, current in Benares as well as in the Southern country. The various legal contentions of the Hindus, are decided according to it. That code has a commentary called Balam Bhatta's commentary. In it the reasonings of Nanda Pandit are criticised. But there was no great scholar by the name of Balam Bhatta. A woman named Lakshmee Devy wrote it under the name of Balam Bhatta. Since the commentary came after Nanda Pandit, we may infer that Lakshmi Devy lived in the latter part of the 17th century. She has not freely made herself known to us.

We must assume that by her time it had long fallen out of fashion for woman to be openly educated. The sun of female education, which had been causing the splendour of female gems, had already gone to rest, and the darkness of convention was over spreading the sky. Learned women had given up the ambition of being known by their own names. Hindu eminence seems to have long been on the wane, and the consequent political changes put a dead stop to the free education of women. Then the long political unsettledness of the country, creating an ever gathering struggle for existence, seems to have kept the public mind from such a mild theme of civic life as women's education. The neglect only developed into forgetfulness gradually. Hindus seem to have forgotten their ancient practices. Men became more and more

alone in the struggle for existence. Women retired more and more from their old free association with men, and confined themselves to looking after their house-holds. In course of time, that became their groove of life. The old time-honoured codes of conduct were not forgotten. After the incoming of the British, a more serious kind of government came to be established, and the country had more of peace. But society does not seem to have got rid of the modes of life which had been introduced by the previous times of turmoil.

Aryan Hindus have forgotten what once they were in the past, and many have become the opponents of women's education. They say that it is against the Shastras, and against the custom of their fathers. In enforcing duties or prohibitions, Shastric writers have generally used words in the masculine sense. So commentators may try to fashion restricted meanings to them. It is not our purpose to go counter to the decisions of learned orthodox-minded scholars. But we shall merely lay down here some of the findings of Pandits as erudite as they. So, having prescribed all the needs of the education of boys, the Shastras say,

"Kanyapyevam palaneeya Sikshaneeyatiyatanatah! Deyavaraya vidushe dhanaratna samanyita!"

It means, just as boys are educated and trained, so also girls should be trained with care, then being adorned with money and jewels, be given in marriage to cultured bridegrooms. Because there is no separate laying down of the details of the thing, as in the case of the education of boys, it must not be said that there is no provision at all for women's education. The words "Kathee"—a woman who has studied the Katha branch of the

Vedas—and Bahvrichee—one who has studied many hymns of the Vedas, have not certainly come into being vainly? They are not words recently introduced. They were current 2500 years ago, when Panini wrote his grammar. They have been used in other sciences too besides his. If women, who knew the Vedas, had not been existent, there would have been no need for words indicating them. Such words would not have been coined. These are not words like "Sasavishana"—horn of the hare—"Gaganakusuma"—or flower in the sky—signifying something opposed to nature. The very meaning of the latter would indicate their opposition to nature. But "Kathee" and "Bahvrichee" are not such. They are words which were meant to convey what existed in those times. To divest the words of those meanings and to give them some other forced one to satisfy our present-day conscience, is not scientific, nor even logical. Much argument is not needed to refute those who say that women's education is against old custom. Considering the things above stated, what is called the orthodox practice to-day is only the forced introduction of a recent age, and not the historic continuation of a time-honoured practice.

There are many scriptural sayings showing that the wife has equal rights with the husband in all religious duties. To-day those words seem to have no meaning in our society. Panini in explaining the word 'Patni'—wife—has said, "Patiarnovagna Samyoge" which means "the word 'Pati'—husband—takes in the sound 'na', from the sacrificial relation of husband and wife." When we say Vasisht's "Patni," it means one who shares in the merits of a sacrifice performed by

Vasisht's. The reason for such participation is, "Dampatyossahadhi-karat," from the equal rights of man and wife. During the course of a sacrifice, it is prescribed that many of the hymns should be recited by the wife of the sacrificer. That prescription does not mean that the priest should merely say to the wife "You utter this," and hurriedly mouth them out himself; but it seems that the wife should have previously studied the hymns, and grasped their meaning, and carefully watching the progress of the sacrifice pronounce them in their proper course. If that were not the case, the priest himself might officiate as wife; and there would be no need for a wife there at all; and Panini too need not have taken so much trouble to derive that word.

This point we shall not press further. What rights women have to study the vedas, we shall not enforce. Let men retain the privilege of monopolizing the Vedas. But is there no other education for Indian Women after leaving the Vedas alone? Is there no learning beside the three Vedas? We do not know. Those must answer who speak of the greatness of the human intellect, and of women being the sweetest things in human creation and of education being the elevator of mankind.

G. R. JOSY



Keats' Isabella or the Pot of Basil.

THIS simple story is a sad tragedy of love. "Fair Isabella, poor simple Isabel" lived with her two brothers, whose chief occupation in life was to amass as much money as possible by carrying on their "ancestral merchandise," of mines, factories, pearl-fisheries, seal-fishing, etc.

"And for them many a weary hand did swelt in torched mines and noisy factories, and many once proud-quivered loins did melt blood from stinging whip;—with hollow eyes by all day in dazzling river stood, take the rich-ored driftings of the flood, or them the Ceylon diver held his breath, and went all naked to the hungry shark; or them his ears gushed blood; for them in death he seal in the cold ice with piteous bark by full of darts; for them alone did seethe thousand men in troubles wide and dark: If ignorant, they turned an easy wheel, and set sharp racks at work, to pinch and peel." They were proud, these two brothers, and "snobbish, as only sordid money-bags" can be; and their great sire was to coax their beautiful sister marry "some high noble and his five trees."

But their plans went astray. Simple Isabella fell in love with, and was in love by, Lorenzo, one of the in their mercantile concerns. loved each other but were too afraid to tell each other their

every morn their love grew tenderer, v eve deeper and tenderer still; not in house, field, or garden stir, all shape would all his seeing fill; continual voice was pleasanter an noise of trees or hidden rill; tring gave an echo of his name, er half-done broidery with the same. hose gentle hand was at the latch doop had given her to his eyes; her chamber-window he would catch farther than the falcon spies;

A whole long month of May in this sad plight Made their cheeks paler by the break of June;

Until sweet Isabella's untouched cheek Fell sick within the rose's just domain, Fell thin as a young mother's who doth seek By every lull to cool her infant's pain."

At last Isabella could not bear it longer. She saw her lover pining for her; and she took the first plunge:

"So once more he had waked and anguished A dreary night of love and misery, If Isabel's quick eye had not been wed To every symbol on his forehead high; She saw it waxing very pale and dead, And straight all flushed; so lisped tenderly, 'Lorenzo!'—here she ceased her timid quest But in her tone and look he read the rest."

And so they told their love to each other and were as happy as the day was long.

"Great bliss was with them, and great happiness

Grew, like a lusty flower in June's caress. Parting they seemed to tread upon the air, Twin roses by the zephyr blown apart, Only to meet again more close, and share The inward fragrance of each other's heart."

The wicked brothers somehow discovered this love between Isabella and Lorenzo; and wild with bitterness because of their thwarted plans, made up their minds to get rid of their enemy by secret murder. They asked the happy young man to accompany them on a business expedition; and he consented. But, before going, he was able to speak a few farewell words to his lady.

"And as he to the court-yard passed along, Each third step did he pause, and listened oft If he would hear his lady's matin song; Or the light whisper of her footstep soft; And as he thus over his passion hung, He heard a laugh full musical aloft; When, looking up, he saw her features bright Smile through an in-door lattice all delight. 'Love, Isabella!' said he, 'I was in pain Lest I should miss to bid thee a good morrow: Ah! what if I should lose thee, when so fain I am to stifle all the heavy sorrow Of a poor three-hours' absence. Good-bye! I'll soon be back.'—'Good-bye' said she, And as he went she chanted merrily."

And as he went she chanted merrily."

But alas! he never came back, at least in his bodily presence. The brothers killed Lorenzo and came back and told their sister that Lorenzo had suddenly sailed away to foreign lands on urgent business, which required trusty hands to put it through. Isabel grieved bitterly at her lover's absence.

" Oftentimes

She asked her brothers, with an eye all pale, Striving to be itself, what dungeon climes Could keep him off so long?"

And she fell into a dreary state of melancholy and her beauty lessened.

"In the mid days of autumn on their eves The breath of winter comes from far away. And the sick west continually bereaves Of some gold tinge and place a roundelay Of death among the bushes and the leaves. To make all bare before he dares to stray From his North cavern. So sweet Isabel By gradual decay from beauty fell."

But one day, a vision appeared to her—the piteous ghost of Lorenzo.

"The forest tomb [shoot Has marred his glossy hair; which once could Lustre into the sun, and put cold doom Upon his lips, and taken the soft lute From his low voice, and past his loamed ears Had made a miry channel for his tears. Its eyes, though wild, were still all dewy bright With love, and kept all phantom fear aloof From the poor girl by Magic of their light, The while it did unthread the horrid woof Of the late darkened time."

He told her where he lay and asked her:

"Go, shed one tear upon my heather-bloom And it shall comfort me within my tomb. I know what was, I feel full well what is, And I should rage, if spirits could go mad; 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."

Then Isabella took her old nurse with her and went into the forest secretly to search for the dead body of her lover. They found Lorenzo's grave, and Isabella dug frantically into the mould:

"She gazed into the fresh—thrown mould as, though One glance did fully all its secrets tell; Clearly she saw, as other eyes would know, Pale limbs at bottom of a crystal well; Upon the murderous spot she seemed to grow Like to a native lily of the dell Then with her knife, all sudden, she began To dig more fervently than misers can."

Then they found Lorenzo's dead body, and Isabella took the beloved head home.

"Pale Isabella kissed it, and low moaned. 'Twas love; cold—dead indeed, but not dethroned."

In anxious secrecy, they took it home And then the prize was all for Isabella: She calmed its wild hair with a golden comb, And all around each eye's sepulchral cell Pointed each fringed lash; the smeared loam With tears, as chilly as a dripping well, kept She drenched away:—and still she combed and Sighing all day—and still she kissed, and wept."

Then she wrapped it up in a silken scarf, and buried it in a garden-pot and "covered it with mould and o'er it set sweet Basil."

"And she forgot the stars, the moon, and sun, And she forgot the blue above the trees, And she forgot the dells where waters run And she forgot the chilly autumn breeze; She had no knowledge when the day was done And the new morn she saw not: but in peace Hung over her sweet Basil ever more, And moistened it with tears unto the core."

The basil plant grew and flourished. "So that it smelt more balmy than its peers Of basil-tufts in Florence."

And Isabella withered and pined in peaceful dazed grief.

But her brothers, curious at her behaviour over the basil-pot, contrived to steal it from her, and examined the inside of it. Then they knew their guilt had been found out, and so fled away secretly and suddenly out of Florence. And poor Isabella lost her basil-pot.

"Piteous she looked on dead and senseless things Asking for her lost Basil piteously: And with melodious chuckle in the strings Of her lorn voice, she oftentimes would cry After the pilgrim in his wanderings, To ask him where her Basil was; and then 'Twas hid from her: 'For cruel 'tis,' said she 'To steal my Basil-pot away from me.' And so she pined, and so she died forlorn, Imploring for her Basil to the last. No heart was there in Florence but did mourn In pity of her love, so overcast." PADMINI:

Life and Love.

Oh Sweetheart ! I have watched the sky and sun,
The softly-moving trees, the dancing flowers,
The sweet confusion of the wind-kissed earth,
And all my heart is filled with wondering joy
At this great carnival of ordered force
That moves in stately ecstasy. But all
My heart would droop unwakened, wan, untouched,
Nor answer aught to wind and sun, nor hear
The pulsing hymn of life, if Love and I
To each were strange ; but Love by making thee
The pivot in my heart of all that's fair
Hath lighted evermore the magic spark,
Whose living beam unfolds in widening rays
All Nature's music-measured pageantry.

The Economic Reconstruction of the Indian Home and Society.

READING the "Vicar of Wakefield", we have probably been induced to smile at the doctrine seriously preached by Goldsmith that a man who married and brought up a family in the world was a benefactor to it. Within the last few years, in the face of a devastating war, the increasing sense of the importance of power will bring us back to Goldsmith's reflection with more enthusiasm than ever before. We have heard only recently that a Ministry of Health has been formed in England. The chief trouble at the present time in the West has been found to be that of depopulation, as over-population is here in India. Political economy in its earliest stages failed to recognise the importance of the essentially human factors in life. At no time more than now, has perhaps the value of personal and domestic virtues been made apparent to affect the national output of a country. In the eager awakening to a regeneration of India, it will be well if useful principles of social reconstruction on a sound economic basis are of popular knowledge.

First, there ought to be a craving to live a life. Certain definite objects to be attained and aims to be pursued should be present in the minds of all intelligent and growing members of the national manhood. The pursuit of a bread-winning profession may come to most by instinct and necessity. But among "highly educated" men are discovered specimens, who have never held up to themselves the ultimate objects and aims of life. Their surroundings and environment render them passive and they drift in the current of life. Their external

surroundings absorb them, leaving them no separate and useful consciousness. We frequently hear of Indians unable to live without their professional occupations. They did not practise Goldsmith's philosophy in the full spirit. It is essential for the progress of mankind that men should be selfish. Their first object should be to make themselves comfortable and make their family and their growing children comfortable. To marry, make a bright, cheerful, happy home, and bring up healthy, courageous and intelligent children, is a necessary ideal for all citizens in the state. Professional occupations are necessary and they should be faithfully pursued, but they do not absorb men's lives completely. They are only a means to an end, that of building up homes and rearing worthy children for the state.

There are many men in this country, who pay notoriously little attention towards the attainment of the necessary physical comforts for their homes. A passion for large, airy rooms in the home has to be specially cultivated. A concern to keep the surroundings and atmosphere of the home free from filth and contamination is necessary and a vigilant direction over the cleanliness of the home has also to be exercised. The cleanliness of the surroundings and the atmosphere of dwelling houses is also a communal responsibility, which is rarely realised. The needs of growing little children are often neglected. A cradle in a room crowded with things and a scope to trespass on all the regions not intended for the baby are the ordinary provision for children. There is no large room set apart for the nursery, to afford light and air and space for the movement of their eager and active limbs.

A vital part of the home is, however, the kitchen, and every effort to see to its issuing wholesome food and drink to the members of the home is worth taking. The care exercised over the matter of drinking water is generally insufficient. Its boiling and filtering, before being poured into cooling earthen pots, is rarely attended to. The question of milk-supply is also important. Wherever it is possible, this should be solved by a greater popular interest in cattle-rearing, to lead to self-sufficiency as much as possible.

With regard to the amount of labour and energy spent in the kitchen, there are very inconvenient caste-restrictions among many of the higher classes about the engaging of servants. As far as caste-exclusiveness may preserve the cleanliness and sanctity of the family kitchen, it may be rationally admissible, but its blind application is very common. As Mr. Saint Nihal Singh put it once, there is much waste of human energy, when persons of a highly developed character want also to look after their kitchens exclusively. Mr. Singh even advocates for such persons the practice of getting all meals from public hotels.

We may consider here the question of public hotels. In the growth of complex civilised life, the running of public hotels becomes a great necessity. It follows also that the public should exercise a watchful care over them, so as to ensure wholesomeness and convenience for the people. We hear that one of the wise measures inaugurated under the auspices of the progressive Dewan of Mysore relates to the betterment of hotels in the state. It is not only largely a matter of ensuring specialisation and perfection of the cooking energies of the nation, but more than this, it means the setting free of in-

dividual energies and time for greater self-advancement.

One common tendency of Hindu dwellers in towns and villages is to overcrowd together within limited areas. This is due to a fear for the safety and security of their persons and property. This fear has been an essential cause of the insanitary condition of our towns and villages. This tendency should be correctly analysed and the remedies speedily applied. The fear may first be removed by a vigilant Police. Or, going further, we should strive to eradicate the motives of burglars and robbers. Fuller irrigation schemes, protection against famine conditions, adequate labour and wages for the unemployed, may all be remedies for this.

Another circumstance accentuating the fear of burglars in Hindu homes is the obtrusive possession of precious ornaments by women. The possession of precious ornaments by women is universal, but among the Westerns and people of other nations the wearing of ornaments by women is not so constant and inseparable as among Hindu women. This constant and inevitable display among the Hindu women naturally provokes burglary and robbery. Probably one means of diverting Hindu women from their constant wearing of precious ornaments will in the future lie in greater attention to fashions of dress.

Another cause, though only the result of other causes, that has fettered the free location of Hindu homes, is the general absence of courage, as a virtue by itself. To some extent, the Arms Act, disarming men of efficient protective weapons, may be responsible for it. But a much greater cause is of a social character, and that is the joint family. The habit of looking up to

an elder generation for protection, in the home is largely destructive of the sense of personal courage and self-sufficiency. One of the qualities to be attended to in the education of our boys and even more of our girls in the future should be this sense of personal courage and self-sufficiency.

There are many other problems affecting domestic and social reconstruction, like the investment of personal savings, the need for recreative holidaying, the cultivation of useful personal hobbies and the starting of home industries; but this paper will content itself with just indicating the paths of possible investigation for social workers and saviours in this country.

P. R. K.

Descriptive Letters—I.

DEAR MRS. SATTHIANADHAN,

You asked me to tell you about my visit to Hampi. I am very glad to get the chance of talking about it. For really it is one of the most wonderful places I have ever seen. I expect you know about it, even if you have not been there; it used to be a great city, 9 miles square, called Vizianagar, and was the capital of an empire that included all India south of the Kistna in the 13th and 14th centuries. But the Mahomedans came from Bijapur, and destroyed it, and there it has been ever since, all ruins, with just a few villages here and there among them. Hampi is the biggest village, and has the only one of the old temples that is not a ruin; it stands close to the sacred river, the Tungabhadra, which runs bright blue between the red rocks, and has no bridge across it. If you want to cross, you get into a round boat like a magnified basket, covered with hide

or canvas; we should call them coracles in England. They bob over the rock and spin round in the current, but they take you across safely. The whole city lies among hills, little red hills, the wildest shapes, made of huge boulders, tumbled together as if children had done it for fun; and the ruins are perched on them; wherever you look, you see a temple or a montanam standing up against the sky. No people with a shred of imagination could have lived there without fancying that all kinds of strange fantastic beings lived on those wild hills and in the caverns under them; and the temples seem to be alive with them. Every pillar and every wall is carved with figures, all moving, marching, fighting, dancing, running; it gives you the strangest feeling, a sort of excitement, as if they were calling on you all the while to join them. One has to pull oneself up at times and say: "No, you are not speaking of the best things, I will not listen to you, I want something different." Yet it is moving to see those great buildings, that took so much work to make, and think of the people fleeing away out of them, with their enemies coming hurrying across the river, and all the burning and destroying, furniture and all sorts of things being carried away and people being killed. It is quiet enough now, with spear grass and prickly pear and milk-hedge growing all over it; and just a few visitors coming to wonder what it was like.

The temples are all alike, a courtyard, and a hall of pillars, and at one end three dark, empty shrines, smelling horribly of bats, but which once contained images of Vishnu, Narayana and Krishna. There are also Saivite shrines, a huge statue of Narasimha, with his lion head and huge round eyes, tearing out the entrails of the

demon king who lies across his knees; and the Nandi Bull appears everywhere; especially on the rocks in the river. On one of those he is carved in bas-relief, and the water makes a pool in which the carving is beautifully reflected.

But I must not go on to talk about all the wonders of Hampi; the palace, the Council Hall, the Queen's bath, the high thin walls, built without mortar and tapering to an edge, the huge Lion

Throne, a great platform, thirty feet high, with supporting walls, carved with elephants and horses, soldiers and dancing girls.

One walks on from place to place, in the silence and sunshine looking and wondering and trying to bring back the past, till one almost fancies that one can see the ghosts of the bygone inhabitants, and hear the far-away echo of their busy life and their tragic end.

D. J. STEPHEN.

The Divine Poet.

Every bird that chants in the bowers of the pink morning is one of your many songs.

Every flower that blows in the woodlands, is one of your many rhymes.

Every sunrise is one of your many new-born dreams, and every sunset its calm completion.

Every night is one of the many books that you write, and every star a word in it.

How beautiful are your words and your songs and your rhymes, my Poet!

Chimeras.

WHYTE Melville, in one of his delightful novels, mentions the four-leaved Shamroch, which every one tries to find and never succeeds in finding. The non-success of these searchers after the unattainable nevertheless does not prevent generations continuing the search, and the search for the four-leaved variety of the Shamroch will go on till the Shamroch ceases to exist. The search for the Philosopher's stone occupied the time of numerous men, and the stone still remains undiscovered; but perhaps, even now, there are individuals who fancy there must be some way of changing silver into gold, and are endeavouring to solve the problem. That many persons believe the transmutation is possible is evidenced by the police courts to which the poor deluded victims resort for being cheated thereanent. There are doubtless numbers of people who believe that the Earth is flat, that the secret of perpetual motion will still be discovered and the circle can be squared. We laugh at such people as pursuing chimeras, and yet do we not pursue chimeras ourselves? Are we not perpetually striving to obtain some fancied goal perpetually beyond our reach? It is human nature to be dissatisfied, and the struggle to gain what is beyond our reach teaches us at last resignation. Not that discontent is evil. Discontent is the root cause of activity and progress and is beneficial when it drives us to attain a higher moral plane in life, a larger vision of life and its responsibilities, a material prosperity for worthy ends. But how often do we fritter away our time and energy in pursuing petty objects, in chasing will-of-the-wisps of worthless value.

There's Young Tenali Ramen, for instance who has brains and health and sufficient means to keep him in tolerable comfort; and if he only wishes to do better in life by using his brains and health and increasing his possessions, it will be all right; but he has a wealthy uncle who is childless and occasionally is kind to his nephew. On the strength of this occasional interest of his relative, Tenali Ramen straightway builds on being his uncle's heir: He neglects his business, is impertinent to his employers, gets into debt and finds himself in awkward circumstances. Amidst the wreck he builds castles in Spain and dreams of all that he will do when his uncle leaves him his fortune. The old gentleman, fully aware of his nephew's peccadilloes, has already made his will bequathing his money to another relation, and leaves his nephew to imagine what he pleases. Tenali Ramen never gets a pie of the old man's money and for several years has been chasing a chimera. In another section of society, there is Mrs. Jones ever hanging on to the skirts of a society, or clique above her own. When by persistent pushing of herself and her daughters in places where they are not welcome, and are often ignored, the prettiest Miss Jones is noticed by that Society-Saint, Young Debere, who is not too exclusive, and who condescendingly says, on some special occasion,

"How do, Miss Jones? Charming day isn't? Must see you soon;" "Mrs. Jones is highly delighted, thinks she, at last, is getting into society; and lives on the memory of Debere's promised visit for days afterwards. You and I, and Debere know very well that Mrs. Jones will never enter the circle she aspires to, and that she lives beyond her means and is alienating her old

Letters to the Editor.

Social Intercourse—III.

DEAR MADAM,

IN your reply (June—number) two reasons are shown, which strike at the root of any non-success in our endeavours to come near that intercourse socially, which counts with Indians as I understand the word intercourse.

The desire to be merely sociable in the sense of fashion or necessity can never be the approach which will bring about the real change in the lives of both races in India. Yet it fulfils an important part within all public and official circles: Social functions afford the public recognition due to each guest's position. In the few exceptional cases where the wives of Indians accompany their husbands, it may enable them to see something of English customs and manners and it will afford them the natural pleasure (and certainly afford it to us) of showing their artistic dresses and beautiful jewels. But what I see of them at such times is as superficial and probably as misleading—for forming any judgment of them as women—as it would be to them in judging me.

Yes, there is that undeniable tendency in the majority of us to be satisfied with everything as long as it follows the traditional English model of behaviour towards strangers. There must be no chance of an action becoming "a thing which is not done," as our phrase goes. In mixing with other nations in Europe, we are said to keep up this traditional insular self-confidence, which lacks often the mental modesty and warm-hearted amiability in social intercourse, which the Latin races for example show in a striking

manner. Our tradition is "to show neither excitement nor impulsiveness in public nor to express our own emotions, in case we appear "gushy" or demonstrative. An Englishman would understand his relative's or friend's sorrow far better without "words." There are singularly abrupt and expressive phrases, which to a person who understands reveals man's thoughts as by a flash. The characteristics, I can imagine it easily, lead away from the inclination or desire "to improve oneself" or to learn from strangers. In certain cases it would also bring about an absence of tact, which (as you hint) leads others to a suspicion of patronage in us when we do meet for social purposes: No man naturally can stand the idea of being thought inferior to anybody.

In the sentence in my quotation: "He has all the Oriental's contempt of women and yet demands to be freely admitted to the society of English ladies for whom in his heart he has no respect.".....I saw more the importance of the possibility that when Indians meet us Englishwomen publicly, they may in their hearts bear us "no respect," because we appear to them vastly emancipated and they may say to themselves: "we are not going to bring this about for our women-folk." The difficulty does not lie in the question whether an Oriental gives a high or a low place in his mind to his own women, but in the fact that "in demanding to be fully admitted" to our society (without his wife!) he cannot render to us that inborn, reverential respect, which his host, when admitting him, would have to expect of him. The writer is using the word "contempt" here more in the sense of "disregard," as is shown in the relationship to circumstances of which he

speaks. It means nothing more than a natural absence of "social chivalry" towards women, which most Indians have not had to cultivate and cannot immediately understand, unless they see their own flesh and blood present in our houses.

Therefore, I agree with you that a more frequent admission to an Englishman's house would be the quickest way to bring conviction. Yet this cannot happen in the full beneficial sense, which you and I look forward to, unless his ladies come as well and our condition of admission of men into home-life is fulfilled and thus becomes thinkable. In London and Cambridge, where there are only single men wanting admission, I have met Indians who were fully admitted and with the happiest results, if they themselves were ready to accept customs as they found them. But here in India the one-sided sociability (because an Indian cannot accept the English customs as he finds them) is the bar to true intercourse. I have never met with cases where Indians have "abused the privilege" of admission; and if any one were to put the question straight to me, I should refuse to believe that I might have to reckon with such a chance. If we once accept a man and offer him hospitality, we should never "suspect" him of being able to mock our judgment of him afterwards. We may be reserved and slow to conquer our reserve, but, when once we are sure, we are firm in the courage of our convictions, and apprehension has no place in our thoughts; because of course it is of the essence of chivalry to keep from the Women-folk any possibility of insult. The permission of its approach or actual menace always means for a gentleman an unpardonable failure in his duty.

While this is so, as far as we are concerned, *i.e.* that when once we admit some one to friendship—(and as I have said friendship with us is a deliberate and solemn addition to our own private and intimate home)—we are sure and confident of the good will of our friend under all circumstances. I can not help feeling that Indians are still apt to see invidious motives behind our actions, the possibility of which we are often not swift enough to detect, because we ourselves are not accustomed to seek or find them under circumstances of friendship. To give from a mere trivial instance in my own experience as a woman,—in my house during a ladies' entertainment there were not sufficient chairs handy to seat a large number of ladies. My Indian friends, when with me, usually sat on the carpet and I never interfered with such preference, especially among children. There were only a few European ladies present, so then I offered chairs and took one myself; because although our spirits may be willing our joints are stiff! Afterwards I was told that I had committed a grave mistake by not making everybody sit on the carpet and that the ladies would feel it as lacking in due respect to them. It never occurred to me that sitting on a chair is an honour and that sitting on a carpet is not, or that my guests would be capable of suspecting me of intentionally doing anything but that which I thought would make everybody comfortable. To stand on one's dignity persistently spoils freedom in social intercourse (within the limits of social etiquette); and an unprejudiced attitude towards one's host is absolutely necessary for happy results to be reached.

There is another difficulty in India; speaking a few ways generally, most

friends and relations for the sake of a chimera. Her daughters remain unmarried, for she looks too high, and old Jones finds that he is heavily encumbered. Mrs. Jones has been pursuing a chimera, and so on and so on. We are always looking forward to some to-morrow, when some hidden wish—in nine cases out of ten chimerical—will be fulfilled.

"Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time:
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death."

There is nothing, however, in this world, without its uses, and this hunting of will-of-the-wisps, this pursuit of plantoms, this expectation of chimeras being realized, is not an unmixed evil. In the search for the Philosopher's stone, the science of chemistry was evolved. In the quest of the four-leaved Shamrock, valuable botanical discoveries have been made; and so impecunious Tenal Kamen and aspiring Mrs. Jones perhaps find some compensation in dreaming their dreams and setting a bird in the hand at liberty for two in the bush.

A. P. S.

Friendly Chats among ourselves.

Throwing Cold-water.

THE last article, "Throwing Stones," which appeared under "Friendly chats among ourselves," suggested that, when stones could be thrown, cold-water also could be thrown. Cold-water throwing is so easy and comes so naturally that it is very hard to avoid it. But, although it is so easy, the effects of it are none the less disastrous. In order to better understand the effects of cold-water throwing, let us take a

small example: A child of 7 years has a doll, which she adores with all the boundless love of innocent childhood, and it does not matter much to her, that her little "Bess" has only one arm and is slightly lame in the left foot. In fact, these deficiencies serve only to heighten her love for her darling doll. This doll, one day, she carries in her arms and takes to a guest, who is staying at her house, to ask him how he likes it. The child has absolutely no doubt whatever as to the guest liking her doll and finding in it all the thousand attractions which she herself finds. So she takes the doll to him, puts it in his lap and says confidently, "Is she not a darling thing?" The man however says, "what, little girl, you call this a doll; my daughter has got a lovely big doll, four times as big as yours and much more beautiful. I tell you what, my child, you throw away this ugly thing and when I go back, I will send you a beautiful doll with lovely golden hair." No doubt the man says these words innocently, but if he can realise that "Bess" is a Royal Princess, "Oh! so pretty", with the most beautiful eyes and hair and other wonderful things, he will hesitate before saying these words. For, in one single blow, that bad man has shattered the poor child's beautiful palace of imagination, which can never be rebuilt. What more wicked offence is there than calling a lovely Princess an ugly thing, what greater crime than asking a beautiful maiden to be thrown away as so much rubbish?

Again, a man returns tired from his every-day work and finds fault with his food. The poor housewife, who has cooked the food herself and who thinks the man will at least like it that day, is very disappointed.

The phrase to be avoided is "Not bad." There is nothing so uncertain as saying "Not bad"; what does it mean? Naturally, if a thing is not bad, it must be the opposite of bad, which is good. But, if a thing is good, why say "Not bad," and introduce that obnoxious word, 'Bad', which is reminiscent of so many unpleasant recollections.

The bad effects of cold-water throwing are especially seen in parties or gatherings. In these cases, if even one person throws cold-water, by making some sarcastic remark about the doings of the others, or does not join in the simple pleasures of the general assembly but sits gloomily aloof, the whole party or gathering is spoilt so far as enjoyment is concerned; for who can enjoy a thing as long as he or she is aware of the fact that someone else is thinking badly of it all the time?

An interesting question now arises, namely: Is a man justified in praising or approving of everything he is asked his opinion about, in spite of his dislike or disapproval of the same? In order to answer this question, one has to look into the matter more closely and consider the causes which prompt the throwing of cold-water. There are four distinct causes. One is thoughtlessness, the other is callousness or not caring for the feelings of others, the third is the purely mischievous desire for hurting other people's feelings, and the last is a real good motive.

First of all, a man throws cold-water, because he is thoughtless. That is, he does not think before he speaks. The worst of it is, a man thinks before he works, he thinks before he writes, he thinks twice before he makes a twenty-five feet dive into water, he thinks three times before he enters a forest to shoot a tiger, but he seldom thinks

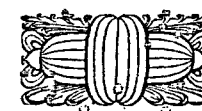
before he speaks. As man has been given a faculty for thinking, why should this exception be made in the case of speaking; it is only fair for anyone to think a little before he speaks and if he does so, a good deal of harmful cold-water throwing will be avoided.

Secondly, a man indulges in giving others a cold bath because he is callous. As callousness is not a very laudable attribute for anyone to possess, this motive is not exactly a very high one. The third motive, it is not necessary to say anything about, as everyone knows that it is a wrong one.

The last motive for throwing cold-water is a good one. But, if a man throws cold-water for a good purpose, it amounts to good advice. If good advice was not given and taken in good part, how came we to have such fine literature and so many good things in the world?

So, to sum up, when a man is asked his opinion about anything, the best thing he can do is to stop and consider the pros and cons of the business for a little while. Then, if he considers that the thing, about which his opinion is asked, is really bad and if he believes he is likely to do harm by approving of it, naturally it will be his duty to say what he thinks. But, if it is not a momentous question and there is not much harm in it, he can quite easily say something, which will not throw cold-water, nor give the lie to his own conscience. But, if a man is not asked for his opinion, it is not necessary for him to give it, unless he is absolutely sure that he will be doing good to others by speaking out what he thinks.

"AMICUS."



Indians do not distinguish between the social and the official relationship between themselves and Englishmen. Since most relationships at present for educated Indians are of an official nature, this is an extremely important question. Many an Indian is apt to assume, when any fault is found with him officially, that this has its root in personal enmity. On the other hand, if private friendly relationship exists between Indians and Englishmen the former is inclined to think, that he will be favoured officially in one way or another. Englishmen look upon each other as "numbers" when on the parade ground or in office or in court. For very good reasons of common justice, —this is one of those things which "is done". Therefore if such rigidity in a rule cannot be understood or acted upon by Indians, it becomes almost impossible for an Englishman to keep on terms of real friendliness with a man.

It is now possible to sum up. We may take it for granted that at present, it is not practicable to expect the English to be received into Indian home-life and that we must concentrate on the other possibility. On the one hand, we have a nation of individuals who are self-confident to the verge of mental arrogance, emotionally slow and socially undemonstrative; but at the same time insisting on the sacred and solemn nature of friendship. On the other hand we have a people whose general characteristics are warm-hearted and impulsive response to friendliness, which is however not sufficiently deep enough to prevent them from doubting on slight excuse and from inclining them also, while it is theirs, to turn it to material advantage. Naturally, it is extremely difficult for these opposites to coalesce, and the process is

complicated by the fact that, however much an Indian may be willing to respond to advances from the English, he cannot at present reciprocate them from his own house. I cannot help feeling that our social salvation—(from the point of view not of mere temporary advantages and comforts but of the friendship that should exist between two countries whose peoples are fellow-members of the same Empire, and whose destinies have been so closely woven together for many not unprofitable years):—

I say that this approach of the two nations must come about through the women of each. The harder and more practical austerities of the Englishman are I hope softened in the Englishwoman; and her Indian sister through the common bond of womanhood, which is above and beyond official and material considerations, can hold out to her the hand of fellowship. Because after all the Indian woman is the host in her own country and must make the first move, especially as her English sister is apt to be reserved; but when her hand has been grasped she can lead her English sister gently and lovingly, to leaven with growing international sympathy her natural and rather puritanical characteristics of reserve. The genuine friendship that will thus be engendered, having its root in spiritual fusion and communion, will I am certain colour the whole life of each nation to the lasting good of both.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN INDIA.



Editorial Notes.

Indian Nurses

IN our advertisement column, we are publishing a prospectus for a new set of nurses, who will be introduced into the Zenana Hospital, Bangalore. Missionaries have led the way in many things. Perhaps they may lead in this too. One feels it is a pity that only Doctoring and Teaching should be open to women. Many a girl who goes in for one of the above professions—from the sheer fact that there is nothing else to do—would do far better as a Nurse. I wish we could also realise that the Nurse has as much influence as the Doctor is a Medical Institution—The Doctor would be paralysed without her! In fact, I feel the hospital could do without the Medical Superintendent if need arose—but not without the Nursing Superintendent. And again, so much money that goes into the hands of Anglo-Indian Nurses, who are not always ideal nurses as a class, could with great advantage be earned by Indian Christian Nurses. Indian Nurses in many hospitals are very poor girls usually. They know very little English; and teaching them in class must be ten times more difficult than it ought to be. They are very hardworked, doing work, which European Nurses for instance would not do. Their food is very poor, and quite a number before their third year become tuberculous. Such a condition needs remedy. Improvements are being made, but things are still unsatisfactory. Much remains to be done in this direction. And for this reason, if for no other, schemes like the one before us, deserve to be greatly encouraged.

Women's Part in Public Health

The Hon'ble Surgeon-General, Sir P. Luke, Director-General of the I.M.S., while lecturing at the Y. W. C. A., Simla, on Public Health, made the following remarks on women's part in Public Health. He said:

"If I were asked who keep infectious diseases going, especially in this country, my reply would be most emphatically women in general, but chiefly the mothers. This is usually not the result of want of affection, but of ignorance of the rules of domestic hygiene, and a blind belief in the myth that childish diseases are inevitable—a belief which often leads a fond mother actually to expose her child to infection under the erroneous impression that the younger the child the less severe is the disease. There can be no doubt that such exposure frequently leads to permanent deafness or blindness, or to the rapid development of general tuberculosis owing to the breaking down of a tuberculous bronchial gland, which otherwise might have remained latent and ultimately dried up completely. From birth to the age of 14 years, i.e., during the most susceptible period of life, the younger generation are cared for largely by women, who are responsible, moreover, for the home-life at all ages. Consequently, the teaching of women and girls, i.e., of mothers and prospective mothers, how to war against our invisible germ foes, is one of the most important functions of the new public health. If communicable diseases are to be abolished, women must learn to stop in every manner the exchange of infected discharges amongst children at school and amidst families at home. The recent outbreak of measles at Osborne illustrates not only the danger of transference of such discharges, but

also the failure of general sanitation and general well-being to confer specific immunity. The Government must strike at the sources of disease, and the public routes of infection, *i. e.*, they must ensure the purity of food, milk and water supplies and must deal with the breeding places of flies. The women must deal with the private routes, *i. e.*, with contact in the fullest sense of the term and with biting insects. They must attend to dirty hands and infected breath; they must protect food and milk from contamination by flies, and they must prevent the transference of vermin from one person to another, and must protect the members of their households from bites by mosquitoes and sandflies.

Here then, ladies, is my excuse for bringing the subject to your notice to-day. It is my full conviction, that, if ever hygiene and sanitation are to become real forces in this country, the motive power must come from within the zenana and not from without. Big schemes of water supply and drainage may be left to Government, but the teaching of home hygiene should be one of the first duties of all zenana workers in India, whether they be missionaries, medical women or nurse visitors. It is only in this way that such vital problems as those of plague, tuberculosis and infant mortality can be effectively dealt with. Without it, no amount of general sanitation will secure success. This is the work, ladies, that awaits you. No one else can take it up; the welfare of the rising generation is in your hands—you will all, I feel sure, rise to the occasion. It is with a view to assist you in this respect that the St. John Ambulance Association have organised their course in "Home Hygiene," and the Y. W. C. A. have instituted the present series of

lectures on general sanitation. Both of these courses I strongly recommend to your notice."

We agree entirely with this; very little of general sanitation will be of success without aid from the Zenana; and therefore, it is very necessary that education on Home Hygiene should be steadily given to Indian ladies. But such education should include also practical teaching. Theoretical hygiene is taught, but is often ridiculed as quite unnecessary, and soon forgotten. Our women have so long been brought up among old customs and habits, which are often pernicious to health, that they find it hard to settle down into new grooves of health. It cannot be denied that many of the old Hindu customs, which sometimes appear ridiculous, had sanitation as their real object, and were introduced into life in the guise of religion. If the teachers of sanitation could take the trouble of understanding some of the hygiene principles of Hindu customs and of combining them with the proper principles of health, much good indeed would be done in this direction.

The National Indian Association Married Ladies' Classes.

In the January number of the Indian Ladies' Magazine, while reporting the proceedings of the Fifth Annual Report of the Ladies' Recreation Club, Madras, we mentioned the starting of new classes by the National Indian Association in lieu of the old Home Education classes. Mrs. Bedford, Mrs. Madely and other English ladies have co-operated with many Indian gentlemen and these plans have been carried out now, with the kind help of government, who is giving a grant of half the salaries of the teachers. Classes have been started at Triplicane, Egmore,

Georgetown and Mylapore. Many subjects are being taught in these classes—English, History, Geography, Domestic Economy, Needlework (both plain and fancy) and Drawing and Painting; and in Mylapore, Sanskrit also is being taught. There are opportunities for study for even those who know very little English. There are some pupils now in each of the classes, but the number is not sufficient to make the classes pay. The Committee hopes for better encouragement. When so many strenuous efforts are being made on behalf of Indian ladies, it is surely necessary that they and the Indian men should eagerly respond. Married ladies must not be loth to join these classes, on the plea of loss of dignity. True education never stops, whether before marriage or after it, and in England and other countries, improvement lectures are often attended by married ladies.

It is not only married ladies, who can join the N. I. A. classes. In spite of the name, "classes for married ladies," unmarried girls also will be welcomed. The fees are small, but the tuition is comprehensive.

Miss Hilda Lazarus, B.A., M.B., B.S. of Madras; L. M. Rotunda Hospital, Dublin; M. R. C. S. of London.

We are pleased to learn, from a cable gram recently received by her father in Waltair, that Miss Hilda Lazarus, B.A., M.B., B.S. of Madras has passed the M. R. C. S. of London. As she cannot return to India so soon owing to the war regulations, she intends practising in England. Our readers may remember that some months ago, we mentioned, in the Indian Ladies' Magazine, that she passed the M.B., B.S. examinations of Madras, and that, having received the Wadia scholarship, she was proceeding to England to further

her medical studies. Miss Hilda Lazarus was the first Indian lady graduate to pass the highest medical examination. Now she has added to her honours and her usefulness, and we congratulate her heartily in her success; and wish her all prosperity in her career. We hope she will return to India as soon as possible. We want more women like her, to work in the cause of the suffering women of India.

News and Notes.

(Selected)

The Madras Mail writes:

WE recently Published a leading article on the organisation and work of the V. A. D. at Home in connection with the war, and we have since received a number of enquiries as to whether such an organisation exists in India or whether it would be possible for ladies willing to take part in this work to secure facilities from the Government of India to proceed to England for the purpose of joining the V. A. D. All such will be glad to learn from the speech made by H. E. the Commander-in-Chief at the annual meeting of the Council of the St. John Ambulance Association, that it is proposed to enlist from among ladies in India a body of voluntary workers who will do some part of the excellent work done by the V. A. D. at Home in connection with the sick and wounded. It is recognised that, for a variety of reasons, it will be impossible for these ladies to give their whole time to the work, but those who join will be asked to give part of their time two or three times a week to visiting hospitals and doing something to alleviate the suffering and make more

cheerful the existence of the inmates, and also to assist the regular staff of nurses. Ladies in India, like their sisters in England, have been doing much unselfish and useful war work and they will, we are sure, welcome the scheme outlined by Sir Charles Monro, which will give them further opportunities in this direction. Meanwhile, to popularise the scheme, H. E. the Commander-in-Chief intends to circularise local authorities to call meetings and discuss the project as widely as possible.

A Letter of Appreciation.

At the request of H. E. Lady Pentland, the following letter of appreciation, received by the Honorary Secretary, Ladies Depot, from the Officer Commanding, Volunteer Artillery Battery, Mesopotamia, Expeditionary Force was published in the *Madras Mail*.

"I am writing to thank the Madras Ladies' Depot, for their last most generous gift of comforts for this Battery. No less than 27 packages arrived within a few days of one another, addressed to Captain Guthrie and Myself. Their numbers are from 173-185 and 227-242, out of which two or three packages have gone astray, but are expected shortly. The things sent are exactly what we want and it is quite impossible for me to say how much they are appreciated. We are now well into the hot weather, a pretty trying combination of dust and heat. The arrival of war gifts cheers everyone up and the good things the Ladies' Depot have sent go a long way to make life more tolerable. With the help of the coffee, milk and sugar sent we are now able to give the whole Battery early morning coffee before going on parade, which is very much appreciated

by them. The fruits, biscuits, sweets and cigarettes are also most welcome. The lime juice sent is also disappearing at a very rapid rate: if we are lucky enough to be sent any more perhaps I may mention that the men find unsweetened lime juice the more refreshing. The clothing, especially the banians, shirts and socks, have been most useful. We have also to thank the givers of books and magazines, which have enabled us to form quite an extensive library.

I hope the ladies of Madras won't think us very grasping, if I mention that all these good things are disappearing at an extraordinarily rapid rate. The Censors would probably object to my mentioning our numbers, but I can explain without giving away military secrets that in addition to our head-quarters we have three detachments in out stations, all of whom get their share of war gifts.

Again thanking you for your most generous gifts."

Girl Guides under Fire.

A clergyman writing to the *Times* about the air-raid on Folkestone, says: I was conducting a Girl Guides religious service. My text was "Be prepared"—the official motto. It was whilst, as my closing word, I was trying to take the terror out of the exhortation, "Prepare to meet thy God," that a terrific explosion seemed to make the building rock an instant. Other shocks followed. I felt sure we were being bombarded from the sea. We went on with the arranged programme, singing as the last hymn, "God bless our native land, may His protecting hand still guard our shore." Then the Benediction and the first verse of the National Anthem, the Girl Guides standing at salute. Meanwhile the

headmistress had entered the gymnasium, and when the service was ended told us an air raid was in progress; we must remain where we were. We did; and I want to say that as long as life lasts I shall remember with admiration and pride the perfect self control and cheerfulness of those 89 daughters of England, some of whose homes were far away. Their behaviour was superb, "A Girl Guide must smile under all circumstances." That is a rule. It was kept absolutely, through long moments fraught with peril.

Girl Guides in India.

The following letter was sent for publication:—

Sir,—At a time when all women are looking for opportunities to serve their country, the following extract from the *Girl Guide Gazette* of March, 1917 may interest your readers.

The Home Office Committee on Juvenile Organisations has received intimation from the National Service Headquarters that ladies engaged as Girl Guide Officers are considered to be already doing National Service and are not therefore liable to be called up for other work except in case of urgent necessity.

In India where the opportunities for National Service are comparatively few, the Girl Guide service can employ a very great number of workers, and as this extract shows they are serving their country in a very practical way.

We have Guides all over India, and if the work is necessary and useful at Home, as this decision of the National Service Headquarters proves, it is doubly so in India where the service forms a link and sisterhood between the girls of the Empire, irrespective of race, and where its training is so especially useful. There are thus, in every

part of the Indian Empire, opportunities for service open to every woman and I shall be very glad to communicate with anyone willing to help. Our War work badge is not lightly earned, and it is one of which we shall all be proud in time to come—Yours, etc.,

(Mrs.) G. M. BEAR,
(Chief Commissioner in India, L.G. G.S.) Calcutta.

Mrs. Pankhurst on her Mission.

MESSAGE TO RUSSIA.

Interviewed by the *Daily Graphic*, Mrs. Pankhurst explained why she is going to Russia, and gave an outline of the message she will deliver on Russian platforms. She has not been to Russia before, but she has many friends there. She spoke as follows:—

I shall appeal to the Russians to be loyal to the Alliance and to fight side by side with us until we have beaten Germany. I shall appeal to them to be loyal to their slave brothers in the Balkans, and not to desert them. I shall appeal to them to be loyal to their old Ally, France, because France was faithful to her alliance through all the years when German agitators were trying to break it up and to prejudice the people of the country against Russia. I shall say: The great ideals of human liberty and human freedom have to be fought for, so don't just talk about them—fight for them, because Germany is the enemy of all these things. And I shall appeal to them to be faithful to those Russian soldiers who have died in this war, and died largely because under the old regime they had not the munitions to defend themselves. Their deaths must not be in vain. Finally, I shall impress upon the Russian people that if Russia made a premature peace with Germany her future would be far worse than her

friendships and in earlier life almost as many quarrels. She has toured most parts of the civilised world, outwitted an American theatre-owners' ring by acting tragedy in the biggest circus tent ever seen, electrified a respectable part of London by keeping panthers in her back-garden, and thrilled more people than any other woman now living. At about sixty years of age she took to mountain climbing, and when she became a grandmother she thought it proper to develop a few more enthusiasms and activities. An accident on the stage unfortunately necessitated the amputation of a leg not very long ago, but a trifle like that has not prevented her acting again; and though much of what she once was has necessarily gone, the marvellous voice has remained. Her *Phedre* may reasonably be supposed to be the greatest piece of tragic acting the world has ever known.

The Lady Hardinge Medical College for Women at Delhi has made a good start in connection with its educational side. In the last examination of the Punjab University in the Intermediate Science Faculty Examination, 1917, out of six students who entered five passed.

We understand that a scheme for establishing in Madras a school for training women for a medical career is under consideration. The present idea is that the scheme should be worked in connection with the Victoria Castle and Ghosha Hospital in Triplicane. This will be the first institution of the kind in the Madras Presidency, unless the proposed Mission Medical School at Vellore is opened earlier. Provision will be made in the school for the full number of students, which, experience shows, can be expected to

undergo training for a medical career, which hitherto has been altogether inadequate. It is hoped that the provision of a separate school for women will result in a large increase in the number of suitable candidates.

A Barbarous Custom.

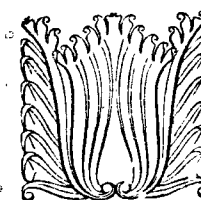
The enlightened ruler of Dharampur, Maharaja Suri Mohandevj Rana, is at present trying, writes the *Times of India*, to put an end to the barbarous custom, prevalent among Dhodiās and other backward classes, which enjoins that their women shall wear a large number of brass bangles and anklets reaching, in many cases, right up to the elbows and knees respectively. Often these brass rings weigh over half a maund and such a dead weight is bound considerably to inconvenience the women in the performance of their daily work. The extent of the handicap under which they labour, by reason of these ornaments, is shown by the fact that, as a general rule, they do not command such a high rate of wages as women without shackles. Again, the Dhodia women suffer much if they happen to have contracted any skin disease, the irritation being greatly increased by the chaffing of the skin by the metal. It is gratifying to note that the efforts of the ruler of Dharampur are meeting with the success they deserve. In many villages, the women have now exchanged their brass rings for light anklets made of white metal and bangles made of black wood which cost much less, not to speak of the greater convenience and comfort that follow. It is hoped that the people living in the neighbouring States and in the adjoining taluqs of the Surat district will follow suit at no distant date.

Church of England Zenana Mission Hospital, Bangalore, S. India.

Nursing Department.

PROSPECTUS FOR UNPAID PROBATIONER NURSES.

1. Candidates must be over eighteen years of age, and below thirty years of age.
2. The Standard of General Education required will be the School Final Examination. Candidates may be admitted on production of a Certificate of General Proficiency from the Principal of the School concerned. English spoken and written is *essential*.
3. Two Certificates of Good Character will be required, one of these from a Clergyman.
4. The course of training will be three years.
5. Each candidate shall supply herself with the following:—
 - (a) Six white Sarees
 - (b) Six or eight short-sleeved jackets.
 - (c) Her own underlinen, etc., and bedding with at least one thick blanket.
 - (d) Noiseless Shoes.
6. The average cost per month will be about Rs. 25. If at least four probationer could be found to start house-keeping, boarding it is hoped would cost only Rs. 15 per month each. If less than four, the cost may be Rs. 20 per month for board.
7. Free Furnished Quarters will be provided.
8. Holidays—One day (with two nights) off every month. Seven days



past. Unless the Russian people help us to win the war against Germany, they will have slavery more terrible than they had under the Czar, and we shall all share it.

The Queen in a Kitchen.

SERVING WOMEN AND CHILDREN WITH FOOD.

In no more formal way did the Queen set the stamp of her approval upon the first "Kitchen for All," to be opened under the auspices of the Ministry of Food, in mail week. Her Majesty, accompanied by the Princess Mary, attended by Lady Amptill and Sir E. W. Wallington, spent nearly an hour and a half inaugurating, at 104, Westminster Bridge-Road, a movement which may well have permanent effects upon the domestic economy of the working classes. On account of the limited space at the kitchen, invitations could only be extended to those who had some official or local interest on the occasion. There were present Lord and Lady Devonport, Lady Rhonda, Mrs. Randill Davidson, the Hon'ble Mrs. Bathurst (Captain Bathurst, M. P., to his great regret, was detained by his Parliamentary duties and unable to be present), Mr. Kennedy Jones, M. P., and Mrs. Kennedy Jones, Miss Gordon (Domestic Economy Organiser, London County Council) Sir Henry and Lady Rew, and the Mayor and Mayoress of Lambeth. Outside, a very large crowd had gathered, which gave the Queen a rousing welcome, while scores of children had brought flags to wave with enthusiasm.

The Queen on her arrival went first to the kitchens, which are admirably appointed for cooking on a large scale. Gas is used entirely, and it is estimated that fully 3,000 full meals, or some 10,000 portions can be served daily.

Nor did Her Majesty omit to go down to the basement, where the stores, with their reserves of block suet, dried fruits, and spices, were also inspected, and even such homely matters as the appliances for cleaning were not passed by. The staff, who are all women, habited in white caps and jackets, with holland skirts, had brought forward the afternoon's dishes. Hot roast beef, kept upon heaters and well covered after the manner of the City Restaurant, would be available at 4d. a portion. The vegetables at 1d. a portion were stewed onions and baked sweedes. For 1½d. a substantial helping of either milky rice, pudding or rhubarb shape could be bought.

SERVING OUT MEALS.

Very attentively Her Majesty watched the procedure at first, but, after some half a dozen early-comers had received what they asked for, the Queen herself began to take a part in serving them. An elderly granny taking away two portions of rice pudding was fairly aghast, when she realised that her basin had been handed back to her by the Queen.

The children were of all ages, and some of the younger ones hardly knew what they wanted. To them the Queen soon gave confidence as she leaned over and said, "Now, what would you like?" telling the little customer the puddings were close by, or that the meat and vegetables were at the further end. A small boy furtively asked one of the guests if he might give his ticket to Princess Mary, as he would like to do so, and was proud and delighted when Her Royal Highness not only took the ticket, but his plate also, and held it while his helping of rhubarb shape was placed upon it. Often and often did Her Majesty make a kindly enquiry of the mothers with their

babies in their arms, and said, as they took the rice pudding, that it would be nice for the children. Presently came by a pale young war widow, the hodge she proudly wore nearly concealed by her veil. Immediately the Queen spoke to her, asking as to her husband's record, and very tender and gracious were the words of sympathy as the poor woman told, that not only had she lost her husband, who was in the machine-gun section, three weeks ago, but that her only little baby had also died. So busy indeed, were all the staff at the counter that towards the end Her Majesty herself took up a large spoon and dealt out the portions of rhubarb shape, receiving the tickets and putting them upon the steel file in business-like precision. Princess Mary meantime had tasted this sweet, and pronounced it to be very good!

The Queen fully realised the pleasure she was giving, and remained till many hundreds had received their meal. When at length she prepared to go, she expressed both to Lord Devonport and Mrs. Peel her complete satisfaction at all she had seen, and how thoroughly pleased she was with the general arrangements and working details. Such kitchens, she was convinced from her own experience, would meet a very real want, and she was especially glad that attention had been paid, not only to the quality of the food but to the cooking also. The crowd outside had grown yet larger and broke into another demonstration of loyalty, to which the Queen, bowing and smiling, made repeated acknowledgments.

The National Indian Association.

Lady Carmichael, presiding at the annual meeting of the National Indian Association at 21, Cromwell Road,

South Kensington, on the 13th June, dealt with the war service done by the members of the Calcutta Branch of the Association, of which she was President until she left India. The Association had taken eleven regiments under its wing, and provided comforts for them and articles of use. The parcels were sent by parcels post, and Indian and British ladies had become quite professional and expert packers. The work grew so rapidly that, in addition to the flat rented by the association, the upper part of the house had been taken, through the kindness of friends. Indian ladies also made special Indian sweets, such as the soldiers loved, and have been warmly thanked by the happy recipients. At some of the social gatherings, illustrated lantern lectures on subjects connected with the war had been given, and an exhibition was held of the various things made for the soldiers. It attracted a large number of visitors, and afforded convincing proof of the usefulness of the work done by the Association. Through a sub-committee, the Association was making efforts to help educational schemes, including the study of hygiene and nursing and the improvement of needlework. The Association added Lady Carmichael, did good service in bringing about "that spirit of friendliness which, perhaps more than anything else, is needed in India, where people of different race and traditions must work together."

The Incredible Sarah Bernhardt is to visit Ceylon a few months hence. She is seventy-two, but her youth is perpetual. She has lived every minute of her life, and not content with her very heavy work as an actress, she has been an industrious and really rather clever sculptor. She has had innumerable

off every six months. One month's holiday at the end of two years.

9. The training will include Medical, Surgical, and Maternity nursing.

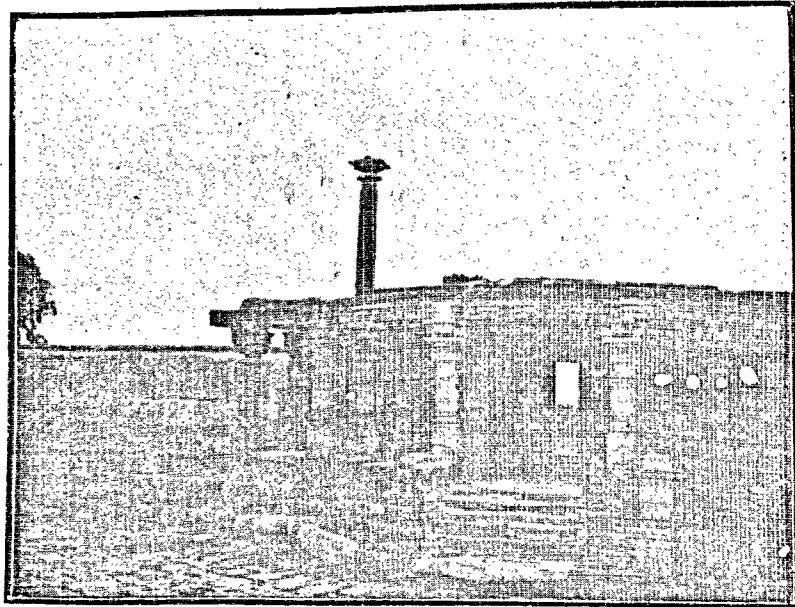
10. The Hospital looks forward to having these educated candidates and later to their taking up positions of responsibility with adequate pay. The hope, is that in a Mission they may then draw 50 per month and free furnished quarters. Candidates will have perfect freedom to either accept such posts, to take up private nursing, or take any other position for which they may be eligible.

Applications to be made to the Nursing Superintendent for the class to open in January 1918.

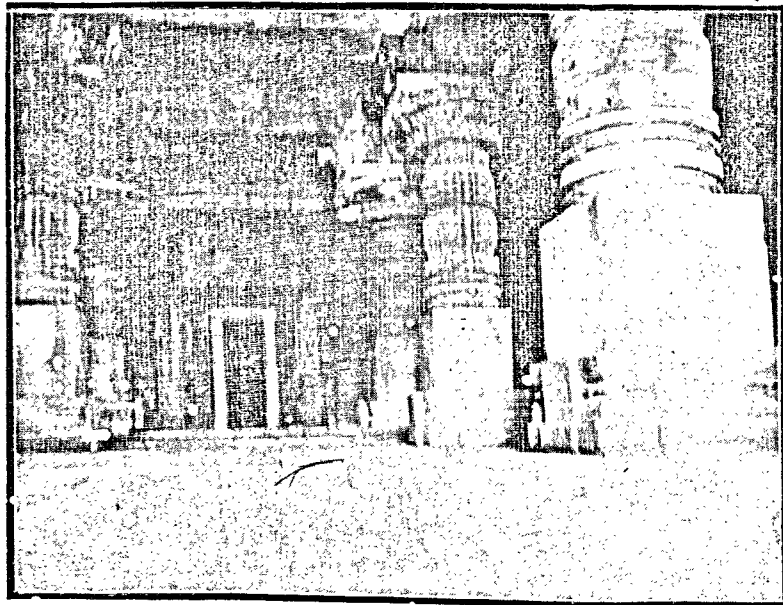
Acknowledgments for July 191

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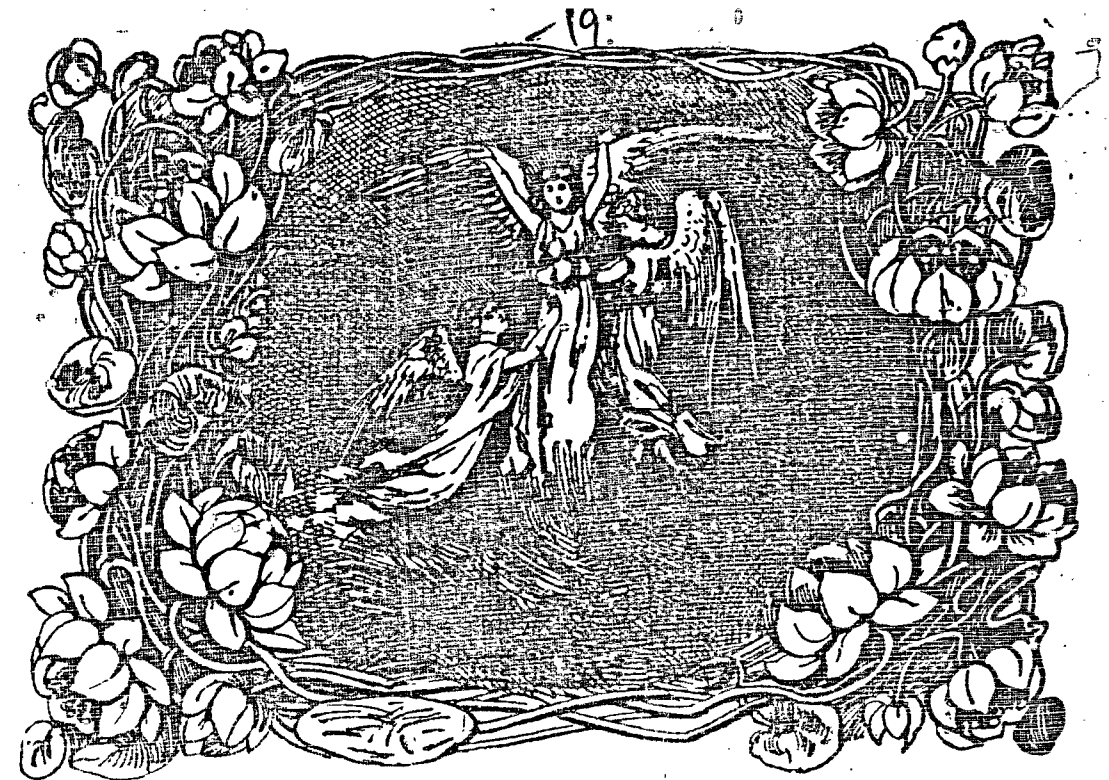


Samnathpur—The Porch



Samnathpur—Interior

See Page 44.



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

VOL. XVII. 1 AUGUST 1917.

No. 2.

Sorrow.

O sorrow, cruel fellowship,
 O Priestess in the vaults of Death,
 O sweet and bitter in a breath,
 What whispers from thy lying lip?
 "The stars," she whispers, "blindly run;
 A web is wov'n across the sky;
 From out waste places comes a cry,
 And murmurs from the dying sun:"
 "And all the phantom Nature, stands—
 With all the music in her tone,
 A hollow echo of my own,—
 A hollow form with empty hands."
 And shall I take a thing so blind,
 Embrace her as my natural good;
 Or crush her, like a vice of blood,
 Upon the threshold of the mind?

TENNYSON (IN MEMORIAM)

the Sophists, who were paid teachers (generally foreigners), and who professed to educate men for public and private life at Athens. At this point, some time after the Sophists had begun to educate men, and when the new intellectual and critical movement was in full swing, came Socrates. Like the Sophists, he dealt with ethical and political questions: to such questions he strictly and exclusively confined himself. 'He conversed', says Xenophon, 'only about matters relating to men.' He inquired, What is piety? What is impiety? What is honourable? What is base? and questions of a similar nature. The difference between Socrates and preceding philosophers, in regard to the subject matter of their respective philosophies, was complete. They were occupied with Nature: he was occupied with man. The difference between him and the Sophists, in regard to method and to the point of view from which they respectively dealt with ethical and political questions, was no less complete. His object was to reform what they were content simply to formulate. He was thoroughly convinced of the inherent vice and hollowness of what passed for knowledge at that time.

To understand Socratic philosophy we must first understand what his conception of reform was, and secondly what his method was.

1. The principle of Socrates' reform may be stated in a single sentence. It was 'to reconstruct human opinion on a basis of "reasoned truth." Conduct, which proceeded from emotion, enthusiasm, impulse and habit and not from reason, he would not allow to be virtuous. His whole teaching rested on the paradox that "virtue is knowledge."'

2. Socrates found himself confronted with a general absence, not only of knowledge, but of the very idea of knowledge. He spent the whole of his latter life in that unflagging search after truth, and in that persistent and merciless examination and sifting of men, which is so ably portrayed by Plato in his dialogues.—Enthgphron, Laches, Charmides, Lysis. The result of this unceasing cross-examination and sifting of men tended to prove beyond a doubt, the gross sham and hollowness of what passed for knowledge at that time. He set himself the task of clearing the ground, of getting rid of men's ignorance of their ignorance, and of revealing to them their actual shortcomings.

The first step in his method was destructive. It was to convict and convince men of their ignorance, by means of his wonderful cross-examination:

It may seem strange to us that Socrates was the first man to frame a definition of general terms, but as Aristotle says. "Two things may be fairly ascribed to Socrates, namely, Induction and the Definition of general Terms."

Socrates by his constant examination of men had created him many enemies among those "Who were wise in their own conceit." They took deep offence at his efforts to produce in them a "consciousness of their own ignorance." They regarded the finer definitions of terms as contemptible and hair-splitting. They were all agreed that he was corrupting the youth of the age. They wanted to get rid of him, as he was constantly trying to prove them to be mere fools, who possessed the "Conceit of wisdom" without the reality.

They brought two charges against him—firstly, that he did not believe in the Gods; secondly, that he was corrupting the young men of the age. He was put on his trial, and we have a splendid account of his defence in Plato's "Apology." He is supposed to have said—"No harm can come to a good man in life or in death. Death is either an eternal and dreamless sleep, wherein there is no sensation at all; or it is a journey to another and better world, where are the famous men of old. Whichever alternative be true, death is not an evil, but a good. His own death is willed by the Gods and he is content."

He was condemned to death by 281 to 220 votes. He heard the sentence with a calm mind and is represented as drinking the cup of hemlock with a cool and collected exterior and to have passed away in the midst of a large circle of friends and admirers, who were crying not for him, but for themselves in the loss of such a master and such a noble friend. R. CH.

Education in Japan.

If we think over the Indian society of the past, and the Indian society of to-day, the need for greater knowledge and higher education for women becomes quite apparent. It cannot be said that they cannot stand abreast of men in the examinations of the University. Many women have given the lie to that assumption. What the matter is, that they have no proper tutors. Such tutors have to be trained: and with such, provided no other obstructions stand in the way, the flourishing female mind will not be long in blooming spontaneously.

Without adequate examples, facts are not easily grasped. Whether it be

religious instruction, or whether it be scientific exposition, unless a well-known example is held forth, the fact does not easily take hold of the mind. This is especially true of women. If we do not hold forth examples before them, from the neglect usual to their nature, women will overlook facts. Women are very clever in trying to do what other people have done. Their emulative faculty is singularly fine. Their hands are ready to do what they have seen done. Men lack that power. But women can assume any aspect they like, and give rise to no ridicule. For this reason, examples of womanly greatness must be always set before them. We have often heard of the great women who lived in the past. But the names of Sita, Savitri, and others, familiar to our ears from childhood, might evoke indifference as we grow up. Then other examples have to be presented.

Formerly, only the Buddhists were in power in this country. Asoka and the other members of that race were great Emperors. Even now we can see the plates and pillars which they gave or planted. The growth of Sankara slowly removed the influence of that sect in this country. But Buddhistic members had in the beginning gone out in various directions. Some went to China: some to Burma: and some to Ceylon. Many went to the Island of Japan, and settled there. In course of time their language and names became different. But then old Indian civilization was not forgotten. Women acquired learning as before, and became learned. The Japanese are people whom we know. They too have distinctions of caste such as Brahmin, Kshatriya, Vaisya, and Sudra. But their caste restrictions are said to be not so hard as ours. They are said to

"A short Sketch of the Life and Work of Socrates."

SOCRATES was born very shortly before the year 469 B.C. His father, Sophroniscus, was a sculptor; his mother, Phaenarete, a midwife. Nothing definite is known of his moral and intellectual development. Of the earlier part of Socrates' life we are completely ignorant. A large number of stories are told about him by late writers, but to scarcely any of them can credit be given. Plato and Xenophon are almost the only trustworthy authorities about him who remain; and they describe him almost altogether as an old man. All that we can say is that his youth and manhood were passed in the most splendid period of Athenian history. Athens was full of the keenest intellectual and political activity. Among her citizens, between the years 460 B.C. and 420 B.C. were men who, in poetry, in history, in sculpture, in architecture, are our masters still. Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Pheidias (the great artist of the Elgin marbles), Pericles (the supreme statesman and orator), Thucydides (the historian), Ictinus (the architect), lived during that period and Socrates was contemporary with them all. He must have known and conversed with some of them: for Athens was not very large, and the Athenians spent almost the whole of their day in public. To live in such a city was in itself no mean training. Athens gave her citizens another kind of training also, through her political institutions.

From having been the head of the confederacy of Delos, she had grown to be an Imperial city. She was the mistress of a great Empire, ruled and administered by law. The Sovereign Power in the State was the assembly, of which every

citizen was a member, and at which attendance was made compulsory by law. There was no representative government, no intervening responsibility of ministers. The Sovereign people in their assembly directly administered the Athenian Empire. Each citizen was thus brought into immediate contact with matters of Imperial importance. His political powers and responsibilities were very great. He was accustomed to hear questions of domestic administration, of legislation, of peace and war, of alliances, of foreign and colonial policy, keenly and ably argued on either side. He himself had to examine, weigh, and decide between rival arguments. The Athenian judicial system gave the same kind of training in another direction by its juries, on which every citizen was liable to be selected by lot to serve. It may well be, that in the debates of the assembly and the discussions of the courts of law, Socrates first became aware of the necessity of sifting and examining plausible arguments. Such, shortly, were the influences under which Socrates passed the first forty years of his life. It is evident that they were most powerful and efficient as instruments of Education, in the wider sense of that word.

