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INDIAN LADIES MAGAZINE

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rejudice against English medicines, and a great liking for native drugs and potions. Headache is cured by using soap-nuts, (*Sapindus detergens*); and if it is severe, the juice of the Gigantic yellow Wort (*Asclepias gigantea*) is applied to the temples of the patient. The antidote to ear-ache consists of a mixture of the juice of *Cleome pentapetala*, garlic, the cuttle-bone and the powder of cowries; but if severe, a little arrack is poured into the ear, and even the tail of a dead cobra is passed into it as the last resort! When one bleeds from the nose, a piece of cloth soaked with the blood, is put into an ear; sometimes, if the bleeding is severe, they kill a pig, and smear its snout with clotting, and eat it on the next day. Asthmatics find great relief in drinking the milk of the ass or eating the liver of the rabbit. When diarrhoea is severe, arrack and pork are freely indulged in; or the blood of the swine is cooked and eaten. They eat the fat of the pig and drink toddy to stop dysentery. Ague is mitigated by rubbing the juice of the leaf of *Nalla-Ummetta* (black Thorn tree, *Datura fastuosa*) or that of the *Ugimandulapichettu* (Blistering *Amorimia* or *Amorimia baccifera*), on the forehead of the patient, who is also given pills made of cinnabar, pepper and the leaves of *Gunt-gar-aku-chettu* (*Eclipta verticillata prostrata*), which should be taken with buttermilk, three times a day. Pig oil is freely used to cure gonorrhoea, leprosy, pneumonia and milderpest.

A few of the Talia Batta Yerukulas resort to acts of burglary, dacoity and murder. They secrete their ill-gotten

wealth inside the bamboo logs of their cots, whose ends are well-stuffed with pads of cotton, and are covered all over with a thick layer of cow-dung; within the stitched-up borders of the date mats of their huts; in the middle of small bags, hidden under heaps of paddy and lumber; in deep pits situated in out-of-the-way places in hills and forests; inside the mud-walls of their houses; in holes dug under fire places; and in many spots, which escape Police detection. Such is the resourcefulness exhibited by the Yerukulas, who as a class, are decidedly cleverer than any other low caste in the Hindu Society.

The Panchayat system safeguards the interests of the individual and the community; and at the same time lightens the judicial, social and economical burdens of the Government that owns sway over such people.

The Panchayat has laid down strict rules regarding the food that should be taken by these people.

If a Yerukula is charged with the crime of pigstealing, dacoity, homicide or incendiarism, the Panchayat gets four men to be chosen by the complainant and the accused, and authorises them to search his house and property. The accused is asked to bathe, burn camphor before the idol, put his hands on his head, and take a solemn oath disowning his guilt. Another method sometimes adopted by the Panchayat in such cases is to require the accused to take out a bag of money from a basin of boiling oil. If he is unhurt, he is declared innocent. This method of "Ordeal by fire" was more largely resorted to formerly than now.

In longstanding disputes arising out of debts, the defendant is required by the Panchayat to bathe and tie a new cloth sprinkled with sheep's blood and turmeric solution and wear the sheep's intestines over his shoulders crosswise, and then to go round the temple three times, carrying on his head an *unburnt* pot full of water. If the pot breaks, the man is considered guilty. Sometimes two new pots are taken by the Panchayat, and rice and milk are cooked in them by the plaintiff and the defendant. Whosoever rice boils earlier, he is adjudged to have spoken the truth.

A Yerukula is not permitted to apply for the hand of a woman who is already sought by another man. If a man promises to marry a woman but fails to do so, he has to pay her father a sum of money not exceeding Rs. 8/, before marrying another woman. A Yerukula is prohibited from bargaining for the same pig, which has been promised away to another man. When one man is catching birds, another should not spread his net to catch them. All the partners in a concern are bound to go together to cut down the twigs of the wild date palm; failing which, the leg of the offender is tied to a pole or to the leg of the plaintiff or to the neck of the offender himself. A compromise however is generally arranged.

Adoption is recognised by the Panchayat.

The property of a deceased man is equally divided among his sons, after all his debts are paid; but the daughters get nothing, their marriage

expenses, however, being met from the family property.

Thus the Panchayat System exercises a wholesome check on the men, who, as a rule, settle their differences easily among themselves. If the point at issue is of a trifling nature, the headmen of the families living in the same hamlet meet together to settle it; but if it is of a serious character the headmen of all the hamlets in the town or village assemble to dispose of the case. But under no circumstances do we ever find the Yerukulas having recourse to the Civil or Criminal Court to settle their internal differences.

Several of the funeral ceremonies of the Yerukulas are similar to those of the Hindus, among whom they live. The following alone are therefore noted here as peculiarities:—

If a man dies on a Tuesday, Wednesday or Friday under an evil star, a black hen is tied to the bier near the head of the corpse and is either burnt with it on the funeral pyre, or given away to the *Vettyan*. They then vacate the house of the deceased for two months, and purify it with the blood of a pig or goat or a fowl before re-occupying it.

If the hour of death is inauspicious, the dying person is removed out of the house into the courtyard.

On the way to the cremation ground, the bier is put down on the ground in two places, where the celebrant of the funeral rites draws figures resembling a Cross at the four corners of the bier with a knife in his left hand, puts into each figure a piece of dhall and rice, goes round the bier thrice saluting the

son, and pours some water on the ground.

They place a coin on the spine of the corpse, before it is consigned to the flames. They believe that the god Yama sends his messengers to intensify the heat of the flames of the funeral pyre.

If a man dies, his widow puts her little finger of the left hand in castor oil and leaves a mark on the forehead of her relations and friends, and dips a margosa twig in buttermilk and sprinkles it on them, saying "May you prosper," with a view to remove the ceremonial defilement. She then puts her hand into a dish of pork, from which the others take out small bits and eat.

On the cremation ground, the priest relates the history of the deceased person. The first three days after death, a cup of water and an oblation are placed on an *aruga* (a small platform constructed with clean sand), and frankincense is burnt to please the spirit of the departed person, who is saluted. The next day the relations go to see if there are any footprints on the sand and if the water in the cup is less. If so they think that the soul of the dead man is still lingering among the living.

The figure of the deceased is drawn by the *Mala-dan* (the Pariah priest) on the place where he is burnt, and an oblation is put on the navel of the figure, and toddy is poured on the ground.

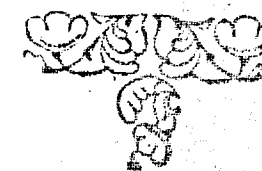
On the last day of the ceremonies, a vigil is kept the whole night, and a *Hari-katha* (a religious story) or the stories of Hanischandra, KambhogiRazu,

Gandhari, and Sarangadhara are narrated.

On the Sivaratri day following the death, a small boat is prepared with grass and sticks, and on it a figure made of rice flour is placed together with betel leaves and a black chicken, and then it is floated on the water of a tank or stream to be drifted by the wind where it pleases.

The Salvation Army is doing good work among the Yerukulas at Tedepalli, a mile to the south of Bezvada in the Krishna District; where they are taught to quarry stone for the P. W. D., to tilt plots of ground, to help in the silk-industry and in weaving cloths. Some are taught carpentry, blacksmith work, and good methods of basket-making and matmaking.

B. SOMASUNDARA RAO.



The Education of Women, IN RUSSIA.

Very little is known to us of conditions in Russia. It is a vast country in which extremes meet. On the one hand, there is acute poverty, gross ignorance, slavish submission to pastors and masters, blind superstition and poverty and, on the other, there is among the better classes enlightenment, independence, culture and contentment. Russia is in the throes of revolutionary life and a new order of things is likely to emerge from the welter of conflicting conditions and chaos that now characterizes life in Russia. To Russia, the Allies looked for assistance in the great war against the military despotism of Germany, and at the beginning Russia made good. Her armies fought gallantly, and had they continued in the good work Germany would by now have been brought to her knees. But German intrigue in the revolution, the slow result of the democratic tendencies of the day weakened Russian determination to be free. Royalty was unable to maintain its prestige. German intrigue unsettled the foundations of national life. The existing conditions of things being upset at present Russia has ceased to be a factor in the struggle against Germany, while, on the other hand, German influence and money is shaping Russia for German domination.

Before the early sixties of last century, girls and women were in close subjection and although the better class families educated their girls, the latter had no ambition to act for themselves. Before the war broke

out, the upper intellectual classes obtained a good education. There are many girls' colleges in Russia, in which the teaching is restricted to modern subjects; classical subjects being confined only to a few. The grammar schools resemble the French *lycees* with less science. The day schools, by no means too many, are frequented by middle class children and the education imparted is quite equal to the average anywhere else. The time spirit has been as active in Russia as in England, and subsequent to 1860 it was a generally accepted act that girls should not hesitate to fend for themselves. In 1861, the first Russian woman sought admittance to study for medicine in a provincial university. She was admitted and others followed her example. When it came to studying for law and mathematics etc., they were refused with the result that Russian young women obtained these degrees in foreign universities. In 1872, the Czar Alexander II succeeded in overcoming the resistance of the educational authorities to admit women to medical degrees, and those who availed themselves of the new order of things proved their exceptional fitness as Doctors in the Turko Servian war of 1870. In 1877-78, more than sixty women doctors took their degrees and established an unassailable position.

Among the noble families, boys and girls first pass through the hands of governesses and teachers. Later, special institutions for the children of the nobility are to be in the principle town, many of them being supported by the state. Deportment, accomplishments, foreign modern languages are

taught, and school life is made as pleasant as possible. But there are many defects in the system of education and the results do not appear to be commensurate with the efforts.

As regards the children of the masses, the opinion held by the Government was that it is better to keep them ignorant. Every one apparently agrees that they should be educated, but no two can agree as to the kind of education to be given. "The development of the intelligence is of small importance, provided that the children of the poorer classes can praise God according to the rites of the Greek Church and pay the Czar the respect and gratitude to which he is entitled." All education is subordinated to religion. In spite of all quarrels, a grounding of elementary education is given, apart from all political ideas. The course lasts for 4 years. The Russian village teacher is poverty-stricken, and he

carries on his duties on starvation wages, and from such a teacher little that is really useful in the shape of education can be expected. Altogether, education in Russia does not receive that attention from the State that it should. The upper classes do not sympathise with the masses, and compared with that of Germany Russian education must be said to be in a very backward condition. Godlessness in Germany is counterbalanced by a Godliness or religiosity in Russia akin to superstition and fetishism. How this great country will emerge from the condition she is in no one can tell. But the revolution is an indication that thought is permeating Russia, and it is almost impossible to think that Russia will not recover from the troubles she is involved in, and become a Republic in Europe equal to that of France or that other noble Republic—the United States.



MAGIC.

The sky, today, is turned to magic gold,
And earth with warm, celestial beauty glows....
I thread my inward pathways, and behold
A blossom'd Rose!

The silver star-glow, thro' the shadows, streaks
The forest-heart... I laugh inward dusk.
My muskdeer-soul, in its own vision, seeks
The hidden Musk!

My thoughts are burning incense, and my blood
Burns in the dawn, and glimmers in the shower...
The magic light hath kissed my dreaming bud
Into a Flower!

HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAY.

Indian music

(A LETTER FROM "SHAHINDA")

Dear Mrs. Sattbianadhan.

I am enclosing a copy of my scheme for founding a National Academy of Indian Music, read before an informal Preliminary Meeting in Bombay, and also of the resolution passed by the Meeting.

I am calling a formal Meeting in Bombay on Sunday, the 31st March at 4-30 p. m., at "Bhopal-House", Nepean Sea Road, with a view of forming a working body to put the scheme into action, and in the interest of the cause I invite you to attend the Meeting, and I have every hope that you will form a member of this body.

At this meeting I will suggest the way the Committee is to proceed to work--and their work will be restricted to the district they themselves will choose to work in--and if by any chance you are unable to attend the Meeting in Bombay at that date, please let me know your willingness to help the cause, so that I may place your letter before the meeting, and with the assistance of those present utilize your usefulness as will be considered best.

I have every hope that you will willingly use all your efforts for a cause National and Educational and will favourably consent to my request.

Bhopal-House,
Nepean Sea Road,
Bombay.
12-4-18

Yours sincerely,
BEGUM F. RAHAMIN.

RESOLUTION.

At an informal meeting, called by Begum Fyzee-Rahamin, where H. H. the Begum Saheba of Janjira, the Chief and Rani Saheba of Jath, the Begum Saheba of Savanar, Mr. V. N. Bhatkhande, Begum Fyzee-Rahamin, Mr. N. B. Divatia, Mr. S. N. Karnad, Mrs. Mohsin B. Tyabje and Mr. Fyzee-Rahamin, were present, it was decided to found a National Academy of Indian Music at an early date, having regard to the fact that any delay would cause deterioration of the existing Art.

After a good deal of discussion, the meeting was of opinion that the scheme laid by Begum Fyzee-Rahamin was feasible, practical and necessary, and that a meeting of influential ladies and gentlemen should be called to appoint a Committee to invite subscriptions and collect funds from the public.

"Shanti Bhavan",
10th March, 1918.



The Wanderlust.

The wanderlust or the desire to travel, to see all that there is to be seen in this beautiful world of ours is more characteristic of people nowadays than it was with our ancestors. The desire to travel must not be confounded with the necessity for travel. That is to say, one is an obsession driving a person to travel for travel's sake, the other is based on rational grounds. To one what is always a real pleasure, to another may mean inconvenience and discomfort. This desire to travel, to see new countries and to become acquainted with strange people has done much to civilise the world. How exactly a certain type of man was characteristic of a certain part of the world cannot be definitely stated. According to the Jewish story, all mankind are the descendants of Adam and Eve and the difference between them in colour, stature, temperament and even shape of skull etc. are said to be due to climatic and other analogous reasons. Some scientists hold that man has evolved from some monkey-like creature.

There is little use in discussing this subject, but it is clear that men and women in China differ greatly from men and women in Scandinavia and that the North American Indian tribes bear no resemblance to the Hindu or the Englishman. Humanity in different countries has reached different stages of civilisation; and, after thousands of years of knowledge and association, these differences are profound and almost ineradicable. If each race of men had kept to its own borders without visiting another country, or

people, something like stagnation would have resulted and civilisation would not have advanced. It is due to explorers and travellers that the world is now cosmopolitan, so to speak. If Columbus had not been possessed of the wanderlust, America would not have been discovered, and if Englishmen in quest of fresh woods and pastures new had not emigrated to America, the great nation that is now coming to the rescue of the world against despotism would be now non-existent.

But it is not to speak of the benefits of exploration and travel from a national point of view that I have taken travel for my text. To the individual, travel is a liberal education. No young English gentleman or lady is considered finished without a sojourn on the Continent. The traveller sees the great beauties of nature in his travels. He gets acquainted with people who differ from him. He learns new languages and he is able to compare and contrast the excellences and defects of his own land with those of other lands. That is an education which is not found in books. The traveller divests himself of the peculiarities and idiosyncracies of a stunted existence and becomes enlightened and cosmopolitan. It is not in the power of everyone to travel long distances, and Indians are restricted in their movements by considerations of caste, tradition and family. How ridiculous and obstructive some of these can be, is illustrated by a prohibition in the Malabar District, to women to cross a certain river to the south of their villages. That prohibition is now, it is satisfactory to think, honored more

in the breach than in the observance. In the same way Hindus were prohibited from going to England. Although they are not now paid heed to, it may be said that restrictions of this kind have been the cause of India's backwardness in civilisation after a certain stage had been reached. So much appears to be in a state of arrested development. Progress was not possible with shackles religious and social. But though the majority of Indians cannot travel beyond the seas, India itself is so vast a continent, with so much that is different in climate, environment, speech, race, and religion that an Indian lady would derive much information to travel, pause and reflect on. India is unique in many respects. It is a country to which nothing need be imported and from which everything may be exported. The highest mountains in the world form her northern boundary, immense rivers like the Ganges, the Brahmaputra and the Indus carry fertility and life to millions. Her architectural triumphs are superb and from the ends of the world people flock to see the "Taj-Mahal" or the Golden Temple or the Pearl Mosque. The types of people are very varied from the high caste Brahmin, all intellect, to the gallant Rajput of ancient descent and to the almost barbarous hill man with a belt of leaves for his only raiment. Every product of the earth, from gold and gems to the humblest necessities of life, are to be had in India.

The powers of man in India are limited and his methods crude and this is to be attributed to India's not travelling and learning the knowledge and skill of other countries, where the

natural conditions of life acted as a stimulus to endeavour. In India, the very abundance of God's gifts have militated against exertion and enterprise. Calcutta is the second city of the empire in point of population and yet in other respects it is only a third rate city. The traveller in India if he carefully noted all that is to be seen would learn very much. In former days, people led by faith and religious feeling entered on long pilgrimages under great stress and in fear of their lives from disease and robbers. Now, the terrors of pilgrimage are minimised if not altogether negatived, and Indians have become great travellers within their own continent. Many of them have been seized with the true wanderlust and have gone to the remotest ends of the world. In a short time, with the fullest development of the aeroplane, travel will resolve itself into visits, as with money a man may take his *chota kasri* at Madras, breakfast at Rangoon and dine in Calcutta the same day. A trip to England and back would be perhaps the matter of a week's holiday. The world will realize in the fullest degree the poet's vision who saw "the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,

Pilots of the purple twilight dropping down with costly bales."

It is to be hoped that the poet's expectation expressed in the lines:—

"Till the war drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled"

In the parliament of man, the federation of the world," will also be fulfilled,

A. E. S.

Scheme for Founding a National Academy of Indian Music in India.

BY BEGUM FYZEE-RAHAMIN

I AM deeply beholden to you for responding to my invitation and giving me an opportunity of laying before you my scheme for forming a National Academy of Indian Music in India.

Your presence is a sufficient proof of your interest in the subject, and I know that I may rely on your kind advice and help in developing and completing a scheme which is too big for me to carry out single-handed.

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, its Music, which has latterly undergone severe tests of time and is at present in a most unsatisfactory and unstable condition. It is, however, a happy coincidence that a few men of real genius have nobly sacrificed their lives in the defence of the True and Beautiful, and have striven manfully against the false and the contemptible in the popular and degenerate taste of the period, and endeavoured strenuously to exert all influences in directing the attention of the Nation towards its future advancement.

But these men are few and their voices are scarcely heard in the great din of the upstarts that have taken the country by storm and have created a good deal of discordant noise.

The Music Conference in Baroda, 2 years ago, was a proof of the labours of these few sincere workers, and a good deal of the credit goes to the Maharaja Gaekwad, who gave an opportunity to these people to collect together.

A Conference at such a stage was a boon and relief to all the workers, for not only did we hear very valuable information on the subject, but it also told us exactly the condition and status of music in India to-day.

Most important of all was that the Conference served as a medium facilitating practical and constructive work in future, but any number of Conferences, Musical Societies and such can do no permanent good. They can only create a fleeting excitement to pass away just as it springs up, while our efforts at this stage should be to arrest all endangering symptoms and further evils.

Two years ago, at the Baroda Conference, I had proposed a scheme of founding a National Academy of Indian Music in India, and on going still deeper into the matter I have come to the firm conclusion, that such an institution is the only solution of the innumerable entanglements that exist in connection with revising, preserving the beautiful science to an ideal basis, so that it should impart a lasting benefit.

To-day I have called this first preliminary meeting and the object of it is to invite discussions and suggestions to proceed to carry out this great work.

I shall now try to tell you in as plain and concise a form as it is possible what the idea is and how it may be achieved.

1. The National Academy of Indian Music will be an entirely self-supporting institution in every way and will be controlled by an all-powerful body of "Savants."

2. The chief institution will be in an important centre of India with branches all over the country.

3. It will be a spacious building in spacious grounds comprising of a Concert Hall, Lecture Hall, Museum of musical instruments, library of works old and new connected with the subject, teaching rooms, reading room, visitors' room, a press, and a workshop for repairing musical instruments, etc., etc. The grounds will have detached residential quarters for experts, staff, students, servants and occasional visitors, etc.

4. The course of studies will be decided as the scheme develops by the best known authorities on the subject.

5. The Academy will patronize the existing practical experts and theorists and utilize them in the most advantageous manner for teaching and demonstrating purposes.

6. The Academy will invite early Conferences; Series of Concerts and Lectures will take place in the season for the benefit of the public.

7. A Music Journal will be issued from the premises.

8. The theorists will carry on their research work in the institution

and the results of their labours will be suitably published.

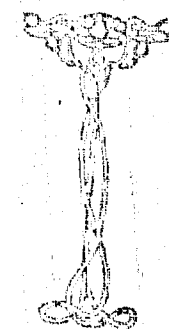
9. The Academy will award distinctions to the deserving, so as to qualify them in their art and give them standing in the Music World.

In short, the Academy will embrace all matters connected with Music and it will be solely responsible for it.

This is roughly speaking a very general idea of the Academy in view.

Now with regard to cost we shall want 25 lakhs of Rupees—

1. The Building will cost 7 lacs.
2. The Endowment will be 10 lacs.
3. The initial incidental and other expenses of museum, library, press and such things will be 5 lacs.
4. The reserve fund will be 3 lacs.



Current Comments.

The ladies belonging to the Calicut branch of the Women's Indian association are to be commended for the resolute stand they are making against the prejudice of "mere man" to debar them from the right enshrined in the principle that taxation without representation is tyranny. The Malayalee lady tax payers of Calicut insist that if they pay taxes they should have a voice in the civil responsibilities of the town. They, as mothers and wives, know what is needed for the health of the inhabitants, especially their children, and they claim that, as tax payers, a vote in the municipal elections should be extended to them. Perhaps this is the first time that Indian women have put forward a claim to equality in representation. The municipal councillors of Calicut have refused the vote to women, and a formal resolution of protest has been passed by the ladies of the Association. That they will win in the result is certain. The Malayalee woman is singularly happy in her home surroundings and in her social freedom as regards marriage, divorce and independence of action, and this influenced her mentality. In education, especially, in the knowledge of Sanskrit, the Malayalee woman has outpaced her sister in other parts of India. She is in no sense a blue stocking, for her claims to personal beauty and charm are well known. In Madras, she has dropped more or less her distinctive costume, but she maintains her position in education and in the activities of the future public the Malayalee

lady will probably take a prominent place.

Sometime ago we referred to the first reading of the Bill in the House of Lords, which the Commons had passed, to allow women to practice as solicitors. At the third reading of the bill, it was passed by 47 vote to 19. It is a logical sequence of the enfranchisement of 6 million women. As we said before, women differ in nothing but sex from men; and in shouldering the responsibilities of public life, in 75 per cent of cases the average woman is more intelligent, has a greater sense of duty and responsibility and is a cleaner and more wholesome liver than the average male voter; and what was thought to be almost impossible before the war, when suffragists were raging around, has come to pass almost automatically. So profound has been the change in public opinion—male opinion—by the magnificent response that all sections of womanhood, from the royal family to the slum dwellers, have made to the war that woman has achieved the crown of right. In India we know of only one legal lady, Miss Cornelia Sorabjee, who is a Barrister-at-law, and the sanction of practice as solicitors will open to Indian women a new sphere of honorable employment.

Rao Sahib M. Rama Rau delivered a very instructive health lecture about a month ago, which all mothers and wives should read and act upon. From infancy to age, we are hedged about with a multitude of enemies in the shape of germs fatal to life, and in view of the dangers pointed out by the Doctors it is a marvel that

any child arrives at the adult stage of existence. Either the child becomes immune by the multiplicity of opposing forces attacking his physical organization, or nature has devised some friendly germs which neutralize and nullify the germs inimical to man's continuance in his life. To speak seriously, Dr. Rama Rao described in a very convincing way how the children who go to school are subject to disease from bad air, lack of sufficient light, infection from others, bad teeth, ill-made benches and bad habits; and in view of the want of funds to give school children medical attendance, he appealed to private practitioners to devote some of their time to attending children in a philanthropic spirit. Backward children, malformed children, children defective in mentality, all require careful attention and treatment that is peculiarly applicable to them. He said that Colonel Donovan I. M. S. some time ago had been specially deputed to report on the physical education of children in our public schools and that his account showed that a great deal of preventible disease was found in plenty. Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Iyer, who was executive member of council when Dr. Donovan's report was sent in, said that it was a most saddening report. If children had intelligent mothers who could recognise the defects their children suffered from, they would be in a position to help them, but in this country Indian women were ignorant of hygiene and the seeds of disease took root early and subsequently school life under adverse conditions to health sent thousands of children prematurely to

the grave. The only remedy is the education of women and medical inspection in schools, and for some time to come at any rate these two essentials will be absent. It is deplorable that this should be so, but perfection is not attained in a day and every effort must be made to supply both.

Book reviews.

Christine by Alice Cholmondeley (MacMillan & Co., 1917.) The author is not to be confounded with the author of the same name who wrote that charming novel "Red Pottage." Christine appears to be the history of a genuine experience. It is that of a girl who goes to Germany to perfect her musical accomplishments under a great professor. This is just a year previous to the war. She writes the most charming letters to her mother Alice Cholmondeley and in them criticises the behaviour of Germans and their feelings towards England.

She depicts in vivid language, brimful of sincerity the growing disapproval of her German friends and acquaintance, as the fatal August of 1914 approached. She demonstrates how it is that the German masses render subservient and slavish allegiance to the Junker or noble classes. She falls in love with a young officer, different in no ordinary degree from his class and paints the change that occurred, in his people to her on the declaration of war. She describes the mighty courage and dominant manners of the Kaiser and gives an idea of his popularity and power, over a people who

from their childhood are trained to subject themselves to discipline and to fear and worship the king—the *All Highest*. Then the war came and her lover faithful to the last, is separated from her and 's sent to the front imploring her to escape." She tries it and on the way contracts pneumonia and dies—her mother saystruly, a victim to the war as any soldier who dies for his country in battle. The book is a human document.

* * * * *

Little Miss Azaan by Ada. H. Holman is a delightful child's book, though it may be read with advantage by children of a larger growth. Mrs. Holman is the wife of the Premier of New South Wales and the story is told by a child—as she heard it from another—and the narrative acquires a quaint charm from the language of the childish story-teller. The book is nicely illustrated and should be read by boys & girls, to whom it would be an inspiration "Messrs" Thacker, Spink & Co., advertise it.



BOOK REVIEWS.

THE HEART OF BUDDHISM. By K. J. Saunders (Asst. Press Calcutta) This is one of a series of volumes which, under the title of "The Heritage of India," are being published under Christian auspices and the Editorship of Mr. G. M. Parquhar and the Bishop of Dornakal. The various volumes deal with the literature, philosophy, art, religions etc. of India, which every modern Indian, whether he be a Christian, Mahomadan Hindu or Agnostic, should know something of. The tone of the volumes is scholarly and sympathetic and the contents are not likely to hurt the susceptibilities of the adherents of the religion dealt with. There are of course numberless volumes on the religions, philosophy etc of India already in existence, but they are most of them very expensive and some of them too abstract and learned for the "heir of all the ages" in India; and these of the "heritage" series supply in cheap form and simple language all essentials to be discovered about the past of this great and marvellous country.



News and Notes.

A PEN PICTURE OF THE ZENANA.

Dr. P. C. Roy in his presidential speech at the last Social Conference held at Calcutta, drew the following faithful and pitiable picture of the 'Zenana' :—

"Our women-folk, living in the seclusion of the zenana, cut off from contact with the outside world, live, move and have their being like frogs in the well; she jealously cherishes all the absurd notions and superstitions which she imbibes with her mother's milk and takes every care to inoculate the child in her lap with the poison, and what is bred in the bone cannot go out of the flesh."

Again:—

"In the drawing-room our cultured young man talks of Home Rule on a colonial basis. But as soon as he enters the zenana—the veritable Doll's House—he has to descend to the common places of an unenlightened domestic environment!"

As a result of H. H. the Begum of Bhopal's interest in the scheme for establishing an All-India Ladies Association, with its headquarters at Bhopal, most of Her Highness's European lady friends in India, as well as some of the leading Indian ladies, have come forward to help in the work. H. E. Lady Chelmsford has been pleased to become its Patron, while H. E. Lady Willingdon, Lady O'Dwyer and Her Highness herself are its Vice-Patrons. Her Highness's youngest daughter-in-law, Shah Banu Begum Sahiba, has

been very helpful to Her Highness in bringing into existence the All-India Ladies Association, the inaugural meeting of which has been fixed for the 26th instant. The weather at Bhopal is very mild and pleasant during the whole of March, and Her Highness has made arrangements for all the members to stay in one of the State buildings at her capital. Ladies intending to become members of the Association and to attend the inaugural meeting are asked to communicate with Fatima Begum, Honorary Secretary, All-India Ladies Association, Ahmedabad Palace, Bhopal.

A NEW GIRLS' SCHOOL.—A correspondent writes:—On Friday afternoon, Miss T. Lazarus, the acting Assistant Inspectress of Girls' Schools of Madras, was requested by the Chairman of the Chingleput Municipality to open a new Municipal school for girls. Miss Lazarus during her term has opened several schools, especially in the Nellore District, and has also started married ladies' classes, which are rapidly progressing. A large number of prominent ladies and gentlemen were present, including Mr. and Mrs. Kandaswamy Chetty, Miss Jeevarathnamall, Mrs. Sutherland, Mr. Scott Brown, I. C. S., and Mr. Venugopal Chetty, District Judge, who presided. Mr. Vijayaragavachary read a report which announced that since the Government had allotted a munificent grant for the purposes of education, the Chingleput Municipality had decided to open a new girls' school in a central quarter of the town. An address was read by Miss Jeevarathna-

mall on female education and Miss Lazarus then spoke. She said the new school would prove a blessing to all around and urged parents to further their children's scholastic progress. Mr. Chetty thanked Miss Jeevarathnamall, for her very appropriate and thoughtful address and Miss Lazarus for having consented to open the new school. There was then a procession to the new school building, when, amidst cheers, Miss Lazarus declared the school open and entered the names of the first pupils.

A Bombay correspondent telegraphs:—The strike and lock-out in the Ahmedabad mills have come to an end, a compromise having been arrived at between capital and labour. The credit of hastening this conclusion is due in great part to the efforts of Mr. Gandhi and Mrs. Asanya Sarahdai, who have been working for a settlement on behalf of the operatives. Mr. Gandhi recently took a vow to abstain from food until a settlement satisfying the demands of the operatives was arrived at. The workers also had sworn not to return to work unless they got a 35 per cent. increase, and the mill owners had agreed not to accept this rate.

Meetings of the Muslim Ladies Conference were held on the 3rd, 4th and 5th instant, in Paridkot House, Lahore. More than 1,000 ladies attended, and important subjects were discussed, and resolutions were passed on educational and social questions. A hundred members joined. Lady O'Dwyer graciously met the members of the Conference.

THE NATIONAL INDIAN ASSOCIATION MADRAS.—A correspondent writes:—At Ennore on the afternoon of Thursday, a very pleasant At Home was given by Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Todhunter at the Salt Bungalow, to the members of the National Indian Association. Several of the members and also many friends were present. At 3-30 there were races and contests on the backwater. There was a fisherman's catamaran sailing race, won by Thoppalara Chetty, of Nattukuppam, a "Junior Eights" race won by Muthu Chetty, a life-saving contest, a cask race, won by Mr. Hempson and a "Go-as-you-Please" race, which was won by Mrs. E. Graham's boat. The greasy pole competition caused a great deal of amusement, as some of the guests went in for it and got ducked in the attempt. About 5 o'clock, tea was served in a cool shamiana and afterwards most of the guests went sailing in the salt boats. The guests began to disperse after the distribution of prizes to the winners of the competitions by Mrs. Todhunter. The function was enjoyed by every one present and Mr. and Mrs. Todhunter are to be thanked for the great pains they took. The two Secretaries of the Association, Mrs. Madeley and Mr. Alwar Chetty, are also to be thanked for their untiring efforts in looking after the Indian guests, and also the salt officers who helped to make the function a success.

WOMEN AND WAR.

Women's attitude to the problems of war has always been the subject of anxious speculation. To the principle

of war, no doubt, they are opposed, but in the war in which the Empire has now thrown all its resources it is beyond all question that the women stand for fighting on until the clean peace which alone is worthy of the sacrifice is possible. And this feeling I have noticed is strongest among those bereaved mothers and wives to whom the war has brought most sorrow. Among all women to a great extent, and to these women in a very special degree, there is the strong sense that the sacrifice of the nation's best must not have been in vain.

WOMEN JUNKERS IN PRUSSIA.

Although it is now an acknowledged fact that the maintenance of Germany's war industry is only made possible by the work of millions of women, a fresh campaign against giving them the vote has just been launched, writes Mr. F. W. Wile in the *Daily Mail*. The opposition springs mainly from the Prussian women Junkers, the kinswomen of the militarists and land-barons who comprise the reactionary element in Germany. In a violent attack on the petition recently submitted to the Reichstag by the League of German Women's Associations, a certain Baroness von Pawel-Rammungen writes:

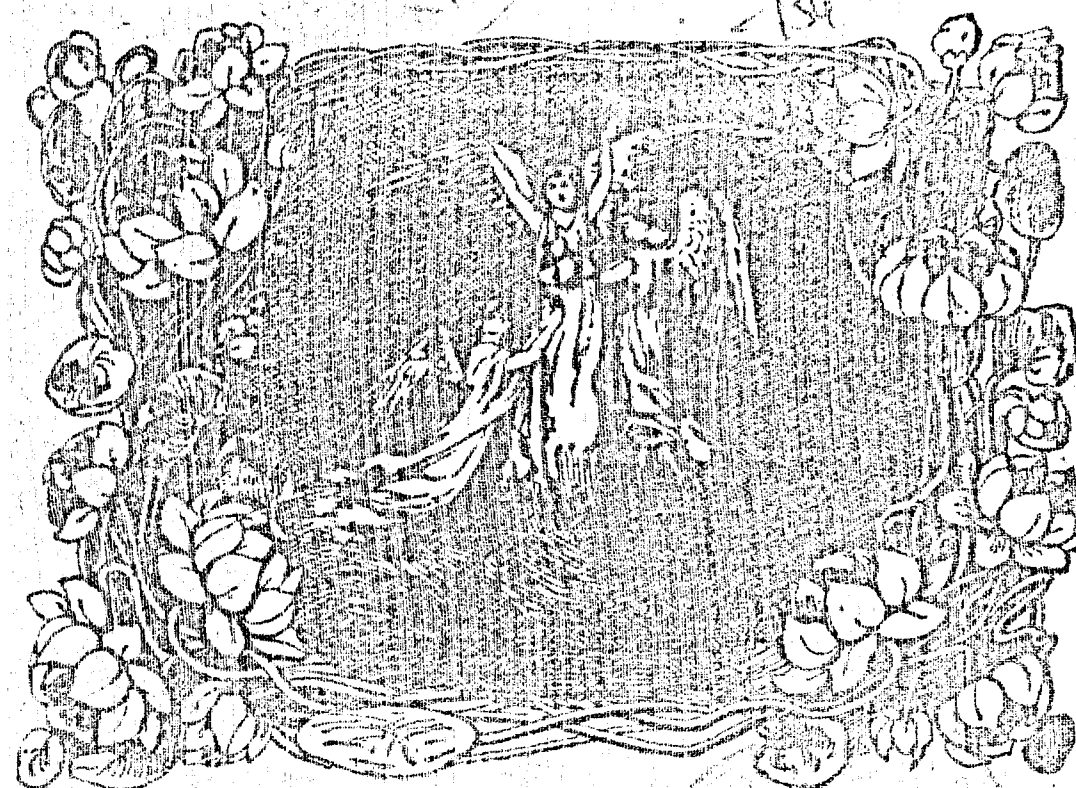
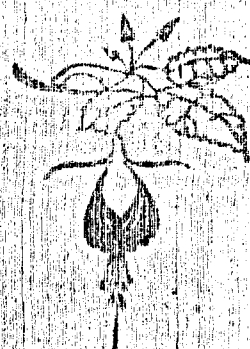
"Votes for women would gravely imperil the future of our nation. Political activity with all its obligations would be too heavy a burden for women. The woman's place is the home, her duties those of the housewife and the mother. The woman with capacity for politics could not fulfil her duties in that field without

neglecting her fireside and children. She would have no recourse but to abandon that natural sphere of activity and leave it to the care of others, to the direct detriment of family life."

LADY MACKWORTH'S NEW OFFICE.

All the indications point to women playing an increasingly important part in the war. As Mr. Churchill said the other day, women insist on drawing nearer to the fighting zone, leading men to advance into battle. With the new call upon woman-power it is to be hoped that the recruiting of women will be put up upon a better basis, for there is a good deal of overlapping at present. Women are wanted for the Army—there are now 6000 "Waacs" in France—for the Navy, for the munition factories, for timber-cutting and carpentry, for the land and for many other spheres of essential war work, each of which at present makes its own separate appeal. This leads to waste of effort and unnecessary competition between the various corps of workers. A better system of co-ordination is heralded by the announcement that Lady Mackworth—Lord Rhondda's clever daughter—is taking over the office of Chief Controller of Women's Recruiting. I have on many occasions in these notes written of Lady Mackworth, who is the pioneer of a new generation of Business women, with a capital "B" for Business. She is clear-headed, enthusiastic and charming. Before the war, the suffrage movement absorbed most of her energies, but when her millionaire father, D. A. Thomas, as he was then, went to America for the Government, she took control of

many of his business interests and now that he is a member of the Ministry she has slipped into his Director's seat on many Boards and at the present moment I believe is acting as Director of nearly thirty Companies and Chairman of several of them. Emphatically she is the right woman in the right place, modern to the fingertips and in intimate touch and understanding with all classes of women. This last very "human" factor in the high-placed woman official has unfortunately not always been marked in the choice of women for national work.



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Just for today.

Let not tomorrow's care o'ercast

The cloudless azure of today;

Hide future deep, forget the past,

With humble heart your guide obey,

Along your way

Just for today.

J. H. C.

Through Philological Paths.

IN MANY AGES & MANY CLIMES

Apt words have power to soothe
The tumults of a troubled mind,
And are as balm to festered wounds." (Othello).

Man alone among created beings has the gift of intelligible speech, and paradoxical though it may appear, it is the one stern barrier, according to many philosophers, which keeps him apart from his fellow-kind. Many stories, it is true, bear upon the miraculous. There is the account in the old Hebrew Scriptures of Balaam's ass. The dog Kalmir was said to have reproved the "Seven Sleepers." Arion, the horse of Adrastus, was said to have been endowed with human speech; so was Fortunio's horse, named Comrade; Saleh's camel; the black pigeons of Dodona; Fenitha, king of the serpents; the bird called Bulbul-hezar; the serpent which tempted Eve; the little green bird of princess Fairstar; Mohammed's beast, Al Borak; while the horse Nanthos reproved Achilles for his false insinuations. Apart from the legendary and the miraculous, however, it may be successfully contended that while parrots and other members of the animal world have often a wonderful gift of imitative speech, they lack in this regard that initiative and peculiar clarity, which are the distinct and especial prerogatives of the human race.