As a boy, he received the usual Athenian liberal education in music and gymnastics, an education, both mental and physical. He was fond of quoting from the existing Greek literature, and he seems to have been familiar with it, especially with Homer. He was in the habit of studying "the treasures which the wise men of old have left us in their books"—collections of the short and pithy sayings of the seven sages, such as "know thyself"—a saying, which lay at the root of his whole teaching. He had some knowledge

of mathematics, and of science, as it existed in those days. He understood something of astronomy and advanced geometry: he was acquainted with certain, at any rate, of the theories of his predecessors in philosophy, the Physical or Cosmic philosophers, such as Heraclitus and Parmenides, and specially with those of Anaxagoras. Socrates admitted Natural Science only in so far as it is practically useful, in the way in which astronomy is useful to a sailor, or geometry to a land-surveyor. "Natural philosophers," he says, "are like mad men; their conclusions are hopelessly contradictory, and their Science unproductive, impossible and impious; for the Gods are not pleased with those who seek to discover what they do not wish to reveal." All then that we can say of the first forty years of Socrates' life, consists of general statements.

Between 432 B.C. and 429 B.C., he served as a common soldier at the siege of Potidaea, an Athenian dependency which had revolted. He fought again at the battles of Delium and Amphipolis. Here he distinguished himself on more than one occasion. There are two events in the life of Socrates to which no date can be assigned. The first of them is his marriage with Xanthippe. The name Xanthippe has come to mean a shrew. Her son Lamprocles found her, with her tongue and her violent temper intolerable, and his father told him that she meant all her harsh treatment for his good, and read a lecture on filial duty. No memorials of his married life have been preserved, but there is a consensus of testimony by late authors that it was not happy. Indeed the strong probability is that he had no home life at all. Again, no date can be assigned to the answer of the Delphic

oracle when Chaerephon went to Delphi and asked if there was any man wiser than Socrates and the priestess answered there was none.

Since the middle of the 5th century B.C., a new intellectual movement, in which the Sophists were the most prominent figures, had set in. Men had begun to examine and call in question the old-fashioned common-places of morality and religion. Independent thought and individual judgment were coming to be substituted for immemorial tradition and authority. The pre-Socratic philosophers had been occupied almost exclusively with Physics and Metaphysics. They had tried to solve the problem of the Universe regarded as an indistinguishable whole. They had inquired into the nature of the Cosmos, and had sought to find some universal first principles such as Air, Fire, or Water, to explain it. But in the middle of the fifth century B.C., they had failed to satisfy men, and were falling into discredit. In a city like Athens, which had suddenly shot up into an imperial democracy, and which was full of such keen and varied intellectual activity, it was simply inevitable that ethical and political inquiries should take the place of those vague metaphysical speculations. The questions which interested the Athenians of the time were questions relating to the individual and society, not to the Cosmos. Man had begun to dispute in an unscientific way about justice and injustice, right and wrong, the good and the expedient. The pre-Socratic philosophers could give no answer to such questions. They had been conversant, not with conduct, but with Physics and Metaphysics. The demand for Ethical and Political discussion was met to some extent by their successors

have become gradually softened by their contact with the west.

It is almost forgotten now that some years ago there was a remarkable war between the Japanese and that colossal power, Russia, whose name was a terror among all the peoples on earth. Ever since that war the Japanese have been receiving the admiration of the world:—Many Emperors, and potentates and kings on the globe have been soliciting their friendship, and exchanging goodwill with them. And, what was the cause of their greatness? After the conclusion of the war, a distinguished and respected Japanese noblewoman, marchioness Oyama, wrote a big book on the war between the Russians and the Japanese. She says there; "For the greatness which the Japanese have achieved to-day, women are the original cause. Women have become educated, and extended their knowledge, and removed all the evils of society, and helped in all ways towards the elevation of the country. Women do not now-a-days spend much on costumes and ornaments. Women, whose persons ever wore ornaments, and who never stepped out without pages and attendants—even Princesses and Peeresses,—go out to-day, bag in hand unostentatiously and even without the food, and wander through-night singly in mountainous and desert tracts, nourishing and comforting the wounded soldiers of the country." This has been said from direct experience. Thousands of soldiers wounded in the country's battles were nursed by numerous high-class dames and regained strength. If natural instincts had not been developed by the education of books and schools, would proud and comfortable women have given up all, and gone out with quiet disdain of life, and

generously engaged on the field of battle in work which brought them no reward?

Japanese women are very talented in sculpture and painting, and in other arts. These are some of the chief things to be learnt in the higher divisions of Japanese schools. During the Russian warfare, the Japanese soldiers were attacked by cholera. Then all the students of the upper classes in schools, knitted ten thousand waistbands with their own hands and sent them to the suffering soldiers, while the next year again they prepared ten thousand pairs of socks. Japanese women are extremely economical. They waste nothing. During the war, after the dinner of the day was cooked and taken, the remnants used to be dried and made into some sort of food for the soldiers, and sent to them. The women of rich families sold their jewels and gave the money to the families of deceased soldiers. They nursed those who were brought back wounded, and after they were restored induced them to go back to their places. If the women had been uneducated, would all these things have happened, and conduced to the greatness of Japan?

The system of the Education of women in Japan seems remarkably excellent. We borrow a few statements from the late Mr. Stead's book, "Japan by the Japanese", concerning women's Education. The education of women, in Japan, he says, has been existing from the very beginning. It never had a break as it has had among us. Many had been sovereigns, had been warriors and taken part in battles, had cherished letters and left literary remains. In the ninth century of the era of Christ, all the literature of Japan could be said to have been in the

hands of women. There were many female writers then. Their names might be hard to pronounce, but it is good to know the names of whoever is illustrious. We shall pronounce them, giving what value we can to their transliteration in English. Murasaki Shikibu wrote a wellknown work called "Genjimon's Gatory"; Seyishino Gona wrote a work called Makarano Soshi. In the reign of Tokugawa, Kameyi Shokin, Hara Seyihin, Emaseyiko, and Cho Koran, were famous in Chinese literature. Contemporaneous with them, Rengetsu, Chaiyo, and Botoni were distinguished as Men of letters. Many Japanese women scholars are holding now high places in the Educational line of China and Siam. In Japan, numerous Scholastic institutions are entirely manned by women. There are no men in them. The Railway and postal departments have many female employees and they hold very high places too. Generally in big shops and sale-rooms women manage everything themselves. Women do not waste even a minute. Like mechanical apparatuses, they do set-things at set-times.

In the year 1871, there were larger arrangements for the education of women. In that year, the Government deputed many young women for education to America. One of them is now the wife of Admiral Urice. Another is the lady of Martial Marquis Oyama, the Marchioness of Oyama, to whose book we have referred. Another, Miss Iyasuyi, is the tutor of the Queen of Siam.

In Japan, there were various grades of schools for the education of women. But in the April of 1900 a separate university was established for them; within three years, a hundred and

twenty young women graduated from it, and were given their diplomas.

According to Government accounts, there were 70 Girls' High Schools in 1902: and there were 17,540 students studying there. The expenses of the Government for those schools were Rs. 197,23,95.

In Tokyo alone, there are 73 schools purely for women. There are among them schools for the medical, technical, agricultural, commercial, artistic, and musical sciences. In about twenty of them, women alone are teachers. There are also many Leagues and Associations of women;—the Japanese Ladies' Educational Society, the Special Society for nursing the sick, the Red Cross Society, the Ladies' Sanitary Society, the Ladies' Orphan Society, the Society for nursing Infants, and several others organized and managed by women themselves.

There is also another institution in Tokyo. It was established specially for the women of the royal household, and for the daughters of Baronial and other aristocratic families. It is under the immediate direction of the Empress herself. All varieties of instruction can be had there. All arts and handicrafts can be practised. The art of war and that of nursing the wounded are also taught there.

There is, besides, a College in Tokyo for training women as teachers. It is called The Higher Normal School for Women. There are three sections in it called the Literary, the Scientific, and the Art. In the first, Ethics, Pedagogy, the Japanese Language, the Chinese Literature, the English Language, History, Geography, Music, and Exercise, have to be studied.

In the second, besides advanced works in the subjects of the first, the

Mathematical, natural, and Chemical Sciences have to be studied.

In the third, besides more advanced works in the first and second, Domestic Management, Dressmaking, Cutting, Technical Arts, Painting, Drawing, and Draughtsmanship have to be gone through. In domestic management again, there are two sections: first, Household management, and second, Education of the younger members of the family.

After going through the courses mentioned above, there is provision for a post-graduate course. The course in Kindergarten would require a year. Other courses require a year, or two, as may be.

Having heard so much about women's Education in Japan, readers might feel curious about the general state of the Department of Education there. In every village in the Empire, there is a government school. Sending to school all children of a reading age, is enforced by the Imperial government. The schools are what are known as Elementary. They have two sections. In the first, boys and girls of the age of 6 study. They should read four years there. In the second, pupils over 9 years old study. Boys as well as girls attend it: but they are both separately accommodated. In 1901 and 1902, the number of pupils in these schools was, boys 387,69,45, girls 359,03,91, and total 746,68,86. Of these, those who passed from section I, were, boys 146,29,77, girls 9,11,422, together 237,43,99.

The number of pupils in section II was, boys 7,69,506, girls 2,34,392, and on the whole 9,43,898.

Of children of school-going age, 94 per cent. boys and 86 per cent. girls were attending schools.

In that year, there were altogether in Japan 254 Kindergarten schools.

Children from 3 to 5 had to read there. They were taught games, singing, talking, and easy handicrafts. There were 12,562 boys, and 11,109 girls, and on the whole 23,671.

Just as in Indian Universities, graduates are given the titles, B.A., B.L., B.C. E., and so on. Japan also awards titles to the graduates of its Universities. Graduates in Law are called there Ho Gakushis. That is equal to the B. L. of these parts. Graduates in medicine would be called Ee Gakushis; those in Engineering Ko Gakushis. Literary Graduates would get the title of Bun Gakushis. Our B. A.'s might be termed equal to the Japanese Bun Gakushis. But the Bun Gakushis have to pass in four or five languages: the literatures in Japanese, Chinese, English, German, and French, Philosophy, Japanese history, Universal history and Philology.

The Engineering degree consists of 8 or 9 subjects, the civil, naval, mechanical, martial, electrical, Explosive, chemical, and mineral: and candidates who succeed in them are called Ko Gakushis. The Japanese have made extraordinary advance in Engineering. Their engines and their ships of war are manufactured by themselves.

Graduates in Science are called Ri Gakushis. That comprises Astronomy, Physical Science, Chemistry, Botany, Zoology, and Geology.

The Agricultural College comprises three sections. Agriculture Proper, and Agricultural Chemistry, would procure a successful student in them the degree of No Gakushi; Forestry would procure Ri Gakushi; and the Veterinary Science would procure Jayi Gakushi.

Agriculture is the main stay of India. Japan with all its host of islands would not equal in extent our Presidency of

Madras. There are three hundred million subjects in India. Japan has but forty-five millions. Some years ago, Swamy Sadananda of the Ramakrishna Mission, returning from a visit to Japan, gave a lecture on the agricultural education prevailing there. If we think over the facts presented by him, we shall see to what depths we have fallen. The Japanese grow in one acre of their stony lands three times what we grow in the same extent of our fertile lands. But we have not only been quietly ignoring Art and Commerce, but are living an inglorious hand-to-mouth life by our incompetence to manage even our Agriculture. The ministry in Japan are doing a great deal for the encouragement of that Art. Three hundred men who are versed in it go about the country, lecturing on the various branches of Agriculture. They show the method of testing the soil. In every district, there is a model agricultural farm. The Government spends vast sums for the development of agriculture. In our country, leaving alone the Government, even if the opulent Zamindars, landowners and others pursued scientific methods, and cared for the art of husbandry, we could easily outdo the handicrafts and commercial skill of other countries. From the Agricultural College in Japan, a Magazine also is issued. In it are contained many facts and methods of agriculture which engage wide and popular attention.

Those who have, as stated above, got through the College courses and obtained the degrees of Gakushi, may continue for a course of another five years in the University Hall, and get the further degree of Hakushi. The varieties in this higher degree are, Ho Gaku Hakushi, Ee Gaku Hakushi, Ri Gaku Hakushi, No Gaku Hakushi, Rim Gaku Hakushi, Yaku Gaku

Hakushi, Ko Gaku Hakushi, Bun Gaku Hakushi, Jayi Gaku Hakushi. Hakushi may be said to equal the M.A., M.L. and M.D. degrees of this country. But the subjects prescribed there for these courses seem to be more advanced than those here. Many women of Japan apply and read for these examinations.

That education and the consequent growth of knowledge will bring in a wise discrimination of things, and a proper appreciation of one's duty, even the worst enemies of Female education will not doubt. The very decrease in the number of those, who persist in that doubt, is a sure indication of the necessity for that education. Girls even of orthodox families are now attending schools. Those who would try to help in the reformation of Society will scarcely succeed, if they have not the association of women fellow-workers. Who helped Sankara Charya in his great task? An educated woman. Who helped the propagation of the Buddhistic faith? A few educated women. Who caused the greatness of Japan? Many learned, high-souled mothers. It seems wrong for men to think that women are incapable of protecting themselves, and hide them away in darkness and ignorance. It cannot be said that mere physical strength is the sole protection of a person. Was it by that strength that frail Seeta protected herself from the terrific, vindictive, demoniacal strength of Ravana? It is said in Sanskrit, "Arakshita Grihe ruddha Purushairapta Karibhihi, Atmanamatmanayaastu Raksheyu stassurakshitah."

"Women may be guarded by faithful obedient servants, and kept within the four walls of a house, and still may be unprotected. Those alone are well protected, who are able by themselves to protect themselves."

The strength of women is the strength of their history. The first-fruits of the knowledge derived from education is the knowledge of themselves.

G. R. JOSYER.

The Leaven of Love.

The skies burnt like a boundless, yellow flame. The heart of Earth was nearly scorched in the fierce rays of the burning sun. The leaves on the trees were speechless, and the birds slept in their nests, weary with heat. Now and again a slight breath blew from the parched lips of the South, and stirred the leaves, that faintly rustled awhile, and unconsciously wove a languid dance of light and shadows on the dreamy, noon-lit wall. The streets were all drowsy, and their dust slumbered beneath the heavy cover of fiery gold.

I had left home early that morning, while yet infant day smiled innocently in the gorgeous cradle of the lit-up East, and was returning in this lazy heat of mid-day. I had walked two miles at a stretch, and, at the end of it, felt an overpowering sense of fatigue enveloping me. I stood in the comparatively cool shadows of a large tree, and imagined I was a traveller, that had been wearily journeying homeward for many a long, dreary day, across thousands of miles of a burning, desolate desert. I stood alone, listening to the noiseless noise among the leaves.

Suddenly, an Anglo-Indian beggar woman appeared in the distance. She was lean and pale, and her wrinkled checks resembled apples when they are taken out of fire. She held a small, white bowl in her bloodless emaciated hands,—a small, white bowl, as small as the expectations of an old beggar woman! Her head seemed to be almost extinguished beneath her large, round sun-hat, which was soiled through age, a loose, tattered blouse hung on her back bent with years, and a skirt of many-coloured patches clung about her knees. Her pair of old, dust-laden, worn-out shoes, looked as though the cobbler, whose hand had made it, had been Adam's contemporary. While she walked towards me, clouds of dust rose behind her.

"Sir!", she came up to me and said in a half-tremulous, half-fawning voice, "Don't be angry, Sir, but I'm an hungry beggar. Give me, if it please you, a half-anna, to buy me bread." I watched her eyes. They filled mine with tears, and touched my heart into pity! I was not quite certain, at that moment, whether I had any money at hand or not. My right hand, however, automatically thrust itself into my coat-pocket,

and to my great delight, triumphantly drew out two, one-anna pieces. A beam of joy painted her fading, blue eyes, like a sudden streak of light in the blue sky. I could notice a feeling of relief spreading itself tranquilly on her face. She instantly stretched out her white, thin hands and caught the anna-bits in her bowl. "Thank you, Sir! God bless you. The world is kind, Sir!" She touched her hat, and went her way.

Wonderful! She had walked a short distance, when suddenly a little, dark-skinned lad of six, met her face to face. He was a fisher-boy, with whom begging was a favourite and profitable pastime. His little body was bare, and he seemed to be proud of his own nudity. Why did he stand before the beggar-woman? For a little while, I could not solve the mystery of the situation. Then an idea suggested itself to me, and made everything clear as daylight. The sight of a fair-skinned woman, in blouse and skirt, had created in his little mind, a wrong impression about her. He thought her to be a woman of money, otherwise, how could she afford to buy a hat and a pair of shoes? He begged. She smiled, kissed the young fellow, and pressed something into his palm, and whispered, "Here, little man, take this and feed your mother and brothers to-day, with this honest earning of yours. God bless you!" The fisher-boy laughed in rapture and cried out, "How kind you are!". The beggar-woman vanished.

The small beggar-man murmured to himself in ecstasy—"One pice for mother, one for brother, one for sister, one for my friend, and the whole bit for me!" He ran home, filled with pride and glory.

I stood alone in the shadows of the large tree. I forgot the heat and the glare of the mid-day sun. I thought in my heart, how rich the old beggar-woman was! and sang a song to myself, which only the shadows heard,

"The world is full of kindness,
Only we,
Lost in mortal blindness,
Seldom see!"

HARIN.

Descriptive Letters II.

DEAR MRS. SATHIANADHAN,

Did you ever hear about the ruined temple at Samnathpore? There are so many of these old places about Mysore, and many people seem never to have heard of them. Indeed, that is the way all over India, there is something wonderful everywhere that no one has ever heard of.

Samnathpore is twenty to thirty miles from Mysore City, and twenty to thirty more from Mandya, a station on the railway to Bangalore. We went from Mandya, a pretty town with a large tank, and bicycled away down a rough country road, across two streams, and then up a long hill, across a stretch of open country, where little boys were watching their flocks of goats, and down again among the fields, for twenty seven miles. At last we came to Bumnur, a village with a Traveller's Bungalow. Here we meant to sleep, and we settled ourselves comfortably and had a meal and rested. But it occurred to us that there was still a little time before dark, and the temple was only four miles away, and we might just ride over and see it in the sunset, and go again properly next day; a shower delayed us and then away we went, reckoning without various hosts. For, in the first place the shower had been heavy, and so were the roads, damp at first, muddy soon after, and a sea of mud at the journey's end. Also the water was running down from a line of hills above the road, and there were no less than seven streams across it; some mere brooks, some wide and nearly knee-deep; and it is hard to struggle through a deep stream, carrying a bicycle. These difficulties delayed us, and the evening closed in on us just

as we got our first distant sight of the temple dome. However, difficulties were made to be overcome and at last we stood before the locked door of the temple-court, waiting for a man with a torch to take us round. The court was surrounded with a high and forbidding wall, and outside was a high pillar on a platform. They say it is for Vishnu's eagle, Garutman, to perch on. If he is like his image, with a human body and face, and only a beak and wings to show his eaglehood, his arrival on the pillar would be a very fine sight. Our guide came in a few minutes, and we paddled through the mud after him into as beautiful a temple, I should suppose, as India has to show. The locked gate opened, and we stood in a great porch, supported by short heavy pillars, ribbed and fluted; in front of us in the middle of the court stood the temple itself on a terrace, with steps leading up to it. Its three domes rise in a peak, its low door faces us, it is covered with carving all over. A procession of little elephants runs round the base, above them horses, soldiers, figures from legends, gods; and these we saw by snatches as the torch light played on them. As at Hampi, everything was in the act to move, and in the flickering light seemed to be almost moving. Then we went inside and walked from darkness to blackness, and in the shrines under the domes, to utter blackness; which the torchlight only seemed to make visible. There was, we confessed to one another a sense of relief in coming out again to the starlight. But, well, it was rather an effort to face all that mud and the seven streams again.

Next morning, however, dawn found us on the road again, for the view, romantic as it was, was not what we had some for. The streams had shrunk,

the little hills shone in the morning sun, the temple was plain to see; and yet the spirit of the place was not changed,—the same strange restless dance of life, the same monstrous figures, that cannot speak of power except by growing new arms, or of wisdom except with an elephant's head. Why did the artists use these unlovely symbols, when all the world around was offering them others full of beauty and truth; flowers, animals and men with power and wisdom displayed in every line? It was at any rate not want of skill that led the craftsmen of Samnathpore to carve as they did.

The chief image has disappeared from the central shrine; in the two side ones, Narayana and Krishna still stand in their dark recesses, the walls grimed with smoke and the bats flitting round them. The hall of the temple is not dark, but lighted by windows of tracery, the stone slabs are pierced with holes, and a soft light comes in, and shows the richly carved vaults of the roof and the pillars, which seem as if they had been turned on a lathe, or else are cut vertically into ribs like some kinds of sea-shell.

One looks, and tries to fancy the crowds who used to come here nine centuries ago, wondering what they looked for, and what they found, and one is reluctant to come away, leaving it in the sunshine, with only the lizards and the squirrels to frisk among the silent gods.

D. J. STEPHEN.



My Voyage to Kerala.

(First Impressions.)

I started from Madura. The travel to Manyachi is a dull wearisome, journey and from Manyachi to Shencottah is not more cheering. From Shencottah, the traveller in the train takes a real live interest in things around him. The borders of British India and those of the Kerala Rajya meet there. The vast expanse of green fields quite startle the British Indian, the huge trees in a regular row excite his wonder, small 'silvery streams' gurgling through and finding their way beneath small piles, and little showers of rain which make the grass look like diamonds, are enough to induce the prosaic traveller to wish to write verses on the beauties of Kerala. People exclaim—'is this not part of the ancient forest of Dandaka',—'is it not the resting place or *Sayanam* of the God Padmanabha'? The late lamented poetess Toru Dott wrote under the title *Baugmaree*.

"A sea of foliage our garden round,
But not a sea of full unvaried green,
Sharp contrasts of all colors here are seen;
The light green graceful tamarinds abound,
Amid the mango clumps of green profound;
And palms arise like pillars gray between
And over the quiet pools the seemly lean
Red—red and startling like a trumpet's sound
.....One might swoon
Drunken with beauty then, or gaze and gaze
On a primeval Eden in amaze."

If she is to rise from her grave and pay a visit to the land of Kerala, she would feel sorry for the incompleteness of her performance and her intense regret would be that she had not made Kerala the 'local' of her poem.

The ghat-section belongs essentially to the realm of adventure. To travel for minutes together in a regular moun-

tain cave, brimful of darkness—with the glimmering light as our only consolation, is really a trial for one who experiences it for the first time.

The train takes us to Quilon. We stay at the state Choultry. The Quilon harbour is indeed a grand sight, and unique in certain respects. The back-water, the small boats with their men, their boatsongs at once harmonious and militant, bring before us memories of the glories of the ancient shipping,—a subject very well treated in his book by the renowned Bengali Historian Radakumud Mukerjee.

The morning motor finds us at Trivandrum. As we approach the capital, we hear the distant sounds of the flute-band—a thoroughly national sound. We pass H. H. The Maharajah's College and the Girls' College. The cemented Law College is a modern work and the High Court and Public Office Buildings speak volumes for the great achievements and good work of the eminent Indian Statesman, Rajah Sir T. Madava Rao, K.C.I.E., late Dewan of Travancore. The statue erected in his memory which faces the High Court is one of the few best monuments in Southern India. The late Dewan Bahadur Nagam Iyah pays a glowing tribute to this in his book.

The road leads directly to the Fort, which is in good condition. The *Kotai vasals* or the entrances into the fort with the letters "R. V." inscribed on the arches, state guards in their military uniform standing with drawn swords, speak very highly of the grandeur of the East.

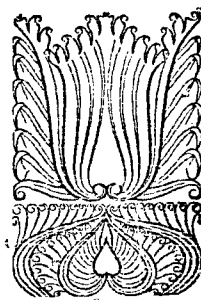
The Padmanabha Swami Temple is a piece of clever workmanship. To see His Highness the Maharajah in the temple every morning—when he comes to worship the God Padmanabha,

is indeed a rare privilege which the people enjoy every day.

The Public Library, the Museum, the Observatory and the Training School are places to be seen by every visitor.

The Malayalees by nature are clean, simple, unassuming and pious. Their appreciation of the beauties of nature and their courage to brave any danger are the inevitable effects of the geographical position and internal condition of Kerala. Their construction of houses is highly sanitary. They are the only people who can boast of uniformity in dress; 'white' is their uniform. Love for their literature—though it is of recent growth and patriotism in general are very intense. These are a few of my reflections on my journey to Trivandrum. That I have taken only a portion of the west-coast for my review cannot be denied. But I can be quite sure that a more thorough survey will only enforce what I have attempted to state here.

E. S. S.



26-

Love in the Desert.

My breast burns wildly like a desert lonely
Beneath the cruel sun-rays of desire,
That scorch its herbless sands to glowing fire—
And thou, O strange Beloved, art the only
Traveller who treads this desert of my breast,
Leaving soft footprints on its sands to rest.
Thine is the only tent of Love, that stands
In tranquil splendour, on its lonely sands,
Where thou O stranger, like a king dost dwell
And drinkest crystal water from its well—
And riding on the camel of desire
Wakest my silence with the tinkle of its bell...
When the red, passionate sun of longing sets to rest,
Thy face, thou turnest towards Love's dreamy west,
And prayest on the desert of my breast.

H. CHATTOPADHYAY.

In Gastronomic Realms.

In many Ages and many Climes.

"Some men are born to feast, and not to fight,
Whose sluggish minds, e'en in fair honour's field,
Still on their dinner turn." (Baillie)."

We are told that certain savants hold the theory that sin and bile constitute the only two bad things in the world and that the first is dependent to a large extent on the second. Foodstuffs indeed, have always proved the very pivot of social life. We all appreciate the French proverb: "C'est la soupe qui fait le soldat"; which means, in other words, that a man very much depends upon that with which you feed him. Far back in the misty past, we read of the luxurious feasts of Rome. They had five meals a day, and their principle dishes consisted of snails, puls (a kind of porridge made of barley and vegetables), the brains of peacocks and pheasants, the tongues of nightingales and other rare birds. They also drank liquors in which gold and pearls had been dissolved. Breakfast consisted of cold joints of beef and bread, washed down with tankards of foaming ale or highly-spiced hot wine. It would be an almost endless task to recount the various forms of fish, flesh and fowl, which were gathered from the farthest corners of the world to sate the gluttony of the wealthy Romans at their chief repast. It is interesting, however, to observe that the fainting appetite was aroused, and a more exquisite and ethereal enjoyment produced, by a delicate application of odours and richly-distilled perfumes. Bassius tells that the number of flowers at the dessert far exceeded the number of fruits. Nero, when he supped in his Golden House, is said to have had recourse to a

mingled shower of flowers and odorous essences. Certain herbs and flowers undoubtedly proved of sovereign power to prevent the approaches of ebriety, or, as Bassius less clearly expresses it, "clarify the functions of the brain."

The Egyptians, being great bread consumers, were no doubt the first to use ovens. Among ancient Israel, the day began with a very light refreshment, possibly a few figs and a little bread. This refreshment was enjoyed by the men of ease in the chamber, while the workman ate the food on his way to labour. The Jews have always had an antipathy to pork. This meat, however, was highly esteemed by the ancient Greeks and Romans. At the great feast held annually in honour of Demeter, roast pig was always the piece de resistance. Those who took part in another Grecian festival abstained, nevertheless, from beans. The Egyptians, Greeks and Jews were alike in abhorring mouse meat. Rats and field mice in old Egypt were held in reverence, while the mouse was sacred in Greece to Apollo.

"What a China man does not eat is not worth eating". Such is the dictum of a contemporary philosopher and his opinion is undeniably true. For the Chinese eat indiscriminately of almost every living creature which comes in their way. Dogs, cats, owls, hawks, storks and eagles are regular marketable commodities, in default of which a dish of rats, field-mice, or snakes is not objected to. Although rice is the staff of Chinese life, their list of cereals and vegetables is of an extensive character. Even the petals of chrysanthemums and bamboo sprouts are utilised in this direction and fruit is eaten long before it is ripe. "Chop Suey" is a delicious Chinese dish. It is much

appreciated by Europeans and is in reality a stew prepared from the giblets of chickens and ducks, with the addition of certain vegetables, such as celery, bean shoots, while mushrooms are sometimes added. "Yok-o-men" is another delicious and savoury stew. "Yu" is fish, which is prepared in a number of tempting ways. "Tah Ping" is a sort of egg omelette, and is very inviting. "Fahu", or boiled rice, is invariably cooked to perfection. The value of eggs in China increases with age. The epicure of the Celestials discriminates between eggs of successive decades, treating his most honoured guests to the oldest and most costly, just as the owner of a good cellar in other lands brings forth his choicest wines!

One peculiar feature of the Eskimo's daily life is that they have no fixed meal times. It is their practice to eat when they are hungry. Their cookery is simple and easy to learn. Meat and fish are eaten sometimes raw or frozen, sometimes boiled: sometimes dried. At times they are even allowed to undergo a sort of decomposition or fermentation, and a highly esteemed dish of this character consists of rotten seals' heads. The blubber of seals and whales is generally eaten raw. One of the greatest delicacies to the Greenlander is the contents of the reindeer's stomach. The various mosses and grasses have undergone in the process of semi-digestion a sort of natural stewing, which adds to their value as a food; while the gastric juice provides a somewhat sharp and aromatic sauce. The method of serving food in Greenland is interesting. The dish is placed in the middle of the floor and the people sit on the benches around and dip into it with the forks provided by nature. It very rarely occurs to them to place

the dish on a box or any other raised place; it seems almost a necessity for them to stoop.

Very particular are the Turks in the choice of their food. They rarely eat game or poultry, white fish or shell fish. Smoked meat, sausages and dried fish are practically unknown, except at the feast of the Little Bairim, on which occasion the air is filled with an intolerable stench proceeding from the tents where stock fish is sold. For the most part, the vegetables are different from those fashionable elsewhere. For such, they utilise the gourd, mallows, tomatoes and watermelons. Figs and grapes are their favourite fruits. Rice necessarily forms a part of every meal, while various cheeses and several kinds of sweetmeat are added to a repast. At Constantinople, it is customary to take a meal, properly so-called, only once a day. During the day-time, business people, snatch a mouthful, standing in their shops and offices—a piece of bread and a lump of meat, or a little white cheese very salt, or some kind of fruit. At nightfall, however, a copious repast is laid out, consisting of ragouts, almost always flavoured with onions, but sometimes with honey or sugar. All kinds of vegetables are employed in Turkish messes, mixed with small portions of meat. The rules of the composition are a mystery, into which perhaps it would be imprudent to penetrate.

Much attention is devoted in Italy to the preparation of meals. Food is daintily set out and cooked, well flavoured and seasoned, while all the utensils are kept most scrupulously clean. Breakfast usually consists of a cup of black coffee and bread without butter, but it is not unusual to eat nothing at all until 12 or 1 o'clock of

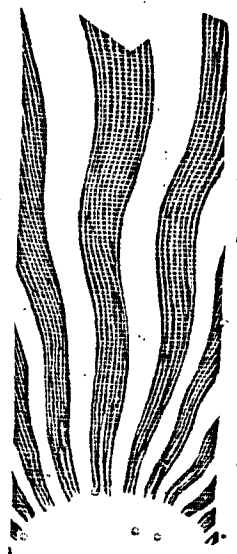
a day. Mid-day dinner begins with either soup or macaroni. The latter is still the principal national dish. Great care is taken in its preparation and use is only made of those kinds of wheat which contain a large proportion of gluten. Salad, cheese and eggs done in a variety of ways form the staple food of the evening meal. One curious thing in Italian life is the dislike for stale bread. It is not unusual for people who live quietly simply to obtain a fresh batch at the door three times a day. Meat and vegetables are generally cooked in oil or bacon fat. The poorer classes, it is interesting to observe, are successful in concocting a savoury dish with ground Indian corn, bread and potatoes, flavoured with a dash of onions or tomatoes.

Many curious dishes are set before the Russian. Mention, however, must be made of the dinners *a la Russe*. They begin with a preliminary lunch, known as *Zakusta*, served at a side table. It is the practice for everyone to go there and help himself from one or more of the little dishes which are in readiness. On one plate may be caviar, on another anchovies, on a third sardines, and so forth. There is also cheese and salad, of which everyone takes a little before applying himself to the more serious business of the dinner. This consists of various kinds of soup, some of them cold and very nasty; fish cakes, and another dish of fish and cabbages; various entrees and a joint, usually of mutton. These are the prelude to game, salad and sweetmeats. Dessert is not provided unless requested, but tea is taken as a matter of course.

A Japanese dinner is a curious function. Foreigners are apt to complain that there is insufficient to eat in spite

of the multiplicity of tiny dishes. Not everyone can use chopsticks, as to the manner born, but these contrivances in Japanese homes have not yet been superseded by forks. The guests sit on mats, and the dishes come in on pretty lacquered trays, which are placed on stands in front of the party. The courses are many and minute. Fish in various forms is generally served; also eggs, fowls and beans, but rice is the staple dish, and is brought in after all the other courses. The host is supposed to come and sit in turn by each of his guests, while the wife and daughters assist the servants in waiting. It is the custom of the men of the family to have their meals first, and afterwards the women.

S. JACKSON COLEMAN.



Current Comments.

The Suffrage Movement.

IN another column, we publish the account given in the *Madras Mail* of the Women's Suffrage movement, which has at last gained its reward in the passing of the bill which gives the franchise to about six million women. The wild militant methods of the "Suffragettes," the riotous acts of law-breaking, and the hysterical "hunger-strike" movements, made the name of the Suffragette a repellent one. But this was before the beginning of the great war. Even at that time, the "Suffragettes" did not represent the whole movement for suffrage; for there were many law-abiding societies of women, who were entirely opposed to militant methods. The true leaders of the Suffrage movement have always recognised only one goal, and that is the freeing and the development of women's powers generally. As the *Common Cause*, a Suffrage paper, writes about Mrs. Fawcett, one of the truest leaders of this movement:

"Perceiving that women must be included among the valid voting citizens of the nation if they were to exercise control over their own destinies, or to see expressed in law any principle in which they believed, she placed the right to vote first among the objects which women, as women, should secure. If women, like the folk in the nursery tale, were given only one wish, that wish should be the vote, since by the use of the vote other wishes might be fulfilled. But Mrs. Fawcett has never been a suffragist only, or a suffragist with a sole idea. She has worked steadily for the freeing and development of women's powers generally. She recognised that fifty or even forty

years ago, women were shut out from some of the richest centres of knowledge and discovery. Mrs. Fawcett's constant endeavour has been to get artificial barriers removed, and to enable women to use their powers and serve their fellows in all the professions and departments of labour without let or hindrance. Many years ago this road of educational, professional and economic progress appeared to be a longer road towards the liberation of women's powers than the road which led direct to Parliament and the legislature. But the longer road was less obstructed, and offered a varied choice of footpaths along which progress could be made. On the Women's Suffrage road, as on the road which led to the emancipation of the slaves, there was—

an obstinate hill to climb;
How toilsome—nay, how dire—it was, by thee
Is known; by none, perhaps, so feelingly."

That this feeling has always existed in the minds of many of the Suffrage-workers, was recognised when the war began, and women flocked in their thousands to the help of the nation. Mrs. Fawcett said in one of her messages:

"To the societies and members of the National Union, I should like to take this opportunity of sending a message of cordial appreciation of the splendid national work they have done ever since the war broke out. From the London Society, with its many thousand members, to the smallest country society, one and all, they have done wonders in the way of efficient organisation and first-class practical work. When the war broke out, I called upon them, on August 7th, 1914, to bind themselves together to render the greatest possible aid to their country during the tremendous struggle which lay before it. Nobly have they responded

to that call. Everywhere, as I have moved among our societies during the last three years, I have marvelled at, and delighted in, the national work they have been doing."

In the words of Sir John Simon, at the meeting of the House of Commons which decided upon this momentous question,

"Nobody to-day can say that the fact of sex has resulted in the women not being able to make a contribution as great, involving as much sacrifice, and producing as much support to the State as even the sacrifices made by men."

And therefore, it was recognised that it was absolutely necessary to give votes to women because, on the one hand, women formed "an essential element in the structure of the state for the immediate purposes of the war," and, on the other hand, when peace was to be expected, many problems would arise, not only material, but moral and social, political and religious, which must be settled only by consultation with the women. And therefore the bill was passed by a majority of 7 to 10.

We have had occasion to mention the name of Mrs. Fawcett sometimes. She is indeed one of the truest leaders of the suffrage movement in its best sense. Not only was she a true helpmate to her distinguished husband, Professor Henry Fawcett; but she has also started many progressive women's movements. She it was who radically helped in the endeavour to secure entrance for women into the universities. She made her first speech for the suffrage cause at the first suffrage meeting held in London, and since then she has devoted her life to the same. She started and became president of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies. She has

been of invaluable help to the cause. Here is a tribute from one of her fellow workers,

"Without paradox it may be said that by not being exclusively and always pre-occupied with the women's movement, Mrs. Fawcett has been able to make a larger contribution of force to that movement than women with a more limited range of ideas could do. The leader of our Union has helped our cause greatly by the breadth and scope of her own mind. Her wide reading, her immense interest in the world, its history, and its general politics, have always enriched her writings and her arguments. She has brought to the Women's Suffrage movement in this country faith, knowledge, humour; and the "statesmanlike" qualities of our leader have been publicly recognised by no mean judge, the present Prime Minister.

Her soundness of judgment, her sympathetic understanding of public national feeling at its best, her love of her country, her loyalty to her fellow-workers, whether their help be much or little—on these and many other characteristics it is hardly possible to dwell at this moment. All one may dare to say is that her guidance and example have been of untold value to those who have known her and who hope that she may see the first object of her labours achieved etc another birth-day comes."

June 11th, 1917, inaugurated the 70th year of Mrs. Fawcett's life. That she may be spared sometime longer is the wish of her friends. For many recognise that the earning of the franchise does not close the women's forward movement.

"Let no society disband or think its work is done. Our work is just beginning. We must think earnestly and

deeply in what direction we ought to develop, and I hope we shall take the opportunity of meeting together in the autumn or early winter to decide our future action."

Women on Active War Service.

The Madras Mail gives a long list of the women who have done and are doing service in the war.

"Though the number of women," it says, "who are actually carrying arms and taking their place in the front fighting line is comparatively small, the very fact that in this war women are sharing the most difficult of tasks assigned to men, is a striking thing. We are ignorant of the details of the various armies fighting against the Central Powers, but from time to time there appear references to the part women are taking on the battlefield."

There is the case of the English Lady, Miss Flora Sandes, who first served as a nurse and then enlisted as a private in the Servian army, soon becoming a Sergeant. She led bands of men into action more than once, was severely wounded, rescued, and returned to her post after her recovery.

We hear of many women in the Russian ranks, who marched like real soldiers. In Petrograd, there was recently a striking spectacle, when a contingent of women bound for active service was blessed by the Bishop. "The first detachment consisted of over 200 women and girls, with hair cropped, carrying rifles, and in full men's uniform. This is only the first of several contingents now being trained, and included among which is the Naval Guard, the women of which are six feet in height. The leader of this contingent is Madame Botchkereva, who has, we are informed, already been made the recipient of two

St. George's Crosses for bravery at the front, where she led several desperate enterprises. Correspondents say that the women soldiers are treated with the greatest respect by the men, and there is not lacking that chivalry the women have enjoyed in civil life."

The United States are ready to accept women under the same laws of recruiting as the men. It is not settled yet whether they can take up arms with the men, but they will be allowed to enlist in actual naval service in case of emergency, the idea being to utilise them for shore duty in connection with coast defence work.

The British Government has recently taken steps to allow women to go on active service. They have first to undergo a period of physical training. Many women are already exposing themselves to the risk of war, over 20,000 seeking employment in France behind the lines and running grave risks in the field. Indeed, they seem to stand the test of climate and work better than the men.

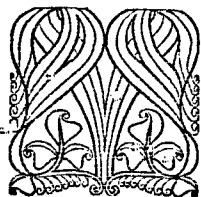
There are other classes of women, who do more passive but just as great work in the war. These are the women in the medical service. The name of Mrs. St. Clair Stobart made ambulance work well-known in the Bulgarian War with Turkey. In this war, the Scottish Women's Hospital have done much valuable work. Many women doctors worked in the Field hospitals in Salonika, and in the front line at Belgium. Not to be forgotten are the nurses on active service and the Voluntary Aid Detachment members. Innumerable cases of bravery and devotion prove the true worth of women in times of peril. Thus, as the *Madras Mail* says:

"There is little likelihood of any large increase in the number of women

who take part in the actual fighting, but it is certain that the number on 'active service' in the danger zone will increase."

Then, there is also the great "hidden army", which we notice in another part of the paper. These are the munition-workers, without which the armies cannot do their work. Their work is said to cover the whole engineering and chemical trades. They are building great engines, guns and gun-carriages, they prepare ammunition; they are erecting electric and power cables; they are performing the heavy manual labour of unloading, loading and wheeling great loads.

All honour to the great band of noble women, who are working so hard for their country. No reward is expected; there is only gratitude that opportunities for national service have been given. When we think of the delicate bodies and natures of the women, who were once so carefully cherished by the men, working so strenuously in work unfit for them, we can only lift up hands of wonder at such miracles, and wish that we, Indian women, could also serve our country as well, though in the less forcible way, which is now only possible to us.



News and Notes.

(Selected)

A DEV SAMAJIST LADY GRADUATE.

Shrimati Kumari Dev Shobha Bali, daughter of our esteemed Sewak Pandi Dina Nath Bali, a leading member of the Dev Samaj in Rawalpindi, is to be heartily congratulated on her success in passing the recent B. A. Examination of the Punjab University. She passed her middle standard and Matric Examinations from the Dev Samaj Girls' High School, Ferozpur, and her F.A. and B.A. from the Gordon Mission College, Rawalpindi.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Tribune, Lahore, while rightly feeling rejoiced at this success of the young lady who is the first and only Hindu lady graduate of the Punjab University, enthusiastically offers congratulations to the Punjab University and the Hindu Community in general. We heartily join in these congratulations to the successful candidate as well as to her father and the Samaj to which they belong.

War Relief Work.

BOMBAY WOMEN'S BRANCH.

The month of July was an exceedingly busy one at the Women's Branch. The extra work was caused by the great influx of men on leave from Mesopotamia. As mentioned in last month's report, each man was supplied on arrival in Bombay with a bag containing various articles of clothing and comforts. These bags were only able to be supplied as the result of the splendid response of all the up-country and local branches to the urgent appeal for an extra quantity of garments, and especially of those larger branches, who actually supplied and packed

some of the bags, Poona having sent over 1,100 bags, and Ahmedabad 500. In addition to these "leave bags," 950 of the usual hospital bags, which are given to patients when they leave hospital, were distributed. The total number of garments given out was 33,721. From the Comforts Department, 309 cases were despatched to Mesopotamia, Muscat, Bushire, and the Waziristan Field Force, to the transports and to the hospital ships for orderlies.

Plans are now mature for the organisation of a Medical School for Women in South India, as the result of co-operation between twelve missionary societies, British and American. Vellore is to be the site, where the American Arcot Mission has already a hospital which it proposes to hand over to the school. The plans call for an expenditure of six lakhs of rupees, the mission having raised half that sum, while the Government of Madras promise to give the other half. The annual up-keep is estimated to be Rs. 1,00,000, and it is expected that the contributions from missions, the income from fees paid by students and patients, and a liberal grant from Government will make up that amount. Steps are being taken to secure affiliation with the Madras University, and this promises to be accomplished without difficulty. Five missionary societies, three American and two British, have each agreed to contribute a member to the staff. *Statesman.*

Women and Baby Mortality in Calcutta.

Dr. H. M. Crake, M.D., D. P. H., Health Officer of Calcutta, has been showing in his reports, year after year, the disastrous consequences of ignorance and superstition.

The figures given by him of the death-rates amongst women in Calcutta at different age-periods, reveal a lamentable state of affairs.

At ages ten to fifteen the mortality amongst females is nearly 50 per cent. higher than amongst males, whilst from fifteen to forty years it is considerably more than double!

In regard to infantile mortality, it is pointed out that premature birth and congenital debility alone are responsible for 70 per cent. of the deaths amongst infants, who survive less than seven days. Social and economic factors, particularly poverty, the strain of early and repeated pregnancy, prolonged lactation, constant exposure to insanitary surroundings, etc., all tend to weaken and debilitate the mother, and puny sickly babies are the result.

Dr. Crake points out that a good deal of the waste of child-life is also due to inefficient midwifery, and that is carrying respect for ancient prejudices and customs too far when toleration kills over 800 babies a year.

The following is a picture of a Mahomedan lying-in-room: "A Mahomedan woman is delivered in the room occupied by her and the rest of the family which is temporarily vacated. The room is usually very small, and crowded with bits of furniture. The woman is delivered on the floor, on an old dirty mat, which has been saved for the occasion. After delivery, if a bed is available, she is put on it, the doors and windows are closed, and a fire lighted. This is done to keep out evil spirits and if the idea is to smoke them out, it is done very thoroughly."

A Hindu lying-in-room differs very little save that the woman is not allowed to be delivered in the room occupied by the rest of the family. A shed is rigged up, or a corner of a verandah

enclosed, and she lies on the floor, which is always damp, during the whole of the lying-in, with very little in the way of bedding or clothing. No one attends to her and the baby, because she is considered unclean until mother and child are bathed which is usually on the 6th day, unless a vow has been made to God Hari.

Secunderabad.

LADIES' WAR RELIEF ASSOCIATION.

SECUNDERABAD, 4th Aug.—At the invitation of the Hon'ble, the Resident, a large gathering composed of the members of the local Ladies' War Relief Association assembled in Bolarum Residency to consider certain proposals made in a circular letter from the Commander-in-Chief relating to the care of the sick and wounded soldiers in war hospitals and the desirability of enlisting voluntary nurses. Among those present were the Hon'ble the Resident, Mrs. Stuart Fraser, Brigadier General and Mrs. Commeline, and Surgeon General Corker. The Hon'ble the Resident, the President, in opening his speech explained the nature of the proposal made by the Commander-in-Chief. He was followed by Surgeon General Corker, who detailed the nature of voluntary work, which would be useful in hospitals, and also promised to provide instruction classes to train ladies in first aid and nursing, and he hoped for a spirit of discipline and loyalty. It is expected a First Aid Corps will be formed and brought up to a high level of efficiency.

After the above proceedings, the Hon'ble the Resident presented certificates from the Grand Priory of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem to Mrs. Commeline, Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. Carew

Smyth, Mrs. Hydari, Mrs. Lodge, Mrs. Dwane, Mrs. Johnston, Mrs. Nundy, Mrs. Glanly and Mrs. Drake Brockman.

The Queen's Gift.

"TO MY SISTERS IN INDIA."

It will be remembered that H. E. Lady Chelmsford, in a speech at an Indian ladies' *purdah* party at Lahore on the 13th April mentioned that Her Imperial Majesty the Queen-Empress had been graciously pleased to direct that the widows, mothers, or daughters of Indian officers and soldiers of the Indian Army who had been killed in action or had died of wounds or disease during the present war, should be presented with a copy of Her Imperial Majesty's portrait. A large number of these portraits have now been received in India and will shortly be distributed. Beneath the portrait, in the Queen's own handwriting, is the following message of sympathy, and appreciation:—

In sorrow and sympathy my thoughts fly across the seas to my sisters in India, that beautiful land which I have twice visited and love so well. I send you this to do honour to a very brave soldier of the Empire who died for you and for us in the glorious fight for truth and freedom against tyranny and broken faith.

MARY, R. I.

The portrait, which is reproduced in colours, depicts Her Majesty in her robes of State, wearing her Orders and the Riband of the Garter. On a table at her right hand is the Imperial Crown. Both as a work of art and as a likeness of Her Imperial Majesty, the portrait is excellent. Each copy of the portrait will be accompanied by an autograph letter from H. E. Lady Chelmsford, in the vernacular suitable to the recipient, containing a translation of the Imperial message.

Education in Burma.

Municipal Girls' School.

(From our own Correspondent.)

RANGOON, 15th Aug.—The newly instituted Rangoon School Board, appointed under Sir Harcourt Butler's District School Boards scheme for Burma, held its first quarterly meeting this week, under the presidency of Mr. Gavin Scott, I. C. S. Among matters considered was a proposal to open a Municipal Girls' School next year, and provide funds in the Budget for 1918-19 for it. The President said the custom of the Burmese in Rangoon and throughout Burma tended towards the education of boys and girls together in almost every vernacular school. He found this system extant and the custom was well established, with the content of the parents, so he proposed deferring the question of providing separate accommodation for Burmese girls. He would say nothing about Tamil or Muslim Girls' Schools. The President's suggestion was adopted.

In the first of a course of four lectures on "Indian Family Life," at the School of Oriental Studies on Friday, Mrs. N. C. Sen took her audience back to ancient India, to a time when "men and women progressed together along the path of immortality, worked and thought together, and were companions in all spheres of life." In an illuminating way Mrs. Sen told the story of such "women sages" as Sulava, who proved superior in wisdom to the King of Mithila, of Gargee, who challenged the wisest hermit of her day, of Mitravee, whose father, the Sage Mitra, had taught her all he knew, and whose words of wisdom and spiritual insight

are used in the Brahma Somaj churches to-day.

Speaking of the laws of the first Manu, Mrs. Sen pointed out that he made no distinction between men and women, between husbands and wives, and gave strict injunctions to men regarding their behaviour to women. "In whatever family a husband is contented with his wife and a wife with her husband, in that house will fortune assuredly be permanent," wrote the great sage. A wifeless home was compared to a ruin, a wreck, or a desert. Mrs. Sen described the various kinds of marriage sanctioned by Manu, in certain of which the bride had a free choice. Child marriage was unknown in ancient India; it began to take place about 800 B.C., but it was not until the Mohammedan conquest that it took firm root. Widow re-marriage was also allowed; sati was introduced much later at the time of the Scythian invasion of India. In the Vedic period a widow was expected to marry her dead husband's brother or nearest kinsman in order to keep up the family name; but she was not compelled to do so; in fact, she often remained a widow, cherishing all her life the memory of her departed husband.

Divorce was in existence among the Indo-Aryans; a wife could re-marry if her husband deserted her, or if he suffered from an insurable disease, or was a criminal; a husband could marry again if his wife was proved guilty, or was a chronic invalid, or, sometimes, if she were childless. Polygamy was known; kings often had three or four wives, but some kept to one, but there was no clear passage in the Vedas telling of polyandry.

In her second lecture on "Indian Family Life," at the School of Oriental Studies, on June 29, Mrs. N. C. Sen

showed how the simple faith of the Vedic period deteriorated; the Brahmins became all-powerful, sacrificial ceremonies were regarded as the chief features of religious observances, great importance was attached to signs, symbols, spells, charms, and the purification of the body took precedence of the development of mind and spirit. On rare occasions, there were even human sacrifices, as the touching story of Sunasepha showed. Women lost their position of equality and independence; the re-marriage of widows practically ceased, divorce was made illegal for women, though a man might marry whom he would; and child marriage, becoming more and more a custom, hindered women from studying the scriptures, as in the earlier days, and brought in its train superstition and ignorance. With the advance of material prosperity and the wide extension of the boundaries of the Aryan kingdom, the simplicity of life and faith of the Vedic period was lost.

Indiaman.

The *Daily Telegraph* of April 20th contains a most thrilling account of the heroism of British nurses in time of danger.

"The silence of the great nursing service which this war has mobilised and developed is at last being broken by the casualty lists," says a writer. "In trains under Zeppelin attacks, on hospital ships, and in open boats, the work that British nurses have done constitutes a chapter that will stand in the proudest annals of the Empire."

"Reading several letters from nurses, who have been under shell-fire, one is struck by the fact that there is always much more about the expedients to which they had to resort, not only for the safety of their patients but in the makeshift contrivances they

managed when hospital equipment had suffered, than about their personal feelings." In comparing notes, after rescue from a torpedoed ship, continues the writer, the nurses' theme is always the courage the patients had shown in the pain of cramped positions and crowded boats. Their own endurance is simply taken as a matter of course.

Selections.

Women's Suffrage.

(From the *Madras Mail*.)

67 YEARS OF AGITATION.

The following article has been written for us by a lady probably more closely acquainted with the Woman Suffrage agitation than anyone else in India. We are not editorially responsible for opinions expressed in it:—

The modern Woman Suffrage Movement dates back to 1850 when the first Petition in its favour was presented to the House of Lords by Lord Carlisle, but its real beginning was in 1819. In that year occurred a great event for the extension of the franchise, when a large and orderly crowd assembled, in St. Peter's Fields, Manchester, to hear the orator, Hunt. The authorities, fearing a riot, sent for soldiers to stop the meeting, and arrest the speaker. The soldiers lost their heads, and many men and women were seriously wounded by bayonets; six or seven were killed. In response to this strenuous agitation for electoral reform, the Reform Act of 1832 was passed. In the wording of this Act, "disability was first placed upon women, by the insertion of the word male person." Before this date, there was no definite statement of an Act of Parliament excluding women, if properly qualified.

In 1850 Lord Brougham's Bill passed declaring that in all Acts of Parliament, "the word man shall include women, unless the contrary be expressly provided." Thousands of women all over the country, but notably in Manchester and Salford, led by Lydia Becker, sought to have their names registered as Parliamentary electors. To settle the question, a legal decision was sought, and four cases were tried before the Court of Common Pleas. Judgment as given by Lord Chief Justice Bovill and his colleagues, deciding that the word "man" when employed in an Act must be held to include women, but did not apply when State privileges were in question. Women must pay taxes and submit to laws as men do, but must have none of the privileges of the man in voting for those who assess the taxes and make the laws. This famous decision, known as the "*Chorlton vs. Lings*" decision, stimulated the women suffragists, for it revealed the strength of masculine prejudice. The passing of the Divorce Act of 1857 added to this stimulation, for by that Act the double standard of morality was established by law.

In 1867 John Stuart Mill introduced an Amendment to the Reform Bill to substitute the word "person" for "man," but was defeated. He was sent to Parliament as a well-known Woman's suffragist. His book "*The subjection of Women*" has been of the greatest value on the whole question. Mill also presented in 1867 the first Woman's Suffrage Petition to the House of Commons, containing 1,499 names; among them Florence Nightingale, Harriet Martineau, Mary Somerville and Mrs Josephine Butler, some of the most distinguished women of their time.

In 1869 the Municipal Franchise was restored to women.

In 1870 another Suffrage Bill introduced by Jacob Bright passed its second reading by 33 votes, but was thrown out in Committee.

In 1870 women were made eligible for membership on School Boards.

In 1871 University education was made possible to women; Girton had just been founded, and was followed by Newnham.

In 1876 Universities were allowed to confer medical degrees on women.

In 1878 the London University admitted women to all its degrees.

In 1881 Woman Suffrage became the law in the Isle of Man.

In 1882 the Married Woman's Property Act, which gave a married woman the right to her own earning, was passed.

But these concessions did not satisfy women. They felt that these privileges and rights were not secure without the power which the vote carries to protect them; they could not rest content until they became political individuals, and no longer regarded in the same category as idiots, lunatics and children, while they were paying taxes and obeying the laws.

At this time, the first woman's organisation of a party political nature came into being—"The Primrose League," with the object of training women to serve in the interests of the Conservative candidates. Women were taught to canvas, to bring in voters, and do all the political duties needed to be done before and at election time. This was followed in 1886 by the "Woman's Liberal Federation" for doing the same on the other side.

In 1889 Lady Sandhurst was elected to the London County Council, but was unseated because of her sex.

Much of the suffrage work in Great Britain has been done by the strenuous

and patient labour of the "National Union of Women Suffrage Societies." This Society was formed in 1867 by the amalgamation of five Suffrage Societies, in the cities of London, Manchester, Bristol, Birmingham and Edinburgh. At the present time, this "National Union" comprises at least 560 affiliated Societies and is non-Party and law-abiding. This is the largest and oldest of the many Woman Suffrage Societies—it has always worked on "constitutional lines."

In 1893 New Zealand granted the Suffrage to women, South Australia followed in 1894, West Australia in 1899, New South Wales in 1902, Tasmania in 1903, Queensland in 1905 and Victoria in 1908. Twenty-four years of women enfranchisement in New Zealand has brought about none of the political disasters prophesied. That Colony has made herself famous, as the place where the children's death-rate is the lowest in the world.

In 1897 Bill passed the second reading by 71 votes. Further progress blocked. Proposal to give women degrees at Cambridge defeated.

In 1903 the "Women's Social and Political Union" was founded by Mrs. Pankhurst. This organisation became known as the "Suffragettes." It did not begin its existence on militant lines. It was in 1906, when they and others formed a large and important delegation to the then Prime Minister—Campbell-Bannerman—and were told that no pledge could be made by that Government. This in spite of the fact that 420 supporters of the women's suffrage movement had been returned as members to this Parliament (to a great extent through the political energies of women). Then they decided upon militant methods, declaring women must help themselves. Their

first militant acts were questions to Cabinet Ministers at public meetings, and heckling of speakers. For this they were very roughly handled by enraged stewards. They were sentenced to fines and to imprisonments. Women deputations to the House of Commons were witnessed by tens of thousands: then the women came into collision with the Police, and from them and from the mob, suffered the rudest violence. After this, the "Suffragette" woman adopted the hunger-strike, which Government met by forcible feeding.

In 1911 Mr. Asquith's proposal to enfranchise more men, while ignoring the long-standing claims of women, drove the "Women's Social and Political Union" to increased acts of law-breaking. They declared that as 60 years of lawful methods had produced no result, women must follow the example of the men, who burnt and destroyed property in the Reform Bill agitation of 1832.

"The National Union of Women's Suffrage" and at least 20 other Suffrage societies have repeatedly disassociated themselves from these regrettable methods of propaganda. In spite of these protests, the indifference of the public to the law-abiding methods of the great majority of Women Suffragists was demonstrated by the fact that the educated and uneducated alike did not awake to the fact of there being any agitation by women, for Suffrage, until the militant methods of the Suffragettes forced the fact upon them. Then they imagined that the "Suffragettes" represented the whole movement, while, as a matter of fact, they were in a very small majority, because the Press persistently refused to report the proceeding of law-abiding societies. There are at least thirty societies for promot-

ing Women's Suffrage, besides the "National Union," and these have been and are entirely opposed to militant methods.

In 1907 the Men's League for Women's Suffrage was founded with the Earl of Lytton as President. This led to the International Men's League for Women's Suffrage.

In 1904 Mac Laren's resolution in favour of the Suffrage passed by 182 to 68.

In 1907 a Bill passed the second reading; it was then talked out.

In 1908 15,000 women walked in procession in London as a Suffrage demonstration of the united societies. This was followed by other processions in following years.

In 1909, a Bill passed the second reading by 35 votes, but there was no further progress.

In 1910, a Bill passed the second reading by 110 votes, further progress was blocked. Petitions in favour of Women's Suffrage were presented by 280,000 men voters in 1909 and 1910.

In 1911 1,800 electors of the University of London signed a memorial to the Prime Minister, protesting against the exclusion of women members of the University from the Parliamentary franchise.

Twelve Bills have been introduced into the House of Commons, and six passed their second reading, i.e., in the years 1870, 1886, 1897, 1908, 1909, 1910.

There has been a majority in the House of Commons, declared in favour of Women's Suffrage, since 1886.

The three Conservative Premiers—Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Salisbury and Mr. A. Balfour have all been favourable to the enfranchisement of women.

In 1910 for the first time a Woman's Suffrage party was formed in the House. Its members were drawn

from all parties—Unionist, Liberal, Nationalist and Labour, with Lord Lytton as Chairman. Its object was to draw up a Bill, which should be accepted as a satisfactory compromise by all political parties. This Bill was known as the "Conciliation Bill." Five thousand public meetings were held in its support. It passed its second reading by a majority of 167, a larger majority than the Government got, for any of its measures, including the Budget; yet Mr. Asquith refused to give time for the further stages, and thus the 7th "Woman's Suffrage Bill" which had passed with substantial majorities was blocked. Not less than 20 debates on this subject had been held in the House. This blocking of Bills was no doubt due to the fact that the subject is not a party question. If it could have been demonstrated that the majority of women voters would vote for either of the two dominant political parties, that party would have enfranchised them, at the earliest possible moment!

Apart from prejudice and ignorance, common sense must realise that there is no argument in favour of the enfranchisement of men, which does not apply with equal truth to that of women.

The great war which burst upon the world in 1914 swept every question, great and small, from the field of politics. Suffrage in common with other societies laid aside their propaganda and devoted themselves to the task of assisting the nation in arms.

The Scottish Federation of the "National Union" initiated the Scottish Women's Hospitals for the front. Their record of work on the fighting lines of the Allied armies is a magnificent story of courage, privation and death. The hospitals were and are served, controlled, and financed by

women. Contributions to his fund have reached not less than £250,000 (to which amount India has contributed upwards of £18,000). This "Suffrage Union" as for ever vindicated its patriotism.

A great change has taken place in the tone of the leaders of political parties, and in the Press, towards the question of women's enfranchisement. Some who loudly asserted that "women's place is at home," now encourage women to come out of their homes and work in fields, factories, on railways, etc.

Women are expected to bear and are bearing their full share of national work in hospitals and munitions factories, and in all departments of life; they have taken upon their shoulders men's burdens and with heroism are bearing their own sorrows and giving their dearest to the war.

The State declares it cannot do without women's aid, and seems to have thoroughly awakened to the fact that they are capable.

Mr. Asquith has handsomely acknowledged his mistake, and declares that now "women have worked out their own salvation," implying that before the war women did nothing to that end. Could the world do without women before the war? Is it easier, or less important, to bring into the world a family and feed, and clothe them upon £1 a week, than to turn munition shells?

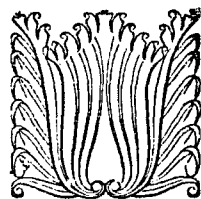
When the representation of the People's Bill was drafted,—Suffragists—not only the "National Union" but, the other societies—believed that the breaking down of the sex-disability and the prospect of placing six millions of women on the register were so valuable, that though not fulfilling the terms for which they stood, they urged the Government to proceed with the Bill.

This Bill passed its second reading on the 22nd May last, after a debate extending over two days. It was carried by 331 to 42. The minority consisted wholly of Conservatives.

About six million women will thus be enfranchised. It is absolutely illogical and indefensible to make the age of the woman elector thirty and upwards, but this is evidently designed to please those who fear a numerical preponderance. As the age for the man voter is 21 and even less for soldiers, there cannot exist anything comparable to "equal Suffrage."

Note that women in every country favour co-operation with men, rather than the taking of a platform of their own. They may be trusted to follow the line of political evolution. In those countries where women have possessed the vote, there has been on their part no violent political changes, no embarrassing excesses, no extravagant harangues, no flooding of the public offices by women; they have voted almost in the same numbers in proportion as the men.

F. S. H.



Britain's Great Hidden Army.

THE Allies' latest triumphs East and West testify once more to the work achieved by that hidden army of munition-makers in England who have been the mainstay of the armies in the field. Before the war there were in the United Kingdom only three national workshops producing munitions of war. To-day there are more than a hundred, and, in addition, there are more than 4,793 establishments controlled by the Ministry of Munitions and working continuously in producing equipment for the Army and Navy.

Comparing the weekly output to-day with the out-put up to the time when the Ministry of Munitions was established at the end of May, 1915, we get the following results:

18 pounder gun ammunition has increased 28 times.

4.5 field howitzer ammunition 52 times.

Medium guns and howitzer ammunition 71 times.

Heavy howitzer ammunition, above 6 inches, 423 times.

To put the comparison in another way, a year's out-put at the rate attained in 1914-15 is now provided in the following periods:

18 pounder ammunition in 13 days.

Field howitzer shells in 7 days.

Shells for medium guns and howitzers in 5 days.

Shells for heavy guns in less than 1 day.

In machine gun production the progress has been equally striking. If the number of machine guns delivered to the Army during the first year of the war be represented by 100, the figure at the end of February would be 2,710. With regard to high explosives, if one takes the consumption of high explo-

sives in May, 1915, as 100, the corresponding figure for February, 1917, was 7,000.

These results are the more astonishing when it is realised that at least 25 per cent. of the men who were engaged in the chemical and engineering trades at the outbreak of war have joined the Army. In spite of that, the Ministry of Munitions has achieved the almost miraculous results just indicated.

The Secret of Success.

How has it been done? To a very great extent it is due to the women of Britain. Some months ago Mr. Kellaway, M.P., said that there were then 471 different munition processes on which women were engaged. Recently he asked his officers at the Ministry of Munitions if they could give him the corresponding figures for to-day. The reply was that it would be impossible that so great has been the extension of the war processes upon which women are working that it might be said to cover the whole engineering and chemical trades.

Women are to-day building a great part of one of the best high-speed engines in the country, each woman setting her own tools and work, and able to machine any piece of work the tool she is on will take. Women are building guns and gun-carriages, including the fine fitting work on the breech mechanism, and the screw cutting of large threads up to a shoulder. They are doing much of the work in some shops on 3½-ton army lorries, and will be doing practically the whole of it, including chassis erecting and testing, if the war lasts much longer. They are doing important work in marine-engine building, including turning the connecting rods, propeller shaft, lines, and, practically all the marked off drilling.

The aero-engine at the beginning of the war was considered a tool-room job throughout. In some shops to-day women are turning on centre lathes to a half of a thousandth of an inch, milling the webs of Clerget cylinders on a Becker milling machine without stops, boring cylinders on a No. 9 Herbert, and similar work on a Gisholt turret lathe, and setting up their own jobs. They are turning and finishing test pieces in various metals to half a thousandth of an inch, making tools and gauges of all kinds to fine limits, and doing all kinds of bench fittings to drawings. So wide is the scope of women's labour that a prominent engineer has expressed his firm conviction that, given two more years of war, he would undertake to build a battleship from keel to serial in all its complex detail entirely by women labour.

The Girl of Eighteen.

Their activities and skill have not been confined to the engineering and allied industries. Their success has been equally remarkable in the production of chemicals and optical munitions, both of which industries were to a large extent before the war in the hands of the Germans. Their optical work illustrates in a striking way the success that can be achieved in the most delicate and highly technical processes by the careful training of women workers.

In a Yorkshire shop to-day women are successfully boring and rifling the barrel of the Service rifle. In other parts of the north of England women are doing the hydraulic rivetting of boilers, and they work the electric overhead travelling cranes for moving the enormous boilers of our men-of-war. They are employed extensively on turbine work, including preparing

and forming turbine blades, and doing the silver soldering of them. Women were largely engaged in the electrical industry before the war; they are now building motors of fairly large size and testing dynamos.

At a Midland works a girl of 18 is making cores for chilled dies for cast-iron wheels. A report states that this girl is turning out 100 cores per day, and that she has reached 700 in one week. She replaced a skilled coremaker who made 25 per day. The castings are for wheels of 36 inches in diameter for use on 20-ton waggons.

A shop in the London district, engaged upon the production of air-pumps for the Clerget rotary aeroplane engine, provides an example of what women workers can do if they are carefully trained. There are 24 of them, 9 under 16 years of age, and the only men employed in addition to the manager are a charge hand, who previously was a brass finisher, and a capstan charge hand, whose previous experience was clerical. The finished pump contains 64 parts, so that each woman must be able to perform several distinct operations. All the fitting of the pumps is done in the shop, and all the tools are made by the women, the only thing obtained from outside being the castings.

Six women are doing highly skilled work on Heald cylinder grinders at the works of a Lancashire Motor Company. The cylinders are cast in pairs and machined on faces and bored to 0.007 of finished size. The women take them at this stage and set them up on grinders and finish them without male assistance. The women use the inside micrometer and work to a limit of 0.0005 ($\frac{1}{2}$ thousandth). Time taken, 1 hour 10 minutes. Scrap (owing to faulty machining) does not average

1 per cent. Women are also grinding cam shafts and cams, driving shafts, gudgeon pins, connecting rods, ball couplings, etc., and working to a limit of 0.00025 ($\frac{1}{4}$ thousandth). Two women are operating four Potter and Johnson automatics, boring and turning pistons for petrol engines, facing and cutting grooves for piston rings.

A firm in Yorkshire are employing women in the erection of electric and power cables. Two women act as assistant electricians and are employed on the screwing, bending and cutting to length of electrical conduits, the wiring of lamp holders, the fixing of switches and the performance of other jobs connected with wiring.

At a well-known Midland firm practically all the drawings, blue prints, filing of drawings, and clerical work are done by women. Further, they are training their best tracers to work as junior draughts-men. The firm took 12 women tracers of 4 years' experience, at a rate of two at a time for a week's trial, and found that eight of them showed sufficient intelligence to be taken as draughts-women. Four of these are working well at present, and the best are doing actual designing, while others are piecing work together from various drawings and making large scale works drawings from small scale general designs.

Women are employed in increasing numbers in charge of power and lighting plant and as switchboard attendants. For instance, a woman driver works a 900 h.p. Willans plant. She starts the engine herself if required, watches the voltmeter, and regulates the governors accordingly, wipes the commutators and regulates the brushes. She also attends to a Diesel engine. This woman was formerly a

kitchen-maid, and had no technical experience whatever.

Heavy Manual Labour.

So far the industries mentioned are of skilled or semi-skilled work. Women are also being employed on heavy manual work of a kind which it used to be thought they could not possibly do. The idea is exploded that women cannot perform heavy manual labour out-of-doors. In South Wales one works employs sixty-seven women on such work as unloading and loading and wheeling of bricks, breaking lime-stone, handling billets on the breaking machine, and the men thus released have gone to make up a second shift in the steel works and so doubled the output. In a Scotch boiler-shop a woman is employed as a smith's striker; women are common as stokers. Women are also employed on such work as brick presses, coal crushing, and kiln firing.

Others are loading and unloading material from trucks and barges, excavating railway cuttings.

Coolness and Courage.