There is a general belief that the divergencies of tongue occurred at a very early period in history. Jewish theology, indeed, is not alone in giving credence to the disastrous

attempt of the world's ancient inhabitants to erect for a specific purpose a monstrous sky-scraper on the lines set out and described in the various accounts of the building of the Tower of Babel. This has introduced considerable discussion as to the particular language which was used as the primitive means of verbal communication. Celtic authorities declare that it was Old Irish. Persians say that Arabic, Persian and Turkish were the three primitive tongues. Upon the authority of many learned philologists, however, we are informed that Hebrew was the language from which all others took their birth. The Hebrew alphabet, so simple that a child may learn it in a day, strangely enough, has never been lost or forgotten; and, through all the vicissitudes of conflict, conquest, captivity and dispersion, the Jewish language has ever proved an effective medium for conversation and reading. For many successive ages, on the other hand, man was unable to glean any of the wisdom of old-time Egypt since it was enshrined in hieroglyphics so obscure that their very meaning faded for centuries from the memory of human kind. Assyria and Babylon of old had literature, art and science. Their language was written, however, in seven or eight hundred cuneiform signs, and some of these characters had as many as 50 different meanings. For this reason, the language and literature of these nations was lost, buried and forgotten for more than two thousand years.

Greek, like Hebrew, has maintained its existence, and, although the language has become somewhat modified

in the flight of years by the introduction of strange elements, the innateness of Greek has preserved it from perishing. The vocabulary used in Athens to-day, indeed, does not differ substantially from that spoken 2000 years ago. Latin, in which the ancient Roman literature has been handed down, was spoken by the inhabitants of Latium, but few records have been preserved of the colloquial or vulgar Latin of every-day life. In course of time it seems to have been transformed, like other tongues, and history attests that it eventually developed into the "Romance" languages of modern Italy, France, Spain, Portugal and the other districts over which Rome extended her rule.

The vast literature of China has survived the changes of centuries, but, in order to master the Chinese language thoroughly—in the opinion of a certain writer—would require "a head of oak, lungs of brass, nerves of steel, a constitution of iron, the patience of Job and the life-time of Methuselah." Unless it is really the "lingua coeli," there seems little advantage in tempting Nature! Some interesting points, however, may be gleaned from it. For the Celestials have no real native A. B. C. and do not spell their words at all. The signs which are seen in the side panels of Chinese stamps, though they resemble mere jumbles of strokes, are really modified pictures. The origin and scheme of these thousands of ideographs, each representative of a word, is exceedingly interesting, particularly as the list of different characters numbering 9353 in a dictionary of the second century, has been very considerably augmented

throughout the ages. It appears that easily-drawn natural objects, such as the sun, the moon, or mountains, were represented at first by simple pictures; but with the progress of time, when people began to write more expeditiously, the pictures changed into signs or characters. From the first, however, the Chinese have had a very ingenious method of showing meanings by joining two or more characters together. The signs for the sun and moon, together, for instance, portray "bright"; a man inside prison walls, a prisoner; the sun above the ground, morning; and two trees, a forest. Abstract notions like the verb "to listen" are conveyed by ideographs suggesting the idea, in this particular case by an ear and a door, clearly demonstrating that eavesdropping is peculiar by no means to occidental countries! Perhaps the most ingenious circumstance about the whole method, however, is the way in which one sign is made to do duty for a whole lot of words. "Chow" means "a ship" and is indicated by a picture of a ship. But it also means "a ripple", "talkativeness", "a wagon pole" and several other things. The picture of the ship can stand for all these words, little auxiliary or key signs being added to delineate which particular meaning is intended. A picture of a ship, for example, followed by another picture representing waters, stands for "chow," a ripple. With a sign indicating "speech," it means "chow," talkativeness, and so on. As the course of ages has robbed the pictures of all resemblance to the things which they originally represented, it is evident that this method of

writing, which would be complicated at the best of times, is very difficult to acquire. Were the Chinese possessed of less than marvellous patience, they would never master it. The beginning of a Chinese book, too, is where the Western one ends, and it is read from right to left and from top to bottom. The notes, if any, are placed on the top of the page, and separated from the page by a line. Books are placed on shelves on top of one another and not side by side.

Notwithstanding the popular belief in the matter, there is absolutely no affinity whatever between the Japanese and the Chinese languages. At the outset, Japanese is a polysyllabic language, whereas Chinese is monosyllabic in character. A difference also obtains as regards phraseology, and, even when ideographs to be employed, a marked variation is shown in pronunciation. There is a postposition in Japanese to designate the cases—unknown in Chinese. Gender and number in nouns and verbs, however, so far as grammar is concerned, are conspicuous in both instances by their absence. The same principle is employed in Japanese as in the English case of sheep, viz. a sheep, numerous sheep; too sheep. Relative pronouns exist in neither language. Adverbs are formed in Japanese by suffixing the "ni" and "to" just like the English "ly" and the French "ment." In both languages, the pronouns have no gender, but their number is much more precise in the Japanese. The different "I's" and "you's" in each tongue signify certain degrees of politeness.

Arabic, like most eastern languages, is written from the right to the left. Every word is referred to a root, which consists of three radical letters. Modifications of this basic idea are expressed by formulae, constructed not unlike algebra from these consonants in combination with phonetic letters. It is worthy of note that the common household words of modern Arabs are identical with those used by the ancient Hebrews. It is not too much to say, indeed, that an Israelite of old and an Arab Sheykh of the present time would be mutually intelligible in the expression of their simple daily needs.

In respect to European tongues, there are many reasons for not regarding Dutch as an attractive language. To many it appears to be a harsh resemblance between English and German. Consider the first stanza of the National song: "Voor Vaderland en Vorst":—

"Wein Neerland'sch bloed in de aderen vliet,
Van veeleinde smelten wij,
Weins hart voor land en koning gloeit,
Verhef den zang als wij."
"Who Ne'erland's blood feel nobly flow,
From foreign tainture free,
Whose hearts for King and Country glow,
Come, raise the song as we."

The Norwegian, Swedish and Danish languages are not unlike in character; indeed, the Danish and Norwegian 50 years ago were similar, and the only difference was a variation in pronunciation; to-day, however, they are written differently. There is wealth, sparkling colouring and warmth of character reflected in Russian speech, especially on account of the freedom it possesses as regards the relative order of its phraseology

and the all-powerful influence of the "syllables of nuances and terminations," the scales of which allow boundless subtility in the rendering of the various keen shades of thought. Nothing can give more vivid motion to a Russian descriptive paragraph, than placing the verbs at the beginning of each short phrase. This is rendered possible by the use of the accusative case. Curiously enough, the present tense is decidedly the Russian favourite, and it distinctly vivifies the speech. It seems strange, nevertheless, to hear a person say: "Yesterday I walk along the street and I suddenly see..." One unique point in Russian is that the verb "to be" is never used in the ordinary European way. When they wish to describe that they are glad, in any particular place, or are hungry, they say: "I glad," "I here," "I hungry." Only when special emphasis is required is "is" used and then only in the 3rd person singular.

A knowledge of the world's tongues introduces before us quite a mass of interesting whimsicalities. The Germans, for instance, call the thimble "a finger bat" (Fingerhut) and the green grasshopper "a hay horse" (Heupferd). A glove with them is a "hand-shoe" (Handschuh). Poultry is "feather-cattle" (Federvieh), whilst the names for the well-known substances oxygen and hydrogen in their language are "sour-stuff" (Sauerstoff) and "water-stuff" (Wasserstoff) respectively. East may be the "Morgenland" (Tomorrow-land), whilst the West is often described as the "Abendland" (Evening-land). With the French, potatoes are "pommes-de-

terre" (apples of the earth). They have no verb 'to stand,' while a Frenchman cannot speak of kicking anyone. The nearest approach a Frenchman makes to it, in his politeness, is to threaten to "give a blow with his foot," the same thing to the recipient in either case, but it seems to lack the directness and energy of our "kick." Neither has he any word for "baby," or for "home," or "comfort." The terms "upstairs" and "downstairs" are also unknown in France. The Hindoos are said to have no word for "friend," whilst the Italians have no equivalent for "humility." "K," "W," "X," and "Y" are not used in Italian, except in words derived from other languages. Many tongues exclude the letters "Q," "V" and "W" from their vocabulary. The Russian alphabet lacks our "h," our "j" and our "w," and to express certain of their sounds under English letters is an almost insurpassable problem. With regard to nearly all the Russian consonants there exists the peculiarity of a soft or palatalized way of pronouncing them as well as the other. This change is commanded by the light vowels or by the soft sign following them. It makes all the difference to the meaning of certain words whether their final consonants are pronounced hard or soft. There are no letters which are not pronounced apart from the hard and soft significations. Bereft of its peculiar ideograms, taking all things into consideration, the Chinese language might appear as a model of simplicity. John Chinaman regards declensions, conjugations and inflections as unnecessary lingual ballast and considers even number as futile. Not one of his nouns has a

plural form, but if he wishes to mention more than one of anything, he uses what is known as a "classifier." Just as we say in English "pairs of scissors," "head of cattle," the Chinese say "five sticks of spoon," "four balls of star." Tense he even considers of little moment. "Beh khi" therefore, implies "I am going," "They will go," "He goes," or "She wishes to go." Whereas the Chinese have only one word for machine "chia," whether it is a carriage, a typewriter, or the works of a watch, they delicately discriminate between paternal and maternal aunts and whether they are older or younger. For example, the Chinaman's "am" is his father's-old-brother's-wife and his "ee" is his mother's-younger-sister.

With the rapidity of communication by land and sea and air, to say nothing of the marvellous "grams" and "isms" which have brought mankind so closely together, there has been evolved a natural tendency to concentrate and unify languages. The modern trend is for the language of a given land therefore to become more centralised, and dialects are really dying out. It is a mistaken notion to believe otherwise. Some Paris shops, perhaps, may have window notices intimating that "English is spoken and American is understood", but there is really no essential difference in the language of the Old Country and the tongue of her strong sons of the West. It is therefore, not surprising that many attempts have been made towards even breaking down the greatest barriers between nations and instituting a common international language. This problem

—so difficult for philosophers—has been solved empirically in various parts of the world, however by proceeding on natural lines. Greek and Latin were both international languages in their respective epochs. In the Middle Ages, too, the Mediterranean nations evolved the "Lingua Franca," a mixture of Italian, Spanish, French and Arabic, which served them all as a means of inter communication. The Jews of the present day in "Yiddish" have a medium which is used as a common speech among co-religionists irrespective of nationality. The Malay Archipelago and the West Coast of Africa have each their secondary or "pass" language, by which natives can communicate with all others within a certain radius. Undoubtedly the most remarkable instance of an artificial language is Hindustani, the simple inter-tribal tongue of India, which had its birth in the Imperial mind of Akbar for the purposes of governing his multi-lingual provinces. He took the "Urdu" or camp language, a debased form of Sanskrit, combined its roots with Hindi, and produced the extremely effective "Hindustani." It was the master-mind of the Great Mogul, which gave this lingual chaos its shape and form, and in the days of his grandson, Shah, Jehan, Urdu became the "Lingua Franca" of the 19 distinct nations owning the Mogul's Imperial sway. Without such a common international language effective administration would have been almost impossible, and, although the central power, that kept together the language of those mighty hosts, which swept over Hindustan, has now lost its controlling influence, reference

should be made to the fact that Hindustani was adopted by the English when they succeeded to the Empire of the Mogul, and is even now the secondary language throughout the vast region lying between the Persian Gulf and the borders of China.

It is the dream of the idealist that what has been done in the East may also be accomplished in the West. The adoption of a neutral auxiliary international language, promulgated not necessarily by Imperial commands, but perchance with the consent of the civilised nations of the world, is a "consummation devoutly to be wished." It is therefore with some joy that we approach Esperanto, [the language of hope, inspiring in those who know it the hope of a language which will some day make universal understanding among all the people of the earth] not as a long-dreamt-of ideal, but rather as a concrete reality. Esperanto, indeed, is no longer in the experimental stage of a mere linguistic project; the great rapidity, with which Esperanto societies are increasing in number, their wide geographical diffusion, the diversity of their scope and composition, are irrefutable evidence that it is fast becoming a prominent and indispensable feature in the world's international life. Whence comes this wonderful self-diffusing power of Esperanto? By what spell does it thus kindle the enthusiasms and activities of hundreds and thousands of workers all over the world? Not in the language alone, simple and efficient as it is, lies the secret of this all-compelling power. No; Esperanto is symbolic of some-

thing higher than itself: the instinctive longing of humanity for universal peace, goodwill and brotherhood among the nations. For this, Esperanto stands; for the realisation of this high ideal, Esperantists work. This all-pervading spirit it is which is the source of the tremendous enthusiasm that has characterised every Esperanto congress. Where Esperanto comes, strife ceases; and men and women of the most widely different temperaments and nationalities, fired by the joy of co-operation in a noble purpose, become fast friends and comrades in an army of peace and progress, co-helpers and fellow-volunteers in the conscious evolution of mankind.

S. JACKSON COLEMAN.



THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN, AND ITS NECESSITY TO THE RISING GENERATION.

(Mrs. Curtis' Essay Prize of Rs. 20 given by the Aryan Excelsior League Bombay this year to Miss Gulestan Jamshedji Bahadurji, a student of St. Xavier's College.)

Woman, like man, is created in the image of her Maker, and she exists first for her God, next for her own soul, and lastly for her husband and children and society at large. Her education, therefore, must be conducted on such lines that it makes her devout and pure, willing to do her duty by God and His creatures, and contribute her mite to the benefit of mankind.

God does not bestow His gifts in vain. He gives intelligence to man and woman alike, not that it should be made use of by the man, and lie dormant in the woman. Not on the day of doom, that dreadful day, when we shall all stand in His presence to answer for our deeds on earth, He will demand of us what use we have made of our talent.

If so, let the woman's mind be highly cultivated to enable her to make use of her gift. Many have argued that women are mentally as well as physically inferior to men, and yet had Mme. Curie nothing to do with the discovery of radium? Besides, how many men have produced better works than Mrs. Browning or George Sand or Jane Austen? It is true, women have not produced any immortal work,

but is genius alone sufficient to produce an immortal work? Is not education highly necessary, and may we not hope that with the spread of education among women, we shall look forward to immortal works from them too? Haven't we ample proof that our "sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child" was not the ill-educated lad of Stratford-on-Avon, but a consummate Cambridge Scholar, not merely an Attorney's clerk, but a great lawyer? But, even granting for the sake of argument that women's works are, and in spite of all education will be, inferior to men's, that is no reason to preclude women from using their "inferior" gifts. Little lakes have their use as much as large rivers, and if the woman's little work has shed its divine influence on a few suffering souls, or even consoled one poor repentant sinner, she has not worked in vain. Why then deprive the woman of such influence by keeping her ignorant, why extinguish this divine spark in her? Besides, the disasters of suppressing the woman's gift are great. By not training her intellect, you deprive her from giving utterance to her beautiful thoughts, you inflict severe misfortune on her soul from the effects of which she never can recover, and which will instead lead her to exhaust her powers in unworthy, crooked, exaggerated aspirations. There is no grief like the sentiment of the beautiful, suppressed at its birth, like the deep sorrow of a soul that has missed its real vocation. A starved brain is as fatal as a starved stomach.

On the other hand, a mere smattering of knowledge is not enough to

feed the hungry brain. The more food we give to the intellect, the more it craves for, and incomplete development only makes the woman unhappy by showing her the heights to which she must not attain, but be content to gaze at from a distance. Besides there is a danger in superficial knowledge. As Pope says:

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian Spring;
For shallow draughts intoxicate the brain;
But drinking deeply sobers us again."

Thus, from a fear of having "learned women," men have fallen into the danger of making them shallow and frivolous with imperfect knowledge. Can intelligence ever be developed too much, either in the man or in the woman, and does it not particularly fit woman for her vocation? It is most foolish to argue that the higher form of education makes boys of girls. If a woman can become masculine with education, her womanliness is not worth preserving.

Not all women, however, are to be educated on the same lines. Just as different plants require different handling, different temperaments require different education according to their capabilities. Some women there are, not naturally endowed, in whose case it would be useless to cram their minds with undigested matter. Let these be content with ruling within their own narrow spheres. But there are others, restless souls, that will not be content to live within their low spheres. They must have the highest mental activity, as a relief from their material household duties. And if this is denied to them, they revolt against the overwhelming burden of

household care pressing upon them; and neglecting their duties altogether, resort to frivolity to avoid ennui. But the educated woman has recourse in such moments to Shakespeare; she finds relief from the worries of the world in his divine teaching, and rises up from her reading a more devoted wife, more resigned than ever to her lot. That one hour of intellectual enjoyment makes up for the day's work, and, more humble and pious than ever, she bends down on her knee, and thanks God for all the blessings she enjoys.

A woman's greatest talents ought to consist in being able to converse intelligently with everybody. How wearisome would be the talk of an uneducated woman, who can entertain you only with stories about her dress or the quarrels of her neighbours. Besides the disgust she causes, she herself also suffers. She cannot discuss for herself, and has meekly to accept the opinions of others. She hears men of genius outraged, religion flouted to her face, and the most vulgar objections raised; but, ignorant herself, she cannot answer sophisms, and then she curses her illiteracy.

Mere religious education is also not enough, goodness and tenderness cannot make up for reason and reflection; you might have good intentions, but without reason and education to guide you in your work, you will find your best aims frustrated.

In a time of need, education is the greatest support of a woman. Illiterate women, often becoming the victims of fate, and unable to make a living for themselves, have to live as dependants on others' charity, often bearing the

insults of their supporters under pain of being 'turned out houseless and alone in a wicked world. Even where the uneducated women have money of their own, they are cheated of it, so that a knowledge of banking is absolutely essential for the woman.

Let us turn for a moment to the supposed disadvantages of high education for females. It is said that high education, and the labour necessary to acquire it, makes women weak in health, and some women are constantly cited as examples. But this is not true. Such women are not healthy through want of outdoor exercise.

Again, it is argued, educated women neglect their practical duties, become romantic by undue indulgence of their fancies, and vain of their acquirements. Far different is the case. The cleverest women, e. g. Jane Austen or the Brontë Sisters, are often the best housekeepers, and the least proud of their acquirements. It is even a fact that successful Scientists are usually the sons of educated women. The children of uneducated women, on the other hand, often follow the idle ways of their mothers. Governesses may be engaged for the education of the daughters; but the first rays of knowledge must be cast in young hearts by the mother alone. Even where the teachers are painstaking, unnecessary interference is thrown in their path by illiterate mothers, who will often call away the children from study-time for fear they should be overworked.

In the education of their sons, illiterate mothers are never consulted; the fathers take up the education of their boys, and often regardless of the

secret inclinations of their sons train them to their trade. The poor boys suffer; for who will deny that the mother understands her children better than the father.

If, therefore, the wife was educated, the husband would leave to her the primary education of the sons, and thus relieve himself of a great responsibility. The opposers of female education make the husband the sole aim of the destiny of woman; But for a husband and wife to be happy, union of hearts must be coupled with the union of minds; for, when the glamour of married life has passed away, life will become wearisome to the educated husband who has an ignorant wife. The wife ought to co-operate with the husband in all his work, and he must feel proud of her.

The ideally educated woman therefore is the complement of man, the religious, intellectual woman who can turn her education to practical use in her own household, who can communicate a certain life to society, and raise its moral and intellectual tone. She carries on her household duties more or less on scientific principles, keeps pace with the enormous strides made by science, benefits by vast changes of Industrial Revolution, and fits her house with modern machines that will facilitate labour, and save time. She strides through Biology, "the activity, and interrelation and use of plants and animals to mankind;" through Bacteriology, the bacterial forms of disease prevalent in the colonies; and thus her education gives her knowledge of the means by which health may be preserved. Thus to her, the higher branches of study are

only wider aspects of questions that crop up in the household, even economising a wider aspect of the petty household problems of bakers' and butchers' bills. She must also be well-versed in nursing, in hygiene, and in 'first-aid' to the injured. She must cultivate a taste for the beautiful, and spend her leisure hours, not in reading trashy novels, but in the works of the immortals in which she should find her chief delight. She should be able to appreciate music and painting of the highest order; she must also be conversant with history, to know how women by their undue influence can make or mar the prosperity of a country, how the licentious French women of the eighteenth century led to the corruption of the whole French Society; how again Queen Victoria by her sweet influence contributed to the prosperity of her country. Thus, enlightened herself, she will influence in the best way not only her husband and children, but all those with whom she comes in contact.

The real is far below this ideal, but the ideal is not unattainable. The rising generation has a special need of female education, and women are rising to the occasion. The present world-wide war has shown us how proficient and useful women have proved themselves in almost all the works of men. Their influence has not ceased with nursing the sick and the wounded, or providing clothes and money for the men on the field, or cheering up the wounded soldiers with songs and gifts of flowers; they have been employed in larger numbers than ever in factories or in

Post Offices, and to drive tram cars. Even in the Census Department, their services are now employed, a fact which makes one laugh, when one thinks of the charge against poor woman that she can never keep a secret.

In India, the War has not been without its influence. It has awakened woman to the necessity of political and social reforms, and hence to the needs of educating her daughters. Indian soldiers fighting in Flanders have been struck by the sight of the French and the Belgian women comforting and helping their husbands, and sharing in their labours. It was the Western civilization, and Western liberty of action that had made them so useful to their husbands, and to their country in its time of need. And here in India, what a contrast was presented to our eyes by fifty purdah ladies at Delhi trying to understand the miseries of War by means of a Cinema show. And this is due to the utter illiteracy of these women. Brought up in a Zenana, the four walls of which comprise their world, deprived of all Society, but that of other unfortunate women who share the same fate, their mind taught to seek all its happiness in low frivolous pleasures, they lead the lives of animals, their faculties cramped, their feelings deadened. Education alone can remove such disabilities; that alone will make them conscious and ashamed of their animal lives, and make them reasoning thinking beings; it alone will teach them that they are no household drudges far inferior to their husbands, whom they treat as God. In this respect, the presence of the Queen-Empress at Delhi

co-operating with her husband, and sharing in the honours bestowed upon him has been a beautiful object-lesson to India and has even stirred up some of the Indian women to a desire to be useful to their country. We have already before us examples of our more educated women going personally to famine stricken countries, at great inconvenience to themselves, and helping the famished with food and money and clothes. Recently, an enquiry into the social evils of India was carried on by twenty ladies, eight of whom were Indians. The Maharani of Baroda has written a book on women's work in the west. Lastly, the Conference of the Jain ladies in Bombay, and the inclusion of five women in the senate of Poona are sufficient indications of the momentum which education has recently received.

But there are still many evils rampant in India, which only a through education of the "masses" of women can remove. We have now in our primary schools less than a million girls, and of these only twenty-five thousand in high schools. The rest, who constitute by far the majority, are ignorant and superstitious, mostly working for their own living, clinging obstinately to old beliefs and averse to all innovations, preferring death to consulting a medical man, so strict are their ideas of propriety. The lady doctor is therefore the greatest need of India. Scholarships have been founded by Lady Dufferin and others to give encouragement to women studying for the profession, but still the number of lady doctors is as yet very small, and the supply falls far short of the demand.

Ghosts and witches are a common object of belief of the uneducated Indian woman, and her children, too, are educated in that belief. In illness, again, the uneducated woman will not take medicine, but will resort to the black art. Never stirring out of the house, she ruins her health, and moreover becomes most narrow-minded. Her children grow up like her, superstitious, cramped in mind, unreasonable beings, blaming at every turn their fate rather than themselves.

Child-marriage, one of the greatest curses of India, can only disappear with female education. Educated women will not set up such opposition to widow-marriage as the uneducated do now; they will also refuse to marry a man who has already one wife, and thus help to make the generation stronger.

These evils have long preyed on the life of India, and the time is ripe for their annihilation. Besides education is now spreading fast among the Indian men, and if women's education is not conducted at an equally rapid pace, there will be a greater and greater separation between the Indian man and woman, and this will add to the many evils of India. The best plan, therefore, is to give the Indian woman a sound education, (and especially a command over the English language, as the circumstances demand it), and send her forth into the country to act as a foster-mother to the nation's children.

In Europe to-day, the same need of female education is being felt more and more. Millions of men have been slain or disabled on the field of battle, and if women do not take up their

An Account of my Stay in England.

(BY MRS. RAJKUMARI DAS, M. A.)

Of the Calcutta university, who has just gained the Teaching diploma of the London Day Training College.)

I applied for the Gokhale Scholarship in August 1916 and Lady J. C. Bose, of Calcutta, sent forward my application to England with a covering letter. Unfortunately, it never reached its destination, but the letter that she wrote to Sir Krishna Gupta, the Chairman of the Indian Women's Education Association, duly went, and she had an answer to it in November from Miss S. A. Bonnerjee, the Honorary Secretary of the Association. Lady Bose immediately collected funds for my passage and outfit, and within a fortnight sent me on my voyage to this country. As the money at the disposal of the Association was not sufficient for my expenses, Lady Bose undertook to supplement it by contributions from India. Owing, however, to the delay in the mail service, she could not write to the Association in time. When, therefore, I arrived here with the intention of trying for the London Diploma, the Association found that the Gokhale Scholarship for such a course was insufficient, and supplemented it with money otherwise at its disposal. Before this arrangement could be notified to Lady Bose, she had sent me £50, but as my expenses had already been met by the Association, I had no need of this money, which I handed over to Miss Bonnerjee to be



kept until the expiry of the Scholarship, and she has now returned it to me with interest.

I reached here on January 15, 1917, and soon afterwards, Miss Bonnerjee took me to see the Hon. Maud Lawrence, of the Board of Education, a daughter of the great Lord Lawrence, Viceroy of India, whom the Hon. Mr. Hornell, Director of Public Instruction, Bengal, had asked me to consult before taking admission into a college. Miss Lawrence recommended the London Day Training College, and wrote to Professor Adams, the Principal, about me, with the result that I was admitted there on January 23.

The Spring Term had already started, so no practical teaching could be arranged during that Term. I took part in the theoretical work and utilised my time, which would have otherwise been occupied in teaching, in visits of observation to schools of various description. I studied Theory and History of Education, and special methods of Mathematics and Geography. During the Summer Term, I studied, in addition, special methods of English and History, and attended classes on Nature Study and Handwork, and gave lessons in History, Geography, and Arithmetic in the County Secondary School, Clapton, as my practical work.

During the Autumn Term I attended lectures on Theory and History of Education, and special methods of English, and continued Nature Study and Handwork. For my practical work, I took History, Geography, Grammar, and Composition, at the County Secondary school, Clapton.

These Schools are different from ours, as the medium of instruction throughout is the mother-tongue. It is much easier to grasp a subject through one's own vernacular than through a foreign language. Our children are faced with a double difficulty, a new language and a new subject, which makes it hard for them to feel at home in their subject; and yet, when we recollect how successfully they grapple with their difficulties, we cannot help giving them all the credit that they deserve. They have not such good teachers as the children of this country, for we are very backward in educational methods.

• We think that any one who can read and write can be a teacher. We have not yet realised that education is a precious charge, which should be committed only to hands that are suitably trained to carry on the work. It can be truly said of us that we have either no education or that it is entrusted to wrong hands, a complaint that was made in Europe in the 15th century; for we are of opinion that teaching is the easiest thing to do, and that anyone who is not fit for anything else is suitable for educating and moulding human beings, one of the gravest responsibilities that one can undertake. It is, therefore, not strange that our results should fall far below our expectations. We cannot expect anything better.

The seclusion of Indian women binds them down, and leaves no room for those occupations that are open to our more fortunate sisters in Europe. What can an Indian woman do to earn her living independently? She cannot compete with her Eurasian sisters for

clerical posts in offices, for such a course is impossible in existing circumstances, owing to her customary seclusion. We cannot force Indian women to take their place at office desks, for that would only stifle them in an alien atmosphere, and place obstacles in the path of progress, which depends for its security not upon radical changes, but upon slow development. Through no fault of her own, woman in India is behind man in the cultivation of intellectual capacities. Until she is able to make up for lost time, she cannot adopt those occupations as her right, in which her European sisters are quite at home. Does this not rather point to the fact that we shall have to persuade our men first to make it easier for women to take their proper place in society, and so fill any position for which they are fit?

Why does woman keep in the background? Because so many of our men will not recognise her rights or accept her on a footing of equality. They think that her natural sphere is the home, where her duty lies in ministering to the comforts of others, and especially of men; they grudge her a separate existence, deny her freedom of action, and expect implicit obedience from her. But in ancient times, woman in India was considered man's equal and was treated accordingly, of which we have many instances in Sanscrit literature. No doubt it is woman that makes a home, but certainly her sympathies cannot be confined to it, however ideal it may be. Her interests must embrace society in all its aspects, if she is to realise herself. She must be responsible for her own actions and activities, and take her own initiative according

to her freedom of choice.

Every woman is not fitted to enliven a home; some have their proper sphere outside domestic life. How is a society to make progress, that allows freedom to man but denies it to woman, thus refusing to help on the evolution of half the race? It defeats its own purpose, by dwarfing the men morally and destroying the women intellectually and spiritually. The sexes are complementary to each other; they rise or fall together. The one cannot be educated apart from the other, for it will be dragged down by the other which it will crush in return by its fall.

We cannot permanently set our face against the fact that women want education and need occupation. But it does not follow that women should be forced into the sphere of education, because other avenues are closed to them. How many of our teachers take a real pleasure in teaching, and find it the best channel towards self-realisation? In other words, how many of them find their true vocation in teaching? Does it inspire them to unravel the working of the minds entrusted to their charge, to help the pupils to develop the best of which they are capable? Or is it not rather a disagreeable business which must be done somehow, without reference to the mental content of the pupils? When the results are disappointing, and they must inevitably be in the circumstances, the teachers blame the pupils for their stupidity, and do not see that it is they themselves that are stupid and not the pupils. When the latter cannot grasp a point, it is always the fault of their intellect, and never of the vague explanations of the

teachers. How can we mend matters when we persist in trying to fit square pegs into round holes?

We naturally turn to the Government for help in this direction, but do not get what we desire or need. It grants a scholarship every year to *Eurasians* to allow their women to come to this country to be trained as efficient teachers, but it grants none to *Indian* women. And yet if we consider the proportion of the former to the latter, they are but a drop in the ocean. Some years ago, the Government gave two scholarships, one to a Mahomedan lady and one to a Hindu, to be trained in this country in the best Western methods. The Hindu lady returned duly qualified and took charge of a training school for Hindu widows, where she has since been doing very useful work, but the Mahomedan lady failed to qualify on account of ill-health. It was hoped that the scholarship would be granted in succeeding years, and thus open the way for women to be trained in this country as teachers. Unfortunately, however, the project was dropped. Nevertheless, the Government has begun to grant a scholarship each year to enable Indian women to pursue advanced medical studies in this country, and this is a great boon. But surely our minds stand as much in need of expansion as our bodies of treatment. The former need is perhaps the more urgent, for ignorance is in a great measure responsible for many of the ailments of life. We want a sound mind in a sound body, and therefore it is not enough to grant an annual scholarship for practical studies. We

require others for the training of teachers in the best methods.

Our schools are deficient in opportunities for physical culture, which is so necessary for the health of the students. Periodical medical inspection, healthy games and exercises, alone can lay the basis of a strong physical system. Here, too, seclusion and early marriage stand as impediments in our path. Girls have to be conveyed to school. This means that they cannot take part in those healthy games, which can be arranged for them after school hours. They must needlessly spend an hour or so in a packed omnibus, each morning, immediately after a hearty meal; and in the afternoon with an empty stomach go through the same experience all over again. They reach home thoroughly fatigued and are not much good for anything thereafter. This, when repeated for any length of time, tells upon their health, and then the charge is laid against education, and it is alleged that women cannot bear the mental strain in which their intellect is engaged. True, we have some kind of drill in our schools, but it is done mechanically, and no effort is made to get the children to take an interest in it or make it a success. Some inducements are necessary to help them to look upon it with favour. Gymnastic displays would be very encouraging and helpful, especially if they be accompanied with music. Dalcroze Eurythmics would satisfy this need more than anything else, and help to develop a musical sense in the children. Here we come again to our one crying need for trained teachers: we fail because we entrust teaching to wrong

hands, utterly incompetent to take charge of it.

It may be urged that there are training schools and colleges in India. But what is the material with which they work? The training schools require a very elementary standard of knowledge in candidates, who go there to be trained. No amount of method will help anyone to do justice to a subject, of which he or she is ignorant or of which there is only a rudimentary knowledge. Yet we entrust such people with the training of the minds and bodies of little children, having the idea that a child does not need a scholar to teach it, and that anyone is good enough for that purpose. We forget that it is the first teacher that lays the foundation, and that if it be not firm, no edifice can be erected upon it. Besides, it is a most difficult task to teach young children, for the teacher must take a thorough stock-taking of her own mental contents and those of the child, before she can manipulate the mind of the child and engage its interest in the subject being taught. Education does not begin with voluntary attention, but with involuntary attention, and it is only when the child's interest has been fully aroused, that it can voluntarily turn its attention to its lesson. Obviously, those teachers who have only an elementary knowledge of their subject are not in a position to engross the attention of a child. Many of them go in for this sort of training, because they are backward in their class and cannot pass their own examinations, and thus are prevented from proceeding to higher education. The training colleges require graduates and under-graduates, and have

good material to work upon, but the number of such colleges is very small. There is one in Calcutta for women, but I am not sure whether there are any in the other Provinces. There are a few colleges for men, but women are not allowed to study there. The one in Calcutta sends up its candidates for the B. T. and L. T. of the Calcutta University. We need more of such colleges in India, and want that one candidate a year, at least, from each Province, should be sent to Europe to learn Western methods, so that our outlook may be broadened, and we may be kept in touch with the most modern methods. We are at least a quarter of a century behind the times, if not more. The Hindus are backward enough, but the Mahomedan community is still more so because of its very strict seclusion. Seclusion has done no good to anybody, and has invariably proved the greatest enemy of that for which it was devised. Monks have shut themselves in monasteries, only to find the temptations harder to overcome as soon as they have returned to the world, and to learn that moral excellence depends not upon fleeing from temptation, but upon overcoming it. Whatever may have been the origin of seclusion, in our country, it is altogether absurd in the 20th century, when we need all our resources to keep pace with the times, and this we cannot do so long as women are a burden, rather than a help, as they must be under this pernicious system. We have Government inspection in our schools, and it would seem that the standard of efficiency ought therefore to be easily maintained. Unfortunately however, this is not so, for the inspection department is lacking in sym-

pathy, and the schools lack confidence in it. The business of the department seems to be merely to criticise, and thus the attitude of the schools is one of defence simply. Instead of co-operation, the two seem to be working at cross purposes. If the inspectresses were to undertake the positive work of construction, by helping teachers, with whom they are not satisfied, through demonstration lessons, their object would be much more easily attained. At present they satisfy themselves with finding out the defect merely, without suggesting the remedy. India is a conservative country, and can only be made to see the desirability of trained teachers by being shown in a friendly manner that the teachers she employs stand in need of education in methods of teaching. This end can be secured if the teachers themselves can be made thoroughly dissatisfied with their own methods, by seeing lessons given in their presence, which are more effective and have the power of engaging the attention of children and eliciting their potentialities.

There is another way of raising the standard of efficiency, but it is not practicable, viz. that of exchanging teachers for a year with different countries in respect of subjects that lend themselves to such an exchange. Geography is a subject of this kind. To make such a scheme practicable, it would require the aid of Government, as well as that of railway and navigation companies, both in India and outside. There are teachers in this country who would be willing to make such an exchange.

In London, I had the opportunity of being present, through the kindness of

Mrs. Fawcett, at a demonstration lesson on music, in a school at Kensington, under the Girls' Day School Trust. It was there that I first learned that music is inherent in all and should be taught to all. The children were quite clever and sang and played a tune that they had never seen or known before, and composed extempore tunes of their own on the spot. The mistress conducting the lesson informed us, after the girls had left the room, that there were very few amongst those children that could be said to be possessed of a musical ear, that original compositions did not depend upon this, but that she had found that any child who listened to her lessons properly was able to compose music.

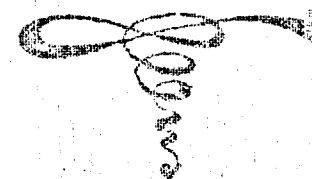
In July, Mrs. Haigh took me to a demonstration lesson given by Dalcroze himself on his system of Eurhythmics, at the Prince's Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue. I could follow the lesson, as I had had a book on the subject kindly lent me by Mrs. Haigh, and was surprised to see how well the children followed by graceful movements the tunes played by Dalcroze, although these were new to them. Dalcroze asserts very emphatically that music should be realised, and not learnt mechanically, and this lesson illustrated exactly what he means by realisation. The Professor called upon the children in turn to assume the conductor's baton, whilst the other children followed, as well as the Professor himself on the piano, the lead of the particular child.

Whilst at Liverpool with Mrs. Blair, I had the opportunity of visiting a small school at Formby, conducted on the method of Madame Montessori.

The system is admirable and makes for health, physical and mental, and aims at drawing out the faculties of children and making them responsible for their work by encouraging them to make their own time-table and pursue their work according to their own inclination. Although I had an introduction to Dr. Muspratt, the Vice-Chancellor of the Liverpool University, from Sir William Wedderburn, and did actually see the "grand old man", I was not able to see any of the educational institutions, partly for want of time, and partly because it was the Easter vacation. At Glasgow, too, I was prevented from seeing schools for the same reason. I did go to an elementary and upper school, however, but could not see it under normal working conditions, as it had just begun after the Summer vacation, and I had to hurry back to London the next day. Miss Roberts and other headmistresses of schools from different parts of England cordially invited me to visit their schools and see the teaching as well as the administrative work, but unfortunately, I was unable to take advantage of their kind invitations, as I could only leave London during the vacations, when these schools were also closed. Whilst at Gloucester, in the spring, I was able to see the school of Domestic Science, where girls are taught needlework, cooking, and general household management. I also paid a visit to an elementary school for boys and girls, and the headmaster said that co-education was good both for boys and girls, as it strengthened the latter and put the former on their best behaviour. I had the opportunity of seeing a

secondary school for girls also at Gloucester. At Tibberton, I paid a visit to a village school, and saw the children engaged in clay-modelling. They had each brought a daffodil to serve as a model. The elder children were engaged in their English lesson.