Some public recognition is due to the great body of women munition workers for the courage with which they have faced the danger incidental to their occupation. A firm of chemical manufacturers in the Midlands had opposed the introduction of women into the oil plant on the ground that there was always a risk of fire, and that in such an event they were more liable to give way to panic than were men. The official representative, however, persisted in his demand for the employment of women. They have been employed by the firm for some time. The firm recently wrote, "You will be interested to know that last week we had a small

fire in our oil plant where we had introduced women; the fire was due to the carelessness of the only man employed on the job; the women behaved splendidly, showing no panic, and assisting materially to extinguish the fire."

There was recently a very serious explosion in an amatol pellet house. The place caught fire and within a very short space of time two of the occupants, all of whom were women, were burnt to death, and two others died shortly afterwards. In spite of this, practically all the women turned up to work the next day. On a recent occasion a woman lost the first finger and thumb of her left hand owing to a loaded gaigne jamming in the press. After an absence of six weeks she returned to work, and is to-day back on the same work and getting an even greater output than before.

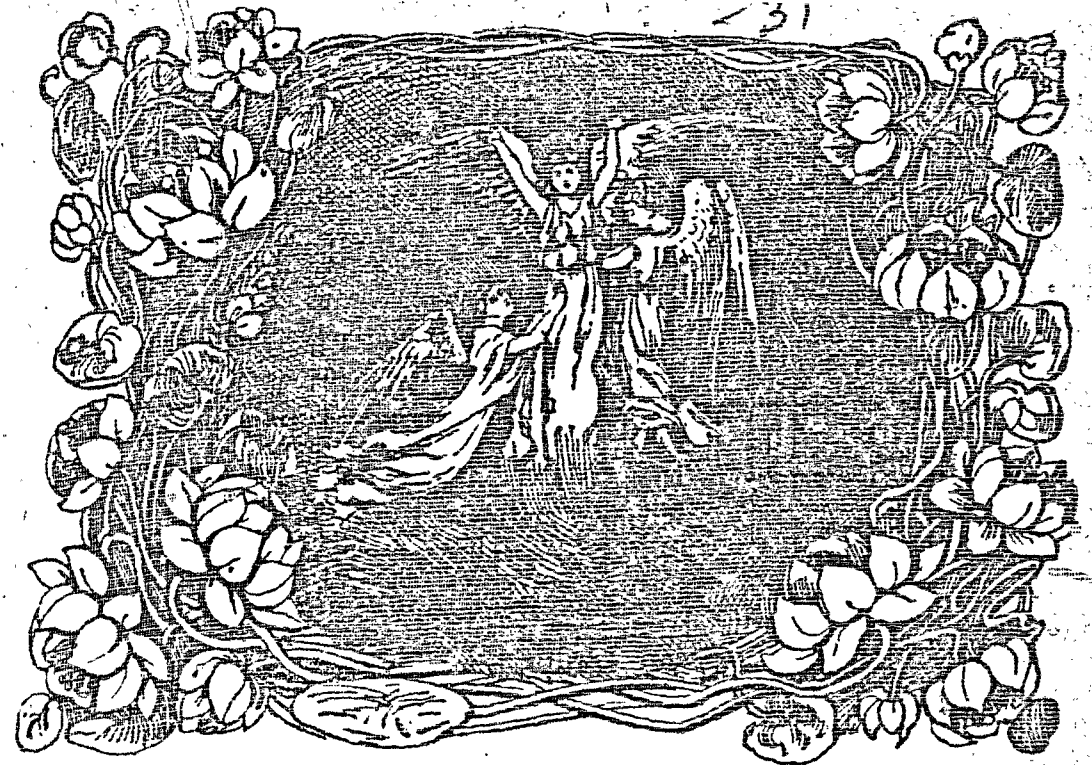
How the Men have helped.

The striking results which have been achieved could never have been secured but for the readiness with which the great mass of the working men in munition factories have trained the women who were brought in to work with them. It was a considerable demand to make upon their patriotism, because, after all, they were bound to regard these women as possible competitors. But, with a few exceptions, the working men of Britain have done everything in their power to enable the women to become efficient producers. They have recognised that the women were not working to increase the profits of the employer, but to increase the equipment, the shells and the guns for our soldiers in the field.

Acknowledgments for August, 1917.

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Knowledge.

Who loves not Knowledge? who shall rail
Against her beauty? may she mix
With men and prosper! who shall, fix
Her pillars? Let her work prevail.

But on her forehead sits a fire:
She sets her forward countenance
And leaps into the future chance,
Submitting all things to desire.

A higher hand must make her mild,
If all be not in vain, and guide.
Her footsteps, moving side by side
With wisdom like the younger child;

For she is earthly of the mind,
But wisdom heavenly of the Soul."

TENNYSON.

The Romance of music.

In Many Ages & Many Climes.

"O music-marvell! how your royal river
Mirrors our life; there, breathes exhaled from it
Sorrow and joy, and triumph and despair;
Your eagle flight is through the Infinite,
Yours the large language of the hosts of heaven."
(Noel).

If there is one thing in this turbulent planet, which is thoroughly delightful and altogether enjoyable, it is assuredly music. It is the universal language of civilised mankind and the living voice of the beautiful. The world without the gamut would be almost as intolerable as the world without the sun. The alliance between the human soul and the concord of sweet sounds is as mystical as it is subtle; and, with the single exception of poetry, music is at once the most penetrating, the profoundest and the most intimate of the arts. Every phase of human thought, indeed, has a corresponding symphony. Music will enhance the brilliancy and effervescence of the mirth of the man in a merry mood; it will dispel the anguish of the sorrowful and sad and shed around a sentiment of luxurious sadness more acceptable than uproarious merriment; it will make him Anacreontic who would taste of the pleasures of the festive board; and it will develop all that is reverential in the minds of the devout.

In the beginning of things, of course, we find that man was encircled within a world of music. There was a universal orchestra, always in complete harmony, which discoursed unceasingly sweet music into his eager ears. The wind sighed in the trees; the tinkling streams ran down with proud laughter

into the rushing rivers; the birds sang their continual Eucharistic offering of praise and thanksgiving. Man, it appears, ever discontented with the decrees of Nature, soon set to fashion instruments wherewith to join the strain; and, from that remote and obscure antediluvian period 3870 years before the Christian era, when Jubal invented wind and stringed instruments, the latter have formed one of the chief sources of human pleasure and recreation. It was the belief of the ancient nations that vocal and instrumental music were contemporary in origin. Music, being thus introduced by Jubal, was known in all probability by Noah, who instructed his family in the art. After the flood, it is not at all improbable that Ham, besides teaching music to the Babylonians, also introduced music and other arts amongst the Egyptians. The music of the Egyptians in those days, at any rate, is said to have greatly resembled that introduced by Jubal; and, if the Temple service resembled the music of the Egyptians, and our Cathedrals imitate the Temple, it is evident that we have now amongst us a remnant of the very greatest antiquity.

Music played no unfitting part in classic times and there is no doubt that it formed a great portion of the religious ceremonies of the Greeks and Romans. Tradition records that, more than 20 centuries ago, Pythagoras, the Greek philosopher, discovered the harmonic scale through listening at Crotona to the ring of hammers on a blacksmith's anvil. Probably, the reeds whistling in the wind first suggested to the Greek shepherd the idea of the Pandeian pipes.

The praises and thanksgivings to the several deities of classic times were largely in the nature of songs and choruses, accompanied by musical instruments and dancing, or by a solemn march and gestures. Plato was such a friend to the temple-music as to wish that none other should be used by gods and men! and it has been clearly proved that among all nations the first public use of music was in connection with the celebration of religious rites and ceremonies. Christianity being established in the East, peculiar ceremonial observances originated there, and these were adopted afterwards by the western Church. St. Ambrose, it is said, brought from thence the manner of singing hymns; and Eusebius says that a regular choir and method of singing hymns was first established at Antioch.

The oldest instrument in the world is very probably the Jewish shophar. Made from ram's horn, this is remarkable as being the only Hebrew instrument which has been preserved in the sacred services of the Jews to the present day. It is still used in the synagogues on the Jewish New Year (Rosh Hashana). It is perhaps a curious and a ghastly fact that, among certain races, the bones of slain enemies have been regarded in the past as especially suitable for flutes. An old tradition, preserved in Swedish and Scotch national ballads, indeed, tells of a girl that was drowned by the agency of a wicked woman. A skilful harper, however, seeing her dead body, was touched with pity. Out of her bones he constructed a harp. Her fingers he utilised as tuning-screws and her golden

hair as strings. Upon this instrument he proceeded to play, and, as the first wailing note was drawn out, the murderess fell to the ground—dead! Oldtime people seem to have taken a special delight in making their instruments in the shape of birds or beasts. This practice has not entirely fallen into disuetude. Rattles, which are very common among the North American Indians, are shaped like pigeons. The Burmese have guitars shaped as crocodiles and peacocks and harps designed as boats.

In Egyptian history, there exists a curious tradition. The Nile, having overflowed its banks at the usual period, a number of dead animals on its subsidence were left on the shore. Amongst others, was a tortoise, the flesh of which, being dried and wasted in the sun, nothing remained within the shell but nerves and cartilages. These being contracted by the heat became sonorous. Mercury, walking along the bank, happened to strike his foot against the shell. So pleased was he with the sound produced that the idea of the lyre suggested itself to his mind. At any rate, whether this is true or not, the first instrument invented of this kind was in the form of a tortoise, and, being strung with dried sinews of animals, lends some foundation to the story. The Æolian harp, as its name implies, was an instrument placed where the wind could play upon its strings, which were so tuned as to respond with pleasing music.

The Japanese have many curious instruments, consisting of drums, bells and clappers. One of the drums takes the form of an hour-glass, and there are

various bell instruments which are shaken by the hand after the manner of a child's rattle. The national instrument of Finland is the "kantele," a kind of zither, which admirably accompanies the wild, weird songs of the country. Finish music is not unlike the Hungarian, be it noted, and is generally of a sad description, in the minor key. The favourite instrument of the Arabs is the "rebab." It is a stringed instrument, somewhat resembling a violin in shape, but usually larger and constructed of one string only. Performers of the "rebab," as many are aware, earn their living by visiting the cafes, and by singing and playing to their more fortunate brethren, who smoke and dream over their coffee.

China is a country of curious customs and strange contrasts, and, among the queer things to be found there, few, perhaps, are more interesting than their odd-shaped musical instruments. They have an ancient wooden instrument, representing a crouching tiger and known as an "ou". Down the back of the animal, there runs a line of sharp-pointed teeth, which, when struck with a hammer, give out a sharp, metallic sound, not altogether unmusical. The majestic and beautiful organs of to-day appear to have had their origin in the humble Chinese "cheng". This quaint instrument, which is of immense antiquity, consists of reeds of irregular length placed in a hollow bowl, with a mouthpiece attached. Probably it was an instrument of this character that enraptured Confucius (circa B. C. 500) so much, that he was unable to take food for three weeks afterwards. The Chinese possessed their much esteemed "King",

some 2,200 or more years before the Christian era. It was a sacred instrument in every respect, and incense was offered when it was played in the temples. The "king" consisted of 16 stones of different sizes, hung in two rows, and the tones were obtained by striking the stones with a wooden mallet. A similar instrument, called the "Nio-King", which is beautifully ornamented, could only be used in bygone days by the Emperor. The stones used for these instruments are known as the "yu". They are found in mountain streams and crevices, and are particularly valuable, since they always retain the same pitch. They are often cut into various grotesque shapes, such as animals, fishes, bells, or bats and birds with outstretched wings. The Chinese "kin" is another curious instrument. Its strings were originally made with silk, and this appears to have been the first use to which silk was put. Nowadays, it is the most highly esteemed of all the stringed instruments of China.

S. JACKSON COLEMAN.



The Sunset of Life.

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea."

Imagine an old man strolling along slowly through the groups of idlers on the beach. His hands are clasped behind and his eyes are fixed on the sands in front of him. His venerable white head is bent with the weight of thought, yet his spare form is erect. He walks along till the crowds on the beach become smaller and smaller and finally are left behind. Their voices sound faint and ghost-like in his ears, as he nears his favourite place of refuge on the beach. He stands there and looks out to sea. His head is lifted now and his eyes, soft and gentle and yet piercing, are fixed eagerly on the far-meeting place of ocean and sky. What is he waiting for? Ah, for what? for the clear call, which will come to him across the sea. He has been waiting for it for years. His beloved ones have gone away to sea, have left him behind, promising to call for him. His dear old mind is obsessed with the thought. When will he hear their cry? He has been waiting so long for it. He has done his duty in spite of bereavement and sorrow; he has served his service; he is waiting now for the recall, waiting patiently, never grumbling. Only one thing he is anxious for,

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

And now the time seems ripe; The grey ghostly sea is stretching out before him, undulating and glimmering faintly in the soft light of sunset. The full breakers advance and break soundlessly at his feet on the white shore.

The sunset is fading into twilight, its beautiful colours are merging into a soft grey. But there is light. There is the beautiful evening star holding out soft arms across the deep. It grows brighter and brighter, as the grey light gradually merges into night. There is a faint path across the water.

Hark! what is that! The cry he is waiting for! At first faint and far-away and yet clear, then growing louder and louder, and oh! so sweet in his waiting ears. There is the boat he has kept moored ready for himself. He steps into it; he casts off the painter. He has picked up the oars. His eyes are fixed on the evening star; his ears are attuned to the clear cry of recall. And so, slowly he fades away into the path of light. It is so peaceful; there is no moaning of the bar, the far-away voices of his friends sound a soft farewell in his ears; the gentle splash of his oars tells him he is keeping on his way; all around him is the grey, grey sea; and in front of him the beautiful evening star!

And so with our life. Duty gallantly done; sorrow bravely endured; then the happy sunset of life; the calm twilight of waiting; finally the peaceful passing away into night. And through it all shines the evening star of Faith and Hope, breathing peace and resignation into the aching hearts of the watchers around.

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

For, tho' from out our bourne of time and place,

The flood may bear me far,

I hope to see my pilot face to face,

When I have crost the bar."

K.

The War and Women.

By The Rev. Dr. J. Lazarus.

It is now the fourth year and yet the war is raging with its wonted fury. The greatest straggle the world has ever waged cannot pass away without leaving its traces on women. The fortunes of the sterner sex are inseparably mingled with those of the weaker. Together, they rise or fall. What effects the one effects the other in one form or another. The remembrance of the unspeakable horrors of the war, as also of the humane incidents it has given rise to, will ever be imbedded in the minds of future generations of women as well as men. They may be children now, but a generation hence, they will be able to appreciate the sober and calmer views of the future historian. Women will look back with pride and pain to the bloodshed with willing hearts by their devoted men; sisters will miss their loyal brothers in their desolate homes; aged mothers will recount with poignant grief the tales of adventure and heroism told of their daring sons on the sanguinary battlefield; millions of young widows will continue to mourn for the untimely slaughter of their husbands.

It is said that half the world does not know how the other half lives. But in this case fresh revelations will be made of the mutual devotion of men and women. A new world of morals, viewed in a vivid perspective, will open itself to women-folk; nations will be seen to be governed by the same ethical codes of individuals. Women's notions of justice, equity, and righteousness and the eternal

laws of humanity and benevolence, will come out purged and purified, as it were, seven times in the fire and fury of the war. Men are sure to have compiled books of anecdotes perpetuating the praiseworthy feats played by women in this colossal world-war.

War has its terrors certainly; but it has also a few redeeming features. It has borne good fruit even for women. Their claims and capacities have been revealed, as never before and begin to be recognised. Particularly in the case of Women Suffragettes of England, the otherwise disastrous war has scored them a signal success. Their persistent agitation and consequent sufferings in pre-war days are too well known to be described in detail here. How many of them met with harsh treatment and violence and imprisonment? How many of them went in for the hunger-strike, a feat which was never before experimented upon? Their agitation was well nigh becoming hopeless, when the war intervened so to speak, and opened the eyes of the male sex to the justice and urgency of their claim. And now a lady member sits in the House of Commons! It is the catastrophe of the war that has hastened this reform, in spite of long continued discussions between ministers in the Cabinet. For my own part, I think woman's legitimate place is in the sacred sanctum of home, where alone she is by nature called upon to follow her vocation; but the question stares at us;—What is to be done with the spinsters who outnumber even the wives in the continent of Europe? The former go to college like men and compete successfully with them in the tripos of the Universities, engage in athletic exercises,

write books, practise medicine and if permission were given, would even plead in courts like Portia of old and save many an Antonio from the grip of Shylock. It is they, whose abundant and unspent energies demand a suitable outlet. Municipal boards and Parliaments afford an attractive field for their talents. The more female celibacy spreads anywhere on the earth, the more openings the war will offer to capable young women of parts and promise.

It is well-known that war generally, and in this case almost universally, removed men workers of all grades from their respective posts. In England, France, Germany and other belligerent countries, it is the aged and the women-folk of all ages that live and labour at the factory and the field. Their hands are tried at farming, bus-driving, Railway Stations, Engine-driving, post-offices, banks and many other places and they are found both faithful and capable; in fact, more reliable in every respect than their husbands or brothers!

It was an oriental writer, who did away with the world's contempt for woman and pleaded for her honor as the "Weaker Vessel"; so that in Christendom women were treated with special kindness, not because of their great abilities or shining virtues, but because of their implied inferiority to men. But the war is rapidly revolutionising even these gallant ideas and suddenly elevating women to a pedestal exactly on a level with that of her proverbial superior.

When peace is proclaimed, swords will be turned into plough-shares and spears into pruning hooks; and in a

figurative sense when the millions of surviving soldiers, most of them wounded and mutilated, return to their homes and hearths, they will be surprised to see a "new earth and a new heaven". They will find that their time-honoured prescience has been usurped rightly too, perhaps better also, by their wives and sisters. The war will have effected even a greater social revolution than that of empires and states. Woman's latent talents will have been discovered and men will have to accustom themselves to the new conditions of life and seek for vacant posts of all kinds by the side of women.

As a result of this new discovery, a special impetus will be given to female education, which will thus be assimilated to the varied training of the male-sex. Now that suffrage has been won at a great cost, women will no longer stop short in their career of progress. They are sure to invade every preserve of man, including even the pulpit, the bar and the battlefield. They will not be merely Red Cross Nurses; but ambitiously wield the gun and the bayonet, if not command armies and divisions. There may also be not a few Rev. Mary Jones, and Bishop Sara Browns. These careers will naturally be confined to spinsters and widows and prove a beneficial stimulus to men to greater diligence and enthusiasm in their respective pursuits. Occupations will be sought and secured by the millions of young women without prospective husbands, and by young widows whose husbands have fallen on the field of battle.

Though India has not been a theatre in the war, it has not escaped its beneficial as well as disastrous effects.

Among the latter, commerce has suffered considerably and prices of all imported articles of use and luxury have gone up, in some cases, two and three hundred per cent. But, as regards the beneficial effects, India comes in for the lion's share in one form or another.

But the question will still be asked, how has the War effected Indian women? To those who would look beneath the surface, the answer is most encouraging and hopeful. Indian mothers of the educated classes are learning to part with their sons, though now for a time only, in connection with the defence of India force. Indian mothers cannot fold their arms and stand still or cradle up their lads at home. They will themselves seek the advantages of education in order the better to correspond with their absent sons and train those at home in the duties of patriotism and valour. Even at present, Indian women are beginning to peer beyond the pale of these horrors and take a wider view of their country's welfare. The promised post-war reforms call forth their aspirations and quicken their interest in matters more lasting and important than the routine of every day domestic life.

As it is, women in India, mostly foreign and not a few Indian, have had their altruism aroused, while benevolence is flowing freely in various channels. H. E. Lady Pentland's Ladies' Depots in our Presidency, powerful Ladies auxiliaries at Bombay and in the other provinces, raising lakhs of Rupees, spending hours in turning out useful articles for the Indian soldiers suffering abroad, and

forwarding items of food and comfort to their needy brethren, are all the results of the war. This indeed a significant anomaly, which out of the horrors of a sanguinary struggle continues to produce an active philanthropy and a persistent altruistic effort, to which Indian women have hitherto been perfect strangers. Our women's hospitality, known and praised all the world over, but confined to the precincts of the pial and the porch, is by the war being made to seek a wider area for its activity. Indian women are thus led to sympathise with their sisters in open and distant parts of the world and lift up their hearts to God to relieve their distress; and thus they learn the great and important truth that women as well as men in the whole human race are members of one great family, and children of a common father, whose wisdom and love fill the infinite universe and call forth their trust and confidence.

The Duties of Women.

The duties of women are discussed in three chapters of the Third Book of the Mahabharata, in a conversation between Droupadi, Arjuna's wife and Satyabhama, the wife of Sree Krishna. There it will be evident how much education a woman must have, to deserve the name of "housewife." She must look after the expenditure of the family. She must draw up the budget of the household. She must keep in mind extraordinary items of expenditure, and be prepared to meet them. She must maintain the welfare of the

members of the family, and preserve the peace of the household, and supply the needs of each according to each one's deserts. She must see that every one in the house pursues honest, virtuous ways. She must keep the house in a good condition, and maintain its cleanliness. When we think of all these, a housewife's task does not seem to be slight or easy. She has to be the manager of the house, the treasury officer, auditor, financial minister, administrator, and Inspector-General of Police. She has to be its Director of Education, its Engineer, and its Health and Sanitary Officer. She has moreover to look to the maintenance of her own person according to the needs of her sex, and be ex-officio hand-maid to her husband, and, keeping a pious course of conduct, be a guide and an example to the subjects who come under her sway. Once a year, she has to make an exhibition of the products of her artistic and handicraft skill. She must make legislation for the overflow of the work of her various departments, and arrange that things should go on automatically in obedience to it. Even a minister may not have the burden of carrying so many various things. One unassisted mistress of a household has to make herself the pilot in the sea of so many cross-currents. It is like an independent monarchy by itself. What an amount of education and experience is needed for a woman who has to bear the brunt of all this!

We have kept our womenfolk ignorant. It has often been said that our women have not forgotten the good things which have come down to them from the wise women of the past.

One result of the education of ancient women is chastity. Every ideal of that purity of sex is seen only in India, and nowhere else. If one sat down to write down the story of the good and pure women of India, one might write a very epic. Ancient Indian women stand out as examples for the rest of womankind. The position of Parvaty as the companion of her husband, after mastering all learning in her very girlhood, was the result of the old practice of Education. The position of Seeta as the wife of the noble Lord Rama, going out with him to share his exile in the wilderness, and spurning the wild advances of Ravana the demon lord, and then her frank submission to the fire-test after her restoration from captivity, were the results of the old practice of Education. Savitree pursuing the God of Death, and winning from him the life of her dead Lord, in spite of all the laws of nature, was a result of that practice of education. The transformation of the three angels who came to test the chastity of Anasoooya, the noble wife of sage Atry, into three nurslings, by the strength of her purity, and the later birth of Dattatreya, were a result of the old practice of Education. Bred up amidst pleasures, and served by myriads of attendants and servitors, princess Sukanya married the blind ascetic Chyavana, and faithfully ministering to his comforts, won the favour of the celestial physicians, the two Asvinis, and got him a renovated body and lived happily with him:—that was a result of the old practice of Education. Damayanty's rejection of angelic suitors and marriage with Nala, the preservation of her purity during the

long separation from him which was forced on her by Fate, and the regaining of her husband at last, were the results of the old practice of education. The credit of bringing forth such warriors as Drona and Bheeshma, such noble sons as the great Pandavas, and the many famous ancient writers and commentators, was a result of the old practice of education.

From the things stated above, Aryan women seem to have had entrance into all branches of learning and sections of study. There was no monopoly of the men for it. Hindu women were scholars, Vedic teachers, Shastraic expounders, participants in sacred duties, ascetics, and Yogic philosophers. They were honoured in royal courts, they wrote texts on law, they became authors, they drove chariots, they were poetesses, they were great mendicants, they were famous housewives, they were wise counsellors, they were staunch patriots, and they were very efficient in things spiritual as well as material. Therefore the statement,

"*Strēe soodra devijabandhoonam navedasravanam matam!*" meaning that the vedas ought not to fall in the ears of women, the lower classes, and depraved Brahmins, might refer not to women in general, but to uneducated trivial women. Judging from the generosity of legislators who provided an outlet for the ignorance of even those that were fallen, we must not presume that they debarred virtuous, intelligent women from the privilege of understanding the Vedas. When in all religious observances, women were prescribed as the cooperators of man, it cannot be proper to say that they

were excluded from the study of the vedas.

A learned English scholar writing about the recent prosperity of Japan wrote thus; "the family life of a country, and the position occupied by women are probably the best tests of its civilisation. In comparing nation with nation, we have no doubt in asserting that one of the most important forces in the progress of Society is the education which the mothers convey to their children, and no nation can ever be great unless women rise to a high plane of thought and life, and kindle and foster similar ideas in the minds of the young."

If we examine ourselves in the light of the observations made above, we shall see on what a low grade we are. But we have not always been so. Once upon a time as we said before, our women were great scholars. Following the orthodox customs handed down from mother to daughter, our later women, though uneducated, have preserved the knowledge of the ancient Hindu Ethics. But many others, being uneducated, have contracted evil and mean modes of thought. This reacts on the men.

"Heeyatchi matistata heenaissha Samagamat!
Samaischa samatmeti Visishuvischu visishtatam."

By association with the low, our mind becomes low; with equals it remains equal and with superiors it rises to their superior heights. How well versed he must have been who uttered these words! How wise, and how experienced! By association with a wife, whose mind is uneducated and whose powers are undeveloped, man can only fall, and not rise. In this way

by keeping women low, man also becomes low. Whether woman is educated or uneducated, her influence on man is always profound, for man cannot rule her. Thus the degradation of both is unavoidable. If woman is noble, her power will raise and keep steady a falling man. Tennyson has said the same in the following sweet words:

"The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free;
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow?"

Some, speaking from the physical constitution of men and women, say, that because women happen to be somewhat weaker than men, higher education is of no use to them. This is not right. Though there may be a difference between men and women physically in the formation of the head, in the capacity of the mind and brain located there, there is no difference. As things stand, women's minds may appear deficient, there being no scope for their development. Therefore the greater reason why they should more surely have higher education. Were not women once scholars? Did they not write books? were they not fighters? Read the history of Rajputana. Even lately, how many Rajput women have heroically given up their lives in dread fields of battle? How many have ruled over Kingdoms? How many were famous throughout the Maharashtra, Ahalya Bai, the Rani of Jahansi, and others? And did they not fight in the battle-field in the cause of righteousness and independence, and devotedly guard the welfare of their subjects? If the opponents of higher

education for women say that by their comparative weakness women shrink from some tasks which men execute, we need not say much to them. If there are such tasks, women will themselves abstain from them. J. S. Mill has said in this connection; "One thing we may be certain of, that what is contrary to women's nature to do, they never will be made to do, simply giving their nature free play."

Sisters, a few words more before we close this discourse. Deign to attend to them. Try to keep them in your mind in all your thoughts and actions. However much you may become learned, your learning will not be enough for what you are, or will one day have to become,—the Mistress of a Household. You will have to become proficient in all branches of learning. Your practice must try to emulate your theoretical knowledge. It is not easy to count your duties. Every little act has to be done by you. Therefore, have our ancestors made Saraswati, the Goddess of all Learning. She is a woman. Lakshmi, the Goddess of prosperity is the guide of all human acts. She too is a woman. Therefore it is your duty to come to know things, by means of education, and make knowledge your guide in all your daily and hourly acts. Every man is the child of some woman, her pupil, and her obedient slave. He who cannot honour a woman does not deserve the name of man. He who decries a woman, and tries to keep her low, tries to dishonour his own mother. He is a brute indeed. It has been said that it is not possible to count the number of your duties. Yet we may remind you of a few of the

duties which you will daily be called upon to perform.

In yourselves, there are many things that you should consider. You should be clean in person. You must have control of your feelings. You must maintain politeness and courtesy. You must be examples of modesty. You must not be forward. You must be economical. You must be religious, and practise devotion to God. And in your relations to your husbands, you must not consider yourselves the ministers to their mere enjoyment. You are to be the mothers of their heirs. You are the mistresses of their households. You must be their companions and enliven them with your sweet discourse. You must be their consorts maintaining their dignity. You must restrain their headstrong careers. You must accept their precepts like pupils. You must be their counsellors in perplexities. You must be helpmates in their virtuous deeds. You must pilot them in times of stress. You must soothe them on occasions of grief. You must nurse them on their sickbeds.

Then there are the duties of mothers: You must bring up the children properly. Gradually, you must take increasing care in their education and growth. In time your sons will marry, and you will become mothers-in-law. You must give to your daughters-in-law that guidance and considerate fellow-feeling which you yourselves desired when you were in that same position. You must not give rise to the usual bickering and tyrannising between mothers and daughters-in-law. You must take good care of your attendants. You must learn to be hos-

pitable to the guests of your family. You must be friendly with your neighbours. You must be able to attend, soothe, and nurse the sick. You must try to help and comfort the poor and suffering.

In each one of you, each of the above-named virtues should find its abode. It is not enough if some of them are yours. If they are all yours, how much yet have you to read and profit by? yet do not shrink from the attempt. An effortless, uneducated life be a vain one.

"Vidyavatee dharmapara Kulastree
Loka Naranam ramaneya ratnam!
Tat sobhate yasya grihe sadaiva
Dharmarthakaman labhate sadhanyaha."

says the sanskrit poet. "An educated, virtuous, highborn woman, is like a fascinating gem to men. He, in whose house this splendour shines, is indeed fortunate, and wins virtue, wealth, and happiness." This is for those other than herself. To herself, what a vista of things education will unfold!

How intenser her joys, how superior her thoughts, and how sweeter her imagination? The difference between an educated woman and an uneducated one is like the difference between a dark room, and one lighted by all the present-day means of illumination. We can bear dark rooms sometimes but, can we, without an effort, leave alone ignorant women?

G. R. JOSYER



God's Dream of Love.

The world is the fulfilment of your dream of infinite love and light.

Because you have felt love in your heart, the birds awake and make their crystal song-offerings in your shrine of light,

And the flowers laugh in all their coloured glory, filling the hours of the dawning light with their fragrant songs.

The birds build nests for their young ones, and mothers love their babes with their unfailing and all-conquering love and kindness, because you feel for the world with a mother's deathless devotion.

The sunshine and the stars, the blades of grass and the restless ocean, the fruits and the birds and the flowers of the Earth all express your glory and passionate love.

H. CHATTOPADHYAY.

The Child's Liberty.

A healthy normal child is essentially active. His waking hours are increasingly characterised by a spontaneity and freedom of movement, which form a striking contrast to the well-regulated and organised activities of the adults. He delights in this form of expression. And it is the primary condition of his growth and development. But the measure of his enjoyment of his self-initiated activities is, however, determined for him, internally, by his limited capacity and the still more limited knowledge of his environment, and, externally, by the control of his parents or guardians. Restrained as he is on every side, a child learns to take into account the limitations imposed by his own nature and his surroundings, only late in child hood. He is always highly self-confident, when not badly thwarted in his attempts. Every thing is brought within the compass of his knowledge, from the ant which creeps on the floor, to the moon which placidly sweeps the unreachable heavens. Nothing can escape his insatiable curiosity. But this inquisitive and presumptuous attitude on the part of the child towards his surroundings brings with it its legitimate penalty. For Nature is no respecter of children. But the child never feels himself defeated, nor gives in easily. If, for instance, in climbing a chair for an important purpose of his own, he comes down on the floor with the most unexpected consequences, it is the perversity of the chair, and not his own weakness, that has been the cause of his disappointment. So the chair

gets a kicking in its turn, sometimes with more unpleasant consequences to the foot that comes in contact with the wood. But the spirit, which moves the child is not to be kept down by wood and stone. And the chair becomes highly useful the next hour, if not for climbing, at least as a donkey to be subjected to strict disciplinary treatment.

But the child has to reckon with a different sort of limitation to his liberty in the restraint exercised by his parents. His dependence on them for his very existence places him wholly at the mercy of his parents for the first few years of his life. Their power over him is supreme in that they can control him directly by injunctions and prohibitions, and indirectly by determining his environment. Hence the immense responsibility of the parents who have to watch over the expanding nature, and the unfolding will of their infant. Although all parents are fully conscious of their prerogative, which devolves on them almost by divine right, very few have enlightened ideas on the far-reaching influence of its exercise and on the preparation necessary for undertaking it. The mastery and control of physical forces require a training of several years; but, in the opinion of parents, the control and guidance of the vital, mental and spiritual forces, which seek expression in and through the child, require no preparation whatever. No schooling is necessary. No books need be consulted. The requisite knowledge seems to come to them almost by inspiration as soon as they assume the role of parents. The fact is that young parents pin their faith to traditional methods of bringing up children,

perpetuated by individual families. If any slight modification or improvement in the customary ways of controlling children is evident, it is due to ideas picked up in a haphazard manner from casual friends and visitors. This lack of an intelligent system of home training based on a sympathetic knowledge of the child and the conditions of his development accounts for the regime of repression which prevails in many a home, to the distress of the children, and the undoing of many promising careers. Activities, which do not suit the convenience of parents, or satisfy the accepted standards of orderliness are remorselessly put down, regardless of the needs of child-nature. As a result, children thus hedged in by a multiplicity of commands which they cannot and do not comprehend, develop undesirable traits of character such as dissimulation, untruthfulness and obstinacy. A forceful active child, instead of being a joy to his parents and the promise of a strong individual manhood, becomes a source of anxiety to his parents, and the victim of unnecessarily strict repressive measures. In the words of Prof. James Ward, "towards the young we are apt to conduct ourselves as if the world were still in the preliminary age. While we now-a-days only bow, they are still expected to bow down....." children are 'to be seen, not heard', 'to speak when they are spoken to' come as they are called, 'to do as they are bid without asking why' and so forth." The above is a true description of the parental control, which aims at having convenient goody-goody children, but ignores the more worthy ideal which makes them grow

into self confident, resourceful, and independent citizens. The parent obviously assumes that his child must begin by being wholly directed by those who have the experience of years, and the wisdom of ages. It is certainly a salutary assumption, but an unjust one. It is true that the child should learn to obey his parents. It is also necessary that he should train himself to take suggestions readily from the social environment, which is to modify his life profoundly at a later stage. But the child is first and foremost the product of nature, and his actions are primarily dictated by the laws of his development. It is as detrimental to his mental expansion to keep him under the constant pressure of parental or social demands, as it is to his physical growth to keep him in tight clothes. The 'Donts' which very often issue from parents unaccompanied by positive suggestions are a fruitful source of perplexity to children and the real cause of ineffective discipline. The parent, who snaps at her noisy lively little one "Dont make noise" or "Dont touch", should follow up her prohibitions with some suggestion of approved and suitable outlet for the impulse which made the child exercise vocal organs or hands. Otherwise she deprives him of the joy of free activity which is the very essence of his life and spirit. Many a tragicomedy, in which parents and children lose their temper and happiness, would be avoided, if only parents would make an effort to understand children, and provide for the demands of their nature. But such honest enterprise is very rare. A mother, who will be absorbed for hours in following the windings of an insertion in the frock

of her neighbour's child, will be chary of spending a few minutes in devising an intelligent and healthy programme of free activity for her own.

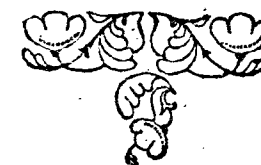
Parents err, not only in the over-exercise of their parental authority, but also in the excessive and thoughtless anxiety they bestow on their children while at work or play. They do too much for them, and allow few occasions for the exercise of their incipient powers, and for the joy that comes to them from such exercise. I can do no better than quote, in the words of Maria Montessori, an incident which happened in her "Children's House," in order to illustrate my point.

"One day the children had gathered themselves, laughing and talking, into a circle about a basin of water containing some floating toys. We had in the school a little boy barely two and a half years old. He had been left outside the circle alone, and it was easy to see that he was filled with intense curiosity. I watched him from a distance with great interest. He first drew near to the other children and tried to force his way among them, but he was not strong enough to do this, and he then stood looking about him. The expression of thought in his little face was intensely interesting. I wished that I had a camera so that I might have photographed him. His eye lighted on a little chair, and evidently he made up his mind to place it behind the group of children, and then to climb upon it. He began to move toward the chair, his face illuminated with hope, but at that moment the teacher seized him brutally (or perhaps she would have said gently) in her arms and lifting him up above the

heads of the other children, showed him the basin of water, saying, "Come, poor little one, you shall see too!"

"Undoubtedly the child seeing the floating toys did not experience the joy he was about to feel through conquering the obstacle with his own force. The sight of these objects could be of no advantage to him, while his intelligent effort would have developed his inner powers. The teacher hindered the child, in this case from educating himself, without giving him any compensating good in return. The little fellow was about to feel himself a conqueror, and he found himself held within two imprisoning arms, impotent. The expression of joy, anxiety, and hope, which had interested me so much, faded from his face, and left on it the stupid expression of the child who knows that others will act for him."

JAMES C. CHINNAPPAH.



PRIDE: Greed is one, he is the eldest child. His younger brother's name is Passion. They love their small sister.

DESIRE: What's her name?

PRIDE: I don't like it. It is a long, vulgar name. She is a bad-natured girl. She plays with many hearts and finds herself rich.

LOVE: I see! I have heard a great deal about her.....

DESIRE: And I too; so, let us not talk about this family.

LOVE: Sister, a brilliant idea has flashed across me.

PRIDE: What is it, sweet friend? I think I have a right to ask, since we have been fast friends in the past.

DESIRE: And I have been your Shadow.

LOVE: What do you say to entering into a new world, an entirely new world?

DESIRE: It is difficult to find one suited to our fancies, don't you think?

PRIDE: Especially to suit my whims.

LOVE: I don't think so! But—hush! who is this? A human being, I declare.

DESIRE: A handsome human being! He is scattering sugar on the ground for the little black ants to feed on.

PRIDE: Yes! he looks a large-hearted human being.

LOVE: A large heart will make a large world; I only hope he has no evil inhabitants in it, at least, I hope, not old Hunger.

DESIRE: He looks satisfied and contented!

LOVE: I tell you what, then. We shall enter his heart and carve in it a world of our own creation.

DESIRE: Well thought. Shall we, Pride?

PRIDE: We shall! I like the man. Hallo! Joy!

(Enter Joy).

How have you managed to get away from the village?

LOVE AND DESIRE: Good morning, Joy! We feel you when we meet you!

J: This young man yonder passed the poor man's hut this morning. The poor man's wife smiled to herself when she saw him, and I danced, I don't know why. When this young man was out of sight, the poor man's wife told me to run after him and breathe a song about her into his heart, and make him feel how happy he had made her while passing by, although he didn't know it. So, I have just come to breathe a song into his heart. It is a pleasant surprise to meet you all again.

LOVE: You shall not go back.

JOY: I must.

DESIRE: We shall not allow you to leave us.

PRIDE: I am too proud to have my friend, Miss Joy, living in a poor man's hut. You are not to go back. Besides, you must not forget you are engaged to me.

LOVE AND DESIRE: We are witnesses!

PRIDE: (Aside to Love)! I wish I had been engaged to you.

DESIRE: I am sorry I overheard you. Mr. Pride, you must know, Love is also engaged.

PRIDE: O! is she? To whom?

DESIRE: That's a secret, but you shall know his name. it is famous Mr. Pain.

LOVE: He is handsome. Joy, you are not going back to the poor man's wife.

JOY: I must or she will be miserable.

LOVE: (Touched with remorse)! Let her go.

PRIDE: No! she shall not. She must help us in making our new world. (Noticing the ant-feeder). Hallo! the good man is sleeping. This is a fair opportunity to enter his heart. I wish our fantastic friend, Mr. Dream, the Artist were here, to give us some pretty ideas about the creation of our contemplated world.

(Enter Dream, the artist, suddenly.)

DREAM: Good morning friends! you seem to forget I am everywhere. I am always floating near you all. I am glad you

VASSANTI.

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A PLAY IN IV SCENES.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY.

Vassnti, the lost.

A young man.

A poor man's wife.

A Porter.

LOVE: A beautiful girl in white.

DESIRE: A grand girl in red.

PRIDE: A fine young boy in purple.

JOY: A sweet laughing girl in bright colours.

GOOD SENSE: A plain-looking boy in silver.

DREAM: The Artist, in colours of flame.

Hunger a lean, old, pale, skeleton-looking woman. Her children, Greed, Passion and Dissipation are clothed in gold, bright blue and pale yellow respectively. Some spirits to form Hunger's funeral-procession.

SCENE I. A dim wood...There are dark shadows all over; and not a rustle among the leaves. Gloom prevails in the skies...Enter Love and Desire.

LOVE: Good morning, little friend!

DESIRE: Sweet Love! it is ages since we last met.

LOVE: And that was in Vassanti's heart, which was once our radiant world.

DESIRE: Lean Hunger drove us out of it.

LOVE: Yes, bright Desire! Do you remember how pale that old woman was when she suddenly tottered in, while we were playing our sweet, innocent game?

DESIRE: Our friend Joy was frightened when she saw her hungry looks. She grew sad, and without telling us a word, she left us that very day. I wonder where she is now?

LOVE: O! don't you know? Rumour saw her in the village the other day, dwelling in a poor man's hut. She has become his adopted child, I believe. I wish I could go and live with her, too. Any news of Good Sense, by the bye?

DESIRE: No! not that I know of. But Love! who is that young fellow coming towards us? He is weeping!

LOVE: He is our young gentleman-friend Pride. I'm afraid Hunger has offended him.

(Enter Pride, in tears.)

PRIDE: (To himself): Wretched old woman, She has dared to drive us out of our own, beautiful world. O Love! I cannot bear this terrible blow.

LOVE: Mr. Pride! it doesn't become a young man like you to weep. You must keep your name, or Hunger, hearing of your tears, may laugh at you in scorn.

DESIRE: We have suffered a similar fate, Mr. Pride, but we have not shed a tear, because we know that we are going to win back our lost world.

PRIDE: Yes! I know that too, but O! it is in ruins...Our beautiful, beautiful world is in fragments.....

LOVE: It is cruel to think of it—but what is the use of crying? We must contrive to drive Hunger out of it and regain our world.

DESIRE: But how strong weak Hunger is!

PRIDE: Besides, she has settled down comfortably in our world with her family.

LOVE: Has she a husband?

PRIDE: No! she is a widow. Her husband was a good man, they say. His name was Mr. Feedwell, but he is dead and his widow is free to play havoc wherever she likes. She has three children, two sons and one daughter.

LOVE: What are their names?

thought of me. I was just waiting to see how much you all respect me and my art,

LOVE: Mr. Artist! you have come like your own fulfilment to us.

DREAM: (To Desire): Good morning! swift Desire, you beat me once in a race, do you recollect? what a fleet-footed boy you are! and you, Bright Joy, how goes the world with you?

JOY: Fancy talking of a world when we have none to call ours!

DREAM: I do declare we cannot afford to waste our time. The making of a new world is a difficult task!

ALL: Difficult to make indeed, but easy to live in when once it is made!

SCENE II. Vassanti's house, a tiny, poky, untidy, dimly-lit room.

Dawn tries to struggle through the windows and the shutters, but fails to light up the gloom sleeping heavily over everything in the room.

Enter Lean Hunger, and her children.

H: How are you this morning, my children?

PASSION: I feel I am growing, mother; Don't you think I have a marvellous growth?

DISSIPATION: Mother! but you are dwindling into a shadow. What shall we do if you die?

HUNGER: Why! you all will live, and grow and keep up my reputation.

GREED: Mother! how are you feeling? You are not looking well today.

HUNGER: I am afraid I am fading away gradually. But Greed, my son, you must look after your life.

GREED: You needn't fear, mother! I have a bright future before me.

HUNGER: Now children, you all must go to bed. You have not slept all night; morning is your bedtime, don't forget!

CHILDREN: Good merning, mother!

HUNGER: Now, now, that sounds as if you are going to play about. Say Goodnight! It makes me sure that you are going to bed.

CHILDREN: Goodnight, mother. (Exeunt sleepily).

HUNGER: Why on earth did I enter this world? It is such a lonely, dreadful, horrible place.....I feel so gloomy some times.....and then.....I have been earning so much money, of late, that I have begun to lose my personality. I feel surfeited with food; I did not realise before that food, at least, the food I eat now, is as good as poison. Starvation is my life! It is my tonic! but—it's too late to repent; My time draws near, and I must leave my children in this strange, new world! I am dying; children I am dying! bury me somewhere out of this world. I hate it.....It is too grand for me. Goodbye, children.

(Hunger stretches herself out and dies).

Enter Vassanti, tortured by her thoughts.

V: What a strange hunger drove me to this miserable life. I fain would go back beyond my Past and begin a perfect future once more. It is too late, now. The world knows me. I have ruined so many young lives and been cursed by them. No.....I must change my life. If only some one would love me; if only some one would come to my home and go back with my soul. Oh! I am a woman. I realise from what dizzy heights of nobility I have fallen. O God! There is fire in my eyes. I have not slept for nights.

Oh! not all the money I have earned can buy me my honour again. I am so tired. (Sleeps.)

(Good sense, the plain fellow, creeps from a corner and seems to be full of joy).

GOOD SENSE: Here I am, safe and sound, and full of joy, my little long-lost friend. Love, Desire, Pride and the rest of them were cowards to run away from their world. I was the only one that had the courage to stay back, in spite of Hunger's family, who tried to hurt me once or twice. But of course, I made them soon realise that the world they tried to usurp, was wide enough for twenty families like theirs. I, being Good Sense, had nothing to do with them, but quietly lived in a secret corner of my world, waiting for my time. I knew that my time would come some day, and that

Hunger's life was short. And now Hunger is dead, because she was overfed. It gives me a sense of relief to think that her children are Orphans. They are mighty creatures, I admit, but do you think that's going to frighten me? I wish Love, Desire, Pride and the rest of them were here now to revolt with me in a body against these dangerous orphans.

I couldn't dream before that Pride would run away from Hunger, like a timorous coward! The world I am living in is a beautiful one, and in spite of all its recent ruins, I believe it can easily be rebuilt and then it will be ten times more magnificent than before. It is night in my world now, and I am supposed to be fast asleep.....I didn't sleep the whole of last night.

SCENE III. Same as the first. The young man, whom, we found, sleeping in Scene I, wakes up from a strange dream. He is alone and the ants have fed and gone away.

YOUNG M: I have never felt like this before! a strange Desire is fluttering its gorgeous wings, like a restless bird, within me. It sings.....and I feel lonely! It was the fantasy of a dream. What a sad, beautiful woman I saw. She was all alone in a room, with broken walls. She lay on the floor, with her hair wet with tears. She was bitterly weeping. How beautiful everything she said, seemed to be, although it was about her ruined life. There was a half-broken wine-cup lying by her side on the floor, stained with the spilt wine. Thank Heavens! it was only a dream, and yet, I feel I love her. Her face is haunting me now, and Love is maddening me with her passionate touch. But.....why do I feel so joyful? I have never felt like this before? my heart was like an empty world before I slept, and now, I wake to find it crowded with lovely forms and sweet voices!... (Looks at the spot where he had scattered sugar for the ants, before falling asleep). The ants have fed and gone back to their little homes. I have slept a long sleep. It's time I went home.

(Exit young man.)

Enter from the opposite wing, Hunger's orphan children, weeping.

PASSION: Alas! Alas! our mother is dead.

GREED: Our mother is dead!

DISSIPATION: Our mother is dead!

GREED: Good Sense, our Enemy, took advantage of us in our helplessness.

PASSION: What a scoundrel he is.

DISSIPATION: Bad Goodsense that he is!

PASSION: We shall never go back to his world again!

GREED: Our mother has been the cause of our sufferings.

DISSIPATION! I wish she had seen us settled in a new world before she died.

PASSION: It's too late now!

DISSIPATION: I'm afraid we are destined to follow her to the grave.

GREED! There's one consolation, however, left to us. we have destroyed Good Sense's whole world, and driven his friends out of it.

PASSION! It is very hard for people like us to live in a world that Good Sense also inhabits. Of course, we are stronger than he is, as long as he doesn't determine to show off his strength. But the moment he does, his presence becomes so odiously dangerous that people like us are forced to leave him without a word.

DISSIPATION: So, he has defeated us.

GREED! Hallo! Here is a funeral procession coming along. I wonder whose it can be!

(Enter Hunger's funeral Procession).

PASSION: Surely, it is our mother's. Let us follow her to the grave

ALL: Poor mother! I wish she had seen us settled in a world un-inhabited by Good Sense, before she died. (They follow procession).

SCENE IV. The door of Vassanti's room. Enter young man of Scene I and Scene III... a Porter speaks to him.

P! Good evening, Sir.

YOUNG M! Good Evening.

P! Do you want anything?

YOUNG M: Who lives here?

P: You know, Sir.

YOUNG M: I don't!

P: Some one who is well-known lives here, sir.

YOUNG M: Then it must be my uncle.....

P: No uncle, God bless us, but a lady, Sir, and a lady cannot be anybody's uncle.

YOUNG M: A lady? Then, I'm sorry, Good night.

(Turns to go away).

P: No, Sir, a beautiful lady.

YOUNG M: How old is she?

P: Once you see her, you will guess it for yourself.

YOUNG M: Well then, lead me into the lady's apartment. I will speak with her.

P: With pleasure, but don't forget I'm a poor man, Sir.

(Leads him into her apartment.)

SCENE V. Vassanti's room. Enter Young man. Vassanti looks surprised.

V: Good morning!

YOUNG M: Excuse this intrusion, but what is your name?

V: Vassanti. Do you know me?

YOUNG M: I think I do. Did we meet this morning?

V: Where?...No.....but I saw some one like you in my dream,

YOUNG M: When?

V: This morning, when I.....I lay alone, weeping.

YOUNG M: What!...are you the form I loved in my dream? Is yours the face that has haunted me all day? Oh! Forgive me, but I must confess my love.

V: For one so loathsome as me?

YOUNG M: For one so noble as you. O! come...don't say no. Change your life. I cannot bear you to live here. Give me

all your past, I shall join its fragments with my love and make it perfect again. Oh! give me your Future for me to carve in it the woman of my Ideal.....

V: Have you come at last, to lift me up from the deep pit of distraction? Have you come, my heart's Ideal?

YOUNG M: I have come to buy you with my love...I am sick of thinking that you have been bought for gold so often.

V: That will make you repent, won't it?

YOUNG M: Repent? I?

V: Yes! you! a respectable young man, whose life holds countless gifts for you. O! and I...what am I but a low, abject, fallen, shattered woman, who has lost her birthright of nobility. Sir! I want to retrieve my lost self...to pick up my real self from the heap of fragments of my shattered self, without injuring your fresh life. Forgive me! I love you. I have never felt the touch of love before. Only this morning I longed to see somebody, who would come to me and go away with my soul. I fell asleep. You came to me in my dream. I loved you. Have you come at last?

YOUNG M: I feel proud of you already!

(Scene changes...Enter love, Desire, Pride, Dream).

LOVE: I have fulfilled my duty. They love each perfectly.

PRIDE: And have not I done my duty thoroughly? The young man feels proud of Vassanti!

DESIRE: What do you think of me? They are full of me.

DREAM: Thank the artist for his suggestions!

JOY: The poor man's wife must be wretched! It was not right of me to leave her so suddenly. She must be crying for me I feel I must go back! Even I have begun to feel miserable. I really can't afford to lose my individuality!

LOVE: You need not fear. She is sure to come in search of you. You can whisper to her that you can't go back.

DESIRE: I am so glad that we have regained our old world. It is a little shattered and broken, but we shall try our best to remodel it.

ARE WE INDIANS TRULY EDUCATED?

In my opinion, 'educated' means trained in mind and body. Hence, I hold that we are not truly educated, because our training has been chiefly, if not altogether, one-sided—a training of the mind alone. Our forefathers failed to see that true education, to mould a sound character and personality, must also consist of games. So they did not as a rule impress on the minds of their children the importance and value of games. Many thought their reasons for this omission might have been, it seems to me that they were practically three. I am inclined, therefore, to divide our forefathers and fathers into three chief classes. The parent of the first class thought that a pure intellectual training alone was sufficient to enable one to carry on the struggle for existence. Those of the second class thought that a *mens sana in corpore sano* was a good thing, but that games were not necessary to attain that *mens sana* and *corpussanum*. They thought that anything that provided exercise was enough to maintain a *corpus sanum*. They failed to see any difference between games and mere exercise.

The parent of the third class realised that games were very essential, but were afraid that their children might become 'playful' and neglect their studies.

One cannot but see exactly where these three classes of parents were mistaken in their conceptions of education. The first are like the ignorant and foolish man who killed the goose that laid the golden eggs. They encouraged their children to work at the

expense of their health. The result is that the youth has sapped his brain power in a few years. Some do well at school and also at college. But, when they arrive at the threshold of manhood, they discover too late that they have shot their bolt. Some find that they are unable to use their brains any more, whilst others descend into an early grave.

The second class of parent does not see any necessity for games, because he thinks that any form of exercise is just as good as playing games. He says to his children, "Oh—a walk will quite do for you", or swing the Indian clubs' or do something like that; why waste time on games unnecessarily?" This class of parent commits the grievous error of failing to grasp that games give us not only mere exercise, but also teach us to cultivate many qualities, which go to make an ideal man.

The last class of parent—the one who is afraid lest his children become too 'playful' is the worst of all. He knows that games are better than mere exercise, but he is too lazy to teach his children how they should so combine work and play as not to sacrifice the one for the other; the cultivation of a *via media*.

What then are the benefits acquired by participation in games, beyond mere exercise? They teach us how we should cultivate certain qualities which go to make an ideal man. Among others I may mention the following, unity and combination, endurance and tenacity, the 'sporting instinct,' sacrifice of self for others, the saying of NIL DESPERANDUM in the

face of fearful odds, the capacity for judging others.

(ii) ENDURANCE & TENACITY.

(i) UNITY AND COMBINATION.

All games, in which are required two teams rather than two individuals, teach us that the members of each team must be completely united, if they are going to show their maximum strength. Let us take Cricket. If each member of a cricket team is only bent on showing individual brilliancy or on serving individual interests,—as for example, when each player is bent on his own score, the team as a whole suffers because, let us say, each man wants to go in to play in a certain order and the captain cannot satisfy them all. Or a selfish bowler bent on keeping up a good average, finds an excuse (the moment his average is being spoilt) for being changed; though, if he had the interest of the team at heart, his sole purpose would be to get his opponents out even if it comes to his spoiling his good bowling averages. Again in Football, all men of a side must so combine and pass the ball from one to the other as to enable them to shoot it between the opponent's goalposts. But, if some one or two such men should 'stick on' to the ball too much in order to have the honour of shooting a goal, they may throw away chances for scoring, which may never occur again during the rest of the time. They must pass to the man in the most favourable position to shoot a goal. They must all combine to make an easy opening for a shot.

Any one, who takes part in any outdoor game, soon comes to know that all such games call for a certain amount of effort and a capacity for undergoing some discomfort or even pain; that with this capacity for enduring pain and discomfort, he must also have the capacity to hold on; that is, in addition to enduring discomfort and pain, he must also play the game to the bitter end without giving it up. It is not the man who shows mere brilliance who makes a good player. How often have I seen one man show brilliance and dash at the commencement of a game and suffer defeat by not having the spirit of not giving in, when he begins to feel discomfort or pain. On one occasion, one of two boxers had the misfortune of dislocating one arm in the middle of the contest. But he did not give up the fight. He boxed on to the end with the other arm and had the satisfaction of being declared the winner in points. Take another case. I know of a man, who, though suffering from fever, played in an important match for his college at Football, and thus enabled his side to win the match. He must have played on by sheer force of will power, as there was no doubt that he was very ill at the time. How many athletes win a race by this wonderful will power, which enables mind to triumph over matter. They muster up all their strength till they drop at the winning post. That is the spirit we want our boys to have.

(III) THE 'SPORTING INSTINCT.'

I doubt not that many of us have heard the expression before. But how many of us have given a thought as to its meaning? Let me try to give the meaning. This is a spirit, let us say a noble spirit—which prompts a man to give his opponent a reasonable chance of winning a game, although by the rules of the game he is not bound to do so. Let us take an example from Cricket. Towards the close of a match one side A had to make 15 runs to win the match, and their last two men were in. But unfortunately it was time for 'cease play.' But the captain of side B told the captain of side A that they could continue for another half hour in order that, if they could, their side A should win the match, instead of the match ending in a draw. Now we can well call captain of side B a thorough sportsman. Another case I remember quite well. It was during the South of England Tennis Championships. In the open singles, the men were 'two all' and in the final set they stood thus. A had 6 games to his credit and B five; and in the 12th game A was serving and it was 'Vantage in' in his favour. If A won the next stroke, he would have won the championship. He served for the next stroke and B while running up to receive it slipped and fell and thus lost the stroke and hence the championship according to the rules. But A was a sportsman and wanted to beat B without the aid of accidents, fair and square. So he asked B to play on, and finally managed to beat him. But in asking B to play on, he gave him a chance of winning the

Championship, as B could have won that game and the next two, to beat A by 8 games to 6 in the fifth set.

(IV) SELF SACRIFICE FOR OTHERS.

This quality comes into play in those games, which are played by two teams rather than by two individuals. Let us suppose that X and Y are both very good batsmen and are neck to neck in the season's batting averages for their college. Now I have known one of two men in such a position being asked in an inter-collegiate match to 'hit out', in order to make the runs required to win the match in a short space of time. And he did 'hit out' and got out with only a few runs to his credit. Now, if he had been a man who looked to his own interest, he could have played his usual careful game and kept up his good batting average. But he sacrificed his interest for the sake of his side and his college. His only thought was to win the match if possible and not whether his rival was likely to beat him in the batting averages. It is this spirit that makes boys into MEN, who are admired and envied. It is this spirit that made Sir Philip Sidney, dying with insatiable thirst, to pass a cup of water, specially procured for him with great difficulty, to an ordinary soldier of the rank and file, with the words 'THY necessity is greater than MINE.'

(V) NIL DESPERANDUM.

This translated from the Latin means 'never despair.' It is the quality which whispers in the ears of the one who falters in the face of heavy odds, to pull himself together

like a MAN and go forward. How many of us have this valuable quality? Not many. How often have I seen men play a game well only so long as they lead or their side leads. The moment their opponents get the upper hand, they fall to pieces. Such men say to themselves, "now we are done," whereas they ought to say, "all is not lost, we shall win yet." Many a man has won a set after losing the first 5 games and winning the next 7. To take an example from the great European war, this is what the French and British have done. Against heavy odds in men and every machine of war, they lost the first five games to the Germans and won the set with the Battle of the Marne. It is the spirit and not mere strength that tells—whether in games of peace or war, other things being equal.

(VI) THE ART OF USING ONE'S 'HEAD'.

Let me assure each and every one who is an aspirant to the higher honours in any game, that mere strength and dash without head, does not enable him to reach the goal in view. He must cultivate a capacity for sound judgment. He must know his own strength and weakness, as well as his opponent's. Then, he must so use his strength and guard his weakness, as to strike at his opponent's weakest spot with his own strength and guard his weak spot against his opponent's strongest blows. This requires a deep study of men and a deeper study of the game. Let me give a simple example. Let us take tennis. There are some men, who can execute individual strokes brilliantly, but who always play those strokes to the op-

ponent's strongest quarters; In fact they do not use their 'brains'. The result is that in spite of brilliant strokes, they have to taste the chagrin of defeat. They do not take the trouble to find out, where their opponent is weak by 'testing' him during the early part of the game. In fact they must, to use a 'boxing' term, 'spar at the start for an opening'.

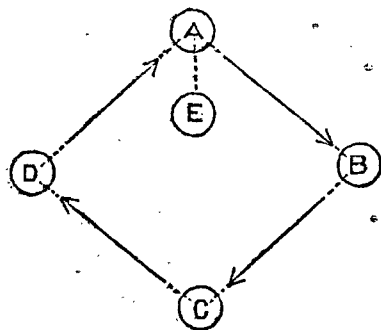
Most of the games above-mentioned are suitable only for Indian men; but there are some games suitable for Indian ladies also, and before this article is drawn to a conclusion it will not be out of place to suggest some of these games.

There is no doubt that Indian girls and ladies cannot take part in all the games played by the ladies of the west; and this, because their dress does not permit them. What the Indian girl or lady, can play are tennis, Badminton, Basket ball and a game very much like the American base ball (but which is played with a tennis racket and ball), which I will call by the name of ROUNDERS.

The first two are well known and I need not dwell on them, Basket ball has been heard of. It is more or less like football, but the ball is not kicked but passed from hand to hand. Instead of the ball being kicked through the goal as in football, the ball has to be thrown into a net or basket which is attached to a pole. This game brings into play all the qualities required for football, but is devoid of any danger.

The game of ROUNDERS, can be played by any number of players. Two sides are chosen. Four "posts" are marked on the field in the form of

circles with a radius of $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. These four posts should represent the four corners of a square of any convenient size. Let me give a diagram.



A is called the base. B, C and D are the 'posts.' E is also a circle with a radius of about $\frac{1}{2}$ yd and about 6 yds from A, along the diagonal A C. Let us say two sides have been chosen of four players each. One side wins the toss and starts batting. Let the players on the batting side be W, X, Y and Z. The striker always stands at the base (A). The bowler must bowl in such a way as to enable the striker to hit the ball, before it touches the ground. If the ball after being struck, is caught before it has touched the ground, then the whole side WXYZ is out. If the ball is caught on the first hop, then only the striker is out. A striker is also out if the ball is picked up and she is struck with it before she has reached a 'post,' from the base. Once she is 'in' a 'post,' she is safe and cannot be struck with the ball. A striker must *at least* travel from A to B after she strikes the ball. If she thinks she has hit the ball far enough, she can travel from A to B and from B to C as well, or even do the full journey and back to the base, if she is sure

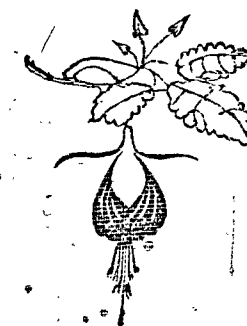
that she will not be put 'out of play' before then in any of the ways above mentioned. Suppose W strikes the ball first and runs to post B. Then X strikes the ball. When X has struck, W, who is at post B, *must* at least go to post C and X must at least go to post B. Let us assume that X is at post B and W is at post C. Now Y strikes the ball. Let us assume that W goes to D, X goes to C and Y goes to B. Now only Z is left to strike the ball. When Z strikes the ball, at least one of the former strikers must reach the base before the opponents can field the ball and place it in the empty base. Because if this is done, when the base is empty, then the whole side is out. But a player who is 'out' can strike again, if any one on his side can travel the whole journey from A to B, C to D and back to A as the result of one stroke. If the square is small and this is easy to do, then it can be agreed on beforehand, that two such full rounds in two strokes or three full rounds in three strokes only will revive a striker who has been put 'out of play.' The cardinal things to remember are (1) that at every stroke each player must base her 'post' or the striker her base, and travel *at least* to one other post; and (2) that the base should not be empty. There should be at least one person to strike the ball, otherwise the whole side will be 'out,' if the ball is placed in the empty base, before a player reaches it. Such a situation can only arise when there are only four players or less left, the other being all put out of play. What I have said gives a rough idea of the game. The girls themselves can frame additional rules by mutual agreement.

Thus the Indian lady can also take part in healthy games, which will develop both mind and body. But, in some cases, it is not at all possible for then to take a direct part in games. Even then, however, they can do much good by taking an interest in games. They can encourage games by being present at them. The presence of fair spectators gives often a great zest to games, even though games must be played for the game's sake. More than this, Indian Ladies can teach their boys and girls the moral value of games. We have talked of the duties of 'parents' in the first part of this paper. But parents in this 'connection' in India, alas! often mean only the fathers, for the mothers have little voice in the education of their sons. Well, then! here is a chance for Indian Ladies. Let them first show themselves capable of taking part in games. And then, themselves understanding the value of games, they can teach the men how useful they are.

It is the moral rather than the physical aspect of the boons conferred by games, that we Indians do not appreciate. We know that we have stagnated, while Europe and America have advanced. We know that they consider games as much a part of true education as books. Their schools even go to the extent of compelling their boys to take part in games, unless they are physically unfit. What do we do? we even damp the spirits of those of our children who love many games. Few there be of our sons who play a game for the game's sake. Many there are of them, whose only exercise is to watch others play. To my knowledge, out of the

140 of my countrymen at an English University, not more than 10 to 15 per cent took part in any games in winter! Facts are stubborn things. Among the nations of the East, the Japanese alone have advanced to the level of the world's best. They enforce their national games in their schools. The greatness of each nation seems to tell its own story as to the importance it attaches to outdoor games. Moral spirit and character must always triumph over mere strength and brute force, other things being equal. No utterance proves my contention better than this—that 'the battle of Waterloo was won from the playing fields of Eton and Horrow.' Before I close, I venture to add this advice to my countrymen, let us start with our playing fields first. All that we want will follow in due course.

AN INDIAN PATRIOT.



PRIDE & DESIRE: I tell you, we cannot sufficiently thank our wonderfully brave young friend, Good Sense. He has worked wonders alone. He fought Hunger's children single-handed, drove them out, and has given our world back to us. Brave little Good Sense!

JOY: We never thought that Good sense was so useful, after all!

PRIDE & DESIRE: We now know what he is!

(PRIDE): How shall we distribute the two worlds between us?

LOVE: That's easy. I shall make one new world out of the two.

JOY: That's brilliant!

(Enter Good Sense).

ALL: Allow us to congratulate you, Good sense!

G. SENSE: Thank you! but believe me, I am glad I have found you all again. I hope we are going to be friends for ever.

(Enter the poor man's wife).

ALL: Hush! Hush! We must hide. Joy, especially you.—Here comes your adopted mother to seek you, but you are not to leave us.

JOY: Let me speak to her alone. I promise not to go back with her.

ALL: Promise us!

JOY: I promise.

ALL: Let her go then. Joy has never broken her promises.

LOVE: I don't know, I have often found her a charming promise-maker and a promise-breaker.

ALL: That's different. Remember you are Love...

(They hide).

JOY: Here she comes. Good morning, mother.

THE POOR MAN'S WIFE: Goodmorning, little girl. Have you told him?

JOY: I didn't.

THE POOR MAN'S WIFE: Do you know where he lives?

JOY: He lives yonder,

THE POOR MAN'S WIFE: Is he alone? I want to speak to him.

JOY: He is not alone. He is married.

THE POOR MAN'S WIFE: Oh! he is married! will you go to see him, if I ask you to?

JOY: I am going tonight, so I am sorry I cannot go back with you.

THE POOR MAN'S WIFE: Dear Joy! I shall not deprive the young man's home of you! Go and live with him, sweet Joy, and tell him that the woman, who smiled at him this morning from her little hut, has set him up in the Temple of her heart, and worships him.

JOY: I shall.

THE POOR MAN'S WIFE: Goodbye, Joy. *(Exit).*

ALL: Has she gone?

JOY: She has. Haven't I kept my promise?

ALL: You have. But what did she say?

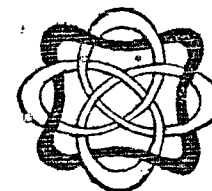
JOY: Love must forgive me. It was her husband's secrets she told me.

ALL: Love's husband? what is his name?

JOY: Pain, of course!!!

CURTAIN.

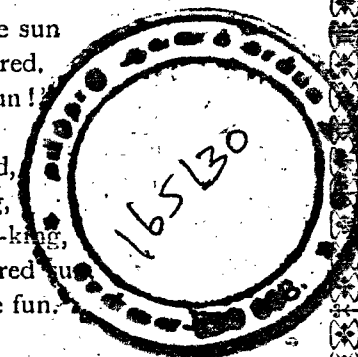
H. CHATTOPADHYAY.



Our Children's Page— The Eagle Brothers.

Two Eagle Brothers—long ago,
Lived in the famous Home of Snow.
The Elder's name was Jattayu,
Who was the stronger of the two;
Sanpati was the younger brother,
And both were sons of the same mother.
Jattayu had a powerful wing,
And of all Eagle Tribes, was king.
These Eagle Brothers lived in snow,
In ancient times, long, long ago,
In the Himalyas—for they thought
That was the highest, noblest spot
In all the world—and great and regal,
The prettiest dwelling for an Eagle.
The Eagle-King flew on his wing,
(And when he flew he made a ring,
Majestical—day after day,
His life was very, very gay.
Whene'er he heard the voice of hunger,
Both he and his brother younger,
Sought for food without a word,
And killed the life of many a bird.
Whene'er the eagle king appeared
Among the skies—the birds all feared,
Lest they should have to sacrifice
Their lives and lose them in a trice.
And yet they knew that he was meek,
And very gentle to the weak.
When Jattayu flew in the air,
To challenge him no bird would dare.
Whene'er he flew on outspread wing,
He was ambitious as a king.
But when at home, he was no other

Than Sanpati's elder brother,
A gentle son of a gentle mother.
They shared the day's meal and they ate
Together from one little plate,
And after every meal they'd fly
Far away into the sky,
Just by way of exercise.
And when they did—the circling skies
Rang wildly with their joyous cries.
One day Jattayu, while returning
To his nest, expressed a yearning
To his brother, and he said
"I wish I once could reach the sun
Burning large and round and red.
If I could,—I would be such fun!
So, ever since Sanpati heard
The longing of his brother bird,
Day after day kept wondering,
How he could make this eagle-king,
His brother, reach the bright, red sun
And let his brother have some fun.
He loved Jattayu very much.
His love for Jattayu was such,
That he at last, one sunny day,
To reach the sun found out a way.
"It could be done! It could be done—
It could be done," he cried, "if one
Should fly between him and the sun."
And so, one day—he bravely said
To Jattayu, "I, too, will go
With you and leave our home of snow
To meet the sun, so round and red."
He also said—in sweet pretence,
"Should the sun's splendour be intense
And I, in terror, shut my wing
And drop to earth—O! Eagle-King!—
Since you are used to dance and fly
In any corner of the sky—



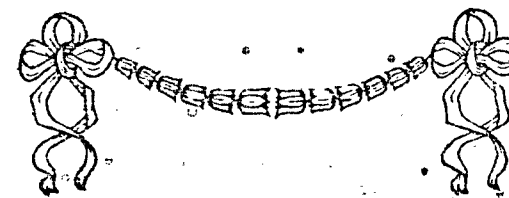
And you are stronger, than poor I,
 I beg you, brother, to take care
 Of me when we are out in air.
 Fly under me—so, should I chance
 To drop all sudden, in a trance,
 You will be able me to save,
 And save me from an early grave!"