In conclusion, I cannot close this report without paying a warm tribute of appreciation and gratitude to the members of the Association and its friends, from whom I have received much personal kindness. Soon after my arrival, Miss S. A. Bonherjee, the Honorary Secretary, gave an At Home at the Cafe Mexico to enable me to meet the members of the Association and its friends. Lady Muir Mackenzie and Lady Wedderburn held a meeting and gave a party at the house of Lady Muir Mackenzie to promote the objects of the Association. Sir Satyendra Prasanna Sinha, Sir Abbas Ali Baig, Miss Sorabji, Sir Mancherji Bhownagree, Sir John Cockburn, and Sir William Wedderburn spoke at this meeting, and succeeded in obtaining quite a number of subscribers to, and members of, the Association. Finally, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Unwin were good enough to invite some friends and the members of the Committee of the Association to a *Conversazione* at their house on the 18th January 1918, to bid me farewell on my approaching return to India.



WIVES: GOOD & BAD.

Somebody contributed an article a month or two ago to the I. L. M. on "bad husbands," and it struck me at the time of reading it that husbands and wives are much of a muchness, in other words six of one and half a dozen of the other. But then that is a generalisation that applies more particularly to Europeans and perhaps to some advanced Indian Christians, where the wife has pretty much the same privileges as the husband and is at liberty to do pretty much as she likes. In orthodox Hindu and Mahomedan society, the women generally, and wives in particular, live and move and have their being under strict limitations. So hedged about with relatives and conventions and traditions are they, that the wife has no personal liberty worth mentioning. Her outlook on life is very circumscribed, and the smallest departure of a sister from the ordinary groove strikes her as unspeakably venturesome and wicked. If the husbands of such women should occasionally neglect them, are selfishly indulgent personally, and look for the society of women who are altogether different from their wives in conversation and character, it is not to be wondered at. Once such men get the taste for forbidden pleasures it is a case of *facilis descensus Avernus*, by reason of their wives not possessing sufficient strength of mind or opportunity to assert themselves. But there are surely very many cases, where the husbands are hard-working home-staying men, good and kind and liberal; but who nevertheless are made unhappy by their wives. A very

common fault in a wife is sulking. She takes offence at some small thing and she sulks, and sulks and sulks, for days together perhaps, making the husband desperate, the children miserable, and all the rest in the house uncomfortable. She is asked "what is the matter?" "Nothing," is the reply delivered with an air of martyrdom. Petruchio's wife told her sisters that:—

"A woman moved is like a fountain troubled; muddy, illseeming, thick, bereft of beauty," and that is so. Another indiscreet wife is the one that will have the last word—most women love having that—many dispute with the husband. Some wives are improvident. The husband earns and brings his earnings home. It is the duty of the woman to save, to spend the money frugally, to cut the coat of household expenses according to the cloth; but some women are like a whirlpool. Everything disappears with no adequate result. Some wives, again, are so jealous that they weary and disgust their husbands without cause, and it sometimes happens that their insinuations, accusations and suspicious suggestions drive the husbands to do just what the wives do not want them to do. It was an old-world English poet who wrote, after describing a jealous, sulky and improvident wife:—

"If such a wife fall to my lot, I'd tame her with the magic of the switch. I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse—witch."

Among those who follow European customs, married life, it is regrettable to say, in these latter years is not a success. Simple pleasures are

vanishing. The unrest of the age has disintegrated family life. Husbands and wives live apart in the same house. They have given up all demonstrations of affection. Family prayer is an exception. The girls leave home early to fend for themselves, and before their character is formed. The boys are no better and bad husbands and bad wives are suffered philosophically in very many cases. To get a divorce or separation is troublesome, and though some husbands and wives manage to pull along together peaceably, many live together to save appearances for the sake of their children but really live quite apart.

In these unhappy cases, it is the wife who is generally to blame. A vulgar proverb goes that "courtship is bliss, but marriage is a blister." The young woman, who was always nicely dressed and admirable and good-tempered before marriage, after the honeymoon is over, gets careless and dowdy at home and dresses only for visitors. She loses her temper, argues, sulks or goes into hysterics or like another Guinevere "Makes wicked lightnings of her eyes, and saps the fealty of friends, and stirs the pulse with devils' leaps, and poisons half the young," and so on and so on. A bad man is often reclaimed by a good wife, and a good wife makes a good mother and rears her children to be brave men and virtuous women. The wife is the key stone of the arch of Home. A good wife is, as an Indian poet has it, "a spring in life's wilderness." On the whole, the Indian system of marriage has much to recommend it. It is based on the dictum of Oliver Wendell Holmes that every man is bound to fall in love with

every woman, provided that time, place and opportunity are favourable. A young man and woman, with no previous courtship on either side, are married early in life and meet for the first time and are made alive to the mystery of sex, and they live in nine cases out of ten placidly happy and contented. There is no question of affinity and passion and love's madness. It is a calm, cool affection born of propinquity, mutual esteem and kindness and lasts very well. "What nonsense," says Oscar Wilde, "people talk about marriages! A man can be happy with any woman as long as he does not love her."—a saying in which a profound truth is enshrined. In two cases, Oriental women have become educated and refined on the European plan and have won a large share of personal liberty, without sacrificing their innate modesty and they are the Japanese and the Parsis. If Hindu women and Mahomedan women become educated and win liberty for themselves, it is to be hoped that they will not part with all that is most valuable in the feminine character in the shape of modesty, virtue, gentleness, dignity and charity.

R. L.



A Journey to the West Coast.

The British empire in India possesses certain aspects in its magnificence which while intimately affecting the average citizen in it are apt to be frequently lost sight of. The empire is grand in its vastness. It is divided into great provinces administered by chosen pro-consuls from the British nobility. Each one of the provinces is sufficiently vast to present all the varieties of nature scenes. In the southern province, which is ours we have all varieties of climes and soils. From the "half English Nilgherri air," to the summer heat of Guntur, the flat plain of Tanjore to the uneven aspects of a city like Bangalore, from the almost rainless districts to the incessant rains of South Kanara or the Malabar, our presidency presents all varieties of climates.

Having spent more than ten years in the capital city of Madras, I learnt one day that I was desired to serve in the West coast town of Mangalore. Mangalore is 550 miles from Madras.

The morning after our start, when we got up from bed in the train, we had travelled three hundred miles and more and we then alighted to change into another train. We had left Madras in the unmitigated dry heat of June. The next morning, after entering a second train, we had not gone far towards the Arabian Sea, when we were made aware of a general downpour of rain all around us. It was the breaking of the monsoon. Scientists and geographers strive hard to explain to us what a

monsoon is. Such explanations are far-fetched and over-fetched. The one great fact about it is that it is itself. I have seen the monsoon on the Nilgherries and on the coast of the Arabian sea, and I think I have not seen more awe inspiring phases of Nature-Life. You see a continuous white cloud mist or water spray mist all about you on the Nilgherries. On the west coast, the most perceptible thing is a quick battering of poor Mother Earth with water-drops thick and fast-falling as stones.

The Western ghats have long barred the west coast from the rest of the country. The Palghat gap has proved the good angel of inter-communication. Shoranur is about twenty miles from the Arabian Sea. It is in the typical west coast country.

Water, water, every where.

A broad big river with a torrent of red muddy water in it runs a race with the railway line for a great distance. There are pools of water in all directions and the low rice fields are full of water too. Just on a height is perched a little wooden house, and around it are a cluster of cocoanuts and beautiful areca-nut palms. The heavens are pouring torrents of water on the land, but the humanity underneath is unperturbed. They move about with never a suggestion that the rain troubles them with its patter or its wetness.

The railway engine rushed on. There is something peculiarly triumphant in the progress of a railway journey in rainy weather. You feel yourself superior to the world around you. You are rushing in space, without having to pay a penalty for the vicissitudes of the weather.

An accident happened in the course of our journey through the Malabar country, which while luckily not going beyond the dimensions of a little incident served to offer us an opportunity to view at close quarters a Malabar village and its inhabitants. Something had gone wrong in the mechanism of the engine propelling our train and she stopped abruptly. Her situation in the spot she had come to presented great contrasts. The big demon of civilization, instead of haughtily rushing through space with never a regard for the simple folks that dwell thereabout, was now clogged in its wheels before their very eyes. We, the passengers in the train, were filled with idle curiosity. As soon as the train stopped, we perceived a growing crowd. Men and women, boys and girls, mothers with children in their arms, old matrons abruptly abandoning their domestic tasks, cheerful young men and sceptic old men, all were there. They ran in from all corners and through ways and channels one never would have suspected as leading to human dwelling or human traffic. The crowd, like that of the rats which followed Browning's Pied Piper of Hamelin, gazed at us in frank curiosity, while we did the same.

We steamed on, and then all of a sudden we saw the sea ahead of us breaking on our view. We had reached the west coast, after having travelled across the peninsula from the shores of the Bay of Bengal to the shores of the Arabian sea. We might dream of Alphonso Albuquerque waiting at the Zamorin's court or be bewildered in the contemplation of the mighty truth that has held between the West

and India over the Arabian Sea. From Calicut and some stations earlier, our journey was performed close by the sea-shore. We saw the foam and the spray of the breakers in the sea. It alternately awed us and delighted us to be at such close quarters with the sea. Our road was by no means even either. We climbed up and we rushed down, on and on. From sunset to sunrise and from sunrise to sunset and night again is a long time in a railway train. And so we progressed, the sea continuing to be our companion on the way. Deep and wide waters were across our road and large iron-girt bridges sped us along. At last, in the dark night, two hours after sunset, with the sky full of clouds and the rain pouring down, we reached our destination, and kind friendly faces greeted us at the railway station.

"KITTA."



THE SUFEE.

[The Sufi is a Mahomedan mystic. The Koran itself is unfavourable to mysticism; but Sufi mysticism is said to have come into Islam through Persia, where, under the influence of Indian thought, mysticism flourished before the Mahomedan conquest. The Sufi is a devotee who has progressed in the way of perfection. The Way is a struggle in which he practises asceticism, keeps fasts and vigils, and drives away all thoughts save those of God alone. His motive of worship is not fear of punishment, nor hope of reward, but Love. The final degree is Perfection, in which the world is dead; the power of sin within the Sufi's soul is dead, and he has attained conscious union with God.]

Bismillah, "In the name of God"—

He found his ever-Living God
In contemplation of the dead;
He discerned Eternal Life
In faded leaves, and petals shed.

All these in conformation to the law
Of strife, of change from life to life—
Grim transmutation to some nobler form—
Till death is death! And Love alone
survives all Strife.

"Passer-By."

IN THE "MADRAS TIMES"

At the Railway Station.

The time is about 7 p. m. and the mail train is to leave the station at 7-45 p. m. Those who are intending to travel in the out-going train arrive in carriages and cars and these vehicles deposit their loads and pass away, right away into oblivion for all that we care; for, at the present we are concerned with only the Railway Station and nothing more. Inside this important edifice, all is bustle and confusion. Each man is trying his best to have his business attended to first, caring nothing whatever for the feelings or affairs of his fellow men, a vivid illustration of the well-known proverb, "charity begins at home."

The porters, who have been unfortunate enough to have failed in persuading the passengers to accept their valuable services, continue their persuasions in a high and persistent voice calculated to strike terror into the bravest heart and to force the unfortunate man chosen to represent the audience to accept their services from sheer desperation and a dreadful fear that his ear-drums may be permanently put out of action at any moment. The weighing machine, that much-ill-treated structure, is being handled in the most violent manner, huge boxes being hurled on and off in steady and nerve-racking succession. The aperture through which tickets are bought is blocked tight with a multitude of stretched-out hands tightly grasping the money for the tickets and bobbing up and down, the whole forming a many-legged spider, whose untiring energies have woven

a web around the bewildered ticket-seller from which, try as he may, he is quite unable to extricate himself. Trolleys, piled high with luggage, are being propelled hither and thither and emit heart-rending shrieks, which clearly prove that the wheels must have been last oiled at least two months ago.

At last, most of the booking and ticket-buying business having been successfully transacted, the passengers march on to the platform, and seeing their train waiting for them they make a combined rush at it and overwhelm it with a multitude of caresses. People rush on from compartment to compartment looking for the berths reserved for them, and having found them deposit their luggage therein. Those who have not reserved their seats search for the vacant ones and immediately take possession. This having been accomplished, a sigh of mutual relief arises from all as having overcome the most important and difficult part of the business.

Hitherto, we have been discussing only the material part of the Railway-Station question; but now we come to the mental aspect, which is infinitely more interesting to observant lookers-on. It has been taken for granted that the reader is aware that the platform is not only invaded by those who are intending to depart by the train, but also by a great many of their friends and relations. The platform is a place of leave-takings, of farewells and of a great many more sad things. We see two friends standing on the platform, one remains behind, the other departs; we see the sorrow of a parent

about to send her children away to a far-away place, with no hope of seeing them again for many a long day; and again we see two lovers about to separate, a sad sight indeed. The time approaches for the train to depart; only ten minutes more. What surprises the looker-on is the great number of smiling faces in spite of the gravity of the situation. A sort of fixed smile seems to be depicted on the countenances of all the people on the platform, except a few whose emotions have overcome them to such an extent as to force them to shed visible tears. This sight no doubt is sad enough; but the fixed-smile people are the more pitiful to behold because no doubt they are shedding internal tears; sorrow suppressed in order to cheer up their weaker friends or relations, and grief hidden because they are surrounded by strangers.

Suddenly a bell goes, the five minutes' hail. The sound no doubt has been expected and anticipated by all; but still, when it actually comes, the nervous system of all experiences a tremendous shock not unlike a powerful electric one. At last the moment has come to part. Forthwith, there follows a shaking of hands and people in the excess of their emotion shake hands with the same person about ten times over and are not aware of the repetition. Hand shakes and kisses are therefore crowded into these five minutes, and all concerned, except a few, try their best to get all they can out of that brief period of time. There are some who utter a sigh of relief when the bell goes, for they cannot bear the scene and they like to get it over

and be done with it. Into this scene comes an element of humour; for our long-lost friend the porter asserts himself again. His valuable services have been accepted and made use of; but what about being paid for rendering such valuable help? "Goodbye," says a man to his friend in gloomy accents, "when shall we meet again?" "Cooly, Sah," cries the porter, "master giving me cooly, I carry master 8 samman, very heavy, poor man got wife and eight children." This naturally irritates the passenger and he heaves some money at the offending culprit, who greedily picks it up and immediately clamours for more. "Vat Sah, me doing so much work and only four annas, and carry one box, one bed and three umbrellas and only four annas?" This continues till he is duly paid or is driven away.

At last, all the travellers have entered their compartments and the doors of the carriages have been closed by Railway officials. Then follows a series of words and incoherent sentences between those in the train and those outside and promises of writing letters to each other at least once a week or even once a day; promises which it is very doubtful will ever be faithfully kept.

Finally, the warning whistle goes, the passengers cease to try and dislocate their necks by leaning out of the windows, a few final words and away goes the train with its motley crowd of mortals. Handkerchiefs are taken out of pockets and waved from the platforms and a responsive

white cloud kobs up and down from the train windows, the faces grow smaller, the distance increases, the waving decreases, the puffing of the train becomes fainter, the train passes out of sight, and at last silence reigns supreme.

W. R. S. S.

"Manners and customs in a typical Indian house, and how far strict adherence to such customs tends to retard modern progress."

(Benson's memorial Prize essay by Dorasaniammal of the Triplicane Girls' School.)

"Manners are not idle, but the fruit Of noble nature and of loyal mind." Tennyson.

The Indians are a combination of many races. They have no common faith, no common tongue, no common ideas and no common feelings. Their manners and customs vary as their creed and situation allow. Such being the condition of the Indians, one is at a loss to know what a typical Indian house means here; but as this essay is general, the national character of the Indians as a whole can be described. True it is that India as a nation is a dream, but it is an everlasting dream, a dream that is one day hoped to come out as substantial.

The Indians, strictly speaking, have few manners, but numerous customs. As the bulk of the people are uneducated and secluded from good society, they have no manners, but somehow customs have been strongly fixed

in them by caste. As caste holds a supreme sway over the Indian with regard to his whole life, it is good to say something about caste before proceeding.

Every country has some sort of distinction between man and man, as lords, middle-class, and common people. In Europe it is a social distinction, but in India a strange meaning hovers over the word caste. It claims divine sanction and can be derived from birth alone. "It cannot be gained as a reward, or bestowed as an honorary title by the most powerful monarch; as well might an ass be changed into a horse." The four sects among the Hindus are the Brahmans, the Kshathrias, the Vysyas and last of all the ill-starred people of the earth, the Sudras. The barrier between these sects is so great that they do not touch one another, because it is thought a sin for the higher class to mingle with the lower class. In Malabar and some places, the lower classes are treated worse than beasts by the superior classes. It is a sad sight to see men created beasts by their own countrymen and this monstrous injustice is attributed to God! A more heinous untruth cannot exist. The first custom that the Indians follow strictly is caste. A man may say many things outside. He may go and even mess in the Y. M. C. A., but when he is at home he is very orthodox. He raises great walls between himself and his brother. He may touch his dog, cat and buffalo, but not his brother man belonging to a low caste. Stricter adherence to caste has created class hatred, no national unity and feeling of brotherhood, and

has made the country fit for foreign slavery by previously enslaving the people by the iron rod of caste. The system is based on injustice and the fruits are like-wise distasteful. "Do men gather grapes of thorns and figs of thistles?"

The manners of an average Indian home are very low. The father is generally a very low officer. This is due to false notions of dignity. The Indians think that labour is not noble. If a man gets into a clerkship on a petty salary it's all right with him. He is considered to be a far better man than the honest labourer, say a carpenter, who earns by the sweat of his brow. This accounts for the misery in Indian houses, for they are not brightened by, and blessed with, the glow of labour. If only people understand the dignity of labour, the strength and manhood derived from work, and work only, India will be much better off than now.

Let us now come back to our home; the father is often absent from home. The mother is the striking personality. Indian women have some excellent qualities. As a rule, they are faithful and devoted wives, affectionate mothers, attentive to household duties, kind to the poor and free from crime. But they have serious defects owing to the want of education. They are absorbed in trifles and subject to pettiness and mean jealousies. It is a well known fact that a mother-in-law and a daughter-in-law cannot live in peace in an Indian home. They must repel each other as the like poles of a magnet. The mean jealousies of the women have ruined the peace of many a household.

Their next hereditary character is a passion for jewels. Like children they are fond of show. How many crores of rupees lie in India? So much capital useless for the economic prosperity of the people. Again, to preserve the jewels means such an anxiety. The money can be better invested in industries, if only the Indians have the good sense to do anything in co-operation. Then, whole factories and railways can be purchased and India's prosperity be increased.

The position of man and wife is very awkward in an Indian home, because of the joint family system. There can be no free intercourse between husband and wife. The words of Mr. Mallick are very true that a young wife can see her husband only "at night when the whole house is asleep, and with the lark she must bid him adieu." If either is sick, it is considered improper for the other to be at the bedside. The joint family system brings many other disadvantages. One man earns while the others are lazy. They thus become useless to society and a bad example to the children. One man dominates over the others without allowing them to use their discretion or think for themselves. This involves a large wastage in society.

The treatment given to Indian women by their men is very bad. They are not treated equally. This makes Indian womanhood good and noble no doubt, but not develop fully. Women are not given proper and good education. Indian women are held by Indian men as if given to them in sacred trust to be used for themselves.

Just as misers think of their money as their own and do not put it to proper use but shut it up in a safe in close custody, so also Indian women are shut up in their little world by men and are not allowed to grow freely either in mind or body. Even men do not take much out-door exercise. Still less are women allowed the privilege. There are certain classes, whose women dare not see the sunlight.

The most sad spectacle to be seen in an Indian house is the inability of the parents, especially the mother, to train the children. This arises from early marriages, resulting in irresponsibility. Boy fathers and girl mothers breed weak children. At times, the husband is not strong enough to earn. The growing family is therefore forced to be dependant on others in the family. The formation of the character of children mainly rests upon the mother. "As is the thread, so is the mother, so is the child." Some mothers in their blind love for their children try to shield them from punishment if they do wrong. Over indulgence is a very common fault in India. Children are often allowed to do what they like and so they grow up little tyrants even from their infancy. Parents themselves teach them to slight them. Scenes like this are not peculiar in India. A father asked his son to say to his mother "Why are you here, you ass, go to your mother's house." The mother smiled at the child and said "Go and give a slap to your father". Upon this the son ran and slapped the father. Such children, when they grow up, cannot be ideal sons to India. The children fear their father because they know that he

will punish them, but the mother they look upon as a mere fool. Some mothers make their children obey them by using false fears such as goblins and devils. They know not what life-long cowards they turn out their children to be! The children likewise know some arts to gain their own way. If they want anything improper for them to have, they just fall on the ground, kick about and roar, then the mother in a trice yields and gives the thing. The saddest thing of all is that parents themselves teach the children to tell lies. A mother going to the bazaar will say that she is going to the well. The child soon learns the truth and imitates it. Indians do not understand that boys and girls of to-day are the heroes and heroines of to-morrow. Parents allow their children to take care of themselves especially in moral growth. To tell the child the truth is of great importance.

An Indian house is often very untidy. A grand cleaning takes place on festival days. The poor mother is nearly killed by cooking and cleaning. She is so worked on such days that she utters "Oh! why did this festival come, to break my bones I suppose". To add to all these miseries young and pining widows are seen in plenty in Indian houses.

It is the custom of the Indians to marry their children very young. A European does not marry unless he can support his wife, but in India penniless men are often rich in wives. Somehow the girl should be married within a certain age; and, though the suitor may be unworthy of her, still she is given to him by her parents.

whose foremost thought is to escape the calumny of the neighbours. Early marriages tend to weak and sickly children, hinder education and lead to intellectual weakness, national degeneracy, the large proportion of widows in India and also poverty.

Another foolish custom is to stop girls within twelve years from going to school. This is also done through fear of being talked about by idlers. Though the father may be an educated man, he yields to such acts because of the strict opposition which he receives from the mother. Often Indian mothers and fathers have to confess:

"I see the right and approve it too,

Condemn the wrong and yet the wrong pursue."

Educated Indians are intelligent and in general acquainted with what they ought to do. The misfortune is that while conscience prompts them to one line of conduct, the want of moral courage leads them to pursue its opposite. One of the curses of India is the extravagant outlay of money on marriage and shraddha ceremonies. A father, getting a pay of rupees fifty, has saved nothing, but it is the custom of one in his position to spend hundreds on ceremonies. He knows that he has not got the money, he must borrow at exorbitant interest, he must put a load of debt on his shoulders, which may grind him down for long years; but what does he do? Does he honestly say, "well, I have not got the money, it is wrong and foolish of me to burden myself with debt, I will spend only what I can properly afford, and mind nothing else." No, he says "what can I do Sir? It is our custom

and if I don't spend all this money my neighbours will put shame on me." So he foolishly puts his neck under the yoke, rather than face popular opinion.

There are other foolish Indian customs. The widows fast on every religious day and out of three hundred and sixty five days they fast for a hundred days. On all these days they go to temples, but alas! the bulk of the nation not know its religion, Hinduism does and is ignorant of God though it professes to be very religious. The widows, we can well say are committing slow suicide. Poor women! if they are educated and are trained as teachers and doctors, what immense good will they do to India! It has been well remarked that "A Hindu is the most religious being in existence. He gets up from his bed religiously, anoints his body religiously, washes religiously, dresses religiously, sits religiously, stands religiously, eats religiously, drinks religiously, sleeps religiously, learns religiously, remains ignorant religiously, and becomes irreligious religiously.

Caste is carried on strictly in temples also, and even at the altar of God where justice reigns supreme the most ignoble passions are exhibited, and great partiality is shown to man and man. The answer to such behaviour is that it is the traditional custom to treat the higher classes well, no matter how the lower classes suffer. False charity is another ruinous custom in India. The Indians are too weak and sentimental. They encourage beggary and it is an honorable profession in India. Lack of industrial pursuits

CURRENT COMMENTS.

H. E. the Viceroy's appeal to Indians to unite and assist the empire should appeal to every one, without distinction of caste, creed or colour. The German menace is one about which we are all concerned. No government in the world is perfect. Even the sun has spots to mar its brightness, but none the less, is the British Government humane, considerate and well intentioned. The Indian Ladies' magazine rarely touches on Political questions; but the appeal of the premier and the viceroy, backed up by the message from His Majesty the King, must be our excuse for expressing the opinion that it is essential that we should lose sight of political panaceas and demands for the present and do all that is in our power to assist the Government. We, Indian women, by our bringing up and the conventional modes of life we are under, cannot enter men's factories, or work in the field. There is no need for it. India's teeming millions can supply men power enough, without it being necessary for women to undertake masculine work. What Indian women can do is to hearten the men, brothers, husbands and sons and encourage them to join the army. Indian women should show self sacrifice by aiding financially. Poor India for centuries has been from time to time under the heel of the conqueror, but although subject to great Britain, for the last 150 years peace has influenced progress and spread education and has educated Indians to learn self respect. The desire for self Government, the British Government has declared to be legitimate and if India in this crisis

due to jewel craze, want of confidence in one another, and want of appreciation of the dignity of labour, is another drawback in India.

The chief causes of such low ideals in India is the lack of female education and moral courage. Caste should give place to the brotherhood of man. The words of Tennyson are true in India:—

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new." Caste might have been very useful to us before, but now is only a curse to us. True it is that it was caste that preserved us as a nation from the Musalmans, but it has done its duty and must pass away. A flower can bloom only once and then it must fade. Without female education, India can never prosper.

"The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink together, dwarfed or God-like, bond or free."

India without female education is like a bird flying with one wing. The time has come when in the stirring words of the great poet it is our sacred duty and privilege to

* Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.
Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good;
Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier land,
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the "light" that is to be." Tennyson

Editor's Note:

WE INVITE DISCUSSION ON THIS
ESSAY.

of great Britain's trial stands by the Empire, the self Government that she is ambitious to obtain will come as surely as the day follows the night. Let us then do all in our power to aid the Government in establishing the principle that right is might and that might is not right.

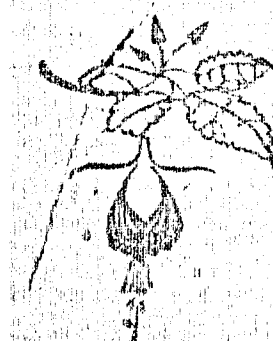
Book Reviews.

The folk Element in Hindu culture by B. K. Sirkar (Kangman Green & Co.,) Bombay. The literature of folk lore is of absorbing interest, for with it is inextricably intermingled the social life of the people. The study of folk lore is practically a study of comparative religion and sociology and from it the student is enabled to trace the genesis and growth of contemporary thought in different peoples. It is a singular but regrettable fact that the average Indian is disgracefully ignorant of the folk lore of his own country, as well as the folklore of countries whose political history he has at his fingers' ends. The folklore of all nations bears a family resemblance, and the most fascinating of studies is the comparison and contrast of these old tales which act as a lantern to illuminate the past. If the average Indian is ignorant of folklore, he is quite as ignorant of the esoteric significance of many of the Hindu religious festivals at which he is a devotee. The book under review throws much light on the popular festivals of Bengal and helps to an understanding of the Hindu religion in its symbolic manifestations. It is a book which we consider that educated Indian ladies should read. They may not be

able to appreciate all the wealth of information Mr. Sirkar has brought together in his survey of folklore; but they will add much to their knowledge of Hinduism and parallel religions by attentively following the author in his exposition of folk lore and Hindu culture.

Japan: the rise of a modern Power by R. P. Porter (Oxford Clarendon Press) The *Times* draws attention to this book in a long and arresting review. Japan is an object lesson to all backward races, for she is a living exemplification of the rise of a nation from very small beginnings, in the course of half a century or less, to a first class power in the scale of nations. For some years previous to the Russo-Japan war, a silent, rapid but profound revolution had been going on unnoticed in the land of the chrysanthemums: a revolution in which the people, the aristocracy and the royal power were unanimous, and which enabled Japan to cast off completely the ancient garment of oriental standards of life for the material gospel of European progress, without however sacrificing her own peculiar culture and ideals. Half a century ago, Mr. Porter says, all the manufactures that Japan could spare for export did not amount to half a million sterling; in 1917 the value of her exports was over £30 millions; with the bottling up of German and Austrian products, Japan has stepped into the vacant place. Mr. Porter's book is historical and descriptive and not a criticism of Japan's rise and progress. He places before the reader a picture of the country, somewhat shadowy, perhaps of its ancient past, but in his narrative of

Japan in its modern conditions Mr. Porter is on more solid ground, and gives valuable material. Japan's example has had a great moral effect in the far East, on China and India; and the thought occurs to most thinking minds in India that if Japan has achieved such a transformation, is it not possible for India to do the same? The differences are great, especially in religion and caste, the last being a most formidable obstacle to unanimity of action. None the less has Japan been of moral assistance to Indians. In the present war, Mr. Porter tells us, their navy has helped to clear the Pacific, it has guarded our Australian transports and is doing effective service in the Mediterranean. The Japanese have helped the Russians and are now policing Russia in Siberia, and Japan has ungrudgingly granted a loan to great Britain of about £23,000,000. The book will be welcomed in India as an authoritative and informative history of the rise and progress of a nation, which in the East has yet to play a great part in the history of the world.



News and Notes.

(Selected)

FEMALE EDUCATION.

MRS. SAROJINI NAIDU'S VIEWS.

LANORE, 6th April.—In her last public lecture at Bradlaugh Hall to-day, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu speaking on the "National Education of Women" said:—"You talk of Indian womanhood; you talk of the courage and devotion that took Savitri to the very realms of death to win back her husband's soul yet to the Savitris of to-day you deny that power to win back the soul of national life from the depths of death." The modern Indian girls think their grandmothers old-fashioned, but the culture of their grandmothers, she said, was lofty and complete. The modern girl has neither the grace of the West nor the dignity of the East, none of those fine qualities, to use the words of the poet, of one hemisphere or the other. She advocated vernaculars as the medium of national education for women, which, she said, should be so modelled that Indian women would become, as of yore, priestesses in their homes. She spoke of shaping the power of religious ideals, and knowledge being the one condition of redemption for this country. National education she said should come with the authority of great spiritual sanction.

PROF. KARVE AND INDIAN LADIES.

Indian ladies propose to present an address and a purse to Professor Karve on his sixty-first birthday. Perhaps the ceremony will be over by the time

these notes see the light. The Poona reformer has worked hard for more than twenty years in the cause of female education, and his achievements are many, the latest of them being the foundation of a Women's University. The working Committee of the movement to honour him includes four B. A. s, one L. M. S. and two M. A. s. These magic letters convey an idea of the progress which female education has made in western India, and I think that all the degree-holders are now there. Ladies are the holders of purse strings and when an announcement is made as to the contents of the purse presented to their benefactor, I hope it will add lustre to their enlightenment and fame. Remember that economy is called husbandry, not wifery.

Votes for Indian Women. A requisition signed by many educated ladies of Bombay has been sent to the Bombay Provincial Conference authorities, requesting the Conference to pass the following resolution, "as this is a question of very great importance in the National Reconstruction, and we think it fit that women should also take part in the Reconstruction by having their rights of representation included with the men." The draft resolution runs as follows:—"That this Conference defines the word 'people' in the Congress League Scheme of Reforms ('members of the Councils shall be elected directly by the people on as broad a franchise as possible'), as meaning women as well as men; and it recommends the All India Congress similarly to define the term at its next meeting."

Chinese Women in Penang. The *Guardian*, an Anglo-Tamil bi-weekly published in Penang, states in its issue of the 20th March that the Chinese women in that settlement held a mass meeting with a view to advancing the cause of marriage reform. They resolved to petition Government to undertake legislation for the purpose.

Indian Woman's Enterprise. In Europe, women are doing to-day work hitherto considered suitable only for men. Even conservative India is being affected by the example. A woman runner is reported to be carrying mail bags from Shencottah to Puliara in Travancore.

THE POSITION OF WOMEN AT OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

Humanity draws attention to the rather startling fact that the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the old seats of learning in England, have not yet learnt to treat their women graduates with fairness. Although women can appear for examinations of the two Universities and become graduates, they do not confer degrees upon them; and hence they are not entitled to vote for the election of members. When the attention of Mr. Fisher the Minister in charge of Education, was drawn to this patent injustice, he would not consent to embody an amendment in the Education Bill, which would remove this disability, but "hoped that the pressure of public opinion would move them (the Universities) to confer degrees upon women as the new Universities did." After all, old England

is as conservative as the immovable East in some respects.

Speaking of amusing blunders by schoolboys which arose either from confusion or the mishearing of instructions, the Vice-Provost of Eton recently gave instances which had come under his own observation. One boy, asked what he knew about a bead, wrote:—"A bede, is a very, old man known as a venerable bede, sometimes called Adam Bede." Another boy, in reply to a question about the Homeric poems, wrote:—"Homer was not written by Homer, but by another man of the same name." Once he got this written answer to a question in a history paper—"Henry VII. passed a law that no one might have a liver." The instructor had said "livery." In geography he once received a written answer from a boy who had been asked what he knew about Marseilles:—"It is the place where 'pianos' ship." What the instructor had told the students was that "Marseilles was the shipping place of the Peninsular and Oriental steamboats, commonly known as 'P. and O.'" A boy once described vacuum as "a place where the Pope lives"; and another wrote:—"Gravitation is a unit of 10 miles an hour." At Eton a short time ago, a boy, writing of the poet Milton, said, "he was a great poet who wrote 'Paradise Lost' then his wife died and he wrote 'Paradise Regained.'"

THE WOMEN'S UNIVERSITY IN JAPAN.

Subjects taught.—Ethics, Practical Ethics, Etiquette, Psychology, Pedagogy, Child Study, Physiology,

Hygiene, Japanese Language and Literature, English Language and Literature, Chinese Language and Literature, Physics and Applied Physics, Chemistry and Applied Chemistry, Botany, Zoology, Nature Study, Applied Natural History, Horticulture, Mineralogy, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Astronomy, Economics, Japanese History, European History, History of Civilization of Japan and of Foreign Countries, History of Art, History of Philosophy, Constitution and Civil Law, Geography, Domestic Science, Kindergarten, Manual Training, Conversation, Sewing, Singing, Piano, Violin Organ, Koto, Halberd, Chanoy, Artificial Flowers, Floral Arrangement, Painting, Cooking, Physical Exercises, and a few others.

The above subjects are divided into three classes of study, viz., compulsory or required, elective, and voluntary, in order to avoid confusion, and at the same time to meet the requirement of each individual.

Contemplated New Courses.—Horticultural, Medical, Musical and Art Departments. The lands owned by the University measure 26,180 tsubo. The buildings consist of eleven school edifices, nineteen boarding houses, four teachers' dwellings, six quarters owned by the Ofukai and twelve other structures.

The guiding principles in drawing up the curricula as well as adopting methods in education are said to be the following:—The courses of studies are framed after consulting those adopted in foreign countries and at the same time bearing in mind the condition of the Japanese women and

the present need of the nation. Foreign courses are not blindly followed, but are modified so as to suit the real requirements of the Japanese women, and at the same time what is best in their own ancient system is retained and some of the "ancient" cultures are improved upon so as to conform to the modern time. Another point worthy of notice is that in order to meet the particular need of each individual voluntary or optional studies are introduced, so that the students may be free to select what they want, under the guidance of their teachers. The principle of self help also is made prominent in the fields of intellectual, moral or physical education. The students are taught to rely most on themselves, the teachers' function being to give guidance and suggestion.

In order to instil and encourage the principle of self-help among the students, different self-training organizations are formed, of which the students themselves are members and conduct business, while the teachers simply stand as guides. There are thus 12 Committees appointed for the purpose. They are Committees of (1) Morals, (2) Meetings, (3) Studies, (4) Experiments, (5) Gymnastics, (6) Health, (7) Museum, (8) Order, (9) Economy, (10) Literature and Arts, (11) Agriculture, and (12) Cooking.

The teaching of Morals is said to be based on the true Religious Principle, which, in brief, is expressed thus:—As human beings as well as all animate and inanimate beings have affinities with the Ultimate Reality of the Universe, the Source of all existence, that is known by the name of God, and as the relationship is closest

in the case of man, it is his highest duty, not only to come into sympathetic relationship with all other forms of existence, but also with this Ultimate Reality, this Absolute Being, who is the embodiment of the true, the good and the beautiful; to aspire after unity with this Being is the highest ideal which unifies man's mental and bodily activities, the source of his true spiritual life and consequently the basis of his moral life; morality without such a religious foundation is nothing but a mere formality.

The fundamental aims of the University education are said to be the following:—Women should be educated (1) as human beings, (2) as members of the community and of the nation, and (3) as women. The widespread tendency to regard women as machines, destined solely for service at home and for the propagation of the family is condemned. It is considered necessary to call forth women's consciousness as personalities with infinite aspirations and longings. The movement which aims at the so-called emancipation of women is also not supported by the University. In opposition to this tendency, it lays emphasis on home life as the chief sphere of women's activities. It holds that home life is their proper place, where as wives and mothers, but indeed not as tools or ornaments, they should be active part-takers in the humanitarian and rational spirit, which should animate the home. The University aims at avoiding both the conservative and radical extremes, and by combining and harmonizing what are good in those tendencies to reach results which are

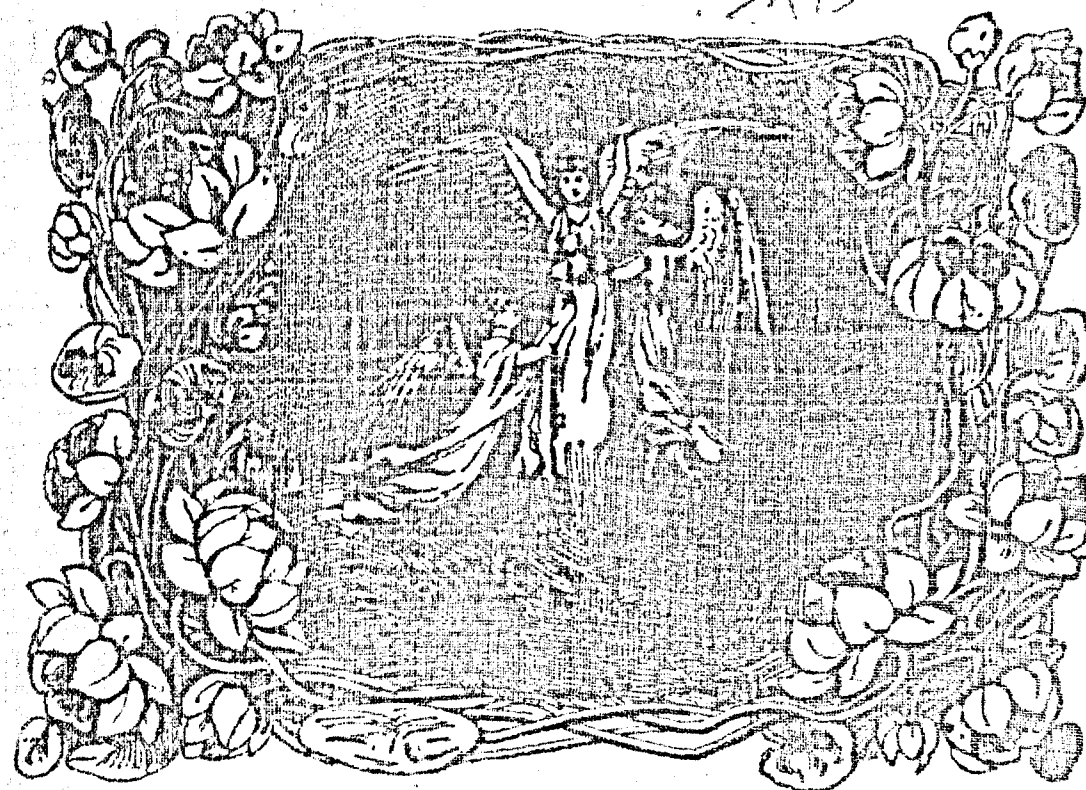
sure to meet the demands of modern Japan.

In short, the University aims to educate women in such a way that they shall come to realize their own special mission in life as free personal agents and as members of the Empire of Japan, and that as such, they shall be able to perform their services as wives and mothers in a larger sense and more efficient manner than hitherto. At the same time, the University has not overlooked the fact that there will always be women who owing to various reasons do not marry. To them the University gives opportunities for realizing their mission in life and for utilizing their own peculiar abilities. The University recognizes their spheres of activity as legitimate, and not existing on sufferance, and their lives as having an important mission for the nation and the community at large. The University endeavours to make women broad-minded and widely interested in social and national affairs as also in the affairs of the world at large, so that whatever station of life they may occupy they shall be able to perform their daily routine of duties and functions with the consciousness of their organic relations to the community at large, thereby aiding the upward progress of mankind.

The University recognizes the fact that the influence of women on all social matters is inexpressible and inestimably great, constituting as they do one half of the nation; this being the case, it is easy to see what effect the proper education of women should have on the national welfare; the greatness or smallness of a nation depends upon

education or no education of women. Education must not be one-sided, but should aim at the all round development of women in mind and body; women should be made to possess noble characters, refined virtues, clear intellect, healthy body and useful accomplishments; they must be made to remember and realize that they are members of the civic community and the body politic, and as such they are related in an important manner to the nation, the prosperity or decay of which rests in a material degree on them. The above in brief are the principal aims of the University, which it sincerely endeavours to achieve.





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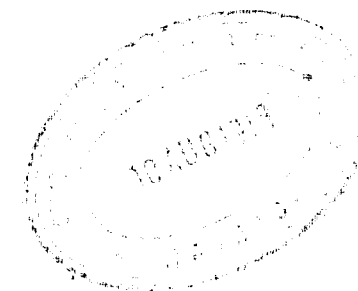
[No. 11.]

Escape.

" Let us rest ourselves a bit;
Worry! bow your head to it,
Kiss your finger-tips and smile
It farewell—a little while.

Voyage off beneath the trees
O'er the blue enchanted seas,
Where the lilies are our sails,
And our sea-gulls—nightingales.

Wild am I as the winds and rains,
Free to come and go as they,
Love's moon sways not the tides of my veins;
There is no voice that can bid me stay."



The lyrics of love.

IN MANY CLIMES

The first sound in the song of love
Scarcely more than silence is, and yet a sound.
Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings
Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,
And play the prelude of our fate. (Longfellow.)

Love-making and courtship are always new and fresh. Yet they are really as old as the everlasting hills. They began, as we know, in the garden of Eden and had much to do with making that garden a paradise; and there has hardly been a garden in the world since that time, which has not witnessed young love's voice and formed the background of its happy dreams.

It is difficult to discover when love and poetry became so intimately associated as they are at the present time; but no country appears to exist which does not show some attempts at lyrical love-making. In the old long bygone classical days, indeed, Romans were wont to go to the vestibules of their fair Julietts and sing amorous ditties. The Esquimaux, the Green-landers, the Icelandic folk and the Finns amidst the ice-fields of the Polar regions wile away the long night-like days with songs of the affections; while Southern climes present such a wondrous galaxy of love-minstrelsy that it is hard to make a few appropriate selections.

Love in sunny Italy is set to the accompaniment of melodious little songs by tradesmen, artisans, peasants, sailors, flower-sellers, and even beggars. The most favorite of these singers are perhaps the watermen, the Venetian head-stringers, the Tuscan

straw-plaiters, the Sicilian olive gatherers, and the Neapolitan beggars.

The stately gondolier and the waterman of Naples have quite a repertoire of beautiful lyrics. "La Carolina," which suffers by translation, is a general favourite with the boatmen of Naples and the Venetian gondoliers—

"I a girl have seen,
Very pretty and very graceful,
All newness, and, oh! so kind,
A piece of sugar she is to my mind!
Oh, how sweet is that mouth!
Oh, how dear is that smile!
There wouldn't I trade myself in paradise
Were she near thee but a while!"

(Then there is the "Fairy of Amalfi," which every self-respecting boatman sings throughout the length and breadth of Italy—

"I'll bewail my misfortune
If thou returnest not, Rosella!
Tide, the faded of Amalfi,
Art indeed a fair to me.
Come, come my queen,
Come fly to this heart;
There is no flower to compare with thee,
Nor a star like as thou art!"

Most of the *rispetti* in Tuscany are love-songs. The conceits and similes they employ, however, bear witness to the great love and admiration possessed by these people for the beauties of nature. Indeed, it seems almost impossible that some of these delicate and subtle thoughts and expressions could have originated with an uneducated peasant. Consider, for instance, this charming verse of beautiful imagery:—

"O dove that flings o'er the hill dost stay thee,
To make thy nest among the vines for cover,
Lend me a feather from thy wing, I pray thee,
That I may write a letter to my lover;
And when it's sent to him what doth content me,
I'll give thee back the pen that thou hast lent me,

And when it's written out and sealed together,
O dove, I'll give thee back the love-steeped
feather!"

The singing-sighing troubadour, who courts the Spanish maid, and the serenade are recognised factors in every courtship. The roughest peasant girl knows how often and how long she can properly expect to be serenaded, and how many musicians her lover should bring with him and how much each will cost him.

The Greek lover likens his mistress to everything which appeals to him in nature—to the birds and flowers, trees and mountains; to the morning star and the evening sun; partridges, cuckoos, nightingales, rose-trees, lemons and apples. Many of these poems adopt similes, which are generally not understood and therefore appear meaningless to an alien mind. Nevertheless, the following song of a lover returning from journeys o'er the sea is characteristic—

"In foreign lands I've toiled, with foreigners
have wrought;
All I, poor fellow, earned, to thee I've fondly
brought.
I've brought a mirror, comb, and bolts of silver
white;
The mirror in its depth has seen thy beauties bright;
The comb with it to smooth thy golden tresses
twined;
The silver knife to part the apple's ready rind."

A very sad little song of the lover, whose mistress is dead, is a veritable pearl in lyrical literature—

"Thou art not dead, my love,
Thou hast but gone before;
A little sootier past
The cloud-enveloped shore.
And soon shall I be there,
Love calls me to the tomb,
And hold his cheering lamp
To guide me through the gloom."

Upon the "Kralitza" or "Queen Festival," which is celebrated every Whitsuntide, the young girls of Servia assemble, one representing a standard bearer, another a king, and a third a queen, who, with a veiled face, and attended by a maid of honour, dances and sings before each house of the village. Love and marriage is generally the burden of her lay, the joys of a husband, the happiness of married life, or the cares of maternity. At the end of each stanza, they repeat the refrain "Lelio," the name of the divinity who presided over love among the ancient Slavs.

The Cretan lover sings what he calls "madkinadas". These are generally very flattering compositions devoted to praise of a pretty girl, such as the following.

"I heard thy beauty's far-spread fame,
And came to prove its truth to prove;
And now my soul no more can bear
To flee from thee, my love."

Another style of Cretan love song is one in which the object of affection is likened to the figure of the Madonna. Now, as the Virgin is to them the type of all that is holiest, all that is most worthy of adoration, it may be accepted as the highest form of compliment the lover is able to pay. One of these love-lyrics, in which the lover in his gallantry and devotion promises to take his lady love's portrait to church to place side by side with that of the Virgin herself, runs as follows:—

"Within a holy church's walls
The picture will I set,
Where service duly is performed,
That none may there forget."

Sicily is notoriously rich in songs. The Sicilian folk poets, indeed, are full of quaint fancies, such as the

transmigration of hearts, the comparison of their sweetheart's charms to lilies, roses, carnations, sweet peas, lilacs, and violets,—in short, all the fragrant similes they can find. The Sicilian, in fact, is nothing if not poetical, and he is poetical at all times. His avocations seemingly inspiring ever-fresh versions of his muse. Sometimes he will liken his love to a siren, sometimes to a sardine, but it is always done charmingly, and in a way which unfailingly appeals to the lady, no matter of what rank. A Sicilian youth thus apostrophises his "Little Rose"—

"MY LITTLE ROSE, IN JANUARY
BORN,

Thou in the world of cold and silent snow,
As thou art, say'st thy beauty is born,
Nay, 'tis the velvet hair more white can show,
Thou art the star that shines, he bright the moon,
And casts on all around a silver glow."

Another exquisite little song tells how—

"Thou art dearer by me loved
Than the life of cypress tall
And in thy conversation sweet
The words like honey fall."

In these lines there certainly appears a peculiar fitness. One of the ancient poets taught us that "Crete consecrates its cypress to the gods," and surely there must be something relative in the graceful, beautiful tree, which is so characteristic of the land, and "the daughters of the gods, divinely tall and fair." The women of Crete are lovely, and their yellow hair was as much sung of by the ancient Greeks as it is to-day rhymed by the poets of the hour.

S. JACKSON COLEMAN.

Some Freaks of Plant Life

"If we trace a history of the nation backwards into the past," says Prof. Tilak, "We come at last to a period of myths and traditions which eventually fade away into impenetrable darkness. In some cases, as in that of Greece, the historic period goes back to 1000 B. C. while in the case of Egypt, the contemporaneous records, recently unearthed from the ancient tombs and monuments, carry back its history up to about 5000 B. C. But in either, the historic period, the oldest limit of which may be taken to be 5000 or 6000 B. C., is preceded by myths and traditions." True! But the undaunted dash of the heroic truthseeker into this impenetrable gloom, with no guide but himself, and no light but his intellect, has been rewarded by results whose importance it will be impossible to overestimate. A deep underlying harmony was discovered in the apparent confounding chaos of mysterious natural phenomena. The missing links in the long chain of natural evolution have been brought to light, with the inevitable result, that each generation has felt itself more advantageously placed than its predecessor, in the interpretation of nature and an understanding of her workings, thanks to the most invaluable records that have been handed down to us.

That "Tree Worship" has been prevalent in India from time immemorial, cannot come as a surprise to us. The existence of life in plants as surely as in man, the presence of a capacity to feel as surely as in Man,—

these had been recognised, as early as thousands of years ago; the subtle life in apparently inert plants had been known to the Hindus long ago, and worship probably was a step to the salvation of the individual; for, as the poet says—

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

It is a very natural enquiry, and one which may be fairly considered as a prelude to a subject such as ours, if we try to find out the number of different kinds or species of plants which are supposed to be found on the surface of the globe. The history of these progressive estimates is rather a curious one. In the beginning of the 17th Century, the number had increased from the 500 of Theophrastus to the 600 of king Solomon and from that to 6000; while, in the last Century, Humboldt had placed the number of plants, flowering and non-flowering, at the proportionately large number of 44,000; at the present time, however, the very lowest estimate of the authentic species of all vegetable organisms distributed over the globe, cannot be less than 80,000; and Mr. Cocke, the author of "Woodlands", is satisfied that he has grounds for believing his most optimistic estimate to be not less than 3,00,000 distinct and different species; this will give an idea as to the possibility of reducing the innumerable plants to a fixed number of species and remind the reader of the existence of a system in the apparent chaos of plant life and the bewildering maze of Nature's Workings.

Curiosity may further be indulged in estimating the relative sizes of plants; it has been calculated, in the animal realm, that between the largest living animal known on the one hand, and the smallest which the microscope has revealed, the middle place, between both extremes, is occupied by the common house-fly. If we pursue a similar plan with plants, and estimate the smallest flowering plant to be the little Duckweed and the largest the Eucalyptus tree of 420 ft.; the intermediate form will be, as respects length, some plant about 20 inches high. But if we include, as in the case of the animal world, all the microscopic plants, we shall find the middle place is occupied by plants of the height of an inch and a half. It will also be noticed, that the intermediate form is larger in plants than in animals, because although there are animals as small as 1/100 of a millimeter, there are none reaching 420 ft. in height.

Some interesting information may further be furnished about the tenure of life of some plants, which information, combined with a short sketch of the major carnivora dealt with below, will, present an accumulation of curious and interesting facts in the structure, habits and phenomena of plants and may possibly influence some to take a greater interest in botanical subjects and in the phenomena of plant life than they have previously done.

The Pine tree lives for 700 years; the red Beech for 245; the Birch for 200, the Ash for 170 and the Elm for 130 years. The heart of the Oak begins to rot at 300 years. In Germany, there is

a tree which is 410 years old; also by calculating the annular rings in the redwood tree in California which is 350 ft. high and 90 ft. circumference at bottom, it is estimated that it began to grow in 550 A. D.

Without any more circumlocution, we shall proceed straight to the "Sundew." This little plant is so inconspicuous that it must be hunted for, amongst the "dog moss," in the swampy places where it delights to grow. The little leaves are nearly as round as a shirt button and seldom so much as half an inch in diameter, attached at the lower edge to long slender stalks. These stalks radiate from a central point; and the leaves lie flat upon the ground. In the centre, rises the stem sometimes from 4 to 6" high, with a few minute white flowers towards the top; the leaves and the ends of the leaves are covered with curious tentacles, with clubbed ends, which sparkle in the Sun, as if they bore on their extremities minute dewdrops. These leaves and their curious appendages, are the objects to which our attention must be confined. If we would comprehend why the little "Sundew" has been called a "Carnivorous Plant" The leaves, of which the plant seldom bears more than half a dozen and often less, are covered on the upper surface with what are called "Tentacles." Each Tentacle bears an expanded gland at the apex. This is surrounded by a viscid secretion, which imparts the glistening dewy appearance that originated the name "The Sundew"; the details of a microscopic examination of the gland may tire a lay reader, but it may be said in passing, that the gland will

be found to be made up of a number of cells, the chief of them being at the centre and containing a sort of a limpid liquid. When any small object is placed on the glands, it causes a movement in the tentacles. The impulse is transmitted from those which are touched to others, which surround them; and one by one the tentacles bend over towards the centre of the leaf, in order to enclose the irritating object. If the latter is a living object, it is more speedily and easily clasped than a dead one. The time required to cause all the tentacles to close over an object depends on circumstances. An admirable description, as to how the plant operates and succeeds in catching its prey, is given by Darwin: "when an object such as a bit of meat or an insect is placed on the disc of a leaf, as soon as the surrounding tentacles become considerably inflected, their glands pour forth an increased amount of secretion. I ascertained this, by wetting leaves with equal-sized drops on the two sides, and by placing bits of meat on one side of the disc; as soon as the tentacles on this side became much inflected, but before the glands touched the meat, the drops of secretion became larger. This was repeatedly observed but a record was kept of only thirteen cases, in nine of which, increased secretion was plainly observed."

Another important fact connected with this, is that the increase in the quality of secretion is accompanied by its becoming more acid; and this acid indicates some preservative power in the secretion.

It has also been demonstrated that most insects are killed within a quar-

ter of an hour from the time of their being caught. The respiration of insects, as we well know, is accomplished by means of breathing pores on the surface of their bodies; and what happens when such an insect sits upon the plant? The secretion from the glands, tends to close and choke up these pores, so that the insect is killed by suffocation; every additional gland as it closes over the captured insect contributes its secretion, which soon bathes and involves the little insect so that respiration is impossible. The struggle of an insect when first caught, only serves to touch and stimulate the tentacles and increase the number of those which close over it and pour forth their secretion and thus hasten its death.

Some curious facts connected with these leaves have been proved by numerous experiments, which place them beyond question: First, that the tentacles are sensitive to the sustained pressure of one millionth part of a grain; that they will respond to such a pressure and bend towards the centre of the leaf; that the motion will also be communicated to neighbouring tentacles which will bend in the same direction; and that after this operation is performed, the inflected tentacles will return to their former position; we pointed out earlier how the inward movement of the tentacles, which will take about ten minutes, causes alarm and induces the insect to fly, yet by its very struggle, it is nearing its own destruction; for the secretion from the glands increases in quantity and chokes it up. This secretion is so tenacious that it might be drawn out in strings and if once a small insect alights on it, it struggles

in vain to get free.

Darwin's Cyclopaedia of authentic facts have conclusively proved that this plant has not only the power of distinguishing between inorganic and organic substances as between a piece of glass and a piece of boiled egg, but also between a hardskinned beetle, and a soft fly and even between different kinds of fluids. For instance, drops of pure water were tried on thirty or forty leaves, but no effect whatever was produced. Drops of milk were placed on sixteen leaves, and the tentacles all became greatly inflected. Ten leaves were tried with drops of cold tea, but the tentacles did not respond. Nor was the treatment of solids less remarkable. "Minute flies were placed on the discs of several leaves, and on others, balls of paper, bits of moss of about the same size as the flies. What happened was very significant. The flies were well embraced in a few hours; but only a very few tentacles were inflected over the other objects. The bits of paper and moss, were then removed and bits of raw meat placed on them and now all the tentacles were soon energetically inflected. Another peculiar thing noticed in this experiment was that the tentacles remained closed for a longer time over what we should term "digestible substance," than over indigestible things as bits of glass and paper. The inference to be drawn from this fact is, that the plant recognised the latter as indigestible, and the tentacles let go their hold and returned to their previous positions of expectancy; whilst in the other case, they remained closed in the act of digestion. Also, as the tentacles

closed inwards, secretion became prominent; so on again opening, they became drier with none of their secretion exuded, so that, by the first action, the capture and the digestion of the prey has to be provided for; and by the last, any adhering legs or wings of the dead insects are got rid of.

The important facts about this secreted liquid are, that it is acid in action, as shown by a litmus paper; and next that it is an antiseptic. For a time it prevents the decay of substances. This is analogous to the gastric juice of animals, which is known to arrest the putrefaction of substances under its influence. It has been demonstrated by experiment that the secretion of the glands of the Sundew completely dissolves Albumen, muscle, cartilage, the fibrous portion of bone, gelatin and the casein of milk. The fact, therefore, is clearly established, that the secretion from the glands of the Sundew under certain conditions of stimulus is capable of dissolving animal substances, in precisely the same manner, as they are acted upon during the process of digestion in the stomachs of animals.

To show the complete resemblance between "Tree life" and "animal life," we shall finally touch upon one experiment, in which the solutions of many salts, acids and alkaloids were tried on the plant, and produced unexpected results, inasmuch as some substances which were wholly harmless to animals were poisonous to the plant, and some which were poisonous in their effects upon animals, were almost inert upon the Sundew, and also in the case of poisoning, the parts of the plant became darkened and all

the phenomena of poisoning were exhibited.

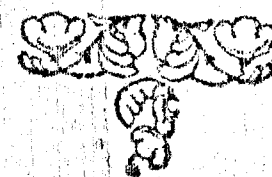
I believe, any essay on the Sundew will not be complete without an experiment with regard to the unity of all life; Francis Darwin instituted some experiments, with the view of ascertaining what effect the indulgence in carnivorous propensities had upon the Sundew. The plants were isolated and protected. Half the plants or 91 plants were not fed, whilst 86 plants were supplied with roast meat cut into thin slices across the grain and the fibre torn into fragments exceedingly minute. The first difference observed was that in August, the starved plants had only produced 115 flowering stems, whilst the fed plants had produced 173. Another difference observed was that the fed plants contained a larger number of healthy leaves than the starved plants. Similar experiments in Germany, in which the plants were fed with plant-lice, instead of meat, resulted in a similar conclusion that numerous striking advantages accrued to the fed plants.

The next plant we shall discuss is what is called among unscientific people the "Venus Fly Trap." This, like its cousin, the Sundew, grows in swamps. The surface of the leaves is irritable in the highest degree and whatever insect is so unfortunate as to alight on it is caught, as effectively as a mouse in a trap, and is even gradually squeezed to death by the pressure. An American botanist resolved upon some experiments; by feeling the leaves with small pieces of beef, he found that these were completely dissolved and absorbed, the leaf opening again

with a dry surface and ready for another meal, though with an appetite somewhat jaded. He found that cheese disagreed horribly with the leaves, turning them black and finally killing them.

The minute glands, with which the surface of the leaves is studded, do not secrete until excited by animal matter. Drops of water will not make them close, nor powerful sunlight, specially concentrated even as much as to cause them to be searched and disclosed; Dr. Canby says that the leaves remain closed for a longer period over insects than over meats.

There seems to be a variety of powers of digestibility in these plants; for, in the experiments made, five leaves digested three flies each, and closed over the fourth, but died soon after the fourth capture. Many leaves did not digest even one large insect. The capacity for digestion is not therefore unlimited more than it is in higher organisms. Apoplexy from overfeeding might, even here, be a reasonable verdict. There is every reason to suppose, that the same habits and carnivorous propensities are common to all, and that in all this wide range, these humble little bog plants are ever exposing their glittering tentacles to the sun and luring myriads of insects to destruction.



The Conception Of God-Head As Found In The Hymns Of The Rig-Veda.

The Vedic religious thought has run on lines, which find no parallel elsewhere in the history of the world. It must be attributable to the peculiarities of the Indian genius that it has been possible for it to formulate an independent system which, though an object of wonder to the rest of the world, yet satisfies the religious demands and aspirations of the Indian. The 'Physical Anthropomorphism' (Mc Nichol) of the Greek Olympic gods and the Psychical anthropomorphism of Ormuzd of Zend Avesta or the Jehovah of the Old Testament find no counterpart in the Indian conception of the god-head, as represented by Indra, Usha, Dawn, Agni, Marutas and Savitri, not to mention the god Varuna who, in the opinion of Professor Bloomfield, is of pre-Vedic origin.

The religions that emanated from the 'Culture zone,' as the region of western Asia is called, have, without exception, from the early days of Abraham, believed in a God, who guarded men from evil and showed them the path of righteousness, who showered on them manna and quails, and who granted their prayers whenever they turned towards Him. David the Psalmist, when in the fulness of heart he poured forth admirable prayers to Heaven, was not addressing any semi-individual personality, or ethereal being, who did not appeal to the finite mind. Moses' spiritual experience in the 'bush,' where God revealed himself to him, was not a dream, but a reality of realities. He saw with the

spiritual eye the presence of God and from that time his conception waxed in intensity. It is strange how the Semitic or the Hebraic imagination caught at the start the theistic conception, without passing through any intermediate stages of semi-deification of the powers of Nature and the 'Henotheism' of which Professor Max Müller speaks in his 'Six systems.' Neither does the Vedic conception of god-head compare with the Olympic circle or Pantheon. The Greek practical genius endowed the gods with physical bodies, which though similar to those of the Greeks, were yet models of perfection. The Indian genius was averse and rightly averse to such a 'Physical' conception. It chose a *via media* between the Hebraic conception and the Greek anthropomorphism.

From the earliest hymns to the gods, to the most developed of the Upanishadic literature, there is no break in the continuity of the Vedic thought. Its beginning, when dissected, will suggest to the scholar and the critic on what lines it was destined to chalk out its career. The Upanishadic thought was the culmination of the evolution that originated with the Vedic hymns. No doubt the doctrines of Transmigration, Karma and Maya might have been exotic products, *ad extra* thrown into the main current of the Vedic thought; still it can be shown without much difficulty that the final conception of God as Brahman was the direct and legal descendant of the general conception of god-head met with in the hymns of the Rig-veda. Apart from the hymns addressed to Varuna, which compare favourably with the best of David's

psalms or the hymns of any theistic religion, the rest of the hymns to Prajapati, Indra, Marutas, Savitri, Agni etc., show unmistakably that the gods whom they were praising were not endowed with full individuality like Ormuzd or Jehovah, but were semi-individual, if we can call them so, or mere powers of nature. 'Arrested anthropomorphism,' of which Professor Bloomfield speaks, was the characteristic of the Indian conception of the deity in the Rig-vedic period, and so it falls short of the modern theistic conception.

(To the student who carries on his researches in the hymns of the Rig-veda in order to call out elements of theism from them, no other set of hymns are of greater importance than the admirable and inspired hymns addressed to god Varuna. If the cult of Varuna had remained to the end the only guide, we should not have found the wonderful philosophy which culminated in the intellectual conception of Brahman. In the face of Varuna, who had a Hebraic flavour about him (to use Professor Bloomfield's expression,) a conception like that of Brahman would have been impossible. Varuna guided men, according to some hymns, in their progress in the valley of the shadow of death and showed them the path of righteousness. He listened to their prayers and heard their supplications: he was a spiritual being and with his help men could conquer sin and triumph over death. If all the characteristics of theism, of which Mr. Mc Nicol speaks in the Religious Quest of India Series, (Indian Theism) were present in the cult of Varuna, why was

it broken up and why was the god Varuna, the highest of the high, dethroned to give place to Indra who was devoid of any spiritual elements worth the name. It strikes us as wonderful still that the great god Varuna after his deposition from his lofty place is reduced to play the despicable role of the guardian of the winds and clouds. We may accept Bloomfield's suggestion that the cult of Varuna was of Pre-vedic origin, and the Vedic hymns written on the Indian soil differ considerably in tone and perspective from the hymns addressed to Varuna. The new gods which the Vedic Indians instituted were not gods in the sense in which Varuna was a god before his deposition, but they were powers of nature semi-deified or mere powers.

With the disruption of the cult of Varuna, breaks also the last hope of the theistic conception, and from this to its final culmination in the Upanishads there is one current of thought, which goes on its course without any deviation. If the whole movement of vedic religion is towards an intellectual conception of Brahman (Sankara), which is as abstract as the Spinozistic God or the Absolute, from which nothing can come how does Max Müller speak of the elements of theism in the Hymns of the Rig Veda? Max Müller speaks of the stages through which the Vedic theistic conception had to pass viz., Visva Devas and Henotheism. And what is this Henotheism? We can well say that it is not theism, and it is diametrically opposed to it. The modern Theist loves God with all his heart and with all the warmth of his spiritual nature and Him only and none else.

The Henotheist has in the sphere of the 'sub-conscious' a number of gods, but loves the god who by chance comes to lie under the illuminative point of his consciousness (Angell). The conception of the Visva Devas is the conception of an aggregate of similar or dis-similar units, but not that of a being with a developed and perfect individuality. Unless the god is individual, he cannot satisfy the religious and philosophic demands.

The fate of the cult of Indra followed the fatal steps of the cult of Varuna. "Who is Indra? We don't know him. It is not That One"—is the bare summary of one of the hymns of the Rig Veda. This shows clearly that the god Indra had also been dethroned from his lofty position. Perhaps god followed god in the humiliation and shame, till the Vedic Indian arrived at the conception of Tad Ekam, That One. Who can say that the conception of Tad Ekam, the highest idea of the godhead we meet with in the Rig Veda, satisfies the demands of a developed religious consciousness? The conception is abstract in the extreme. Unless That One is individual, is not a bare identity, but a unity under difference—a unity that includes the particular manifestations which, though transcended, yet remain distinct,—the idea of Tad Ekam will not satisfy the demands of a religious consciousness. How can a helpless, miserable and sinful wretch think that the That One, who has a neutral connotation, can hear his supplications and listen to his appeals and bestow on him what he prays for?

From Tad Ekam to Brahman of the Upanishads, it is no far cry. The

conception of Brahman was no exotic product introduced as *extra* into the main current of India's thought, but a culmination of the Tad Ekam which meets us in the Rig veda. "Brahman is true, the world is false" marks the culmination of India's thought. The abstract identity of Brahman—which has not assigned any place to the finite existences and to reach which the finite existences have to struggle themselves and destroy themselves—leads only to asceticism, and what is it, if not asceticism, that is placed before the Indian as the gate through which finite creatures have to pass before they absorb themselves into the Brahman?

SYED ABDUL QUADER.

Hans Andersen.

"And so they married, and lived happy ever after." Such is the orthodox ending to fairy tales. The bad fairy, who sought to harm the young couple, is killed by the good fairy, the lost treasure is found, and, all obstacles removed, the hero and heroine begin to "live happy ever after."

Over a hundred years ago, there lived in Denmark a creator of fairy stories, who had learnt that incomparably better than getting all one wants, is the discipline of life, wherein many things on which one's heart has been set, are withheld. Just as the child on becoming a man, realises that the parents, who limited his supply of sweetmeats and toys, who insisted on play hours being interrupted for necessary study and sleep, were in

these things his benefactors, so, this writer of fairy tales says of his own experience, "The story of my life will show to the world the truth it has revealed to me, that there is a gracious God who makes all things work together for our good."

It was in a single poor room, the only abode of a humble shoemaker and his wife, that in April 1805, Hans Andersen first made his appearance, as he says "a living crying baby." But the room though poor and small had yet space for refinement. "The walls were hung with pictures, and over the workshop was a shelf with books and songs; out on the roof in the rain-gutter next to the neighbour's house, stood a large box full of earth in which grew kitchen herbs and which formed the only garden my mother possessed," he writes. This same mother was the child of parents who had turned her out to beg; the father was a poor shoemaker. Surely never was a less promising beginning for any child's life. But the father, though so poor and humble, yet had in his heart a burning desire for knowledge and truth. All his life he had had an ambition to go to a High school and get a good education. Though he died when Hans was little more than a baby, with his longing mainly unsatisfied and his ambition unrealized, he passed on something of his spirit to the helpless child. This child in after years wrote stories of such beauty and depth of meaning, that he became the friend of childhood the world over.

The father dead, the mother went to people's houses to wash their clothes for them, and little Hans was left altogether to himself. He amused himself

with constructing a toy theatre, made clothes for his dolls, which were the actors, and read plays.

Attempts were made to get the boy to work like ordinary people. He was put into a cloth factory, and for a few days found it very pleasant. For at that time he had a marvellous voice, and the self-consciousness of genius was satisfied by his being made by the workmen "to sing and sing again," whilst other boys were made to do his work. But one day a workman passed him, calling him "a girl." He at once ran home to his mother, who said he need not go to the factory again.

Then his mother wanted to apprentice him to a tailor, an idea which was very distasteful to the child. "The only thing that gave me any consolation with regard to my destined occupation was the prospect it held out to me of procuring plenty of scraps for my puppet theatre," he tells us. His own great desire was to be an actor.

Hans' wonderful singing and his gift for reciting scenes from dramas by heart, attracted the attention of many good families in his native place. He seems to have been a boy of quaint, if not ugly, appearance; and his odd ways and ill-fitting dress (he possessed only one suit made from an old one of his father's) brought on him the ridicule of many. He was sent to a free school, and there was so different from the other boys that a "wild herds" followed and shouted after him in the streets. But it was the difference of genius, if only the master could have recognised it.

Hans relates, how, when at school, on the master's birthday he wove a

wreath and composed a poem for the occasion. This tribute was received with stinging contempt and a rebuke from the master.

The mental suffering of this sensitive child genius is set forth for the understanding reader, in the pathetic, beautiful story of the ugly duckling. This duckling, so different from all other ducks, pecked at by his own kind, ill-treated by mankind, shot at, jeered at and driven from all places where it tried to find shelter and home, finally found itself one lovely summer's morning on a beautiful lake, admired and petted by all. It had become a graceful perfect swan. This is Hans Andersen's autobiography in an allegory.

Misunderstood, unappreciated by most, he passed through years of hardship and privation. His health suffered, his beautiful voice was spoiled. He tried to become an actor, but all in vain. But there were, here and there, great souls, who had wit and sympathy to see below the quaint exterior, to the beautiful spirit hidden beneath. And after many vicissitudes, he discovered his genius was in writing stories, stories which to day are known and loved in all lands. At the age of 41, he also wrote the story of his life; not only, as he says, because it was required for the collected edition of his works, but because *his life was the best commentary on his writings*.

His was a spirit that ever retained its child-likeness and purity, and his stories were woven by an imagination which clothed with life and personality such things as children's play things, the metal pig at the town fountain, the weathercocks, and the cooking

pots in the kitchen. He realized to the full the truth that "God made all the creatures, and gave them our love and our fear, to give sign, we and they are his children, one family here." And the stork, the swan, the little mouse, the gnat, the lark, even the tree, the wind and the moon, are given places as chief actors on his literary stage. In imagination also, Andersen travelled to other countries, even to our own India. He makes the moon describe a Hindu girl sitting on the bank of the Ganges, sending out her lighted lamp on the water to see if its flame will burn so long as the lamp is in sight, which will be a sign that her betrothed is alive.

One sorrow in his life Hans Andersen tells us of, adding "After many years I understood and felt that here also all was for the best for her and for me." He went to stay in a rich house in one of the smaller towns of Denmark, and there he records, "Two soft brown eyes mine eyes did see. Home, fortune, happiness lay there for me, with the peace of a child, yet a spirit so high. And the memory will haunt me until I die." But the lady married some one else, and Hans Andersen was faithful to her memory till he died. This experience was undoubtedly in his mind when he wrote his beautiful story, "The Ice-maiden." And we see again the self-conscious child, to himself the chief actor in the drama of life, in the story of the little chimney sweep whom the moon saw looking out of the chimney top crying alone. "Ye hear! all the town can see me now!" And again he appears in the form of the little maiden, also seen by the moon, in her new blue dress,

pink hat, who said "mother! what will the little dogs think when they see me in these splendid new things?" The chief lesson life taught him, which is well-expressed by the line of Browning's,

"I have lived, seen God's hand through a life-time, and all was for the best"—comes again and again as the theme of his stories. One of the most beautiful of these is "The story of a mother." This mother, when her child dies, pursues death to the land of shades and begs him to give her little one back. Death shows her, reflected as in a well, the dreadful possibilities of her child's future life if it remains on earth, possibilities of pain, sorrow and disgrace, and in her agony the mother prays to God "when I ask for what is against thy will, and against my child's good, hear me not, hear me not." And Death, god's messenger, carries the babe away.

Mothers owe Hans Andersen a large debt of gratitude. "Tell me a story" is a request so often on the lips of the restless little mortals, whose all-important concerns must take precedence of all other matters that occupy us. Then comes along this veritable fairy god-father, and enables us to tell them "what the moon saw" every evening for thirty two evenings, and what happened to the wearers of the "Gloves of Fortune" and the wonderful adventures of "the little Tin Soldier" and so on, and so on, till from mere mothers we develop into rivals of Scheherazade herself.

N. B.—The quotations from Andersen's life story and the facts given, are taken from "Anderson's stories for the Household" translated into Eng-

lish by H. W. Dulcken Ph. D. and published by George Routledge and Sons, Limited.

Modes and Manners.

"A man by nothing is so well bewrayed
As by his manners, in which plainness sheweth
Of what degree and what race he is grown."
 ("Faerie Queene").

In every age, from very early times, there has existed a Decalogue of Modes and Manners. Directions are given in the "ancient books" of the Anglo-Saxons, as to the things to be done and the things to be left undone. The Normans, though not distinguished for their excessive politeness, had a special code of manners. Through every successive age and amongst the inhabitants of all civilised climes, the necessity and importance of an established form of etiquette has been invariably recognised. And, although a wide difference exists between the ancients and moderns in this regard, we may affirm that the old-time maxim "Manners makyth man" has the same force as ever. Goodness of heart, however boundless; learning, however profound; and accomplishments the most brilliant and varied, are not in themselves sufficient to produce pleasant and agreeable members of society. A knowledge and practice of the laws of good-breeding must be added to obtain a perfect whole.

Few things show greater change in the passing of successive centuries than the modes of greeting and leave-taking amongst the different peoples of the world. What used to be a dignified and grandiose ceremony now

resolves itself into a mere telegraphic monosyllable or two. Even the cordial grip of the hand is only too often an effete shaking of the fingers, or a nerveless laying of the hand in that of another. How trivial is the Italian "How do you do?" of today ("Come state?"—"How do you stay?") after the vigorous Roman "Vale," and "Salve!" Or the French "Comment vous portez-vous?" in lieu of the old-time "Monsieur, j'ai l'honneur de vous saluer."

Then the modern Teutonic ask, "Wie geht's Ihnen?"—"How goes it with you?"—and the Russian "Kak poyiviyeteh?"—"How do you live?" a somewhat strange greeting and reminding one that the Muscovite is fond of the pleasures of the festive board. The American is met by his friend with a nasally drawled "How do you do; how's business?" and the Englishman, the most laconic of all abbreviates this into "How do?" or the one comprehensive query, "Fit?"

Of all European salutes, the Spanish retains the greatest flavour of courtesy; for a gentleman on meeting a lady will say: "Los pies de vino"—"At your feet," and when he leaves her, he repeats the pretty compliment. The lady answers, "Cesa de vind la mano"—"I kiss your hand"; whilst the common form is "Salud y pesetas amigo"—"Health and wealth to you." This is somewhat akin to the ploughmen of Damascus, who call out, "Il awafch"—"Your health;" to which the proper answer is, "Allah zwafch!"—"May God give you health."

The Chinese are singularly affected in their personal civilities. They even calculate the number of their reverences,

which are frequently the most remarkable postures. The men move their hands in an affectionate manner, while they are joined together on their breast, and bow their head slightly. If they respect a person they raise their hands joined, and then lower them to the earth. If a Chinese is asked how he finds himself in health, he answers: "Very well, thanks to your abundant felicity." If they wish to tell a friend that he looks the picture of health, they will possibly say, "Prosperity is painted on your face," or, "Your air announces your happiness." If you dine with them they will acknowledge at parting, "We have not treated you with sufficient distinction." Instead of saying: "How do you do?" one Chinese acquaintance meeting another asks: "Have you eaten your rice?" If the interrogated person has done so, he answers: "Yes, I beg your pardon." He begs pardon for having anticipated his acquaintance at breakfast or dinner! It is considered etiquette to speak contemptuously of whatever belongs to the speaker and in terms of praise of whatever relates to the person addressed. The polite Chinese will refer to his wife as his "dull thorn", or in some similar figure of speech, while the rustic alludes to the comparison of his joys and sorrows as his "sinking woman." They will speak, however, of Your honorable wife, your honorable horse, book and son. Whereas it is ignominious in Europe to ask another's age, any Chinese man thinks it a compliment, and as regards one's name it is the correct thing to be asked: "What is your name?" and to reply: "My unimportant name is Chang."