Jattayu consented—so
 Far from their cold Home of snow
 Towards the sun they gaily flew
 Circling in the skies so blue.
 Higher still and higher, higher
 Flew they towards the ball of fire,
 To fulfil this strange desire!
 Till at last they reached a spot
 Where the sun burnt very hot.
 Even Jattayu felt the fire
 Though Sanpati was much higher,—
 Not a word to him he said
 Of the sun's rays burning red;
 Jattayu said "Let us go
 Back unto our Home of snow,"
 "For," he said, "our little nest
 Is, I think, the very best."
 So both the brothers back returned.
 Sanpati's wings alone were burned.
 "It's wonderful," Jattayu cried
 To Sanpati—in foolish pride,
 "It's wonderful to think how I,
 And you—dear brother—did not die,
 In spite of reaching the bright sun.
 Didn't we have tremendous fun?
 Should our bird-people chance to hear
 This tale—they'll all be mad with fear!—
 O! thank your stars—dear Sanpati,
 That, I was with you, when we flew
 Right into the skies of blue—
 O! thank your Heavens I was with you,

When you in terror fell on me!"

But Sanpati—a gentle bird—
 Never said a single word
 About his wings, to any one.
 Burnt by the anger of the sun,
 Sanpati lives—all night and day
 In his great Home of snow—and none
 Can know his wings were scorched away
 In the fierce passion of the sun.
 Jattayu flew, all day and night.
 In fluttering rings of rich delight.
 To every bird he met, he said,
 That he made friends with the sun so red!
 No! none could know the reason why
 Sanpati stopped to dance and fly,
 With his king-brother in the sky.
 I am the only one who know
 Why Sanpati has ceased to fly.
 As once he used to, in the sky,
 And stays all day—in his Home of snow.
 He tried to shade Jattayu's wing,
 From the sun's rays one sunny day;
 And when he did, poor little thing,
 His own bright wings were scorched away.

H. CHATTORAJ,



Editorial Notes.

DR. MRS. R. ISAAC.

We give here the photo of Dr. Mrs. Rathnamma Isaac, who is the first appointed Lady Doctor in the Government Maternity Hospital of Madras. Her School and College careers were successful ones. She was educated in the Sarah Tucker College, Palamcottah and passed the F. A. in 1907. She stood first in the L.M. & S. Degree examination of the Madras University, passing successfully every year through the 5 years' course, and winning the Midwifery medal of the College.

Mrs R. Isaac is doing useful service, not only in her professional career, but also in other aspects of her life. She is a great help to her husband, Mr. J. R. Isaac, B.A., who is serving in the Y.M.C.A., having been sent out in 1913 as the Y.M.C.A. representative to England and America, and having served with the troops in Mesopotamia in 1916, and now General Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. in Ceylon. She is the mother of two boys and is helping in their education.

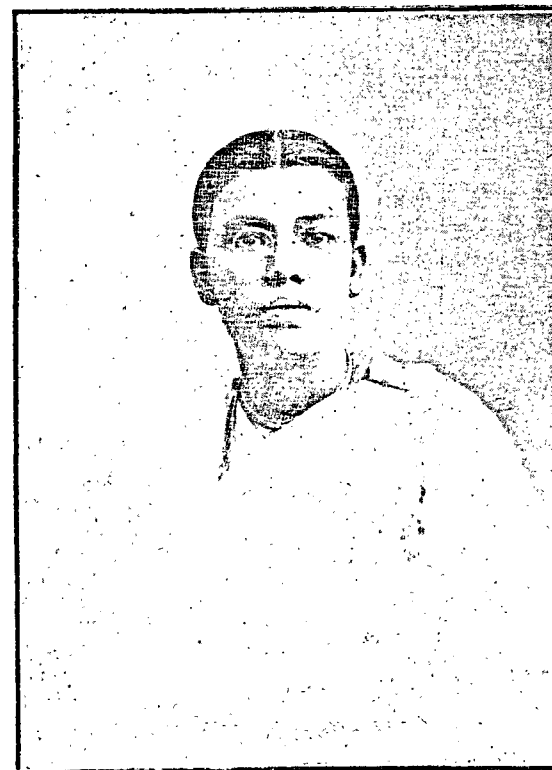
Mrs. Isaac is helping much in Sunday school and missionary work in connection with the Tinnevely church and with the Zion Church of Madras. She does voluntary zenana-work, especially in caste-Hindu homes. She is also helping in the Social Service League in the slums and the Baby-saving scheme.

We want many more women like her, especially at the present time of stress and difficulty.

The Government Brahmin Widows' Hostel, Triplicane, Madras,

We have much pleasure in giving as our frontispiece the picture of the three widows' of the Government Brahmin Widows' Hostel, Triplicane, Madras, who were the first students from the Hostel to enter Queen Mary's College, Madras, 1917, (reading from left to right Lakshmi-Parvathi-Amukuthy). Parvathi obtained the highest marks in Mathematics of all the Girl's Schools in the Presidency at the recent S. S. L. C. Examination and has been admitted to the Mathematics Section of the Intermediate class of the Woman's College Madras.)

The Widows Hostel has now become an institution in Madras and a very useful one too, and as such deserves to be greatly encouraged. It was opened in 1912 under the direction of Subbalakshmi B.A.L.T., herself an educated widow lady. The movement has had the earnest help of Miss Lynch, Inspector of Girls' Schools, Madras, behind it. Miss Lynch has rendered the whole movement incalculable service in personally collecting widows from various parts of the Presidency and in representing to Government the scheme and plan of the new Hostel. Recently, the old Ice-House was purchased for the girls at a cost of Rupees 80,000. At present, there are 70 widows being educated in the Government Secondary and Training School, attached to the Brahmin Widows' Hostel. The School was opened in 1913, with a view to give these girls the best opportunities of a Secondary Education; the first girls



Dr. Mrs. R. ISAAC.

to pass out from these Institutions are pictured above. They have successfully completed their S. S. L. C. course of the Madras Government Examinations and are now qualifying for the Degree Course of the Madras University.

Another batch is being prepared for the same course this year and in all probability a few of the number will enter the Medical College for Women—Delhi—to be of further service to their Indian Sisters.

Miss Lynch, the Inspectress of the circle, is to be congratulated on the success of the Movement and the success of the girls, who have been her especial care.

M. F. F.

Current Comments.

Our day.

We quote the appeal of the Honorary Secretary of the "Our Day," recently fixed for the 12th December 1917.

"His Excellency the Viceroy's appeal to the public of India on behalf of 'Our Day' will have evoked widespread interest and attention and it is certain that the organisation of an 'Our Day' will be welcomed throughout the extent of the Indian Empire. In a word, the object of 'Our Day' is to provide funds for the Red Cross, which has made possible a work of mercy, worldwide in its extent, and on this occasion the funds which may be collected will be allocated by the Viceroy between Mesopotamia and India. The hospital service at Home, provided with every detail of surgical and medical skill and appliances, is well known; there are besides the

splendid convoys of motor ambulances that carry out the transport on the lines of communication behind the British front in France, and also help our Allies; there are the hospital trains; there are the great organisations in Malta, in Egypt and at Salonika, with motor ambulances and launches for the campaign in Mesopotamia, and a similar provision for East Africa; there are the hospital and ambulance units in Italy, Russia and Roumania; there are supplies of food for British and Indian prisoners of war, books for the wounded, comforts of every kind and curative treatments and training for disabled men. It is now felt that the time has come for India to make a special effort to do even more than she has done, especially for the splendid troops now so bravely fighting battles for Empire and for India in Mesopotamia. There is one chief outstanding feature about the Red Cross work, and that is that it exists not only to heal the soldier but to help the man, and personal care for all who seek its aid is a keynote everywhere of its service of succour and help. 'Our Day' has been held at Home, already in 1915 and 1916, and it will surely have impressed the Indian public to learn that the last 'Our Day' at Home produced the splendid sum of £ 1,098,000 or 164 lakhs.

All the British Dominions and Colonies during 1916 sent magnificent contributions to swell the 'Our Day' Fund. From the faraway corners of the world, donations, large and small, flowed in; British residents and citizens of the Empire in Iceland, Costa Rica, Bushire, Fiji, St. Helena, Weihaiwei, Siam, Morocco, the British

West Indies and the Falkland Islands and scores of other places all contributed sums to 'Our Day.' Here are a few of the donations:—Canada, £ 341 002, Egypt, £ 97 824, the Straits Settlements and Johore State, £ 50,000, Australia, £ 46,150, New Zealand, £ 36,000; South Africa, £ 8,736; indeed not a single colony or dependency of our great British Empire failed to send a generous contribution, and under the head of Foreign Countries the Fund received no less than £ 5195. India itself apparently sent only £ 5,000, and that went from the Presidency of Bombay. It is true that no special organised effort as is now contemplated seems to have been made in this country last year, but that is all the more reason why the response in 1917 should be worthy of India's wealth and prosperity. It has been recently said by a high authority that India was never more prosperous and well to do than she is to day, and the generosity of India and her people is proverbial. It is particularly interesting to notice the contribution which was sent by the Province of Ontario in Canada, viz, £ 300,000. Ontario has good reason to be proud of this splendid effort, and in connection with this gift an interesting extract from the *Ontario Gazette* may be read. It sets forth that 'whereas the most Hon'ble the marquis of Lansdowne, the President of the British Red Cross Society has, on behalf of that organisation and the Order of St. John, asked for money, and whereas the need for this has been established, the mayor of every town and city and the reeve of every Municipality, together with all clergymen, school teachers, Members of

Parliament and the public generally, are adjured to set to work to get it. In testimony whereof, we have caused these our letters to be made patent and the great seal of our Province of Ontario to be hereto affixed.'

The average weekly cost of running the Red Cross in England some months ago was £ 40000. This sum will not diminish but increase as the spheres of its activity extend. There is always a need for more money and surely it is the duty of the inhabitants of India, both European and Indian, to do their utmost for those who are fighting their battles overseas.

A point which it is desirable to press upon the public is that the liabilities of the Red Cross extend beyond the provision of comforts, ambulances, launches, etc. This organisation also provides food for men who are in enemy hands. It looks to the after care of many gallant men, who have been broken in the course of the war, and for whose families and dependents, as well as themselves, it behoves us all to do our best.

Again, our liabilities will certainly not cease with the conclusion of the war. Let India throw itself wholeheartedly into this scheme, and for her fair fame set up a great record for an 'Our Day.' Every anna subscribed will find its way into the coffers of the Red Cross Fund and will, through the admirable business methods of the Red Cross, help in some useful work. Every man, every woman, every child can do something to help 'Our Day'; for the 12th December is not intended to be a day for the rich only. If everyone of India's three hundred

million inhabitants were enabled to subscribe one anna each, the result would be the magnificent contribution of 187 lakhs. Is this an impossible ideal?"

Lady Chelmsford has followed up the Viceroy's appeal with her own touching personal appeal, which it is hoped will be read by, or read to every woman in India. Never have the womanhood of this great Eastern Empire had such a chance afforded to them to take a share in the war; never perhaps will they again have such a chance of rendering valuable service in a glorious cause. Surely they will seize it and assist to the utmost in making the 12th December 1917, a day of which India and the British Empire will be proud.

It has been arranged that Donations and Contributions in aid of 'Our Day' can be sent to the credit of the 'Our Day' Fund at the Alliance Bank of Simla, Simla; the Bank of Bengal, Calcutta; the Bank of Bombay, Bombay; and the Bank of Madras, Madras; as well as to any of the Branches of these Banks. Periodical lists of subscriptions which have been received will be published in the press. The Honorary Treasurer of "Our Day" is Mr. W. Lister, Alliance Bank of Simla, Simla; and subscriptions will be received by him.

The following suggestions were made for the "Our Day" celebrations at a meeting of the executive committee. Lucky bags are to be held in all important centres, such as, Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, etc. Lady Minto's Lucky Bag of the Calcutta Hospital had brought in 48000 Rs. Lady Wellington's Lucky Bag in Bombay Rs. 52000, Lady Munro's Bag Rs. 53,400,

and Mrs. Stuart Fraser's in Hyderabad Rs. 45000. It was mentioned that H. M. the Queen-Emress would be pleased to send out some special prizes for the Lucky Bags in India, which would be brought over by the Secretary of State. With regard to the Lucky Bag of Madras, Mrs. H. G. W. Gillman lately wrote in the Madras Mail:

"H.E. Lady Pentland has asked me to help in organising a Monster Madras Lucky Bag in aid of the celebration Day announced by the Viceroy to take place on the 12th December, for the purpose of collecting funds for Red Cross work which for the Madras Presidency has now been undertaken by the Madras War Fund. On Her Excellency's behalf, therefore, I invite your generous help towards the Prize List for this Madras Lucky Bag. Any gift either in money or in kind will be most welcome and will be gratefully acknowledged by the Military Secretary to His Excellency the Governor, Government House, Madras. All gifts should be addressed and sent to 'The Madras Lucky Bag', Ladies Depot, Government House, Madras. A list of prizes received up to date will appear every week in the Madras papers and the prize list will close on or about the 29th October. Arrangements for the sale of tickets are now in progress and will be announced as soon as possible."

Flying demonstrations were to be arranged in certain centres; Military bands would give their services free for fetes, fairs and public gatherings. A "Flag" Day was to be organised throughout India, and arrangements were being made to procure flags for

sale through the Red Cross authorities in England.

Shrimathī Sarala Devī, Honorary female Secretary to the Indian woman's Association in the Punjab, sent a message to H. E. Lady Chelmsford, suggesting that instead of the Union Jack, which every one should wear for the day, the flag to be worn should be the flag of India, or "The Star of India". And she has received a communication from the private secretary, approving the idea:

"Her Excellency asks me to say that she was at once struck by the excellence of your idea that there should be special 'Our Day' flags for India, and is now having a flag designed which will combine the two main ideas, that of the Red Cross and that of the Star of India. Her Excellency hopes others will help as you have helped in putting forward fruitful suggestions for consideration by the Committee. Her Excellency also expresses the hope that the cordial co-operation of Mrs Sarala Devi and other Indian ladies will do much to make 'Our Day' a great success."

A Generous gift has been made in this connection of flags. This is the offer to pay for the cost of five million Union Jack buttonhole flags, which have been ordered by the 'Our Day' Committee from Home. This has been made by Seth Sukhlall Karnani, a banker of Calcutta, and a Reis of Sirsa, in the Punjab, who is already well-known for his many philanthropic activities. Another offer has also been made to defray the cost of producing three million special postage seals for "Our Day." The design for this seal was drawn by Mrs. C. T. Ambler, of

Monghyr. It is now being prepared in Calcutta, and arrangements for its sale will presently be made through the Post Offices in India. The generous donor of these seals is Mr. B. Borooch, of Messrs. B. Borooch, 5, Royal Exchange, Calcutta. In each case, the gift runs into several thousand of rupees. H. E. Lady Chelmsford has sent a personal letter of thanks to each of these Indian gentlemen.

It has also been suggested that cinemas and theatres shall be asked to give special performances of 'Our Day' and that churches and places of public worship shall set aside one Sunday for collections in aid of 'Our Day.' A suggestion also is made that those, who possess jewellery or articles of virtue shall be invited to present a few to the proceeds of 'Our Day.'

Several suggestions have already been received to the effect that at least a week, if not a month, should be devoted towards the collection of funds for "Our Day," and the Executive Committee are entirely in sympathy with proposals to hold functions and organise entertainments such as special race days, concerts, theatricals, football, hockey and cricket matches, wrestling tournaments, etc., for collecting funds prior to or after the 12th December, for it is by no means necessary, or, indeed, possible, that all efforts to collect funds shall be concentrated on a single day. Only the 12th December will be a public holiday for all classes, and will, it is hoped, be largely devoted to the object for which it will be presently officially declared a holiday, but preparations for this purpose as well as the collecting of

donations can well be started many weeks a head.

Any ideas and suggestions that the public may care to send in, will be gratefully received by H. E. the Lady President and the Executive Committee, and these should be addressed for the present to E. J. Buck, Honorary Secretary, 'Our Day,' Northbank, Simla.

News and Notes.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S TRIBUTE TO THE WOMEN OF INDIA.

A very charming tribute was paid to the women of India by Lady Katharine Stewart at a meeting of the National Indian Association in London in mail week. "It has seemed to me," she said, "to be the dharma of women in the West, if one may judge by such women as Elizabeth Fry, Josephine Butler, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Florence Nightingale, Sister Dora, and many others, to carry the light of pity along the path of pain. We remember, we British women, as one of the most beautiful happenings in our island history, the little incident of the dying soldier who kissed the shadow of the Lady with the Lamp because, as he said, her shadow was the soldiers' light. Now I believe there lies before woman in the East an even loftier destiny. I believe it is going to be hers in the future, perhaps in the immediate future, to carry the light of truth down the corridors of time until her very shadow, her passing shadow, brings to other souls never falling light."

THE SPIRIT OF THE FAIRY.

Lady Stewart ventured a word of warning: "I have a friend with three children, to each of whom I gave a flower in a pot. Two of the children immediately applied to me to have the flower tied tightly to a stick lest harm should come to it. Then I turned to the other child and said, 'Stephen, shall I tie your flower to the stick?' Very gravely he took the pot in his hands, put the plant to his ear and then, as he put the plant down again, said, 'Thank you; but there is a fairy in my flower and she has whispered to me that she does not wish to be binded up.' My Indian brothers, when you go back to India remember the fairy, in the flower. Do not tie the little fairy at home too tightly to the stick of caste and custom, because if you do the fairy may die. . . . I have seen such things."

THE LATE MRS. T. ANANDA RAO.

A special meeting of the Ladies' Section of the Srinivasa Mandiram was held under the presidency of Mrs. M. Shama Rao Seethaboyamma, to offer prayers for the repose of the soul of the late Mrs. T. Ananda Rao Sundaraboyamma, who was the president of the section and the patron of the Mandiram and its charities. Many ladies from the City and the Cantonment were present. The Secretary spoke as follows:—

We have met this evening to express our deep sorrow at the passing of our

respected President, Mrs. T. Sundaraboyamma Ananda Rao. Her father was the Dewan of Travancore, and her mother was descended from an ancient respectable family of Southern India. Descended from such illustrious parents, she was noted for her large heartedness from her girlhood. She married into the famous family of the late Raja Sir T. Madhava Rao, K.C.I.E., who was the Dewan of Travancore and Baroda successively, and her husband, Mr. T. Ananda Rao, our Dewan, is well known to you all. The late Mrs. T. Ananda Rao was a credit and an ornament to the families, both of her birth and of her marriage. She fully fulfilled the expectations and promises of her girlhood by developing the womanly qualities of an exemplary wife and a very useful member of our Hindu community. No needy applicant returned disappointed from a visit to her. She consented to become the President of the Ladies' Section of the Mandiram in 1908, and worthily filled that office. Under her guidance and material help, this Ladies' Section, which was the first of its kind in Mysore, came into existence and is a child of nine years now. We cannot be too grateful for her mahysided activities. It behoves us now to take proper steps for the perpetuation of the memory of such a lady.

The President then said:—"I quite agree with the sentiments expressed by our Secretary as to the amiable and charitable qualities of our late President. Anything we may think of for perpetuating the memory of the lady must take such a shape as to afford instruction to us all and to hold up the departed one as an example to

follow in her footsteps. You will, therefore, deliberate and suggest the best method of accomplishing this object."

It was proposed to build a separate hall for the use of the Ladies' Section in her name, and to place a life size likeness of the lady in the hall. A small amount was collected on the spot, and a Committee was formed, with Mrs. M. Shama Rao Seethaboyamma as President and the members of the section as members, to take steps to collect funds, etc., for the purpose.

A Sinhalese old woman, named Christina Logus, residing at Dalugama, died at the age of 115, says the *Times of Ceylon*. The deceased was a very old resident of the place, and was in possession of her faculties to the end. She possessed a vast fund of information of things ancient, and used to have about her numerous listeners to her reminiscences of the last Kandayan King, Sri Wickrama Raja Singa. She used to state that she saw him being taken captive by the English in 1815. She leaves behind a host of children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

MAHARAJ KUMAR OF TIKARI'S GIFT.

BANKIPORE, 29th Sept.—The Maharaj Kumar of Tikari has executed a deed of trust of his whole estate, for the purpose of founding an institution for educating Indian girls. The Trustees

appointed under the deed are the executant himself, Sir. S. P. Sinha, the Rajah of Mahmudabad, Mr. Sharfuddin, Dr. Sapru, Sir Ali Imam, Mr. Sachindra Sinha, Mr. Hasan Imam, Mr. Brujendra Lal, Rai Bahadur Harihar Prasad, of Dumraon, Mr. Charles Andrews and the Mahranees Sita Devi of Tikari. A meeting of the Trustees will be held at Gaya in October, when the Maharaj Kumar will address and wish them God speed. The dependant members of the family and others connected with the Maharaj Kumar have been amply provided for, and all the liabilities of the estate are duly secured. The endowment is the most munificent known in India, since the present gross income of the estate is Rs. 13 lakhs or nearly. With careful management of the estate, it is hoped that the institution will have an early income of about Rs. 1,00,000. The scheme for a strictly purdah residential institution, where girls will be trained and educated on the best modern principles from five till eighteen, has been prepared. There will be no question of caste or creed. Sir Ali Imam is about to execute a deed of gift of 50 bighas of land, worth Rs. 40,000, which will probably be the site for the institution. The Lieutenant-Governor has expressed his sympathy with the object.

HEROIC NURSE'S DEATH.

Mr. Geoffrey Young, an officer of the British ambulance unit for Italy, and formerly in command of the French unit at Ypres, writes from Gorizia:—"Sister Julianne, one of the senior

sisters of the civil hospital at Ypres, has just been reported killed by a shell. This devoted woman, well on in years, was one of the few heroic sisters who remained in Ypres during the terrible bombardment when the town was abandoned. She remained to care for a number of wounded Germans, nursing them till they were finally removed. When the town was abandoned, she remained with one other sister on her own initiative at an aid post in the cellars, to nurse the wounded British soldiers. Only under compulsion did she at last retire to Poperinghe, where she remained to the end, nursing civilians and soldiers alike under repeated bombardments until her death."

WOMAN DIPLOMATIST AT THE HAGUE.

It will probably be a surprise to many people to learn that a lady was one of the Six British official representatives at the Anglo German Conference at The Hague on matters referring to prisoners of war, says the *Englishman*. It is so far as we are aware, the first occasion in international political history that a woman has sat at a table of diplomatic negotiation. It is also probable that the German delegates, upon entering the council chamber at the Dutch Foreign Office, experienced a feeling of no little astonishment at discovering that a woman was a member of the British delegates.

reaching the prison and spending a day or two there she had been informed that her husband was found innocent, and that it had been a mistake. She was always ready for any venture, and it was with reluctance that she stayed at home in compliance with her husband's wish. Time passed, and after long waiting she got the news that he had been killed in action on the 28th May, 1915. At once she went to her parents, and said "I have decided to go to the front and you will either hear of my death or I shall return to you in honour and glory. I trust in God!" And no persuasions were of any use.

For two years she has lived in the trenches and fought like a man. She has been wounded three times, in her arm, leg, and back. The last injury affected the spine, and left her immovable for two months. In the Lake Naroch battles, there was a time when all the officers were killed and the men lost courage and lay down, frightened to attack. Then she rose up and dashed forward, calling on them to follow her. Everyone obeyed her command, and the trench was captured. She has received two St. George's Medals and two St. George's Crosses for various feats of bravery. At the end of the two years, she was legally admitted into the 28th Polozk Regiment.

About a month ago, she was given leave to go home for a holiday, but when she reached Petrograd she found so much that had to be done for the good of her country, so many men

strolling about not doing their duty, that she forgot home, parents, and everything else in life, and set to work for her "Rodina" (birth-place). She was presented to M. Kerensky for her bravery, and after hearing all her experiences the Minister for War asked what wish she would like to have granted. She straightway said, "I want to form a woman's volunteer battalion, which is to lead men into battle if they will not go of themselves." The idea was approved by Kerensky, and, with the sanction of the Commander-in-Chief, the battalion has been formed.

Volunteers came in every day, and names are still being put down. Marie Bochkareva has been appointed Commander of this battalion, whose badge is a skull and cross bones, and their regimental colours, red and black, symbolising blood and death. They have sent a special petition to General Brusiloff to be sent to the most dangerous spot and where he thinks moral influence is most needed.

More enthusiastic, daring and cheerful soldiers have not been seen since the first days of the war. They are volunteers of the best type. Although they have been in training only a fortnight, they have quite adapted themselves to military discipline and the hardship of heavy drilling. Their one idea is—To the front!

Bochkareva is loved by every one of her soldiers. She is firm and strict when on duty, and their comrade when free. She makes no distinction of class.

In her battalion are girls of high education, girls of the middle class, and girls of her own rank in life. There are

even several married women, but only those with no children are accepted. Bochkareva has so little education that she can hardly write her name, and reads by syllables. Her aide-de-camp, Skridlova, is a well educated girl, daughter of an admiral, speaking four languages.

On the 6th July the battalion left for the front. They walked through the main streets of Petrograd led by a sailors' band, and thousands of spectators, mostly women, cheered them as they passed. Flowers were showered upon these valiant young soldiers, and even their bayonets were decorated to the very points.

BEGUM FYZEE RAHAMIN,
THE "SHAHINDA" OF THE I.L.M.,
WRITES TO US ABOUT
THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF
INDIAN MUSIC.

Each country has its own style of National Music and in every country that style serves as a reflex of the manners and traditions of the people and their mode of thought.

One of India's brightest ornaments is its music. Its principles are associated with extremely complex arrangements and the machinery with which it is worked is so intricate that it must cost a lifetime to master its detail.

Indian music is a living Reality; a Heaven Born Art speaking directly to the great heart of humanity.

Reviewing the prospects of the Science, we find that though the great giants are no more, there are men of

real genius who have sacrificed their lives in defence of the True and Beautiful and have striven manfully against all that is false and contemptible in the popular taste of the period. They are endeavouring strenuously to exert all influences in directing the attention of the Nation towards its future advancement.

The Music Conference in Baroda March, 1915, proved that the sacrifices were not made in vain.

As usual, H. H. the Maharajah Sahib Sayaji Rao Gackwad of Baroda came forward as the chief supporter of the movement and set his seal upon the history of the regeneration of Indian music so firmly that the remembrance of his deep interest is not likely to fade away with the vanishing centuries.

The Divine Beauty in all Arts is immortal and it shall not be suffered to pass away. To attain the ideal, it is inevitable that the firm foundation of a great Academy of Music should be established. This will be controlled by an all-powerful Body of Savants, who equipped with sufficient learning will unravel the profound and so far impenetrable mysteries of Raags and Surs and declare its true guiding principles.



THE NEEDLEWORK CURE.

Many of our leading physicians speak very highly of the efficacy of the embroidery cure for shell-shock patients in the military hospitals. The taking-up of a piece of needlework seems to concentrate the attention and calm the shattered nervous system as nothing else does, and it is one of the curious sights brought about by the war to see little groups of bandaged men in the convalescent blue, sitting out in the hospital grounds or even in the public parks these July days poring over some intricate piece of embroidery, a cushion cover for the drawing room for example, or perhaps an afternoon tea cloth. Thanks to a well known Harley Street physician, who has greatly interested himself in the needlework treatment, I had an opportunity one day this week of inspecting a great variety of the needlework done by our Somme and other heroes, and the perfection of stitchery and the originality of design, for the patients generally do their own designs, were a revelation. In the old Army the art of embroidery was, I believe, practised, and specimens of heraldic embroidery, raised regimental crests, etc., were pointed out to me as instances of arts taught to the old Army in India and handed down by them to the new, but where our warrior needleworkers excel is in the most delicate and dainty forms, of needlework. Some really wonderful needlework pictures, one a Surrey flower-garden with gay herbaceous border, have been produced in embroidery silks. Flower embroidery cushion covers on white satin are another

popular form of embroidery with the soldiers.

"BOTTLED LIGHT."

Mr. Marconi, after conferring with Mr. E. Han I. Dodds, a rich Pittsburg inventor, regarding the latter's "bottled light" discovery, is reported to have said that when the invention was perfected it would revolutionise the lighting system of the world.

"The invention is a simple apparatus," says the *Tribune*, "consisting of two large-sized globes, one set within the other, thus creating a vacuum. The inside of the outer globe is covered with a whitish paste, said by Mr. Dodds to contain the same elements as those which produce the glow of fireflies. The application of light, whether sunlight or artificial, to the globe for an instant will leave a glow that lasts more than an hour and is almost strong enough to allow the reading of ordinary print," says the inventor. Its use on decks of battleship will remove the possibility of observance of naval movements, for the light cannot be seen at a great distance. Mr. Marconi suggested that the invention has great commercial possibilities, and said that if wireless sparks were employed to furnish the original light the use of the invention at sea would be of tremendous value.

RUSSIA'S JOAN OF ARC.

An English lady residing in Petrograd forwards the following interesting account of Marie Bochkareva, Commander of the Russian Women's

Battalion, who was recently wounded for the fourth time in the fighting on the Vilna front:—

Russia has just passed through such a tremendous upheaval that the men appear to have quite forgotten that they are at war with the Germans. The whole country is absorbed in internal affairs and the war has gradually been put aside. It has fallen to the lot of women to remind man that the ruin of the country is at stake if the outer foe is not conquered, and that internal quarrels can be settled when the frontiers are at least guaranteed against a German invasion.

The woman that saved France was Joan of Arc—a peasant girl. Marie Bochkareva, a poor immigrant from the wilds of Siberia—is her modern parallel. The greatest manifestation that has been witnessed in Russia since the first days of the revolution was one that took place on the 3rd July, when this rustic, carried on the arms of a soldier and a sailor, covered with ribbons and showers of flowers, and followed by her valiant battalion, was escorted through the streets of Petrograd, with music and Jubilation. The crowds lined the streets and cheered her, as was only customary when the Czar showed himself.

Marie Bochkareva, or simply Yashka, as she has been christened by the men of the regiment to which she belonged, has got much of her warlike spirit from her father, who fought through the whole of the Turkish war, and was left a cripple for life. Her mother was a hard working woman, with five children of whom Yashka was the eldest and she had to go out washing and cooking to earn

enough to clothe and feed this flock. At the age of five Yashka was sent out as nurse to a baby of three, and from that time has never stopped working. Finely yet strongly built, with broad shoulders and healthy complexion, she can lift 200 lbs., with the greatest of ease. She has never known what fear is. Not long ago she remarked that during the past two years she had lived through so much, that there remained but one danger yet to experience, that of flying. Just as she was saying that, an aviator came up and offered to take her for a flight, and before the day was out she had exhausted her list of perils.

When she was 16 years of age her parents seized the first opportunity of getting her married. She never knew the man, but luckily as time wore on they grew very fond of each other, and were very happy. At first, they both served in a shop, and thanks to their perseverance and frugality they were soon able to open a small shop of their own. But just as they began to prosper the war broke out, and he was one of the first to be called up. She was very keen on accompanying him as a soldier, but he begged her to stay behind and work for her parents, whom they had been keeping. She found it difficult to be parted from her husband and remain fulfilling the humble duties of a woman. It was not the first time she had shown her devotion as a wife. Soon after they were married, her husband had been arrested, and without explanation, sent to the Jakutzk prison. Not understanding why he was arrested, she had decided to go with him and after

Book Reviews.

MORAL SCIENCE. "A hand-book of moral education and formation of character for use at school, Home and College", by Father A. M. Texeira of the San Thome College, Madras (sold at the Government Pastor Press, Broadway). The author's own words about this book best express its object:

"The want of moral education is being keenly felt everywhere—especially in this country. The great difficulty here, however, is *what* to teach apart from Christian principles. The present work is an attempt to solve the riddle, by building only on principles of Natural Religion—acceptable to all—which, by the way, *are* also Christian.

In Catholic schools, it is true, specific religious teaching to Catholic pupils has to be done. Our Principal difficulty lies with the non-Christians. Are we going to continue letting the thousands of non-Christian pupils in our schools go away without a word being told them of God, and of their moral responsibilities towards their Creator, society and themselves? This sounds outrageous—especially now that the world is reaping the fruits of a God-less education. I may here mention that in our School we have tried the experiment for the last three years with satisfactory results, *viz.*—specific religious teaching for Catholics only, and Moral Science for all alike. The non-Christian pupils have taken to it easily and see in it no attempt at proselytizing. Yet, what an amount of good can be done by this simple course of Natural Religion—

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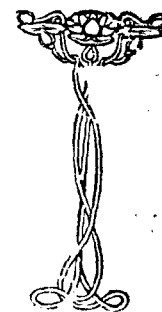
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"*Chivalry* is respect and honour to the weak and the feeble. A chivalrous young man is polite and helpful to ladies; does not speak slightly of any one; never makes fun of the weak or the poor, but tries to help them. Many people think it amusing to ridicule those, who are beneath them in social position or those who are defective in speech etc. This is dishonourable and utterly mean. He who speaks wrongly of those who are in his power and hurts them because they are weaker, is a bully and a cad. He has lost the fine feelings of a gentleman." Napoleon in St. Helena was walking with a lady, when he met a man with a heavy pack. The lady, kept straight on. Napoleon quietly waived her to the side of the pathway—"Respect the burden, madam," he said."

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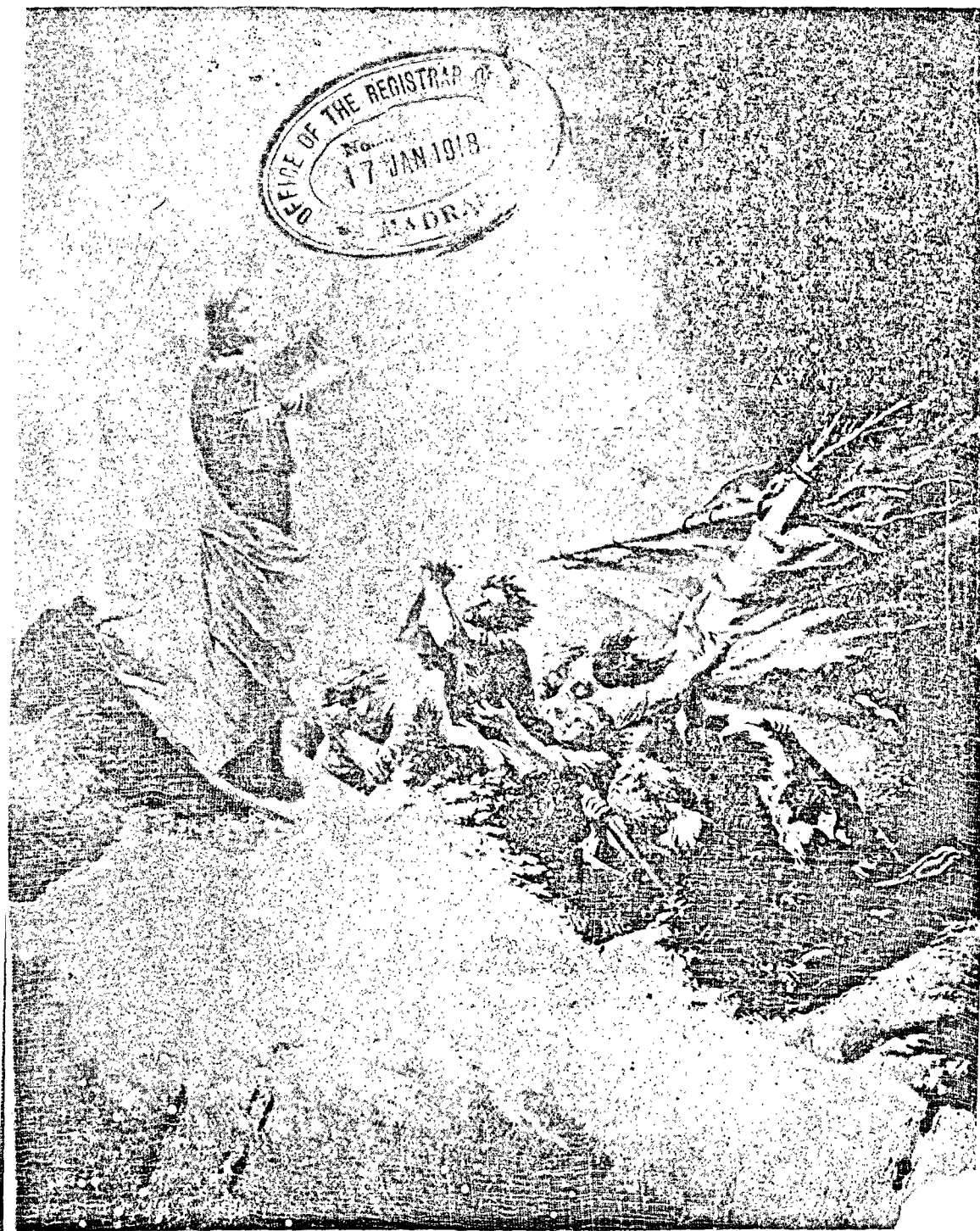
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"Peace, be still!"



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The Kingdom of Love.

(Selecta).

In the dawn of the day, when the sea and the earth
Reflected the sunrise above,
I set forth with a heart full of courage and mirth,
To seek for the Kingdom of Love.

I asked of a poet I met on the way,
Which cross-road would lead me aright,
And he said: "Follow me, and ere long you will see,
Its glistening turrets of Light."

And soon in the distance, a city shone fair;

"Look yonder," he said, "there it gleams!"

But alas, for the hopes that were doomed to despair,
It was only the Kingdom of Dreams.

a few savage people lived in caverns and huts, hunting the wild beasts with bows and arrows, and possibly planting a little corn or not even so far advanced as to do that.

This was the world in which Abraham took the road, which brought his people into so strange a relation to all other peoples.

The story we have of Abraham's life does not come to us from his own time; he kept no diary, and was followed by no newspaper reporters. For many hundred years his story was told from generation to generation; the elder people teaching the children, professional story-tellers reciting it to parties of listeners, the women waiting for their turn at the well, or the old men of the tribe under some shady tree in the evening. All would help to preserve it and pass it on, till at last it was written down, not only as bare fact, but with the unconscious comment of the narrators, who laid their own emphasis on the story as they told it; so, as we read it now, we learn not only that Abraham was chosen, but why he was chosen, and what the Hebrews recognised was their peculiar calling as "sons of Abraham."

The book of Genesis tells us the story of mankind from the beginning as living in Chaldea, in the great plain, where the Euphrates and the Tigris run side by side till they meet in the Persian Gulf. We are told (gen: 12. 1.) how the Lord called Abraham to leave this land, his country, his kindred and his father's house, and to go away to another land, where he should be blessed, "So" says the record, "Abraham went as the lord had spoken unto him." It is this that marks

not only Abraham's character, but the character of his people through all their history; they think of themselves as receiving a command; those who are faithful, obey; those who are faithless refuse to obey. The nation was by no means always faithful, its leaders and teachers constantly blame and reproach it, and the burden of their reproach is, not that it was stupid and could not understand, not that it was unclean and might not approach, but that it was disobedient and would not do as it was told. The first sin of man we are told was disobedience; we are not told in Genesis that there was anything fatal in the fruit of the tree which Adam and Eve ate; it was not because the knowledge of good and evil was wrong itself that they were punished, as far as the story goes; it was because they disobeyed a commandment.

So Abraham was blessed because he obeyed. So it was in the most striking incident of his old age. Abraham, we are told, received a command to offer his only son Isaac, as a sacrifice; (gen, 22.) without question or delay he took his son and went to the appointed place; but when he came there and everything was ready, God spoke to him again, and told him that he was to do nothing to the lad (gen: 22. 12.) Through his obedience, he learnt the will of God more clearly, and knew that such a sacrifice was against His will. It is this growth in knowledge, through obedience to the will of God, that is the special mark of the history of Israel.

Other nations have sought God in other ways, and have found Him in part; of all ancient nations the

Hebrews acknowledged most fully that God was speaking to them, and recognised most clearly the duty of obedience; it was therefore they who got on further in the knowledge of Him. God calls all men, and he was calling men in Egypt, in Chaldea and in China, but among them it was Abraham, who stands out as the example of understanding obedience.

D. J. STEPHEN.

(The second article will appear in the next issue.)

The Healing Art.

In Many Ages & Many Climes.

"The holy art whose lifted shield
Wards off the darts, a never-slumbering foe
By hearth & wayside lurking waits to throw."

In spite of the "march of intellect," there is still a wide-spread belief in the prevention and cure of the common ailments of life by certain remedies, which take the form of charms and amulets, or are preserved in those countless quaint recipes, which have been handed down from time immemorial. Thousands, all over the world, place far greater assurance in the domestic treatment of disease than in scientific skill, and most people perforce profess heresy to any medical creed which commends a full and earnest faith in recovery as its primary article of belief. It will be our present purpose to discuss—inter alios—some of these medical eccentricities, and it should be observed that we occasionally find, not only the ignorant, but even educated classes scrupulously obeying the directions enjoined on

them, even when these are by no means easy of accomplishment.

Many go back to the clouds and shadows of Egyptian civilisation to find the human origin of the art of healing. Others wander among the myths and fables of classic antiquity. The evidence is clear that there were certain oracles in the early days of primitive Greece, which acquired medical fame through the miraculous cures that were effected in regard to those who consulted them. To these holy shrines those afflicted with disease came to receive instruction with respect to their effective treatment. Near the shrine gushed the spring, whose waters were used to purify those whom the oracles had cured. In the grotto pool, the patient cast his votive offering to the deity, sometimes gold or silver; at other times an image in clay of the member which had been healed. By the shrine, stood figures of the healing deities, to whom the sick might supplicate for aid. Chief among the earlier deities associated with healing, was Apollo, the son of Zeus, whose grace of form symbolised the highest Greek ideals of health and beauty. Accounted by the Greeks as the God of pestilence and death he was believed to have power to restore life to the dead. Famed as the father of Asklepios, Apollo, according to the legends, committed his son to the care of Chiron, the Centaur, who revealed to him on Mount Pelion the secrets of the medical art. Asklepios probably lived about the 13th century B. C., and, owing to his special skill in healing, was afterwards deified, and became the Greek god of medicine.

Most striking are the relative positions in China of the family and the doctor. The medical man is paid only so long as the patient continues in health. Directly sickness intervenes, no payment is made until recovery takes place. Men's constitution is supposed to be composed of five elements, king (gold or metal), Muh (wood), Shwuy (water), Ho (fire), and Too (earth). These are mixed in different proportions, and the system is deranged at once in the event of any predominating to an undue extent. No diploma of any kind is required to practise medicine, and it may be possible to throw a little light on the orthodox system of treatment by stating that the writer has heard of a native friend, who used to be very much concerned to see an Englishman eating so much roast meat, till he observed another habit which set his mind at rest. "I used to be distressed," he said one day, when I saw you at first eating so much roast meat. Now, however, I see why it does not injure you. You drink large draughts of cold water, so that the fire may be put out." Among Chinese practitioners, the following are utilised for medicinal purposes: glue made of asses' sinews and fowls, blood, bears' gall, shavings of the horn of a rhinoceros fungus grown upon a coffin, dung of pigs, fowls, rabbits, pigeons and bats. A bear's paw made into soup is considered to be a first-rate cure for wind in the stomach.

Distinction between a surgeon and a physician is drawn in China by calling the former the outside doctor and the latter the inside one. Amputations are very rare, as the doctrine of Confucius laid it down that the duty of every man

was to return his body to the earth as whole as it came at birth.

The only serious practitioners among the Moors are the barbers and they are profoundly ignorant as to the very elements of anatomy. Diseases are generally classified by the Moors, however, under two broad heads, viz: those productive of heat, inflammation, or increased activity, and those productive of cold, loss of feeling or force, or atrophy. A list of the various objects employed "to cure or kill," would be hardly credible. Rancid butter and gunpowder must take a first place among remedies administered internally. The former is given chiefly for colds, and the latter for stomach complaints, though both are considered as near panaceas as possible. The gun-powder is made into a paste with soft soap prepared from olive oil and wood ashes. Poisons are more in request than even remedies. Corrosive sublimate or arsenic may be secured for a trifling sum as easily as salt, and both are found useful, being easily administered in tea.

The Dutch are often martyrs to rheumatism in its severest forms. They fight this cruel enemy with bales of red flannel, in which they have the strongest belief. Many small devices and charms, such as the presence of a pair of turtle-doves, are said to be a safeguard against the complaint. Perhaps it is the outcome of this superstition that every Dutch boy is entangled to have pet doves and pigeons, for which they build quaint little houses and train them to quite a pitch of intelligence.

Superstition plays an immense part in the medical lore of Servia. No one

can conceive how superstitious are the peasantry in this respect. Maladies are invariably considered as the result of some evil influence at work. Various charms and sorceries of a most extraordinary character are practised during an illness. Graves are opened, the patient is borne to a stream, or tree, or a church, or mill, so that the disease may return to the evil influences which sent it.

Some of the country remedies of Belgium for various ailments are decidedly curious. At Laroche, the unfortunate person attacked by cholera must drink water with which dog's fat has been mixed. For cancer, a living crab must be applied to the breast; while for a sprained ankle the remedy consists in placing the foot in the intestines of a cow that has just been killed. A quaint remedy for neuralgia consists in fastening an eel's skin round the right knee, and placing an iron hoop round the head. Horse chestnuts kept in the pocket are considered a safeguard against rheumatism; it is thought in certain parts to be equally efficacious to keep five coffin nails in a little bag suspended to the neck. A simple and nasty remedy for sore throat consists in placing some earthworms in a small bag of cloth and applying this to the throat. The worms by decomposing are said to create a great heat. Another cure is to roll a skein of red silk round the neck. To get rid of a sty the peasant in certain districts repeats three times at night before going to bed and also before his breakfast every three days the words: "Good night, sty. Go as you have come," at the same time making the sign of the cross

and moistening the sty with saliva. For the latter purpose he uses either a wedding ring or the hem of his shirt turned inside out.

In conclusion it is really very interesting to notice the dislike with which every country views such a common complaint as influenza. In Russia, it is called Siberian fever, and in Siberia Chinese fever. In France it has been called Spanish catarrh, and Spain throws it back as Russian fever. The term influenza, it is well to know, came to be applied in England by a mistake to the disease which was successively known as "the new acquaintance," "the gentle correction," "the new delight", and "the knock-me down-fever". Eighteenth century Italian writers spoke of "una influenza di freddo" (influence of cold), and English physicians, mistaking the word influenza, for the name of the disease itself, used it. The same term is also used in Germany, where a host of dialect names still prevail, such as lightning catarrh and fog plague. The following is an edifying list: *Brazil*: "Zamporina", "polka fever"; *France*: "La Grippe" also "la coquette"; "Italian fever", "Spanish catarrh"; *Russian* influenza; *Germany*: "Schafkrankheit" (sheep's disease) "Modelfieber" (fashionable disease); *Italy*: "Morbo Russo" (Russian disease) "mal di moutone" (sheep's disease); "Malattia tedesca" (German sickness); *Portugal*: "Febre di chuva" (rainy fever); *Spain*: "Influencia Rusa", "pantomima", "trancazo" (a blow with a bar); *Sweden*: "Snuffeber".

S. JACKSON COLEMAN.

Infantile Mortality.

We hear so much today of the crying need there is for adequate steps to be taken for the decrease of the heavy, the truly heavy, infantile mortality there is in this presidency. It does not take anyone long to see that the two chief causes are, ignorance and poverty. These are both broad terms, in fact so broad that many another national evil and danger can be traced to them. Where then and when they do affect our subject, should be looked at more from a personal point of view, for that Municipalities and such bodies have yet a great deal to do before success can be wholly ours we do not doubt. Knowledge rightly used is a great source of power, and poverty can be dealt with successfully very often with it. A great many of us have heard the Indian proverb, "Even grass is a weapon in the hand of the mighty"—and a great many more have realised the truth it conveys. What is the knowledge that we, as women, require to lessen the great evil that is preventing the sound and strong building up of our bodies? Some things we know in a very, very theoretical way, that we have not been brought up to practise, and that we are too lazy to make ourselves practise, and there are others that we do not know at all. We all know (I do hope that we all know) that fresh air is an absolute necessity to good health, and yet perhaps because it is so easily obtained, or because the fact is such common knowledge, we do not always get that amount that we may. How many a window is left half open, or worse still shut, because someone who

quite knew the value of fresh air was too lazy to see that it was opened. Perhaps it was opened once, but was not fixed so, and of course the breeze promptly closed it. To those who are afraid of a draught, we shall say nothing, for we sincerely hope none of the readers of this magazine are guilty of that offence. We stand up for various customs and rightly too, because they originated from ideas of cleanliness. Has it ever struck us that impure air, i. e. air that is not renewed often enough, the source of which is foul, or which is laden with dust, is really far dirtier than a well to which all classes and castes of people have access? For this latter can be purified by boiling, but the former is breathed willy nilly in its own filthy state into our lungs and there absorbed by the blood. The millions of germs that exist in it find an abode in healthy lung tissue and cause, if not an active, at least a latent focus, of disease, which either increases or becomes active, when the general vitality of the body is lowered—And that will readily happen, if such air is breathed continuously or often, for the blood is not oxygenated properly, and a general devitalization is the result. Now it often happens that a woman fails rapidly with Phthisis after childbirth and the pathological history is this; the germ of the disease was there, her vitality was lowered by the strain of pregnancy and childbirth, and then she fell an easy prey to the disease. And what concerns us most in this paper is that it affects her offspring, giving it a lowered inherited vitality. What a capital indeed to start life with, besides being left later to the tender

mercies of artificial feeding perhaps in places where good milk or other children's foods are with difficulty obtained, if obtained at all! We might just as well remind ourselves here, that milk is not obtainable in many places for lack of some one who will run a properly conducted dairy! why wonder then when starvation of infants and underfeeding paves the way to a good many diseases and often to death?

Physical exercise, we all know, is a great factor in the acquisition of good health and of a good physique. This is very necessary to a woman, her bony frame must be well-formed, and well-clothed with muscles. A woman with a weakly and an undersized and undeveloped frame can never be the mother of healthy, well-developed children. Here again prematurity or still-birth is the result, and again can one wonder? For the formation of bone muscle, physiology teaches us, besides physical exercise, protein food is required. The different forms of protein suitable for food are meat, fish, eggs, and the various pulses, ex. beans, peas, dhal, the vegetable forms not being as easily digestible or as easily absorbed as the animal ones. One cannot help hoping that some day soon caste prejudices about the different kinds of food will disappear, and that all will un-compromisingly adopt the diet, which science teaches us is most suited to our bodies, a proportionate mixture of protein, (the best forms of protein) carbohydrate and fat. Physical exercise strengthens and broadens the chest, thus increasing the expansion of the lungs, which in their turn inhale more fresh air to enrich the blood, and thus the whole body. How many of

us realise that the "graceful stoop", which seems almost a characteristic of the Indian schoolgirl, is in reality a factor in the devitalization of the nation?

Our personal habits go a long way to decide our health for us, and that we all of us know by experience. Regular hours for meals, regular baths and exercise, regularity besides in many another personal way, all tend to make life more cheerful for ourselves, and for those with whom we live. Only a healthy body can lodge a healthy mind; healthy minds and bodies make a healthy home, and such homes are the firm pillars of a nation. How many of us realise that it pays better to spend money on a good house in a good locality, a yearly change to a more healthy climate, regular drives in the fresh air, or even on a mosquito net, than on jewels which custom says we must wear, or on a ceremony on which custom says so much must be spent.

Besides ignorance (or lack of practice in some cases), which we have already spoken about, there are some factors which directly affect those who find they are soon to become mothers, with no idea at all as to how to conduct themselves as such. Early marriage is a crying evil. If only every man and woman can be made to realise that marriage is not only a personal, but also a national affair, many of us, who are now crying for home-rule, and self government, would stop to think of self-help, and self-reliance etc that. It is, to say the least, pitiful to see a girl of fourteen or fifteen, a mother before her girlhood is over (and she perhaps is the

wife of a learned vakil). Customs are hard to break, but, where the welfare, or even existence of one's country is concerned, no custom ought to be so. It is strength to act up to our conditions that we so often sadly need; and it is unkindness, not to say cruelty, which allows a woman to be robbed of the best years of her life for training mentally, morally, physically. Is it a wonder that the undeveloped woman has so often so hard a time of it, and perhaps becomes an invalid, or a nervous wreck for life, with a weakly baby (perhaps others later,) to look after as she hardly knows how. Then there is the customary method of dealing with,—one can hardly say nursing—a woman, at a time when she most needs loving care and treatment. The room, that is least needed for other purposes, as far detached as possible from the rest of the house, is selected; an outcaste comes to attend and "nurse." The mother herself is unclean, those who come to see her purify themselves after, no guest comes to the house—that is how sacred motherhood is presented to so many of our sisters! How can one wonder at the aspect of life taken by such, or at the ideals they hold for themselves and for their children in life! the rude care a barber midwife gives to such a woman often leaves her an invalid, if indeed the grave risk of sepsis and its attendant evils are somehow mercifully absent. She goes through life despondent and weary, the children grow anyhow, as many of them as do grow at all. The position woman has in the home too must be changed for the better; she must realise her great duty to the nation, that the future greatness or

otherwise of it depends so much on the sons and daughters she has so much to do for. In all this she must have the willing cooperation and broad minded sympathy of the members of her household.

The different castes, into which Indian "Society" is split, also afford obstacles. There is great selfishness, no free interchange of ideas is possible, and the weakest go to the wall. The strength of a race depends as much on one section as on the other. There is something always to give, and something always to take, and if mutual intercourse and sympathy are prohibited by caste laws, how can true advance be possible?

We also want a sisterhood of nurses, efficient nurses and midwives, well-trained in modern methods, to save many of ourselves from the clutches of the barber midwives. Do we see how very difficult we are making it for those, who feel called to such duty, by almost unconsciously attaching lowered value to their vocation, and by not giving them the place which ought to be theirs in our homes, when they come to help us, and in society altogether. Titled ladies, nay even princesses, have done nursing and are doing it now in other countries of the world, and it is high time, that for the sake of our own welfare, we awoke to a sense of our responsibilities.

There is besides a good deal of ignorance as to the way certain diseases, tropical mostly, which have such devitalizing influences over all, are carried, and how best they may be averted. That vaccination is a safeguard against smallpox, that mosqui-

toes bring malaria, that fleas inoculate one with plague, and various other facts are not known or not taken notice of. A very-well dressed, and seemingly well-educated gentleman I met in a train one day was very surprised to hear that fleas carried plague. Besides children being the first to fall victims to these diseases, adults too are greatly weakened by them, and healthy children cannot belong to unhealthy mothers. We have also to remember that sanitation, rather bad sanitation, affects children first; in fact, the infant mortality rate of a town can be taken to be a fair indication of its sanitary condition.

There is poverty yet to be grappled with. As was pointed out before, a great deal of poverty is due to ignorance. A good many of us have yet to learn thrift. It is more, the right way of spending money we want, rather than the money itself. Yet though there is a great deal of poverty, much of it is remediable. Many industries might be started by the more enterprising of us, thus affording a good many occupations and the means to live healthier lives, better housed and better fed. If the ryot did not have to dread the drought so much, if agriculture could be taken up more seriously, adopting recent methods—how much evil could be averted! If dairy farms could be started and worked, not only will many unemployed find work, but there will be a more plentiful and a more reliable supply of milk—nature's food for infants. This could be preserved, and sent to places where dairy farms are not possible, but where milk is wanted for hundreds of growing infants and

children as much as elsewhere.

For many poor people—a premarternity home would be a great boon, (wealth to the nation besides), where they may get instruction as to the care of young infants, and also be given necessary rest and food. The working man needs to be paid better for his work, for it is not a task appointed by nature for woman to have the upkeep of the home. Hers is more the healthy conduct of it and it is enough strain to her if effectively carried out.

A home for children is another great need in almost every big town, in the charge of conscientious hands. An infant creche well-looked after can save the life of many a young infant, whose mother has to go for daily work. The poor can be helped only by the rich, and only by the conscientiously rich, for money given away tactlessly and carelessly is worse than useless. We need to rouse our national conscience to meet national needs, and we need this in our women. India has chances of developing, that no nation before her has had, vast resources, and true capability of mind to use them aright. Women in Western countries now are proving how strong an ally women can be to a nation at a crisis. No crisis can be met with successfully, unless there was some preparation beforehand. The infants of today will be the active part of the nation in the next generation, and what they inherit, and what they are allowed to acquire, will fit them for their position, which need be no low one in the affairs of the world. Let each mother realise her own important position in the nation, let her surround her life with the highest, the



SREEMATHI KALYANI AMMA THANKACHY,

SISTER OF THE CONSORT OF

H. H. The Maharaja of Travancore,

a highly accomplished and goodnatured lady,
who is greatly esteemed by those who have come in contact with her,
for her genial temperament
and kind and generous disposition.

College in 1916, where she read History, and completed her degree in 1917. She is working this year for the L. T. at Saidapet Teacher's College.

Miss. Mary Abraham.—Was educated at the Bentinck High School. She passed the B. A. Examination in History at the Presidency College, and entered the Women's Christian College in 1916, where she completed her course, passing in English in 1917. She is now reading for the L. T. at Saidapet.

Six out of the seven graduates are Indian Christians. All have been educated at Mission Schools. All are now either teaching or are preparing to be teachers in the future.

Female Education in Travancore.

On Friday the 9th November, came off the interesting event of the distribution of prizes to the pupils of His Highness the Maha Raja's College and High School for Girls. Travancore is well known for its natural beauties of garden and meadow, plants and foliage and lawns and terraces. The premises of the College and High School for Girls have been specially laid out for open air functions of this kind, provided the Indian God of Rain,

Varuna, merciful and sympathises heartily with the Lady Principal to make these gatherings a success. For, the uncertainties of the weather are immeasurably great at this part of the year when it changes almost every hour. In consideration of this fact, Miss D. H. Watts, the talented and resourceful Lady Principal, must have done special *Pujas* to that Imperial God for his mercies and her confidence in him must have been unbounded; for, though the sky was overcast with cloud till about 3-30 P. M, Miss Watts made bold to arrange seats on her beautiful lawn and prepare for the interesting function, and the clerk of the Weather seems to have been terribly afraid of the Lady Principal whose resolution to have the function carried out in clear fine weather prevailed at last.

Mr. H. L. Braidwood I. C. S, the resident and Mrs. Braidwood were present.

The Resident occupied the chair in obedience to the time-honoured practice of the august representative of the British power being accorded that honorable position.

The proceedings began with the girls striking up "God save our Maharaj," which was well rendered, as was evident from the greetings that the audience gave so vociferously.

The Report.

The Lady principal then read her report which was as follows:—

Strength.	College.	Tr. School.	Sed. School.	El. School.	Total
1901	38	30	550	384	1002
1902	50	30	581	385	1046
Increase	12	—	31	1	44

most unselfish and the most beautiful ideals for God and country; let every one else help to make her life easy and happy, intelligent and useful. We shall then soon have self-reliance and self-reverence, which must come before self-Government, and mother India will then be able to hold her head high among the nations of the world.

THE SEVEN LADY GRADUATES OF THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN COLLEGE, MADRAS.

SEE FRONTISPIECE.

We have much pleasure in publishing the picture of the seven lady graduates of the Women's Christian College of Madras. They are the first graduates of the College; and we heartily congratulate Miss McDougall, the Principal of the College, and the teaching staff on their great success. We hope the coming years will bring the College the same success in all her efforts. We give below a few notes about each of the graduates.

Miss. Pakkiam Kanthimathy.—Passed the Intermediate at the Sarah Tucker College, Palamcottah. She then studied in the Presidency College, Madras, for a time, but joined the Women's Christian College in 1915, where she read for B.A. English. She passed in English in 1916, and in Philosophy in 1917, since when she has been teaching Logic in the Intermediate classes in the Sarah Tucker College.

Miss M. Beatrice.—Received her school education at the American Baptist Mission Girls' High School, at

Nellore. She took her Intermediate at the U. F. C. Mission Girl's School, Royapuram, and joined the Women's Christian College in 1915. She passed the B. A. Examination in English and History in 1917, and is now teaching in her old school.

Miss. Lily Devasahayam.—Was educated in Madras at the Bentinck High School, and at St. Ebba's High School. She passed her Intermediate at the Sarah Tucker College in 1915, and entered the Women's Christian College the same year. She passed the B. A. in English and History in 1917, and is now teaching History in Bentinck High School.

Miss. Nesamani Devasigamani.—Studied from the Infant class to the Senior Intermediate in the U. F. C. Mission Girl's School, Royapuram. She read for the B. A. in the Women's Christian College from 1915—1917, when she took her degree in English and History. She is now reading for the L. T. at Royapuram.

Mrs. Pryamvada Raghavan.—Was educated at the Basel Mission Girl's High School and College, from which she passed her Intermediate Examination. She entered the Women's Christian College in 1915 and took her degree in English and History in 1917. She is teaching in the U. F. C. M. Madras Girls' Day School.

Miss. Devatrakkam Abiraham.—Was educated at the American Mission School, Madura and passed her Intermediate at the Sarah Tucker College. She passed her B. A. in English at the Presidency College, entered the women's Christian



The graduates of 1917
from the women's Christian College, Madras.

The increase was chiefly in the College Department and in Form II, V & VI of the Secondary School. A new division had to be opened in form II and the accommodation was so limited that the new division in the Secondary department meant the suppression of one in the Elementary department. The second class had its number of divisions reduced from 3 to 2, but in spite of the reduction the strength of the Elementary Department is no less than last year.

Castes and Creeds. There are 692 Hindus, 351 Christians and three (3) Mohamadans. The Hindus are made up thus,—

Brahmins	...	...	...	...	38
Kshatriyas	...	...	...	...	4
Nairs	...	...	...	...	367
Eghanes	...	...	...	...	137
Other Hindus	...	...	...	...	146
Total...					692

Attendance.	College	Tr. School.	Secd. School	El. School.	Average total.
1901	93-3	93-4	94-3	96	92-7
1902	96-2	97-2	94-5	90-5	94-6

Scholarships. We are richer in scholarships this year than we have ever been before. The college gets nine Scholarships four special to the college and five H. H. the Maharaja's State Scholarships all of Rs. 10/ each.

Every student in the Training school receives a stipend.

In the secondary school, 11 scholarships of Rs. 5/ each are being paid to students of forms IV, V and VI, 7 out of the 11 being H. H. the Maharaja's State Scholarships.

Srimati N. Chempakuttyamma of Arrapyura Vidu, has made a very generous offer of Rs. 5000/ to endow a scholarship or scholarships for Nair girls to commemorate the memory of her late grand daughter Sri Thangamma of the Sixth form of this school. The matter is under correspondence with Government. Mr. Ramchendra Rau has also

expressed a wish to give a scholarship in memory of his late wife.

Accommodation. All through the year under report the question of accommodation was a constant cause of complaint as remarked above, to give room to the students within the school promoted from the lower classes, fresh admissions into the Elementary Department had to be restricted and a division of class 2 was closed down. On the 1st Chingam of the new year, Government rented the house recently built by the Vadrssery Amnavagai to the south of the school and added it to the school. This arrangement has removed all the inconveniences, but the school cannot yet be said to be comfortably housed, for over 450 children are still out in sheds.

Hostel. The want of a Hostel is making itself felt more keenly every

year. 13 college, 28 Training and a large number of Secondary school students are boarding in Trivandrum for the purpose of attending this Institution. All the Indian Protestant Christian girls find accommodation to every body's satisfaction in the L. M. S. Boarding House for girls. This year the large number of Nuns selected for Training from the Convents of N., Travancore have proved a benefit, for a special Sister has come with them to take charge of their house and about a dozen Roman catholic girls are with them. A good many are still boarding about the town, and the Nair Training students are the worst off of all.

Examinations. College.

(1) *Intermediate Examination.* 14 appeared—2 passed fully (one in the First Class) and two more passed in branch II only.

Madura Tamil Sangam Intermediate. Two appeared and both passed.

Miss Daisy Muthunayagom shares the "Krupabai Sathianaden memorial medal" for English, with a student of "Queen Mary's College" Madras, and Miss Dora Annammal gets a prize of Rs. 35/ from the Madura Tamil Sangam.

Secondary school.

S. S. I., C. 34 were presented. 9 were declared eligible for a University course by the Director. 2 more for the Government service and 6 others were admitted to the college by the exercise of the discretionary power given to the Principal of Womens' colleges by the University.

Madura Tamil Sangam. Matriculation grade. Four were presented and all passed.

Drawing. Of the 108 who took the Royal Drawing Society's Examinations, 79 obtained certificates, 43 of them with honors.

Music. We take these Examinations only once in two years. Dr. Cresser, the travelling Examiner of the Training College of Music, London, is expected here to conduct this year's Examinations on Monday the 12th November, so that there is nothing to record at present.

The S. P. C. A. Prize for an essay was awarded to K. M. Mariam of Form VI.

Eight sheets of Drawings exhibited at the Royal Drawing Society's Exhibition of Children's art in London were all commended, two exhibitors, Beatrice Isaac and Thangamma Jacob specially by name.

The teachers who have been successful in examinations are Miss Laura Noe who passed the Intermediate Examination, obtaining distinction in French. Mrs. Theresa Lopez secured her "Full Trained certificate;" Miss Sosa Abraham who also got her "Trained Certificate" unfortunately died last June. Some of the Elementary Department Teachers took Drawing certificates.

Physical Training. The whole Institution is made to take physical exercise, the only exception being those who produce medical certificates of unfitness, either temporary or permanent.

In addition to the Swedish exercises done regularly during class hours, the senior students play such games as tennis, badminton, croquet, and clock golf, and the younger children are encouraged to skip and play running games.

Singing, both Malayalam and English, is taught to all the students and, because of its physical value in teaching deep breathing and giving exercise to the lungs, all the students, whether their voices are good or bad are obliged to attend the classes.

Staff. Two teachers have been added to the staff, one a temporary English Tutor in the College Department and the other a Mathematics graduate in the Secondary School. Two teachers are away for the year taking their L. T. course at the Tycaud Training college, two women graduates and one man resigned and were replaced by three women, one of whom, however, did not stay long and had to be replaced by a man again. Another woman graduate took Miss Soso Abraham's place. The number of women graduates now is eight. Temporary charges owing to leave transfers, and similar causes have been numerous. Miss M. DeNatto B. A. L. T. has been acting as First assistant throughout the year, as Miss Roumeyer was placed on special duty at the Palace. All the members of the staff worked well and I wish to place on record my appreciation of their services and thanks for their help.

General. The various school clubs worked with unflagging spirit throughout the year. As all the clubs, in arranging their programmes, kept the needs of the students in view rather than those of the teachers, it was resolved to form a special branch for the teachers with the three fold object of promoting professional knowledge, general culture and friendliness. This new club has done very good work during the short time it has been in existence. The

sports club showed itself specially active. Under its auspices the Silver challenge shield presented by the Golden Jubilee Committee was competed for for the first time. Form IV, B division, were the winners. His Highness the Maharaja made the presentation on a recent visit paid to the college.

The staff and students continued to do war work and made several dozen sleeping suits, hospital shirts and cup covers. They also contributed in money to the fund for buying comforts for the soldiers in Mesopotamia.

Several visitors came during the year. The more important were Dr. Grey, Mr. Saunders and Mr. Fowler, physical training experts of the Y.M. C.A., the Thakore Sahib of Chuda and Mr. and Mrs. Statham of Kumbakonam. Last month His Highness the Maharaja honored us by a visit. His Highness' sympathy with the College and interest in it has been manifested in many ways. We all, staff and students, feel our indebtedness and use this opportunity to give public expression to it. We also thank His Highness for the Drawing and Music prizes specially given in His Highness' name today. We thank Their Highnesses, the Senior and Junior Rannies, for their prizes for conduct.

A short programme of Music and drill consisting of the following items was then gone through.

1. Story Drill. The Coconut Palm. Elementary Dept.
2. Action Song in Malayalam. "Cinderella." Elementary Dept.
3. Swedish Drill. Middle School Dept.
4. Song. Bocarolle (Hoffman). High School Dept.

The whole performance reflected great credit on Miss. E. Watts, the Chief Music and Drill Teacher, whose services to the institution in this direction for several years past have been invaluable.

The prizes were distributed by Mrs. Braidwood.

Mr. Braidwood then made a very nice little speech. He heartily thanked Miss Watts in his name and that of his wife for the kind invitation extended to them to be present at so interesting a function and witness the very entertaining proceedings, which were a revelation to him. For, that was the first Ladies' College he had visited and he thought it the best he could visit in India or elsewhere. He expressed himself as extremely pleased with the admirable discipline and the good health and spirits displayed by one and all. He referred to the Lady Principal's Report and observed that it showed a record which did not fall short of any in previous years. The College was not a mushroom growth, as it has been in existence in vigorous life for over 20 years, doing excellent work all the time. He expressed the hope that the College might flourish and prosper under the wise guidance of its capable staff and especially of its able and talented Lady Principal, Miss D. H. Watts.

Mr. L. C. Hodgson, Director of Public Instruction, proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Braidwood on behalf of the staff of the Ladies' College.

The proceedings were then brought to a close with three cheers for the King-Emperor and H. H. The Maharaja of Travancore.

Love and Pain.