Whenever circumstances place him in position calling for the exercise of courtesy, the Moor very seldom fails to respond. To every fellow Muslim, the greeting is given: "Peace be unto you", to which the answer is: "and to you be peace." The way to speed the parting guest is to exclaim "God give thee peace," or more curtly, "In peace". On arrival it is customary to exclaim to the guest: "Welcome to thee!" or "Be welcome at home and at ease!" Among the minor points of etiquette in vogue among the Moors, may be mentioned the prejudice against handling cutlery, which, since such things take life, is always placed on the ground for another to pick up. A kindred feeling prevents the use of a knife to cut bread, or the mention of lead or fire. Bread as the staff of life, is almost venerated, and any piece which falls in the street is carefully picked up and placed in some cranny. No one thinks, who can help it, of eating in the street, and, although when offerings of milk are made, it is customary for the recipient to dip in his finger-tip and place it to the tongue, it is not etiquette to take refreshment publicly.

Etiquette plays a supreme part in Japanese life. There is an etiquette, even a language, for addressing superiors, equals and inferiors. Equal attention has to be paid to bows and kowtows. Modes and manners, however, culminate in the arrangement of flowers, though few Japanese robins contain more than one or two vases. The solemn Tea Ceremony embraces so much etiquette, that it is an essential part of the education of the Japanese.

The process of salutation gone through by two acquaintances meeting in the streets of a Japanese town is most peculiar. As they come within sight of each other they slacken their pace, and approach with downcast eyes and averted faces, as if neither were worthy of beholding the other; then they bow low, so as to bring the face on a level with the knees, on which the palms of the hands are pressed. A succession of hissing sounds is next made by drawing in the breath between the closed teeth, interspersed with a series of complimentary phrases, uttered with great rapidity in a sort of falsetto voice, each trying to outdo his friend in the rapidity and extravagance of his language, while the palms are diligently rubbed against each other. At length the climax is reached, and each endeavours to yield the place of honour to the other. For as long perhaps as a minute the polite contest continues; then the ceremony abruptly ends, as if the difficulty was capable of none but a brusque solution, and the two pass on hurriedly, looking extremely relieved.

The islanders near the Philippines take the hand or foot of the person they salute, and with it gently rub their face. The Laplanders salute each other by a vigorous rubbing of noses. In New Guinea, the aborigines place upon the head the leaves of trees, which have ever been with them symbols of friendship and peace. There is something picturesque and graceful, indeed, in this mode of salutation.

Mexican salutations are extremely cordial. Men fall into each other's

arms and remain thus for several minutes, patting each other on the shoulder and indulging in all sorts of endearing epithets. If friends meet as often as twenty times a day, they must stop to shake hands. The formal salutation, which is usual among women in Mexico, is a tap of the right hand on the left shoulder, and then a generous shake of the hand. Women, who are intimate friends, not only tap the shoulder, but lay their cheeks softly together for an instant.

The Albanians have the most complicated forms of salutation, for they vary from hour to hour, and change according to the locale in which they are offered. For instance, from sunrise to three hours later, they say "Good morning"; from the third hour to mid-day the greeting is, "Mire minghesse," a form derived from the time in which shepherds are making cheese, the translation being, "Good cheese-making to you." From mid-day to sundown it is "Good day"; while at sunset it is "Good evening"; and lastly, it is "Good night." The salutation to persons in their own home is "Well at home"; to anyone at their work they say: "Well at your work." A person sitting or walking in the sun is accosted with, "Well in the sun"; and one in the shade with, "Well in the shade."

S. J. C.



Old Testament History, IV.

THE PEOPLE AND THE LAND.

Every race thinks its own land the most desirable home on earth; a state of affairs, which seems to point to the fact that human life is, on the whole, and in spite of drawbacks, rather a pleasant business.

Long ago, one of the wise men of Persia taught that Ahura had afflicted the peoples of all other races with a curious illusion, to the effect that their own lands were the best; and this was a very fortunate thing, as otherwise they would all have come crowding into Persia.

Among the rest, the people of Israel entertained this idea, and in the books of Joshua and Judges we have the account of how they entered into possession of their "Glorious land."

These books were written from four to six hundred years after the events they relate; the recollection of those early days was preserved in the memories of poets and storytellers, and handed on from one generation to another, till they were woven together by the historians of a later day, with comments suggested by the events of their own time. The whole was condensed and put into symmetrical form, that we may by careful study recover, if not with a probable account of what actually happened, at least we may content ourselves with the dramatic interest of the stories, and with the morals drawn from them by the writers who preserved them for us. In Hebrew writing, it is always the moral that matters most, and perhaps we understand Hebrew thought best by putting that first.

We read how the conquering host of Israel entered the promised land—the river Jordan stood back to make way for them; the walls of the guardian city of Jericho fell flat before them; the very sun and moon stood still in the sky that they might have time to destroy their enemies; one great battle secured their dominion in the South, another in the north, and every tribe received its share of the land from God himself by the casting of lots.

Yet after that triumphant progress through Canaan, we find succeeding generations struggling and scattered, their half-conquered enemies in continual revolt; foreign nations always ready to fall on them and enslave them: then some hero comes to the front as a "judge," and rescues them, and the land has rest while he lives. The book of Judges is full of stories of adventure; fierce fighting, cunning plots, treachery, courage, with occasional bursts of martial poetry. The succession of stories brings us to a time when a growing sense of national unity leads to the demand for a king to rule over all the tribes, and make them one and strong.

The editor, who collects all these legends, stories and poems, and makes them into a book, has a definite aim in view. He intends to convince his countrymen that Israel's happiness depends on its loyalty to Jahveh, and that Jahveh will never forsake his people when they call to him for help. He is not a king, and so long as they are "strong and of a good courage" (the phrase is repeated again and again) and careful to obey the law he has given them, there is nothing of

which they need be afraid.

We have two remarkable pictures of women in the book of Judges; Deborah, the warrior, who summons the tribes to rise against the Canaanite oppressors; and Jael, who treacherously murders their fleeing general, Sisera. Deborah's song of triumph is perhaps the oldest piece of connected writing in the Bible; it is a wonderful poem, gentleness alternating with fierceness, each tribe in turn described with a few graphic words, their quiet life, the peaceful work and pleasures that have to be left behind, if the people are to come "to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty"; and then the rush of battle, the glory of victory, the savage delight in Jael's cunning and courage, the picture of Sisera's mother awaiting his return in vain, and reckoning up the spoil she is never to see; and at every point it is Jahveh's battle, Jahveh's people, Jahveh's triumph that are celebrated.

Afterwards we have the story of Samson, the strong man, who employs his miraculous powers in overthrowing and slaying his Philistine neighbours. Some scholars think that there are the remains of a sun-myth in this strange epic, and that it is akin to the legend of Hercules; but whatever its origin may be, it is given to us by the editor of Judges as recounting the adventures of the champion of Jahveh against the unclean heathen. The story is full of rough humour; time after time Samson gets the best of the encounter, the Philistines guess his riddle and steal his wife, and he retaliates by destroying their crops and slaughtering them

in thousands; but at last he is outwitted himself, taken, blinded, thrown into prison, and at last brought out to make sport for his enemies, and then he puts all his strength into one last effort, and pulls down the whole house, slaying more Philistines in his death than he had done in his life.

As we follow the thread of these and other tales, we are led from end to end, and from side to side of that little strip of territory where so much of the world's history was to be made; not the scene of a great civilisation, nor the centre of a great commerce, with no high mountains, and no rivers at all, except the Jordan, a torrent, useless for boats, and running far below the level of the ocean into an inland sea.

As far as these books go, the life and thought of Israel do not seem very different from those of other nations near. Jahveh demands the death of guilty Achan's children and cattle with that of Achan himself; he accepts the sacrifice of Jephthah's daughter to fulfil a rash vow; he expects the bloody extermination of conquered cities and apparently approves Jael's murder of Sisera and Samson's relations with more than one Philistine harlot. That is the dark side of the picture; on the other hand we have courage and public spirit, with the dawning sense that what is recognised as right must be done at all costs. Achan glorifies Jahveh by confessing his sin, Jephthah's daughter willingly accepts her fate because her father has promised. We do not see a chosen people in possession of a complete revelation, with all the ritual, the thought and belief of a later time.

fixed, clear and settled; but we see a people who acknowledge a bond of loyalty to a God, who is righteous as they understand righteousness. The righteousness is incomplete according to the ideas of today, and the loyalty breaks down, but there is no doubt about the ideal.

D. J. STEPHEN.

A Night in the woods

It is always with sorrow not unmingled with a touch of delight that we look back upon days that are gone long ago. Bygone actions, which had then been a matter of course, assume a charm which only the lapse of years can impart. Besides, the feeling that the past in our life very seldom repeats itself, that one's childhood or youth, universally pronounced the happiest season of our life, is but a distant and ever vanishing dream, impels us as the only alternative of the grim present to turn to the sweet recollections of one's past life, in particular to that age of innocence and ease, one's childhood. The effect of such recollections is most salutary. Despite the sorrow for a thing that is never more to be, there is produced in the heart of the thinker a glow of natural delight; and the remnants of the once buoyant spirit, in this, covered down by long years on earth, for a moment lights up, and often renews a spirit from immortality. He feels himself young and strong, fit also for the duration of the fleeting. It endures but a short hour.

I have often looked back upon my childhood and my boyish freaks, and

it is seldom at the end of it that a smile has failed to pass my lips. The most distant incident I can with any definiteness recollect occurred at the age of twelve.

There was in those days near my native town of T—, a beautiful forest. It is reputed to have been the camp of Hyder during one of his expeditions into the plains. My father's dwelling was on the edge of the woodland and I loved the tall trees and liked to wander among them.

It was a fine April afternoon. There had been a shower or two in the morning. The Sun was shining merrily in the skies. The woods looked fresh and gay. The clang of the wood-man's axe echoed far and wide. I was seized with a desire to go into the woods and I went.

I had wandered long and gone far beyond the limits of my usual roving. My legs were weary, but within me my heart was stout. By now the Sun was slowly sinking down to rest. He was within an hour's travel of his journey's end. I had not even the vaguest idea that I had wandered miles out of the way. I saw the tall trees casting their shadows and I turned homeward. Ten yards ahead of me I saw a tree laden with ripe black berries. I knew they were good to eat. I climbed up the tree, but my foot slipped and I fell headlong down into a bush of thorns. My bones were whole, but I was pierced all over. I struggled to my feet and tried to pull the thorns out, but it was getting dark and I had to get home.

The pain was intense and I dragged myself along. A dread now seized me

that I had lost my way. The thought of spending the night in the woods all alone, with pain in every limb, and the thought of the anxiety of my parents were too much for me to bear. I stood still and wept.

By now, the sun had set and a dreadful darkness enveloped the forest. I felt that to stand there and weep was of no avail. I looked all round in wild agony and far away I thought I saw the faint glimmer of a light. My heart leapt within me for joy. Towards the distant light I bent my steps, chiding myself for my fault. After an hour's painful groping in the dark, there came suddenly before my eyes a small temple brilliantly lighted, decked with fresh-blown flowers. A sweet smell pervaded the whole atmosphere. Such a place in the dreary woods inspired in me a vague dread. My head was full of light-winged fairies and fleet-footed elves and goblins of the wood. I dreaded to enter, and longed to be back in the brake I had left an hour ago.

While I stood thus with strange fantasies swimming before my over-taxed brain, I heard a pack of jackals howling in the distance. They were approaching that part of the woods where I stood. I gave myself up for lost between jackals and goblins. I thought I would faint, for my weary limbs could not bear the mental agony. Again, I was roused by the howling, now only a few yards from me. One more minute there and I would be torn to pieces. With a wild shriek, I rushed forward into the temple, preferring the unseen foe to the seen and with a loud clang closed and barred

the lattice doors while the howling pack went rushing past.

In the excitement of the moment, I could see nothing inside the temple save the oppressive brilliancy of the lights. Slowly I gathered my shattered wits and gazed with round-eyed amazement on a huge idol of polished granite, decked with choice flowers and clothed in a cloth of bright red. In the centre of its fore-head gleamed a gold sovereign, and on the hands and feet were stuck pieces of bright silver. The offering set before this goddess confirmed my worst fears. A full grown buffalo lay slaughtered at her feet and the severed head was placed on her left arm. I shook with terror at the sight. I tried to fly from the place, but I thought of the wild pack outside the gate. My throat was parched and I breathed heavily. I saw a basin of water at her feet. I made bold and drank of it and felt refreshed. With a feeling of thankfulness I lifted my eyes to the face of the idol. Never before or after have I looked upon a face so sweet, gentle and majestic withal. By what cunning hand had that face been so exquisitely chiselled out of bare and hard rock that looking on it all fear forsook me? I gazed on the face and never lifted my eyes off it. Every minute made it more beautiful in my eyes. But the toil of that day was too much for me and I fell asleep at its feet, my face turned towards its own, and dreamt of the beautiful bewitching sight.

In the morning, the sound of familiar voices roused me. I opened my eyes and saw my parents and a group of people gazing at me. Next, I

turned towards the face of the goddess and to my bewilderment there stood a grim and ruined wall with a spring bubbling close by. There was nothing of the night's show left. I doubted if I had dreamt it all. No, I am assured I did not dream.

T. G. SANJEEVI.

Hobbies.

What is a hobby? It has many meanings, but the meaning I wish my readers to seize is—a favourite pursuit, a pursuit other than and different to one's regular work or daily avocation, and it is one which every person with any pretensions to culture should follow. A hobby fills up the blank moments of life, relaxes the bow of the daily round, the common task. A man with a hobby is independent of company. He has no need to seek relaxation in frivolous society, or waste time in the vicinities of a fashionable existence. Most men and women begin having a hobby when they are young. The collection of postage stamps is a hobby, which many pursue, and gives an education in Geography and History, which is unique in its way. The careful stamp-collector gets to know of the countries where the stamps are used and the rulers who have issued the stamps, and the circumstances which lead to a change in the stamps; finds out about the various points they represent, and he gathers a fund of information which no person not occupied with the hobby obtains. The collection of coins opens up vistas of history. There are ancient coins which

go down to pre-historic times and he learns of the curious way in which coins from one empire long passed away are found in under modern conditions. He gets some knowledge of metals and their values and the history of dynasties and kingdoms. Gardening, in an amateur fashion, opens up the study of biology and botany, of trade and commerce, of climatic conditions and the customs of people. Some people take to writing poetry and prose and learn a good deal of literature and language. The rearing of animals, birds and pets of sorts again is a hobby, which yields many happy hours to the person who takes the pursuit up as a hobby. The rearing of pigeons for instance is a most fascinating pursuit and the person with such a hobby soon learns to breed scientifically and create new types of pigeon. All pigeons, fantails, pouters, tumblers, ground tumblers, homers, carriers are descended from the original blue rock variety, and yet they differ so materially from one another that it is difficult to realize that it is so. Why should the border be so attached to its horse? Whence comes the instinct which enables it, if conveyed hundreds of miles from where it was reared, to return across ocean and land unerringly to its destination? It is a fascinating study and opens up fields of enquiry which are profitable. Photography is another. It is a somewhat expensive hobby. Painting and drawing and music are hobbies well within the means of most people. When one's day's work is done, an hour or so spent in pursuing a hobby refreshes the mind and breaks the monotony of existence. Happy is said to be the man with a hobby. Of course, a hobby is taken hold of it

possessor, that it sometimes happens that the real work of life, is sacrificed to it and it becomes a special study; but then it loses its recuperative influence and becomes professional. That is to say, an amateur gardener often develops into a professional one, and becomes an authority on horticulture or agriculture. There are hobbies of all kinds, and they are really useful and beneficial, when taken up as a relaxation from the daily grind of life.

An expensive hobby is the collection of rare editions of books. The gathering together of art curios from all parts of the world throws a flood of light on various civilizations and has a refining influence on the mind. Children should be encouraged to take an interest in hobbies. Boys will often, in rural places, take to bird nesting and the collection of eggs. This leads to a knowledge of natural history and geography and biology. There is no single hobby which is pursued with any thoroughness but opens up an enquiry into unexpected directions and builds up knowledge of a most useful kind. There is a person, I know, who has been collecting the labels of match boxes for many years, and it is astonishing what a varied and grand collection it is. Just now the Austrian and Swedish match is rare. The Japanese match is filling the market. The future student of this hobby will be able to state why this change has occurred. It will lead him to study the industrial condition of the time and he will recognise that the war has been the cause of the change of labels. It is a little thing which has been the result of a profound human upheaval in history. So closely are

things interrelated and dependent on one another, that the pursuit of one little hobby may place the lover of it into relations with numerous changes in the lives of men.

There are hobbies of sport, shooting, cricketing, foxhunting, which are not really hobbies. They are forms of recreation, in which many participate. The real hobby is one which a person pursues often alone and which affords him an enormous amount of quiet pleasure. There are numbers of men, who have retired from the arduous labours of public life, and who may rapidly sink into the sere and yellow of old age because they find time hang heavily on their hands. Their characters having been formed, they find it difficult, nay impossible, to take up new professions, to form new associations and they are unhappy, just when they, their life's task accomplished, should be happy and contented. But the man with a hobby finds salvation in the pursuit of his particular fad or fancy. It stands him in good stead as a stopgap. It affords him relaxation of mind. It finds him occupation and he has before him always the prospect of perfecting his hobby or learning something new about it. Some of our greatest men have hobbies of many kinds. The great Lord Salisbury found relaxation from his great responsibilities in electrical phenomena; and I dare say Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bonar Law have some hobby to which they turn, when, tired with work, and weary with responsibility, they find a moment of leisure. Blessed is the man or woman with an innocent hobby.

The Shevaroyas

SIXTY YEARS AGO.

The writer of this sketch was about four years old when he left the Shevaroyas with his parents for the Nilgiri Hills; and in the long period of the intervening years, for he is now nearly sixty-five years of age, his thoughts have often wandered to the Shevaroyas. Seizing an opportunity afforded by a visit to Salem, a month or two ago, the writer visited the Shevaroyas and was astonished to find that the old land marks still existed, but in a curiously altered form. That is, he fancied that he beheld things through the reverse end of a telescope. One of the land marks was the small sheet of water below the English church. In his boyhood's remembrance, it was at least a mile broad with a bund and a shrubbery just below the church. He found it to be little larger than a pond and with no bund to speak of. The church seems now curiously narrow and diminutive, but except for the new monuments nothing seems to be altered. The parsonage house is still the same. 60 years ago the incumbent was the Reverend Uriah Davis and he lived just below the house across the road, now occupied by some Brothers of the R. C. church, who have established a school and rest house and a dormitory—and to whom the writer was indebted for the hearty hospitality extended to him for the short time he was at Yercaud. By the way, Yercaud signifies 'lake jungle' (Sri-Kad); but whether the lake near the Protestant church or the larger sheet of water further up and below Shevaroyas gave the name, we do not

know. Most probably the former. Another land mark was the R. C. church at the entrance to Yercaud from the ghat. The church I remember was a smaller one and there was no convent adjacent to it. The site occupied by the convent was the small house of an Anglo-Indian family and was rich with loquat trees and peach trees and a wealth of flowers. Another land mark the writer remembers is Fairlawns. Buildings have crowded it up and detracted from its beauty. There was a splendid avenue of peach trees leading down from below the lake to the gate on the road, leading from the R. C. church to Charing Cross. This road, by the way, just in front of Fairlawns, had a fine avenue of pear trees, which has all but disappeared, and the orange trees also have gone the way of all flesh. There was a large vegetable garden, but I do not know whether it still exists, as I did not enter the premises. Of course, the spreading tree at Charing Cross I remembered so distinctly that I went looking for it and found it to my delight. Under its shade I had often played sixty years ago. I recollected old Captain Short's house very well, and his kindly wife, from whom I had received many a little dainty when playing with her sons. The ghat was the same, up which it was then customary to ride on horseback, or to be carried in a chair tied to a couple of bamboos. Who the genius is who introduced the canvas arrangement now used, it is impossible to say. The old beauty of Yercaud has departed. Silver fir or the grevella robusta tree dominates the hills as a coffee shade tree and has detracted from the beauty of the old time foliage

which has more or less disappeared. I don't seem to remember that hideous clump of houses known as Longleypet, nor the well and taps at the head of the lake near the church. The other lake in my eyes of to day has shrunk to a diminutive size. I recollect distinctly a baptism ceremony which took place at the lake sixty years ago, when a lady was led into the water and baptised by immersion. The names I recollect you were Rahon, Leclerc, Short, Smith and Davis, Martlett, Ren, coure, Newland and one or two others. I had no time to ascertain if any of these names except the Shorts are still in Yercaud. The last and well known and I believe live, more, at the Green hills and Nagalore than at Yercaud, which has become rather overcrowded and is now full of Germans, who at Government expense occupy the best houses, causing the annual visitors. I fancy the simple Malayalee of sixty years ago has now changed into a sophistic table servant. Anyway I did not see many of them. The post office and the club are now near the church. Sixty years ago, the post office was—I cannot say just where, but there was no club. There was no carriage ghat road either in those days. Revisiting a place after sixty years, when one was a boy of 4 or 5 years of age, is something of an experience and only that everything appeared foreshortened and diminutive to what one remembered, it was a pleasant thing to get into touch with the past. The wild raspberry hedges with purple and yellow fruit, the wealth of pears and peaches and loquots and oranges appear to have disappeared. The streams and vegetation have disap-

peared or changed, and roads which I remembered in imagination were half a mile in length were not more than a hundred paces long. As I have said, much of the beauty of the hill has departed and even the climate seems to have altered. Remembering Yercaud, I remembered parts of Salem too, the bridge near the new maternity hospital and the site of the old hospital itself. In my mind's eye, the Salem of 60 years ago is far different from the Salem of to day.

R. L.

Bhasmasura or the giant of fire.

Sometimes people long for great powers and gifts, without realising the responsibility involved in such a craving. The general tendency is to use powers, not necessarily to render good service, but for the simple delight such an exercise brings to them. There are stories in Indian mythical lore, which illustrate the self-destructiveness of the gift misused. The story of Bhasmasura is a case in point. Bhasmasura, as the name implies, was a giant or Asura with power to burn. Bhasma the giant, is accordance with the natural impulses of his tribe, was bent on acquiring a unique gift. He was not satisfied with longevity like Numbhakarna, nor with the gift of learning like Kalidasa, nor with perpetual youth like Markanda. His must be a talent possessed by none else, not even by Brahma. In short, he was anxious to secure the gift to destroy whatever he touched

and not to bless. That was really characteristic of a giant. Of course there were exceptions to this rule. Vibhisana, for instance, was an asura only in name. His career had been one of sublime virtue and devotion. Bhama, on the other hand, was a typical instance of a Raksha, whose life purpose was to destroy, devastate and strike terror into mortals and immortals alike. Being the worst specimen of the evil race of giants, Bhama betook himself to the forests with the object of doing severe penance and forcing Brahma by his intense and obstinate austerity to confer on him the boon to burn. His penance was as severe and intense as his passionate desire for the inhuman boon. The great Giver appeared as he must, being compelled by the might of the giant's mortification and perverse devotion, and asked him what he wanted. Bhama was delighted at the success of his great penance, and said to the giver "O Thou, from whom proceed all the gifts of life, love, devotion, construction and destruction, may I be endowed with the gift of burning to ashes whomsoever I lay my right hand on!" The great God was stunned at this audacious request; but the giant's penance was so potent that its virtue could not go unrewarded. And yet to trust this evil Raksha with such a destructive power would be more disastrous than to allow a child to play with fire or to carry coals of fire on one's head. Brahma was in a fix. If the boon was given, the giant would destroy the whole world of mortals and for the matter of that, even the immortals. It was conceivable that Brahma himself might fall a victim. On the

other hand, if the boon were refused, the God would be guilty of violating the Divine law of Bhaktas or devotees, which vouchsafes the fruition of their acts of piety. Brahma was in short between the devil and the deep sea. After some delay and hesitancy, he, reluctantly, with vague misgivings, conferred, as he was morally bound to do on the asura, the fatal gift. But the giant was too clever to give credence to mere promise. He wanted a tangible proof. Just as Midas touched and transformed every object around him to test the golden gift he acquired, so Bhama wanted to test his pernicious gift. And naturally to whom could he turn, but to the person by his side, Brahma himself? There was none else. Brahma would be the best object of test. With these thoughts in his mind Bhama turned to the Giver, who, realising the imminent danger in which he stood, ran for life from the presence of the wicked giant. But the giant, doubting the genuineness of the gift began to pursue him. As the God was running breathlessly, closely followed by the persistent, malignant demon, Vishnu in the guise of a way-farer encountered them.

Vishnu—"What is up, O giant of enormous proportions?"

Bhama—"I want to test my newly acquired boon on the giver."

Vishnu—"What is it like? Surely it must be a strange gift that puts the giver to flight!"

Bhama—"Mine is a unique gift, to burn to ashes the person

on whom I lay my right hand."

Vishnu—"That is simply delightful. How admirable your foresight is! How worthy you are of your illustrious race of giants!! A noble scion of Kasyapa's stem!"

Extolling the giant to the skies and thus tickling his vanity, the traveller rebuked him in haunter for his blissful ignorance of the spiritual laws. He should first of all purify himself before he could touch such a holy being as Brahma. He ought not to lay hands on the person of the Creator, until he went through the ceremony of purification (Sandhya.) The giant was easily convinced of the need for cleansing and went about in search of water. Having found in that dry forest a little water in the footprint of a cow, he began his ablutions, in the course of which he must needs place his right hand on his head, as on other parts of his body, signifying the process of purification. But no sooner had he placed his right hand on his head than his wicked gigantic body crumbled into a heap of ashes by the very gift of Brahma, and thus the grave danger that threatened both men and gods was cunningly averted by the timely intervention of Vishnu. Brahma was thus rescued.

What does this story typify? The moral is plain. It is said that the cobra has poison only in its fangs, and the scorpion only in its sting; whereas a depraved fellow, however virtuous and pious he may appear outwardly, has the poison all over his body. His

very breath vitiates the atmosphere. Again, there is the law of Nemesis, that is parabolically foreshadowed here. Retributive justice never fails in its operation. Its execution may be immediate or remote. It is certain to take place. This feeling of certitude is strongly engendered by the study of the parabolic lore. Lastly, the gift of talents of all kinds is meant for beneficial use, for service, and not for self-aggrandizement and self-exaltation, which proves detrimental to God's creatures. It is easy to acquire power, a giant's strength, but the consequences of misuse or selfish use will result in nothing short of self-destruction either physical or moral. Bhamasura stands as a type of self-annihilation, through destructive ambition.

V. P. ADISESHIAH.

Conversation.

The age is too busy for good conversation now. Once upon a time, conversation was studied as a fine art. To be a good conversationalist made a reputation. Dr. Johnson is remembered as the great lexicographer; others since his day have excelled him, but few have won greater fame as a conversationalist. Boswell's biography of the Doctor gives us an idea of his powers in word-fencing and the use of language. His style of conversation, compared with that of noted conversationalists of later years, is entirely different. The Doctor laid down the law, so to speak, and so preeminent was his power that few dared to cross swords with him. It

was the Doctor who said of Oliver Goldsmith, who was not able to talk well, that "he wrote like an angel but talked like poor poll." George W. E. Russell, in his "Collections and Recollections," tells us what good conversation is. It is to have something to say which is worth hearing. We must reckon among its accidents and ornaments a manner which knows how to be easy and free without being free-and-easy; a habitual deference to the tastes and even the prejudices of other people; a hearty desire to be, or at least to seem, interested in their concerns; and a constant recollection that even the most patient hearers may sometimes wish to be speakers. Above all, the agreeable talker cultivates gentleness and delicacy of speech and avoids aggressive and overwhelming display and remembers the tortured cry of the neurotic hand.—

"Vindicated, I say, I say, I say;
A ready mind, a ready tongue;
I must be candid, but I shall be true;
I can be patient, and I shall be true;
And while I have this little ball and
Happy therefore, to be sure, no flow of

A good conversationalist, be he ever so good, will never win a reputation for being such, unless he is also a good listener. Some people are so absorbed in their own affairs that they will talk all the time, and if one listens to them patiently, interpolating a "Is it so?" or "I rather think so," they depart quite convinced that the person who listened to them had great conversational powers. A nice sense of humour is a great asset, and a little sarcasm gives pungency to conversation. No one can be really a great talker who does not possess a wide range of in-

formation, a readiness of repartee and a memory which can clinch an argument by an apt quotation. Habitually, argumentative men are bores, as are the men who monopolise the conversation. A ready give and take, a keen observation to detect whether a word or expression is painful to any listener, and a ready resource to change the subject without being abrupt, are all necessary to the brilliant talker. Bacon in one of his essays says "Conversation maketh a ready man" and great talkers are to be found among lawyers and politicians. To quote Mr. Russell again, "Conversation is like lawn tennis, and requires alacrity in return at least as much as vigour in service. A happy phrase, an unexpected collocation of words, a habitual precision in the choice of terms, are rare and shining ornaments of conversation, but they do not for an instant supply the place of lively and interesting matter, and an excessive care for them is apt to tell unfavourably on the substance of discourse." Somebody said of Dr. Johnson that if he made little fishes talk, they would talk like whales. The risk and hate of the present day has all but killed conversation as it has killed letter-writing. The telegraph, the telephone, the penny post and postcards don't encourage long confabulations or lengthy letters. As regard subjects of conversation, it all depends with whom one converses. With some people one may talk on any subject without giving offence. With another it is not so. "Never," says a wise man, "discuss with another man his love or his religion—subjects too sacred for a profane hand, however intimate to touch." Religion is a sub-

Rangoon.

ject that is well to avoid. The breath of scandal should not be allowed to dull the mirror of conversation. Mimicry of others is to be carefully avoided. But then it is not so easy to say what is good conversation as to define what is bad. Good talkers are welcome guests. They are popular, and a man or woman is often invited to a dinner or social event merely on account of his conversational powers. There are interminable talkers, like the poet Coleridge who once asked Charles Lamb whether he (Charles Lamb) had heard him preach. "I've heard you do nothing else" said Lamb—a remark that was as happy as it was no doubt true. Among women, there have been great talkers, and in political circles ladies once held special salons, which politicians and public men attended and where the talk was invariably bright, informative and amusing. There is very little real conversation in India, I am afraid, except it be in Indian society. The time is full of stress and strain and a good deal of slang, understood among the members of particular cliques is used, and society out here is not organized in the same way as in England, where the art of conversation is still, perhaps, cultivated in some degree.

R. L.



In one of the late issues of the I. L. Magazine, there was an article on the benefits of travel and in reading it, it struck me how stay-at-home most Indian ladies are. By stay-at-home, I mean to say that they very rarely leave Indian soil. Many Indian ladies visit Bombay and Benares and other famous towns like Madras, but very few ever think of crossing the sea to Ceylon or Burma. The way to Ceylon is now easy, via Panbani and Ramaswaram and Danuskoddi—sacred soil to most Indians, but the arrangements for the examination of passengers and their possible detention, if slightly ill, are far from being ideal or necessary, and the Ceylon Government remains deaf to all appeal on the subject. The local Government is indisposed to interfere. Barring the journey, the passenger will find much in Ceylon to interest her. But I am in this paper referring to Rangoon. The cost of a second class passage is, or was, Rs. 65 and in a coasting B-I-boat the fifth day sees the termination of the journey. Of course it is to be expected that the steamers are extremely crowded with deck passengers, but they do not invade the second and first class cabins and saloons and the journey can be made comfortably. Orthodox Indian ladies, by carrying a small stove and some cooking materials, can face the journey very well indeed, without touching the substantial and liberal fare which the B-I-Company offers its passengers. Those who have outgrown caste restrictions will enjoy the fare, except the curries which are impossible for an Indian to

appreciate. The voyage is plain sailing and the sea, except during the monsoon, is generally smooth and untroubled, and as one gets out of sight of land, one feels, when travelling for the first time, that one is cut off from all rescue in the case of an accident. There are no vessels to be met with now, though, before the war, tramp steamers were to be seen in numbers, bringing Kipling's lines to mind:—

On the road to Mandalay
Where the flying fishes play
And the dawn comes up like thunder,
From China cross the Bay

and so on.

As one nears Rangoon, the steamer slips into the Irrawaddy river, a noble stream up which the steamer travels for miles and miles before arriving at Rangoon. The first thing that attracts the observer nearing Rangoon are the Pagodas. On the left bank of the River, but to the right of the passenger going up the river, stands out prominently the Syrian pagoda, broad and circular at the base and tapering to a point.

At Rangoon, one soon finds that he is in a foreign land. Not that there are no Indians; there are many, but in Rangoon Hindustani is the lingua franca. English is not spoken so generally as at Madras; and then one sees Sikh policeman, and China shopkeepers and artisans and Mahomedans in plenty. The sight of all sights in Rangoon is the Shwepyithar pagoda, to my mind a dream of beauty with its glittering garniture, its quaint looking phoongies, the peculiar but not incongruous combination of ancient Burmese art, decoration and modern electric light. Its seated Bur-

dhass and its buyers and graceful Burmese maidens and queer looking men, dressed in dandy Burmese style. Then there are the thronged streets with many types of humanity, the tleca gharries, so different to the Madras hackney, the richshaws which are taboo to people with any pretensions to fair fame and respectability, the shops, and bazaars where Burmese women sit at the receipt of custom, and a thousand other interesting things on which I shall dwell in a later article.

D. D.

Indian Womanhood and National Awakening.

It has been the pride of many an Indian expositor of Indian life that the ideals of woman, as indicated in the collection of writings glibly described as the "Hindu Sastras," are of the highest. The Englishman can talk of woman in generous terms, the Frenchman can pay her a glowing tribute, but the Hindu speaks of religiously worshipping her. The Hindu in real life far from worships his woman: it is the ideal that inspires him. The ideal strikes him as superhumanly touching. He has within his experience seen examples of Indian womanhood, whom he can well think of as real breathing saints in this world. It seems to him that these real Saints of women are impossible anywhere in the world except in India; and thus he pays a tribute to the peculiar social fabric of the Hindus and feels perfectly satisfied about its soundness. It has never struck

him that his extraordinary Hindu woman should be rendered into a perfectly intelligible quantity. He has not for one moment allowed, that some profounder cause may underlie the advantageous difference of the Hindu ideal of woman from that of the rest of the world, which is otherwise by no means complimentary or advantageous to India. The ideal of the Hindu woman formulated on the lines of man's thinking has far excelled that in the west, because the burden borne by her has also been nearly unparalleled. She has been divinely virtuous, because man has put her to a severe test. If she has been over-patient, he has been over-arrogant. She has been capable of complete self-abnegation, while he has been developing into the most selfish of animals. Will those men who speak of the Hindu ideal of woman in religious sacredness ask themselves if their own wives seem too divine to themselves? Has their pious veneration induced them to regard their partners as too bright and good "for human nature's daily food?" It is not likely they have felt any such qualms. In fact, they should blush to feel that their own wives are angels and saints to themselves.

Hindu social practice has been mightfully tyrannical on woman, and she, striving to serve God's cause on earth, has bravely and nobly put up with it. She has acquitted herself with immortal glory in the hard trials imposed upon her. The best women of India have shed their influence on the entire country, but all their sisters are not of the same level of strength. Some have only partially succeeded in overcoming their trials, and many

others have completely broken down in the effort, and others again have in a sense rebelled against the trials being imposed on them. The trials have lived on and are well nigh sapping the vitality of Indian women. Their uplift will directly depend on the freeing of their male counterparts from moral degeneracy.

The "freedom of women" is a much misunderstood ideal. When an accusation is made that the Indian woman is not free, the answer comes that far from being a slave she holds complete sway in Hindu homes. The apposite saying that the hand which rocks the cradle rules the world is fondly quoted. The point is, that there are two ways in which a woman can hold sway in her home; she may have a power just because she is a woman, or she may be counted as important in the counsels of the home because of her native intelligence, acquired wisdom or other gifts of education. It is the latter kind of importance that is implied in a proper ideal of the "freedom of woman." The former ideal on the other hand is no ideal at all for woman; it is only the means for the perpetuation of her slavery. The greatest thinkers of sociology have recognised that the chivalric sense towards woman pushed to a most extreme degree is not without its immorality. The only mark of a civilised society will be in its members of both the sexes getting on together on an equal footing. The influence, which the average woman is boasted as exercising in the home in this country, is of a dangerously tinsel kind. Feminine magnetism is only an alternative to Feminine slavery.

P. R. KRISHNASWAMY.

Current Comments.

The report of the Lady Dufferin Fund as administered for last year shows what an enormous amount of good is being done and has been done through that agency. Were it not for the L. D. Fund, the present women's Medical service scheme and the Lady Harriage women's hospital at Delhi would not have come into existence. When Lady Dufferin appealed for the formation of a Fund to enable medical relief for women being more easily available than previously, an abundance of help was given by the public, more especially the Indian princes, in the form of donations and subscriptions and the fund has been administered in a business-like manner. But it must not be forgotten that the annual income of the Fund in the form of subscriptions amounts to about Rs. 35,000 a year, and the central committee recognised that to make the best of the L. D. Fund scheme was to organise a Women's Medical Service and a Women's College of Medicine in Delhi. Both these schemes were warmly approved of, if he did not actually undertake them, by the late Sir Patrick Spens, whose premature death all India laments. The late Lady Iford, who took up the question with enthusiasm, and the W. M. Service and the W. M. College are both accomplished facts. The difficulty experienced in ladies travelling to and from England and India, and the want of the lady medical officers from England, the committee was successful in securing the services of three or four lady doctors and a lady assistant.

of Miss Lazarus of this presidency. The services of Mrs. Rukmabai, a lady practitioner of Surat, who was warmly recommended by the Bombay branch being previously engaged, the committee failed in obtaining her services. The more the number of Indian lady doctors, the better for the success of the service and for female sufferers in India.

The question of the adequate provision of medical relief to women and children is a vital matter. Mr. C. W. Saleeby writing in the *Mysore Economic Journal* says: "Some of the apathy assails us to that while life is spilled and wasted on every side, we merely deplore the fact of the birth rate." A fish may produce a million eggs, but on an average all but two or three die; and Tennyson, philosophising in "In Memoriam," says of Nature, "That I, considering everywhere, her secret meaning in her deeds, and finding that of fifty seeds she often brings but one to bear." It is waste that tells and mainly the waste of human life from infancy to adolescent years, after which the organism is able to struggle against adverse influences and survives; for as life advances warfare diminishes. Considering the waste from infant mortality in India which is abnormal, the necessity for checking that waste is manifest. The best way of diminishing the waste is to educate the women, those especially who are to be mothers and those who are nursing mothers. It is astonishing how even among educated European people, the most ordinary knowledge concerning the life of the infant and parentage is kept from young men and women by a

convention which considers that such information is both vulgar and wicked. Nothing concerning the vital questions of life can either be wicked or vulgar, or the young women who enter medical colleges and pass out as qualified practitioners must be monsters of vulgarity and vice. But what is the fact? Their knowledge gives them a higher conception of the realities and sanctities of life in its more private aspects than that of the ordinary everyday young women kept guarded from all contamination in the house. Wifehood and motherhood are or should be sacramental in their essence and God has given women no nobler task than to bear and bring up their children as gentle, strong, capable women and brave, confident, self-reliant men, virtuous and helpful to their neighbours. But women must be taught and not be permitted to learn by painful experience. It is for this purpose that the Women's Medical Service and the Women's Medical College exist.

At present, by this Presidency at any rate, there is only one Medical College for 40 millions of people—a college that has become celebrated for its excellent work and to which at one time students used to come from Burma, the Straits Settlements and all over India. Now it is unable to admit any outsiders, as the applications for admission from the presidency are more than the college is able to admit. The lady students increase year by year and many of these, who have passed out, are well known practitioners. We believe an early announcement of more instruction being established will be made on this pressing

want. The Surgeon-General at the opening of the Royapuram Hospital said that Government were intending to open more medical schools. Another special school for women staffed by women professors is indispensable. Maternity houses and health visitors to visit and look after expectant mothers and nursing mothers are very urgently needed.

Mrs. Srinivasa Sastri's address at the Madras Local Conference on the question of social reform deserves the attention of all Indians. We in India know how much caste restrictions militate against social solidarity, and these caste distinctions are in addition to the bars of class-distinction which play a prominent part in societies in all countries. The difference in England between the lord of the manor and the labourer on his farm is as great as that between the high caste Hindu and his panchama tenantry. Notwithstanding this cleavage, the gap can be bridged in the class system. Education, wealth, and all that wealth implies, merit, professional skill &c. often bridge the gulf. In the caste system, it is impossible to surmount the limitations imposed. Though a man of rank and position in England does not ordinarily break bread with his groom, there is no objection to their eating together, should circumstances require it. The caste system negatives such social amenity. While therefore in England, America and France and other places, the lowly born and poor boy has the power to break his birth's invidious bar, should opportunity offer and take occasion

by the hand, in India it is impossible. There have been, it may be argued, Panchama saints. But that is outside the limitations of a common social system. Mr. Lloyd George, the other day, said that although he was a man of the people, with no special advantages, the nation had raised him to the highest position which he had kept against all assaults, because he was for winning the war and was the best man for it. That kind of thing is impossible in India, except perhaps among Mohammedans whose religion is democratic and makes all men equal. Not till the Hindus realize that all men are brethren, that true religion does not consist in the minor matters of eating and drinking and bathing, will social reform be possible. Professor Bose at Calcutta, the great scientist, proclaims as a truth, what his forefathers announced 1000 years ago, the unity of all things, and that that unity should be practically recognised. The Hindu reformer, free from prejudice says, "I am Hindu" and sees no difference between himself and his low born brother. So it is that social reform implies the acceptance of religious injunctions and scientific truth.

Lord Pentland's Government is to be congratulated on the arrangements made to provide indigent people in the madras with means to come to Madras to avail themselves of skilled medical treatment in diseases, with which the medical institutions are unable to deal effectively. If sympathetically worked the scheme should be thoroughly successful for there must be an enormous number of cases which

require such help. The only fear is the dread of operations. Even in Madras people often hold back their beloved patients from hospital, because of their fear of the surgeon's knife, and only too often patients are delayed till they arrive at the hospital only to die. In the present scheme, the medical officer is the chief authority. People, who resort to the medical hospitals freely, need feel no reluctance to attend the larger institutions at Madras. The D. M. & S. O. should be able to select the indigent patients for skilled treatment at Madras. Only too often the beneficent objects of Government are frustrated by careless, indifferent and unsympathetic working and in this scheme at any rate we hope that the poor will get every chance of benefiting by the Government's offer. There must be scores of tuberculosis patients in every district, who do not know that they have tuberculosis and who might require early treatment to guard against the disease getting a strong hold on them. Indian ladies might have it in their power to recommend indigent patients coming under their knowledge to the authorities for the privilege of obtaining the sanction for help.

Mrs. Sala Guruswami Chetty's presidential address at the Andhra Mahila Sabha at Cuddapah in May deserves passing mention. Mrs. Chetty is the wife of a well known legal practitioner in Madras. Apart from Mrs. Guruswami Chetty's political opinions, her allusion to the past greatness of women in India and the possibilities of Indian women becoming good workers and helpers, good wives

and mothers and persons of consideration in the body politic, were informing. After enumerating some of the great women in the ancient history of India who had distinguished themselves in public life and even on the field of battle, Mrs. Chetty referred to the Maharani of Mysore, some ladies of Hyderabad, the Begum of Bhopal as living leaders now. She dwelt on the importance of education and university education in raising Indian womanhood, spoke strongly on the responsibilities of motherhood in rearing children and appealed to her audience to persevere in home industries and deplored the debilitating influence of western customs and habits on Indian women, who had not sufficient education and discrimination to avail themselves of the true excellence of western habits and customs.

A writer in "Everyman's Review" (Madras) discussing Indian Society is apprehensive that it exhibits a tendency to drift. There is no goal fixed towards which all should strive. He holds that India has produced able politicians, orators, writers and administrators and that even historians are not altogether lacking. Rabindranath Tagore is a great poet, but he regrets that the positive sciences are not cultivated and that in metaphysics, psychology and ethics have not advanced from their position of 20 centuries ago. There is a very great deal of truth in these remarks, and it behoves Indian young men to strike out new lines of study and culture. The state of arrested development which is characteristic of so

much that is Indian, is the natural result of the rigid caste system and the dominance of one caste, which claims pre-eminence in learning and culture.

It is one of the stock arguments of the Varnashrama dharma enthusiast that Society is an organism and that just as the head performs the function of thinking, the legs that of walking, the hands of working and so on, society should be divided into watertight compartments of caste, each caste carrying on a particular work. But the Varnashrama dharma enthusiast does not recognise that this system ultimately leads to stagnation and arrested development, quite different from the wholesome and stimulating spur of competition. The learned and cultured class soon reach the conclusion that there is nothing more to learn and each caste follows its own course and arrives at a point from which no further progress is possible. As the writer of the article in the Review mentions—there are ample proofs of the power of receptiveness, but none of originality. In social reform, there is no combined action and there is an appalling lack of courage, in our opinion, to combat the shibboleths and conventions of an elite civilization. The only, the radical cure is the education of the girls of the Indian communities. Till they are emancipated, they will act as clogs on the car of progress and Indians will never be able to take their right place in the world status.

The gracious message of Her Majesty the Queen Empress, to the army, navy and air force, which is given below, embodies the sentiments, the love, the courage and the endurance of her sex.

To English women, brought up in an atmosphere at once independent and enlightening, the idea of war and its grave consequences is not so alien as it is to Indian women nurtured in peace and confined to the limits of their homes. Over a million men have gone from India to fight in foreign lands for England, their Indian homes and the defence of their women, their liberties and all that is sacred to them and among this million many have paid the debt of nature in sudden and terrible deaths and to these, and to men still at the front, alive and well, broken in spirit and health or wounded to death, the hearts of Indian women go out in mute sympathy and patient resignation. It would be appropriate if in such messages from our Empress Indian mothers, widows and sisters be in future specially mentioned. Her Majesty's message is as follows:

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN.

The following is the text of a letter, addressed by the Queen to the men of His Majesty's Forces in Mail Week—

Windsor Castle, April 25, 1918.

To the Men of our Navy, Army, and Air Force—

I send this message to tell every man how much we, the women of the British Empire at home, watch and pray for you during the long hours of these days of stress and endurance.

Our pride in you is immeasurable, our hope unbounded, our trust absolute. You are fighting in the cause of Righteousness and Freedom, fighting to defend the children and women of our land from the horrors that have

overtaken other countries, fighting for our very existence as a People at Home and Across the Seas. You are offering your all. You hold back nothing, and day by day you show a love so great that no man can have greater.

We, on our part, send forth with full hearts and unfaltering will, the lives we hold most dear.

We too are striving in all ways possible to make the war victorious. I know that I am expressing what is felt by thousands of wives and mothers when I say that we are determined to help one another in keeping your homes ready against your glad home coming.

In God's Name we bless you and by His Help, we too will do our best.

MARY, R.

A correspondent draws attention to the fact that in Madras there is no library for the Indian. There are the Connemara Library, and the well stocked library of the Madras Literary Association, and the Indian Ladies Recreation Library of a few presentation volumes, but these do not serve the purpose of ministering to the needs of the thousand and one people who have a taste for reading and are not able to gratify it. There are hundred of European and Eurasian men and women, cultured Indian Christians and educated Hindus, who cannot afford to pay the subscription of the Literary society, though it is as low as circumstances permit, and cannot find leisure sufficient to go there or send for books. The Connemara Library is also out of

the way and is a reference library which is useful to students and writers. Of course people may go there and sit and read, but there are no current journals and periodicals or papers. People would prefer a more central locality for a public library and there should be no difficulty in supplying an institution to cater to the wants of a public by no means cultured, but which craves for more light. Could not some philanthropist set apart a sum of money for a free library for his fellow creatures in Madras in some central place? Government would probably make a handsome donation by giving the same sum. The difficulty of obtaining a suitable site would be a very real one, but there are buildings which could be hired for the purpose. A spot on the portion of Madras lying between the municipal offices and Barry's Corner, the Fort and the Gymkhana Club would be central for Royapuram, Georgetown and Vepery and even for distant Mylapore, for people are always travelling to and from George town from all the suburbs of Madras. The Indian Recreation Club is select and exclusive and is not suited except for a very few. We certainly think that a free library for the million would be a boon, for which many would be thankful and that it would exercise a great educative influence.

It is very satisfying that recruiting for the army is going on so well. Madras is still short of a thousand men of the number required, but there is every probability of the number being made up. The Malayalis on the west coast have a military

reputation, which of late years has not been recognised. The military character of the Nairs is said to be partly accountable for the Malayali system of marriage, but however that may be the west coast should be able to furnish many thousands of good men, Nairs, Ezuvas and Syrian Christians. The Telugu districts have also done well and in the old coast army the Telugus are mentioned strongly. Among the Tamils, there are communities from which good fighting material could be drawn and now that recruiting has begun there is little doubt that it will revive the military ardour, which is inherent in most men and which lies latent because of long suppression of the fighting instincts due to influences which have exercised sway for over a century or so.

Book Reviews.

The Education of Indian women in the Punjab, by Mr. Gulam Yaseen are a series of letters to the *Tribune*, to which Lady W. O. Dwyer has written an introduction. Her criticism of the problem of primary education in India may be summarised as follows:—(1) In theory this is the accepted duty of Government, in practice Government is under no obligation to find money for it and the grants made are poor and wholly inadequate. (2) The provision of provincial revenues has not been settled, while the resources of local bodies are inelastic and unequal to the task. To remedy this state of inefficiency, the writer of the monograph

suggests that the district boards should provide at least 30 per cent. of the funds; that provincial governments should find money for female education by spending less in direct expenditure on primary education, for buildings, &c. It is startling to be told that while direct expenditure on lower primary schools for females amounted to about half a lakh of rupees, 23 lakhs were spent on buildings. The author suggests that municipalities by a further increase of 5 p.c. on their expenditure on education would yield about 3½ lakhs. Local co-operation and philanthropic bent on the part of private bodies are also pleaded for. Mr. Yaseen is speaking of the Punjab, but, *mutatis mutandis*, his criticisms apply to other provinces. Mr. Yaseen finds fault justly with the quality of the education imparted and urges that the curriculum is ill-adapted to the needs of the country. For instance, he holds that Algebra and Geometry in the more advanced schools for female education may with profit be substituted by physical culture and hygiene. A liberal preparation for women becoming good wives and mothers should be the goal of female education. The statistics furnished by the Punjab are instructive and emphasize the need for the extension of female education. The total number of girls under the age of fifteen is 35 lakhs—and estimating that 1/5 of the number are married—at present the school-going population of girls of all ages numbers 1,50,000. Comment is superfluous. The writer is of opinion, and no contention is possible, that the present state of things is a calamity.

vation should be the aim of the educational authorities for some time to come.

(Desbi O. Bhat, by Prabhat Kumar Mukodopadhy.) Chukravarthi Chatterghy Calcutta.

The book of 14 short stories called Desbi O. Bhat is a noteworthy addition to the light literature written by Indians. As a very general rule, Indians studying the English language read only classical works, histories, biographies, and text book poets. They seldom take incursions into the fascinating fields of light literature even of the standard variety. This accounts for Indian prose writers of English being merely bad, very bad, in some cases, imitators of English authors. Lately however, Indians have taken to reading the best kinds of fiction and are gradually freeing themselves of the stilted, mechanical use of a foreign language. Mr. P. K. Mukhopadhyay is a good example of a modern Indian, who is at his ease in telling a story, not without a genial sense of humour and a good command of idiomatic English and style at once inclusive and fluent. Ten of the stories deal with life in Bengal, and four are descriptive of the lives and surroundings of Bengali students in England. All the tales are exceptionally interesting and hit off with much pungency the characters of Englishmen in India. The English author in India often writes of Indians in a way which reveals his ignorance of the true inwardness of people, and he very frequently writes from what he considers a ridiculous point of view. That is, because Englishmen, in these latter days, at all

events, do not trouble to study India and Indian modes of thought and feeling. Occasionally, as in the case of the book under review, the Indian author repays the Englishman in kind. The author's remarks on judges, planters and others will probably be thought one-sided and far too severe. But this gives and take is good, for it will bring about mutual understanding and a truer appreciation of each other. We commend the stories as an excellent sample of the kind, playful but effective criticism. It must be remembered that Mr. Mukopadhyay is quite as hard and unsparring on his own countrymen in his criticisms.

"This life and the next," by P. T. Forsyth (Mac Millan.) Sometime ago we had a notice in the "Indian Ladies Magazine" on a book on spiritualism. It is a subject which is of absorbing interest, for if spirits from the dead can hold communication with the living, the question of life after death and, perhaps, immortality follows. This life and the next is the latest contribution to the subject, and the *Times* says that on this subject, as on the many other theological topics which he has treated, this copious thinker and writer uses to good purpose his gift of analysis and of fruitful exposition. In the chapter headed "De Mortuis" occurs the following warning. "It is a surrender of Christianity to find from ghosts a comfort and hope about the unseen which we don't draw from Christ. It is a moral. It is another religion and a debased. It is the renunciation of of the moral element in religion for quite an inferior mysticism (Magic). It is a non-moral

condition which gets from some Bond Street medium a faith which the soul fails to secure from Christ or His Apostles and Saints."

The necessities of the war have called forth the powers of people in many ways and Miss Cornelia Sorabjee, the well known Parsi lawyer, has written a most interesting study of the zenanas of Bengal, Behar and Orissa, to which Lady Hardinge wife of the Ex-Viceroy had contributed a short introduction. Miss Sorabjee is an ardent admirer and staunch upholder of British Rule in India and her book was written for the benefit of the Our Day Fund last year. Miss Sorabjee was not permitted to practice in the law courts, but that does not prevent her being a legal adviser to numbers of Indian ladies and in this work one has found admission to many orthodox Hindu and Mahomedan homes and has seen where improvement is necessary. In matters of health and race culture, women are in great need, but no reform is possible in these matters unless the influence of education pervails in the zenanas. Miss Sorabjee has much to say on the subject of how to introduce education and effect reformation, that is as severe and well instructed as it is practical. The conditions of zenana life most certainly crave for betterment.

Where Jasmines Bloom (By Mary Julian (Hodder and Stoughton London) is a story of Anglo-Indian life in Kashmir. The writer calls it a romance. It is a relation of the everyday activities and round of the Anglo

Indian community. The Jasmine bloom everywhere in India and it is peculiarly an Indian flower dear to the heart of lovers. The loveliness of the Jasmine recalls the lines of Laurence Hope.

The Moghra flowers, the Moghra flowers,
While Youth's quick pulses play
They are so sweet, they still are sweet,
Though passion turns away.

It is a love story, but love stories are not uncommon among Anglo-Indians and there is not anything in this new addition to Anglo-Indian fiction to mark it in a special way. Fortunately, there is no Indian life depicted in the novel. Perhaps the writer felt on uncertain ground. The story reads as if were a story repeated from hearsay.

"The sheaf" (By Ella Galsworthy) W.M. Heinemann, London. Every one who has read anything written by this celebrated author, whether it is prose or poem, knows that he has something sensible and arresting to say—and in the form of a book he has collected from the various periodicals, in which most of them appeared, a sheaf of articles in prose and verse which will repay perusal by all lovers of serious and informative literature. Matters social and general, prisons, punishment, women, social unrest, society after the war, animals, etc. are dealt with in not too serious, and very far from flippant way, a golden mean which will be found to make delightful reading by those who wish for something better than modern fiction to while away their scant intervals of leisure.

News and Notes.

H. H. the Begum of Bhopal delivered a highly instructive address as President of the first All-India Ladies' Conference held at Bhopal. Her highness pointed out that Education, Hygiene, and many a social and domestic reform are things which are needed alike by Hindus and Mussalmans, by Christians and Parsis. And if they needed a central force to work them, it can best be supplied by a Central Association and a Central Association alone. She gave some instances of heroines having played a famous part in the progress of the world and in the amelioration of human suffering.

The Bombay branch of the Association of University Women in India has sent the following telegram to H. E. the Viceroy—"The Association of University Women in India, Bombay branch, desires to put at the disposal of Government any services within its power.—Hester Gray, President."

The Bombay Presidency Social Reform Association Boarding for Lady Students. A boarding for lady students under the direct supervision of the Bombay Presidency Social Reform Association will be opened in Bombay from the 10th June 1918. Only students attending colleges, or 4th to 7th standards of High Schools, will be admitted. The boarding will be under the charge of a lady superintendent. The monthly boarding and lodging charges are fixed at Rs. 20. Applications for admission should be forwarded before the 1st June 1918 to—The

Secretaries, Bombay Presidency Social Reform Association, Sandhurst Board, Girgaon, Bombay. In this connection, we would draw the attention of parents and guardians, especially of girls coming from the districts, to the urgent necessity of making full enquiries regarding institutions and individuals offering to provide boarding and lodging to girl-students. We would urge strongly on the University and heads of Colleges and High Schools, that they should take measures from time to time to satisfy themselves of the adequacy and unexceptionable character of such institutions.

Women's Protest Against Polygamy. We are glad to read in the *Tribune* of Lahore that at the last session of All-India Muslim Ladies' Conference held in that city some days ago a number of educated and enlightened Mohomadan ladies signed a manifesto referring to the evils and hardships of polygamous marriages for women and binding the signatories not to give their daughters or other female wards in marriage to any one who had a wife already. Our contemporary states that his resolution has been made the subject of strong criticism in certain male circles in the community on the score of its being opposed to the Quranic injunction, which makes it lawful for a man to marry four wives, provided he can maintain and observe strict justice in his treatment of them. The standpoint of the ladies, on the other hand, is that it is precisely because the justice demanded by the Scripture as a condition of polygamy is so generally

ignored that action such as is contemplated in their resolution has become necessary.

WOMEN'S MEETING AT BIJAPUR.

The women of Bijapur did not lag behind in participating in the discussion of the needs of the country that found expression in the various Conferences at Bijapur. The number of women that attended the various conferences and, especially the Social Conference was, under the circumstances, remarkable, but that was not all. Mrs. Janakibai Bhat, the Lady Superintendent of the Poona Seva Sadan, had come down to Bijapur with six other ladies representing the different branches of the work of Poona Seva Sadan. Their names are as follows. (1) Miss Kashitai Gokhale B. A., (2) Mrs. Yammunabai Joshi, (3) Mrs. Savitribai Kamat, (4) Mrs. Sarasvatibai Bhade, (5) Miss. Ambubai Devadhar, (6) Miss Tarabai Karade. Mrs. Janakibai Bhat addressed the Social Conference on the improvement of the "Condition of Widows". Miss Kashitai Gokhale B. A.,—the daughter of the late Mr. G.K. Gokhale—spoke on a resolution dealing with the "Spread of Female Education" and Mrs. Yammunabai Joshi, Assistant Lady Superintendent of the Poona Seva Sadan spoke on the "Need for raising the age limit for marriage" in the case of girls and boys. But the local leaders, both ladies and gentlemen, felt that they ought to give another opportunity to the women of Bijapur of listening to the speeches of these visitors from Poona and hearing from them the story of the work of the Poona

Seva Satian. So a 'special meeting for women was organised on the 19th instant and it was largely attended by women of all classes. Mrs. Ajasekar presided. Miss Kashitai Gokhale B.A., who first addressed the meeting, dwelt on the necessity of the spread of female education emphasising the duties that devolve upon woman as wife, as mother and as citizen. Mrs. Janikubai Bant, who followed her, contrasted the duties and ideals of women in India with those in other advanced countries at the present moment and pointed out the means that must be adopted if we wished to secure an all-sided advances on the part of Indian women. She lastly dwelt upon the objections that are generally raised against female education and freedom given to women in social and national matters as right lines for their healthy growth and the difficulties that beset the path of workers.

A Brahmin widow marriage was solemnised according to orthodox rites in Cocanada. The bridegroom is Mr. V. Ramaswamy, aged 20 and is employed as a drawing and gymnastic teacher in the Hindu Lower Secondary School, Ellore. The bride, Sannati Manikyamba by name is aged 14 and comes from Hyderabad (Deccan) with the consent of her father and brother, who is the Stationmaster at Kalyan. The marriage was attended by the Principal and some teachers of the College, and several other influential gentlemen of the town besides a large number of Brahmins.

The Crosthwaite Girls' High School, Allahabad. This Girls' High School has just issued its annual report which is such that any other similarly situated school might well envy. The report affords practical evidence of the growing need for woman's education even in the purdah-observing districts of Northern India. The report says: "In order to meet the convenience of Mahomedan girls in the city, we have had to open primary classes in Rami Mandi as a branch school. Thirty Mahomedan girls are at present reading in that branch school. The number of girls in the main school is not at all affected thereby. There are at present 234 girls on the roll as compared with 145 of the last year and 88 of the year before. The report of the Inspector of Girls' schools is very satisfactory. The school has a Union Club, a Reading Room, and an Athletic Club. We would suggest, in addition to these, to the Committee to start a magazine in connection with the school wherein the girls may publish their literary productions. It is very gratifying to read that the authorities have started to build a new hostel which is absolutely essential to a school of this type. The present hostels, we are told, were originally go-downs and out-houses and, consequently, we infer that they must be very uncomfortable, unhealthy and not fit for human habitation. Good boarding and lodging are the primary essentials of any educational institution. It is to be hoped that this Girls' High School will be developed, ere it is many months older, into a College, and the hope is greatly strengthened by the presidential address of the Hon. Mr. de la Fosse during the last

annual prize distribution ceremony of this school. We must congratulate the lady principal and the Committee upon the splendid work they are doing in the cause of women's education in Northern India.

Votes for Indian Women. Among the various resolutions discussed and passed by the Bombay Provincial Conference which was held at Bijapur in the beginning of this week, one of vital import to the progress of Indian womanhood was a resolution recommending the extension of the franchise to women. An influentially signed document, a mention of which was made in a recent issue of this paper, was received from over a hundred Bombay ladies recommending the Conference to make a declaration. The president explained that the All-India Congress Committee left it to the Provincial Congress Committee to report. The resolution was adopted in the Subjects' Committee. It ran thus: "That this Conference welcomes the requisition from the ladies of Bombay inviting the support of this Conference for women's franchise in India, and franchise should be given to women at the same time as to men under suitable conditions, and recommends that this resolution may be forwarded through the Provincial Congress Committee to the Congress." This was eloquently moved by Mrs. Serojini Naidu and was passed unanimously.

PARSEE MARRIAGES

A meeting of the Parsee priests of Bombay was held on Sunday at the Dady Sethis Fire Temple, Agirani

Line, Bombay, to express its disapprobation of marriages of Parsee women with non-Parseees. Shams-ul-Ulma Dastur Darab Peshotae Sanjana was voted to the chair.

In opening the proceedings, the chairman stated that during the past few months the Parsee community had been greatly grieved by marriages of Parsee girls with non-Parseees, such as Christians, Hindus and Mahomedans, and this feeling of grief was particularly noticeable among the priestly class of the community. They considered that some steps should be taken to prevent such unions in future. Unions such as these were to be highly deprecated in the interests of the community, and he exhorted Parsee parents not to allow their daughters to mix with non-Parseees, until they had received sufficient instruction according to the tenets of the Zoroastrian religion.

Dastur Dinsha J. Ganda then moved a resolution condemning marriages of Parsees with non-Parseees, and particularly marriages of Parsee girls with non-Parseees, and calling upon the Parsee community to adopt measures to prevent such unions, one of these being to give their children religious instruction and to teach them to follow in the footsteps of their great forbears who had left their mark on their ancient history.

The resolution was carried.

In the next resolution it was affirmed that when a Parsee woman married a non-Parsee, she left her fold, and therefore, when she died, or when any Parsee, man or woman, living with such a woman died, no Parsee priest

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should perform the funeral ceremony in connection with their deaths. The resolution would also apply to a Parsee woman, who professed to follow Zoroastrianism even after marrying a non-Parsee.

THE LATE KUMARA RANEE OF CHELLAPALLI—A correspondent writes—“I deeply regret to report that the wife of the Kumara Rajah of Chellapalli breathed her last at 2 A. M. on the 19th instant, at the early age of 30 years. The late Ranees had been ailing for more than four months from fever and complications of the lungs and in spite of the best medical aid procurable in Madras, she passed away on Sunday. She was a very accomplished and intelligent lady and had been trained in the fine arts very carefully by her father who spared nothing to give her also the best possible instruction in English and Telugu literature and in music. Her thirst for knowledge of every kind knew no bounds and during the closing years of her life, she used to devote much time to the works of Shakespeare and to the subject of Vedanta. Her generous impulses and broad views of life were well known. The sympathy of a large circle of friends will be with the Kumara Rajah of Chellapalli.”

A Notable Inter-marriage—The marriage of Mr. Parshuram Bhaagwandas, grandson of the late Madhavdas Raghunathdas, the great widow marriage reformer, with Bhairabai, daughter of Shree Hiraji Trikamji, a leading and agent in Ahmedabad, was celebrated on Thursday night with great pomp. Mr. Hiraji

has exhibited considerable moral courage as this is a case of inter-marriage. The late Madhavdas Raghunathdas, as our readers are aware, was one of the pioneers of the movement for the remarriage of widows.

Dr. G. R. M. Prakritycharya, editor *Western News*, Moradabad, married a child widow, daughter of Pt. Tikam Singhji, Rais, Dighi, district Balandshahr. The ceremonies were performed according to the Sanatan Dharma Vidhi. A good assembly of high caste Brahmanas was present.

A correspondent from Shikarpur writes to the *New Times*, Karachi: “A young Hindu widow whose husband died in the last plague, burnt herself to death with kerosine oil. It is said that she ceased talking with any body from the day her husband passed away.”

HEROIC BRITISH NURSES,

LONDON, 23rd May.—Reuter's correspondent at British headquarters says—“On the night of the 19th instant, German aeroplanes bombed a number of British hospitals, grouped far to the rear of our line. It is estimated that more than a score of machines participated in the attack. The casualties amounted to some hundreds killed and wounded. The machines flew very low, so it is impossible to believe that the Red Crosses on white grounds were not visible to them. One three-seater aeroplane was forced to land by anti-aircraft guns and three occupants were

taken prisoners, one of whom was the leader of one of the squadrons. He cynically argued that it was a pity we place hospitals where it is convenient for German airmen to bomb them. The behaviour of the nurses, several of whom were among the casualties, showed sublime heroism. Although bomb-proof shutters were close at hand, not one of these magnificent women left her post during the two hours onslaught, but remained in the wards, doing all possible to alleviate the sufferings of the patients.

BAD-MANNERED GIRLS

OF TO-DAY.

A strong indictment of the manners of the girl of to-day is made by Mr. Frederic Harrison.

“As a veteran, I note a greivous falling-off in manners of our girls,” says Mr. Harrison. “In the streets, in the cars and trains, in shops and public offices, they thrust elders aside; they scramble and leap, and play ‘top dog’ in every crowd. They dress like schoolboys out for footer and hockey. They swagger about like ‘undergrade’ of a low type. Nor is this mere outside manner, vulgar as that is. There is at times a cruel insolence towards the infirm and the aged especially when these are males. You smile, athletic maidens, at a cross old man! But it is not my observation only. Miss Maude Royden—and she hates a hoyden. I know—she tells you ‘there is a great lack of chivalry in young women towards men.’”

A cable from London has been received by H. E. Lady Chelmsford, stating that the joint War Committee of the Red Cross and the Order of St. John have issued an appeal for pearls to form a necklace which, when complete, will be sold for the benefit of the sick and wounded. H. M. the Queen, H. M. Queen Alexandra and H. R. H. Princess Victoria have already contributed valuable pearls for this necklace, which should ultimately be of great historic interest. Further information on this subject may be obtained from the Joint War Committee of the Red Cross Society and Order of St. John Simla.

It is interesting to learn that a start has been made in Calcutta by a talented young lady in assisting in business, and thus freeing eligible men for war purposes. Miss Molly Malim, who has been one of the leading lights of the Dandaman Comedy Company for a considerable period, has left the stage and entered into commercial life as the chief representative of a mercantile firm in Calcutta.

BRIGANDS.

Information reached the American Consular authorities in Peking on Sunday, the 8th April from the Counsel at Chefoo, that two American missionaries, Miss Katherine Schmitt and Mrs. Dixon, had been captured by brigands at Tsaohsien, in the southern part of Shantung near the border.

The Hon'ble T. Sammons, Consul-General, got into communication with the American Consuls at Tientsin and Nanking, with the British-American

Tobacco Co. and the Standard Oil Co., both of which companies have foreign agents and travelers in the territory where the abduction took place. The Commissioner for Foreign Affairs was also communicated with, and all parties named began to us the telegraph wires freely. The result was that every foreigner in Shantung within a few hours was aware that two American ladies were in the hands of bandits.

The two commercial organisations having better field formation than the Governments, or at least being less bound with realties, it was natural that there should be a race between them in supplying the first definite news of the plight of the captives. In this the British American Tobacco Co. won, for Mr. T. F. Cobbs, the manager, reported to Mr. Sammons that his representative at Hsuechowfu telegraphed that the ladies had been captured by robbers on the 31st April about 12 north of Tungshan, that the country thereabouts was a virtual nest of robbers, and that the Magistrate had seized three headmen of the place and threatened to behead them if the ladies were not produced in three days.

The Standard Oil Co., however, was the first to report the safety of the captives, Mr. W. C. Sprague reporting the glad tidings that a telegram had been received from the Standard Oil men at Chengchow stating that the missionaries had been released, but giving no further particulars.

The missionary directory describes the mission at Tachow as the China Methodist Missionary Society (Baptist). Mrs. Dixon's name is not listed

at the place, but the name of Miss M. (not Katharine) Schmitt is given.

The local Magistrate succeeded in obtaining the release of the two ladies by the interesting device of threatening to decapitate three headmen in every village in the region, where the kidnapping occurred if the ladies were not immediately forthcoming.

Mrs. Dixon and Miss Schmitt have now been safely restored to their homes.

Many strange coincidences have been brought to light by the war, but it may be questioned whether anything more remarkable of the kind has been recorded than supplied by the history of the two brothers, Walter and Thomas Maggs, presumably twins who were killed in action early this year on the Western Front. The *South London Press* supplies the following particulars regarding these two men, who

Worked for the same firm;

Married two sisters on Christmas Day 1915;

Started homes in adjoining flats in Brixton;

Joined the London Regiment, and went out to the front together;

After 21 months fighting side by side came home on leave together in December last;

Returned to the front on the 29th December and, on the 19th January, were both killed by the same shell.

We read of David and Jonathan, that they were lovely and pleasant in their lives and in their death they

were not divided. Cannot as much be said of these two brothers who, in their humble way, lived and died for England?

Medical School for Women

A Medical School for Women is to be opened in July 1918 in Vellore, North Arcot, South India, under the auspices of the Union Missionary Medical College Committee.

The first classes are to be for Apothecary and Sub-Assistant Surgeons only. After the war is over and new buildings are erected, it is

planned that University classes will be opened.

School Final certificates with good English will be necessary for admission; character certificates essential; age over eighteen.

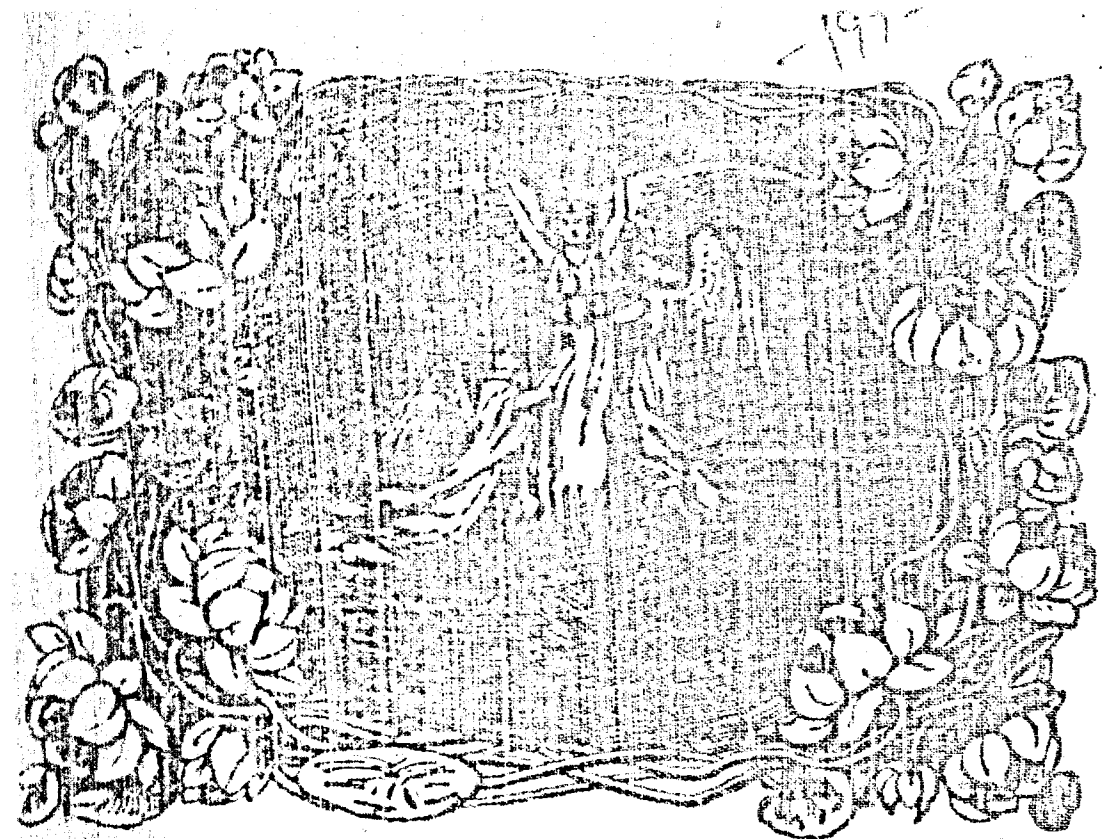
Some Scholarships will be available. The School will be open to all, without respect to Caste or Creed.

As the first class is to be limited to twentyfive in number, applications should be sent in without delay to—

MISS IDA S. SCUDDER, M.D.

MARY TABER SCHELL HOSPITAL,
VELLORE, NORTH ARCOT.





THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

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[No. 12.]

True Culture.

The highest culture is to speak no ill;

The best reformer is the man whose eyes
Are quick to see all beauty and all worth;

And by his own discreet, well-ordered life,
Alone reproves the erring.

When thy gaze

Turns it on thy own soul, be most severe,
But when it falls upon a fellow-man

Let kindness control it; and refrain
From that belittling censure that springs forth

From common lips like weeds from marshy soil.

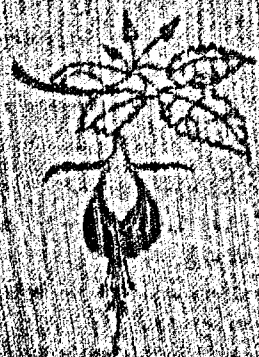
P. W. WILSON.

self-development."

Thus, the course to be followed will be something like the following: First of all, we must place before ourselves the ideal of what we want our children to be. Then, we must reduce this ideal to definite principles; and we must, in every way possible, instil these principles into the minds of our pupils, and fix them there as intellectual habits. In this way, the young people are induced to make these principles their own and put them into practice by regular repetition and application. We can help in the desired effect by keeping a careful watch and direction over the beginnings and gradual growth of habits of body, imagination, feeling and thought. But, the child, as he grows up, must throw his good-will into the business; or else the labour will all be lost. For we can make the design and provide materials for the house; but only he has within him the power of deciding whether he will build it up and dwell in it and make it his home."

From Robert Tennyson's Moral Sonnets.

BY AN INDIAN LADY.



The story of the Nibelungen - Lied.

This is a famous Teutonic epic of the 13th century. It is one of the epic narratives, evoked from tribal lays, which again had their origin in primitive beliefs, which were handed down from generation to generation as folk literature. These epic poems were originally recited before educated audiences; later they were written down in manuscripts, as literary productions. Thus, though at first they were popular stories, in course of time their mythological significance was forgotten; and historical personages were identified with certain of the characters. "As literary productions," says a critic, "they are of unequal merit. They are all ear-poems, composed to be sung or recited, and therefore melodious, musically swelled, and clear, as compared with the eye-poems of many modern authors, which have more harmony than melody, and are composed for the reader."

The ancient belief and myths, to which we can trace back these epics, are very interesting to unravel. It has been found that the Teutonic mythology is allied to Greek and Celtic mythology. In all the three, we usually come across a central Nature-myth tragedy. But, while in Greek myths it is the slaying of Night by Dawn, in the Teutonic, it is the slaying of Day (or summer) by Night (or winter). But this did not mean necessarily the overcoming of good by evil; for in Teutonic mythology, evil was not always associated with Darkness. Besides this Nature-myth, we come

across an interesting theory about the World. It was supposed to be supported by a great ever-green tree. At its roots were three wells, in one of which was a gnawing dragon or serpent. Under its branches dwelt the gods and sat in judgment upon the dead. There were many of these gods. There was Odin the All-Father, who was also the war god and the wind-god and the spirit god. He was a one-eyed giant, with a sky-dome hat, a sky-cloak, spotted with cloud-spots. His son was Thor, the thunder-god. His kinsman was Mimer, the god of wisdom, whose daughter was Fate. Besides the gods, on a lower plane, were the giants, hunting-giants, frost-giants, mountain-giants, thunder-giants, cloud-giants, and so on. With these giants were the elves, chief of which were the elf-knights who were even stronger than the giants. There were women elves, who were also called Valkyries and Swan-maidens. We find many stories of these elves interwoven with the story of the Nibelungen-lied.