A recent article in this magazine brought before us the thought of the bond between love and pain, in the story of Vassanti. It is a thought which has attracted many poets and teachers. Tennyson has given us a beautiful example of it in the interview between King Arthur and his guilty wife, Guinevere. Her sin has not only ruined the king's own life, but has also destroyed all his hopes for his people, and broken up the order of knighthood by means of which he has been bringing order, peace and happiness into his country. His greatest champion and closest friend has betrayed him, his kingdom is in a state of chaos; he is on his way to fight his last battle against his own false knights, and knows that he is probably going to his death; darkness, confusion, and the old bloody heathenism are rolling back like a flood over his kingdom. On his way to the battle, the king goes to the convent whither Guinevere has fled, and sees her; she lies at his feet, unable even to look up at him; he reminds her sadly of what might have been, and what has been, and yet he tells her:

..... I love thee still,

Let no one dream but that I love thee still; and he speaks of his hope that in spite of all, in some other world, if she has repented, his sorrow and her sin may be over, and they may be together again, really wedded in heart and soul, for,

"We needs must love the highest when we see it."

Certainly love and pain are wedded in this story.

We have the same thing in the account of Hosea and his wife in the Hebrew Bible. Hosea loved a fallen woman; he married her, and she bore him three children, who however were not his own; then she left him, and went back to her life of shame. But his love followed her; he did not wait even for the hope of some other life; he found her out and spoke to her heart; he bought her as a slave is bought for money, and then he "allured" her, and promised her hope. He told her that she should wait many days and that he too would wait for her, but that in the end she should be restored, and should no longer call him "Master," but "Husband," and live with him in peace, "in righteousness and in judgment," and "in lovingkindness and in mercies."

His own trouble taught Hosea a lesson about God's dealing with mankind, and in his book he speaks sometimes of his wife and sometimes of his country, but the love and the pain are the same for both.

As we read the story of poor Vassanti, we must surely feel that it was not Good Sense that saved her, the realisation that sin does not pay; as a matter of fact, many sinners know that quite well, and yet cannot tear themselves loose from it; what really saves sinners like Vassanti is the love that comes to them in spite of sin, and is willing and glad to suffer pain for them.

Vasantica.

A story.

CHAPTER I.

The old man and the young girl formed a great contrast to each other. He leant back on his low sofa and bent on her a glance, at once bland, quizzical and imperious. She stood stiffly before him and stared at him with a bitter, defiant but still conquered look; and yet her distress of mind but increased her attractiveness. The beautiful black eyes shone more softly through their mist of unshed tears; the rigid set of her face accentuated the regularity of her small fair features; the defiant tilt of her face enhanced the sheen of her smoothly-combed head and made her large jasmine-encircled knot of hair nestle more closely into her pretty neck; her stiff attitude folded her rich gold-broidered white silk sari more severely around the slender grace of her young figure. As the old man gazed at her, the masterfulness in his eyes gradually melted into tenderness.

"Well, my child, you have yourself to thank for my warning. I was hoping you would have more sense. Besides, it is for your own good."

"For my good?" faltered the girl, "for my good, uncle?"

"Yes, Vasantica. What is the use of encouraging the attentions of Hari. You know he can never marry you, you will only get a bad name." The girl's lips trembled as she obviously forced back some words.

"Well," said the old man, who was closely watching her, "I am glad you

stopped yourself from asking me that question. With all your advanced ideas, I do not think you are so bold as to ask me why he should not marry you. But I shall tell you the reason. I want him to marry some one else, who—"

"I am too poor and insignificant for your grandson," flashed the girl, "Isn't that so, uncle."

"Yes, it is, girl," said her uncle testily. "I have other plans for him. I am surprised at your pride, Vasantica. I took you out of poverty to live in comfort. You ought to be more grateful. I promised your dying mother to take care of you; and since then, having no daughters of my own, I have brought you up like my own child."

"What do you want me to do then?"

"As I told you, you must not be too friendly with Hari."

"What can I do? Am I to tell him not to speak to me?"

"I cannot tell you the details. Being a woman, you ought to know. Do you understand me?"

"No, uncle," meekly.

"A plague on the girl"; the old man muttered. "What can I do with her?" Then aloud he went on; "If you do not do as I tell you, I shall send you away from here. I have made a great mistake in allowing you two to talk to each other. You ought to have been kept strictly in *Gosha*. You and he are a pair of fools. I do not know why he likes you."

For a moment, a soft smile trembled on the girl's stiff lips, observing which the old man continued: "Yes, you may smile. You think you have him

in the hollow of your hand, don't you? Well, I shall tell you what I shall do. There is that nephew of mine, Rama Rao, just returned from England. He has already made tentative proposals for your hand. I shall settle your marriage with him."

"I will not marry him, uncle."

"Pshaw! why not? He is a nice young man. Besides, you know him. He used to play with you and Hari, when you were children."

"But uncle, have you forgotten your principles? You used to tell me that,—"

"Yes, yes, I know, If you had been a good girl, I would have allowed you to meet him and see if you and he liked each other, before arranging the marriage. In fact, this is what he asked for, to meet you first and make friends with you. But it is too late for that now. It is too dangerous to leave you like this, and you yourself are sure to fall in love with him."

"Never, never," murmured the girl. "The very idea of its being so arranged by you will stop that."

"What on earth, then, can I do?"

"I wish we could be thrown together in some sort of an adventure. Then we may come to like each other. But how—now.—"

"Such things are not possible in our *gosha* world. You have been reading too many novels and love stories, Vasantica. Your mind is sick. This will do now, my will is law. The marriage shall be arranged for you may go. And, by the way," he added, recalling her, "you may tell that fool of a Hari, that if he still thinks of marrying you, he need not count on my money."

The girl walked away proudly. She went out of the room which was in the women's quarters; for, though she was allowed against etiquette to see her cousin, Hari, she was yet Goshia to other men. She entered another room, and, leaning against the wall, covered her face with her hands and burst into a passion of sobs. She felt bewildered and at the same time insulted by her uncle's words. Presently a touch on the shoulder startled her. A soft, yet manly, voice asked in eager concern what the matter was. The girl hid her face more securely and sobbed on.

"Vasntica" said Hari—for Hari it was, "If you cry like this, you will make me very sad. Do tell me what is the matter. Why are you here? Have you been speaking to my father?"

She nodded.

"Has he been scolding you then?"

"Yes."

"What about?"

Suddenly she flashed round on him. "Go away, Hari. Do not come near me again. He has been accusing me of encouraging you, of—of—"

The beauty of her wet and glowing eyes, as she faltered and stopped, intoxicated the man, and he caught her hands in his and bent low to whisper:

"Never you mind him, Vasantica. He is in his dotage, and you are mine, are you not?"

For a moment, the girl yielded to the soft voice and let her hands rest in his. He had never spoken to her so plainly before, and his words made her innocent mind more bewildered.

"But my uncle is hurrying on my marriage."

"Your marriage? With whom?"

"Oh! with some one. What do I care? My life is useless. And what wrong have I done to deserve all this?" And again she burst into a passion of sobs.

"Tell me, Vasantica," the young man insisted, "Tell me with whom father is arranging your marriage."

"What does it matter with whom? And—and—uncle told me to tell you not to count on his money, if—if—"

She did not dare to continue and did not dare to look up into his face. But a little smile broke through her tears. She hardly knew what she wanted him to say to her, and yet—and yet—surely her hero was not so sordid as to set his hopes on money.

Surely he really liked her, as he seemed to; he would say again that she was his in spite of all the money in the world. She waited, but no reassuring words fell on her ears. Then she looked up at him. It was a handsome face that she saw, fair-complexioned, with bold black eyes, regular features and finely curved lips under a smartly turned-up moustache. But, with all their curves, they and the chin showed a weakness and infirmity of purpose, which she was not woman enough yet to observe. Now, his eyes faltered and drooped under her wistful gaze and he half-turned away.

"Well, well," he said deprecatingly. "There is no need to be in a hurry, is there? I am sure father will never hasten on matters. Besides, we have never yet thought of marriage, have we, Vasantica? I like you very much,

CHAPTER II.

but-but.—" She understood. The blow was severe, and scarcely to be analysed then, but pride helped her to bear it, and now as he stammered and stuttered, words came quickly to her tongue, as she turned away from him.

"Of course there can be no marriage," she said, "We are like brother and sister. It was a great mistake on uncle's part to mis-understand us." And then she turned to him; "What have been doing with yourself to day, Hari?"

"By the way, Vasantica," the young man said with a relieved face, "do you know father may send me England? Won't that be nice? Are you not pleased?"

"Pleased? of course, I am," she said smilingly. "You will go to England and become a great gentleman and forget us all, poor folk."

"Never, Never" he cried. "And you also must not forget me. Even when you are married, you must not forget me."

"Of course not," she answered, trying to smile. But at the mention of her own marriage, tears would come into her eyes. And so, making some excuse she left him. The feeling of relief in his heart did not prevent Hari from being vexed. He had a twisted smile on his face as he looked after her retreating figure, "well, well," he muttered, "you may carry it off with a high hand; but you cannot say that you did not want to marry me. Let me come back from England, and we shall see. Marriage or no marriage, you will always be mine."

Vasantica was wandering about the zenana garden, as she often did, gathering fragrant jasmines off the bushy trees. It was a pleasant evening in summer. The tender hues of sunset were blended into the darker colours of night. A soft twilight was over the land, and the scents from the pretty garden were filling the air with perfume. Everywhere was apparent peace and content. But there was none of it in Vasantica's heart. The shock to her of her cousin's attitude had been twofold. First, the realisation that Hari's love for her could not have been a strong one, and second, that he had a mean and sordid nature. The first thought strange to say hardly hurt her; the second most certainly did. She had always compared Hari in her mind to the great Ramachandra and now the fall of that ideal had laid all the world, as it were in ruins at her feet. Vasantica had read many novels and dramas in Telugu, for she did not know English yet—; and her heart was full of tender thoughts and dreams of chivalry. And now what was she to do? Whom was she to turn to? who was to be her hero? Then she felt her thoughts turning to that Rama Rao, to whom her uncle had threatened to marry her. Today she felt her usual resentful distaste towards him, but it was tempered by curiosity. What was he like? He had asked to meet her. He must be interested in her. She remembered him as a thin silent boy. Would he be as as nice as Hari had been? But then this thought filled her with disgust at herself. What a

contemptible time-server she must be. What a shallow-hearted woman to think with interest, of this other man. Then another thought began to worry her. Had she done wrong? Had she flirted with Hari? Most she confess?

But then she pulled herself up short. To whom was she to confess? what was she dreaming about, silly girl that she was? And Vasantica covered her burning cheeks with her cool hands for a moment and then stood up and began to walk restlessly about. Her musings were interrupted by a sudden movement which caught her eye at the opposite end of the garden. Was it a cat? No, it was too large for that. Had the men come in? How could they, when the place was *gosha*.

Vasantica looked round and was startled to see how dark it had become. She wondered why the Dasis had not come to call her in. They would be looking for her. So she began to walk quickly towards the house, which was at some distance away, looking nervously around for snakes and possible robbers. The worst of it was that she had to walk towards the spot where her eye had seen the movement sometime ago. There were large flowering bushes here. The girl had often longed for an adventure of her own, but now she devoutly wished she was safely out of this. As with trembling limbs, she got past what she represented to herself as the danger-zone, she heard quick steps behind her. Before she could turn round and utter a word, she felt herself enveloped in a large sheet, which was drawn tightly around her. She struggled hard, but all to no purpose. It seemed to her that muffled screams

came from her lips, she felt suffocated, and presently the end of the world seemed to come for her. She was carried along some distance, and then a sudden shout fell on her ear. She felt herself put down gently, and then she knew no more.

When she came to her senses, she found herself lying on the ground, with her head supported on a man's knee. By the very dim light in the sky, she could see a face, bending over her and two glowing eyes looking into hers. A very deep, yet musical, voice asked her, in Telegu if she felt better. Full consciousness came to her then, and she quickly started up, but found herself overpowered by a strange giddiness, and could only sit quietly, holding her head in her hands.

"Wait a minute" said the man, "You will be allright soon." Then, as he caught the girl's questioning glance on him, he continued, "Two robbers tried to carry you away. I was walking in the fort on the other side of the wall, and I heard a sort of strangled scream and was lucky enough to come to your rescue. Stay quiet a little," he went on, "and then you can go in; such a thing has never yet happened to you in your sheltered life, has it? Of course not. Do you know who I am? I am Rama Rao, your cousin."

The girl started and tried to look at him as closely as the dim light permitted. It was little she could see, but that little gave her an impression of quiet strength and absolute integrity. And, as she looked, she wondered at her own feelings. How was it she felt no repugnance to him now? All she felt was that she could trust him to the end of the world. His manliness and

his courage clutched at her heart-strings, and she felt she could do any thing to show her gratitude to him for having saved her from the terrible robbers, though it never occurred to her to say so. And then she started again. Here was just what she had told her uncle she wanted, something out of the common to throw her and Rama Rao together. Were the Fates going to be kind to her after all? And, was it really kindness to acquaint them with each other?

While these thoughts were passing through her mind, Rama Rao was talking to her easily, gently, reminding her about their childhood, telling her how he had been to England, and how he had returned only a few weeks ago. She listened to him with half an ear, with her great wistful eyes fixed on him. She wondered at his manner. How pleasant he seemed, how much at his ease even in such strange circumstances. He seemed to her even better than Hari. But, perhaps, this was the effect of his English education. If Hari also went to England, he would be like that. No, No, She could never think of Hari again, cowardly, mean, money-loving Hari.

At last—which, after all, was very soon, though it seemed a long time to Vasantica, the young man stood up and offered the girl his arm. Having never been accustomed to such attentions, she felt reluctant to take it, but, when he told her that English girls thought nothing of such a thing, she wished to show him that she was no whit behind those girls, and shyly allowed him to help her to rise. She felt no giddiness now and they started to walk to the house, while unaccus-

tomed thrills shot through her at this contact with him.

Suddenly, the garden seemed to be full of voices. Lights appeared near the house and advanced towards them.

"There is my uncle and the Dasis," gasped Vasantica. "Oh! what shall I do?"

"What can you do? It is not your fault, is it, that robbers came to carry you off?"

"No! no! but I should not have stayed out so long. What will they all think of me? And to be seen with a strange man!"

"I am your cousin after all"

"yes, but my *Gosha* is broken. What will my uncle say?"

"Vasantica"! She heard her uncle say then, "are you safe?"

"Yes, uncle!" she answered.

By this time, he had come quite near to her, and was saying;

"Mallika says she was just coming to call you in, when she heard you scream, and running out saw you struggling with some people. She ran back to tell me and get some help. I thought the best plan would be first to guard the outer gates, and then I came here to see how you were. It has taken me some time to do this. You see, the servant men could not come in here, as this was *Gosha*, and the Dasis were frightened to come without me. Were you hurt?"

Now that she thought of it, it seemed strange to Vasantica, that, seeing that the Dasi had told the women of her terrible plight, no screams had been heard from the house. But this must have been due to the fear of themselves

being attacked by the robbers, if they attracted their notice. Besides, she must have been too absorbed to hear them. But there seemed something callous about their attitude, and Vasantica's heart throbbed with selfpity.

"Hallo! who is this?" cried her uncle, as Rama Rao came forward. Hitherto, the young man had stood in the background, and appeared but a dim form, but the form had been quite evident, and again it struck the girl as strange that none had noticed him till then. But she had no time to think of this and afterwards quite forgot all about it.

"Who is this?" cried the old man again. "A strange man with you, Vasantica! what is the meaning of this?"

"Nothing uncle," she stammered. "He-He-saved me from the robbers?"

"Yes uncle," said Rama Rao, "I was fortunate enough to be on the other side of the wall. Don't you know me? I am your nephew, Rama Rao."

"Of course of course. But, why should you be with her? It is very strange"

"I came to help her. I was on the other side of the wall, and I jumped over as soon as I heard her scream."

"But why on the other side of the wall? And why should she be here so late at night? Is it usually so, Mallika?"

"No Sir," sniggered the women. "She always comes in early."

Vasantica looked reproachfully at the woman, and was aware of smiles and glances from the other Dasis who were grouped around. She felt sick with shame.

"There can be only one way out of

this, Vasantica," her uncle went on. "Now, you must marry your cousin."

"Don't force her, uncle," murmured the young man. "It is hardly fair to her."

"Fair or no fair, it has to be. Or she can never lift up her head again."

"What wrong has she done?"

"Nothing. But what will the world think of all this? well, girl, what do you say?"

A hot wave of anger surged up in the girl's heart at being so forced. But it was only for a moment. To her amazement, the anger now melted down into a sort of satisfaction. She felt ashamed of it, but what could she do? There it was. Perhaps, this was the best way out of all her troubles.

But then, why should the young man be forced to do what may be against his own inclination? So she stammered. "But-But-uncle, he-he may not—"

"Nonsense," interrupted the old man. "I have already told you that he has asked for you."

"But but—" stammered the girl again.

"Nonsense," again cried the uncle.

"what do you say, Rama Rao?"

"I am quite willing, uncle," said the young man without hesitation.

It never occurred to the girl then to doubt his words, they were so frankly and quickly said. "Very well then, that is settled. Now Vasantica, come in. Your aunt is anxious. Rama Rao, you had better go out by the garden door. Come and see me tomorrow."

As the girl obediently turned to follow her uncle, she felt her hand

touched by the young man.

"Are you sorry, Vasantica?" he whispered, "if so, say it, and I shall get you free?"

She could not analyze her feelings, but she knew there was no sorrow in her heart. So she drooped her head and said nothing.

"Tell me quickly" he insisted; but, hearing her uncle's voice calling on her, she snatched her hand away and went on. But not before she had shyly flashed him a look which somehow satisfied his heart.

CHAPTER III.

Hari tiptoed into the room and peeped over Rama Rao's shoulder at the letter he was so carefully perusing. He chuckled to himself as his eye ran over the first line and proceeded to read it aloud:

"I am afraid that the marriage which was arranged between us,—"

But here Rama Rao twisted the letter up into a ball and jumped up angrily.

"Why the deuce, do you not wear shoes, Hari? You come into the room like a thief."

"I left my shoes at the door. Am I not a Hindu? Must I not do honour to my worthy cousin? I am not like you, you know, stumping into a room like an English lord."

"Shut up, Hari. How dared you read my letter?"

"What a fuss about nothing! why so angry, my sulky cousin? Was the letter so secret? Was it from Vasantica?"

No answer.

"It must be. What a girl she is, to be sure! Fancy writing letters to men!"

"Why not? She is writing only to me, to-to—"

"Of course, of course. I am a fool to forget it. But I came today to congratulate you. I hear every thing has been arranged. Quite a romantic affair, was it not? One might think it was arranged by you."

"How dare you say that? If-it-was an accident," Rama Rao stammered.

"You are very touchy to-day, my friend. Got up on the wrong side of your bed? I only meant that the whole affair came in so luckily for you."

"Yes, it did."

"That takes for granted you were anxious to marry her. But I hope you were not forced into it. I heard that father was very vexed about the girl's gosha being broken and so he made you both consent to the marriage. Was it so?"

"What business is this of yours, Hari?"

"Why should I not interest myself about my cousin? Poor girl! So, that is why she does not object to the marriage now. There was a time, I can tell you, when she hated your very nanie."

"Indeed,"

"Yes. Perhaps she also wants to get away from my father's house. I do not think she is happy there. I had a talk with her the other day."

"Why do you not marry her yourself, Hari? I heard that you were very fond of her."

tried often to lead the conversation round to him, but always found herself adroitly headed off. The result was a greater access of interest in the absent one, an interest greatly helped by the young man's attitude towards her. For he, with a quixotic sense of honour, had determined to leave his betrothed perfectly free from him for a whole year, after which she would have enough of him. So on the plea of business he had left the town, and never wrote to her or came to see her. And Vasantica began to long to see him.

As for Hari, he had long ceased to trouble her. After a few attempts at conversation with her, which she had always snubbed, he had left her alone for the little time he was in India. And in a month he had left for England, for which mercy indeed she had been very thankful. Yet now and then a doubt about him oppressed her. He had seemed to sneer at her occasionally. Was it her duty to confess about him to Rama Rao Ah! but how could she do that? It might make him not wish to marry her. And yet, was it not a deception? Would he think it so, if he ever came to hear of it? And would he forgive her?

And so the year passed quickly, and our hero and heroine fell more and more in love with each other.

CHAPTER IV.

It was two years later. Vasantica and her husband sat in comfortable chairs on either side of a shaded lamp. They looked a happy pair. The room, in which they were, looked very cosy in

the subdued light. Soft colours gleamed from pretty pictures on the walls. Yellow purdahs hung in front of the doors; comfortable chairs were scattered about; pretty silk cushions gave relieving touches of colour; here and there gleamed the polished surfaces of tables with a few ornaments on each.

Vasantica had on a soft, blue sari, which threw her fair face into pretty relief. She was knitting a shawl, and he was reading aloud from Shakespear's Othello. They were coming to the end of the tragic play. Rama Rao's deep voice quivered as he read out the last few lines. Then, there was silence.

Suddenly, Rama Rao threw down his book, pulled up his chair nearer his wife's and took her hands between his.

"Well, wife," he said, "I must confess something. I wanted to speak about this to you soon after our marriage, but I was afraid. Then, in our happiness, I half forgot about it. Now, Desdemona's sad story brings it forcibly to my mind. Her tragic end was chiefly due to her prevarication about the handkerchief. She did not mean it to be a falsehood; but it was a kind of deception all the same, was it not, dear? So let me confess my fault to you. You remember your escape from the robbers in the garden, when I rescued you?

Well, it had all been arranged between your uncle and me. It was for your sake, dear. I loved you when we were children; later when I saw your photo I loved you more and was determined to marry you. Are you very shocked, Vasantica? Will you forgive me? Let us have no secrets between us. I hate them."

Vasantica's reply satisfied Rama Rao for the moment; but later he felt a little unhappy about it. She had not seemed very spontaneous, and he later observed a distinct change in her. Her old look of happy confidence faded, she looked pale and unhappy, and yes, a little frightened. Rama Rao tried to get back the happiness to her face, and indeed succeeded sometimes, but only for a short time.

Indeed, Vasantica was very unhappy. Her husband's confession had brought back Hari to her mind. Rama Rao hated secrets. He was straight and honest. Would he forgive her about Hari? Her flirtation with him had at the beginning hardly seemed a wrong to her; but distance of time now accentuated the offence to the poor girl. Besides, there was the deception in her not having told Rama Rao about it. She had kept it a secret from him for so many days. And now she dared not tell it to him. Suppose he came to hear about it?

Matters came to a climax, when a letter arrived with the information that Hari Rao was returning from England. He would go to his father's house first and then go to his cousin's house for a while. Vasantica tried her best to stop this; but to no purpose. Rama Rao was delighted at the thought of his coming to him. Hari Rao had passed his examinations in London and come out as a Bar-at-law, and Rama Rao forgot his original dislike to him in his plans to give him a helping hand in his career.

So Hari Rao came. He looked more handsome than ever, an ideal man in

his well-fitting clothes. But Vasantica thought that the lines of weakness about his mouth and chin were more marked than ever. She was glad to notice that she felt no uplifting of the heart at the sight of him; she knew indeed that she cared no more for him.

Hari's attitude to Vasantica was a suggestive one. He seemed to take it for granted that she would like to be with him and he always sought her company. In ordinary circumstances, this would have been the right thing. But in the first place Vasantica was a shy Indian girl, who as a rule did not relish always being with a man, however much her cousin he may be. And in the second place, she had that unhappy idea about Hari, which poisoned her whole mind towards him.

At last Hari waylaid her one day. "What is the meaning of this, Vasantica?" he asked; "why are you always avoiding me?"

"Do I avoid you, Hari?"

"You do avoid me, that is certain. You were not like this before your marriage. You were always then looking for me."

"Looking for you? I?"

"Oh, do not pretend to be so innocent, Vasantica. You know well enough that we wanted to marry each other. By the way, does Rama Rao know about this?"

"No-no" she stammered.

"No?" he sneered. "Don't you think he will be angry with you if he hears about it? He is such an honest man, you know. By the way, has he told you all his secrets."

"Well" stammered the young man, turning away. "That is quite out of the question now, is it not? And I am glad. You see, my father threatened to disinherit me, if I married her. And so-and-so. Besides, I want to go to England."

"But what about the girl herself?"

"She was very haughty with me, the other day. Oh! She is a proud one, I can tell you. But she must be very angry with me for listening to my father. It did look a little mean, you know. But, what could I do? I had to look after myself."

"She may forgive you, if you go to her like a man."

"No-no-not now. I am sure she will not consent. She said as much to me. But not, because she is indifferent to me, I think. She is piqued, as I told you. And also, she knows it cannot be for my good, for I shall lose father's money. You see, she cares for me. But what am I saying? I quite forgot you were here, cousin."

"It is all right, Hari," came from the other, who had turned away to the window.

"Are you going to keep her in *Gosha*. Rama Rao?"

"I do not know. It depends on her. For my part I like a woman to be free and to face the world."

"Yes, yes. What is the use of false modesty? The true modesty is that which is tempted and yet does not give in."

"Quite so."

"And a woman, who is in *gosha*, can have as wicked thoughts as the one that is out of it."

"Quite so. But, as I told you, it all depends on her."

"I see. And when is the marriage?"

"In about a year. She is going to learn English in the meantime."

"Then she is not good enough for you?"

"I did not say so, did I?"

"Well, never mind. So you are resolved to marry her, whether she is willing or not?"

"Yes," said Rama Rao fiercely, "I must get her out of the clutches of such as you"

"Indeed! then I suppose you are fond of her?"

"More than you, in any case. Besides, I have given my word, and I am bound in honour to her."

"One question more. Do you really love her?" asked Hari, then, as he received no answer, continued, "I do not believe you do. If you do, why should you not have asked straight out for her, instead of asking to meet her? Answer me that," and Hari triumphantly took himself out of the room.

"Yes, you would like to know why I did that, would you not?" said Rama Rao to himself, as he gazed sadly out of the window. But he did not intend explaining his conduct, however much he might be misunderstood. Love her? of course he did. Why! he had loved her long ago. He remembered her as a child. What a brave little thing she had been, so noble, so unselfish, daring and yet gentle. And every thing now had happened as he wished. Was he going to give her up? No; on the other hand, he would try to win her love.

But was not this wrong of him, when she evidently preferred Hari to him? True, he had given his word to her, but was he not bound in honour to release her? no, a thousand times no. She must not belong to such as Hari. But if she did not love him? All his ideals of love had been of love reciprocated, as well as given.

But it was too late for that now. Besides, he would make her love him.

"My poor child," he murmured to himself tenderly, as he unrolled the crumpled-up letter in his hand, and his eye ran over the beautifully-written Telugu characters. "Was it because of that you wrote this letter, trying to win me to stop this marriage on the plea that you were giving me a chance to withdraw from the arrangement which you think uncle forced upon me? But it cannot be. Things must take their course."

But he would give her a chance of being free for another year, especially as Hari would be away in England, most of the time. The excuse for that would be, that he would like her to study English, for which purpose he would send her an English mistress. She would like that, he knew. Her eager little mind would jump at the chance.

What an intelligent little thing she was. How beautifully she had written that letter!

And what an honourable little soul it was! For, he was sure that the letter was not entirely due to her wish for release. There was also the question of honour in it. He should not be dishonourably forced into what he

did not like.

And, was there no thought for him, apart from the sense of honour? Had he misinterpreted the last look which she had given him, that look which had filled him with pleasure and content? Well, it was all on the knees of the gods.

He had not, as a matter of fact, misinterpreted that look. For it had been but an earnest of the love that was beginning to grow in the young girl's heart. She was satisfied, as she had wished to be satisfied, with his answer to her letter, which was given to her by her uncle, after a small scolding for her unmaidenliness in writing to a man. She knew now that he really wished to marry her.

But, at the same time, a sense of resentment took possession of her. Why should he wish her to learn English and get generally educated? Did he think that she was not good enough for him? But a little thought convinced her of the unreasonableness of her idea. How could she even be good enough for her hero? She must try and try to improve herself. So from thenceforth she took the utmost pleasure in her new studies. She quickly acquired the reading and writing of English and soon interested herself in little stories in that language. She learnt to play a few tunes on the piano. She learnt a little drawing and painting and a good deal of fancy-work. She learnt also skipping, badminton, tennis and some other English games.

She liked her instructress, a tall, young English woman, quiet and gentle in her manner. Vasantica longed to hear about her fiancé and

"His secrets, Hari?"

"Yes. Has he told you that he had arranged that robber scene with your uncle? Has he?"

"Yes, he has told me that."

"Has he?" For a moment, a look of disappointment crossed his face; then it cleared.

"Ha ha," he laughed. "So he is straight. For sometime, I have been inclined to doubt it. But this makes it worse for you, dear, don't you see? He will be very angry with you when he hears of our secret. You know that *dasi* Mallika is still with my mother." "There is really no secret."

"Shall I tell him about it then? Will you risk it?"

"No no, Hari. Please do not; I am afraid."

"Very well, then, let us be friends. You must not avoid me in future, Vasantica, I like you; you are, so much improved by your marriage."

Vasantica dared not avoid him after that.

Rama Rao gradually came to notice the close friendship between the cousins. Covert hints from Hari had no little hand in this. Then the poor man began to entertain doubts of his wife's love for him. Had he done wrong after all in marrying her? He remembered her letter to him before their marriage. He remembered Hari's old hints to him. He remembered, also Vasantica's changed behaviour to him after his confession to her. This was what cut him to the quick. Was her love for him so little, as not to be able to forgive what he had done, which had been for

her sake alone? Did she love Hari better after all than himself?

The unhappy pair became more and more estranged day by day. At last, one day, Rama Rao told his wife that he was going on a tour far away on business. He would not be able to take her with him as usual—the journey was too rough for that. Perhaps, she had better go to her aunt's house and stay there. For, perhaps,—here he hesitated and stammered a good deal,—he might join the army later. It was his duty to serve his country.

Vasantica heard him in silence. Had he looked closely at her, he would have seen the tears in her eyes. But he himself did not dare to look at her, and she left the room very quickly afterwards, which but deepened his impression that she had ceased to love him.

The next day, Hari started in the morning to go to a town where a friend of his lived. Later, he was to go to his father's house. In the evening, Rama Rao started for S—, his place of destination, and Vasantica for N—, only a few hours away, where lived her uncle. There had been very little time for a final talk. Vasantica rather avoided it than otherwise. And so their farewell was rather a cold one. Neither dared express to each other the love that filled their hearts.

Rama Iyer arrived at his destination late the next evening. He put up at the Traveller's Bungalow. After taking his tea, he wandered out into the large bare compound. All around him was dry grass, everywhere could be heard the twittering of birds preparing to go to rest. Voices of men, call-

ing loudly to each other or talking in low murmurs, were heard from the road, mingled with the lowing and bleating of cows and sheep being driven home. Rama Rao felt quite depressed. The thought of what he had lost in the love of his sweet wife oppressed his mind. Was he not a coward to leave her thus? should he not go back and try to win her love? Ought he to leave her to the tender mercy of a man like Hari? He intended to join in the war; he intended to die there if possible. Was it right to so desert his wife?

Gradually the twilight passed into darkness. Soon however the moon rose in the sky and bathed the scene with her pale radiance. Rama Rao's heart felt heavier than ever. How he longed for his wife's presence. Hitherto he had always taken her out with him, and they had enjoyed together the sights and scenes of the country. He went back to the bungalow and threw himself into a chair. And despite himself his weary eyes closed in soothing sleep.

What was this? What had waked him up? Whose had been the soft touch on his brow? Who was this before him?

Good Heavens! it was Vasantica, standing shy and silent before him. The tingling of bells, the noise of servants in altercation and the carrying about of luggage, told him how she had arrived. But why had she come at all? But he could not wait to ask her the question. All the love in him rose up in arms against such a cold procedure. And so he only gathered her close in his arms. And there later she said to him:—

"I thought you had become too disgusted with me for being with Hari so much. But he said that, if I avoided him, he would betray my secret to you. I have a secret. I was once engaged to—,"

Rama Rao silenced her with a kiss and whispered:—

"I know all about that, dear heart; I guessed it long ago. But I knew it had been but child's love on your part. What I feared was, that you had lost your love for me, because of my false behaviour at the beginning, and that you had again come to love Hari. It is not so, is it, dearest?"

Vasantica must have answered him satisfactorily, for there was no more such talk between them. As for the other part of his project, Rama Rao did not join the army then, but told his wife, that he must do so when the need really arose. And Vasantica assented bravely, but with a sinking heart.

PADMINI.

Shopping.

(BY A MAN).

Now that Christmas is again coming round, the bachelor wakes himself from his lethargy, gives himself a mental shake and determines to look through his neglected correspondence. He finds many letters in delicate feminine handwriting and shakes his head wearily, wondering why he had not answered those epistles, and then wonders if he can buy his forgiveness by getting presents for the coming

festive season. So he examines carefully his pass book and his gloom disappears and he goes off shopping with a cheery face. He determines to try one of the famous emporiums, and goes into a shop, detemining to cast himself at the mercy of one of the beautiful damsels who preside here.

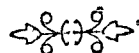
The usual immaculate gentleman awaits him and sends him over to that 'young lady' over there. He looks sheepish and with a bashful smile asks the supercilious lamsel, whether she can recommend him anything suitable for a girl. The beautiful creature, recognising him at once for a love-sick swain, produces many wondrous and glittering articles. By this time, the would-be purchaser has lost his cheery look and after a severe mental struggle in which he has vainly tried to conjure up the tastes and fashions of his fair correspondents, he gives up the effort and so tries to find out what his fair would-be seller likes herself. That haughty creature then unbends and points out certain articles which are dear to her own heart, but which cause the poor bachelor many a shudder. He struggles on, but in the end realizes that the task of selecting is beyond his capability and so rushes out with a panting word that he will come again. He wanders sadly about the gorgeous stalls and happens to come across the children's counter. He stops and for a few blissful moments looks back on his own childhood and again imagines the joys he used to feel when such presents as those displayed on the counter were given to him.

Then he makes a sudden resolve and tries to think of all the several children

he knows. His brain, which was so feeble before, now readily responds and he recalls at once what such and such a child likes. He seeks the assistance of a cheery person who seems as eager as himself in trying and testing the various toys displayed. Then follows a happy hour, in which they both go deep into the mystery of trains, tunnels, picture puzzles, the beautiful ugliness of certain gollywogs, the fantastic dresses of dolls and the intricacies of the requirements of imaginative doll-parties and such things dear to the hearts of children. In the end he makes up his mind and goes off laden with many parcels. On his way out, he comes across that 'Young lady,' from whose clutches he has escaped and wants to stop to explain what he has bought, but he sees that haughty eye and so realizes that that person will not feel the charm of children's presents as he has suddenly done.

The bachelor reaches his house, rushes to the office table, sweeps aside his correspondence and writes to all his little friends, selecting the various presents he has bought. He finds that, though letter writing has always been a bore to him, now such letters are a pleasure. He finishes at last and goes to bed, tired but cheerful and hopes in his own mind that next Christmas will come soon, and that he can have such an eventful day again.

A BACHELOR.



News and Notes.

THE KANYA MAHA

VIDYALAYA, JULLUNDUR.

Among those who took the B. A. Degree at the Madras University Convocation was Miss. O. Jeevarathnammal, the daughter of Mr. O. Kandaswami Chetty, Senior English Lecturer Madras Christian College, and Editor, "Social Reform Advocate". She is the first lady graduate among the Non-Brahmin Hindus, of southern India, outside Malabar and Travancore. Her second language at the School Final and at the Intermediate examinations was French, and her optional science for the B. A. was Botany and Geology. We trust several others will follow the bright example of Miss Kandaswami who has our best wishes for a career of beneficent service in the cause which her father has done so much to advance.

The Maharani Saheba of Bhowanagar has for the last three years been publishing a Guzerati weekly paper giving information about the war, Thousands of copies are distributed free to schools, colleges and libraries and to villages and *choras*. Her Highness has now thought of having some important "brevities about the war printed on Government postcards on the blank side, the writing space on the other side being left for the purchaser for correspondence. To tempt people to buy these cards, as they will be able to do without extra cost, they will be illustrated with some notable war scene, or photograph of a prominent personage. Her Highness hopes to issue such cards every week.

In the history of social reform and female education in Northern India, that of the Kanya Maha Vidyalaya deservedly occupies an important chapter. Every good and great cause has humble beginnings. Kanaya Maha Vidyalaya is no exception to this rule. It started with but three girls. And then in common with the fate of every institution with communal good for its object, it had to come in for its due share of opposition from the public. The enterprise was viewed with anything but favour. It began in September 1886, with the name of 'Zenana School.' The following resolution passed by the Arya Samaj, Jullundur, will give an idea of the scant regard in which the institution was held at the time it was founded.

'Resolved that a Zenana School be opened, and that a rupee a month be sanctioned to meet the expenses thereof.' With this poor aid, the school could not well be expected to be up to anything. Accordingly, we find recorded in the Arya Samaj Jullundur Annual Report for 1886, "the Arya Samaj has opened a Zenana School too, counting twelve pupils on rolls but its educational condition is not sound for want of a competent teacheress."

How this baby school toddled on during the years succeeding, Arya Samaj annual reports do not tell. We are only left to infer that this institution, which now in the words of His Honour Sir Michael O'Dwyer, the

Lieutenant Governor of Punjab, is not only a pride of the province, but has lent to Jullundur city quite a historic name, passed anything but a happy childhood. It is doubtful if it led more than a symbolic existence, when one Mai Ladi, with some two or three pupils, comprised the whole school which was at that time housed in the residence of Lala Dev Raj's deceased mother of blessed memory. Meanwhile, even this precarious aid of one rupee per month had been stopped by the local Samaj. Lala Dev Raj's mother then took up what the Samaj had discontinued, and Mai Ladi from that day was provisioned with a rupee a month and free board.

In the Arya Samaj, resolution dated 30th of August 1890, we find Lala Dev Raj proposing 'that a girl school be opened under the auspices of the Arya samaj'. A committee was appointed to frame rules and to collect subscriptions. It failed to do anything in the way of business, and was succeeded by another, which in turn sank in the same lethargy. This was the second phase of the school's existence.

In 1891, it adopted the name of Kanya Pathshala. Since then her record has been one of sure progress slowly achieved. The storm of opposition had not all subsided, but her existence had come to be worth more than a pious wish. Each year added to her growth as it gave tone to her proportions. The frail bark had at last reached safe waters. Thus we find in the annual report of 1892:—"Arya Kanya Pathshala which will one day be Kanya Maha Vidyalaya collects 55 pupils on its rolls. It is noteworthy to find here many girls who have dis-

ced the use of ornaments."

By this time people had come to realise the need of higher education for females, and were prepared to do something for the institution. Meanwhile years of patient toil had given the founders a good deal of experience. Sympathy is contagious, funds came pouring in, and on the 15th of June 1896, Arya Kanya Pathshala—the maiden of many names, turned into Kanya Maha Vidyalaya by which name she has been known since.

How she will work her destiny out in the fulness of time it is not permitted to mortal man to see. Let us, however, hope, that this nursling of a people's desire, this object of its parents' anxious care, will, in course of time, take her proper place in the order of things. But, let us first be sure that we, on our part, have adequately equipped her for the life we sketch out for her, for then only and not before then will our dreams have come to anything like realization.

In 1895 the Boarding House was started in connection with the Vidyalaya. It was a pioneer institution—the first of its kind in India, and the success it has since achieved, has paved the way for a good many more.

The above is a brief account of the birth and the bringing up of the Kanaya Maha Vidyalaya and the Kanya Ashrama. It is now a large institution, and counts among its pupils girls from all parts of the Punjab, from N. W. Frontier Provinces, Belochistan, Sindh, Bombay, Kathiawar, United Provinces, Oudh, Behar, Bengal, Burma; and even from Thibet. This is an eloquent tribute to the popularity of the institution, and to the

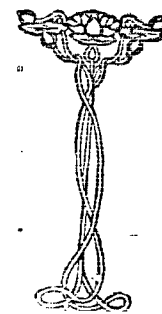
A CLUB FOR NURSES.

OPENED AT BASRA.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS.)

quality of instruction it imparts. The management has had, much to its regret, to refuse admission to hundreds of girls for want of accommodation.

The Vidyalaya, the Ashram, the Widows' Home and the Orphanage stand in their incomplete stateliness on the Tanda Road, about a mile from the city. With an eye to the growing need of the institution, the Vidyalaya committee had, some years ago, bought about nineteen ghumaons of land, away from the din and smoke of the city proper, and on a portion of this stands a wing of the present Ashram. It has a lovely garden in front—the fruition of Lala Dev Raj's kindly care. Indeed the rapidity with which the trees have borne fruit and shade is phenomenal. The School and College Department are located in temporary sheds, but such is the faith of the committee in the untiring efforts of its founder Lala Dev Raj that in spite of the paucity of funds all its efforts are now directed to raising the Ashram, the Bhawan and the Orphanage buildings, which would cost about three lacs of rupees more.



Bombay, 13th Nov.—The first club in India for army nurses, the Lady Willingdon Club, was opened in Bombay on the 25th November last year; and now in November, 1917, it has a sister in Basra, under the same warm patronage, partly supported by the same fund, the Women's Branch of the Bombay War Relief Fund, and staffed by the same society, the national Y.W.C.A. It is called the Alexandra Club and is housed in a small building by the creek at Ashar, not far from the famous Palm Garden. The place was prepared by order of the authorities. Any greater contrast to the desolation outside than the quiet little room with its books and piano and writing tables could hardly be imagined. Adjoining are dressing and rest rooms for the nurses of the hospital ships or in Basra on a shopping expedition (some of the hospitals are miles away), and there is a little dining room, where rush-bottomed chairs with high backs stand primly before small white-covered tables, and waiters in smart blue and white hurry to receive orders. Lady Willingdon and the Women's Branch have helped to meet a want which only those who have nursed in Basra can appreciate. The unpretentious club house, with its pretty room and home atmosphere,

stands at the centre of things, within easy reach of nurses from the hospital ships that never seem to rest, of nurses from the town and the nurses who come down by the river or by car from the pitiless glare of the desert.

The Protection of Children.—The Honorary Secretary to the Madras Society for the Protection of Children is glad to inform the public that the Local Government have been pleased to sanction a building grant of Rs. 15-170 towards the cost of the contemplated Society's home buildings for

the shelter of children rescued by the Society, and for which the late Dr. Varadappa Naidu has left Government Promissory Notes of the face value of Rs. 30,000. The buildings will consist of a Boy's Home, to accommodate 25 children, a Girls Home to accommodate 12 girls, Superintendents' quarters, a workshop and a combined kitchen and dining hall. The site chosen and approved measures nearly four acres and is situated on the Tiruvettore High Road near the third milestone from Fort St. George.

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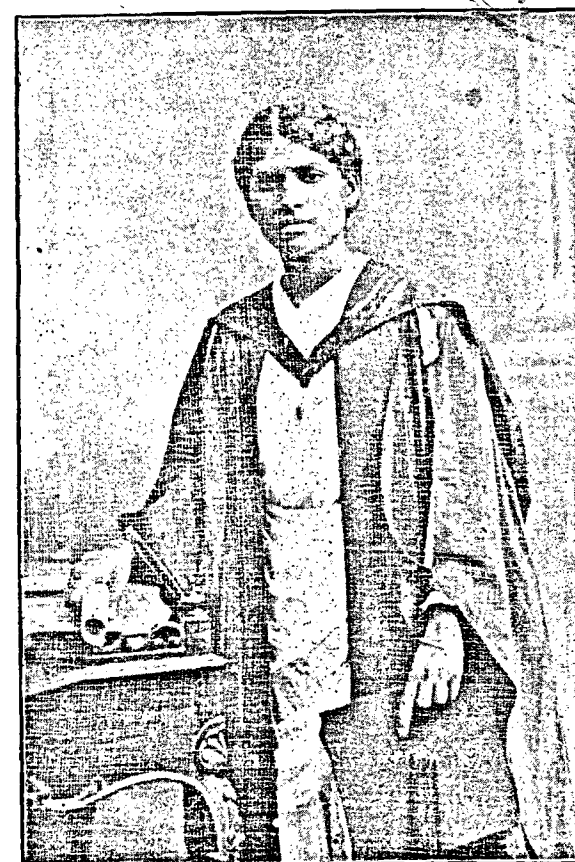


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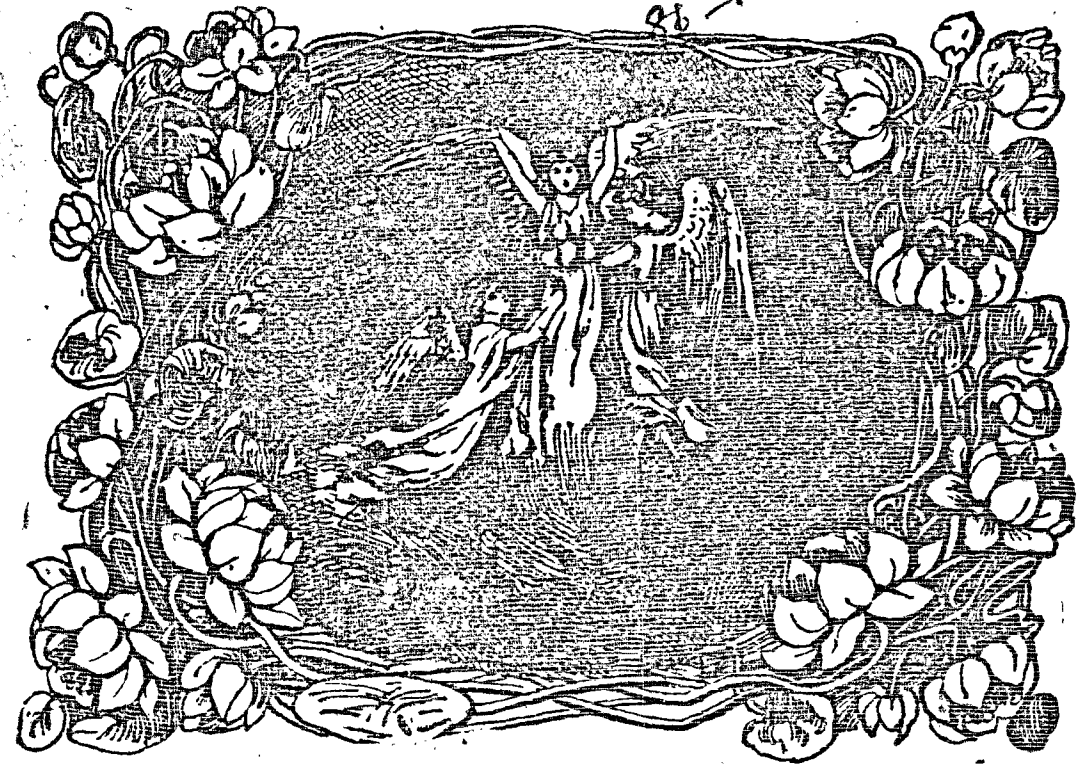
value

for their money.



Miss Elizabeth Zechariah.

SEE PAGE 104.



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

VOL. IX.]

DECEMBER 1917.

[No. 6.]

Time.

"Why sit'st thou by that ruin'd hall,
Thou aged carl, so stern and grey?
Dost thou its former pride recall,
Or ponder how it passed away?"

"Know'st thou not me," the Deep Voice cried;
"So long enjoyed, so oft misused,
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected and accused!"

"Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away!
And changing empires wane and wax
Are founded, flourish and decay.

"Redeem mine hours—the space is brief—
While in my glass the sand grains shiver;
And measureless thy joy or grief
When Time and thou shalt part for ever!"

SIR WALTER SCOT

Old Testament History.

II THE TIME OF MOSES.

The Hebrews looked back to Abraham as the founder of their race; to Moses as the founder of their nation. Moses lived, as far as we can judge, in the 13th century before Christ, about seven hundred years later than Abraham; we have the history of those seven hundred years reflected, in a confused way, in the stories of the Patriarchs and their children. The Hebrews have a genius for story-telling, and a passion for finding out the right and wrong of a question: and so we get the growth and decay of tribes represented by the adventures of individuals in a series of dramatic incidents leading up to moral conclusions. But, when we arrive at the time of Moses, we are in touch with actual history, though it still speaks to us mostly by the medium of legend.

The Israelite tribes, settled in Egypt, seem to have lived there to some extent as the Todas live on the Nilgiris, as a pastoral tribe among a people of higher civilisation. The Egyptian civilisation was one of the greatest the world has ever seen; enormously old, and rich with building, painting and learning. The pyramids, the colossal statues, the paintings in the tombs are as much the wonder of the world now, as they were when Moses was born among them; the religion of the nation consisted of the search after personal immortality; the sacred books were full of directions as to how the soul was to act after death in order to find a happy dwelling-place in the world of the departed. Sometimes, this end

was to be gained by the recitation of magical formulas, sometimes a man must produce a pure heart and the record of a good life. This idea of a judgment to come was the best thing in Egyptian religion; the dead man was brought to a hall of judgment, where his soul was weighed against truth, and he protested to forty-two Gods that he was innocent of forty-two sins, murder, adultery, lying, sacrilege, useless anxiety and remorse among them. The Egyptians do not appear in history as a specially virtuous people, but no doubt they had a somewhat well-developed idea of what virtue might be.

Magnificence was a marked feature of their life, and magnificence only too often goes with oppression; so it came about that the Hebrew settlers, as well as many others, were pressed into the service of the Egyptian Pharaohs as slaves; in that service, the whole tribe might very well have perished, if a leader had not arisen to deliver them.

Moses stood half-way between oppressors and oppressed; while he was Hebrew in birth, he had been brought up in the household of an Egyptian princess; race-feeling bound him to his own people, and religious belief turned him against the Egyptians. No doubt his position at the court was an anxious one, and when he found it likely to become dangerous, he seems to have given it up suddenly and forever, and fled into the wilderness, with the idea of living at peace himself, and not as yet with any thought of helping his people.

But the lonely life of the wilderness brought a revelation to him, and after a time he came back to Egypt to rescue

his people from oppression and bring them away to share in what he had found.

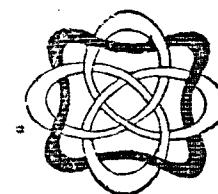
When at last, through many anxieties and dangers, he had brought them away both from the oppression and the splendour of Egypt, he taught them a true religion and taught it in three ways, he shewed them a new name for God, a new relation to him and a new duty towards him. The new name was Jahoe; the meaning of this name is not perfectly clear, it seems to be connected with the verb 'to be.' The translation given in the English Bible "I am that I am," probably conveys the general sense of it; God truly is, he is a real living person. The new relation was that of a covenant; Jahoe made an agreement with Israel, and from that time, to fail Jahoe, while He was still faithful, was an act of treachery. The new duty was given in the law, which Israel undertook to keep; this law is given us in the book of the covenant, Exodus 20. 22, to 23. 33., the oldest book of all Hebrew law, to which all other codes were added from time to time, down to the period of the return from Babylon, perhaps eight hundred years later.

Legends have gathered abundantly round the figure of Moses. The Hebrews would not have been human if they had not told legends about him; any nation with a spark of feeling would be bound to do the same thing, and the Hebrews had more than a spark. The weaving of legends is an early form of philosophy; people, who have not yet realised the sacredness of literal fact, realise that something has been revealed, and throw their realisation into the form of visions and

miracles. To them, a miracle is a break in the law of nature, to us it is anything that makes us realise for ourselves the presence of God. To the Hebrews, who wrote down the story as the Exodus many hundred years later, God's presence seemed to be revealed by physical wonders, as by a visible appearance. To us, at first these things make the story unreal; we know that peoples' way of looking at events changes, while we believe that physical laws never change.

But although we come to account for all the marvellous experiences of the Exodus by putting them down to the Hebrews themselves, yet we do not explain away that experience as a whole. We see a wandering tribe escaped from the tyranny of a great nation, becoming a nation itself by force of a new belief about God and a new realisation of loyalty due to him.

D. J. STEPHEN.



The training of children.

In a book on Moral Science, by Father Texeira of the San Thome College, Madras, I came across a few interesting chapters on the training of children. "The child is father of the man," says Wordsworth; and "the child-hood shows the man as morning shows the day," says Milton. "It is while the heart is young and plastic that it can be moulded into that shape and frame, into that standard of moral goodness, courage, loyalty, disinterestedness and honesty, required of every unit of a highly civilized and educated society, should we expect its whole machinery so to work as to reach the goal of its aspirations." The immense responsibility of parents and of the teachers of the young, therefore, is obvious, and has indeed been acknowledged everywhere. And yet there are few of us really who try to understand what is necessary in this respect. There are few of us, who try to base our instruction on proper knowledge of a child's character. The book before us seems to place this knowledge on a true foundation of underlying principles.

The soul is said to possess three kinds of powers. The first are the "vegetative" powers, or the powers of physical growth, the basis of health and strength. These are mechanical powers, such as those found in plants, — powers that work out by themselves, without the guidance of the mind. The functions of eating, sleeping and moving belong to them. The second are the "sensitive" powers. These are not found in plants, but are found

in common with animals. These include, not only the functions of seeing, hearing, touch, taste and smell, but also those of sense perception and those of sense feeling, such as the faculties of like and dislike, distrust and fear. Lastly, come the rational faculties of the soul, the powers of the intellect and the will, which are exclusively human.

The stages of development of a child to a man, correspond more or less to these three orders of faculties. There is, first, the stage of babyhood, which lasts about two years. It is in this stage that the vegetative powers are in evidence. The baby has to be treated like the plant, fed regularly with regular food, and given the best chance of growing a hearty and strong man.

The second stage is that of childhood, which may be said to extend to the age of seven. The characteristic functions of this period, obviously, are the "sensitive" faculties. The child is more or less like the animal. A keen interest in things around is common to them.

The third stage is that of boyhood, which extends more or less to the age of fourteen. This is marked by the faculties of the intellect and the will. The mind now advances beyond sense perception; it looks at objects, as the centre of general or abstract ideas, of cause and relation. It advances beyond mere sense feeling; for it works upon such ideas grasped intellectually and on a higher plane than that of mere sense. It includes reflection, restraint and responsibility. It is in fact the age of reason.

The fourth is the stage of youth, when the boy is at the awkward time of

growth. Lastly, comes the stage of manhood, when the youth recovers his self possession and grows into a man. A few words of warning are necessary with regard to these five stages of development. Nature does not work in a fixed way. The different stages overlap one another. In the baby stage, when the vegetative powers are in full action, the animal powers are passing through the first steps of development. In the child stage, the animal powers are obvious; but the rational faculties are also beginning their development. And at the boyhood stage, much of the child survives, when the rational faculties are exercising their sway. Therefore, the different methods of training must be kept in readiness and applied as the case may require. Experiments must be tried, and, if they fail, new experiments must be had recourse to.

At the same time, there must be no forcing of nature, for "forced attempts to hasten on the process will result in unhealthy precocity, lifelong debility or premature death; while undue retardation will issue either in inebility or lawless revolt. The business of a parent or a master is to watch the developments of nature, to encourage them and to direct them in the gentlest manner possible, by way of attraction from the front and not by way of pressure from behind, or in other words, to give natural development the best chance, which circumstances allow." A parent or a teacher, in fact, must be, not like an imperious master, but like a patient and faithful servant.

But even a servant must understand what his work is to be. The work of training is the foundation of character

There are three steps in this training, viz., first to lay before the child the best and noblest ideal; secondly, to get the ideal stamped in his mind in the form of sound principles, thirdly, so firmly to establish the habit in him of acting according to those principles that they will last for the rest of his life. And on the basis of these principles will grow and flourish and flower the individual character of the man himself.

It is obvious that there are three methods of treatment, viz., the baby stage, when the infant has to be treated like a plant; the child stage, when the child has to be treated like an animal; the boy-stage, when the boy has to be treated like an imperfect man, but still a man, when appeals have to be made to "reason, intelligence, knowledge, conscience, the sense of free-will, and the power of self-control." But, as has been said before, there must be no hard-and-fast rules of training, but an interaction between all, a wise discrimination between what is just necessary, and what should be accessory. This is just where, in fact, the personality of the teacher comes in.

The first faculty to be trained is that of *observation*. As the baby passes into a child, we notice in him, first simple observation, then discriminate observation, and lastly the memory of past observations. These processes, it is obvious, must be trained and encouraged. The mind must not only flit from object to object, but must be concentrated. And therefore the first training of observation should be in the direction of the *duration of mental focus*. The child's attention must be called to a particular object, and his attention

must be fixed on that object for a time, instead of wandering about lightly from one thing to another. Secondly there must be *firmness* of mental focus, and this can be done in two ways; the child must be taught to notice the likenesses and differences of things; he must be carefully corrected in inaccuracies. And this latter must be done, not by "telling, but by showing." The child must be helped by suggestions to find out his own mistakes.

The second faculty to be trained is the faculty of *impulse*. As the child passes into a boy, we notice in him, not only observation, but also impulse. Impulse therefore must be trained. The child must see that there are certain things he can do, and certain things he cannot do, quite regardless of his likes and dislikes. The training here is more or less like that of an animal. "Do what you are told, or you must be whipped." And one thing to be kept in mind here is that the child should neither score over his parents by getting his own way, nor should he ever be bribed to do what he is asked to do. At the same time, force is not the only thing that is necessary. "The thing insisted or must be reasonable, moderate and in some way, necessary, and the burden of submission should not be made too irksome and difficult, or the tests too frequent. Parents should always bear in mind that this policy is temporary and transient. With the coming age of reason always in view, they should habitually look forward in that direction, and begin their appeal to the higher faculties, as soon as these reveal themselves in the slightest degree."

After this, comes the training of the powers of the rational mind, which are two, viz., *intellect and free will*. The powers of the intellect are apprehension, judgment and reasoning. Apprehension involves analysis, synthesis and comparison. Judgment is a sort of affirmation or "nailing down" in the mind of the knowledge acquired. Reasoning takes two or more judgments and draws out inferences from them. The training of the intellect therefore is obvious. Much can be done to arouse and direct the attention of the child to suitable objects, to make him look at their parts in detail, to notice their likenesses and differences, to pass simple judgments on them, and even to induce something like reasoning about them. Thus the child begins to *think*. The most important point is to make sure that his thinking is accurate and not slipshod or wrong. This should be done by helping the child to find out his own mistakes.

After this, comes the training of the will, which is far more important. This follows the understanding; an object must be known before it can be willed. The sense of choice is involved and this develops itself as soon as the materials of choice present themselves.

There are four principles to be observed here. First, there must not be too much autocracy about the choice. Where the permission of choice is possible, the child must be allowed to choose. Secondly, the choice must be made promptly. The child must be taught to promptly, but not too hastily, make up his mind. Thirdly, when once he has made up his mind, he must stick to it. Fourthly,

there must be no unhappy looking back over the results of the choice.

There are three standards of choice. The first is the utilitarian standard. This is ruled by the motives of pleasure and pain, like and dislike, and is something like animal impulse. It involves the "self-centered comfort, convenience or well-being of the individual agent, looked at as the all sufficient standard of comfort." A higher standard is the Ethical one which rests on the goodness of actions considered objectively, that is to say, actions have a worthiness or unworthiness in themselves, irrespective of the pleasure or pain, advantage or disadvantage to the individual. It is "virtue for virtue's sake."

The third and highest standard is the religious one. It brings man into "express relation to his creator." While the ethical standard practises virtue for virtue's sake, the religious standard practises virtue for God's sake. It rises to the higher plane of personal service, which means both duty and love. Duty obeys God merely out of a sense of justice, because service is due to Him; love obeys God, because it loves Him and wishes to please Him.

The application to the child of these principles is plain. He must be taught to make a proper choice. It is difficult to fix the standard of right and wrong. Mistakes are often made here. Some parents are satisfied if their children do what they are told to do. This is often due either to submission to the stronger will of the parents, or to the desire to please the parents. But this obviously should not be the only motive of choice. The child must be taught, "that obe-

dience is a submission to duty, and not to a human will; that his true rule of conduct is the objective law of right and wrong."

But there may be an objection raised to this process. The child's mind will be diverted to an abstract notion which will not appeal to him, while on the other hand the concrete notions of affection or submission to a personal element will. But the latter two must be made the stepping stones to the former. Affection to parents must be made the stepping stone to affection to God.

The child must be taught how great and good God is and what a grand thing duty is to Him; moreover, that duty to God is a service of love to the heavenly Father. To sum up in the words of the author of "Moral science," the child must be taught somewhat in terms like these, "My child, do this because otherwise you will be whipped. Better to do it, because otherwise it will displease your parents. Better still to do it because it is the right thing, because it is your duty to God, and because fidelity to duty is pleasing to Him.

BY AN INDIAN LADY.



Shyness.

Shyness is socially conditioned, but unsocial in its manifestation. Consciousness of strange company is generally the occasion for the display of this uncomfortable feeling. It is strikingly in evidence among the gentler half of mankind, so much so, that gentleness and shyness have come to be regarded as inseparable attributes of feminine character. Not that the other half is free from this awkwardness in public. Many a man of unquestionable masculine worth has been seen to blush in company, and exhibit all the symptoms of genuine bashfulness. But he has not excelled his fair competitor in the variety and complexity of the forms, in which she, all unconsciously, finds expression for the feeling, not to speak of the consummate skill with which she at times feigns shyness when simple and straight means fail to achieve her objects.

Children of all ages fall an easy prey to shyness in the presence of people they are not used to. But the degree to which they are liable to uneasiness varies considerably according to differences of nature and training. Some children,—the number is by no means large—maintain their naturalness and simplicity of behaviour in the midst of social events which quite upset their elders. The unexpected call of visitors, for instance, which will throw a whole house into confusion, leaves its younger members comparatively undisturbed in mind and spirit. Others, by far the majority, are so sensitive to the changed social atmosphere that the mere look of a

stranger will completely convert a pleasant child into an unhappy object of amusement, if not of pity. If fleetness of foot does not help a shy child to find refuge in an obscure corner, her condition grows worse with every minute that passes by, under the searching eyes of her well-meaning persecutors, her limbs go through a series of contractions which extend even to the muscles of her face, her hands become extraordinarily active in doing the most inappropriate things. She loses her power of expression, as if her tongue has been tied to her palate. Her ears become deaf to the pitiful appeals of her mother. The latter's gentle reproaches serve only to increase the abnormal activity of her lachrymal glands, with the result that she retires in a flood of tears, often to the illconcealed amusement of the company and the obvious pain of her parents.

A look behind this scene of distress will show that the child's embarrassment is born of sheer inability to adjust herself to new surroundings. Her conduct is an involuntary nervous reaction to unexpected stimulus. The strange face, the unaccustomed voice, and the unfamiliar touch make such an unusual demand on her immature social instinct that she shrinks from the attentions of her unwelcome friends. The cure is simple, but like every other simple remedy requires patient application. No drastic treatment can cure children of shyness, no earnest appeals in the presence of strangers, no amount of abuse behind their backs will enable a child to overcome her nervousness. She should have every opportunity of moving freely

and acting readily under the sympathetic and judicious guidance of her parents in all social groups to which she can have access with profit and pleasure. Nurture and heritage apart, the silent but potent influence of the parents' example goes a good way to determine the habitual attitude of a child to those outside the family circle. A mother, who shuns society, cannot expect her child to love it. But a parent, who shows a deep social sense in her life and activities, will have the satisfaction of seeing her child taking to her own ways with little effort.

The charms of a coy maiden have not improperly claimed the attention of more than one poet. When she is of the genuine type, the bashful girl is so naively unobtrusive that she eludes the grasp of a prose composition. The mental and spiritual forces which burst into activity, as she enters the threshold of womanhood, give an attractive emotional colouring to the almost freezing nervous affection of childhood. There is not that unseemly exhibition of shyness common among children. In its place, there appears a delicate unconscious shrinking from the rude touch of the world,—the womanly modesty spontaneous in origin and unenforced by custom and tradition. But we can have only occasional glimpses of the poet's vision in the real world. The conventional modesty diligently cultivated by young women is but a travesty of the ways of a true woman. What we generally meet with in Indian society is the form without the spirit.

The shyness of girls is mainly due to over-sensitiveness to the opinion of others, combined with a consciousness

of inability to meet their expectations real or fancied. It is a quiet preference to preserve one's own dignity, to risking it in attempting the new and the unknown, however desirable. It implies a disposition to retire from notice from fear of incurring the reproach of court- ing observation or of being too forward. Regard for public estimation is undoubtedly a social virtue of no mean quality, and an effective safeguard for one's own social conduct. But excessive concern for the approbation of society, without reference to any higher personal or social ideal, unnerves all efforts at progress and fosters the inclination to fight shy of all socialising influences. What is worse, the shy impulse, when not overcome in time, brings about what a young woman tries her best to avoid. In spite of all the ludicrous expedients she has recourse to to cover her confusion, she finds herself insensibly gliding into an increasingly awkward situation. The almost inevitable collapse will be the only way out of it.

Though shyness is not compatible with freedom of speech and action in public, yet there is a greater danger in rushing to the other extreme. For, pushing yourself where you are not wanted, speaking when others expect you to be silent, and doing what is not necessary except for yourself, are disagreeable traits of character which bespeak thoughtlessness and indifference to the feelings of others. Such forwardness may achieve a cheap fame, but will lose that inimitable abandon and fine poise, which mark the conduct of a lady.

There are many ways in which a girl may get over the feeling of awk-

wardness in society. They depend more on her earnestness of purpose, and resourcefulness than the help of others. Less of anxious thought about the impression she makes on others and more on the immediate objects to be achieved, will in a great measure relieve her of the strained feeling, and render her movements and speech easy and natural. The tendency to be morbidly absorbed in one's own thoughts and feelings should give place to closer attention to the details of social conduct worthy of imitation. Self-confidence thus gained in an atmosphere of failure and discouragement, no less than successes and popular approbation, will increase the power of adaptation to the changing phases of life. The outcome of steady effort along the lines indicated will be a gracefulness of conduct, which will enable any girl to place herself and her services in the right place at the right time, in a manner understood only by a woman.

J. C. C.



A day at Queen Mary's College for Women.

Queen Mary's College was opened by Government in July 1914 under the provisional name of the Madras College for women. It is an institution devoted to the higher education of women, and affiliated to the university of Madras in the intermediate and B.A. courses, (History groups). It opened with about 37 students, all in the First year class, and has added a class each year as the students were ready to pass on upwards. The first candidates for the B. A. degree should appear in 1918.

The College is residential in character, and out of the 110 students now on the rolls, 86 are resident in the College Hostel. Of the 110 students, 23 are Anglo-Indian or European, 39 are Indian-Christian, 41 are Hindu, including Brahmins. In the College Hostel the day begins early, though not as early as some ardent students would like, for study is not allowed before 6 A. M. Between 5 and 6 A. M. therefore, movement begins, and by 6 A. M. girls may be seen pacing the verandahs with their books. At 7 A. M. the bells which mark the hours of the day begin their song, the big bell ringing at 7 A. M. for chota hazri. Till 8-30 or 9 A. M. is a busy time for bathing. In our early days, we had great difficulty in supplying enough water even for the then small community. Now we have a good number of taps and there is seldom any difficulty. The new kitchen block has a row of bathing rooms along the back allotted to the different Hindu sections.

At 8-30 a.m. the first breakfast bell rings, a little tinkling bell, which is part of the vegetarian Hindu section to breakfast. We have now five kitchens and five hostel sections. There is the Hindu vegetarian section with its Brahmin cooks, a non-vegetarian Hindu section, a Tamil-Telugu Indian Christian section, a Malayalee Indian Christian section, and a European section which caters primarily for the European staff and students, but may be joined by any person who prefers European food. At 9 o'clock the big bell rings for breakfast. Meanwhile the compound has become animated—the cars, carriages and rickshaws of the day students begin to arrive. Two jutkas rattle in and two rickshaws draw up to the porch, ready to take girls down to the Presidency College. For, at present, Queen Mary's College does not provide instruction in science subjects and girls taking Science must attend lectures at the Presidency College in Science subjects. The Science students at present number about 30. The College hopes to have its Science buildings ready comparatively soon, thanks to the munificence of the Maharajah of Jeypore; for apparatus and staff we shall probably have to wait until the end of the war. So about 2-30 a.m. a stream of girls, on bicycles, or in the aforementioned jutkas and rickshaws, gets out for the morning's work at the Presidency College.

At 9-55 a.m., the first College bell rings; at 10 a.m. it rings again and students must all be in their places before this second bell rings. For an hour there is great quiet; all the classes are in full work. At 11 a.m. both Inter-

mediate classes split up for language work, and many tongues, Sanskrit, Latin, French, Tamil, Telugu, Malayalam, Canarese, resound throughout the College. From noon till 1 p.m. the reunited classes work at English or History. 1 p.m. to 2 p.m. is the hour for tiffin and rest. The girls of one class return from the Presidency College at 1 p.m.; at 1-30 p.m. the jutkas set out again with another set of girls for the afternoon work there. In this College, three of the afternoons of the week are in each class devoted to Library work—English or History reading—, so that on those days, it rests more or less with each student as to whether she really puts her energy into the afternoon's work or not. At 4 o'clock comes the final College bell, followed closely by the summons to tea. Again, the bathing rooms in the hostel are besieged. No student is allowed to study between the hours of 4 and 6 p.m. and the more energetic girls soon are out at Tennis or Badminton. We have two Tennis courts, a ball Badminton court and a shuttlecock Badminton court. At present our Badminton record is very creditable, but we are weak in Tennis. Some girls walk in the garden or on the terrace, some go out on the sands, some go out to see friends, or receive visitors at the Hostel. In these two latter cases, the student has to register names and particulars with the tutor who is in charge of the hostel that day, and has to report her return to that same tutor, if she has left the College premises.

At 6-30 p.m. the little bell rings to call the Hindu students to prayers. They have a special room set apart for puja and there they assemble each

evening at this hour. At 7 p.m. or 7-30 p.m. the various sections have dinner. About 8 p.m. a gong goes to call the Christian students to prayers. They divide into two sections, Roman Catholic and Protestant, and perform their evening worship. Government has given permission for these religious junctions on the condition, which is strictly observed, that all attendance is purely voluntary, and that each student shall attend the worship of her own religious section and of that only; e. g., No Hindu girl shall be present at Christian worship or vice versa, no Roman Catholic student shall attend Protestant worship or vice versa. Occasionally, the whole Hostel meets together for a lecture on a moral subject taken from a purely ethical standpoint.

Most of the students study until about 10-15 p.m. Some go to bed earlier than that, but all lights have to be out at 10-30 p.m.; no light can be on, except in a case of emergency or of sickness, between 10-30 p.m. and 6 a.m., and as the Principal often makes the rounds with the watchman during the night, too-zealous workers may find themselves called upon for an explanation of a light showing at an untimely hour. So the round of College life works on, with variations on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays. The presence of representatives from so many diverse communities seems to cause very little friction and makes for broadmindedness and toleration. On the other hand, no student is required to give up her national or religious customs. The College life is one of contented occupation and disciplined freedom, and it should help to develop in the girls who live it those

qualities of commonsense and consideration for others, which will enable them to be of real usefulness to their communities and to India.

D. dela HEY.

A life of pleasure

The philosophy which the Omar Khayyam of Fitzgerald poetically propounds is perhaps the most attractive, most materialistic and most easy to grasp. Briefly it is this, that God's arrangement of the Universe is not good, that our hopes about earthly advancement are very hard of fulfilment, and that considering all things, it is best that we should make our lives as completely pleasant as possible. This same philosophy is based on a metaphysical cynicism, which, giving rise to a materialistic mode of thought, has resulted in a philosophy which is, of earthly philosophies, most earthly. This philosophy ignores something which all other philosophies recognise most of all, and all religions have for their most common basis, the something known to us as Faith. We know very well that 90 per cent of our fellow creatures find a sort of solace in Faith in the Revealed teachings of the ancients, Faith in another world, and Faith in Divine Mercy. But this philosophy gives to enjoyment that place which the religious give to Faith. It preaches to us the lesson of looking upon ourselves as the guests of this world, and making ourselves there cosy and comfortable, and as quite at home as guests are in their hosts' houses. We must

never have a care for the past and the future, never bother about the transiency of pleasure and the permanence of pain, never be disturbed by the thoughts of this world or the next. If there is a power, which causes our happiness and misery, it seems to distribute its favours most unjustly; we are victimised and befooled, and the best way we can expend our lives is to ignore God, Time, and Fate and spend them in the things that are dearest to us.

In his own words:—

- 1 Here with a loaf of bread beneath the bough,
A flask of wine, a book of Verse and Thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness,
And wilderness were paradise enow.
- 2 Come, fill the cup, and in the fire of spring
The winter garment of repentance fling:
The bird of time has but a little way
To fly—and Lo! the Bird is on the wing!
- 3 "How sweet is mortal sovereignty," think some:
Others, how blest the paradise to come;
Ah, take the case in hand and waive the rest;
Oh the brave music of a distant drum!
- 4 The worldly hope men set their hearts upon
Turns ashes or it prospers, and anon,
Like snow upon the desert's dusty face
Light in a little hour or two, is gone.
- 5 Think in this battered Caravanserai,
Whose doorways are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultan after Sultan with his pomp
Abode his hour or two, and went his way.
- 6 I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled,
That every hyacinth the garden bed wears,
Dropt in its lap from some one's lovely head.
- 7 Why, all the saints and sages who discussed
Of the two worlds so learnedly are thrust
Like foolish prophets forth, their words to scorn
Are scattered & their mouths are stopp'd
with dust.
- 8 Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and saint, and heard great argument,
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door as I went.

- 9 Up from the centre through the seventh gate
I rose and on the throne of Saturn sat,
And many knots unravelled by the road,
But not the knot of Human Death and Fate.
- 10 Then to this earthen bowl did I adjourn,
My lip the secret well of life to learn:
And lip to lip it murmured—while you live,
Drink! for once dead you shall never return.
- 11 Ah, fill the cup—what boots it to repent?
How time is slipping underneath our feet!
Unborn tomorrow and dead yesterday
Why fret about them if to-day be sweet!
- 12 And if the wine you drink, the lip you press
End in the nothing all things end in—yes—
Then fancy, while thou art but what,
Thou shalt be—nothing—thou shalt not be less.
- 13 It's all a chequer-board of Nights and Days
Which Destiny with men for pieces plays;
Hither and thither moves, and mates and slays
And one by one back in the closet lays.

These are the ideas which about a 100 years ago Fitzgerald presented to the English readers as samples of a school of Persian thought, and the poem has pathos and has still certain charm for the leisurely, the cultured, and the rich. It cannot be said that he is wrong in the ideas he lays bare. It is within the experience of many of us that we are driven to seek refuge in pleasure out of sheer vexation with our domestic, social, or intellectual concerns; but it seems somewhat like the hardworked labourer going to the gin shop at the close of day to comfort the weariness of his limbs. There are people who plead that the labourer is not in that unjust.

Considering as we do, this teaching of Fitzgerald, we cannot help recalling a passage in a poem of Tennyson. It is a poem remarkable for its melody and the remarkable ease of its flow: he says.

Why are we weighed upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?

All things have rest. Why should we toil alone,
 We only toil, who are the first of things,
 And make perpetual moan !
 Still from one sorrow to another thrown.
 Let us alone ; Time driveth onward fast ;
 And in a little while our lives are dumb,
 Let us alone, what is it that will last ?
 All things are taken from us and become
 Portions and parcels of the dreadful past.
 Let us alone.—What pleasure can we have
 To war with evil ? Is there any peace
 In ever climbing up the climbing wave ?
 All things have rest and ripen towards the grave ;
 In silence ripen, fall, and cease ;
 Give us long rest or death, dark death of dream-
 ful ease.

How sweet it were hearing the downward stream
 With half shut eyes ever to seem
 Falling asleep in a half-dream !
 To hear each other's whispered word,
 Eating the lotos day by day,
 To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
 And tender curving lines of creamy spray,
 To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
 To the influence of mild-minded melancholy.

Tennyson's argument sounds like the
 whining of children, when they are
 asked to do something while the others
 are playing about. While the birds
 and beasts and trees are living without
 a care, he says, man must not be com-
 pelled to work. His lot should be
 made as pleasant as that of the rest.
 Ease and not exertion should be the lot
 of man.

When we are considering these two
 it would be unjust if we omitted to
 consider one nearer home, who has
 presented the same problem, and solved
 it in a similar way, the poet Bhartrihari,
 whom I do not know whether to call
 poet, recluse, or moralist most. Speak-
 ing about life he says.

"While there is the lamp, the fire, the
 stars and the moon, yet in the absence
 of woman the world were dark.

"The channel of life would be extre-
 mely hard to cross indeed, were there
 not women to bridge over it,

"There are but two things which men
 might covet in life; youth and the
 company of women or the forest."

Then he proceeds to say,

"Fools take pleasure in the thought
 that they may have mansions, riches,
 children, fair wives, and the glory of
 manhood. But the wise one scorns
 them all as transient, and takes up the
 robe of the ascetic.

"Old age stands like a tiger at the
 door, diseases press on us like enemies,
 life leaks away as from an old pot, and
 yet men do worry themselves strangely.

"One hundred years is man's span
 of life. Half of it goes in the night;
 half the other goes away in boyhood
 and age. The rest is spent in disease,
 suffering, separation, and service. Whe-
 re then is happiness for man?

"Why doth the mind wander dis-
 tractedly from thing to thing? Things
 happen as they are fated to happen. I
 shall neither weep over the past, nor
 hope for the future. I shall enjoy
 pleasure as it comes."

Thus Bhartrihari says that in the
 misery of this hard world we should find
 solace in the companion whom God
 first made for Adam, or in the transcen-
 dent devotion to God for which ascetics
 are famed.

Not merely these three men of letters,
 but many people in the great Ages of
 the world have held that we should
 drive out the cares of life by yielding
 ourselves to thorough enjoyment. They
 tried to solve the problem of life, and

finding that their trial brought them
 into an incomprehensible philosophical
 maze, they became angry with God, and
 tried to sink the world in a sea of plea-
 sure. Our saying that these seekers
 after truth ought not to have taught
 so, does not mean that most of us
 do not make our lives subservient to
 pleasure. Yet, it seems that in this
 world of ours, even pleasure cannot
 be unalloyed. The Persian with his
 wine goblet and his love, might not
 find his wine quite of the proper flavour,
 or his love not adorned quite to his taste.
 So, pure pleasure is something out of
 man's reach in this world. And it was
 wrong on the part of these philosophers
 to have preached such a doctrine to
 revenge themselves on the incomprehen-
 sibility of God. Granting that there is
 no God, granting that the arrangements
 in the world are unjust, granting again
 that life is fleeting and pleasure very
 convertable, yet, in spite of all arguments
 human and divine, there is something
 in this world, there is something in our
 relation to our fellow inhabitants, there
 is something in the interests of our own
 manhood, that we shall be unpardonable
 sinners if we neglect and if we do not
 strive our very utmost for the betterment
 of our race and the smoothening of our
 lives, by thinking those thoughts, and
 by living that life, which shall ensure
 for us the respect and the esteem of our
 fellowmen, and the gratitude of pos-
 terity. In that, there is a pleasure far
 surpassing any that Fitzgerald, Omar
 Khayyam or Bhartrihari, imagined.

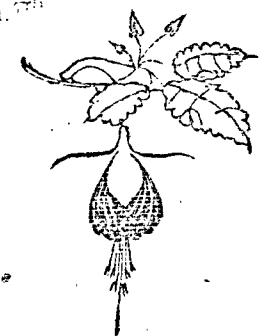
G. R. JOSYER.

Editor's Note. This article shows only one aspect of Omar Khayyam.
 We hope to publish another aspect of it in the next issue.

An Indian Lady Graduate. See frontispiece.

Miss. Elizabeth Zechariah is the
 daughter of Mr. & Mrs. G. Zechariah
 of Calicut, and the sister of Prof. K.
 Zechariah of the Presidency College,
 Calcutta. She passed the Intermediate
 examination from the Basel Mission
 College, Calicut and studied in the
 Presidency College, Madras for the
 B. A. Honr. Examination with English
 language and Literature as her sub-
 jects. She is the only Syrian Christian
 graduate who has taken Honours in
 that subject.

As soon as she passed out, she took
 up honorary work for some time, in
 the Nicholson Syrian Girls' "High
 School" at Tiruvalla, Travancore.



Hans and Grethel

A PLAY FOR CHILDREN

ADAPTED FROM GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

The songs are set to the tunes of wellknown
Nursery rhymes.

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Scene I.

A poor room in a peasant's house.

NIGHT.

A broken table at one end of the room, a man sitting at it on a broken chair. There is another chair close by. The man is resting his head on his hand and seems to be full of grief. A woman is washing up a few broken plates, which are on the table. On the table is a guttering candle stuck in a broken cup. At the other end of the room is a bundle of straw on which two children are sleeping, huddled together. At one side is a rickety door leading out. This is closed. The man's name is Fritz, the woman's Eliza. There is a pause of a few seconds.

Eliza.—"What is the matter, my husband?"

Fritz.—(gloomily) "Eh, matter, you ask me what the matter is? you know well enough."

Eliza.—"I know, I know. But there is nothing to be done, is there, except what I told you? And you do not want to do that."

Fritz.—"Of course not, Eliza. By God, woman, what do you think I am made of? Leave my children in the forest indeed, to starve and die! How can I do it? Will you do it to your own children?"

Eliza.—(Glancing at the sleeping children) "Gently, gently, my husband; you will wake them up. Poor things, they must have found it hard to sleep. Why? they had nothing but a crust of bread to eat between them. I saw them weeping. Soon—"

Fritz.—"Don't make it harder, *Eliza*. It is bad enough, when I look at their starving faces."

Eliza.—"And yet, when I shew you the only remedy for this, you will not take it."

Fritz.—"Remedy? what you suggested was no remedy, but murder."

Eliza.—"Listen, dear, it is no murder. A little while ago you asked me if I would do the same to my own children. Of course, I would, in this same trouble. It is the only chance for them."

Fritz.—"What, to be left alone in the forest?"

Eliza.—"Yes, to be left alone. What harm will happen to them? There are no wolves or wild animals here. And besides, it will be their only chance. Any passer-by will find them and take them home."

Fritz.—"But there are so few who go into the forest. There are peasants like myself, who go to cut wood. And they will be too poor to take them home and give them food."

Eliza.—(Patiently) "True, my dear; but there must be some who are better off than we are. What can we do for the children now? They will soon die of starvation. In the forest, there are dangers, I, admit; but there is also a chance of being saved. With us, there is no chance at all."

Fritz.—"There are witches and wicked fairies about."

Eliza.—"We will hang our sacred charm about their necks, that little holy bag, which the priest gave us. Then nothing will happen to them."

Fritz.—"Their mother will come out of her grave and curse me."

Eliza.—"No, she will bless you for your courage. But, (angrily turning away) why do you always talk of her? You love her memory better than me. You do not care for me; and after all I have done for you."

Fritz.—"No, no, you are all the world to me."

Eliza.—"And yet, when I ask you to take the only chance of saving me, you will not listen. If someone else takes

the children, we can easily get food for us both. But now, there are four mouths to be fed. No, no, it is better for me to die. Then you and your brats can be happy."

Fritz.—" (straightening himself and heaving a sigh) Well, wife, I will do as you wish."

Eliza.—"That is my wise husband. And I guarantee that the children will be happy in the forest. They—"

Fritz.—"No, do not say anything more now. I cannot bear it. Come let us go to bed."

(He walks to the corner of the room, where there is a bundle of straw. He spreads out two beds. Then he comes back to the table. On the way, he stops and stares at the two sleeping children. He shakes his head and turns away. The candle is put out, and the man and woman lie down on the straw. After a few minutes, their snores are heard. Then, one of the children, Hans, sits up in bed. He wakes his little sister, Grethel. When she tosses about and moans, he gently quiets her.)

Hans.—"Hush, hush, Grethel, do not make a noise; they will wake up."

Grethel.—" (Gradually waking up) "Who?"

Hans.—"Father and mother."

Grethel.—" (sitting up) "Oh, I am so cold, Hans. Hold me tight; I want to get warm. Why did you wake me up?"

Hans.—"I want to speak to you. Hush, don't make a noise; let us go outside."

(They creep on tiptoe to the door, gently open it, and go out. They shut the door, come round to the front and sit on a stone, holding tight to each other).

Hans.—"I could not sleep, but I was afraid to move about, because our step-mother always gets angry with me if I am restless. So I heard everything they said. Father is going to leave us in the wood tomorrow."

Grethel.—"Only for a while, till he gets the firewood. Then he will bring us back."

Hans.—"No, they are going to leave us for always."

Grethel.—"For always; Oh! Hans! What shall we do?"

Hans.—"Hush, little sister, I'll look after you."

Grethel.—"But you are such a small boy, Hans. You cannot do much."

Hans.—"I'll try my best, though. But what a sad state we are in!"
(To the tune of "Twinkle, twinkle, little Star.")

"Little children poor are we
Sadly mournful sure we be,
Hans and Grethel names we bear,
No one has us in their care.
Our own mother left us lone;
But a mother new we own,
She to us is most unkind
And has changed our father's mind.

Now no food they have to eat,
To the woods they turn our feet,
There alone we shall be left,
Of our father quite bereft.
But sure we shall a way find out
And return without a doubt,
Now I'll try to get a plan
And shew to all that I am a man."

Hans thinks for a while, staring at the bright moonlight, while Grethel doses. Then he suddenly bursts out:

Hans.—"There, there, I have got an idea. I know I could find one. Wake up, sister, and listen to me. You see those stones all shining white in the moonlight. We will fill our pockets with them and as we go on, we shall drop them on the road. When the moon comes again in the night, we shall see them shining and find our way home. Are you not pleased, Grethel? Are you not happy?"

Grethel.—"Yes, Hans. But even here there is no food to eat and I am so hungry."

Hans.—"Never mind, Grethel, let us gather the stones and keep them ready."

(They go out and gather stones. As they are gathering them, Hans keeps talking to Grethel, who eagerly listens).

Hans.—"When I become a big man, I'll look after you. You will have plenty to eat, cakes and sweets and strawberries. You shall wear silks and jewels; you will have a carriage with two horses to ride in."

Grethel.—"And you?"

Hans.—"Oh, I shall become a soldier and be so proud and grand. I will have a sword at my side and a big helmet on my head. My clothes will be red, and I will kill all my enemies. I will go to the king and stand before him, and the Queen will smile at me. Won't that be nice, Grethel? But come now, let us go and sleep. We have enough stones."

(They go inside, softly shutting the door behind them).

Scene. II

A forest scene, a dull moonlight.

The two children discovered sitting inside a clump of trees and rubbing their eyes and talking together.

Hans.—"We have had a good sleep, have we not? They must have gone from the wood by this time. This is the second time they are trying to leave us behind. But do not be afraid. We are quite safe. The moon is coming up. But we must wait a little till it is bright."

Grethel.—"I want some bread, Hans. Why did you throw it all away? You are so careless."

Hans.—"Don't be silly, Grethel. You know why I threw small pieces of bread one by one on the road."

Grethel.—"Why did you not get stones this time?"

Hans.—"The door was locked last night and I could not get the stones. Mother must have guessed how we found our way. She is a very clever lady, is she not?"

Grethel.—"But, when we went back home, was she not pleased to see us? She said they had been looking for us in the wood, and could not find us. And she was cross with us for leaving them and wandering about in the forest. I am sure you are not right in what you think about her and father. They do not want to leave us behind."

Hans.—"What a little silly girl you are, Grethel. When did we wander away from them? They went away from us. They left us sleeping. And father tied a dried-up branch to the tree to be blown about and make a noise like the blows of an axe. We thought he was there chopping the wood, so we went to sleep. When we woke up, we found out what it was and that we were all alone. When we came home, mother pretended to be glad. But she locked the door last night, because she did not want us to go out and get the stones."

Grethel.—"The moon is very bright now, Hans. Let us go and see where the pieces of bread are."

(They go out and look all round, but can find no pieces of bread anywhere. Grethel begins to cry. Hans at first gives her comfort, but he too is getting frightened. At last both the children sit down together and cry).

Grethel.—"O, I want my own mother. Where is she, Hans?"

Hans.—"She is not here; but oh! I too want her. This would never have happened if she had been here. Father would never have left us behind."

(Both together sing). (To the tune of "Little Miss Muffet")

"Oh, mother dear,
Come to us here,
We are so sad and weary.
We want your love,
Oh, mother above,
Comfort our hearts so dreary.
To help us there's none
Except that great One,
That from above does watch us.
Oh, Father, we cry
To Thee in the sky
To help us, we pray, and to save us."

(They kneel down and pray, then Hans stands up, and lifts up his sister.)

Hans.—"Come, sister. We will wander about and see if we can find our way."

(They go out of the wood on one side. They come in again after a while through another entrance.)

Hans.—"It is no use, sister, we are going round and round in a circle. It is no use. We have come back to the same place. See that tree there, that bush where we sat down (pointing.) It is the same place."

Grethel.—"Oh, what shall we do?"

(Both hold hands and sing.) (To the tune of "Three blind mice,"

"Lost in the wood,
We have no food,
Oh, where shall we find our home to day?
How can we wend our lonely way?
Tell us, Oh, tell us, we humbly pray.
We are lost in the wood.

Where shall we roam?
Where is our home?
It is so dark and drear around,
We are afraid to make a sound,
Animals wild may round us bound.
Where shall we roam?"

(Then suddenly Hans straightens up and looks around and up. He wipes his eyes, puts his arms round his sister and points to a star, which is shining brightly.)

Hans.—"See, see, Grethel; look at the star. I am sure I saw mother's face there just now. She looked so brave and sweet. I am sure she is watching over us. And I will look after you, sister. Am I not a man?"

(To the tune of "Little Bo-peep")

"Come, sister weak,
So small and meek,
Lift up your head and trust me;
You shall not roam,
I will take you home;
We'll reach our house so surely.

I am a man
I surely can;
Be brave and not be fearful;

No beast to-day
Shall bar your way;
Look up and be you cheerful.

And yet, I am small;
Courage may fall
Than, how shall I do my duty?
My heart truly quakes
And boldness forsakes
And dreadful fear assails me.

But no, I'm a man,
I surely can
Be brave and not be fearful.
Nothing today
Can stop our way;
And we'll be brave and cheerful."

(They wander round the stage. Suddenly, Hans points to one side excitedly, pulling at his sister's arm.)

Hans.—"See there, sister, look, there is a light. We did not see it before. I am sure our mother has put it there to guide us. Do you see it?"

Grethel.—"Yes, Hans, Yes."

Hans.—"Let us go to it then. I am sure it is a cottage light. And mother must have put it into the heart of the owner to light a light to guide us. Don't you think so?"

Grethel.—"Oh, I am sure of it, Hans. And I hope there are plenty of things to eat there. I am so hungry."

Hans.—"I too am hungry. Let us go. Are you not glad?"
(To the tune of "Jack and Jill")

"We've found our way,
And we are gay,
We'll surely reach our house today.
The blessed light
Shines in the night
And truly puts us in the right.

Goodbye, tall trees,
That in the breeze,
Wave so wild and never cease.

The Witch.—"Stop crying now, you wicked thing. Who asked you to get out of bed? Why are you here? Do you wish to get your brother out of the cage? You cannot do it, can you? No, no, he is to be my food. He cannot escape. I shall eat him soon."

(Hans moans and falls back against the cage and Grethel cries aloud. The old woman laughs with glee.)

The Witch.—"Ha, ha, cry away, my pretty ones. There is no help for you. Who asked you to come here? you saw my light, of course. But who asked you to follow it?"

Hans.—"We thought it was our mother's light."

The Witch.—"You have found your voice, have you my little man? Well, that is good. You will soon be strong again. You thought it was your mother's light? Where is your mother then? Why did she leave you?"

Hans.—"She is dead and in heaven. We thought she was watching over us and made you light that light."

The Witch.—"Then you thought all wrong. In the first place there is no heaven, and no God. Where is God? If he was in heaven, he would have helped you."

Hans.—"And he will help us."

Witch.—"Let him help then, and let him do it at once. Put out your finger. Let me see if you are fat". (Grethel sinks to the ground moaning. Hans put out a little thin bone. The witch feels it and cries out in disgust.)

Witch.—"Always thin. What do you do with all the food I give you? Never mind, I cannot wait longer. You must come out and be roasted. But let me first get the oven ready."

(She stoops over Grethel and pulls her up and drags her to the stove.)

Witch.—"Get up, girl, get up. Don't pretend so much. What is there to cry about? Do you love your brother so much? Come here and blow up the stove."

(As the girl slowly puts the wood in, the Witch thinks deeply; then she nods her head and speaks aside.)

Witch.—"Yes, yes, I will do it. I will eat her first. Then her brother." (Turning to the girl), "Come on, come on Grethel, hurry, hurry. There! at last you have finished. Is the stove hot enough? See if it is. Not that way," (as Grethel timidly touches the stove with her finger), "get in, child, get in. That is the only way to test it; then, you can get me the keys from under my pillow."

(Grethel looks at the witch with terror, but gradually an idea seems to dawn on her)

Grethel.—"How can I get in? I do not know how to."

Witch.—"Put your head inside."

Grethel.—(Sullenly) "I do not know how to"; (then, as if struck by an idea), "you show me, mother, you are so clever."

Witch.—"Well, well, if I am clever, you are stupid. I must show her, I suppose. This is the way, you fool." (She puts her head into the stove. Quick as thought, Grethel pushes her in and bangs the door and bolts it. Screams and cries and thumps from inside; but Grethel only jumps up and down and dances about. Then she runs to Hans and puts her hand in and Hans holds it.)

Grethel.—"Hans, Hans, we are free, we are free. The witch is baking in the stove, She is screaming inside. She wanted me to get in."

Hans.—"I saw everything, Grethel. You are a brave girl. Now go and get me the keys from under her pillow. Did you not hear her say they were there?"

Witch.—(in a muffled tone) "Oh, children, let me out. For the sake of your mother, let me out. I shall be kind to you. I will not eat you up. I will give you such good things. For your mother's sake! Oh, I am burning. Quick, quick, Grethel."

(Grethel's face is full of terror and pity; she means aloud. She wants to run to the stove. But Hans holds her fast.

Grethel.—"Oh, Hans, I shall let her out. She asks it for our mother's sake. Oh, Hans, let me go, let me go."

Hans.—"No, no, little girl. We must be brave. She is a wicked woman. She is an enemy of God. She must die. Wait for a little."

(Gradually the cries get weaker and weaker and at last die out. The children listen with anguished faces. When all is quiet, Hans lets Grethel's hands go).

Hans.—(with a big sigh) "Now go and get the keys, Grethel, and let me out."

(Grethel stands up and staggers out of the room. She soon comes back and opens the door. Hans come out of the cage. Both clasp each other and kiss).

Hans.—"Are you not glad to see me out, Grethel? You are still crying."

Grethel.—"Oh, Hans, I am so glad really (kissing him). But we were so cruel to the witch."

Hans.—"She is a devil, Grethel. She is a wicked one. Did you not hear her speak against God? Such people must be killed. Will you not trust me, dear? God will be very pleased with us for killing her. There, that is better, Grethel, cheer up. Are you not happy to have your brother again? Come out and I will show you something wonderful, which will tell you how wicked she was. You know all those stones and rocks in the garden. Do you know what they were? They were all fairies, the good angels of God. This witch made them all into plants and took away their power. Now, are you not glad? They will all be free now, and be ready to do their own good work. What will the world do without fairies? Fairies only must bless children and look after them. Because they were all tied up here, there was no one to look after us. But God helped us. Come outside."

(They steal out of the room, keeping far from the stove and not looking at it).

Scene. V

Bright moon-light, in the garden outside. Beautiful lamps twinkling in a pretty garden.

Fairies with shining wings and crowns all crowding round Hans and Grethel, who stand hand-in-hand with happy faces. The fairies dance round the children.

(To the tune of "Humpty-Dumpty.")

The Children. "The witch is dead and we are free,
Sweet it is, so glad to be,
We will go to our father dear,
And we will make him feel good cheer.

You see, what radiant gems we bear,
We've ta'en them from this garden rare;
They grew as flowers on the trees.
Such shining blooms one never sees.

No more shall father starve for food,
We'll procure him all things good;
And, if mother to us is rude,
With kindness will we change her mood."

The Fairies. "We are fairies of the air,
Glad and bright like all things fair,
We sip the dew of fragrant flowers,
We make our nest in blooming bowers.

But late our fate so drear and sad,
Prisoned by that old witch bad,
She turned us into shapeless stones,
And stifled all our sobbing moans.

We hail you now, brave mortals fair,
Glad love and faith to you we bear,
We give you boons of life-long bliss,
Sweet hope and blessing you'll n'er miss."

All together. "So goodbye we'll say just now,
We've played our play and made our bow,
Pray remember us we ask,
In your kindness we would bask."

Curtain.

PADMINI.

Goodbye, dark wood.
 We've long here stood
 Under the shadow of thy hood.
 Goodbye, sad night,
 Dear was our plight,
 But we are saved now by that light.
 God has been kind
 He made us find
 That gleam, and we are glad in mind."

(They dance a little dance and exit.)

Scene. III

The children in front of a house, from which a light is shining.

They sing (to the tune of "Sing a song of sixpence")

"What a pretty house this is
 Beautiful and bright,
 What a cosy shelter
 For our weary plight.

What a light is streaming
 From the door so wide,
 What a smell of good food
 From the room inside.

What a sweet old lady
 This, who meets us now?
 See is like our mother
 Gone to heaven above.

An old woman comes out, smiles and kisses them both.

Old Lady.—"Poor children! how tired and weak you are. Have you been out in the wood? And you are so weary; your legs are all aching. Come in, come in! You can tell me your story afterwards.

She takes Grethel in and Hans follows.

(The Orchestra plays "Will you walk into my parlour? said the spider to the fly." And unseen voices sing that song.)

Scene. IV

The inside of the house in a dim light.

Grethel is discovered crying. In one corner of the room is a large cage. Hans discovered sleeping inside. A large oven in a corner with the glow of fire inside, a stack of firewood near.

Grethel.—(To the tune of "Little boy blue")

"What shall I do
 My brother to save?
 He is so true
 So bold and brave;
 He is locked in the cage by the witch so vile;
 She has brought us here by her wicked guile.
 To kill her I am sure
 Is the only cure;
 But to do it in safety the witch I must lure."

(She walks up to the cage and taps on the bars. Hans wakes up and looks wildly around. Grethel puts her hand into the cage, and Hans holds it fast for a moment. Then he lets it go and straightens himself.)

(To the tune of "Sing a song of sixpence.")

Grethel.—"Brother dear, my heart does break
 To think that me you must forsake;
 The wicked witch will eat you soon
 Before the ripening of the moon."

Hans.—"Sister dear, weep not so much,
 My fate, I think, will not be such
 My God will help me, sure, I know
 Trust thou in His Mercy's flow."

(The old woman, dressed like a witch, suddenly bursts in, with a candle in her hand and peers about. She sees Grethel outside the cage, and rushes up to her and shakes her by the arm. Grethel shrinks away, makes herself as small as possible and covers her face with her hands. The witch pulls away the hands.)

EDITORIAL NOTE.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF
INDIAN WOMEN.

Sometime ago, I was asked the following question by an Indian gentleman, the father of many daughters, "What do you think of higher education for Indian women? Should they be all sent to colleges?" I was in a dilemma. On the one hand, it could not be denied that education was absolutely necessary to Indian women. Neither, could it be denied that, in many cases, college education was the only sort capable of giving them a proper education; for, unless many of our girls are sent to college, very few of them have the chance, or the time, the tuition, or the encouragement, to give them a good education at home. There are so many Indian women, who are anxious to be educated; and yet, how few of them get really educated at home. But, if they went to Schools and Colleges their education would be certain. On the other hand, there was the usual objection to the education of Indian women. It would make them neglect and dislike domestic work. There was also the objection that very few of our Indian girls really care to study as hard as they will in college, that they have neither the physical nor mental capability nor the opportunity for such work.

The answer, therefore, was obvious. Where the girls like to study or are able to study in colleges, let them be given a college education. But, where this is not possible, let them be

given a good general education at home. In either case, the girls must be taught to look after home-duties; for home is the first of sphere of woman.

"But then," said my questioner; "what if the girls, who have not been given a school or college education, are put into such a position that they must either earn their own living or live absolutely dependent on the charity of others? What an unhappy state of things the latter will be for them?"

Yes indeed, at the present state of our women's education, life offers many hard problems. In the west, such problems are often met successfully, because, as Mrs. K. D. Rukmaniamma of Mysore says, the education they receive is so framed as to fit them to compete successfully with highly educated men in the various walks of life in the material benefits of the world.

Mrs. Rukmaniamma has written a strong "plea for the Higher education of Hindu women" in the *Social Reform Advocate*. She first deprecates the attitude, which says that the education given to girls should be different to that given to boys, that in fact only such useful knowledge should be given them, as would fit them for domestic life. She says,

"Nay, some men educationists strongly insist on the introduction into girls' schools of practical cookery and laundry, lest the girls should develop a distaste for domestic work, if the literary side of their education is too much emphasized. They seem strangely to forget that, with the exception of this unfortunately too

short period of Indian girlhood, our women are doomed to spend the whole of their life time in the kitchen at home! Let it not be understood that I am depreciating the highly useful and necessary art of cooking, upon which a great deal of domestic felicity depends. But I am not for converting our schools into kitchens and washrooms. There is a time and place for everything. I would like to know what Hindu woman does not know how to cook, and what place a laundry has in a Hindu household. It seems to me, that our girls are in greater need of physical, moral and intellectual development, than of early initiation into culinary knowledge, to acquire which they have ample leisure at home. I do not wish to discuss here the curricula of studies for girls' schools. My object is only to show that there is a very strong body of conservative opinion in the country, which would confine women's education to the training of our girls to be good wives and wise mothers."

Mrs. Rukmaniamma is right. Domestic education is absolutely necessary for women, but women's education should not be confined only to that. For, as she says the question of women's education is not only domestic, but of national importance.

"But to return to the aim of girls' education. It seems to me, that to give our girls in their short school life only such a training as is calculated to make them into good wives and wise mothers is a very narrow and one-sided view of education. It may be argued, with a show of reason, that better-educated wives might prove better companions for their husbands and wiser mothers

for their children. The question of women's education is not only of domestic but of national importance. A woman is a member of the civic community as much as a man. Upon her devolves the performance of a two-fold duty—duty, which is peculiar to her as wife and mother, and duty to the community at large, of which she is a member. It is this latter relation of hers to society, which she must be made to realise. Domestic duties and accomplishments alone do not constitute the highest virtues, for in that case our women, who have not been found wanting in this respect, should be held up as the perfect type of womanhood for all time. The Hindu woman should be made to grasp clearly the ideas of nationality, national interests, and the responsibility of the individual to the race and country. Her outlook on life, which has been till now confined more or less to the family, should be widened out so as to include the progress of society as a whole in its various aspects. No doubt, her chief mission in life is to be found in the family. But her relation to the outer world should likewise be recognised as equally important for progress of the race and of humanity. While men's education is making such rapid progress, it will be an immense loss to the nation if women, who are men's partners in life, are restricted to the performance of purely domestic duties, their intellect being cramped, cribbed, and confined, and their views on life dwarfed by seclusion. They must be made to partake in the reform of society and in the progress of the nation, in addition to taking care of the family. A woman whose whole

life is concerned with nothing but domestic matters, and who is incapable of sympathising with her husband's thoughts and ambitions, as she must be if she is uneducated, creates a narrow and selfish atmosphere, which will leave permanent traces of its influence on the other members of the family, and will thus ultimately affect the well-being of society. Even the most powerful intellect must deteriorate by constant companionship with inferior capabilities. It is a trite saying among us, that a man may be the master of a thousand horses, but he will be a slave unto his wife. In fact, it is admitted on all hands that woman's power to influence man for good or evil is practically unbounded. In her own interests as well as in those of the family and of society, she ought to be given the requisite training to make a right use of that power. Domestic training alone will not suffice for our women. They must be given an intellectual culture, "which will make them broad-minded and widely interested in social and national affairs. They must be roused into self-consciousness, and then they will realise their worth and make use of the tremendous force they wield for the uplift of the nation. Indeed, signs are not wanting to show that our women are just awakening and their very first demand has been for a liberal education."

Mrs. Rukmaniamma does not altogether uphold higher education. "Let me not be misunderstood", she says, "as defending the present system of women's education in India. I am simply pleading for the spread of enlightenment and culture among the common run of our women."

For, it is hard to provide higher education, for Hindu girls, who have become mothers. Therefore, she pleads for a system of home education, at the same time advancing a few reasons why Indian women should be educated.

"There is no prospect, at least in the near future, of a complete revolution in our social custom of early marriage, which would permit of our girls remaining longer at school. It is the case of 'Mahomed and the mountain.' Our girls cannot attend school after a certain age. It is obvious, therefore, that a practical system of home education should be devised for themselves to successfully tackle our social problems. Besides, it is not all communities that enforce early marriage. There is no reason why girls of the so-called backward classes should not come forward to enjoy the benefits of higher education. There is also another important point, which must not be lost sight of in considering the feasibility of higher education; and that is, to utilise the large force we have in the country of the child widows, who are the products of our present social system. These supply very good material to work with and correspond to the unmarried class of women in western countries. Properly trained and equipped, they can be made to serve as women educators, 'bound by no ties save of religion, and no love, but that for guru and people and motherhood, carrying the torchlight of learning and wisdom, whereby to raise Indian womanhood to future glory and greatness.'"

A concert in aid of the Indian Ladies Magazine.

There will be a concert at the Victoria Hall in Madras on the 7th February, in aid of the Indian Ladies' Magazine. H. E. Lady Pentland has graciously given her patronage to it, and there will be Vocal and instrumental items both from Indian and English music. We hope that all the subscribers of the Indian Ladies' Magazine, who are in Madras, will be able to come to the concert.

Now that the Magazine has been again made a monthly one, its financial status is on a low basis. The cost of paper and printing has risen considerably, and yet the annual subscription of the magazine has not been raised, being what it was at the very beginning, viz., 4 Rs. a year including postage. The I. L. M. is being edited in the interests of the women of India. It is the only English magazine of the kind in India. It has been in existence for nearly 17 years now; and though we are sure it is far below what it should be, yet we have been doing our best for it. With more money in hand, a wider scope will be possible for the magazine.



NEWS AND NOTES.

(SELECTED.)

WE HAVE TO CONGRATULATE H. E. Lady Pentland on the appointment to be Dame Commander of the new Order of the British Empire. Her Excellency's interest in all measures for the benefit of British and Indian soldiers and in all deserving charities needs no emphasising to a public familiar with it. She has regarded all work of that kind, not as a matter of cold duty for one in her position, but as a matter of warm and personal concern, and deserves eminently the recognition she now receives. Colonel T. H. Symons, I. M. S., is another most deserving recipient of distinction in the list.

Miss Dwarkabai Bhat, of the High School for Indian Girls at Poona, has won the Narayan Mahadev Parmanand Prize of Rs. 199 and the Miss Manning Prize of Rs. 50 in the last Matriculation examination of the Bombay University.

Education Of Mohomedam Girls.

From the Presidential address of Mr. A. Hadari at the last All-India Mohammedan Educational Conference.

It would be impossible for me, ladies and gentlemen, and it would only weary your patience, if I were to attempt to traverse the whole field of Muhammadan Education, especially as I have expressed my views with regard to several questions, only recently in the course of the last two or three years, first before the Hyderabad Educational Conference and last year before the

1,023-2-0 for food charges, Rs. 240-12-0 for the establishment, Rs. 86-10-0 for clothes for inmates, Rs. 60-14-3 for books and fees and Rs. 18-11-0 for postage, stationery etc. The Widows' Home is maintained out of a special fund collected for the purpose. The amount collected for this fund during the year under report came to Rs. 1,484-0-0 and the remaining amount of Rs. 887-8-6 required for expenditure was spent out of the General Fund of the Association.

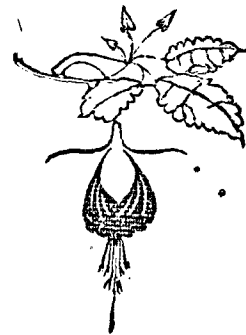
Hypnotic Blisters.

That blisters can actually be produced on the skin by means of hypnotic suggestion alone is the claim made by Mr. J. Arthur Hadfield, Temporary Surgeon, R. N., describing some recent experiments in the *Lancet*.

Getting the consent of a seaman patient at the Royal Naval Hospital, Chatham, to try the experiment, Mr. Hadfield hypnotised the man and then suggested to him that his arm was being touched with a red-hot iron and that a blister would form on the spot. The arm was then covered with a bandage pinned on with a safety-pin and the pin was sealed with sealing-wax to make certain that the arm could not be interfered with in any way. The patient was watched continuously by nurses till next morning, when, in the presence of three surgeons, including the deputy surgeon-general, the seal was broken and the bandage removed, showing a small blister on the chosen spot. This gradually developed during the day to form a large blob with an area of inflammation around.

In two other experiments, the skin was actually touched with a red-hot iron. In the first instance the surgeon suggested that there would be no pain, and in the second that there would be the usual pain of a blister. The first blister was perfectly painless, had practically no area of inflammation around it, and healed very rapidly. The second blister was painful from the first, was surrounded by a reddened area, and took longer to heal.

From the fact that the blister which was rendered painless by hypnotism healed so quickly, Mr. Hadfield, suggests that hypnosis, by rendering wounds and certain painful conditions of pleurisy less painful, might with advantage be made part of the treatment of such conditions.—*Daily Mail*.



Miss Jeevaratnam Ammal, B.A.,

Muhammadan Educational Conference of Southern India. My silence, however, should not on any account be taken to mean any weakening of those views, nor my attaching any lesser importance to them than to those upon which I have touched to-day. I am as firmly convinced as ever that the education of girls is as important as that of boys, nay, in more senses than one, more important, for if you have educated your girls you will have taken the most effective step in having your boys educated. It has been well said that while the education of a boy helps him only, the education of a girl lifts a whole family to a higher stage of mental and moral (and may I add physical) life. In this as in every other problem, I repeat what I have already said in connection with the provision of Urdu teaching and the reform of our Maktabas. We require on the one hand a patient study of facts, a definite programme of work which prescribes a definite period, and marks out the definite stages in that period, in which the goal we desire to attain shall be reached; and on the other hand we also require the organization of an army of workers to study these facts and to see that this programme is definitely followed, the required number of teachers is forthcoming, the required number of girls made to attend, the required amount of funds found.

It is now, I take it, a settled axiom of public policy that Government is responsible for seeing that no question of finance shall stand in the way of the expansion of Primary Education; if local funds are insufficient, they must be made sufficient by adding to them, if it

is possible, from local resources, and if not from Provincial and Imperial funds. What, therefore, is necessary is, that there should be an adequate and moderate demand on our part for extension of education amongst women, and definite and sufficient measures taken by the Government, to meet that demand in every respect,

The Hindu Widows' Home.

BOMBAY.

FIRST ANNUAL REPORT.

With a view to facilitate their marriages, the Bombay Presidency Social Reform Association supported for some years a few widows who were put under the care of certain members of the Association. It was subsequently seen that, if an institution with the object of offering shelter to widows willing to remarry were started, it would be more useful in achieving the object aimed at. The Council of the Association, therefore, resolved in July 1916 to start a Widows' Home in Bombay as an experimental measure for three years from the 1st of August, and a sub-committee consisting of the Hon'ble Mr. G. K. Parekh, Shet Bhagwandas Madhavdas, Shet Vallabhdas Ranchordas, and Messrs. N. M. Joshi, D. G. Dalvi, L. R. Tairsee and A. S. Wagh was appointed to supervise its working. Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Wagh were appointed joint Superintendents and they were good enough to undertake to live on the premises of the Home.

2. The Home was first started in the house of Shet Bhagwandas Madhavdas, whose sympathy with the cause of

widows is so well known. He placed the ground floor of his house at the disposal of the Superintendent at the moderate rent of Rs. 50 per month. But after a few months Mr. Bhagwandas had an handsome offer of rent for the whole bungalow and it became necessary to remove the Home to some other place. Failing to secure a new place in three or four attempts, the difficulty became keener and the Superintendent suggested to the sub-committee that sooner or later an independent building for the Home would have to be built. Mr. Bhagwandas, who had realized the difficulty, had expressed to Mr. Wagh his willingness to contribute Rs. 10,000 towards the Building Fund, provided another 10,000 were collected from the public. The Home being under experiment for three years, the building scheme has not materialized. Luckily, however, rooms were in time obtained in Mr. Shinghani's building on Girgaon Back Road, though the rent to be paid was Rs. 60 per month. Four months later, however the rent was raised to Rs. 70, which the sub-committee considered to be excessive for the space occupied and removal to another place again became necessary. Fortunately, a commodious and comfortable floor for Rs. 75 per month in a house opposite was available and the Home has been there since.

3. Advertisements were inserted in several news-papers Marathi and Gujarathi-announcing the starting of the Home and inviting widows to it. Simultaneously, advertisements were also given inviting proposals from young men to marry widows in the Home.

4. From August 1916 to July 1917 ten widows were admitted into the Home. Out of these, two left the Home after marriage, one left to join the Vanita and one more had to go to her native place on account of ill-health. At the end of July, there were six widows in the Home.

5. Out of the two widows married during the year, one was a Bhatia lady and the other, a Goud Saraswat Brahmin lady. Both of them were married to persons of their own caste and the marriages were celebrated in the hall of Mr. Bhagwandas Madhavdas, the first being celebrated on 21st January and the second on 29th July 1917.

6. Out of the 6 inmates on the roll on the 31st July 1917, one is learning English 1st standard, two, Marathi 4th standard, one, Marathi 2nd, one, Marathi 1st and one, Marathi alphabet.

7. In addition to the school education, the widows are taught sewing and cutting, cooking and other household duties. Mr. R. L. Jayawant, an old gentleman, daily teaches English to some of the ladies by direct method at the request of Mr. Bhagwandas. The best thanks of the Committee are due to Mr. Jayawant for the pains he is taking.

8. Dr. M. D. Malwankar, L. M. S. helps the Home by treating the patients from this Home free of any charge, for which he deserves the thanks of the Committee.

9. The total expenditure required for the maintenance of the Home during the year under report came to Rs. 2,321-1-0, including Rs. 390-15-9 for initial expenses, Rs. 500 for rent, Rs.

OMAR KHYIAM AND MYSTICISM.

While speaking about philosophy in his essay on the Study of Poetry, Mathew Arnold remarks: "Our philosophy plumes itself on its reasonings about causation and finite and infinite being; what is it but the shadow and false show of knowledge? The day will come when we shall wonder at ourselves for having trusted to it, for having taken it seriously; and the more we perceive its hollowness, the more we shall prize the breath and finer spirit of knowledge offered to us by poetry." Although Arnold occupies a high place in the history of literary criticism, he is not free from prejudices that dim the perspective. In praising poetry to the heavens, he has failed to give philosophy its legitimate place and has undervalued its importance. Philosophy is no idle-man's-dream, no fool's paradise. It lays the foundation, and leazes to poetry to build the superstructure. It does not soar aloft in airy nothings, but has its feet firmly planted on the solid earth: it deals with the stern fact of Reality, which forces itself on our consciousness by an inexorable necessity, whether we will or no. It is only when poetry bases itself on this solid ground that it can satisfy our highest purposes and desires; if not, it will sound hollow and will fail to move us. Poetry should have for its basis the eternal truth which is the business of philosophy to investigate. It is erroneous to call philosophy a dream and a false show of knowledge: it is not an aggregate of bewildering inconsistencies and contradictions. The present is to be understood in the light of the

past, and the new does not destroy the old, but is superadded to and coalesced with it: the Copernican Revolution preserved intact many of the ideas of the Ptolemaic Conception.

It will be advisable to approach Omar Khyyam in the light of the above discussion. The philosopher in him is more important than the poet. It is not the musical cadence of the Rubaiyat written in unmatchable Pehlevi that interests the readers so much, as its suggestions which, though flung at random here and there, can yet be woven into a web, as attractive as the one which the Lady of Shallott wove, according to the Arthurian romance.

The subject of philosophy has interested all men in all ages and in all climes. If the majority of men have not gone beyond their fixed avocations in life, there have been some at least who have mused over the ultimate problems, sitting under the Bodhi-tree or in the Cave of Hera. If the Hindus are proud of the philosophical legacy left to them by their illustrious ancestors, the Greeks rejoice over their philosophers of the Presophistic age, Socrates, Plato and Aristotle. If the Arabs can count upon Alfarabi and Alkindi, Avicena and Averroes, the Persians draw their inspiration from their mystic poets Rumi, Jami, Hafiz, Khyyam and Al Ghazzali.

The kind of philosophy one meets with in Omar Khyyam is known by its special name of Mysticism. It had its origin in the Orient and was highly developed by the Moslems of Persia. Zoroastrianism, which declared the dual sovereignty of Ormuzd and

Ahraman, darkness and light, and Islam, as propounded by its Doctors of theology, failed to satisfy some of the Persians who wanted to rise head and shoulders above the common rank of men. Mysticism made its appearance as an inevitable consequence. Whether it was a reaction of Neoplatonism or the philosophy of Sankara Acharya is a question which we shall leave to the historian to investigate. It was thought by the Persian Mystics that, even though Mysticism was a challenge to the doctors of theology, it was not antagonistic to the spirit of the Al Koran: the Doctors looked to the letter, but the Mystics to the spirit of the divine commandment—"The letter killeth, but the spirit remaineth alive."

Omar Khyyam is one of those men who have drunk deep from the cup of Mysticism, but, through a stroke of fate, he has been identified with Bacchus, the god of wine. No other poet, except Hafiz and Burns, has sung in such eulogistic terms about the Vine and the Grape as Omar has done. He is prepared to give up Reason and surrender himself to the pleasure of wine:

Divorced old barren Reason
from my bed
And took the daughter of
the Vine to spouse.

He is quite indifferent even to the pleasures of Paradise, which Al-Koran, according to the Doctors of theology, holds up to men, for nothing can compare to the ecstasy and beatitude produced by the blood-red wine. He compares his present bliss with the prospective pleasures of Paradise and says:

Ah! the brave music of a distant Drum.

Even the God, who has very strongly condemned wine in the Moslem Scripture, sends it to Khyyam in vessels borne by angels. This love for wine does not end with his earthly life: he wishes that his dead body should be washed with wine, should be wrapped up in vine-leaves and buried in the close vicinity of a vineyard.

Ah, with the Grape my fading life provide,
And wash my body whence the life has died,
And in the winding-sheet of vine-leaf wrapt,
So bury me by some sweet garden-side.

Even after Khyyam has been buried and his body mixed with dust, he exhorts the pilgrims, whether they come from the East or the West, not to scatter flowers over his grave, as the custom is, but to shower over it wine-drops which may help him to forget his misery.

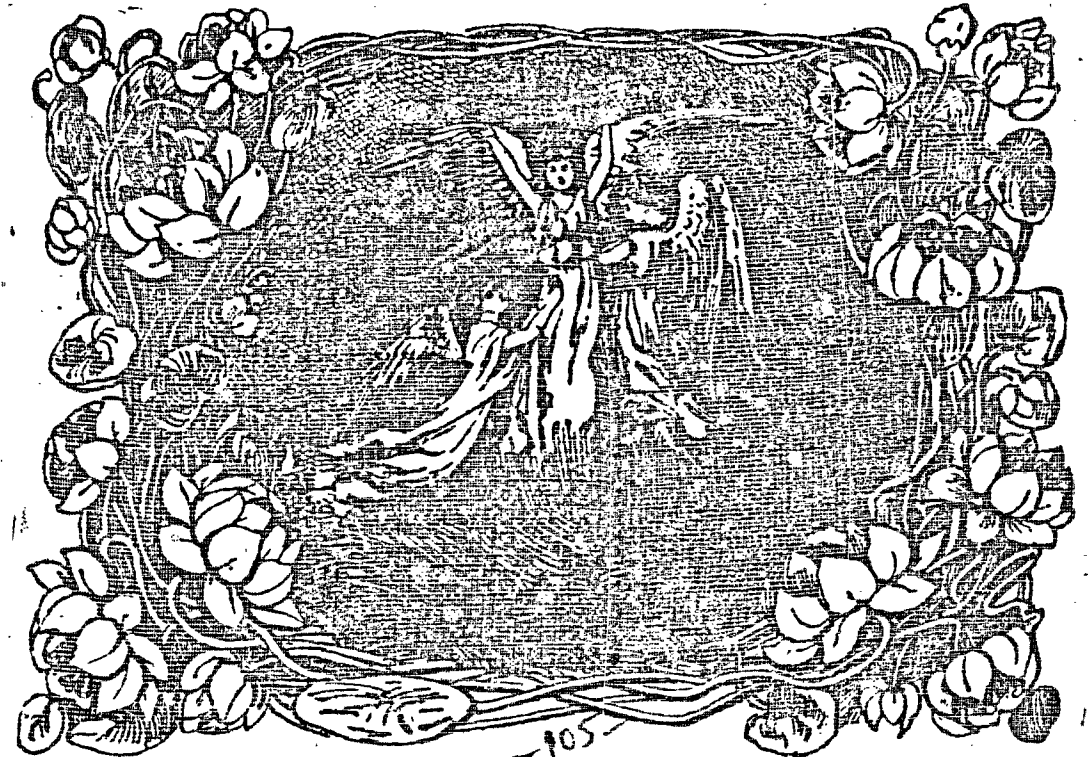
And when thyself with shining foot shalt pass
Among the guests star-scattered among the grass,
And in thy joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made one—turn down an empty glass.

Wine was Khyyam's Beloved, his Paradise and Religion.

Even if Khyyam had been a wine-bibber, it can be asserted with certainty that he did not sing of the wine he drank. The Occidentalist has failed to grasp the true spirit of the Mystic-poet. When Khyyam sings about wine, the Westerner more often imagines he hears Burns crying,

Go fetch to me a pint O' wine
An' fill it in a silver tassie
That I may drink before I go
A service to my bonnie lassie.

The wine of Omar has, through turn of circumstances, been identified with the wine of Burns, with the liquor ser-



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An Allegory.

A Portal as of shadowy adamant
 Stands yawning in the highway of the life,
 Which we all tread, a cavern huge and gaunt ;
 Around it rages an increasing strife
 Of shadows like the restless clouds, that haunt
 The gap of some cleft mountain, wafted high
 Into the whirlwind of the upper sky.
 And many passed it by with careless tread,
 Not knowing that a shadowy view
 Tracks every traveller even to where the dead
 Wait peacefully for their companion new ;
 But others, by mere curious humour led,
 Pause to examine,—these are very few
 And they learn little, there, except to know
 That shadows follow them, where'er they go."

SHELLEY.

ved at the grog-shop and the public inn, the club and the fire-side. When no attempt has been made to dive deep beneath the surface, the man in the street reads Omar and bursts forth in wondrous eloquence in praise of the poet, while a Professor of Philosophy like James Seth calls him a Hedonist and an Epicurian, by quoting chapter and verse in support of his contention. Hafiz, Jami and Rumi, who have been regarded by Moslems to be great moralists, sing in the same Bacchanalian strain as Omar. Is drinking, then, consistent with saintliness? This is an absolute *cul-de-sac*. This is the pass to which we have been brought by failing to understand the allegorical significance of wine. The Grape, it should be understood, stands for Divine love, and Mysticism is no less than the Religion of Love. The Sufis, as the Eastern Mystics are called, preach to the select few this religion and show that perfect happiness can be got by merging our finitude in the divine Substance. Omar's mind is charged with this teaching, and everything that he utters in verse has for its solid basis the truth at heart. Having possessed the key to Omar's mind, let us see what new vistas are revealed to us; let us see what the following oft-quoted verse means:

Here with a loaf of bread beneath the bough,
A flask of wine, a Book of verse—And thou
Beside me, ginging in the wilderness—
And wilderness is Paradise enow—

Omar who has the flame of divine love burning at his heart, takes the Beloved to a place of solitude, so that he may have communion with his Beloved undisturbed. Khyyam does

not look at his beloved with the eyes of lust or to satisfy his carnal appetite. His is a spiritual love, the love that characterised Dante, Kais and Firhad. The flame at Khyyam's heart burns with a greater intensity when he hears music. Perhaps he may, all of a sudden, fall into a reverie and declare, like his brothers in faith, Beyazid Bustami and Munsur Al Hallaj, *Anal Laila*: I am the Beloved. The Sufis in India and Persia do not look at Khyyam as a libertine: he was not in their opinion, a *peer e mughan*, as the Persians call the liquor seller.

The so-called sensuality of Khyyam vanishes at one stroke when the Grape is identified with divine Love. 'Eat and drink, for tomorrow we die' was not Khyyam's creed. When he says,

Better be merry with the fruit-ful Grape
Than sadden after none or bitter fruit,

his meaning is quite clear. He does not exhort his readers to lead a sensuous life of carnal appetites, drunkenness and debauchery, but tells them to sip from the fount of spiritual love. The vain hankering after world's transitory things will, he says, give men bitterness and pain, and it is not advisable to waste the few years of earthly life in seeking after vain baubles. He feels the necessity for the Grape in our lives, for that alone will lead us to the One, the True and the Eternal. To him, life does not mean an unceasing pursuit of pleasure, but something serious. To him, life is of the greatest importance, for it gives men opportunity to unite with the divine Substance. He does not, like Schopenhauer, consider life

a vain dream or a phantasmagoria, but to him it is full of realities and potentialities.

If this life were an empty play
Each day would be an 'Id or Festal Day
And men might conquer all their hearts' desire
Fearless of after penalties to pay.

Omar is not hankering after the pleasure of the moment, but permanent bliss and happiness. Divine love will undoubtedly give happiness to men, for in it there is no place for selfishness, hypocrisy and uncharitableness. The ego will lose itself in the ultra-ego and it will be good for humanity.

While James Seth calls Omar a Hedonist, Lord Avebury in the 'Pleasures of Life' has called him a pessimist. A large number of verses from Khyyam may be quoted, in which he complains of the 'Wheel of Heaven' of 'Life's regrets and sorrows' and of the sad fate of the world's great men. No doubt, he says,

'Tis but a day we sojourn here below,
And all the gain we get is grief and woe;
And then leaving life's problems all unsolved
And burdened with regrets we have to go.

but the question is—Does he stop with this? No doubt he says, "One thing is certain, that life flies," but the question is—Does he stop with this? Does he not show us, on the other hand, how life can be saved to God and Righteousness, how sorrows and regrets can be conquered by divine love and, above all, how love triumphs over all; as in the picture of Watts called 'Love Triumphant' it triumphs over Time and Death. If no attempt is made to give the

Grape a significant place in life, then humanity will lie 'star-scattered on the grass, with aims unrealised and purposes unaccomplished. 'A chain of love runs through the whole creation,' says Tennyson, and if no attempt is made on the part of men to bind themselves to the chain, then they will lie condemned to oblivion. Khyyam conquers the world's inclemencies by his Grape: there is as much optimism in him as there is in Browning or Tennyson.

It has also been alleged by critics that Khyyam is a fatalist. Sufism does not make man a weak frail creature, without the freedom of will and absolutely bound down by circumstances: it does not consider man to be like clay in the hands of the potter. Passages can be quoted, as was done in the foregoing paragraph, to prove his faith in Kismet or Pre-destination. The critics of Khyyam would be failing in their duty, if they should rest content with particular quatrains, instead of going through all to see for themselves whether or not the poet gives them any thing new. It will be preposterous to confine our attention to

Yea, the first Morning of Creation wrote
What the last dawn or Reckoning shall read; or
Thou wilt not with predestination round
Enmesh me and impute my fall to sin?

Khyyam is bewildered by the play of multitudinous stimuli acting on him, and thinks he will succumb to their influence. In this mood, a number of verses have been written like those quoted above. On greater reflection, he feels as if he is endowed with a spiritual power with which,

in combination with love, he can shape his conduct to suit his ideas.

Ah! love, could thou and I with fate conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits and then
Remould it nearer to the heart's desire?

Islamic philosophy takes up cudgels for the doctrine of Pre-destination. It declares the absoluteness of God and at the same time the capacity of man to achieve his purposes. Man is made a free agent, and at the same time the supremacy of God is acknowledged: 'Thou shalt, because thou canst.'

A word may be said on Omar's, hatred of formalism. There is no love lost between the Mystic and the Theologian. The latter, like the Pharisee, wants to perform ablutions and prayers in the old hum-drum way, and thinks that by so doing he does what is required of him. He will not go to the very heart of things and see for himself what lurks there. The Mystic laughs in his sleeves, when he sees millions bending their heads before God, for their hearts are not in what they do. "Why hate me, Doctor," asks the Mystic, "when I do not bend my head in prayer with you?" Theology does not satisfy Khyyam, but what will give him peace is communion with the Beloved, complete absorption in the Divine Substance.

Omar's sipping at the fount of divine love bears fruition at last. The divine spirit works miracles in him and prepares him for Revelation. He rises above all the struggles and conflicts in himself and at last sees the Beatific Vision like Dante, the the Apocalypse, Moses and Mohamed.

He fights, tooth and nail, against the doctrines preached by the Doctors and the Saints who can see only the letter of the law. He cannot understand the doctrine, which says that God is a separate entity, outside the Universe, seated on the seventh Heaven on a throne, supported by Seraphim and Cherubim, surrounded by angels who execute his commands. Omar treats with contumely the doctrine which says that God created the world out of clay. From the Kuzah Namah it is obvious that he does not think man to be entirely separate from God: "who the potter, who the clay"? Khyyam recognises, like Jami, the limitations of man, but he thinks, like his brother in faith, that it is possible for man to transcend his limitations and reach a stage which marks the equation, in the words of Khyyam, between Thee and Me.

There was a door to which, I found no key;
There was a veil past which I could not see;
Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee
There seemed—and then there was no more of
Thee and Me.

The recognition of one-ness amidst diversity makes the mystic obliterate all invidious distinctions between the Brahman and the Pariah, the Christian and the Jew, the Moslem and the Infidel. The high and the low, the educated and the ignorant, the prosperous and the wretched—all are equal to him. His sympathies are essentially on the side of the 'outcastes' and the 'untouchables', for he considers them like himself, to be human souls in which kindles the divine light. He loves to live amongst them, to help them in their difficulties, to comb their hair, to wash their clothes and mend their shoes. He

cannot turn away in disgust from the dirty, ill-clad, thick-skinned Pariah boy, for to him he is as important as any crown prince or heir apparent.

What an antithesis between Khyyam, careworn, a creature of circumstance and fate, levelled to the dust, with Kaikhobad and Kai Khesru, and Khyyam saved to life, conscious of immortality, full of love for God's children and in union with the Beloved. Let the Grape, which the Doctors condemned, but which drew such encomiums from Khyyam, be worn nearest the human heart and let not, even Death, cut the two asunder.

In Divine

High Piping Pehlevi with wine! wine! wine
Red wine, the Nightingale cries to the Rose.

After this long exposition of the philosophy of the poet, as found in his Rubayiat, a word may be said at the end by way of fixing his position among the philosophers of the world.

Omar's Absolute is not the Brahma of Sankara Acharya or the Substance of Spinoza. It is not a pure unity which neglects to take account of the differences, but on the other hand, his Absolute is like the Concrete Universal of which Professor Bosanquet speaks. there is no doubt whatsoever that Omar recognises that at a certain stage man can ride over the forces which press him down and reach finally the stage of Perfect bliss or Beatitude. If we can quarrel with Khyyam, we can do so only over his Grape. Is it pure feeling, something antagonistic to intellect like the Intuition of Bergson, Spinoza and Sankara Acharya? If it is so, then Omar does not command much respect from us. If Reality has to be comprehended

and if the part has to live for the whole, it is not through a capricious, blind feeling like the Grape of Khyyam, but through a rational process which is considered, in the opinion of Hegel and Bosanquet, the best method of approach to Reality.

SYED ABDUL QUADER.

THE APPAREL OF CIVILISED HUMANITY. IN MANY AGES & MANY CLIMES.

Costly, thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy, rich not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

(Shakespeare).

Ever since the golden days of Eden, it has been customary for civilised men and women to be invested with certain garments appropriate to age and clime. With the modifications of every succeeding age it has been usual in nearly every land to shew a clear distinction between the sexes. In seeking the origin of dress, of course, we necessarily assume that our primitive ancestors did not wear any clothes at all. Painting often replaced clothing, though it is strange to observe that members of savage races accustomed to decorate their bodies are still ashamed if they are seen unpainted. Clothes have undoubtedly been the outward and visible signs of our advancing civilisation. Some clothing naturally falls under the category of ornamental-vesture. Other garments are chosen for protection and warmth, while the rest suffices to satisfy the claims of modesty. In the far-bygone days of Homer, the dress of men comprised two chief varieties, both of which remained in

use throughout the whole course of Greek antiquity. These consisted of an undergarment worn next to the skin and an upper garment wrapped round the body like a cloak. A shawl-like headcloth of linen, which left the face free and fell from the head upon the breast, was worn as a protection against the heat of the sun.

At the time of the Republic, a Roman was dressed almost entirely in woollen cloth; linen was known, however, at that period. Certain tribes of Italy, indeed, even wore linen dresses like the Ionian Greeks. Silk was not commonly used until the days of the late Emperors. The proper dress of a Roman man was the "toga" which consisted of a large piece of cloth something like 15 feet in length and 10 feet in breadth. In the earliest days, this "toga" was the only garment worn by citizens over the drawers or loin bandages, but it became customary in course of time to wear a kind of shirt called a "tunica". This comprised two pieces sewn together up the sides.

The Roman matron wore the "stola" a long tunic reaching to the feet. Under this, were worn an under-tunic and a close-fitting vest. The usual wrap for out-of-doors was the "palla". Where a stola was worn, the palla seems to have been thrown round the body in much the same way as the toga.

In ordinary life, neither men nor women wore hats. The native Roman "pileus", a close-fitting felt cap, appears to have been used only by slaves and artisans. Women always wore a veil when they went abroad. The shoes, however, were an import-

ant article of dress and differed with the rank of persons wearing them. Consuls wore the red mulleus; senators a black shoe not unlike our own. The poorer classes and the slaves wore wooden shoes, like the sabots of the French peasantry.

The ordinary head-dress of a Jew in our Lord's day was a large handkerchief wound into a turban, which was worn always in public and in the presence of betters. On the body, next to the skin was worn a long shirt or tunic. In the case of a Rabbi, this reached to the feet. It was put on over the head, and sometimes, as in the case of Our Lord, woven in a single piece from the top throughout. Loose short sleeves or slits were provided for the arms to pass through, and the material varied from the "rough garment" of haircloth to the finest fabric. Outside this shirt or tunic was worn a girdle generally of leather, from which a purse or weapon hung. As the tunic, reaching below the knees, would interfere with active movement, it was drawn up under the girdle as an outward manifestation of being busy. This explains such texts as those which refer to "girding the loins". A square shawl, edged with a fringe, and having tassels of five threads, four white and one blue, knotted together at each corner, was worn as a mantle, and arranged so that it did not reach quite down to the bottom of the tunic.

In Holland, apparently the clothes make the man. Even in some primitive places quite out of the beaten track, the fact of relinquishing their national costume seems to leave the people bereft of dignity, politeness

and strength of character. Women in the Netherlands are much engaged in field labour, and the various strange dresses in certain parts add quite a piquancy to the sight. Everywhere, the beautifully-capped women seem to take a positive delight in disfiguring themselves by planting a heavily-trimmed structure of a bonnet on the top of the cap.

The dresses of the Italians, especially of the women, are very picturesque. Their brightly-coloured costumes and their white head-dresses, contrasted with their dark skin, make the appearance very striking of a crowd in an Italian market-place, or of women at work in Italian vineyards or olive groves.

Men and women in Brittany shew that remarkable attention to dress, which marks the strong and enduring individuality of the race in every age. The costumes of Brittany, indeed, are greatly varied. Many of them are remarkably embroidered in multi-coloured braid. Every town in Brittany is known for its legend; in a similar way every commune possesses its own style of coiffure. The women in each province, therefore, may be chosen and selected from a group by means of the particular kind of head-dress worn. The coiffure of the women and the embroidered waistcoats and velvet-ribboned hats of the men mark them in parts as a species of French people different from their northern brethren, lovers of fanciful dress, with costumes quite Southern in gorgeousness and not in the least like the colder fashions of other dwellers in the same latitude.

The Finnish peasantry have no distinctive dress. The men chiefly wear rough tweeds. During summer time, it is usual to wear linen blouses secured round the waist by a leather belt. High boots, known as "pjaksor" are the customary footwear. They consist of a kind of soft and soleless moccasin, which is turned up at the toe. The women don bright-coloured cotton bodices, while their skirts and aprons are generally neatly embroidered. Very few affect ornaments, and the national head-dress consists of an unbecoming, blue or crimson handkerchief, tied clumsily under the chin.

In Russia, the maiden who is fancy free may dress her locks as she wishes. But not so the wife; she must hide her hair. So, as a recompense for this sacrifice, she dons a hat which may well be called weird. It is not unlike a bishop's mitre in shape, and it is adorned as the purse of the wearer dictates. Gold, silver, and even precious stones have been used in decorating this kokoschnik, as it is called.

Though the Moors were expelled from Spain in the beginning of the seventeenth century, they have left their mark behind them. The mantilla, which forms the head-dress of almost every woman in Spain, is simply a relic of the veil universally worn by women in Moslem countries. In certain parts of Spain a hat similar to the Russian style is worn. Particularly is this popular with the dancers among the Toledo peasantry, although it must be very hot and uncomfortable for this purpose. Picturesque groups of ragged men lying at full length on a sunny bank

are to be seen in the outskirts of any town. They are "sunning themselves," just as is customary amongst Bedouins. In private houses and hotels, it may be of interest to observe in passing, that servants are summoned by a clapping of hands, as we read in the stories of the "Arabian Nights."

Few Oriental costumes, however, are more picturesque or better adapted to the life of those who wear them than the simple garb of the Moor. Foremost among the components of his apparel is the lordly "k'sa". Its cream-white, gauze-like texture surmounts the turban and shields the sides of the head from sun and wind. Abundant skirts and liberal sleeves are formed from other folds, while the whole hangs gracefully down the back.

Men and women in Lapland dress very much alike; a loose tunic of reindeer skin, with the hair outside, which the more luxurious replace in summer by one of red or blue cloth. The reindeer, "the universal provider," of these regions, also supplies the leather for shoes and leggings. The Lapp's tunic has a high collar; the woman's is open at the throat, and round her neck she wears a shawl, or on festive occasions, three or four, the best one on the top. Neither is she above adorning her simple garb with metal studs & buttons, and gay Eastern-looking embroidery. The shoes upon which they travel long distances consist of flat pieces of wood, very narrow, but 6 or 7 ft. in length, turned up at the front end, and with a double-thong fastening for the foot in the middle.

Chinese fashions last much longer than do their garments. There are regulations made by law and custom as to cut and material, from which neither man nor woman ventures to deviate. Every official must assume his summer or winter costume on a day specified in the "Peking Gazette". Men of course wear petticoats, whereas women don trousers. The Chinaman cares nothing for the sombre tastes of the west. He is to be seen arrayed as fearlessly as parrots in bright green and blue, accompanied by deep scarlet or orange. Owing to the varied temperatures in the Chinese day, many changes of raiment are required. On a cold winter morning, a Chinaman puts on jacket after jacket, and, as the day becomes warmer, he divests himself of them according to taste. He again vests himself as evening approaches. Indeed, a Celestial speaks of a day as a 3, 4, or 6 coat day. The Chinaman usually wears 5 buttons on his coat to remind him of the principle moral virtues of Confucius,—humility, justice, order, prudence and rectitude. The old-fashioned have no pockets except possibly a small watch-pocket, but use their sleeves as substitutes. The Chinaman's boot, broad in front and narrow at the heel, is a kind of golosh of cloth, satin or other material (never leather) with a sole an inch thick, unyielding at the instep. Rags, paper and almost anything go to the composition of these thick soles. His stockings, which are outside of the trousers, as well as his boots, serve as receptacles for papers.