The passions of these ancient stories were more or less primitive. There is the underlying belief in Fate. There is the great passion for Revenge—a desire for vengeance for wrongs done, especially to the family. This feeling usually overrode all other feelings, even that of mother-love. Strength and courage and honour were highly prized. Devotion and constancy in love were often sung of.

The mighty Siegfried, the hero of our story, was the son of King Siegmund of the Netherlands. Being wild and wilful as a lad, he was sent to learn work under Mimer, the wonder-smith, who dwelt in a deep forest.

Here he was given heavy tasks to perform and became skilful and very very strong. One day, he fell upon Wieland, the strongest of the smiths under the service of Mimer, and bade him forge him a strong sword. Both Wieland and Mimer were overawed and promised to do the lad's bidding; but before doing so, Mimer tried to be revenged on Siegfried, by rousing his brother Regin, who had been transformed into a dragon, to kill him. But Siegfried slew the dragon, and by bathing in its blood, made himself invulnerable in all his body, except at a single spot between his shoulders, which had been covered by a sticky leaf. Then he came home, received the gift of a magic steed called Grane from Mimer, but finally slew Mimer, and returned to his father's court. Here he was acclaimed as the heir, and went out to seek honour and renown in strange lands. On the way, he came to the castle of Brunhild, a battle-maiden of great strength, the daughter of the King of Iceland. She was very beautiful, but Siegfried did not desire her as he wished to have only a gentle and womanly maiden for his wife. Then he went to the land of the Nibelungs (or Norway). Here there was a wondrous treasure, which had been hoarded up by elves or dwarfs.

"It was much as twelve huge waggons in four whole nights and days

Could carry from the mountain down to the salt sea bay,

Though to and fro each waggon thrice journeyed every day.

It was made up of nothing but precious stones and gold;

* Were all the world bought from it, and down the value told,

Not a mark the less would there be left than ere there was, I ween."

Habit.

A habit is defined as a "stable and permanent facility in performing acts." It does not involve a mere mechanical action, like for instance the action of a steam-engine, which always behaves in the same way. In human habit, there is no doubt a mechanical action, a way of "acting in a groove," without a definite thought or purpose. But there is also something else, viz., "a facility in the will to say yes or no, according to a certain standard of conduct dominating the mind—in other words, a facility in putting principles into practice—the principles being already there."

But the principles must be there; and in order to understand what sort of principles, it is better to discuss the different basic factors on which habit rests.

The first basis of habit is a Psychological one, what is called "association of ideas," or of images. The different impressions of the mind are not isolated, but are linked with each other by a sequence of association. As soon as one of them rises to the surface, it tends to draw up a certain other idea with which it is connected, and this will bring up another and so on.

The second basis of habit is a Physiological one. This rests on "the mechanism of the nervous system, commencing from a stimulus at one end, and ending with a spontaneous muscular movement at the other." There are three modes of activity in this mechanism.

(1) the force set in motion by the stimulus gets its reaction, without consciousness. Such are the actions of breathing, crying, sneezing, coughing, etc.

(2) the action is accompanied by consciousness of what is going on, though the consciousness begins only after the action has started.

(3) The action is voluntary in its birth, for example, walking, speaking, playing the piano, etc. The mind here is the initiating factor; but by repeated performances, facility is arrived at, and the action becomes thereafter more or less spontaneous.

This leads to the final basis of habit, which is the rational and intellectual one. The controlling agent is the will: "Let this be done, or let this not be done." But before the will can exercise its power the intellect must make its choice of various alternatives. Therefore sound moral ideas must be grasped and fixed in the mind through the habit of intellectual thought.

The question is often asked: How soon can the teaching of habits begin. The answer is, to begin as early as possible, even in baby-hood, when the training will be more or less like the training given to a pup. "If the baby spits its sucking-teat out put it in again, and keep putting it in till the infant takes its food." When the childhood stage begins, these habits must be mixed with appeals to the sense-perceptions, which obtain in childhood; commands must be enforced by punishment or reward, by the show of pleasure or of anger, and sometimes even by physical coercion.

The child can be taught habits of cleanliness, obedience, gentleness and refined behaviour. Pleasures and duties can be allied together, as for instance if play is allowed, things must be set in order afterwards; if an extra holiday is given, lessons must be done better the next day. Then the child can be taught self-control of time and place—sleep and food at certain times; going out to play and coming indoors at regular hours, and so on.

It is in childhood that the psychological basis of habit is most useful. A cat learns not to drink milk through being whipped. The child learns not to do a wrong thing, because it is punished for it, or learns to do a good thing because it is rewarded for it. Sometimes a child is cured of stealing, by sound whipping. In later life, there will be no whipping; but the old punishment has stamped on his mind such a distaste for the sin that he can never forget it. Therefore, a temptation to steal is always followed in his case by the determination not to steal, through an association of ideas.

The physiological basis of habit is responsible for the formation of many passions and vices, and has to be restrained by the force of the will. The sense of a want is followed so instinctively by the movements calculated to fulfil that want, that unless the mind is extremely vigilant at the first moment of the temptation, the execution of its dictates may take place before the will can interfere. Anger, fear, grief, etc. are all passions, which carry away people. The will is responsible for them, indeed, but in a negative way—that is, by

allowing them to go on uninterrupted, instead of breaking in and turning off the current. The work of training therefore is to prevent the motor-reflex habits of the body from obtaining greater facility than they already have. The shew of temper or any other vice in a child must be systematically checked, else it will become an incurable habit. A habit of proper control over the spontaneous movements of the body should be induced and formed—not only in habits of outward deportment and behaviour, such as those of graceful carriage, sitting still, etc., but also in habits of moral conduct. The habit of self-control indeed is the key of the situation.

The means by which self-control must be taught are three:—instruction, discipline and example. In the first two cases, a distinction must be made between formal and informal methods. "Formal instruction is the set task systematically imposed; while informal instruction, is the outcome of adult intercourse, conversation, observation, spontaneous reading, etc." The same distinction can be made in the case of discipline—"the informal being that which naturally arises from the tone of the circle in which the boy lives." Informal instruction and discipline is thus largely obtained from a well-educated and refined home-circle. Lastly, example, is a more powerful factor of influence than either instruction or discipline. "Besides appealing to the natural instinct of imitation, it reveals the possibilities of achievement, excites the aspirations of the young, helps in the formation of their ideals, and gradually focuses their energies down to a definite line of

But this treasure was an accursed one and brought sorrow on all, who happened to possess it. Two heirs of a dead king were fighting for this hoard, which was guarded by Alberich, a dwarf. Siegfried put to death the two sons, conquered the valiant dwarf, made him again the keeper of the hoard, and returned home with the dwarf's cloak of obscurity, which would, when he wore it, make him invisible.

Siegfried then heard of the beauty of Kriemhild, the daughter of the King of Burgundy. He fell in love with her and resolving to win her, set out for Burgundy with twelve knights. Kriemhild's mother was Ute and one of her three brothers was Gunther. Before Siegfried came, Kriemhild dreamt a strange dream, which her mother interpreted to her as meaning that she would have a strong and noble husband, who would however be taken away early from her.

Siegfried was welcomed by Gunther, but no move was made to give him his heart's desire, nor was the even shown to him. But before long there was war between Gunther and the Saxons and the Danes. It was Siegfried, who helped Gunther to conquer his enemies. Then, at last, he beheld the beautiful Kriemhild. "Like to the rose-red dawn beaming amongst murky clouds, she came before them all. Many gems were sparkling on her garments. Her cheeks were rose-red and shining with love. None who was there, did ever before gaze upon such beauty. As the cloud-girt moon exalteth the stars so did Kriemhild surpass in splendour all the women who were

about her. Gallant knights and gay were stirred, with reckless desire to display their prowess before that fair lady."

But Siegfried could not yet win her. At length, however, an opportunity came. King Gunther wanted to secure Brunhild, the warrior-maiden, for his wife. But she had vowed not to marry any man, who could not surpass her in feats of strength. Then Siegfried said he would help Gunther, if Kriemhild were given to him for wife as reward. This was promised and the princes set out to go to the land of Brunhild, where Siegfried represented himself as a vassal king of Gunther. The test of winning her was to contend with her at spear-throwing, to throw a great boulder further than she could, and to leap as far as the boulder went. Siegfried, by putting on his cloak of obscurity, which made him invisible, helped Gunther to win in these three tests, and Brunhild was won as his bride. But still she would not give in to him, till Siegfried went to the kingdom of the Nibelungs and obtained help from them. Then indeed Brunhild was conquered and returned to Burgundy with Gunther. Here she was married to him. Kriemhild also was married to Siegfried. But Brunhild in her heart loved Siegfried and was very jealous of Kriemhild. She also still insisted on regarding Siegfried as a vassal king. But he went back to his kingdom and after ten years, a son was born to him, whom he called Gunther. A son was also born to King Gunther and Brunhild, who was called Siegfried.

All went well till Brunhild prevailed on her husband to invite Siegfried

and his Queen to a feast at Burgundy. The invitation was accepted and the royal guests arrived at the court. But a quarrel arose between Kriemhild and Brunhild, regarding the prowess of their husbands. Then the angry Kriemhild, twitted by the other queen as being the wife of her vassal, retorted that she was a greater queen than her rival, and also revealed the secret of the help given by Siegfried to Gunther in winning Brunhild for his wife. Brunhild bowed her head with shame and wept bitterly: and one of her knights Hagen, promised to avenge her. He incited Gunther and his friends against Siegfried. He found out the secret of the vulnerable spot in Siegfried's body, and invited Siegfried to a grand hunt, which would last many days. And, in the forest, Siegfried was treacherously stabbed in the vulnerable spot by Hagen. He fell among the flowers of the forest, and bitterly reproached those who had plotted treacherously against him. "I have served ye well, and thus am I repaid. Children yet unborn shall suffer for this foul deed. yourselves have ye slain when ye slew me. O Kriemhild, Kriemhild, my deepest grief is for thee! Would that our son had never been born, because he must bear from his enemies the bitter reproach that his kinsmen are murderers and traitors." Then he died, and his body was taken and left secretly at the door of Kriemhild's house, where later it was told that he had been killed by robbers. Kriemhild's grief for her husband would not be assuaged. She knew for certain that Gunther and Hagen had plotted the death of her husband; but

she was constrained to forgive them outwardly, but never in her heart. She sent for the treasure of the Nibelungs, which was delivered up to her and through which she procured a strong force of war-men. But Hagen stole the treasure from her and sank it in the bed of the Rhine. Then Kriemhild went back to her mother.

Here, after thirteen years, she was approached by Etzel, king of the Huns, who desired to win her for his wife. She consented to be married to him chiefly because she was still full of the desire to avenge her husband's death. After a few years had gone by, she persuaded King Etzel to send an invitation to his court to king Gunther and Hagen. They accepted the invitation and arrived at the court. But here they were treacherously set upon. A great battle raged between them and their foes. At last, they were overpowered with the help of the great warrior Dietrich of Bern. Kriemhild herself saw to the death of her own brother, Gunther, and with her own hand smote off the head of Hagen. In anger at this merciless deed, old Hildebrand, an aged warrior of the court, struck off Kriemhild's own head and she also died. Thus ended the Nibelungen-lied. We are told that Queen Brunhild and Queen Ute, the mother of Gunther, sat side by side embroidering on tapestry the death of Bakler, the sun-god. Brunhild is represented as saying again and again to Ute:

"Each time I picture Bakler, his face grows like unto that of Siegfried."

Then tidings were brought to them of the death of Gunther, and all his men.

Bruchild went out dry-eyed, and disappeared in the darkness.

Later, she was found lying dead on the grave of Siegfried, whom she had loved.

PADME.

Sports & Pastimes.

IN MANY AGES & MANY CLIMES.

"A steady race of mortals trained to sports,
The bold and brave for a polished yet by towers."

(Lancelot.)

When the quaint old adage suggests that a man is to be known by the company with which he is surrounded, it is only to affirm that his character is best developed in his amusements. For the society of familiar intercourse is a recreation founded upon congeniality of disposition. Trades and professions are not always a matter of individual choice. They are often procured from a sense of duty or necessarily performed against personal inclinations, and, on account of these facts, can hardly afford any test of individual predilection. In our diversions, however, we invariably follow the spontaneous impulse of the mind and its genuine qualities are revealed. Circumstances, of course, may place men in different points of view; but, as a general rule, by following them into their retirements we are probably more able to see them in their true state and therefore in a better position to judge as to their natural dispositions. Nations, as individuals, betray similar traits of character in this regard, and in order to form a just estimation of the character of any particular nation it

is absolutely necessary to investigate the sports and pastimes, which are most generally prevalent.

Among the youths of classical Rome, it was usual to indulge in running, wrestling and the like. The favorite amusement of the old was the game of ball. The players stripped for the game, even removing their shoes; and in winter-time the room was heated to avoid a chill while playing. Cicero and Horace both tell us that they did not care for these games, and Seneca refers to those who gave up all their time to ball-playing. The Romans undoubtedly enjoyed much less than did the Greeks for the intellectual pleasures of society. The Greek gentleman was usually able to sing a song and to accompany himself upon the lyre. Games of chance, however, were much relished in Rome. The frequent laws which were passed against gambling indicate how common was this practice and how useless seemed to be every effort to restrain it. All kinds of music and singing were requisitioned for the Roman banquets, and, as tastes grew more corrupt, buffoons and pantomimes, rope-dancers and dancing-girls were brought in to help out the amusements.

Although some unkind persons consider a fishing-rod as a stick with a worm at one end and a fool at the other, the pastime of angling appeals to all sections of the community. It was a favourite occupation with the Egyptians and very much in vogue among the ancient Greeks and Romans. Finland, however, is unquestionably the present-day paradise for the disciples of Isaac Walton.

Fishing nets count for nothing. It is only necessary to get permission to fish for trout or salmon, and it is quite usual for the owner either to give permission free or at most charge but a trifling sum. All classes and all ages are fond of dancing. The tiniest village has its weekly dance on Saturday evenings in the largest available cottage or farm. Guests at a Finnish ball often travel as far as 30 to 40 miles to a dance. They leave home at midday gaily attired in evening dress, and do not return to their beds till 24 hours later.

The chief enjoyments of the Japanese are their theatres, their wrestling bouts, and their kite flying. The stage of the theatres is made to revolve, and instead of limelight effects, a black-hooded mute skips about and illuminates the faces of the various actors by means of a bamboo pipe to which a lighted candle is attached. This everlasting probing forward with a lighted candle very naturally detracts at first from the enjoyment of those not accustomed to it. This feeling soon wears off, however, and the antics of the "animated illuminator" gradually cease to distract attention from the plot. A man announces the ending of each act by holding two hard pieces of wood together, and, as the curtain falls, all the children in the theatre scamper on to the stage, on which they are allowed to play until the next act commences. The conclusion of the interval is announced by the clapper, at which they disappear quickly. Plays begin at 8 o'clock in the morning and continue until 7 o'clock in the evening. Hanakata, or flower-card, is a

Japanese game which owes its origin to the introduction into Japan of European ideas. The principle is not unlike the card games, with which all are familiar, but the pictures appear somewhat significant objects, mostly flowers such as the blossom of the cherry and plum, varied by birds, the moon or falling rain. There are four cards for each month, and a different value is assigned to each card. Japanese gentry are fond of collecting curios and of performing orthodox tea ceremonies. By far the greater number delight in playing the game of "Go" and Japanese chess. "Go" is considered more refined than chess, and, in consequence, is more generally played by the upper classes. The "castles" in the Japanese chess are known as "light-chariots," or, more commonly, "lances"; they have two generals, between whom the power of the well-known queen and bishop are divided; one of them is known as the "diagonal dealer," and the other as the "flying chariot". The "pawns" are called foot-soldiers.

China is not a country in which one would naturally expect foot-ball to be popular. The game, however, has been introduced among the Celestials.

When playing, they give vent to their feelings by means of the most peculiar noises, frequently shrieking with delight. Their yells of triumph, which resound through the air whenever the ball goes through the opposite goal have been likened to the "plaintive cry of a pig that has been speared." The "charging" is usually done with the head and it is noteworthy that the great drawback

to Chinese football is the signal want of discipline. Every man considers it his duty to instruct his colleague what to do, and one-half of the team yells to the other half all the time the game is in progress. There is no charge for admission to the Chinese theatre. All who can get standing-room may go inside. The performances take place during the day time. There is usually no scenery at all and the technicians take their places upon the stage behind the actors. The entrance and exit from the boards are not from the sides, but from the rear, and there is but one of each, the one on the left marking the entrance and the one on the right the exit. The respectable plays are principally upon historic subjects, in which the Chinese are very careful to be vested in the costume appropriate to the time. The religious element does not enter into their plays. Women, too, are not allowed to act. Their parts are taken by young boys.

During the rigours of the Dutch winter, the rich and poor alike keep themselves warm by vigorous skating. The frozen canals become the mad-ways to all parts, and whether on business or pleasure bent, everyone appears to be out on skates. The Dutch skaters do not, however, perceive as a rule the intricate figures so beloved by enthusiasts in other countries. Distance and speed are the aims for which they more particularly strive.

Ball-fighting in Spain can scarcely be described as a mere pastime; it is a passion. It even has its special publications and the ordinary newspapers devote columns to "Los

Toros". On the morning after a holy day, the journals are replete with news of this character. Through all the centuries, indeed, this national craving has survived the combined attacks of Church and State. First in the procedure is a somewhat stately procession and recession of bull-fighters, after which there is the speedy entrance of a bull not infrequently hastened by some unpleasant operation. As a usual course, it is the practice of the bull, after pursuing his highly-coloured enemies, to indicate in no uncertain tones that he wishes to return to his lair. As a reward, the safe spectators meet his wishes with hoots, pricks and kicks. As a result he has no other alternative but to go after the bull-fighters again. Since there are generally so many of these, it is easy for them to transfer his attention from one to the other. This course of procedure is kept up perhaps for 5 minutes. His torturers most probably then resort to the practice of tormenting him with banderillas, a special class of men whose calling in life is to strike painful darts in infuriated bulls. Eventually, perchance, there comes forward a person who asks for the privilege of killing the "fearful monster." Permission being granted, the "espada", with his red cloak, little pigtail and sword, comes more particularly into view, and pointing his weapon at the poor animal, invites a volley of applause. He steps back as the bull charges, and when the bright Toledo blade in its heart. The pierced animal will then invariably sink upon its knees, uttering prolonged, hollow and fall down at the feet of the "brave" torreador.

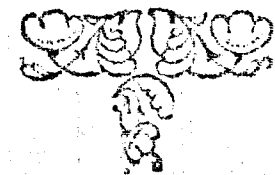
From Easter to All Saints, the bull-fight season, corridas are held every Sunday in all the cities of Southern and Central Spain, while the smaller towns and villages butcher as many as they can possibly afford. The Sundays however, are not enough. Every Catholic feast-day calls for its sacrifices, and in the absence of saint's days, bulls must needs bleed for charity for founding asylums and hospitals and the families of workmen out on strike.

To dance a hora—a rustic minuet—and on days of festival to disport oneself on the sardina, a type of great wheel on a miniature scale to which each village can lay claim, such are even yet the joys of boys and lasses in Roumania. Mysterious old wives still tell strange fortunes and cast elaborate spells over evil spirits; fair maidens still sing in old melodies of the ways of the olive grove where their hearts were stolen in yore.

Norway offers a wide field for diversion, so far as winter sport is concerned. Excluding not only the ordinary pastimes of sleighing and skating, but those of coasting, pigging and skiing; the latter, besides being novel and attractive, is also most exciting and invigorating. Sleighing is distinctly the most pleasant form of driving and is particularly adapted to those who are debarred from violent exertion. The roads, as a rule, are good and the sturdy little ponies trot fast and well. It is possible to indulge in skating on the fjords as well as on the lakes and rivers. The ice often lies undisturbed by snow for some considerable time, in which

case the frozen waters yield a surface of unparalleled smoothness and extent. Coasting, which is akin to tobogganing, is a fascinating pastime. For this purpose a sled, specially designed for running on ice, is utilised. Pigging consists of sitting on a coaster or sled, and propelling the device by means of two spiked sticks. It is chiefly carried on by fishermen, who, in a basket or box made to fit the sled, convey their fishing gear to likely grounds for capture, their home or to market. Skiing, originally adopted as a necessary means of locomotion in districts where snow lies deep on the ground, is decidedly the Queen of Winter Pastimes, and is a veritable art and pleasure to the Norwegian youth. The skis vary in form but consist of a narrow plank of wood, rounded and curved upwards at the toe, furnished with straps or thongs in the centre, or somewhat behind the centre, for fastening to the foot. It is not surprising that the countrymen of Norway, accustomed to skiing at lightning speed from infancy, should find in this practice a recreation and vie with each other in the management of the ski under varying conditions.

S. JACKSON COLEMAN.



How Girls Can Help Their Country.

An organisation having for its aim the training of character by inculcating real capability and true sense of honour, by teaching the habits of usefulness and self-reliance chiefly through games, is one that will appeal not only to boys but to girls as well. The Girl Guide Movement is such a one, and all over the world, in foreign countries as well as throughout the British Empire, there are "Girl Guides" learning how to be true women, helpful, happy, prosperous and capable of keeping good homes. They enjoy learning too, because from the very first they do things for themselves and learn by their mistakes as much as by direct instruction. Their motto is "Be Prepared", first in mind by discipline and thought; secondly, in body, by attending to the laws of health and so becoming strong and active and able to carry out any duties that may be required of them. Just as Scouting for boys makes for manliness, the training of Guides makes for womanliness, and enables girls to be better to help in the battle of life.

A girl on becoming a Guide makes the following promise:

"On my honour I promise to do my best to do my duty:

- (1) To God and the King;
- (2) To keep other people's secrets;
- (3) To obey the Law of the Guides."

The Guide Law reads as follows:

1. A Guide's honour is to be trusted.
2. A Guide is loyal to the King, and to her officers, to her mother and

father, and to her employers and employees.

3. A Guide's duty is to be useful and to help others.
4. A Guide is a friend to all and a sister to every other Guide, no matter to what social class, caste, or race the other belongs.
5. A Guide is courteous.
6. A Guide keeps herself pure in thought, word and deed.
7. A Guide is a friend to animals.
8. A Guide obeys the orders of her parents, Patrol Leader or Captain, without question.
9. A Guide smiles and sings under all circumstances.
10. A Guide is thrifty.

The Guide Law is all positive; it is in no sense negative. There is not a single "Don't" about it, and it does not inflict upon any girl conditions which cannot be fulfilled throughout life. "Here is the right way, tread it; here is the right word, speak it; here is the good deed, do it."

Guides are always happy, because they are learning to be helpful to others; and by doing a good turn to someone every day they learn that a happy life is made up of little deeds of kindness. A Guide learns First Aid to be prepared in cases of accidents; she learns also to nurse people who are ill; to manage a house; to cook; to keep herself strong and fit; to find every opportunity of making herself useful and to make the home cheerful with her beaming countenance and happy smile. If the mother faints, the Guide will know what to do; if the little brother's

clothes catch fire she will not lose her presence of mind, but do the needful according to the training she has had. Thus she makes herself useful in very many ways by being a true ministering angel.

Girl Guides train themselves to be quick to observe even little things. By noticing little things on the ground, they will often find lost articles, which they can restore to their owners. It is regarded as a disgrace to a Guide if, when she is with other people, they see anything big or little, near or far, high or low, that she has not already seen for herself.

Guides are worked in patrols, with one of the Girls as Patrol Leader, and three or more patrols from a Company under a Captain (Guide Mistress). This system trains a girl to work "for her patrol", forgetting her individual self in place of the good of the whole, thus training herself in the true spirit of service. Patrols are called by the names of flowers, and Guides can belong to the Lotus, or Lily, or Daisy, or Violet patrols, etc. They can win proficiency badges for various branches of Guide-craft, such as Ambulance work, Cooking, Child Nursing, Music, Needle work, Nature-study, Sick Nursing, Pathfinding, Gardening, etc. Girl Guides use the three finger salute just like the Boy Scouts and wear a trefoil badge, to remind them of the three-fold promise they made on joining.

The girls of today are the future mothers of the nation. If they are to grow into capable and womanly women qualified to train character in the future, to be true confidantes to the men

of their generation, to fulfil their duties in the best manner, and be large-minded and capable to train the future citizens of the country, it is essential that they should get the necessary training the Girl Guide system can give them.

The girls of the nation are full of enthusiasm and spirit and only want guidance to become good, useful citizens. This splendid material is being allowed to run to waste—nay worse than that, it is allowed to become harmful to the nation simply for want of training, for want of a hand to guide them at a crisis of their lives when they are at the cross roads, where their futures branch off for good or for evil. Their influence in after life on the actions and quality of the men will be very great; they must be trained to become truly their "Guides".

J. VINCENT MENNIS,

Secur. Commissioner.

N. B. If you want further information on this subject, you can get it from "The Girl Guide's Handbook" procurable at Messrs. Lawrence & Mayo, Mount Road. The Editor of this Magazine will also be glad to help you.

Manners and Customs in an Indian House.

It is with some diffidence that I venture to accept your invitation to discuss the Benson Prize Essay of the young lady of the Triplicane Girls' School, because a young man, however virtuous his cause, may not oppose a young lady without incurring popular disfavour. However, since the young

lady, like the fair tree which drops down unripe fruit, has dropped many unripe statements, and uttered many partial remarks, I shall try to answer them, remembering at the same time that I have to put on my best behaviour for the occasion and offer my remarks with as gallant an air as possible.

She starts with the remark that Indians are a combination of many races, and that India as a nation is a dream. True it is that the Indians are a combination of many races, just as the British are a combination of many races. From that it does not follow that India as a nation is a dream.

Then, passing on to her subject, she says that caste is the first custom that Indians follow strictly and that it is a vicious thing and heinously attributed to God. Well, it is yet too early for us to say which of the evils of the world are directly to be traced to the great throne of God. Creation as a whole seems to be a bad enough thing for His undertaking. The gradation of caste can be said to be as much the cause of disunion as the gradation of the family or the gradation of the Office room. Caste was never, and caste can never be, the cause of disunion among anybody. Especially in our present life, our likings and dislikings in Society have nothing to do with that abstract thing called caste. The spirit of caste is part of our very humanity, and inherent in all nations, and all religions, and in all parts of the world, and it shows its stern presence in it all, however sophisticated Christians or Euro-

peans or Americans try to explain it away. And those who know human nature know that one caste hates another as much as a father hates a son because he is earning, or a daughter because she may be beautiful.

Next she says, "the manners of an average Indian home are very low;"—not lower, we should say, than the average English, French, or American home. Human nature is human nature in most places. The manners of the average home are likely to be low, just as the average metal is likely to be iron. Even the almighty and almost mesmeric powers of a young woman cannot expect to find only gold in every mine; and what is average cannot be expected to show what is high class. And then "the petty Indian clerk is considered to be a far better man than the honest labourer, say a carpenter, who earns by the sweat of his brow." What an insinuation to be made by fair lips. The petty clerk is yet a member of the great governing body, which works for the welfare of a big multitude. And does it mean that the clerk does not labour, and that he does not sweat? Perhaps the clerk's wives know. And moreover the young lady doesn't seem to know what tricks a carpenter plays.

Next, the want of education of the Indian wife subjects her to pettiness and mean jealousies. May we humbly beg permission to quote here two sentences which were quoted from Mrs. Sarojini Naidu in this magazine? They are "The Modern Indian Girls think their grandmothers old-fashioned, but the culture of their grandmothers was lofty and complete. The modern Girl has neither the grace of

the West, nor the dignity of the East, none of those fine qualities of one hemisphere or the other."

Then, "their next hereditary character is a passion for jewels." Love of flowers, and love of colours, and love of jewels, is never a disgrace to women, we think. Unless a woman is divinely bestowed with grace of form and glamour of expression, what harm is there in her wearing jewels if the husband can afford them and if the jewels are choice?

Then, a word is said against the Joint Family system, and then she says "the treatment given to Indian Women by their men is very bad." Many Indian men, who read that sentence, blush, I think. But I know Indian men, whose conduct towards Indian women, is as high and chivalrous, noble and gallant, as that of Bayard or Sir Philip Sydney could have been to the women of their time and country. And moreover the young writer herself says a few sentences further on, "though the father may be an educated man, he yields because of the strict opposition which he receives from the mother."

Next, she says, "The most sad spectacle in an Indian House is the inability of the parents, especially the mother, to train the children." Here too, Indian mothers are just the same as the average mothers of any other country. States have not understood the proper mode of training children, in spite of the various child-training Systems and Methods; why should we speak of mothers? "The saddest thing of all is that parents themselves teach the children to tell lies." I

appeal to the mothers, who read in the Ladies Magazine the young lady's article, to answer this accusation.

Then the Essayist passes on to remark, "It is the custom of the Indians to marry their children very young. A European does not marry unless he can support his wife." Well, we should think that there are many Europeans who marry, to be supported by their wives. It is not that Indian husbands marry too early to support their wives, but they marry too early to be able to choose their wives properly.

"Another foolish custom is to stop girls within 12 years from going to school." This looks like a statement from a vexed Inspector General of Education, but we heartily concur with the young writer in that remark.

Then "the bulk of the nation does not know its religion. Hinduism is ignorant of God, though it professes to be very religious." May we here tell the young lady that there is a class of writers in the world, who say that religions are mere humbugs, and that the God of all the religions without exception is but a phantasy of the illiterate. Amongst the civilized religions, I think, Hinduism and Catholicism reach farthest in point of faith in God.

Then the essay closes with the amusing hyperbole, that India without female education is like a bird with one wing. The question is, of what kind the education ought to be. So far education does not seem to have tamed the ungainly qualities of educated women, though some women originally gifted with grace and high

thought have no doubt gained by education.

We might also conclude here with the humble remark that the manners and customs of no country in the world could be made the subject of a critical study. It is not for outsiders to say that this or that in a nation's habits is wrong; though their adherents may sometimes perceive the inaptness of one thing or another and change it as they like best. God's truths lie in many places, and show themselves in many

ways, and Hindus and Mahomedans, Ethiopes and Patagonians know what is best for themselves, and their modes and habits and beliefs are all evolved by a course of centuries, and with the help of the mature wisdom of hundreds. Far be it from us to decry them.

G. R. JOSYER.

Editor's note.—With all apologies to the writer of it, the above criticism does not seem to us to deal fully with the situation. It appears to be as much open to comment as the original article.



SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED.

A Drama for Children.

Adapted from Grimm's Fairy Tales.

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Scene. I.

Time.—Evening; a soft twilight.

Place.—A small clean room, with a door evidently leading outside, now closed; another door opposite leading to another room, also closed. Three narrow low beds against the walls, with clean white sheets on them. Two or three small chairs scattered about the room; a large table with books on it placed against the wall. A deep low chair drawn up to the hearth, and a small table near with a vase on it. A small fire laid ready in the foreplace. A worn-out rug spread before it. Everything is spotlessly clean. A noise of pots and pans heard at intervals from the next room.

(Enter from outside, two girls in country costumes and cloaks. One of them is fair, and tall and has flowers in her hands; the other is short and dark. They shut the door, lay aside their cloaks and bonnets, hanging them on hooks fixed behind the door, and come forward into the room. The fair girl proceeds to arrange her flowers in the vase. As they do all this, they talk to each other.)

Snow-White.—(The fair girl). "I hear mother still busy over the cooking. I should have helped her; but, instead of that—"

Rose-Red.—"You had to run after 'mac, sister. I am so sorry. But it is so sweet and pretty and cool outside. Isn't it? Don't you like to be out now?"

Snow-White.—"Of course, I do. But, I like to be here also and help mother. She is so lonely, when we both go away, Rose-Red."

Rose-Red.—"I know; but she is so good that she allows us to go out often, even at nights. But I am afraid she will

not let us spend any more nights in the fields. Don't you think so, Snow-White?"

Snow-White.—"Yes, I do. And she is quite right. We nearly lost our lives, you know, little sister."

Rose-Red.—(triumphantly): "But we did not. What a wonderful thing that was! That beautiful angel-child saved us."

Snow-White.—"Yes, indeed, a wonderful thing. Mother says she was our good angel."

Rose-Red.—"She must have been. I think it is the angel, who makes everything in the forest so kind to us. The hares and rabbits come and eat out of our hands, the fawns and wild goats play with us; the pretty little birds sit on our shoulders and sing to us, and—"

Snow-White.—(reproachfully) "You have forgotten our beautiful bear, sister; how good he is to us, how careful of us and how he plays with us."

Rose-Red.—"No, I have not forgotten him. But (with a pout), I am still afraid of him. He is so big and rough, he may eat us up one day."

Snow-White.—"Shame on you, Rose-red, to be so ungrateful to him. No one can be as kind to us, as he is."

Rose-Red.—"Never mind about him, sister. Let us sing our little song about the fields. I do like it so much."

Snow-White.—"Let us lay the table first. Come and help me."

(They bring out the large table into the room, after removing the books. Then they open a cupboard, take out a white cloth and plates and cutlery and proceed to arrange them on the table. They go on talking.)

Rose-Red.—"I saw such a beautiful butterfly this evening, all black and gold. I chased it, and it flew away and away, and I ran after it. That is why I was so late this afternoon."

Snow-White.—"It must have been a bad fairy, leading you away. What made you turn back?"

Rose-Red.—"As the butterfly was flying from bush to bush, and luring me on, a big white bird came near it and tried to peck it, and it ran away and lost itself in the distance. I did not think much of it, you know. That was why I did not tell you about it at once."

Snow-White.—"The white bird must have been our good angel come again to save you."

Rose-Red.—(in an awe-struck voice), "Do you really think so, sister? We must be more careful, hereafter. We were never afraid before. But I hope, we shall never meet that dreadful little dwarf again. He makes such ugly faces, and looks so angry with us. And, when we help him, he gets cross with us. Do you remember, when you first cut off his beard, to get it out of the split tree? And again, when you cut it off to get it out of the mouth of the fish?"

Snow-White.—"Yes, yes. It was so funny. The fish pulling on one side, and the dwarf pulling on the other. Oh, oh, oh!" (They both laugh heartily).

Rose-Red.—"But he nearly died the last time he was in danger. How the great bird tried to carry him off, and how hard we had to hold him down. We were nearly carried off too."

Snow-White.—"Even then, the dwarf was angry with us for not holding him gently. He is an ungrateful little man. I hope we shall never meet him again. But what beautiful stones he had with him! Mother said they were very valuable, when I told her about them."

Rose-Red.—"Bags upon bags of beautiful precious stones, red and green and white, I wish we had some of them. We could make such lovely garlands with them."

Snow-White.—"We could do better. Mother says the stones will fetch plenty of money in the market. If we

only had some to sell! We could go into a big house, and keep lots of servants, and mother could rest from work and we would be so happy."

Rose-Red.—"When we see the dwarf next time, let us take some of the stones."

Snow-White.—"That would be very dishonest, Rose-Red. They are his stones. Besides, he is so careful of them. But come now, let us go and help mother to get our dinner ready."

(*EXEUNT.*)

Scene II.

The same room a little later. Dinner is over; the old mother is sitting in the easy-chair before a bright little fire, with a piece of knitting in her hands. As the curtain rises, the girls come in from the inner room, wiping their fingers on their aprons. They sit on the rug beside their mother.

Mother.—"Well, children, have you finished your work? Have you washed up everything and kept all away neatly?"

Snow-White.—"Yes, Mother."

(There is a little pause, in which all sit gazing into the fire. At last, Rose-red looks up at her mother.)

Rose-Red.—(hesitatingly). "Will you never allow us to spend the night again in the woods, mother?"

Mother.—"How can I, dear child? I am afraid."

Rose-Red.—(eagerly). "But, mother, the good angel saved us."

Mother.—"Yes, children. He was your good angel. But—"

Listen now, I shall tell you something. The world is full of evil things, as well as good things, of evil people as well as good people. And the devil has his bad angels, just as God has his good angels. While the good angels are trying to take care of people and do good to them, the bad ones are trying to do them harm. When children are young and innocent, not knowing exactly what evil is, God looks after them himself.

But, when they begin to know what is evil, and what is good, God will expect them to help Him. He will still look after them, but they must also help Him. All these days, you have not properly known what evil is. When the dwarf frightened you, you were afraid of him, but it was only a wondering fear. Now you must fear him, because he is an evil thing. So, children, as you are growing older, you must be more careful. You must not expose yourselves to danger. Do you understand?"

Snow-White.—"Yes, mother."

Rose-Red.—"I too understand, but I am so sorry."

Snow-White.—"But our dear bear, mother; can he not look after us? Can you not trust us to him?"

Mother.—"He is certainly a good bear, a human bear, I must say. And in these days of magic, we do not know what may happen. But still he is a bear, you know, child."

Rose-Red.—"Just what I said, mother."

Snow-White.—"I would trust him with everything I had, even my life."

Mother.—"But I cannot trust him altogether with my children, my Snow-White and Rose-Red, to whom I gave their names, because they were like the white and red rose-buds of the rose-bushes outside. I prayed for you so much, children, before I got you. You are good sweet children, I know, and will obey me happily. You can go about in the forest during the day, but must not go far from here; and you must be at home by sunset. What is it, Snow-White? Why do you look at the door so often? Is it for the bear?"

Snow-White.—"Yes, mother; it is time for him to be here. He is late tonight."

Mother.—"The bear must be a magician. He has bewitched my little daughter. Never mind him, children. Sing me that pretty song you yourselves made about the woods, and which you sing so often."

Rose.—(looks eagerly at Snow-White, who nods her head. They both sing.

Snow-white.—

(To the tune of: "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon")

"Within the woods so free and wide,
Happy joys and pleasures bide;
Sunny days and starlit nights,
Shadowed glens and woodland sights,
Long-drawn hours of quiet bliss,
In this wood we seldom miss;
In nooks and corners ever sweet
With rapture, friends we softly greet."

Rose-Red.—(To the tune of "Should auld acquaintance be forgot")

"Butterflies of brilliant colours,
Birds of radiant hues,
Play and gambol o'er the flow'rs,
And sip their fragrant dews,
Oh! tis lovely in the forest,
Oh! tis glorious there!
We feel like birds within its nest,
We revel in its air."