The Japanese woman's wardrobe consists of outer and inner "kimonos",

a gorgeous "obi" or sash, some exquisite hair-combs and a fan. They have also "tabi" or thick white foot-gloves, which serve both as stockings and slippers, and high wooden clogs, or "geta", worn in place of boots, and always put on when going out of the house and kicked off on entering. No distinction is made between the dress of the sexes, so far as the main features are concerned. Under his "kimono," a man of the upper class, however, wears a sort of kilted divided skirt, something approaching the nature of trousers. This is called the "hakama" and is invariably made of stiff silk.

S. JACKSON COLEMAN.

Descriptive Letter. III.

DEAR MRS. SATHIANADHAN,

I wonder if you have ever been to Shravana Belgola, the holy place of the Jains. It is near Hassan in Mysore state, two days journey by bullock cart from the Railway. I happened to be rather lame at the time when we went there, so I had to do the whole journey by bullock-bandy, and my view of the country was limited to what I could see, peering out of the cart in front and behind, and consisted chiefly of an endless row of mango trees, each side of the road, and a background of flat fields. We slept one night at a little traveller's bungalow, profusely decorated with paper chains and paper birds, in honour of some great official who had passed through just before; the next night we were in a little town, where the avildar very kindly found an

empty house for us, as the traveller's bungalow was full. From that house, we set forth again in the morning, and travelled on past a pretty tank and a plantation of toddy palms and as we came out of the palm grove, there in the distance were two low rounded hills, close together, the goal of our journey. As we came nearer, we saw on the top of the higher hill something that looked like a tall chimney or a pillar, and the bandy man pointed this out, and said it was the great image, which is the principle treasure of Shravana Belgola. As the bulls plodded on across the fields, the image became clearer and clearer, at last the road ran between the two hills, and we looked straight up into the great face perhaps three hundred feet above us. The hill is a smooth, rounded knoll of bare rock, with steps cut all the way up: boots have to be left at the bottom of the hill, and unaccustomed feet find the rock remarkably hot. I had to be carried up in a palanquin by four sturdy men, who forsook the steps and clambered up the steepest places in the hill, as it seemed to the terrified pilgrim, hanging on by their toes. However it is no use being frightened when you go sight-seeing, the ascent was over at last, and the temple safely reached. The last steps bring one to the doorway of a courtyard, inside which are seen the huge feet of the image; one goes in, and looks up again to the great placid face one saw from the road. The figure is about seventy feet high, carved, it seems, out of the living rock. Its only clothing consists of creepers, also carved, twining round its limbs; and ant hills are indicated round its feet. The original hermit

stood in this place so long that the ants built, and the creepers grew, round him. The strange thing about him is that though he is remembered so well, his name is forgotten, and the people of the town give him no name. Round the court where he stands runs a covered way, and one can walk on its roof and get a closer view of him. An old priest showed us the way, and told us he could not imagine anything more beautiful; how when he was vexed and troubled he came and walked on this roof, and was healed of his sins gazing on the statue. Indeed, it was a majestic spectacle, standing up in the sunshine, so calm and so bare of all accessories; no symbol or weapon or anything to suggest what were the thoughts or actions of the man who once stood there, nothing but a string of faded flowers hung over its shoulders and fluttering in the wind. After sitting some time on the roof looking at the image, we came out of the temple again, and stopped to look at the Brahma shrine in front of the gate. Every Jain temple has a shrine for Brahma outside, built at the top of a high pillar. This particular pillar has the reputation of standing on air, for the men slip a cloth into a crack at the foot of it, and contrive to make the spectators think that the crack extends all the way under the pillar. After having enjoyed this spectacle, I mounted my palanquins again shuddering, and my brawny escort plunged down the hill. If the way up had seemed steep, the way down seemed far steeper, and it appeared as though we were sure to be dashed in pieces on the roofs of the town below, or plunged in the waters of the tank. Neither catastrophe

happened, and we all survived to make the ascent of the second and lower hill.

On the lower hill, is a group of several small temples, enclosed in a large compound, with the image of a tirthanka in each, each image standing upright and naked with his hands hanging, and his symbol carved beside him, a snake, a deer or some other creature. Three of these temples are built one on the roof of the other, and from the top one there is a wide view across the country including the higher hill and its image. In the temple enclosure stands a particularly graceful pillar, with its Brahma-shrine on the top, and here it was that, in days of old, Jain devotees used to come, when they had had enough of life, when all duty was fulfilled and they were ready to enter into peace, and sitting down by the pillar they refused food and stayed there quietly till they died.

From this hill we came down and started on our homeward way. As I sat at the back of my bandy watching the twin hills fade into the distance, and looking for a last glimpse of the great image that crowned them, the bandyman, who had evidently been refreshing himself liberally in the town, burst into a long recital of the legend of Shravana Belgola, and it was strange to hear the names of Rama, Sita and Lakshmana in the midst of his excited chattering; for it was they, he told us, who put the big image there as a present to some bygone king; and their friend Sugriva was king of London, and all the English were his people.

D. J. STEPHEN.

THE SPEECH OF
Miss Jeevaratnam Ammal, B.A.,
(Daughter of Mr. O. Kandasawmy Chetty.)
AT THE ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN BY
The Dravidian Association
For the Non-Brahmin Graduates of 1917.
WHEN
The Hon. Sir Alexander Gordon
Cardew, K.C.S.I.
PRESENTED A GOLD MEDAL TO HER.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—This is the first time that I stand before an audience of men and women, and I find it difficult to express in adequate terms my thanks for your kindness in congratulating me on my success at the University. I do not understand, much less deserve, all that has been said in praise of me. I have only done what hundreds of young men in the country have done and done much better than I, and what also many of my Indian sisters have done and done much better than I. I have simply joined the ranks of those Indian ladies, who have toiled along the path of educational opportunities open to them and reached a certain goal. If I happen to be the first one in a particular community, it is not my fault, nor is it any merit in me. It is due to circumstances outside of me, over which I have had no control. If I am the first one in our community, I believe I shall soon cease to be the only one. In other communities of Southern India, among Europeans, Indian Christians, Brahmins and the Malayalam-speaking non-Brahmin Hindus, and in other provinces of India, in Bengal, in Bombay, among Brahmans and Parsees, there are several lady

graduates, and it is not a matter for congratulation that the non-Brahmin Hindus of Southern India outside Malabar, Travancore and Cochin should be so late in the field in coming out with one. But, as the wise ones have said, "better late than never". It is never too late to mend. If your congratulations of me will lead some of you to follow the example of my father and mother and educate your daughters as my parents have educated me, in spite of difficulties, partly social and partly economic, I am sure your daughters will show better results than I have done, and our community will have no reason to feel itself backward in this respect as it does in so many other respects. At present we speak of *our* community and *their* community, instead of speaking of *one* community, all because there are inequalities in the development and also in the opportunities of various classes. But, if ladies of the different communities are educated, the inequalities will be diminished, if they do not altogether disappear, and there will be no Brahmin community and non-Brahmin community. Hindus, Mahomedans and Christians will all form one community, namely, the Indian community, and between the Europeans and Indians there will be more mutual respect. One reason why Europeans are not able to associate freely with Indians is the ignorance in which Indian women are kept. *Their* women are better educated and their men have better manners; whereas, owing to the ignorance of our women, our men think they can behave as they please, even as, owing to the ignorance of the masses, educated men think they can speak and act as they

please in their name, knowing full well there is nobody to hold them responsible. The education of women is, even more than the education of men, the panacea for all the social injustice and political disunion which prevails in the country.

Excuse me, gentlemen, if I have strayed beyond my purpose, namely, to thank you for your congratulations. You will bear with me, however, if I recall, on this occasion, the various persons who have contributed to my education. I remember how the lady teachers in the United Free Church Mission Chetty Girls' School in which I learnt my alphabet loved me, and what special interest they took in me, giving me special lessons in English. When they had no facilities for leading me further my father took me to Bishop Gell's Girls' School where the European Headmistress put me in a class, for which she found me fit in every other subject but English, but she said she would pull me up in this subject, and my association with European girls with whom I had to speak in English or be dumb, helped me to pick up English fairly quickly. I got on nicely in this school until Lord Curzon's rule limiting the percentage of Indian pupils in European schools to 15 per cent. was enforced, and I had to leave the school. But my father with the influence of friends managed to get me admitted in the Presentation Convent, paying a higher fee than European girls did. But the Mothers and Sisters in charge of the school were very kind to me and took great interest in my studies. They taught me French, because they could so easily teach it, and I thought I could

read Tamil for myself and did not wish to miss the opportunity of learning some French. In spite of difference of race and creed, I had a few good friends among European girls with whom I had some sweet conversation. Yet I felt here, as in Bishop Gell's School, that I was "moving in a world not fully realised". How much happier would I have been, if those barriers of caste and creed and race and civilization did not press upon my mind! Not that I want to move among Indian girls alone; our education will be incomplete without our mixing with those who are unlike us. We Indians have got so much to learn from them,—their neatness, their boldness, their sense of freedom side by side with regard for authority, and their buoyancy of spirit,—as they have got to learn from us meekness, patience with other people's weaknesses, quietness and patient toil. But, why should that feeling of strangeness, that sense of one's own superiority and of the inferiority of others mingle in the closest intimacy?

When, after passing School Final, I went to the Presidency College, I felt that a larger world lay before me, even like the Bay of Bengal in front of the College, whence cool breezes blew into every nook and corner of the building,—even into the College "zenana," in which the lady students were folded when they did not come out for the class lectures. We were a mixed lot—Europeans, Anglo-Indians, Indian Christians, Brahmins, Nairs, Thiyaas and other Non-Brahmin Hindus—students from Malabar, Cochin, Travancore, Mysore and Madras,—penned in against the wilder specimens of Indian student humanity—fiery politicians, loudmouthed

hed orators, wise cynics, sly critics, etc. We lady students had our own jokes at the expense of students, lecturers and even professors, for some of whom we had our nicknames, kind and unkind, wise and otherwise, but rarely at the expense of one another. For, whatever other faults we had, we were rarely boisterous,—not even the bravest among us, who would every now and then sally forth and make an excursion to the library or the Professors' room, just to show how meekly or boldly she could walk, book in hand.

I am glad that this period of cooped-up existence has come to an end, though I must acknowledge with gratitude that the Professors were particularly kind to us. Mr. Mark Hunter was our special guardian and champion on the professorial staff. You will have noticed that I am speaking of days, when there were no Women's Colleges, like the Queen Mary's College and the Christian College for Women, for though these Colleges were in existence during my B. A. course, they had not perfected their classes, so as to accommodate a B. A. student whose optional subject was Natural Science.

Thinking of the days of my education, I feel thankful to my many teachers, to my fellow-students, to the friends of the family who took practical interest in my progress, and last not least, to my parents,—to my father who was determined to give me a College education, come what might, and to my mother who never wavered in her desire to see me complete my education. But for my mother, I should not be where I am now,—to thank you for your express-

ions of good will. Above all, I would tender thanks to God for His Grace in guiding me so far and giving me the needed health and strength, without which I should have broken down in my course.

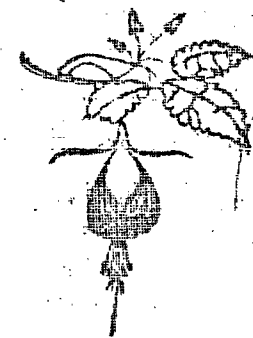
That God, which ever lives and loves,

One God, one law, one element,

And one far-off divine event,

To which the whole creation moves.

Before I sit down, allow me to thank Rao Bahadur R. Venkatarathnam Naidu Garu for the kind words he has spoken about me and Sir Alexander Cardew for the Gold Medal which he has presented to me on your behalf.



SONG OF A SPRINGTIME DAWN.

SCENE I A white road going into the distance to meet the breaking light of dawn; a river, sparkling towards the East, catches its glimpses. Enter three women with pitchers. *Song.*

Fill the pitcher! fill the pitcher!

Fill it, till it spill.....

Dawn is glinting, earth imprinting

Tinting every hill,

And pinking every rill.

Bangles strike on earthen pitchers

Music that can kill!

Our husbands tell us, they are jealous,

For they know it will

Make other bosoms thrill!

1ST W: Lo! how pure the river flashes,
Leaping up in silver-splashes.....

2ND W: And the Sun-God's orange-eye
Opes beneath gold-gleaming lashes!

1ST W: Look! how pure the river flashes!

2ND W: Stars have burnt themselves to ashes:

1ST W: Morning hours are sweetly sad!
Heaven bursts in rosy splendour,
Like the heart of maiden tender
When it blossoms for a lad!

(Enter a flower-girl, singing)

SONG of Springtime.

O! Goddess Spring hath come again,
With blossoming tread and flowering brain,
Scattering purple flowers and mellow
Leaves of crimson and of yellow,
Here and there, everywhere
Like lucent showers of twinkling rain!

Goddess Spring! Goddess Spring!

Am I also blossoming?

Leaves and petals dance and please
Their garrulous-hearted lover, Breeze!

He is such a crazy fool,

And unusually cool!

In the fold of his cold

Heart he hides great mysteries!

My heart, O gentle goddess spring,

Is fluttering a gorgeous wing!

Song-birds fly! Song-birds fly!

Like messages across the sky!

Music-fountains splash and play

Flashing forth in crystal spray!

Everything, in the Spring

Seems to have an opened Eye!

Tell me, tell me, visioning Spring!

Is my eye, too, opening?

Cool and sweet the breezes blow,

What they are the lovers know!

They can make a sad heart glad,

And a very glad heart, sad!

Breezes fly, in the sky,

What they are the lovers know!

I have felt its lonely yearning,

Am I too, a lover turning?

Goddess Spring! O Goddess spring!

On your finger shines a ring

Set with burning fascination,

And a jewelled transformation!

How many days will you blaze

In your radiant blossoming?

Since Thou and I spring from one root,

Autumn shall shape us into fruit!

3RD W: O! Flower-girl, with you I yearn to sing
A song of flowering spring

2ND W: What bear you in your basket?

Flower-Girl: Purple Flowers,
And crimson buds, and orange-tinted blooms,
Which some weave into chains for festive hours,
And others, into wreaths for lonely tombs;

1ST W: Come to our huts, at noon, and we shall buy your flowers.

Flower-Girl: I shall not promise, but I'll try.....
(Exit Flower-girl.)

1ST W: How innocent flower-girls are!

2ND W: Even as the simple flowers they sell!

3RD W: I liked her song of springtime..... It is still haunting me like a visible voice!

(Enter a mad Mystic, and a Prosaic Individual of the world.)

MYSTIC: Thru' the dawn, the universe
Seems a newly-written verse!
Or is it but a shining coin
Hung from but His secret purse?

PROSAIC I: Dear O Dear! it sounds so funny!
Does God also deal in money?

MYSTIC: Golden tints of morning hint
His secret coin-creating mint!
God, like mortals, handles money
Or else, He could not ever buy
The soft, blue-leavened bread of sky!

PROSAIC I: and so, say you, He is hungry too?

MYSTIC: Indeed! as much as you or I!
He feeds on the blue bread of sky.

PROSAIC I: I dare say, He feels thirsty too!

MYSTIC: Indeed! as much as you or I,
He sips the crystal morning-dew!

PROSAIC I: and does he sleep, and does He wake?

MYSTIC: Indeed! as much as I or you.

PROSAIC I: I'm sure you make a sad mistake!

MYSTIC: When He's asleep, we call it night!
When He awakes, we call it light!

PROSAIC I: My friend! you really make me laugh!
Your theories are too queer, by half.

(Laughs loud and both Exit.)

1ST W: Come! Sisters, come! the sun is rising
Higher and higher! Higher and higher!

2ND W: Sisters! isn't it surprising!
That the sky ne'er catches fire?

3RD W: The sun is God's Ecstatic Vina
And each ray, a golden wire!

1ST W: O sisters! come! we must not linger any longer!

2ND W: The sun's heat is so strong!

3RD W: My husband's rage is stronger!

He is very rough and surly,
He is sure to shout and scold me.....
For, before I came, he told me
That I was to go back early!
O! He is extremely surly!

2ND W: Thank the marriage-God, who wed me to a man of
gentle nature!

1ST W: Foolish woman that I was! I wed my man for his
handsome stature!

ALL: Come! our pitchers let us carry,
Give our men no room for screaming!
Bless'd are they who never marry,
Marriage is an idle dreaming!

(Exit with pitchers filled to the brim)

(Enter four old travellers from the East.)

SONG.

1ST T: Life is a lonely pilgrimage,

The road is sad and long!
Covered with dust of endless age.....
And as we go along
The hungry spirit, thro' its rag,
Doth blossom into aching song!

2ND T: We meet with brothers as we hie
Towards the distant mark!
We burn with pain, we know not why.
We murmur for a spark
From the same furnace, that the sky
Doth catch white stars to light her dark.

3RD T: We lose the kernel of perfume,
And seek the coloured husk.
Sometimes, we tread on scented bloom
Staining our feet with musk.
Enchantment-leaping flames consume
Our troubled lives from Dawn till Dusk.

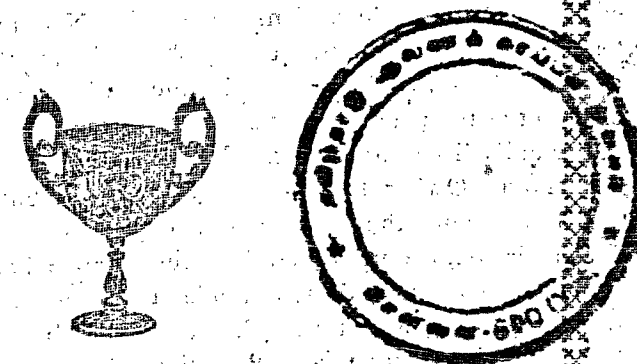
4TH T: We laugh, betimes, and break the skies
With laughter-music loud!
Betimes, we weep and thro' our eyes
Create an ashen cloud!
Round the Lamp that somewhere lies
We, like fragile insects, crowd!

ALL: What wondrous groups of travellers go
Along the road of life!
The winds that dance and chant and blow
With mystic tunes are rife.....
Alas! we travellers yearn to know
If life be respite or a strife!

If life be but a lonely note
Of beauty or of fear!
A swift expression from His throat
Echoing far or near!
If life be but a flying mote
Quenched in a swiftly passing tear.
We know not to what music beat
Our measures faint and slow!
Where'r our dull, unconscious feet

Lead us, we blindly go.....
All silently we move to meet,.....
Meet.....alas!.....we little know!
O! naught shall die, for naught is born!
Ours is a beaten track!
Onward! passing flower and thorn!
Never looking back!
We have promise of the morn
Breaking red thro' life's long black!
[They pass on.]

HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAY.



Some Impressions of Calcutta.

On Saturday last, Mrs. K.S. Chandrasekhara Aiyar, the President of the Mahila Seva Samaja, addressed a large audience of Indian ladies in Kannada in the hall of the Sanskrit College, Bangalore Fort, on some impressions she had formed of her visit to Calcutta during Christmas. After describing the principal features of the City, the magnificent public and private buildings which had won for Calcutta the proud title of "The City of Palaces," its public gardens, statues, temples and other attractions, she depicted the state of society and mode of living of the people as exemplified in the daily life of an ordinary Indian household. Owing to the density of population and the insufficiency of accommodation, people generally lived in flats or portions of flats, a mode of life which, though not very healthy, had its own conveniences. Provision for open air and recreation was made in the public squares, which were dotted all over the city; and the difficulties of locomotion were minimised by an admirable tramway service, of which even well-to-do persons availed themselves. Women, unfortunately, lived in the strictest seclusion, even girls of 5 or 6 years of age not being permitted to go out of their homes; only the very poorest women, who had perforce to gain their living, were seen in the streets; in fact, during the whole period of her stay at Calcutta, the speaker did not see anywhere in public a single respectable Bengali woman, unless she were a Brahmo or a Christian lady. The men of Calcutta

were intensely patriotic; they kept to their national costume, with the invariable dhoti and shawl, instead of adopting the fashions of the West; they rigidly adhered to the use of the vernacular in preference to English, in common conversation as well as even in the names and descriptions of their shops; and the same characteristic was true of their manners and ways of life generally. The swadeshi spirit was particularly strong in Bengal, where there was a strong impetus in the direction of popular movements.

National activities of all kinds had abundant scope for expression during Christmas week, and there was on that account a large influx of people into Calcutta from all parts of the Indian continent. Out of nearly forty gatherings of more than provincial importance held in December last, it had been computed that by far the greater number met at Calcutta. The lecturer herself went there primarily to attend the annual Theosophical Convention; but there were other important functions which appealed to many, and of which she briefly explained the objects, such as the meetings of the National Education Society, the Muslim Education League, the conferences for Social Reform and Social Service, the Industrial Conference, the Common Language Conference, the Cow Conference, the Indian Ladies' Conference, the All-India Muslim League, and the Indian National Congress. The last was naturally the one that excited the greatest amount of attention and interest; and the lecturer availed herself by special invitation of the opportunity of attending its meetings. They

were all aware how Mrs. Besant, had been nominated for the Presidency of the Congress by the almost unanimous voice of all the provinces. Unprecedented enthusiasm marked her reception by the people of Calcutta on the 24th December, and the speaker described the great and magnificent procession that had been formed to escort her from the station to her residence.

A graphic account was next given of the Congress itself; the great yellow pavilion, which, big as it was, was not big enough to hold the vast numbers seeking admittance on the first day of the session, thousands of them having to be content with looking on from a distance; the sea of intense faces within, of whom as many as 4600 were delegates from all parts of India; the arrival of the President-elect and the tumultuous cheers that greeted her appearance and that of other popular leaders; the commencement of proceedings with the singing by girls of national songs in Bengali, followed by an ode in English specially composed for the occasion and recited by the Rishilike Rabindrant Tagore in his clear musical tones; the Reception Chairman's speech; the formal election of Mrs. Besant as President, on the proposal of Surendranath Banerji carried by general acclamation; and the delivery of the Presidential Address, since translated into the principal Indian Vernaculars.

The present lecturer did not know much about politics, which were foreign to her work and purpose; she attended these meetings, mainly to observe the people and their ways,

and also utilised such opportunity as there was for making collections (in sums ranging from copper coins to currency notes) for the building fund of the Mahila Seva Samaja.

They in India were living at a most important and critical time in the history of their mother-country. There were signs on all sides of new developments, of impending changes of a far-reaching character, in all departments of national life. This was the very first time that the Secretary of State for India had visited the country on a great political errand; and he had come all the way from England in order to determine the best way of giving effect to the declared intention of the British Government to grant responsible Government to the people of India; and in company with the Viceroy, who was the local representative of the king-Emperor, he was touring from place to place in order to ascertain the position of affairs for himself at first-hand and to inquire into the wants and wishes of the people of the land and of communities claiming to possess separate interests. At such a time as that, it was essential that the views of the women-folk, who formed half the entire population, concerning the necessary post-war reforms should not be left unuttered and in doubt. And so, when Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford came to Madras in December, they consented to receive an address from a representative deputation of ladies headed by Mrs. Sarojini Devi. It might be of interest to mention that of the fourteen members that formed the All-India Women's Deputation, two (Mrs.

Srirangamma E. A. (and the speaker) belonged to the Mysore State. The particulars of the ceremony were next detailed as well as the principal contents of the address that was presented. Briefly, the women of India asked, among other things, that women should not be disqualified by reason of their sex for the exercise of the franchise and for service in public life; they urged the need for increased facilities for the education of girls, the making of primary education compulsory and free for girls as for boys, the provision of an increased number of women-teachers and of colleges for training such teachers, the establishment of widows' homes supplemented by scholarships, and the affording of material assistance in the shape of money grants to associations formed to promote the education of married women; and, in order to cope with the high rate of infant mortality and of deaths among women in child-birth, they pressed for the institution of short maternity courses, the award of scholarships to encourage women to attend, and the issue of certificates to qualified persons.

The moral of the whole situation was obvious. This was a time for strenuous work, and no one's services were superfluous. A nation could not be formed out of men alone, nor could the well-being of a community rest permanently on the unaided efforts of a fraction of its members. The active co-operation of the women was no less essential than that of the men; and, in order that their endeavours might be really effective, it was necessary to organise and systematise the same on lines similar to those of the Mahila Seva Samaja. In the Samaja they had

passed the stage of little ones playing with dolls; work was being taken up seriously, and on definite lines. They were grateful to His Highness' Government for sympathetic help and consideration; and they relied on the continued zealous support and assistance of the members in order to increase the scope and extent of their activities. In conclusion, the lecturer, quoting the saying that it was not the pot, but its contents that mattered, begged them for the sake of the work to overlook personal faults and defects on the part of any of those with whom they might be associated; and expressed her hope that they would one and all realise their individual responsibility for the Samaja's stability and progress and discharge the same to the best of their power.

Srimati Vengadamma voiced the gratitude of every one present for the very interesting and graphic manner, in which Mrs. Chandrasekhara Aiyar had explained, for the benefit of those who could not themselves afford to go, the lessons and experiences of her visit to Calcutta; and alluded to the very valuable educational work which that lady was doing on behalf of the Mahila Seva Samaja. Mrs. V. R. Thyagaraja Iyer also commended the lecture, which she likened to Prahlada's discourses to the people, and added that the tidings the lecturer had brought were to them like the sugarcandy and fruit, which gladdened the hearts of children on the return home of their parents.

The concert in aid of the Indian Ladies' Magazine,

On the 7th February at the Victoria Hall, Madras.

The concert seems to have been quite a success. The *Madras Mail* had the following note about it:

"The concert organised by Mrs. Sathianadhan, in aid of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* and the War Fund was held at the Victoria Hall yesterday evening. It was an unqualified success and Mrs. Sathianadhan was personally complimented on this by H. E. Lady Pentland, who was present throughout, with a small party, which included Mrs. Firth, Mrs. Money and Miss de la Hay. Evidently, Mrs. Sathianadhan and the zealous band of workers associated with her had spared no pains, the task undertaken being entirely a labour of love, and the success they met with was well deserved. It is over 15 years now since Mrs. Sathianadhan took over the editorship of the *Indian Ladies Magazine* and she has done the work with conspicuous ability. She was in fact the founder of the magazine and in its early days she had the help of a number of literary coadjutors, including Lady Benson. The magazine has been fulfilling a real need and has served to brighten many an Indian home. It is well illustrated and, Mrs. Sathianadhan has been able to secure Mrs. Sarojini Naidu as one of her contributors. For some time past, however, as a result of the war, the magazine has got into financial difficulties and it was to tide over these that the concert yesterday evening was organised, though at the same time a

portion of the proceeds is to be given to one of the numerous war charities.

The programme opened with a pretty action song by a number of children, headed by little Miss Sathianadhan, who were all gracefully attired in Japanese dress. This was followed by a pianoforte solo, brilliantly executed by Miss Pears, and there was next a song "Time was I roved the Mountains," by Miss Jemmett, the accompaniment for this being played by Mr. S. D. Pears. There was then a *tableau*, representing Damayanti in the act of entrusting her love message to a swan. It is a well-known story from the *Mahabharata*, and the incident forms the subject of one of Ravi Varma's famous paintings. The *tableau* yesterday evening represented every detail of the story and Miss Sreenivasa as Damayanti was exceptionally good. The young lady was a student of the Queen Mary's College and her mother is Mrs. Sreenivasa, of the Educational Service. The next item on the programme was a violin solo, "Consolation," played in pleasing style by Miss Raju. Master Swaminathan next delighted the audience with a Hindustani song, for which he was repeatedly encored, and the first part of the programme came to a close with another *tableau*, representing a gipsy encampment, in which the central figure, the Queen of the Gipsies, was Miss Zima Lazarus.

The second part of the programme opened with a recital from *Hamlet* by Mr. Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, a brother of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, and this was much appreciated. Mrs. Adam sang "The Magic Month of May," eliciting rounds of applause.

and this was followed by a violin solo by Mrs. H. D. Harris. After a tableau, in which Miss Zima Lazarus represented Lalla Rookh being entertained by a series of stories told by a young poet, who is really her betrothed, there was a song by Mr. D. N. Strathie, for which he received a well-merited "encore." Next followed a *veena* solo by Bhavani Swaminathan, a daughter of Mr. N. Swaminathan, Sub-Assistant Inspector of Schools. The accompaniment was played by her little brother and this item on the programme was much enjoyed by all present. There were lastly a Hindustani song by Mr. H. Chattopadhyaya and a tableau, in which Miss Raju represented Rebecca at the well."

We are glad to announce to our readers that the proceeds of the concert roughly amounted to Rs. 700. Out of this, Rs. 250 went towards expenses, which were of various kinds. The remaining Rs. 450 will be divided, Rs. 150 being 1/3rd of the proceeds going to the War Fund, and Rs. 300 to the Magazine. The latter amount falls short by about Rs. 80 in paying up the debt of the I. L. M. for the year 1917.

We give our heartiest thanks to H. E. Lady Pentland for patronizing and being present at the concert; to the public, who helped us by being present at the concert; and last but not least, to all those who helped us so eagerly and willingly in getting up the concert.

The Ladies' Recreation Club.

The Annual meeting of the Club was held on the 11th February. It was presided over by H. E. Lady Pentland and was largely attended by English, Mohamedan and Hindu Ladies. The Ranee of Venkatagiri, who was later 'At Home' to the ladies, was present throughout.

The business meeting opened with the reading of the general report in English and Tamil by Mrs. Madeley and Mrs. Tiruvenkatachari respectively. We append the report here.

ANNUAL REPORT.

1917.

Membership.—The year opened with 254 members. There were 6 admissions as against 13 in the previous year.

The Club has lost 8 members by resignation and two by death. The number on the rolls at the end of the year was 250 (resident and non-resident members.)

Committee and Office-bearers.—The Committee have held 10 monthly meetings during the year. In January Mrs. Gillman was nominated as a vice President by H. E. Lady Pentland to fill the vacancy caused by Lady Stuart's departure from India. In April, Mrs. Bedford was obliged to resign the office of Joint Honorary Treasurer, as she was leaving India for at least one year. Her resignation was accepted with grief and the Committee wish to place on record their gratitude for the work done by her, especially in connection with the War Fund, during the short time she held office. Mrs. Todhunter

very kindly undertook the work of Honorary Treasurer, as well as her other duty as Chairman of Committee. In November she also went away to undertake work in a Military Dairy, in the North of India. Since her departure, the work of Joint Honorary Treasurer has been done by Mrs. Madeley.

In October, Mrs. S. G. Hensman left Madras, and was obliged to send in her resignation as a member of the Committee. This was received with great regret by the other members, but they are glad to know that Mrs. Hensman will not entirely sever her connection with the Club as she will remain as a *mofussil* member.

Mrs. Devadoss was unanimously elected to fill the vacancy on the Committee.

Club Premises.—The Club still occupies the same premises as last year, viz., "The Luz," Oliver's 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.

Work in connection with the war.—At the last Annual Meeting, Her Excellency Lady Pentland earnestly requested the members to continue their subscriptions to the Club War Fund, and Mrs. Todhunter asked for more subscribers so that the list might be more representative. By the efforts of Mrs. Bedford, the number of subscribers was increased to 28, but that is only a very small proportion of the total number of members. As will be

seen from the Statement of Accounts, Rs. 1283 has been subscribed during the year and many articles have been sent in to the Ladies' Depot at Government House.

Rs. 250⁰ was subscribed from the Fund towards the Viceroy's "Our Day" collection.

In September, Her Excellency Lady Pentland wrote to the Honorary Secretaries, saying that she proposed to organize another Union Jack Fete, on the same lines as the previous 2 years in order to raise funds to provide comforts for the troops fighting in Mesopotamia and elsewhere, and again, asking the Club to help by arranging for a stall.

The members of the Committee were willing to accede to Her Excellency's request and suggested that members of other Ladies' Associations in Madras be asked to join in order that it might be as great a success as possible. It was finally decided not to have a separate stall, but to send as large a contribution as possible to the stall to be arranged by the members of the Indian Officers' Association. A number of articles to the value of about Rs. 4300 were sent in, besides cheques and cash to the extent of Rs. 531.

Srimathi Panapilla Karthiyani Pillai	Rs.	A.	P.
Bagavathi Pillai, Princess of Travancore	200	0	0
Maharani of Vizianagaram	100	0	0
Rani of Pithapuram	100	0	0
Mrs. Namburumal Cheuy	50	0	0
Miss Mc Dougall	25	0	0
Mrs. Sadasiva Iyer	20	0	0
Mrs. Sadagopa Mudaliar	15	0	0
Small subscriptions amounting to	21	0	0
	Rs. 531	0	0

There have not been any meetings of the Reading Circle this year.

Lady Hardinge's Library.—A number of new books have been added during the year and the number of members availing themselves of the Library has considerably increased.

Social Gatherings.—The attendance at the ordinary weekly meetings has not been very good, and the Committee would very much welcome suggestions from the members as to how it can be improved in the coming year.

Badminton continues to be most popular, many of the older members now joining in the game.

There was a special Social Gathering on Tuesday, October 30th, when arrangements for the Union Jack Fete and "Our Day" were discussed. In the early part of the afternoon, a Badminton match was played between two teams of the Club members, and later there was Indian and English music which was much enjoyed.

Her Excellency Lady Pentland was present, and she spoke regarding the arrangements and proposals for the Fete, and while gratefully acknowledging all the help which the members had rendered in the past two years to make the Indian stalls so successful, she hoped that this year when so much more help was needed that each member would make her contribution as large as she possibly could. Mrs. Gikmar was present and brought with her some books of tickets for the Lucky Bag, of which a number were sold. Books of tickets were afterwards taken by different

members and about 600 tickets were disposed of.

The Honorary Secretary of the Madras Ambulance Corps asked to be allowed to arrange an Exhibition of War Pictures at the Club. This was done on Tuesday, the 4th December, when the sum of Rs. 18 was collected for the Red Cross Funds.

From July onwards, the Married Ladies' Class, in connection with the National Indian Association has been meeting at the Club premises, by kind permission of the Committee, only a nominal charge being made to cover expenses. Mr. Sathianadan, M. A., teaches English, Sanskrit and needle-work and Miss G. Everard drawing and painting. There are about 22 pupils on the rolls.

The Club has now been in existence for 6 years. Her Excellency Lady Pentland has been the President for the last five years, and the committee beg to thank her for all the sympathy and support which she has so kindly extended to the Club.

After this report, followed the financial report read by Mrs. Todhunter. Then H. E. Lady Pentland spoke a few pleasant words about the report and about the work of the Club generally. She said that the decrease in the number of members was to be expected on account of the War; but hoped that the members would increase again and that all of them would try to get new members, so that when the next Annual meeting was held the progress would be a steady one. Her Excellency then thanked the committee of the Club and all the members for their subscription to the War Fund, for

the help given by the staff of the Ladies' Recreation Club, at the war Fete, and also for their contributions of war comforts, which latter amounted to about Rs. 1200. The people of India do not see the sad state of those who are fighting for the empire; but that was all the more reason why they should think more of their brave defenders. She would be glad to see more people contributing to the war fund, even though their contributions might not be very much. Then Lady Pentland spoke a few words about the Married Ladies' classes and of the very great pleasure it had been to her to visit them. She was sure that the pupils would enjoy the delightful programme of work laid out for them in the classes; and she hoped that more ladies would join them in Mylapore, which was such a progressive centre of Madras. Then Her Excellency said that the chief thought of every one that day would be the sad one that Mrs. S. Sreenivasa Iyengar and Mrs. Tiruvinkatachari were leaving their posts of Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary respectively. She could not express all that the club owed them for their devotion and faithfulness to it in all its many undertakings. For five years, the club had had the benefit of their wise guidance. But the work was a hard one, especially that of the Hon. Secretary, and both the ladies were forced by ill health and family cares to leave their responsible posts. But the club had its great stand-by in Mrs. Madeley, the other Hon. Secretary whose energy and wisdom had contributed so much to the success of the club. She was sure that the place of the

retiring office-holders would be taken by capable ladies, at the same time suggesting that the club should have different sub-committees for the different kinds of work and that all these should try their best to advance the objects of the club. There was great need for Europeans and Indians to understand each other better; much was being done in this direction by the club, which was in fact one of the first to set an example, which was now being followed in various places. Then with a few graceful words of thanks to the Ranee of Venkatagiri for being At Home to them all that day, and to the committee members, for the pleasant entertainment, Lady Pentland sat down. After the report had been accepted by all present, a pleasant little speech, which the Rani of Venkatagiri had prepared, but which she felt unable to read herself owing to her great anxiety about her son who was ill, was read out by Mrs. Simonsen. The Rani expressed her great pleasure at being present at the meeting. She said that the greatness of Ancient India had been due to the eminence of her women in all branches of knowledge; for as Manu the great law giver said, "where women are respected, angels rejoice. But the position of women had deteriorated now, and it was the urgent duty of all Indian women to do their best to get back to their old status. The Rani exhorted all her Indian sisters to be loyal to the British Raj. She then thanked Lady Pentland heartily for all her efforts in the direction of real social intercourse between Europeans and Indians.

After this, Mrs. Todhunter proposed a vote of thanks to the Rani, who

boots straight from the Front, coated thickly with Flanders mud, with their soles worn through and their toes turned up so that they hardly looked like boots at all. Then he followed them through the wards of the boot hospital till in forty minutes' time they had been completely restored to strength and soundness, a perfect miracle of feminine surgery.

First, they were scrubbed in a bath of warm water; then they were dressed with castor oil; then a muscular young woman stripped off heel and fore-sole, to be followed a few moments later by a skilful young woman who stripped off the outer skin of the waist with the help of a wonderful machine that has been invented during the war.

After this fierce surgery of knife and pincers, came the various process of re-building a perfect sole and heel, the best the world produces—the mending of various injuries to the superstructure, the “blocking” into quite a stylish army shape, and finally the restaining and polishing. Only the labels still attached made it possible to recognise this smart footwear as the dilapidated, useless lump of leather that had been picked out of a pile of similar invalids little more than half an hour earlier.

Over 300 girls have graduated as boot surgeons at this establishment—girls who not long ago were pickle-makers, tailforesses, domestic servants, and so on—and they are “smashing” (to quote the factory manager) all output figures hitherto put up by men, whether inside or outside the Army. The other day, ten women stripped the soles from 1,000 pairs of boots in a single day—a speed

unheard of till they came on the scene. “Stripping” is by far the hardest job of all.

There are very few men on the premises. Practically everything, from cutting the sole leather to packing the finished boots, is done by the war-girl. And the opinion of the Army is that a pair of old boots that have passed through her hands are actually to be preferred to a pair of new boots that have never seen the inside of a hospital.

The U. S. organization of the National League of women's services is another wonderful exhibition of women's wonderful tact and skilled thoughtfulness.

The Social and Welfare Division is perhaps one of the most important of all the branches, for it deals not only with the feeding and amusing of the enlisted men, but also with the care of the women and children left behind. Girls' clubs are being opened in all the large town and cities—particularly in the manufacturing districts and in the great military training centres. Patrol detachments of women are being organised to protect both the young woman and the young man from the dangers arising from abnormal war conditions; and comrades' clubs—suggested by the Women's Social and Political Unions in England—are in contemplation.

For the comfort of the enlisted man, every effort has been exerted. If he be travelling from one place to another, he will find members of the league, in their dainty and appropriate uniforms of white or blue lined caps and aprons, at the League Railway Canteen, ready night and day to offer shelter and

comforting gifts of cups of tea, coffee, or cocoa, and sandwiches, biscuits, and buns. Social clubs have also already been started for the lonely soldier at the league headquarters in New York and at many of the training centres.

The Business Division is composed entirely of women of business or shop experience. Most of them are married women, who have trained along some definite line—clerks, typists, telephonists, and book-keepers. They have rendered valuable service to the country by supplying expert assistance to the various voluntary organisations and Government departments needing clerical help. This division of the league was appointed by the Governor to take the military census in several of the New England States, and has aided the Exemption Boards, Recruiting Offices, Hospital Clinics, and Armoury Headquarters all over the country. All that the various Women's Motor-Units have done in England the Motor Division of the National League of Women's Service is now doing here. Officers and men, supplies and equipment, nurses and doctors have been driven day after day in cars owned, equipped, repaired, and driven by the members of this corps. All day and every day they are to be seen at work throughout the continent in their smart khaki uniform of military coat and cap, short skirt and leggings. The Overseas Relief Division supplies garments for the destitute women and children of the Allies, surgical dressings and hospital garments for convalescent soldiers, and comforts for the troops at home and for those proceeding overseas.

This is a homely section of work untouched by the outward glory and glamour of war, but it is one for which the destitute and wounded have reason to be thankful. The empty hands, from Europe that are reaching out for help are filled generously by this branch of the National League of Women's Service.

News and Notes.

(Selected.)

Compulsory Education For Girls.

BOMBAY, 18th Jan.—The Kathiawar State of Gondal has introduced, a from the 1st instant, compulsory education for girls in all villages where there are schools (and these are in greater proportion than in any other strictly Kathiawar State). All girls, at least of certain classes, are compelled to attend school. If parents do not bring a reasonable excuse, they will be fined one anna for every day the girl is absent. The experiment does not apply to boys. The boys in Gondal, it is argued, go to school as a matter of course, and if any do not, the fact that their sisters are learning to read and write while they remain ignorant is expected to be sufficient inducement to truants to go to school, lest they should find themselves inferior to the womenfolk of the village.

A Hindu Widow Marriage: Under the auspices of the Hindu Widows' Home, Bombay, conducted by the Bombay Presidency Social Reform Association, a Hindu widow, named

had become a patron of the club and had subscribed Rs 1000 towards its expenses. She next thanked Mrs Thiruvengkatachari and Mrs Srinvasa Iyengar for their valuable services to the club, which regretted very much the fact that they had to resign their offices. She also thanked Mrs Madely for her great interest in, and for her indefatigable work for, the club. Finally, Mrs. Todhunter proposed a hearty vote of thanks to H. E. Lady Pentland, who year after year, had found time amid her numerous engagements to preside at this annual function of the club.

After this, there was a pleasant little entertainment. First a pretty song was played on the Veena. Then a little girl, who had been taught in the convent, gave a very charming and expressive recitation of "Papa's letter." After this, a little play was acted in Telugu by the Girls of the K. C. Chetty girls' school, showing a few aspects of home-life, such as the importunity of the wife in making her husband buy various things for her, and the bargaining over prices. There was also shown a Thasildar's Court, where the troubles of partly deaf and blind clerks were amusingly represented, followed up by a good lesson to bribe receivers, not to receive bribes in future. The whole thing was very well done and great credit is due to Mrs Adamma and the other ladies, who prepared the girls for this play.

After this, there was a little argument about, and an amusing exhibition of, first-aid work, done by girls trained in the convent. Then there were two recitations, "Look on the bright side,"

and "Mrs. Doleful's Visit." Finally Miss. Krishnan very prettily played on and sang to the violin.

The facility and quickness of the girls displayed in their recitations were surprising and very pleasant. They were not shy or self conscious, their accent and tone were quite good and altogether the progress they seemed to have made in their English studies, called for a great amount of appreciation and encouragement.

After the entertainment, the Rani of Venkatagiri was At Home to the Ladies. Then the guests went out of the gosha enclosure, which had been put up for the meeting, and sat themselves at little tables prettily disposed in the garden. Here Indian and English refreshments were served and enjoyed. The last item of the pleasant function was the garlanding of Her Excellency Lady Pentland, and of the Rani of Venkatagiri.



Editorial Note.

WOMEN'S WORK IN WAR TIME.

The work that the women of Europe are doing at the present time of stress and difficulty is, as we know, wonderful. As the spectators of their work have said, it is hard to see them work at tasks, which are obviously so unsuited to them; but this very fact makes the work more marvellous. It renews man's faith in womankind and makes him value her more than he has ever done.

Some of the tasks done now by women are indeed hard ones. There are the women police, whose task is by no means an enviable one. As a paper says:

"It needs some courage to tackle the problem of the 'painted lady,' to gently but firmly, disperse those clusters of soldier sojourners, and frivolous, light-hearted girls, when mischief is brewing, to direct to clubs where there is light and brightness, laughter and healthy entertainment, to patrol the town beat and the railway station beat, always alert and always helpful. For the authorities are realising at last that "prevention is better than cure"; and it is in these watchwords that the women police and the women patrol have found their metier.

The work in munition centres is often fraught with danger. Here the women act as guards, and their work includes the checking of the entry of women into the factory, the examination of passes, searching for contraband mat-

ches, cigarettes and alcohol, and the work of patrolling the district for the protection of women going home from work.

At one factory, the military and male police guard have been withdrawn. Here several thousand women are employed in the manufacture and disposal of some of the most dangerous explosives demanded by the war. When an air raid is in progress, the operatives are cleared from the sheds, and they are left to the charge of firemen and police women, who take up the stations allotted to them. Not a woman has failed at her post or shirked her duty in the hour of danger."

The ideal police women are those who have been trained for their work through some organization. There is now a training school for women patrols and police. And the number of trained women, which in July 1916 was only 50, is now well over 600, and is still increasing.

Then there are the girl boot surgeons. This is an account of them:

"In a factory at the far end of the Old Kent Road, the war girl is again beating all records. From all over the country she is sending the soldier shells; down here she is mending his boots—and those who know most about armies have the greatest difficulty in deciding which is the more important mission.

A *Daily News* representative who was shown round this model Government workshop tied two labels bearing the name of the paper on to a pair of

Dhankorbaj, belonging to Kopol Bania caste, aged about 28, was married to Mr. Harkisondas Prunjiwandas, belonging to Dasa Lad Bania community, aged 33, at the premises of the Hindu Widows Home, Girgaon Back Road, on Sunday the 13th instant, at 10 a.m. Among those present to witness the marriage were Dr. and Mrs. T. C. Khandwallia, Mr. Bhagwandas Madhavdas, Mr. and Mrs. Vallabhadas Runchhoddas Mr. and Mrs. Kulkarni, Mr. D. G. Dalvi, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Divekar, Mr. L. B. Nayak, Mr. N. M. Joshi, and others. This is the fifth marriage celebrated under the auspices of the Hindu Widows' Home.

Practical Social Reform: "A commendable widow marriage was celebrated in Nagpur on the 7th instant in the Maharashtra Brahmin community there. The bridegroom, Mr. Barve, is a young undergraduate of the Bombay University and now fills the responsible position of the head of the Nagpur Branch of the Depressed Classes Mission of India. The bride, Thaku Bai Paranipe, is also a bright educated lady of 19, quite able to support the sacred cause to which her husband has devoted himself heart and soul. A number of friends and sympathisers from among the *elite* of Nagpur were present at the celebration, and Mr. Shinde, the General Secretary of the Depressed Classes Mission of India, who also happened to be present, complimented his young assistant on his great good luck in getting such a good wife to share in his noble endeavours for the uplift of the backward classes. The Hon'ble Mr. M. V. Joshi followed Mr. Shinde in the same

strain and also bore witness to the great devotion and ability shown by Mr. Barve since he took charge of his present responsible duties. These pleasant proceedings were concluded with a sumptuous dinner in which all the guests joined with hearty good will and accord."

A GOSHA PARTY.

AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MADRAS.

A most pleasing function, to which Hindu ladies and gosha ladies look forward annually at Government House, came off yesterday evening at the kind invitation of H. E. Lady Pentland. Long before 4-30 P.M., the hour fixed for the function, an unusually large number of European and Indian ladies had found their way into the Banqueting Hall, where they were gracefully received by their genial hostess and her little daughter, the Hon'ble Peggy Sinclair. No efforts were spared to make the guests feel quite at home in the spacious hall, which was rendered specially attractive both by the artistic exhibits from the Married Ladies' Classes of Mylapore and Egmore and by the Oriental costumes and jewellery of Hindu and Gosha ladies.

After some time spent in conversation, Lady Pentland moving freely among the guests, an adjournment was made to the refreshment tables, which were laid with all kinds of inviting cakes, to which ample justice was done. A noteworthy feature was Her Excellency presiding at the Gosha ladies' tea-table, where she made the ladies feel most comfortable and at

home. When this part of the function came to an end, Her Excellency, in a most thoughtful manner, provided her guests with a delightful programme of music, the first item of which was contributed by seven students from the Government Triplicane Girls' High School, who sang to the accompaniments of their own musical instruments—the veena and violin. A little band of Indian girls, attired most becomingly, went very well through a few dances, which had been taught them by Mrs. Venkataramanajulu Naidu. Miss Higginbotham sang a song, and Miss Iles played a violin solo in her usual charming style, accompanied by Mrs. Oldfield. Two students, one from the Mylapore Married Ladies' Classes and the other from the Egmore Married Ladies' Classes, recited most distinctly and feelingly, and Mrs. Cuppaswamy Moodelliar rendered some well-known Indian airs on her violin. An item much appreciated by the Gosha ladies was a Persian song, and this was followed by a piano duet played by the Hon'ble Peggy Sinclair and her music teacher.

Her Excellency, in concluding the function, thanked all those who had made the programme so enjoyable and successful. Having bade good-bye to their hostess, the guests departed shortly after 6 o'clock. The number present was very large and included wives of the Councillors, the Judges of the High Court, of prominent officials, educationists and missionaries, as well as the members of the Ladies Recreation Club.

THE BOMBAY PRESIDENCY SOCIAL REFORM ASSOCIATION.

A meeting of the lady volunteers, who took part in collecting the Diwali Fund started under the auspices of the Bombay Presidency Social Reform Association, was held at 5 P. M. (S. T.) on Saturday the 22nd December 1917 at the Servants of India Society's Home. Mrs. Sushilabai Jayakar presided. Mr. N. M. Joshi, one of the Secretaries of the Secretaries of the Association, gave a brief description of the work done during last Diwali. He stated that the managing Council of the Association, at their meeting held on 4th October 1917, appointed a Sub-Committee consisting of Mrs. Avantikabai Gokhale, Mrs. Yamunabai Pendherkar, Mrs. Chandubai Kulkarni, Mr. D. G. Pandhye, Mr. Kanji Dwarkadas, M. V. S. Ravut and the Secretaries Messrs. D. G. Dalvi, Bhagwandas Madhavdas, N. M. Joshi and T. A. Kulkarni, for the purpose of organizing systematically the collections of a fund stated with a view to promote education among women with instructions to submit their report within a month. Accordingly on 21st October, the Sub-Committee called a preliminary meeting of Hindu ladies in Bombay, at which Mrs. Sushilabai Jayakar was voted to the chair. About 40 ladies attended. The object of the Diwali collection was explained to the ladies and a small working committee of ladies was formed for the purpose with Mrs. Sushilabai Jayakar, as Chairman and Mrs. Kalavantibai Motiwalla, Mrs. Gulabbai H. Shah, Mrs. Yamunabai Pendherkar

and Mrs. Chandubai Kulkarni as Secretaries. At the next meeting of ladies held on 28th November, an appeal was made inviting ladies to take part in the collection as volunteers in greater number. As a result of this appeal, a large number of ladies came forward as volunteers when the third meeting of ladies was held on 4th November. Books of printed receipts for Rs. 100, Rs. 50, Rs. 25, Rs. 10, Rs. 5, Rs. 1 were got ready and leaflets explaining the objects for which the collection was made giving a brief account of the collection made during the Diwali of 1916 and of the way in which the sum was utilized, and stating what further sum would be required to carry out the programme of work which the Bombay Presidency Social Association proposed to undertake. At the third meeting mentioned above, the receipt books and leaflets were handed over to about 40 volunteers and the work was commenced forthwith. Up to now the collection actually received from volunteers amounts to Rs. 6,843-12 and about Rs. 300 more is yet to be received. The total expenses will amount to about Rs. 300.

Mr. T. A. Kulkarni thanked the volunteers for the work done by them on behalf of the Association.

The President, in her closing speech, said that the volunteers were thankful to the Social Reform Association for giving them an opportunity of doing this public service.

THE KANYA MAHA VIDYALYA, JULLUNDER.

The management rests with a general committee which is a registered body. Besides the representatives of different Arya Samajas, it consists of educationists of long standing. The number of ladies in the composition of this committee is daily increasing. The chosen representatives of this general committee form a managing committee to which is entrusted the task of running the institution.

The School, the College, and the Ashrama continued as before under the management of Shrimati Pandita Savitri Devi, Hony. Principal. This lady is quite an institution by herself. She has given her all to the service of the cause, she lives, moves and has her being in it; there is nothing in fact to separate the two. Working first as an Asstt. Superintendent of the Ashrama and then as teacher in the school, she is now wielding her high office with the dignity and repose of a devotee. Her soul is only equalled by her ability. Her quiet ways, her devotion and her perfect selfeffacement is a sight that does one good to see.

This gifted lady is ably assisted by a band of co-workers as devoted as herself, all products of this institution; Shrimati Pandita Kumari Lajawati, the Hony. Vice-Principal, for one, combines with her other qualities which are so very many, that of the gift of speech. She is one of the mainstays of the institution.

The staff consists of 19 teachers, 9 males and 10 females. The latter are

the *alumni* of the Vidyalaya. During the year under report, Kumaris Durgeshwari Devi, Thakar Devi, Bhagwati, and Ishar Devi joined the staff. All of these are ladies of high attainments and deserving of every praise from the committee for the pains they take with their classes. Kumari Durgeshwari Devi, in particular, bears a love for the institution which, with her tried ability, fits her for any task of responsibility. She was once entrusted with the management of the Ashrama, and the tact and resource which she displayed while running it was well worthy of one more advanced in years than she. The Vidyalaya cannot sufficiently pride itself in her. She is a demonstration, if any were needed, of the infinite superiority of unpaid, over mercenary, work. It is to be hoped that she will continue her interest in the institution. The Vidyalaya has every reason to be satisfied with the work of the rest of the staff who are equally devoted and intelligent.

WOUNDS OF WAR.

MAIMED FACES AND THE MARVELS OF PLASTIC SURGERY.

Mr. Arthur Mason special correspondent of the Empire Press Union writes:—

At Sidcup, in the county of Kent, there is a war hospital which is assured of distinctive fame, even though the war hospital of today is universal and its relief of suffering a very miracle of beneficent achievement. To say nothing of the preventive effort of medical science, by means of which tens of thousands

of lives have been saved to the British Army, the surgery of war-time is accomplishing a work whose value cannot yet be measured, and perhaps is immeasurable. And it is the surgery of war-time, in one of its branches, that is so successfully active at this hospital of Sidcup—specialised surgery, concerned solely with men who have suffered facial wounds. Facial wounds are necessarily among the most distressing of all the varied hurts of war. They are rarely less than disfiguring and very often they are disfiguring to the point of shocking unsightliness. More than that, they are, usually, wounds which, directly or indirectly, have injurious effect upon the functions of vital organs. The surgery intended to relieve them employs itself, therefore, not only with the repair of facial deformity, but also with such restoration of the injured parts as will assure to the body, as a whole, its normal health and vigour.

The nose, the mouth, the jaws, and the cheek surfaces suffer grievous hurt in the battles of to-day. Here is a typical case—that of a nose wound, the bullet inflicting which has torn most of the feature from the face and has left in its stead a rather dreadful wreckage. The staff at Sidcup, however, see the injury as one eminently suited to the magic they call plastic surgery. By virtue of plastic surgery they will make a nose for that now almost noseless face. The marvel to be wrought will need time—perhaps a year, perhaps eighteen months. It will be a matter also of delicate operations, the number and scope of which only the progress of the case

will reveal. But the problem set—the provision of a new nose—will be solved without any manner of doubt. And this is the way of it.

MAKING A NOSE.

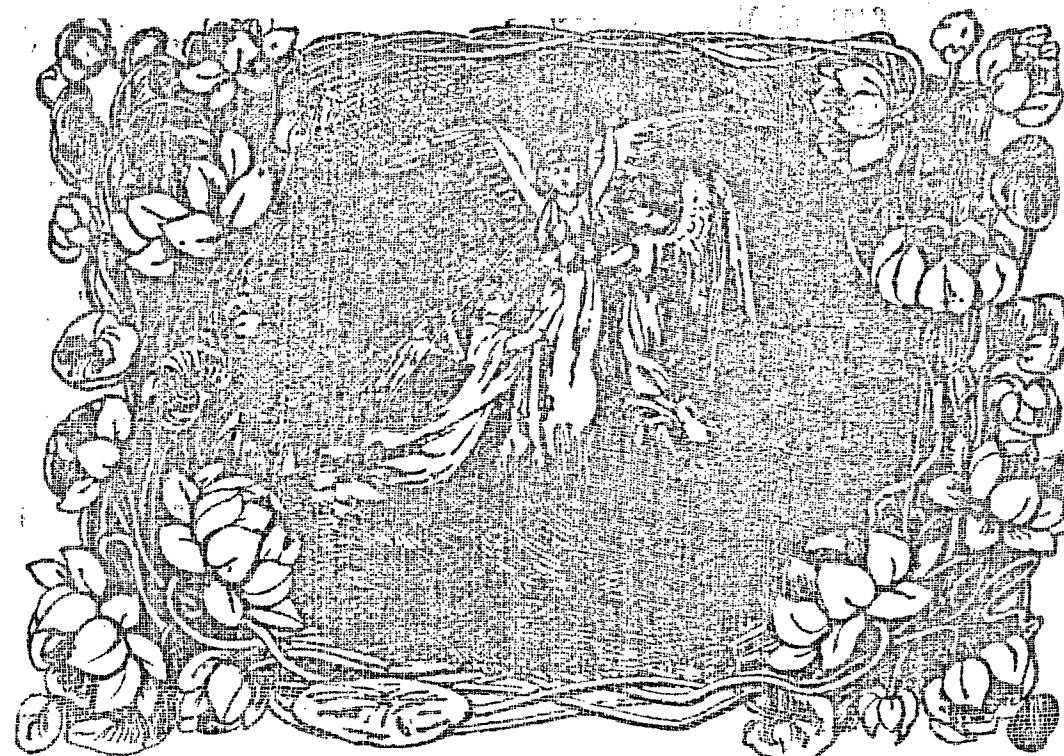
As a first step, measurements are taken and models are made, which determine the shape and size of the restoration called for, and the surgeon begins to work upon the damaged tissues, preparing them by operation for efficient contact with the surface covering of the nose to come. That repair of the tissues is more or less familiar surgery, but at Sidcup it is a matter of infinite variety and exhaustive and often novel methods. And as for the actual provision of a nose, that is a wholly new marvel of the healing art. It is quickly in being, nevertheless. From the man's rib is removed a spread of cartilage equal to the measurement already taken—removed from the his rib and grafted upon his forehead, and shaped and fashioned there with due regard to the model already made. And from each cheek a flap of skin is lifted and attached by one end to the transferred cartilage, its other end remaining affixed to the face. The cartilage, built into due shape, is now a nose merely out of position. It is left to grow upon the forehead until the tissues awaiting it are healed, and then, when all is ready, it is lifted again, drawn by the flaps of skin and fitted carefully into the place where it should be. Other magic is wrought upon it by way of finishing touches, and the scars upon the forehead and the face are excised by grafting and by massage. The scar upon the body already has vanished, but in any case

was of no great moment. The surgeon's triumph—and the patient's—is in the fact that a nose has been provided; the contour of the face has been restored, and the wounded man is saved a distressful unsightliness.

MOUTH-BUILDING.

Sometimes, of course, the injury is less severe. Sometimes the nose needs only partial restoration. Most often, it seems, the bridge is shot through, and the wizardry called for is that which will fit new bone and new tissue into almost invisible junction with the old. Sometimes, on the other hand, they get at Sidcup a case such as that of a man, the entire front of whose face had been blown in by an explosion of cordite, a dreadful injury which, however, was healed with marvellous result by the transplanting of the skin of his chest.

But whatever the injury may be, these Sidcup surgeons seem prepared for it, and in case after case of nose-wounds they are restoring terribly disfigured men to the normal, men who will bear upon their faces only negligible scars to suggest the affliction they have escaped. There are many cases, too, of mouth-wounds, in which the lips and their surroundings have been shot away, wholly or in part, and are restored again by similar wonder-working. In each such case, an operation or two—plastic surgery—flaps and attachments—transplantings of skin and mucous membrane from one place to another—great skill and infinite patience—and the thing attempted is done. The mouth emerges almost as it was before its injury. Threatened disfigurement is replaced by scarcely



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Friends.

"As when with downcast eyes, we muse and brood,
And ebb into a former life, or seem
To lapse far back in some confused dream
To states of mystical similitude;
If one but speaks or hems or stirs his chair,
Ever the wonder waxeth more and more,
So that we say, 'All this hath been before,
All this hath been, I know not when or where.'
So, friend, when first I looked upon your face,
Our thought gave answer each to each, so true—
Opposed mirrors each reflecting each—
That, tho' I know not in what time or place,
Methought that I had often met with you,
And either lived in either's heart and speech."

TENNYSON.

Aeroplanes.

Like all other human enterprises, modern locomotion is the result of a series of evolutions, aerial flight being the climax of these developments. "The manner in which the industries connected with locomotion have proved helpful to each other is very striking; the dependence of the march of progress on such mutual assistance, nearly always traceable in the evolution of mechanisms, is perhaps nowhere more apparent. The invention of the bicycle gave rise to a greater demand for high speed. Cushion tyres yielded place to Pneumatic tyres and the development of the 'Bike' led to the establishment of the utility of the Pneumatic tyre. As a direct consequence of this, the light-weight petrol-motor found a better market, when mechanically driven cars and bicycles came into vogue. And in the hands of the modern Automobile Engineers, the Internal Combustion Engine reached a high degree of efficiency and perfection. This, in its turn, has helped to make flying, a practicable undertaking." Thus, tracing the history of this development of mechanisms from beginning to end, even the old "Hobby Horse" an ancestor of the bicycle, may be looked upon as the progenitor of the modern aeroplane. So the Flying Machine really marks a great step in a vast evolutionary movement in locomotion and does not constitute in itself an independent invention.

The problem of flight was found to be a very complex one; and it had to be attacked from various points before any satisfactory result was obtained.

The upshot of these scientific ventures was two kinds of aerial machines, airships and aeroplanes. The former are lighter-than-air vessels, an adaptation of the balloon with self-propelling machinery and fins and rudders to guide and steady the vessel, while in motion. But the latter, unlike airships, are heavier-than-air machines, depending for their support on the impact of air on their pinions, which are like the wings of a bird in soaring flight. But, like airships, these also derive their steadiness and dirigibility from fins and rudders and are actuated by motor-driven propellers. The main lines along which developments were made were,

(1) Aerodynamics—the science relating to aerodynamic support and the resistance of bodies in motion in a fluid;

(2) Aerodromics, dealing with the forms of natural flight-paths, with the questions of equilibrium and stability in flight, and with the phenomena of soaring, with special reference to wind disturbances and the study of bird flight.

(3) The study of the Internal Combustion Engine and the screw propeller, leading up to the evolution of the Gnome Engine and the Chauvior propeller. The combined effect of these various interdependent studies was the solution of the problem of flight.

In 1907, the motive power Engine had just reached a stage in its development, at which its weight had become sufficiently reduced to render mechanical flight possible; and several partially successful machines had been built

and flights of several miles had been made. In the case of these, the propellers were of relatively small diameter and were commonly of too quick a pitch and too high a revolved speed to be of best efficiency.

The question of longitudinal stability, too, had not been properly studied; and was made possible in the machines of those days by the watchful attention of the Aeronaut and the dexterous manipulation of a horizontal rudder. Moreover, the cooling of the engine cylinders was not accomplished very effectively and the duration and the range of flight was largely a matter, of how long elapsed before the water was boiled away. Improvements, in all these various details, have been effected and now the up-to-date machine is not limited to short flights over prepared ground, at a few yards' height above, ready to come to earth at a moment's notice. The modern airman seeks safety for himself and his machine in altitude, keeping on an average two to three thousand feet above the ground, where in the event of any minor mechanical failure or other hitch, the time of gliding descent or volplane will be at the disposal of the aeronaut for adjustment, or if it is found necessary to land, for the selection of a suitable site. Thus, if an aeroplane be flying one mile above the surface of the earth, there will be a circle of ten or twelve miles diameter available within which to choose a place to alight; or, if we assume the velocity of descent to be 40 miles per hour, the aeronaut will have at his disposal some eight or ten minutes before he need finally come to earth.

Thus at the present day, Aerial navigation has become an accomplished fact. About ten years ago, aerial flight had still not passed the domain of investigation and experiment. Even so late as 1907, Prof. Lanchester, writing about the study of Aerodynamics, said:—

"The importance of this matter entitles it to rank almost as a national obligation; for, the country, in which facilities are given for the proper theoretical and experimental study of flight, will inevitably find itself in the best position to take the lead in its application and practical development. That this must be considered a vital question from a National point of view is beyond dispute; under conditions of the near future, the command of the air must become at least as essential to the safety of the empire as our continued supremacy on the Seas." And today, we see this prognostication more than justified by the supreme importance to which aeroplanes have risen in the conduct of warfare. In reconnoitring, in directing operations during artillery action, in offensive air-raids, in warding off Zeppelin invasions, and in the form of Hydroplanes to aid naval operations, including anti-submarine campaigns, aeroplanes have proved of inestimable use.

There is also a great future for aeroplanes in relation to international commerce. In a lecture, "on the World's air routes and their regulations," recently delivered at the Central Hall, Westminster, by Colonel Lord Montague of Beaulieu, an interesting forecast was given of this. His Lordship emphasised the fact that the

Philosophical Interpretation Of History.

History presents to us a grand panorama. The whole of the past is embodied and ensouled for us there. The achievements of Man in the spheres of thought and action stand out before us in their totality, in their weakness and strength, eliciting not mere admiration, but serious reflection from their posthumous inheritors. Philosophy, religion, literature, art, economics, natural science, jurisprudence, political science etc., have received contributions from the past.

In the modern craze for specialisation of parts, the Unity and Continuity that run through the whole are apt to be precluded from our gaze. Above all, History has unity: all the parts composing it are not detached and isolated fragments, independent of and at war with each other, but constitute a homogeneous and a rational whole, a system. In the study of events like the French Revolution and the American war of Independence, it would be preposterous to be lost in the details, instead of studying the events in the light of the historical prospective.

History has lent itself to diverse interpretations. Men have been so much struck in all ages with the unity and rationality exhibited by it, that they have explained it in the light of their supreme interests. The pseudoprophet, the scientist, and the philosopher have applied to it their own peculiar methods and instruments. Our aim should be to examine critically each of the interpretations advanced by the respective

thinkers and see which of them best answers our purpose and satisfies our cherished standard.

The believer in the doctrine of Pre-destination sees the view of destiny in the rise and fall of nations, i.e. in the shaping of universal history. It is egregious folly to pride ourselves according to him, on men and munition, aircraft and navy, for it depends on God and God alone to raise a nation from a state of degradation and insignificance to a position of authority and dictatorship. What was it, if not the finger of God, that was instrumental in giving an ignominious defeat to the millions of soldiers equipped in the most up-to-date fashion, whom Xerxes led against Hellas? Platea, Marathon, Waterloo, Plassey and Tours do proclaim from the sacred pages of history that in all their happenings there was working some Mysterious, Unknown, and Omniscent Power. Those who have eyes see it and proclaim its truth. It was this belief that was working in the minds of the Israelites, the 'chosen people' when they said that He would raise them from their position and make them a great nation on Earth. In the disruption of the Roman and Saracenic Empires, the hand of destiny, according to some, played her part. If the Saracens had not been defeated at the battle of Tours, Islam would have been the prevailing religion of Europe. What is it again, if not the hand of destiny, that has helped in the formation of the British Empire, the greatest Empire known to History?

Who will deny the religiosity of the idea? But, to say that man is finite and

that it is God who determines everything to the total negligence of the human will and initiative, is it not to make men mere tools, play-things in the hands of destiny? We are not architects of our fortune, but on the other hand our fortune is shaped for us. Such an interpretation is extensively objectionable for two reasons.

First, it gives no room for individual initiative and effort. Stagnation and universal paralysis will result. Whether or not we work to reach our goal, whether or not we waste our substance in softness and luxury, it will be quite immaterial, for have we not seen the best of nations coming down with suddenness and the lowest one anointed with oil. If in the shaping of universal history human intelligence and effort should count for nothing, then there would be intellectual lethargy of the worst type. Man would not have progressed as he has done and there would have been no science, literature and philosophy to boast of.

Secondly, such an interpretation is defective from an ethical standpoint. According to the Pre-destination theory man has no individuality: he is crippled and confined, determined, but not free. If he sins, it is because he is led to it in spite of himself and if he does a virtuous act, it is not because he has consciously willed it. If such a view had been entertained in the course of history, morality would have been a hum-drum affair and there would not have come into existence what we call conscious, reflective morality. Morality would have been a matter of indifference, and there would have been chaos instead of order and system.

The idea of Pre-destination in human affairs, whatever its hidden value to the select few, is most obstructive to civilization. No doubt, man, when confronted with antagonistic forces and bewildered by them, thinks that he is like a leaf on the surface of an ever-moving stream, that he does not move but is carried on, and that nature works against him with *malice prepens*. But if man had not risen above all diverse elements that tried to overwhelm him, he could not have worked like one conscious of full individuality. The illuminative record, that he has left in the pages of history, most emphatically gives the lie to the notion that he has been used as an instrument, instead of himself carving out with his hands his own destiny.

Having dismissed the interpretation of Destiny, in which men's individual efforts count little but are controlled by someone behind the scenes, we shall take up next the idea which gives supreme importance to the environment or the powers of Nature.

Buckle sets himself to this ambitious task with the consciousness that he is attempting something not done before. After dismissing the 'freedom of the will' as a superstition, a fiction of the imagination, he enters on the work of reducing man to a machine or an automaton. Just as a prism refracts a ray of the sun's light into a complex of variegated colours, and a waxen tablet receives all impressions from the stimuli that impinge upon it, so is man a mere Solid, controlled, nourished and developed by environment, a creature of circumstance, without the dynamic force of free-will in him to carve out his own destiny. The rise

British Empire is singularly favorably placed for the development of Imperial Aviation, seeing that there is a chain of Imperial landing places southward and eastward from Gibraltar, about 990 miles from London, as the plane flies towards the Cape, to Egypt, India and the Australasian dominions. Over the sea, flying would be more difficult and dangerous to start with, until the absolutely reliable engine was available and the movement of storms and circulation of winds had been studied and their behaviour could be forecasted accurately. In any case, he thought, it was unlikely that straight line routes between place and place would be those that would be ordinarily adopted.

He assumed that world-flying as far as passenger services are concerned would be arranged by stages and not be continuous and he set out a time-table of two routes to India, the southern route being as follows:—

FIRST DAY.

Miles.	Place.	Dep.	Time.
0	Croydon (London)	7 A. M.	
625	Marseilles	12:30 Noon.	
485	Naples	6 P. M.	
1,110			

SECOND DAY.

0	Naples	7 A. M.	
640	West Coast of Crete	12:15 Noon.	
685	Alexandria	5:45 P. M.	
1,125			

THIRD DAY.

0	Alexandria	7 A. M.	
580	Jowf (Northern Arabia)	12 Noon.	
160	Basra	5 P. M.	
1,040			

FOURTH DAY.

0	Basra	7 A. M.	
575	Bandar Abbas	12 Noon.	
680	Karachi	6:30 P. M.	
1,225			

Total distance = 4,530 miles.

Actual flying time.—39 hours 50 mts.

Total time on journey.—83 hours 30 mts.

He concluded by emphasising three points of importance: (1) As soon as war is over there must be National and International laws for the regulation of flying. (2) Oversea and over-continental routes must be defined in the interests of the whole world. (3) The wind of the world instead of being a drawback to flying over the surfaces of the planet will, if properly used, prove to be of great assistance.

Thus, one of the long cherished ambitions of man has become accomplished. For, even when he was little better than the foster brother of the Chimpanzee, man must have begun to study jealously the freedom and the privilege of the fowls of the air. "They toiled not, neither did they spin," and yet they ruled the air and exploited both land and sea alike, whereas he could only perform his antics on land chattering amongst the boughs. It was this feeling of envy that fired the imagination of our bards, who sang of Vimans and bird Vahanams, on which our fabled warriors rode. It was again, the same train of thought, that inspired the Scotch Chronicler, who talked of witches, who "flew on broomsticks over North Berwicklaw" (Scott's *Bride of Lamermoor*). Later on,

Tennyson, with a more prophetic eye and a still clearer vision, dapt into the future, far as human eye could see;—

"Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that would be,

"Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,

"Pilots of the purple twilight dropping down with costly bales;

"Heard the heaven fill with shouting and there rained a ghastly dew

"From the nations' *airy navies* grappling in the central blue".

The men of old times revelled in imaginations, and in sentiments.

But, for us, in the modern scientific age, there is romance only in the realm of science and invention, in knowledge and in achievement. There is pleasure in mastering the secrets of nature, there is enjoyment in putting such knowledge into practice. There was nothing more romantic than the invention and the gradual improvement of the flying machine. And the pleasures of flying in the air rank foremost amongst the various sports of this age.

"What is it that confers the noblest delight?" asked Mark Twain, the Laughing Philosopher of the Age. "What is it that swells a man's breast with pride above that which many other experiences can bring to him? —DISCOVERY!!! To give birth to an idea; to discover a thought—an intellectual nugget right under the dust of a field that many a brain plough had gone over before. To be the first, that is the idea. Morse, with his first message brought by his servant, the lightning; Fulton, in that long drawn century of suspense when he placed

his hand upon the throttle valve; and Lol the Steam boat moved; Howe, the inventor of the sewing machine when the idea shot through his brain that for a hundred and twenty generations the eye had been bored through the wrong end of the needle; Columbus, when he waved his hat over a fabled sea and gazed abroad on an unknown world; These are the men who have really *lived*, who have actually comprehended what pleasure is,—who have crowded long life-times of ecstasy into a single moment."

So, our study of the aeroplane will not be complete, unless we study along with it the lives of the various men, who have spent whole lifetimes over the invention and the improvement of this machine;—the life of Prof. S. P. Langley, above all others, for he it was that proved, beyond doubt, that flying could be made possible by designing a suitable motor-driven aeroplane or an aerodrome. His conclusive experiments gave to the physicist firm ground for his theories on air resistance and to the airman the necessary equations and details for designing an aeroplane.

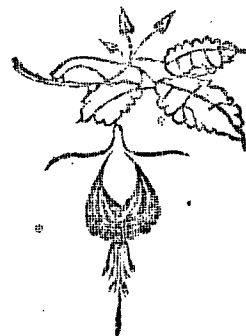
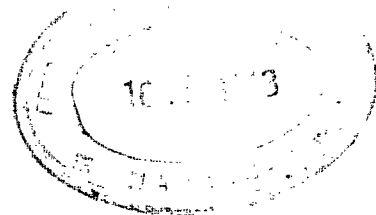
We may not have such glorious experiences. We may not have the good fortune to experience even the sheer physical pleasure of flying in the air. But it is as it were the birthright of every one of us, to enter into the spirit of this romantic subject. The mere appreciation of the barest outlines of the theory is so entrancing, and as such, it is worth our while addressing ourselves to it.

I. KURYAN.

organism, but a wooden-block. As a matter of fact, the powers of nature have been used by him with a full sense of individuality, but not under coercion and slavery. The preposterous nature of the doctrine of Pre-destination as a factor in the development of history has also been shown. The only thing which satisfies our demands, therefore, is that of considering universal

history as the work of the Collective Intelligence and Will of the human race, each section of which is copying and imitating the other and thus ultimately leading to the grand edifice in which the whole of humanity has been housed to-day.

SYED ABDUL QUADER.



ECSTASY.

O! make my burning blood Thy sparking mine
For Thee to drink at pleasure and rejoice!
Transmute my flesh into Song divine
For Thee at will to voice!

Transform my tears into a silver shower
To mingle with Thy rivers clear and white.
O! make my laughter an enchanted flower
To blossom in Thy light!

Fashion a banner out of my desire
And float it on Thy Palace, Secret King!
Cleanse Than my life with rich, relentless fire
Of Endless suffering!

O! make each thought of mine, a clear, white prayer,
Each word I speak, a deathless Temple-Flame.
Strike on the anvil of my heart's despair
The solace of thy name!

HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAY.

and fall of nations, the peculiarities of religion, manners, thought, art, and political institutions—all can be explained and explained scientifically by reference to the peculiarities of climate, soil, food and natural configuration. It will be fallacious, no doubt, to minimise the influence of geographical conditions on the shaping of history; but to consider it the sole determinant and to attribute to it all efficacy is to mechanise and materialise history to the extreme.

Buckle applies to the study of universal history, the history of the human mind, the inadequate method of Natural science and Mathematics and thinks that, if given climate, soil, configuration, he can make out of the African Berbers, Todas, Bhills and the Red Indians, a race that would count among its progeny Shakespeares and Kalidasas, Napoleons and Bismarks, Platos and Aristotles and a host of the world's worthies.

Buckle works up his position by two methods i.e., he traces the influence of Natural powers on man's outward physical aspects, and on the inner aspects of the mind.

Taking up the first point, a host of illustrations are given to prove his position. The temperate climate and the hard unfertile soil of Greece, in his opinion, had made the Greeks a hardy and a masculine race, whereas the torrid climate of India and her soft alluvial soil had made the Indians a weak and an imbecile race. Taking up the second point, he says that a torrid climate and terror-striking phenomena like earthquakes, plagues and pestilences nourish the imagina-

tion of the people, whereas a temperate climate with less of earthquakes, plagues etc., gives a critical spirit; the one gives preponderance to fancy and imagination, the other to reason, criticism, understanding. Nothing can speak better for the development of the imagination of the Indians of old, than the fact that the whole of literature, including the most mechanical of sciences like mathematics, grammar and astronomy, has been worked up in rhyme and metre. The element of fear is best expressed, according to Buckle, in the conceptions of a god like Siva and a goddess like Kali. Buckle contrasts the literature and the mythology of the Hindus with the literature and mythology of the ancient Greeks.

Thus Buckle thinks that he has proved his point that environment or natural phenomena have an incalculable influence and, as a matter of fact, the only influence, in shaping the course of universal history. But the separation which he has effected between man and environment is an unpardonable abstraction. The history of man's progress is not determined entirely by mechanical forces like climate and the soil acting from without. Ward's famous example that the "lion's roar gathers the jackals and scatters the sheep" is worth pondering over. Environment may influence different people. Just as destiny, which acts, we are told, unseen from without, fails to explain the progress of man and the turn taken by his activities in the various spheres, so also the external environment acting from without cannot determine and shape his destiny.

Like Buckle, Auguste Comte applies his Positive method to society and thus penetrates the outer husk only, but fails to reach the kernel.

Thus we come to the last part of our subject in which we shall try to show that universal history has been shaped not by Destiny and Natural powers so much, as by the Collective Will and Intelligence of man throughout history. Before we take up this topic, let us first deal with the question of the Great Man or The Hero, to whom is given the sole credit of having accomplished the greatest events of the world.

Thomas Carlyle represents this opinion and upholds it in all his works. Carlyle says in the 'Past and Present,' "First get your Man; all is got; he can learn to do all things, from making boots, to decreeing judgments; governing communities; and will do them like a man." With what invective and ridicule he treats the hypocrite and the insincere is expressed in the following words of his, that follow immediately the former quotation. "Catch your No-man, alas, have you not caught the terriblest Tartar in the world. Perhaps all the terrible. For the mischief that one block-head does, no ciphering will sum up."

No one can under-rate the extraordinary influence exerted by the world's greatest men on History. But to call them the sole factors in progress is to make them unnatural. The great men have been no other than the concrete embodiments of the concentrated and boiled-down opinions of society. So, to place the great man as original and new, rather than the reflex of the ideas of society is an

exaggeration which, under the shell of Carlyle's fiery and prophetic style, appears as truth, something coming from the deepest recesses of nature's heart.

Whatever Carlyle's fondness for the Great Man may be, the truth remains that in the making of history the whole human race has lent her hands. The peasant, the artisan, the blacksmith, the citizen, the politician and the statesman—all have contributed their quota of intelligence in the construction of the grand edifice of human progress. The greatest victories have been won, not by the generals alone, but by the tremendous co-operative efforts of all the soldiers and citizens that have fought and helped in contests. If the nation is weak physically and is suffering from spiritual paralysis, no leadership in the world can help it to come with honour out of the severest trials which it is its lot to encounter. Modern Germany is not the product of the efforts of Bismark, Nietzsche, Bernhardt and the Kaiser alone, but of the whole German race. Again and again, in the history of nations, we meet with instances which bear testimony to the achievements of the Collective Intelligence and Collective Will of the people. The whole human history represents the grand evolution of the human intelligence. From a primitive and nebulous stage it has moved on to the most critical level, meeting with serious obstacles, both internal and external, in its arduous path.

It is most unhealthy to treat man as the Lockian *tabula rasa* which only registers the external stimuli, for that would make of man not a conscious

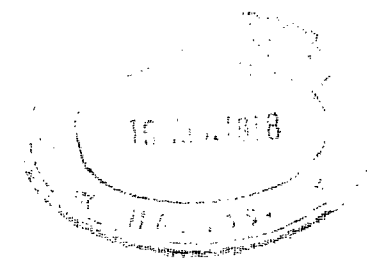
Bad Husbands

Bad husbands! What a monstrous breed they are! A most urgent step that the nation should take would be to institute an order of knight-errantry that could go about the country, putting down bad husbands and offering relief to the wronged wives. The evil, however, would seem to need a more preventive measure than that of such a knight-errantry. It ought to be provided for in the education of man. As has been observed by some of the greatest thinkers, the great pity about the systems of education prevailing among the nations up to now, is that they concern only the period of adolescence. Education is a thing that must be gone through at every stage, for a man to be able to bear its burdens properly. At any rate, how to be a good husband is a thing worth teaching to everybody. The thing about a bad husband is that there is no human and much less legal provision for a knight errant to set him right. The way in which a man treats his wife is allowed to be a matter, which can concern no body except himself. Yet the villainy of some husbands is so revolting to the moral sense of those that have occasion to observe it, that sometimes even at the risk of politeness or violating codes of etiquette, interference seems absolutely justified. I am reminded of a very blent but upright and valiant friend of mine, who once did what I should consider a very glorious deed in his life. He was living in a crowded city in a house of many tenants. One of his neighbours distinguished himself in the house by regularly

beating his wife every day for quite unjustifiable provocation, and doing it without any attempt to conceal it from others. One day, the plight of the wife became so piteous that my friend bidding farewell to all etiquette went forth to take the husband into his hands, and gave him sufficient proof of his own muscular strength to force him to promise to cease his public atrocities from then, on pain of himself being properly beaten. This assault added to the moral sense of the other inhabitants of the house, which however had not been expressed till then, and cured the husband to some extent. He was never afterwards known to have beaten his wife in the presence of others.

The sustaining food for the conduct of bad husbands is in many cases, in this country, the inspiration from various self-appointed domestic counsellors. The diabolical character of the sins practiced by these counsellors, who delight in injecting poison into the relations between husband and wife, seems to need to be painted in fresh colours, for the edification of man, woman and child in this country. Will no Dante arise in India to narrate vividly the details of the tortures in hell, awaiting those who carry wanton, wicked tales to husbands against their wives?

But why rave at the tell-tales, you would perhaps say. It is the stupidity of the husbands that feeds their trade by their credulous, unreasoning vacant minds. Yes, the truth is that there are numberless men in the world, who are so little developed in their mentality, and so incapable of understanding



Old Testament History.

III. The New Nation.

By an unfortunate error the name by which God was known in Israel was wrongly printed in the last paper on Old Testament History. I fear that the fault must be put down to the author's bad writing. This name, the holiest of all words ever spoken among the Hebrews, is Jahveh; it is better known to us in the form of Jehovah, which arose from a mistake. The name itself was so holy and awful to the Jews that in later times they never used it, except once a year, when the High priest entered the inmost shrine of the temple to make atonement for the sins of the people; he then called on God by the "ineffable name;" but the temple was destroyed at last and the right pronounciation of the name is now unknown. It was still written after it had ceased to be spoken, and we are told that the scribe would wash both his pen and himself each time, before venturing to set it on parchment.

The announcement of this name marks a turning point of the greatest importance in the history of Israel's thought, and we shall give one more paper to the subject before going on to the history of the people in their promised land. The story of the Exodus and of the revelation at Sinai was not written down or made into a book for many generations after that time; perhaps four hundred years of struggle and adventure had passed, and the Hebrews had gone through many stages of national growth and decay. In all that time the people had gradually

come to a clearer realisation of what the Exodus meant for them, they had realised its importance and for that very reason their imagination had played round it, building up a superstructure of legend; the flaming mountain, the audible voice, the laws written with the actual finger of God. These things were the means by which the nation expressed its sense of what had happened; its sense that during the wanderings in the desert it had entered into a new relation to God and undertaken a new duty towards him. It had realised itself in a new way, as not only the object of God's care, but as responsible for carrying out a certain part of his work. The desert wanderings may have seemed to those, who took part in them, to be only the ordinary travelling of a company of tribes looking for pasture for their cattle and water for themselves and paying an occasional visit to some holy place among the mountains, where it may be that they took part in some new ritual and were taught that the local god had taken them under his protection; these years of wandering ended with the determination of the national leaders to invade the fertile land of Canaan, and after a time the wanderers succeeded in enslaving most of the people who lived there, and establishing themselves in their place. But later generations looking back saw far more than this; they saw the wandering as a time of preparation for the future life to come; as a time of chastening, so that the service race of Egyptian borderers might die out, and a new generation of fighters and conquerors might grow up (Deuteronomy I. 35, 39); they also saw it as a

time when God kept his "chosen people" to himself and they were especially close to him (Deuteronomy I. 31; Hosea II. 1 to 4); and they realised that it had been not a mere chance that had brought them there, but the will and purpose of God.

But, if the nation did not realise what was happening to it, it seems that one man in it did realise, and that was Moses himself. For our eyes the figure of Moses is half hidden by the mists of legend, but what we can see is heroic and human. Moses is the lawgiver of his people; what laws he really gave we can hardly tell, for the books that are written in his name belong almost entirely to later times; but he certainly gave them a sense of law in itself; he gave them something which raised them from being bondsmen, living by the law of other people or from being a mere collection of wandering tribes living by traditional customs, to being something approaching to a nation, united and self-conscious.

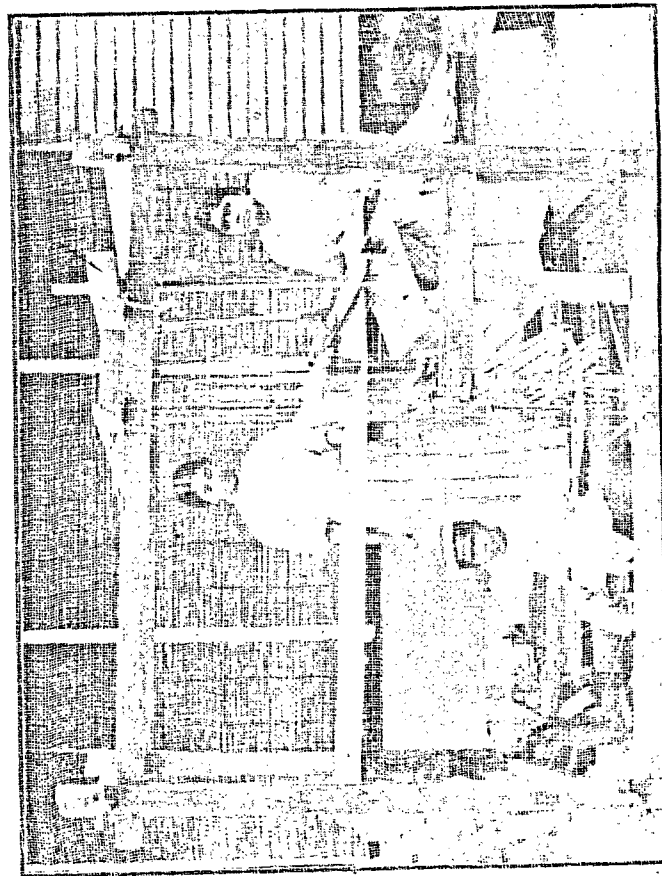
Again, he was a seer of visions. It was said of him that the Lord spoke to him face to face, as a man speaks to his friend (Exodus 33-11), and that his face shone after he had seen God (Ex 34-29). Such a man might well see visions for his people, that they could not at once see for themselves, and would only recognise as they were fulfilled. Again, he was a man who cared for his nation, and longed for certain things for himself. When the people sinned, he begged that, if they might not be forgiven, at least their punishment might fall on him: "Yet

now, if thou wilt forgive their sin—; and if not, blot me I pray thee out of thy book which thou hast written," (Exodus. 32-32); when he had brought the people to the border of the promised land he prayed earnestly that he might be allowed to lead them into it, and this was denied to him, either because of his own sin (Numbers 20-12), or because of theirs (Deuteronomy, 3-26). These stories may be legends; but legends like this must have been told of a man, who had some of the character described.

D. J. Stephen.



10 APR '08



A HOME INDUSTRY IN TRAVANCORE.

the meaning of matrimony, that their being blessed in it is the most violent wrong to this holiest institution of human existence. Bad husbands abound in all ranks of society, in the richest, the highest and the most educated. But imagine the type of the bad husband, which is directly the result of mental poverty. The uneducated man, touching the fringe of knowledge, how absolutely vain, bigoted, and incorrigible is he! He estimates himself so highly that he thinks his wife greatly inferior to himself. And the simple, foolish, parentless wife, what endless tortures she endures! The best of husbands may marry foolish women for their wives and still bestow the tenderest affection upon them and make their life in the home worth living; but how badly can the little men on earth behave towards the unfortunate creatures that become their wives! These petty men are like ignorant magistrates guided in their conduct towards their wives by the Police-law of the tales conveyed to them by fiendish domestic counsellors. They never dream that it is sacrilege to permit others to come between themselves and their chosen, sanctified, partners in life. In this connection, I am reminded of what an Englishman did, when a well-meaning Indian friend of his brought to his notice an unstamped letter received from him, suggesting that his servants must be prevented from practising dishonesty. The Englishman coolly took the suggested blame of the servant upon himself and paid the Indian gentleman the cost of receiving the unstamped letter. The Indian gentleman regretted ever afterwards his having presumed to set

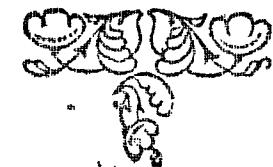
right the honesty of his friend's servants and never attempted it again.

If a man's sense of honour can be so keen as to repel the least suggestion against his servant, how much more should it be when his wife is reported against! And yet and yet—!

P. R. KRISHNASWAMY.

A HOME INDUSTRY FOR WOMEN.*

We publish here a picture of a home-loom industry started by a Travancore Nair Lady (Mrs. G. P. Pillai, wife of G. Padmanabha Pillai, District munsiff of the state) in aid of the war. Mrs. Pillai is seated at the loom with her son and is working at it. Her sister is helping her. The rugs, towels etc made out of the loom are being regularly supplied by her to the troops at the front. She also supplies home-made sweets and other articles to the wounded soldiers. Mr. H. L. Braidwood, The British Resident in Travancore and Cochin, and Mrs. Braidwood visited the industry on 23-1-18, saw Mrs. Pillai working at it and congratulated her on her noble and patriotic undertaking, the only one by a Nair Lady in Travancore.



THE KANYA
BRAHMACHARYA ASHRAM
(TUTTA.)

This institution, which has commanded the praise of the highest educational authorities of the province, which is looked upon by our leading citizens as a piece of genuine national work, has some claims on the attention of the readers of every high class Indian magazine. It has been praised by the Inspectress of Girls' Schools in Sind, and in its advance are interested many of the workers in the national cause. The institution owes its existence to a well-educated, liberal-minded and enthusiastic Tutta merchant. This gentleman is an Arya samajist by faith. His life has something of martyrdom in it. He is said to have patiently and bravely suffered the persecution of his father and caste-men on his conversion. His patience and the sweetness of his nature, however, soon changed his foes into friends and his enemies into admirers. This man, having on certain occasions seen that some girls of tender age indulged in dirty conversation and picked up habits that bespoke rudeness, disorderliness and want of a sense of service, decided to set up a residential school for girls. After visiting a number of institutions which educate girls, and after thinking over his plans for nearly a year, he with the help of a member of friends started the institution. Some of these on a slight offence deserted him, and withheld donations of over Rs. 5000. This great friend of female education, however, remained undaunted, and at a critical time with the help

of his brave wife, who sometimes fainted five to six times a day, on account of overwork, successfully conducted the institution for over a year, when better prospects appeared.

The school aims at making girls into brilliantly educated women, charmingly cautious mothers and deeply faithful wives. The girls are made to pass through a course of moral training. They are taught the habits of service, by attending upon their sick friends. Reverence for life and love for the lower creation is inculcated by making the girls give a part of their meals to some members of the animal kingdom. Reverence for God and aspiration after the spiritual life is developed through exercises in Sandhya; and love for the country is grown by means of suitable lessons in Indian history. In order to place the national ideals in a clear light before the girls, the study of Sanskrit is emphasised.

An unstimulating diet, a simple life of labour, a well-ordered programme of work, and cleanliness, which are markedly observable in the institution, help in raising the physique of the inmates of the Ashrama. The assistant surgeon of the station very kindly attends to the health of the inmates.

Provision is also made for intellectual training and for creating in the pupils a love for homely occupations. Drawing, embroidery work, cooking, sweeping, scrubbing and washing, all find a place in the programme of the ashrama.

Among the ordinary school subjects, almost everyone is taught here. The medium of instruction is the Arya

Women and Men.

Bhasha (Hindi) This is necessary, because the girls come from Gujrat, Kutch, the Punjab, the United provinces, Sindh and Rajasthan.

The staff is reputed to be efficient and reliable. An old retired gentleman, who has been connected with girls in schools the greater part of his life, is responsible for one part of the work. A Sanskrit pandit, a lady, who has obtained the degree of shastri, is responsible for Sanskrit study. The Lady superintendent is an elderly experienced widow from the Punjab. The sewing and embroidery work is in charge of another lady.

The controlling board, besides the manager, consists of two gentlemen of some learning, who are members of the education Department, one surgeon, some old retired government servants of high position and a number of respectable merchants from Tutta and elsewhere. Shri lala Devraj, the veteran worker in the Cause of female education in the Punjab, is the patron of the Ashramam, and some other experts from outside Sind have always taken interest in the progress of this small and well organized school.

The expenditure of the Ashrama is estimated at Rs. 4501, per month. The Government and the guardians of the pupils contribute Rs. 200 per mensem. The difference is made up by donations from philanthropic citizens of India.

The writer of this article knows little or nothing of Indian literature, and it is therefore not possible to quote from the treasures of Indian literature the opinions expressed by authors, or in plays and comedies, as though men and women were responsible for the opinions. Perhaps some lady or gentleman, who reads the "Indian Ladies' Magazine," will write on the subject. The trend of thought in Indian literature must be very different to that in English, but human nature is human nature everywhere, and men and women in all climes and in all times are essentially alike in character and in temperament; and it would be interesting to draw comparisons and to ascertain if anything important has been said by Indians of women and men. In writing of men and women authors, it is worth while noting what women have said about women and also about men.

An anonymous writer speaking of men gives them credit for a certain chivalrous reserve when making a generalization. "Men," the writer says, "are admirably consistent. In generalizing about women in every possible connection, men never particularize although they may have an illustration in proof of their assertion at their finger tips. Women, perhaps, are not so careful in this respect." A French writer says "men are the reason for women disliking one another,"—a rather cynical saying. George Elliot has written many fine things about men. Mrs Poyser, in *Adam Bede*, is her mouth-piece for the following, "Its you dead

chicks take the longest hatchin.' However I am not denying the women are foolish. God almighty made them so to match the men." In "Janet's Repentance," George Elliot writes:—"Depend upon it, whenever you see a man pretending to be better than his neighbours, that man has either some cunning end to serve, or his heart is rotten with spiritual pride." In a book entitled *Advice to a Lady*, I read the following, "Women like princes, find few friends". This is especially the case when a woman is possessed of great personal attractions. Men would like to be lovers, and if not allowed to be so, often turn into enemies. Lawrence Hope in a pathetic little poem, "The story of Lillivanti," in a concluding verse, says:—

"Till finding lovers, but no friend,
Nor any place to rest or hide, She
grew despairing at the end, Slipped
softly down a well and died." A lady author, writing about husbands, says:—"The husband is the only creature entirely selfish consisting mainly of a digestive apparatus and a rude mouth." Mr. Black writes in *Adventures of a phacton*, "Every wedding ring that is worn represents a man's impertinence and a woman's folly." A cynical opinion is that a man likes his wife to be just clever enough to comprehend his cleverness, and just stupid enough to admire it. Balzac, the great French author, referring to the differences that divide men and women after marriage, writes:—"In love, what a women takes for disgust is often simply a clear vision." Olive Schreirer, on husband and wife, remarks, "culture and equality to man in women destroys love; when men

and women are equals they will love no more. "Your highly cultivated women will not be lovable, and will not love." This is an opinion very difficult to receive as axiomatic, for there are many highly cultured women, who are most lovable and it is their culture that enables them to retain affection. Regarding women and intuitive perceptions, Sterne in a *Sentimental Journey* has it that, "a man, has seldom an offer of kindness to make to a woman, but she has a presentiment of it some minutes before." Mrs Crowly is of the opinion that "Not a woman breathing from fifteen to fifty, but would rather have a compliment to the tip of her ear, or the turn of her ankle, than a volume of praise of her intellect." A French lady author says of her sex:—"The wisest man is an innocent compared with the most simple woman." This opinion brings to mind the volatile Vivien and the Sage Merlin. The girl Vivien succeeds in wresting from Merlin the secret of a charm. Then crying, "I have made his glory mine," and shrieking out "O fool," the woman leapt down the forest, and the thickets closed behind her, and the forest echoed "fool." In Shakespeare are to be found many shrewd sayings on men and women. But they are too long for quotation mostly, and I prefer to cite an opinion of Mary Shaw, which contains much insight: "A man," she says, "must have some of the worst qualities of man to excite in women some of the best qualities of women." How true this is! Of many women it may be said, "as thy need so shall thy strength be."

Modern conditions are likely to alter,

in a very remarkable degree, the relationship between men and women. The days when Byron sang,—“Man's love is of man's life, a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence,” have passed away. Men and women are beginning to be “pals”—and much of the sentiment that was called love has deepened into esteem, comradeship and common sense. The light that never was on sea or shore has disappeared—apparently, for ever. Will Love ever return to gild the lives of men and maidens and make them dream dreams and behold visions of undying love for evermore? Who can say?

There are many witty aphorisms concerning men and women, a few of which are as follows. “Women give to men the very gold of their lives ...but they invariably want it back in such very small change.” “When a woman marries again, it is because she detested her first husband. When a man does so, it is because he adored his first wife. Women try their luck, men risk theirs.” “Women love us for our defects.”

R. L.



Current Comments.

The war is responsible for many astonishing changes, but in no direction has it been more potent than in determining the future of the weaker sex. Just previous to the war, the suffragists were clamouring for the vote, and were breaking windows, and committing all kinds of anti-social offences with the object of being sent to prison, and when they found themselves there, resorted to passive resistance by refusing food. Their sex, the high social status of some of the more rabid among them, public opinion against forcible feeding or violent measures, rendered the sisterhood a nuisance to Government, who were puzzled how to wage warfare against a set of one-ideal women, who by their irresponsible methods demonstrated that they were unfitted to be considered responsible creatures. The war ensued and the suffragists, from a patriotic sense of the fitness of things, ceased from troubling, devoted themselves to war work, with the women left at home to perform the duties of men. So magnificent has been the response of the women in England to obligations imposed on them by the necessities of the war, that it would be a scandal and a shame not to admit women to the equal rights of men merely on account of the difference of sex. The noble example set by thousands of women in war work, their devotion to duty, their steadfastness under trials of no ordinary kind, their business capacity and their staying power have exploded the fallacy that men are naturally superior to women in every relation of life. The moral

stamina of women is probably superior to that of men and the claim of the suffragists that women should be admitted to full citizenship is now generally admitted to be just. Mr. Asquith, once a stout opponent of women suffrage, sometime ago publicly recanted, and now other members of parliament in the Lords and Commons share his opinion and the proof is that lately the House of Lords accepted the bill to add six million women to the register of parliamentary voters. Of course, the House of Commons sometime ago expressed itself in favour of giving the women the vote; and now the House of Lords has felt itself constrained to support, instead of refuse a measure which it was manifestly impossible to deny. Public opinion in favour of women is now too strong to be disregarded. That women will exercise a strong influence on the legislature in many important matters goes without saying. In social amelioration, education and in the more human aspects of administration in the country, woman will greatly modify present day conditions. In this country, the war has not been felt, and the opportunities for women to replace men in occupations have not been open, but none the less there is a visible improvement in the outlook of women. They are beginning to take an interest and are working actively in several departments of public life, and the future of India in a great measure depends on the part that women will play in the years to come. The work already done contains a promise of much future activity for the benefit of the country.

It is most satisfactory that local government have stated their intention of introducing some changes with regard to the sale of arrack, changes which it is hoped, will act as deterrents to the drinking habit. The rates of excise duty are to be raised appreciably, and restrictions are to be placed on the discretionary powers of Collectors of Districts to open new shops or to close existing ones. The grant of occasional licenses are to be confined to the Collectors of Districts, the period of opening and closing liquor shops are to be rigorously enforced, the employment of women as vendors, excepting members of the renter's family, is prohibited, and among other changes relating to the strength of the country-spirit sold, the collector will be authorized to frame special conditions in granting licenses. These reforms will, in some degree, perhaps, check the consumption of country spirit. It is unfortunate that the sale of country spirit altogether, is not prohibited. In Canada and America and even in England, restrictions of a decided kind have been placed on the sale of intoxicating beverages. In Canada, 8 out of 9 provinces are dry; that is to say, the sale of liquors is illegal, the transport of liquor is forbidden, while the importation of liquor to any part of the country is also prohibited. In the unruled States, the Senate passed a resolution carried by 65 to 20, and in the House of Representatives 282 by 128, concerning an amendment of the constitution to be submitted to every state of the union. The amendment is as follows:—after one year from the ratification of this article, the manufacture, sale and trans-

portation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, and the exportation thereof from, the United States to all territories subject to the jurisdiction thereof for beverage purposes, is hereby prohibited.

Now the drink habit is more, for climatic and other reasons, a European than an Indian vice, and what is feasible in America and Canada is more easily feasible here. When once the drink habit is formed, drink becomes a craving and an absolute necessity, and it is an evil that affects the consumer in an injurious way and degrades him morally, lowers his intellectual powers, impairs his health and renders him oblivious to the claims of wife and family. The Indian Ladies' Magazine is naturally interested in this question as, after all, it is the women and children who suffer from the indulgence of the men. Fortunately Indian women are, except for a small minority of depraved women, free from the vice of drink, and they will hail with thankfulness any measure calculated to abolish the drink habit.



All-India Ladies' Association, Bhopal. Copy of Resolutions.

1. This Association invites the attention of the Government of India to the growing of the Education of women and requests:—

- (a) That the Government be pleased to grant more funds towards this object and spend money in equal proportion of men and women.
- (b) That the Government be pleased to instruct the Local Government to make special grants and help them from the Imperial revenue for the maintenance and progress of the education of women, in pursuance of the statesmanlike policy enunciated by His Excellency Lord Chelmsford in his speech to the Conference of the Directors of Public Instruction.

2. This Association is of opinion that a Model School and a well equipped College for women be established in each province of the country and a University for women be founded at a suitable and central place in India.

3. This Association requests the Government of India to be pleased to make provision for the course of studies suitable for the education of girls in the same manner as it has for the education of boys.

4. This Association gratefully acknowledges the great work done by the Government for the relief of the suffering of Indian women by providing means of medical aid and places on record its deep sense of gratitude to Lady Hardinge and Lady O'Dwyer for their noble participation in this cause and requests :—

- (a) That the Government be pleased to increase the number of Lady-doctors requisite with the needs of the country.
- (b) That the Government be pleased to establish Zenana Hospitals in all large villages with a sufficient number of population.
- (c) That the Government be pleased to appoint travelling lady-doctors in each district to render medical assistance to the women of the villages in that district.

5. This Association thanks the Government of India for the improvements initiated and effected in the administrative Hygiene of the country, and regards it the supreme duty of all individuals, family units and Societies in India to join the Government in the extension of the ways and means of Sanitation by provision of expert aid, mutual co-operation and personal participation.

6. This Association condemns the unnecessary and useless expenditure of money on the occasions of the Indian marriage ceremonies, and is of opinion that no other ceremonies than those enjoined by religion should be performed.

7. This Association deems it necessary that the attention of women of all classes be invited to the proper methods of domestic cleanliness and hygiene and the observance of the general rules of sanitation, and proposes that a special subscription be raised to print and publish tracts in the different languages of the country giving information on the subject.

8. This Association thinks it necessary for the progress and culture of Indian Society to promote and provide means for the social intercourse of the ladies of the different provinces, nationalities and religions of India amongst themselves and with English ladies.

9. This Association is of opinion that, for the progress of the education and the general advancement of women in India, the severity of the Purdah system, so far as compatible with the acknowledged utility and the social necessity of the system, should be diminished and modified and in case of Muslim women the rigour of the Purdah should not be taken beyond the limits enjoined by religion.

10. This Association recalls with pride the services of Vidya Sagar, Ram Mohan Roy, Justice Ranade and Mr Malabari in the cause of the amelioration of the position of women and places on record its sense of gratefulness to Her Highness the Ruler of Bhopal, Miss Turner and other leaders and societies of social reform in India, and appeals to all the peoples and nations of the country to combat in their homes and communities the evil custom of

early marriages of girls, and requests the press to co-operate with the public in the suppression of this injurious custom.

11. This Association is of opinion that in order to promote its objects it is necessary to publish a weekly paper or a monthly journal in English, Urdu and Hindi, giving the reports of all the Provincial Sub-Committees of the Association and all other useful information from the head quarters of the Association at Bhopal.

12. This Association is of opinion that for the encouragement and promotion of ladies' handicrafts it is necessary to extend the scope of the All-India Ladies' Exhibition every year or at least triennially in one of the capital cities of each of the provinces of India.

Memorandum

OF

THE INDIAN WOMEN'S EDUCATION ASSOCIATION.

This Association, by correspondence with friends in India, has been able to prepare a tentative list of the Societies, now existing in the various Provinces of India, which have for their object the promotion of the education of Indian girls and women.

Most of these Societies have been established to meet special and local requirements. But experience gained in the promotion of great causes shows

that co-operation in effort is essential for real progress; and it appears that the time has come to attempt such a combination of local activities in India. This will stimulate public interest, and favourably influence the educational policy of the Government.

Such a combination will promote the objects common to all the existing Societies. But it appears to this Association that progressive action must be subject to an essential condition, viz., that the project must be initiated and developed *in India, for India, by India.*

Looking to the wide distances in India, it appears that a scheme of combination can only be framed after ascertaining the wishes of existing Societies, and this can best be done by a small delegation or trusted representatives going round and establishing touch among local leaders. In such a proceeding, the managers of the Association would gladly take part, bringing to the common stock experience of the methods found efficacious in this country. Indeed, it was in contemplation to depute the Association's corresponding secretary to this duty. But under existing conditions this has not been found practicable, so action in this respect has had to be postponed. They would, however, earnestly ask their friends in India to take up the work of preparation.

The Indian Women's Education Association would take this opportunity to express the joyful appreciation with which it regards the endowment by the Maharaj-Kumar of Tikari of a college for Indian women. Lovers of human progress must feel deeply grateful to

the Mararaj-Kumar for so noble an example of what may be done, even in these evil times, towards repairing the devastations from which the world is now suffering.

NALINE H. BLAIR,

Corresponding Secretary.

News and Notes.

(SELECTED.)

The Madras Children Bill.

The Madras Children Bill will shortly be introduced into the Legislative Council to remedy defects in the law as it stands at present, which compels Magistrates to send boys and girls of tender years to jail, and also to provide for the protection and elevation of child life and of those who are beyond parental control and who wander about the streets liable at any moment to fall into the clutches of the law. In this Act "child" means a boy or girl under the age of 14 years and a "youthful person" means a child under the age of 16. The schools to be established, therefore, will be of two types, one for potential offenders and the other for actual offenders, who have been convicted according to law. The minimum period for which a child may be detained is 2 years. This period is far too short for any industrial training, but as it has been recognised in all civilised countries in the West that the home is the proper place for the child and that the evil effects of institutionalization must be avoided, a short period of training is to be

preferred, provided always that the home to which the child is taken is respectable, which is seldom the case. In the absence of a decent home, a foster home should be provided to ensure love and warmth and sunshine being instilled into bleak little lives. The majority of the children, however, will have to remain for their full time in school and their period of training should at least be 4 years for their physical, moral and mental growth. In no case should the deaf, the dumb and the epileptic be admitted to a certified school. An industrial school is an educational institution and the valuable plant provided for in these places should not be wasted on caring for defective delinquents for whom separate schools should be provided.

We are glad to see that juvenile courts are to be established in each district, where the particulars of each boy or girl may be enquired into thoroughly and with sympathy. We do not consider it, however, good for the child or in the interest of the country to require that a child be "prosecuted" or "convicted" for admission to a Reformatory.

These courts will be aided by a system of Probation officers, who should be responsible for the children after a case has been lodged against them and also after they are discharged from school. Pending a hearing, a child should be confined in a detention home and not in the Police station. It is well laid down in the Bill that it shall be within the power of the Court to make an order upon the parent to contribute to its support such sum as the Court may determine. There are a

number of parents who would be glad to send their incorrigible children to certified schools. One important provision of the Act is for the better protection of neglected and dependent children, by which a court will have power to deal with children who have not been convicted and who can be removed from immoral and dishonest surroundings, who are found begging in the street or associating with a thief. We would recommend that societies for the prevention of cruelty to children should be authorised, wherever the statutes relating to children are violated, to bring such violation to the attention of the Court. The object and purpose of such societies should be to see that the laws relating to children are rigidly and in good faith enforced.

It will thus be seen that the Children's Bill, when it is passed, will give the Government the necessary machinery for carrying out much needed reforms for the amelioration of the condition of children in this Presidency.

THE S. P. C. MADRAS.

FOUNDATION OF A HOME.

Their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Pentland assisted at the laying of the foundation stone of a Home for the Madras Society for the Protection of Children, on the Tiruvottiyur High Road Madras, in the presence of a large gathering.

Their Excellencies were, on arrival, received by Mr. C. G. Spencer, the President, and members of the Committee, and conducted to a pandal erected on the site of the new home, and, before the commencement of the

proceedings, a photograph of Their Excellencies in the company of the office-bearers of the Society was taken. On Their Excellencies taking their seats on the dais, the children in the home of the Society sang the National Anthem in Tamil.

A STATEMENT.

The President then, in requesting His Excellency formally to lay the foundation stone, made the following speech:

"As we may all see, this is not a bad site. It is close to a main road and it has the great advantage of being in close proximity to the scene of the Society's principal activities, as it is from the slums of the city that waifs and strays are principally rescued. The Government decision was reached in January, 1915, and upon receiving the Government Order the Committee immediately took steps to have plans of the proposed buildings prepared. With the kind help of Mr. J. E. Hensman, plans and estimates were prepared for (1) a boys' home with accommodation for 24 boys, (2) a girls' home with accommodation for 12 girls, (3) a Superintendent's quarters, (4) an outhouse, (5) a hospital, (6) a workshop, and (7) a laundry. The total estimated cost was about Rs. 50,000. These plans and estimates were revised by the Chief Engineer to Government, who recommended that the plans should be re-sketches by a competent architect. Thereupon, the late Mr. E. M. Thomas, Government Architect, was approached and he very kindly undertook to revise the estimates and resketch the plans free of all charges. On Mr.

Thomas' lamented death the plans and estimates, being in a not quite finished condition, Mr. Jackson, the Acting Government Architect, kindly completed the task. Revised estimates for Rs. 35,840 were thus obtained and submitted to Government, excluding the estimate for the girls' home and the workshops. Government did not approve of the omission of these two buildings, which brought up the estimate to Rs. 49,200, but they finally approved the estimates, omitting the compound wall, which "with this omission" came to a total of Rs. 37,170. Towards this expense the Government were pleased to sanction a generous grant of Rs. 15,170. Dr. Varadappa Naidu's original donation to the Society of Rs. 30,000 in Government Promissory Notes was divided at the donor's wish into two funds, one of Rs. 20,000 for building funds and one of Rs. 10,000 for repairs and maintenance of the institution. Owing to the fall in the value of Government paper, these Rs 20,000 are not worth to-day anything like as much as they were then, but with the addition of the Rs. 15,000 granted by Government we have sufficient funds to enable us to erect all the buildings we require, except the compound wall and the laundry. In view of the fact, that the children who are rescued and placed in this Home do not easily abandon their truant habits, and of the not very sanitary condition of some of our neighbours' premises, a compound wall will be a very necessary adjunct to the buildings when completed. The Committee are therefore in hopes that before these buildings are completed sufficient funds may be raised through

the generosity of some of the well-wishers of this Society, wherewith the much needed wall may be erected. This institution is eminently one which commends itself to the sympathy of gentlemen possessing means which they can spend on works of charity, and the Society will be pleased to commemorate the names of those who become donors on a large scale, by naming portions of the buildings after them, by which means some of the funds which are now to be employed on the erection of buildings may be diverted to the erection of a compound wall. With these words, I invite His Excellency to be good enough to lay the foundation stone of the Society's Home."

An Indian Lady's Reminiscences of English Life. Shrimati Sushila Devi has sent us a copy of a lecture which she delivered at Quetta, the subject being her reminiscences of English life. Mr. Roshan Lal writes a foreword in the course of which he briefly describes the many useful services which Shrimati Sushila Devi has rendered to the cause of women's education and enlightenment. Her impressions of English life are of the happiest. We are inclined to think that this is due to the fact that she was fortunate enough to fall in at the outset of her life in the British Isles with Professor Dowden, the Shakespearian scholar, and his wife, whose cordiality prepared her to look out for the best in English character and society. "In the shifting scenes," says Shrimati Sushila Devi, speaking of her first days in Dublin, "no figure" stands out so prominently

as that of Prof. Dowden, an authority on Shakespeare and other poets. When in the course of conversation, as we sat around his hearth, my brother explained to him that I would have to live in seclusion because his heavy course of studies would prevent him from joining social gatherings, Mrs. Dowden cheerfully broke in, 'What! the brown-eyed maiden cooped up—shut up—in this Isle—Emerald Isle of ours? Not so! My Essie (meaning her daughter) goes under one wing of my arm and the other will enfold the daughter of the sun. Is it not so?' enquired she, clasping my cold fingers in her warm hand which thrilled my young heart. In that subtle contact of motherly care and affection, who could remember being desolate in 'distant lands' where 'skies are gray?' After such an introduction, who could have eyes for anything but the gracious features of the British character? Not a daughter of the sun!

"THE LADIES OF THE CELLAR-HOUSE."

Lieutenant-Colonel A. A. Irvine, Ambala City, Punjab, writes:—

Will you very kindly allow me space for this letter on behalf of the "Cellar House" Fund? No doubt, many of your readers have read the book entitled "The Cellar-House of Peruvyse"; and have seen in some of the illustrated papers the portraits of those two brave women who went out to help at the beginning of the war—Mrs. Knocker (now the Baroness Harold de T'Serclaes) and Miss Mairi Chisholm. They are still at their posts and this

is what one writer has written about them:—

"Of all the splendid stories brought forth by the war, there is none that catches the imagination more than this, that two girls should have been up at the front, actually in the firing line, the whole time since the beginning of the war, tending the soldiers not only in the way of dressing their wounds, but by taking hot soup and cocoa into the trenches and even to the very outposts.

There they have lived for the most part in a tiny cellar, shelled again and again, not taking off their clothes for weeks on end, eating what they could get, and thankful for the rough rations of the men. Then, when the cellar was swamped out, they moved to another tumbledown cottage, only to be shelled out twice more.

King Albert himself has bestowed on them the Order of Leopold II; they are now Chevalliers, and entitled to have the soldiers present arms to them." The writer of this present appeal for contributions—however small they may be, they will be gratefully acknowledged—has just received the following letter from Madame de T'Serclaes, with her permission to publish it:—

"We hold a very curious and unique position out here, and it is hard to make people fully understand how we are placed. They imagine a big hospital, with lots of nurses and doctors, and every opportunity for us to go home to England if we choose and beg for money. People will give money if they see us personally; but they don't realise that it is impossible

for us to get away—and that is why our work has always been hampered. We are just two—Miss Chisholm and myself—and we live in a dug-out of concrete, with mica windows, and sand-bags all round us. We are only a few yards behind the front-line trenches; and our work is to help the soldiers. We are working as much for the British Tommy as for the Belgians now—so all gifts go to help our own men. I am going to try and explain what to help the soldiers means: Being only two, it is impossible to be on duty eight hours, and off duty the rest. We are on duty day and night—and have been for over three years. We do everything ourselves—looking after the sick, the wounded, and the dying. It is a very sad work we carry on. Few can realise fully what an advanced dressing-station can mean. It is a valuable position to hold, because, if you are on the spot, you can save much suffering from long exposure, as the man can be brought in at once. In this way one is the means of often saving a life. We care for the sick as well; and have two camp-beds in the dug-out where men can have a rest, which often is the means of saving them from a bad illness, or from serious shell-shock. I had a sick British Tommy in the other day, and I sat him down in front of the fire. He was wet through, sick, and miserable; and I made him take his boots and socks off and propped him up with cushions; and he said to me:—'Sister, I wonder if you know what it means to me to sit in front of this fire and be cared for? I haven't felt like this since I left home.' It is wonderful

when you realise what they have to go through, how cheerful and plucky they are, and how splendidly they suffer, and how willingly they give up their lives to their country. Ours is a work which can never stop—and it is only possible for us to take our official leave when a doctor is put on duty in our place. We know that as long as this war goes on we must help the soldier. We cannot say:—'If I go another, Sister will take my place.' This is, unfortunately, not permitted—we are too far in advance to permit of another woman joining us: therefore, we must carry on, just the two of us. We have three ambulance cars, which cost a good deal to keep up, and money is needed for this, as good tyres and cars in excellent order are essential, when there are wounded to be fetched on a shelled road. You must feel certain that there will be no break down of any sort where there is a precious load of wounded. Perhaps the question will be asked:—'If the dressing-station is recognised, why don't they get spare parts and tyres, etc., for the Government?' That is true; we could get them, but we should be surrounded by yards of Red Tape; and our cars would only be able to move when they were permitted. Having the cars as my own, so to speak, I can command them as I like. I can send them where I like and when I choose; and, although I am often told it is madness to go along a shelled road to get a wounded man—that he is probably safer where he is—well, he might possibly be, but I know he's lonely and suffering; and the chances of a shell hitting a fast car are small; and I have always trusted to luck;

and the wounded are too thankful to see something coming along to take them out of the danger zone. It may interest you to know that we have lately been given the British Military Medal for tending wounded on the field. I tell you this (please don't think it's 'swank') because it will make people realise that we could not get this, unless we were helping the British Tommy; therefore, all subscriptions go to help our own countrymen as well as the Belgian soldiers. England has been given an unfair idea of the Belgian soldier. The real little soldier who has tramped through the mud and faced the enemy for three years is really splendid."

The present writer trusts that the above extracts from Madame de T' Serclaes' letter may bring in a little grist to this very splendid mill. Also, that those who have not yet read "The Cellar-House of Pervyse", will buy copies of the book, since the purchase of a copy helps the fund.

Contributions, however small, may be sent to him.

Acknowledgments from September 1917 to February 1918.

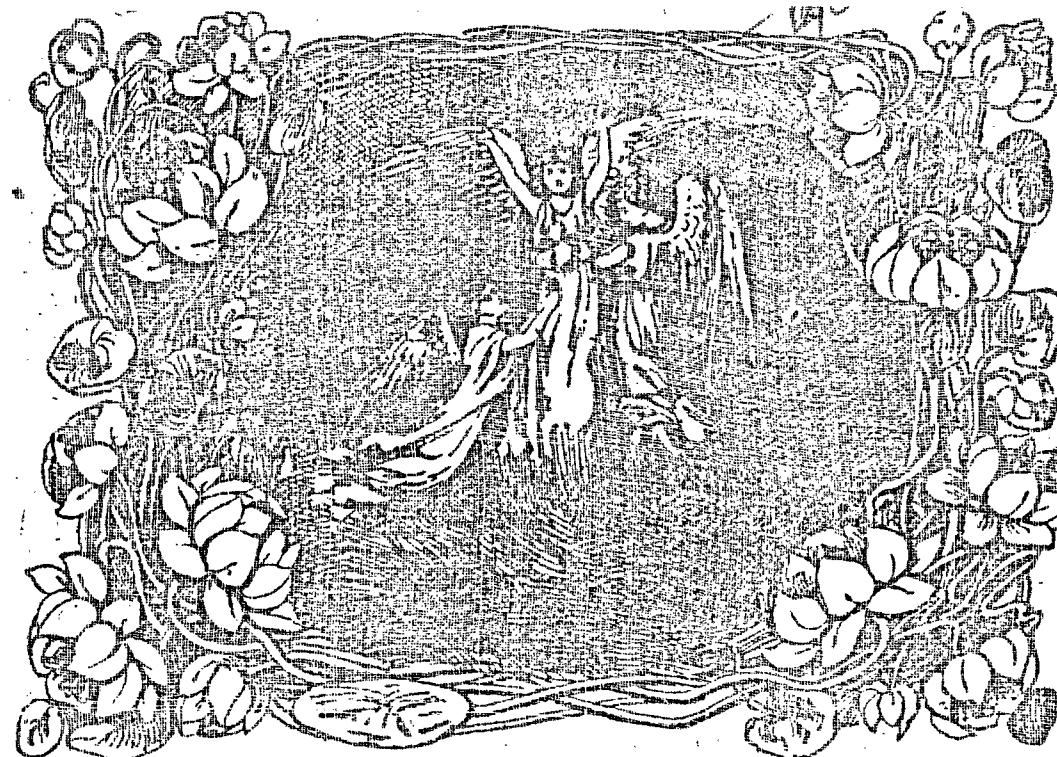
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THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

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[No. 9.]

The deserted house.

"Life and thought have gone away
Side by side,
Leaving door and windows wide:
Careless tenants they!

All within is dark as night
In the windows is no light;
And no murmur at the door,
So frequent on its hinge before.
Close the door, the shutters close,
Or thro' the windows we shall see
The nakedness and vacancy
Of the dark deserted house.

Come away: no more of mirth
Is here or merry-making sound.
The house was builded of the earth,
And shall fall again to ground.

Come away: for Life and Thought
Here no longer dwell;
But in a city glorious—

A great and distant city—have bought
A mansion incorruptible.
Would they could have stayed with us!"

the mattresses, are placed about for convenience; often being used across the knees for the elbows to rest upon, and so relieve the backs as one sits cross-legged. Nothing else is placed upon the floor, but candlesticks and dining tables, and these only when in use.

Turkish houses are exceedingly picturesque. They are seldom more than two storeys high, have many irregular projections, and the overhanging roofs extend considerably beyond the walls. They are usually built of wood, and are painted white, stone colour, or pale yellow. The interior, however, is singularly bare of furniture. One of the two rooms, which the peasant's house contains, is reserved for the male, and the other for the female members of the family. Bedsteads are unknown; so also are mattresses. All along one side of each room, there often extends a portion of the floor raised about nine inches, and fixed thereupon is a covering stuffed with cotton wool. This is the divan. It serves as a sofa by day and a bed by night. Chairs are rarely seen in the house of a peasant, but a small stool or "scanni," about a foot high, is invariable to be found.

S. JACKSON COLEMAN.

The Yerukulas of the Krishna District.

(AN ABORIGINAL RACE, ABOUT WHOM LITTLE IS KNOWN)

The Yerukulas of the Telugu Country are undoubtedly a Dravidian race. They do not belong to the Kolarian or Tibeto-Burman family. They believe that they are the descendants of Vali, a hero of the Ramayana. The forefathers of those that are now residing at Masulipatam appear to have immigrated thither from Seringapatam, about the beginning of the nineteenth century.

"In the Social scale, the Yerukulas and the Dommaras are inferior to the Lombadies and the Wudders". While a Komati and a Sudra suffer pollution at the approach of a Mala (a low-caste man) or a Madiga, (chuckler), the approach of a Yerukula is not objectionable to them; but the scrupulously clean Brahmin stands at a distance of a yard or two from him, because of his pig-breeding and for no other reason. The drinking vessel touched by a Yerukula can be washed and used by the Brahmins, the Komatis, and the Sudras without any scruple; and he draws water out of their well with much freedom.

The Yerukulas use Telugu in speaking with the Telugu people, and among themselves, their own dialect, which is allied to Tamil and intermixed with Canarese and Telugu. They talk a secret language about matters relating to themselves. The Yerukula pronouns resemble Tamil and Canarese pronouns. The negative *illa* and *alla*, are Tamil and

Canarese words. The case terminations are pure Telugu case endings, except *Keive*, *Kovi*, and *Mudu*, which are either pure Yerukula terminations or corruptions of Canarese endings.

Money is counted by drawing lines on the ground or with the help of a number of stones, where each line or stone means some definite amount; or by the number of knots on a string, making each knot stand for some money or days of the week or a month or a year, as the case may be. They have the same names as the Telugus have for their weights and measures; e. g. Sola, and Manika = four solas).

They determine the hour of the day by the position of the sun in the heavens.

They have no music peculiarly characteristic of the tribe to which they belong, and it necessarily follows, that they do not possess any special tribal musical instruments, which might afford much interest to an archeologist.

The superstitious Yerukula attributes Cholera and Smallpox, to a cruel deity presiding over his destiny. He drinks toddy to pick up courage in the Cholera Season; and when it leaves his hamlet he offers *pūja*. Very often he attributes a disease to the influence of some devil, which he appeases in many ways.

For centuries, the Yerukula was a bird of passage, seen ever on the wing; and though his life is more or less settled now, he frequently goes about from place to place in search of work. While engaged in travelling, the male carries, among other things, a flint stone and dried sticks to make

fire, and a bottle-gourd to carry water. The female takes with her a small hamper of palmyra veins (called *putlu* in the Yerukula dialect) containing cowries arranged in rows, at the centre of which a stone image of their Goddess Kollāpūremma is kept, with a piece of looking glass over it and this image is considered very indispensable.

Now some of the Yerukulas have fixed occupations and have acquired houses and other landed property in towns and villages. Those living to the north of the Krishna river adopt a settled life; while those to the south of it are much given to a wandering life in the vicinity of their hamlets.

The customs of the Yerukulas are interesting. When a Yerukula woman visits another Yerukula woman, the latter meets her halfway, takes her right hand, gives her water to wash her feet, offers a low stool to sit on, and talks with her. When a daughter returns to her mother after a long time, the latter embraces and kisses her, cracks her fingers on her own head, gives water to wash her hands and feet, places a low stool to sit on, gives her food to eat, and engages her in some homely conversation. If a superior person visits a Yerukula man, the latter goes half way and receives him with open arms; but not so in the case of an inferior, who is received at the entrance door. But in both cases, it is the time-honoured custom for the host to take the guest to the tavern to regale him with pork and *toddy*.

When a polluted house has to be re-occupied, the blood of a pig and a solution of turmeric and saffron are sprinkled in the four corners, on the

ceiling, on the doorposts and on the threshold of the interior of the house, as the Hebrews used to sprinkle the blood of a lamb on the lintel of the doorway to avert disease and danger.

The Yerukula holds the flesh of birds and of pigs in high esteem; as also that of the iguana, which he catches with slings and dry prawns. The Yerukula thinks that the head of the iguana, when eaten, makes him proof against the sting of the scorpion. Meat and pork are eaten at all times, except during the interval between the start for a pilgrimage to Tirupati and the return from it.

No other caste or tribe in India is so much given to the debasing habit of drink as the Yerukulas. The toddy shop is their rendezvous. The Yerukula woman is precluded from publicly going to the tavern, yet she manages to go there on her way to the market or in the absence of her husband from the house. The children naturally follow the example of the father. The Yerukulas prefer the juice of the date palm, as they say it makes them strong, wiry and healthy.

The male Yerukula shaves but a little hair above his forehead, leaving a cluster behind, which is tied up into a knot. Refined and costly dress, in some cases, has taken the place of the old sheet, the rug and the jacket, owing to the altered conditions of life in which he now finds himself. He throws a bit of cotton thread at the moon, and salutes it to get a new cloth. Some Yerukula young men follow the example of the Sūdras, and wear the undercloth instead of the *gōchi* (clout), which is invariably two

cubits long and a span broad. Formerly every Yerukula, high or low, rich or poor, had of necessity to wear the clout and put on the turban and the sheet as the characteristic dress of the community, the violation of which exposed him to excommunication and interdiction from fire and water. Another distinguishing feature, which singularly marks him out from the rest of humanity is the possession of a tall and substantial bamboo stick, so indispensable to him in the performance of his daily round of duties. Time was when the wealthiest Yerukula wore white clothes, and widows had no bodice but wore plain cloths; but now the trend of their fashion is in favour of the adoption of foreign prints and fabrics of striking colours, upon which much money is spent by them. Formerly a Yerukula woman could easily be singled out from the women of other castes by her coarse cloth of broad-coloured stripes at the edges; just as her partner was distinguishable from others by the tall bamboo stick, the red *gōchi* and the large head-dress. It is now admitted on all hands that it is much easier to distinguish a male Yerukula than a female, who dresses and adorns herself like a typical Sudra woman. The Yerukulas are strictly prohibited from wearing the sacred thread, which even the Kamsālis, the Balijis, and the Woddies have the privilege to wear.

The lower down we go in the social scale, the more pronounced is the feeling for personal adornment, especially by means of paints, tattoo-marks, and jewels. The neck of the Yerukula woman is adorned, among

other things, with rosaries of beads, of shell and the seeds of the sacred Basil. The hands have bracelets and black shellac bangles. The toes as well as the waist are also adorned.

Intermarriages in the same *gōtram* are not permitted. Men of a lower *gōtram* find difficulty in getting wives from a higher *gōtram*; while at the same time there is no difficulty in procuring husbands for the girls of the upper *gōtrams*. A man can marry two sisters at the same time, and is also allowed to marry the deceased wife's sister.

If a virtuous girl desires to be a lifelong maid, she is wedded to a Yerukula knife or a spear with all the usual formalities of marriage, including *Kankandlu* (wrist threads), *Bhāshikalū* (string with a folded mango leaf for the forehead) and *Tarambarālu* (parched paddy to be showered on the head. Such girls are not dedicated to temples as among certain castes; and when they die, they are carried on two poles to the crematorium, which is the usual form.

Formerly, the Yerukulas selected a pig and a stick adorned with turmeric, saffron and wrist threads &c., as a preliminary act in the marriage ceremony; and three times they saluted the sun and killed the pig at the bidding of the bridegroom. The bridegroom had the stick in his hand throughout the wedding festivities as an inseparable companion. The bride was always given a knife, a hamper, a female pig, and some rice, to take to her husband's house. In former days, the community was small, and brides were scarce and therefore the men married rather late

in life, after undergoing many difficulties; as their proverb says, they had to wear out seven pairs of shoes before getting married.

As among the Koravars of the Tamil country, when a daughter is married to a young Yerukula, the latter has to give a *vōli* (dowry) to her father and promise that he will present her first two daughters to him. The father of the bride also receives what is called now-a-days *Kēdanerugu* (ass-fee), the ass that was formerly given being commuted now into a money payment. Whatever might be the form of the marriage contracted, the *vōli* must, of necessity, be paid in full to the party concerned.

In former times, the *tali* (marriage badge) adopted by the rich and the poor alike, consisted of a yellow cotton string and a piece of turmeric or a rosary of black beads—a custom similar to that which prevails among the Reddis, the Motati-kapus and the Koravas. But now the contagion of Sudra example has made them replace it by a yellow string and a gold piece. As among the Kurubas and the Konda Doras, it is the Beri-menasu (headman) who holds the *tali* in his hand to be blessed by the married Yerukula women, who, like the Pallan women of Coimbatore, press it against their eyes, and give it back to him to tie it round the neck of the bride in the midst of a shower of blessings from the bystanders, who bless thus—"Māy you acquire pigs, asses and wealth, and be happy and prosperous!"

It is interesting to note that the married women stand at the threshold, flatly refusing admittance to the

married couple, and persistently asking the bridegroom and the bride to tell their names three times. Next it is the turn for the sister of the bridegroom to prevent the couple from crossing the threshold, unless they promise to give their daughter in marriage to her son.

In ancient times, the Yerukula bridegroom used to have in his hands, during the first three days of the marriage, a dagger decorated with turmeric, rouge, wrist-threads and a handkerchief, as the custom is among the Gadabas, the Woddies and the Toreyas. This indicates the military spirit of the Yerukulas in by-gone days.

After the marriage knot is tied, the Yerukula couple enter the house to partake of the food out of the same dish, as is the custom also among the Irulas. The bridegroom's sister gives some curry and rice to the bride to be passed on to her brother, who returns it to her three times. The bride distributes some of the food to her own and her husband's sister. The same thing is done by the bridegroom in his turn, while declaring his unflinching fidelity to his wife, and strong attachment to his and her people.

Then songs are sung; and the brides sprinkle saffron water on each other.

Immediately after the wedding, the Yerukula bride takes to her husband's house, among other things, collyrium, a mirror, a comb and a feeding bottle, indicative of good luck and prosperity in her new home.

On reaching the new home, it is customary for an old woman to pass

some coloured rice over the couple to avert the effects of *Pelli-kudu* (marriage evil) so harmful to the children yet to be born. Then the bridegroom first steps into the house with his left foot forward, followed by his bride, who enters it putting her right foot first—thereby signifying the priority of right the bride has in her new home.

As is the custom among the Woddies and the Idaiyans, the Yerukula *Berti-menasu* then throws two silver and two copper rings into a waterpot, and asks them to take them out three times. If the bride takes out the silver rings, they believe that she will have female children; if copper rings, male children.

With a view to beget children, the superstitious Yerukula woman eats the hair of a new-born baby, as also its umbilical cord; wears a *Panta-Katredusari*, a kind of cloth having white, black and red stripes; offers rice, dhall, cocoanuts and frankincense to the deity presiding over her.

A Yerukula woman, who has had a child, ties the left shoe and the *Kala-banda* (the Barbados aloe) to the doorway for four months. She keeps a cane, a broom, a knife, and the right shoe under the pillow. She burns the husk of paddy, ass dung, pig dung, and ox's bones before the house for some seven days before and after child-birth. And she fumigates the room with hot asafoetida, Indian Bdellium and the resin of *Boswellia glabra* twice a day with the object of removing devils from the room of confinement.

If parents are singularly unfortunate in losing their children one after another for a time, they bathe the next

new-born child over a small pit, in front of the cottage on the seventh or the ninth day, if the deceased children had been bathed on the third or the fifth day. They turn the baby over a rubbish heap, and give it such opprobrious names as *Pentayya* (rubbish,) or *Tippa* (stone) or *Timman* (monkey). They beg for old rags from door to door for its bedding; and also alms to make its nose-rings with. They christen the baby with the name of a deity, such as *Mopidevi Subbarayudu* and *Kalleppalli Nagayya*. They do not crop or shave the head of the baby till its presentation at the temple at *Srikakulam* near *Challapalli* in the *Kistna District*; where they offer money and the tongue and hood of a serpent made of silver.

The death of the maternal uncle is gravely apprehended, if a baby is born with a caul round its neck, (over the left shoulder and under the right arm), to avert which evil, a cock or a pig is killed, and its intestine is placed over the baby in exactly the same way, for the uncle to cut with his own hand. If, on the other hand, the caul falls over the right shoulder and under the left arm, it is considered calamitous to the parents, unless the same ceremony is completely gone through.

Similarly the early appearance of two teeth in the upper jaw involves the maternal uncle in complete ruin; and it is popularly known as *Menamama-kidu* (injury to the maternal uncle). A large shallow dish containing gingelly oil and a lighted wick is taken and put over a large mortar beside the baby. The uncle sees the reflection of its face in the oil from behind, waves a cocoanut over the

baby, and breaks it, to avert any impending danger to himself.

Only a few Tatta Butta Yerukulas follow agriculture; and it is largely pursued at Cherala, Narsapur, Akidu, Palakollu and Veeraswaram, where rice, millet, gingelly, horsegram, are chiefly grown. When the first sod is to be broken by the plough, on the advice of the Brahmin *Purohit*, the agriculturist bathes, puts his caste mark on it, and ties a branch of the *Ravi-chettu* (*Ficus religiosa*) to it, for the god to bless his farm with a rich crop.

From time immemorial, the Tatta Butta Yerukulas have, as a class, followed the occupation of basket-making as a means of livelihood, and naturally they have become adepts in making hampers, scales, strainers, winnows &c. Summer is favourable to the cutting down and the drying up of the material of the wild date palm, while the winter season is extremely congenial to the making of baskets and selling them in towns and villages during marriages and the harvest season. Thus the Yerukulas are in the full swing of their work from *Sankuratri* (December to March). When they have no sufficient work of this kind on hand, they do cooly work in fields. But they dislike work in factories, road making, and menial service, even when driven to the verge of starvation.

Of all the domestic pets, the pig alone has won their warmest affection and assiduous care during all these ages.

Chucklers make shoes and harness with the leather of the swine. The Yerukulas do not employ balances to

weigh pork, but weigh it in the hand and dole it out. The pig oil is considered as an antidote to spavin and murrain of cattle. It is good for healing the bruises on the necks of bulls newly broken in. It is useful for making sweets and curries. It is efficacious for leprosy when taken with camphor. It is good for persons subject to fits or who are bitten by rabid animals, when a prescription consisting of pig oil, pepper, garlic, the juice of the white Vempali (purple *Galega*) and the black Vempali plants, is administered.

The Yerukulas are bird-catchers. They also hunt down the wild boar, the sambar deer, the bison, the gayal, the gazelle, the leopard, the porcupine, the bear and the tiger &c. The tiger is shot down when it quenches its thirst near a pond. The *hilsa* and the *resica* are caught with slings. Ducks are driven along to places, where nets are laid for them to be caught. The epigrine falcon, the hawk and the *myna* are caught with the glue of the *ravi-chettu* (*Ficus religiosa*) boiled in water and rendered soft by oil in an oxhorn. The hawk is caught by means of two glued sticks, (in the form of a cross) whose ends are tied together by a string, from which hangs the *hilsa* as its bait; and it fetches phenomenal prices in the markets of Hyderabad and Gölconda, if its plumage is either deep red or black. The partridge is caught in bushes with a fine set of slings. The unfledged parrot is captured by means of a long glued stick—the glue of the glomerus fig tree being used for this purpose.

No doubt the Yerukula gets much money from all these sources, but in

the majority of cases, we find, the wife that caters for the want of the poor family, and it is the husband that wastes all his income in drink, and quarrels with his wife and boot.

In former days, the ignorant and conservative Yerukula woman carried *Sarapa-kāya-sanchi* (a kind of bag), which contained curative drugs, a cane, a lamp, some rice in a winnow, a copper coin, and a *Kaviti* (a rosary of cowries) to invoke the aid of the goddesses Kollāpūremma, Kanaka Durgamma, and Peramma in telling fortunes. Next, she struck the rosary on the spine of the patient, tied an amulet of roots to the neck, and finally passed a black hen over the sick person, to avert all possible danger.

When a date thorn runs into his foot, the resourceful Yerukula pulls it out with his *malle-mullu* (a kind of implement), and applies the milk of the *Dushtapakn-chettu* (*Odina Wodier*) and copper sulphate to the affected part. He allays the pain on the knee, the elbow, the navel, and the spine, by burning the affected part either with a slender red-hot wire or a round and hollow piece of iron with a ledge around it. Persons suffering from jaundice and swelling are cured after fumigation, by a rosary of roots tied to a string of white, black and red threads, which is put round the neck of the patient on three successive Sundays. Children suffering from a stubborn cough are cured by a necklace, made up of the fibre of *Korinta-chettu* (*Acacia intsia*, Willd.) and of the fruit of the *Ganuga chettu* (*Galedupa indica*R). The Yerukulas, as a class, have a deep-rooted

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