Snow-White.—(To the tune of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled")

"Lilies bloom in queenly pride;
Violets shy their beauty hide;
Roses wild in radiance grow;
Jasmines fragrant blow!
Fairies bright within these bow'rs,
Sleep away the sunny hours;
And wake again at dusky night
To dance in wild delight."

Both together.—(to the tune of "Gin a body meet a body")

"Serpent evil,
Worm or weevil
Never near us stray;

Imp or devil,
Beast uncivil
Never come our way,
Deer with no fuss,
Frolic round us;
Rabbits come to play,
When they all thus
Gather round us,
Happy is our day."

Mother.—"That is very nice, children. But there is a knocking at the door. I am sure it is our bear."

(Snow-white rushes to open the door, Rose-red following more slowly. A bear comes waddling into the room, and the elder girl hangs on to his arm. He comes to the fire and throws himself down on the rug.

Snow-White.—"Why are you so late, Bear? I have been waiting so much for you?"

Rose-Red.—"So have I, dear bear."

Bear.—(looking reproachfully at her.)

"That is not true, is it, my little girl? Are you not a wee bit afraid of me?"

(Rose-red hangs down her head and looks at him shyly.)

"There, I know it. But now, you are not afraid of me, are you? You are only afraid of me behind my back. You like me, as soon as you see my pretty face. Have I not a pretty face, Rose-Red? Come here, child. Still afraid of me, and after seeing me every night?"

Rose-Red.—"I am not really afraid, but still—"

Bear.—"I am a bear, eh? Never mind; my Snow-white loves me. Don't you, dear? Come and sit close to me."
(drawing Snow-white nearer.)

Rose-red snuggles up to him on the other side and begins to pull his hair and tease him).

"There, there, my little maid. Don't worry me too much, I am very tired. Tell me all that happened to you both today."

Rose-Red (excitedly); "Bear, such a wonderful thing happened today! We—"

Mother.—"Not you, *Rose-red*, you got too excited; you tell it, *Snow-white*."

Snow-White.—"It was so sweet and cool in the woods, mother, and the light was so fine. We wandered on and on; the deer and the rabbits were following us. At last, we suddenly found it was getting quite dark; we looked round, but all the animals had gone home to sleep. It was too dark to see our way. We knew you did not mind our sleeping in the woods. So we lay down in a sort of flowery enclosure. One by one, the stars came out and twinkled at us. It was so peaceful. There was a lovely scent of flowers all around us, and we went off to sleep. Early in the morning, we were awakened by the dawn breaking. A soft light was over everything and getting brighter and brighter. As we woke up, we saw a beautiful little angel child, dressed in white clothes, sitting near us. As soon as she saw our eyes open, she stood up, smiled at us so kindly and slowly went away."

Rose-Red.—"O mother, she was so sweet and pretty. Her wings were shining and her smile was like heaven. I wish she had stopped to play with us."

Mother.—looking indulgently at *Rose-red*: "Go on, *Snow-white*."

Snow-White.—"And then, mother, we saw a deep, deep pit, by the side of us. We would certainly have fallen into it and been killed, if the angel had not stayed there."

Bear.—"True, dear children. Hereafter, you must not take too many risks. I shall not be here to look after you; for, I am going to make you very sad by telling you that I am going away for the whole summer."

Snow-White.—"O, dear Bear!"

Bear.—"Yes, my dear child, I must. I am forced to go into the forest and look after my treasures. The evil dwarfs want to steal them. You know that dwarf, whom you met three times? He is one of those evil ones. He was stealing precious stones, when you saw him. In winter, it is cold; and the dwarfs are obliged to stay in their holes; besides, the ground is too hard for them to dig through. But, in summer, the sun has warmed the earth and thawed the ice. And the dwarfs can come out of their caves, and get the treasures. And what they once steal, it is very hard to get back. So, children it must be 'goodbye' for a time."

(Both the children weep)

"Nay, nay, you must not be sad. I know my *Snow-white* will be very heavy-hearted; but she must be brave. Do not go out at night, and be careful even during the day. The evil dwarfs are about. And now, I must go. Goodbye, children; goodbye, mother."

(The children and the bear go to the door; but *Snow-white* opens it very hesitatingly, as if reluctant to let the bear through. He hugs the children and squeezes through outside; but the latch catches his shaggy coat and tears off a small piece of it. Both the girls exclaim at the accident, and *Snow-white* starts forward eagerly, but the bear quickly slips away. The girls shut the door sadly).

Rose-Red.—"O, the poor bear. You squeezed his coat in the door, sister. You must have hurt him."

Snow-White.—"Yes, I am so sorry. But there was no blood. There was something shining like gold beneath his coat. I wonder what it was."

Rose-Red.—"I wonder, I wonder. Is he a Fairy Prince, dressed in a Bear's coat? He speaks so nicely too."

Mother.—"It must all have been fancy, children. Were you quite sure you saw the gold, *Snow-white*?"

Snow-White.—"Not quite sure, mother. I thought I saw it."

Scene III.

A forest glade, glittering in the sun. Flower-trees and foliage bushes everywhere. In one corner, a little dwarf is seen hopping about before a large flat stone, on which is spread a vast collection of precious stones, which glitter brightly in the sun. The Dwarf plays with the stones and dances about.

The Dwarf:—"Are they not glorious? And they are all mine. I have stolen them from that wretched prince, whom I punished so well. He is always seeking to kill me now, so that he may be freed from his curse. But he cannot get at me. My treasures, how beautiful you are! And there are so many bags more of these."
(Starts singing in a cracked voice, dancing at times.)

(To the tune of "Little brown jug")

"A little lucky dwarf am I,
Full of wicked wiles, they cry.
Filled with treasures is my cave
Stol'n from princes great and brave.
My magic might is very strong,
My ugly arms are very long;
To beast and birds I men can change,
To shapes and forms so wild and strange.

Ah-ha-ha-Who's like me?
Little brown dwarf don't I love thee?
Ah-ha-ha-Who's like me?
Little brown dwarf, don't I love thee?

Diamonds bright with starlight gleam,
Like groups of fiery sparkles seem.
Rubies red with ruddy glow
Like pride of ardent hearts do shew.
Emerald green have Nature's sheen,
Sapphires blue the heaven's own hue;
Glowing gold and silver white,
Who has wealth like mine so bright?

Ah-ha-ha, who's like me?
Little brown dwarf, don't I love thee?

Ah-ha-ha, who's like me?
Little brown dwarf, don't I love thee?

A mighty fine song, I call that. I made it all myself. But ah!—whose footsteps do I hear? Some one is coming. I must put away these stones." (He commences to shovel the stones into a bag; but before he has put away half, Snow-white and Rose-red appear round the corner, with market-baskets on their arms. The dwarf looks up with anxiety, but a certain relief appears in his features.)

Dwarf:—"Oh, it's you, is it? how dare you come here? You are always spying on me. You are wicked children. And why do you stand staring at my stones? They are only pieces of glass, I tell you; and that is why they glitter so much. They are not valuable; but I will not give you any of them. So, do not stare at me, children. Go away.

What! are you still there? I can change you into ugly beasts. And I will do it, if you do not go.—Ah! Ah! what is that dreadful noise? It sounds like a Bear's roar. I must run away. But my stones, my precious stones. Oh; what shall I do? come on, silly children, help me, help me. Hurry, Hurry. There is a another roar. Ah! too late, too late." (Suddenly a big black Bear comes rolling out of the forest and marches up to the dwarf, who, after one frightened glance a round, drops to his knees and cries out.)

Dwarf:—"My Lord Bear, spare me, spare me. Do not kill me. I will give you what you like—all these precious stones and more. I will give you back your form. Forgive me. I shall be your faithful servant. Spare me, spare me. I am only a poor small creature. How can you bear a grudge against a poor thing like me? Take those two wicked girls. They are fat and nice. Ah ———! spare me, spare me Ah———"

(The bear gives him a blow with his paw and the dwarf falls down and dies.)

(Snow-white and Rose-red, who have been trembling, and staring with all their eyes, unable to utter a word, now turn to run away, but the Bear calls after them.)

Bear.—"Stop, stop, children, wait for me."

The Children.—(turning in surprise); "Oh, it is our bear's voice. But who is this? A Prince? (For the bear is gone, and in his place is a tall man, dressed all in gold. He comes to the shrinking girls and takes Snow-white's hand)"

Prince.—"I am a king's son, children. This dwarf was my enemy and changed me into a bear. I am your bear, Snow-white? Can't you recognise my voice? Are you afraid of me, because I killed the dwarf? I had to do it, for than only could I get back my man's shape. Come, we shall go home to your mother. I shall always come and see you all now, and, when you grow a big girl, Snow-white, you must come and live in my palace and be my Queen."

Rose-Red—(shyly); "And I?"

Prince.—(laughing); "You too must come and live with us, till you find your own Fairy Prince, my dear. Come, let us tell the good news to your mother."

CURTAIN.

PADMINI.



**Seventh Annual report of the
Sakhawat Memorial Girls' School
85-A, LOWER CIRCULAR ROAD,
CALCUTTA.**

**Under the Direct Charge and
Supervision.**

OF

Mrs. R. S. HOSSEIN

[*Widow of the, Khan Bahadur Mr. Syed
Sakhawat Hossein, B. A., M. R. A. C.,
of the Bengal Provincial Civil
Service.*]

Mrs. R. S. Hossein writes:—

"The school was first opened in March 1911 with only 8 girls on its rolls. Soon after, a Committee of Management was formed, and this Committee decided to name the school as Sakhawat Memorial Girls' School in consideration of the fact that in the beginning it was solely supported out of the income derived from the endowment of Rs. 10,000 left by my husband, the late Khan Bahadur Mr. Syed Sakhawat Hossein, B.A., M.R.A.C., of the Bengal Provincial Civil Service, for the promotion of education among the girls of his community. The school is about to complete the seventh year of its existence, and I am glad to be able to present to you a record of steady and substantial progress ever since its establishment."

The institution is intended only for pardanashin girls of respectable Mohammedan families. Its distinctive aim is to educate the girls in such a way that they may become true housewives, and apart

from general department, great care is bestowed on their moral training and religious instruction, including Quoran reading and daily prayers. Strict purdah is observed at all times and in all respects. The curriculum includes physical exercises for the improvement of their physical well-being. A systematic knowledge of cookery is imparted to the senior girls by means of practical demonstrations.

The school teaches up to the Middle English Standard, comprising an eight years' course from the beginning. The teaching staff consists of 9 teachers, all of whom are women, 3 of whom are certificated, having passed the Teacher's Training Examination in vernacular.

The number of pupils rose to 107 on the 31st December 1917, as against 105 in the preceding year. All these girls are of Mohammedan parentage.

During the year, 43 girls were admitted and 34 were rejected for want of conveyance, and 35 girls left school either because in the majority of cases their guardians left the station or because in some cases they were withdrawn in order to be married.

The medium of instruction in our institution is mainly Urdu, but in order to meet the requirements of such girls as wish to learn Bengali, an additional section has been opened in charge of a competent mistress, where education is imparted in all subjects through the medium of Bengali. I am constrained to admit that this branch is not progressing—I mean from the numerical point of view—satisfactorily as was expected of it, the number of admissions having been very few so far. We are however determined not

to be down-hearted, but intend to give it a sufficient trial before pronouncing any verdict as to its success or failure.

Four girls were sent up for the Calcutta Girls Scholarship Examination in December last, one of whom has passed and obtained a stipend.

A needlework Diploma Competition is being held by the Education Sub-Committee of the National Indian Association, to which we have sent a quantity of sewing work executed by some of our girls. The result is not yet known.

Our girls subscribed liberally during the year to the War Relief Fund and also to the Fund instituted for the relief of the sufferers in the Shahabad riots. It will thus be seen that our aim is not only to impart book-knowledge, but also to fuse and foster in them something of that sense and spirit of public service, which is the common heritage of both men and women.

All the girls are fetched from and sent back to their homes in horse-drawn buses, of which we have three now. There is at present a certain amount of overcrowding in these conveyances, occasioning discomfort to the girls. We need another bus, not only to relieve the present congestion, but also to bring in more children who are desirous of coming. The present roll number is bound to remain stationary until and unless additional conveyance is provided. It is no light matter to supply this want, as apart from the initial expenditure of about Rs. 1,000 for the cost of a bus, the monthly recurring expenditure for its upkeep is a serious item,

amounting to nearly Rs. 85, inclusive of the pay of a female attendant.

The Bengal Government were pleased to sanction a monthly grant in-aid of Rs. 448/- from the 1st September 1914, out of an estimated recurring expenditure of Rs. 600 a month, the School authorities undertaking to find the balance Rs. 152. Our average monthly expenditure at present comes up to nearly Rs. 875, and as the Government grant remains the same we are obliged to find the balance amounting to about Rs. 427 per month instead of Rs. 152, which was our original undertaking. Since August 1914, i. e. for nearly three years and a half, we have received nothing from Government by way of capital grant, although in the mean time we had to purchase a lot of furniture and had also to incur expenditure in other directions. We have not yet approached Government with a view to relieve us of any portion of our growing burden either in the way of recurring or capital expenditure, recognising as we do the financial stringency caused by the War. During the year the income of the school was Rs. 10,260 and the expenditure was Rs. 10,078. We had to spend more money on the teaching staff than what we did in the preceding year.

The difficulty about the supply of trained or qualified mistresses continues as ever. We have been complaining about this for years past in our successive annual reports, but so far nothing practical has been done to meet this want. We note that the Government are not yet able to establish the estab-

for Mohamedan mistresses still remains in abeyance.

The following ladies and gentlemen have earned our grateful thanks for their kind donations and subscriptions during the past year:

Mr. A. K. Jamal, C. I. E., of Rangoon	...	Rs.
(By monthly subscription of Rs. 25/-)	...	300
Sahibzada Md. Nurul Huq	...	33
Mrs. Kabiruddin Ahmed	...	24
Khan Bahadur Maulvi A. N. Mohamed Ali	...	50
Hon'ble Mr. Aminur Rahman	...	50
Maulvi Wasi Ahmed (Bhagalpore)	...	12
Indian Football Association	...	50
Mr. J. F. Madan	...	120
Mrs. Syed Abdul Huq	...	10
Mrs. Azizul Kadir	...	8
Zainab Begum	...	6

In this connection, I may be excused for mentioning that my contribution to the School fund from my own purse amounted to Rs. 900/- during the past year.

Our warmest thanks are also due to the ladies and gentlemen, who have kindly contributed to our Prize Fund this year, either in cash or kind, and we sincerely trust they will not forget our young ones in the coming year.

Alwaye.

A GREAT INDIAN BATHING PLACE.

Alwaye is in Travancore territory and is a small unimportant town on the banks of the Alwaye or more correctly speaking Periyar River. It is about midway between Trichur and E. makulam the capital of the Cochin State. Between the two towns, a strip of Travancore territory intervenes with Alwaye as its most

important town. There is a Hospital and Dispensary, a Sub-Magistrate, a Palace of the Maharajah of Travancore, one or two schools, a railway station—the Shoranore-Emakulam branch line—a Protestant Mission bungalow, and a fine, large Roman Catholic Church. The Railway bridge spanning the river is a fine bit of Engineering. Although during the hot weather the town is crammed with people, Indians mostly, from all parts of India and though, in the month of October, a great gathering of people occurs for the Sivarathri festival, the glory of Alwaye has departed, never to be restored. The times have changed and in these days of hill sanatoria such a place as Alwaye is out of the question, except for the Indian to whom the cold climate of Ootacamund or Comoor is not genial. Time was, when the Dutch occupied the town called British Cochin, when Alwaye was a holiday ground and health resort. Within a few miles of Cochin by backwater and river, the Dutch inhabitants of Cochin were constantly picnicing at Alwaye, or boating or shooting out in that direction. During the hot weather when the water in the Periyar river ran shallow, every Dutchman and Dutch *wife*, that could get away, left Cochin and lived for weeks together on the banks of the river. The remains of several fine massive houses still may be seen going to ruins or inhabited by some Malayalee family. There have been terrible tragedies of love and jealousy in Alwaye and the sounds of music and dancing were frequent when the old autocratic Dutch Colonists at Cochin ruled the land and held slaves and led a good

old feudal life. The European who now goes to Alwaye is an exceptional person—though Eurasians from the West Coast hardly ever pass a hot weather without bathing in Alwaye.

As soon as the weather gets a bit unbearable from the sun, people flock to Alwaye, many even hailing from North India and Bombay. The old empty bungalows are partitioned off, and small new ones recently erected to meet the annual advent of bathers, fetch phenomenal rentals. Wealthy people arrange to put up temporary sheds in the bed of the river where it is dry or on the banks, paying a fee for ground rent, and over the running portion of the stream may be seen countless mat sheds to screen the bathers from the sun and from prying eyes, and all day long people are cooking and bathing and disporting themselves in the tepid waters of the river. Only here and there are deep pools where the crocodile lurks. Mostly the water is never more than waist deep, clear as crystal, the bed of the river being of soft yielding sand. Before a day or two passes, the surface of the water is covered with a film of oil—the last being a most important part of the Indian's bathing toilet. Those who wish to avoid this oil, go higher up the river, above Chowarah where the bathing sheds of the Cochin Rajah family run down to the water-edge. They are permanent sheds with residential quarters and are annually occupied by members of the Cochin family. The writer had a shed put up in the river at Malayatur, where there is a Cochin Colony and forest bungalow, where the water is cooler and more bracing and is free from any

suspicion of oil. As soon as the first S. W. monsoon rains fall, Alwaye is abandoned, the merry bathers pack up their things and silently steal away leaving the mats and temporary structures to contractors or abandoning them. The water turns icy cold, and when the monsoon is at its greatest strength the water flows by in awful strength and majesty, "too full for sound or foam." The Periyar is the river which, near its source, provides the waters for the Periyar Reservoir, and refreshes the thirsty plains of Madura. Bathing in the Alwaye river under shade is a positive delight and no one appreciates it more than the Indians, to whom the river is a luxury and is associated with a religious legend which gives rise to the festival of Sivarathre at Alwaye.

The festival takes place in the period between the new moon in the month of Makoran and the full moon in the month of Kumbham. It is on the full moon day on which the sacred night Krishna Chadurdasi falls, and Siva *pūja* is performed. Pujas in the night and abstinence from food and sleep during the day bring absolution from sin and promise of paradise, and thousands of people foregather on the widest portion of the river at Alwaye. There is a great fair and innumerable boats and a good-humoured, happy looking crowd, who bathe without reserve, men and women and children, and enjoy themselves thoroughly while doing their religious duties.

THE LEGEND.

The legend accounting for the festival is as follows: In the old, old days when Sri Rama, immortal

memory, the incarnation of Vishnu and Rama's brother Lakshmanan were absent from their camp, the ferocious and implacable giant and ravisher Ravanaan carried away Sri Rama's wife, Sita, on his way to Lanka or Ceylon. It happened that Jedayu, the sovereign bird, being the friend and faithful ally of Sri Rama, saw the occurrence, and opposed and gave battle to Ravanaan without success, as Jedayu was wounded and died, but not before Sri Rama had seen him and thanked him for his heroic attempt at rescue. Sri Rama thought it his duty to perform Jedayu's funeral obsequies and according to recognised Hindu ritual he dedicated a *pindum*—a ball of cooked rice to the departed spirited of Jedayu—and this *pindum* in some mysterious manner floated down the Alwaye river and found a resting place in the form of a Siva lingam on the sands at the bifurcation of the River at Alwaye. This became visible to human eyes and is exhibited to the pilgrims during the night of the festival. Another fact which confirmed the existence of Saivite sanctity is that, about 2000 years ago, the celebrated sage Vilivamgalath Swamiyar witnessed the dancing of the God Siva at the spot where the *Pindum* rests, and the Sage ordained the performance of pujas on Sivarathri day as a perpetual remembrance and a chance for worshippers to attain forgiveness of their sins.

The festival lasts, at most two days. One morning one awakes to the fact that thousands of people have stolen up to the sands during the night, and on the morning following the second night the crowds have melted away—

"from the sands that were lamp lit at eve and at morning are level and lone"

D. D.

The Training of the Child.

In Mrs. Beecher Stowe's immortal book, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, we are introduced to a little girl named Topsy who when asked her antecedents replied, "I specks I growed." She knew nothing of the mysteries of birth and death. She saw animals and people alive and she had actual evidence of the growth of plants and so she probably considered that she was a plant of some kind and "growed." But, as a matter of fact, are there not thousands of children, especially in this India of ours, who are merely allowed to grow up like an untended plant? I say untended advisably, for the scientific gardener knows that plants require care and assistance and treatment if they are to produce the best results. Let us think of the plant in the wild wood. It springs up from a seed and from its birth has to struggle for life by competing with other plants near it. Let us suppose it is a mango seed thrown a day after some person has eaten the fruity portion that enclosed it. The seed thus thrown lies on the surface at the soil and when the rain comes is perhaps only partially covered with earth and when the pericarp is decayed strikes its roots into the soil, and gains nourishment and grows up into a tiny plant. All around it are other plants struggling for existence and preventing its development. Some times, the environment of the mango plant is so adverse to its welfare that it succumbs to it and dies or at the

best grows up stunted, misshapen or feeble and is mostly unproductive. On the other hand a scientific gardener selects his seed and when the season is favourable for planting he digs a deep pit, enriches the soil with manure and plants his mango seed. On the plant appearing above ground, the gardener sees that weeds do not obstruct its growth, that it is watered during dry weather and sheltered from the sun, and that there is sufficient room for the tree to spread and develop. He possibly prunes it of too much foliage and so on and so on, till the plant grows into a strong vigorous tree and yields fruit in due season, which repays the gardener for the trouble taken. If a plant requires so much care and attention, does not a child require infinitely more? Not only have the parents to look to the physical side of the child, see, that it is supplied at stated periods with suitable nourishment, that it is weaned at the proper time, that it is kept clean, that it is guarded from contagious and infectious diseases, that it is given a sufficiency of fresh air and exercise, that it is assisted judiciously when it tries to walk, that it is helped in finding appropriate speech, and so on; but that the child is taught to pronounce its words correctly, that it is not allowed to be terrorized by ignorant servants, who to quiet children and hush them into an awed silence threaten them with imaginary bogie men. As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined, and as a child is brought up when young will be mature. In India, the parents of children do not give sufficient thought to the physical development of the child, altogether forgetting

that the physical texture is closely associated with the moral and mental side of a child. I think it is Lawrence Sterne, who said, "A body and its soul are like a jacket and its lining, if you rumple the one you rumple the other." It is good to have a sound mind in a sound body. To have a giant mind in a weak body is like Hercules rowing in a rotten boat too small for him. Every stroke of the oar threatens his life. Children should be suitably fed and clothed. They should be spoken to in the best language the parents are capable of. Instead of parents endeavouring to get down to the child's level in habit, mode of speech, etc., they should endeavour to train the child to copy theirs. Mentally, the parent on the other hand should try to visualize from the child's point of view to understand the child and then to correct that view if necessary. Unless parents learn to do this there will always be a breach between the parents and the offspring. When Benjamin West's mother kissed him when he showed to her a childish drawing, it stimulated endeavour and that kiss made him a painter. A less discerning mother would probably have said "O, don't worry me with your silly drawing"—and have killed the child's ambition. It is Oscar Wilde, who says "children first love their parents, they then judge them and never forgive them." There is a world of truth in that remark and the worst of it is that it is a tribunal from which there is no appeal. That the hearts of children are only too often sealed books to their parents is one of the tragedies of life. As E. Romanes says:

Current Comments.

The Silver Wedding of Their Majesties King George and Queen Mary has been made the occasion for affording education to the children of Indian Soldiers, who have fallen facing the enemy in the war or succumbed to disease or wounds. To Lady Chelmsford is due, apparently, the credit of suggesting that the gifts to Her Majesty from India in celebration of her wedding should be devoted to finding provision for educating the orphans of deceased Indian Soldiers; and Queen Mary with characteristic feeling and liberality approved of the proposal. We have no information as to the amount that will be collected, but it is sure to be considerable, and sufficient to establish a permanent fund for the purpose it is intended for. The Native Princes of India have subscribed largely to the gift to Her Majesty.

In these democratic and socialistic days, when Monarchy is at a discount and thrones and principalities are trembling to their fall, it is unique that in Great Britain the King is still a power. He is the unifying force that links the Colonies with the Mother Country, and this great Dependency of India to the throne. Indians have always evinced a reverence for the "Divine right" of Kings; and so long as the King is the father of his people, Indian loyalty is assured. His Majesty King George V. is bound by ties of real knowledge to the Indian people. Both as Prince of Wales and as Crowned King of England and Emperor of India, his Majesty is known to his Indians subjects; and with an insight which was as profound, as it was rare,

"The web of things on every side
Is joined by lines we may not see;
And, great and narrow, small or
wide,

What has been governs what shall
be."

The last line embodies a very serious thought. Unless parents are the real friends of their children, their greatest confidants and their comrades—and it must be understood that it is the parents who must try to be all this—the future of a child might be seriously jeopardized. It is not enough if we feed our children, get them educated in a school, dress them well and launch them into life, perhaps into some career for which the lad is absolutely unfitted—and the girl married to some man with whom she has no affinity. We must know our children and teach them to confide in us and we must act in co-operation with them. Boys and girls brought up in a haphazard fashion and provided with all that is valued in a material sense may go on in a groove; nothing derails them, but if some disturbing factor comes along disaster results.

Ease, bliss and beauty which begets

A faltering trust in things that be!

Are like the blossoming gardens set

Down by the sea;

They flourish till some night wind blows,

The whelming tide across the sand

And buries tulip, pink and rose

In salt and sand.

R. L.

the King declared that the way to govern this continent of many races, languages and castes successfully was for the British Power to show more sympathy in its rule. Differ as they may in race and caste, there are only two great religions in India, Hinduism and Mohammedanism. Religion is the unifying factor which makes all Indian, who are not Mahomedan brothers; and the fraternal feeling so powerfully inculcated in the Koran makes Mahomedans the world over one kin. Really there are but two nations in India, Hindus, Mahomedans, and these two are Indian, in love of country, so that, notwithstanding the religion which divides them there is actually only one Nation; and that nation ruled in a sympathetic spirit by Britain owes its allegiance to the King and is linked indissolubly with England.

Among the distinguished Indian rulers who have contributed to the Queen's Silver Wedding is Her Highness the Begum of Bhopal—to whose capital the Viceroy paid a visit this month. His Excellency at the banquet given in his honor said:—"Your Highness has on this occasion of my visit to the State offered to me for war expenses the generous contribution of Rs. 50,000 annually for the duration of the war." The Begum has consistently and devotedly placed all the resources of her principality at the disposal of Government. She is the one woman Native Ruler in India, and her administration of her State is without reproach. "Your Highness' interest in the Education and welfare of women", said the Viceroy, "is well

known. The women of India have ever looked to Your Highness as the only ruler of their own sex for help and leading and they have not looked in vain." That a Mahomedan lady has been an able and just ruler under all the limitations of the Gosha system is no small achievement, and among the 300 millions of India there must be many possible Begums of Bhopal, so far as ability, self-sacrifice and kindness to humanity are concerned, and only education is needed to reveal the potentialities of rich women.

At the Annual meeting of the National Indian Association held at London on the 6th June under the chairmanship of Sir James Meston, he laid stress on the vital necessity of educating Indian girls. He said he did not expect to live to see every Indian woman exercising a vote, but he maintained that reforms in India would only go a short distance unless they carried the women of India with them. That is so. The state of Education in India at the present time is most unsatisfactory, owing to the fact that while the men become enlightened and educated, the women remain ignorant, conservative and superstitious; and unable to give the home education to their children which is so essential to youthful training. Not that Indian women are stupid or averse to being taught. Caste limitation, early marriage and unreasoning convention are in the way; and the National Indian Association devotes its activities towards removing these retarding influences. At the meeting in London, Lady Pinhey told of an amusing personal experience illustrat-

ing the keenness displayed by an Indian girl for "more light"—mentioning that during the intervals of a long betrothal ceremony, she devoted her attention to the study of arithmetic. Lady Pinhey, who appears to have had a long acquaintance with India, said that in Rajputana, she had met with women in zenanas who impressed her with their shrewd knowledge of the management of and finance of their Estates, while in strict purdah.

It is too often thought in England that the Indian woman is a down-trodden slave. It is an erroneous idea of the position of women here. Every where in India, women, purdanashin or not, exercise a very powerful influence on their mankind. The reason why Social Reform has not advanced more is because the women, not being educated, resist social changes. It follows therefore that before Social Reform, in marriage, in the purdah, in social intercourse, in the freedom of women, can be brought about, woman should be educated enough to appreciate her true position and responsibilities as wife, mother and citizen in the body politic. With Social Reform, then, political advancement is more than half achieved.

Mr. Bupendranath Basu, the well-known Indian representative on the Secretary of State's Council, endorsed Lady Pinhey's remarks and observed, "The emphasis laid upon sympathy by His Majesty the King Emperor when leaving India after the Durbar visit had greatly impressed the people of this country." Mr. Basu admitted that the seclusion of women was a

barrier to sympathy in practice, and he welcomed the feeling now growing that it was no longer possible to restrict the liberty of women. But after all it is only a comparatively small proportion of women who are strictly behind the purdah; and it is a most hopeful sign that Girls' Schools are increasing in the Native States, and that the education of women is slowly spreading. It is in the Provinces of the British Government that the Education of girls and women lags, and if more energy and money were spent in primary education and less on buildings and establishments, the education of women would be accelerated. Miss G. J. Beck who is carrying on the work of the N. I. Asso., which was started by Miss Carpenter and continued by Miss Adelaide Manning, is devoted to her work. Miss Beck succeeded Miss Manning. Mrs. N. C. Sen is an Indian lady much interested in the association and it is a society which deserves the cordial sympathy and assistance of all Indian ladies of means or position, who have emancipated themselves from the restraining bonds of caste and conservatism, and desire to emancipate and educate their sisters.

The New Training School, which opened at Delhi under the auspices of the Association of Hospital Visitors and Maternity supervisors, and which owes its initiation to H. E. Lady Chelmsford, is calculated to ameliorate the condition of expectant mothers and infant children in no small degree. Special health visitors and midwife supervisors will be employed to do maternity and infant welfare work.

The rate of infant mortality in India is so excessive that it compares unfavourably with every other part of the world. One third of the number of babies born in Madras, for instance, die in the year of their birth. The Health officer declares that this is owing to the ignorance of the vast majority of women, who know neither to regulate their own lives through pregnancy, nor how to bring up an infant while barbarous methods of midwifery add to the mortality, to say nothing of insanitary surroundings, superstitious practices and poverty. The school at Delhi will train hands to deal with these evils. Madras also has started a small scheme of health visiting and maternity supervision, which is under trial. It is a matter which Indian Ladies of wealth and standing could do much to further, either by personal endeavour or by contributing to the funds of the school.

The War seems to be—what shall we say, approaching a termination, or is it rather that the German effort and object of reaching Paris and Calais have failed? If the German people's and the Australian people's faith in the Kaiser and the Austrian Emperor remains undiminished, in spite of the failure to crush France and England, the central Empires together will, with what Germany has gained in Russia and the Balkans, be able to maintain the struggle for years to come. It does not seem likely that the German navy, second to England's in strength, will be allowed to remain unused before Germany sues for peace. The task before the Allies is

to push Germany out of France and Belgium and to the gardens at Potsdam before Peace can be insisted on. It is impossible to say how or when the war will end. A revolution in Germany would be decisive and peace would follow at once. The Prussian military caste must be brought to its knees. The bulk of the German people are the veriest slaves of this military class, and are probably sick of the War, and, if their belief in the invincibility of their War Lord is once shaken, woe to him. The tragedy of Russia and her Emperor is likely to be repeated in Berlin.

On the Indian Reforms known as the Montagu Chelmsford Reforms, we don't wish to pass any opinion; But we may express the hope that our Indian fellow countrymen will do their utmost to cooperate with the Viceroy and Secretary of State in bringing about a *modus vivendi* acceptable to the United Kingdom and to this country. India and England cannot exist apart. Without India, England has no empire. Without England, Indian unity would dissolve like morning mist.



Book Reviews.

Some Happenings By H. A. Vachel. (Murray, London.) It is not an easy achievement to write a good short story. It wants a Bret Harte or a Rudyard Kipling to pass muster in this respect. Mr. Vachel writes interesting short stories, and those under the title of "Some happenings" are readable but bear indications of studied workmanship. If to be natural is to be gentlemanly, to be natural and unrestrained in writing is to be artistic. In Mr. Vachel's stories the effort is too apparent. His characters are automatic and are unable to dance to the author's piping. "He does not delineate a character so much, as he constructs it from odds and ends, but he is aided with a true sense of proportion and verisimilitude. The stories deal with people in California, a locality that is out of the beat of the ordinary reader, and although most experienced readers are unable to determine the end of the story from the very beginning, one is impressed with the climax which turns on some auspicious circumstance. The tales are light and will satisfy most readers who require something amusing and probable.

Mashi and other stories by Sir Rabindranath Tagore (Mac Millan & Co.) These are all short stories translated from the original Bengali. There is no plot in them. They convey no direct moral. They are "mere happenings" in the lives of the superstitious and reverent people of Bengal. The tales are of trivial happenings, but through them all runs a spiritual inspiration which appeals to

the deeper emotions. They are illustrations of the primitive life of the people in Bengal without the push and hurry of the west. *Mashi* is the opening story and is pathetic in the extreme. A dying man is led to believe in the love and devotion of a selfish indifferent wife, and though at last he is undeceived by the blunder of a servant, the illusion is forced upon him to the very end. "The Postmaster is a very human story and one's heart aches for the lovely neglected girl in the story. *Sabhu* is the idealization of a dumb girl given in marriage, who makes the animals of the domestic menage her companions and friends. The *River Stars* reveals the Hindu temperament towards religious ideals. *My Fair Neighbour* is an amusing little Comedy, though the trust and Confidence of a friend leads to a deep and tragical disappointment. Sir Rabindranath is not popular with the average western reader. He is *tavare* to the multitude and his subtle delineation of character appeals only to the initiated. "Mashi and other stories" are totally unlike short stories of the west. They are thus unique.

Dreams. What they are and what they mean. J. W. Wickwar. Ordinary dream books pretend to interpret dreams on a stereotyped plan, but in this work the writer deals with a fascinating subject in a lucid way. Mr. Wickwar gives an intelligent and commonsense account of the occurrence of dreams, their nature and the natural limits that should be placed on their interpretation. In a section on "the new meaning of

dreams", the writer ably explains the common but puzzling question, "What does the dream mean?" It is a very remarkable fact that dreams have played a large portion in the history of humanity. Our readers will remember the dreams in Old Testament history. In the New Testament, dreams pray a vital part; so vital that had not the dreams been attended to the course of Christianity in the world might have been altered. The dreams were compelling in their nature, and demanded attention and compliance. Fiction is full of the influence of dreams. We have all read Byron's "Dream" in which he says:—

"Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide world of wild reality;
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy."

Physiologists tell us that in sleep we should not dream if the two lobes of the brain we possess were all drained of blood and inactive and we were locked in sleep. This perfect sleep few of us obtain and if only one lobe of the brain is not quiet empty of blood, cerebration goes on and we dream. Says the author, "memory, including latent inherited ideas, temperament and environment, has some part to play in the control and quality of dreams." Dreams are also varied by locally exciting causes. The psycho-analytic interpretation of dreams, which is derived from Teutonic authors mainly, has been much in vogue. The symbolical interpretation of dreams is as old as history. We may remember in this connection the 7 lean and 7 fat kine of Joseph's

dream, which were symbolical of 7 famine years and 7 years of abundant harvest in Egypt. There is a good deal of sound philosophy in Mr Wickwar's little book which throws much light on obscure facts of human experience.

Historical Sketches of Ancient Dakkan by K. V. Subramany Ayyar, (G. A. Natesan & Co.) The author is an English graduate, a tamil scholar, an Epigraphist and a member of the Royal Asiatic Society. The book is an important contribution to the early history of Conjeevaram, the history of the Pandyas and that of the Cholas in South India. An account is given also of the Rahatiyas of Warrangal. Though not altogether free from faults of omission, Mr. Subrahmany Ayyar has achieved a distinct success in serving up in popular readable form information that lies buried in official tomes not easily got at by the general public. History has been defined as a dry-as-dust record of names and dates, dynasties and wars; but they can be made interesting by dealing with the civic and social conditions of the people the period dealt with. The author does this with regard to the Dakkan in its religious, political and social aspects. It is well that Indians of education are causing an interest in historical research. History was neglected in ancient India, and an educated Indian bent on historical research has a greater likelihood of discovering the real history of the past than any student from Europe.

The Sive Sarada Stree Samajam.

The fifth anniversary of the Sive Sarada Stree Samajam was celebrated in the hall of the "Vani Vilas institute," Bangalore on Saturday the 17th August. There were present a large number of English and Indian Ladies numbering about 400 ladies. Mrs. Cross Barret presided. After the welcome song and invocation, Sreemathi, R. Kalyanamma the Honourary Secretary read the annual report both in English and Kanarese. After this, five little girls enacted a Kanada drama named "Lakshmi Rani" very nicely. Mrs. Cross Barret made a speech. Then Mrs. K. P. Puttanna Chetty thanked the Chairman and other ladies on behalf of the Samajam. After garlanding the Chairman, flowers were distributed to the ladies present. The successful function came to a close with the singing of the Mysore and British National Anthems.

CHAIRMAN'S SPEECH.

Mrs Puttanna Chetty and ladies,

I wish to thank you for the honour you have done me, in asking me to take the chair today.

I have listened with the greatest interest to the proceedings of the Samajam which your energetic secretary read, and realize fully that your society is doing most valuable work in the best interests of womanhood.

Women have played a most important part in the History of the world, and their influence is recognised by the quotation, "The Hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

We were influenced by our mothers and our children will similarly be influenced by us, so that the higher ideals we set ourselves to attain, the higher will be the standard and progress which our children will attain. We are "Stewards in trust" for those who follow us, and therefore our motto should be "Progress"

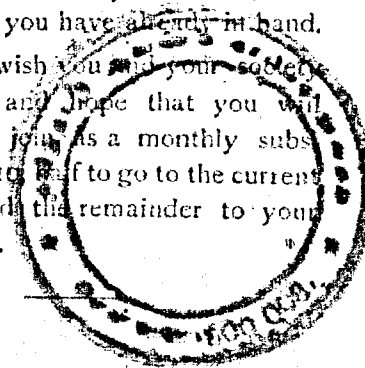
Your Society is doing most excellent work and I congratulate you heartily on your success. There are two points, however, on which I would like to offer you my opinion.

1st; May I earnestly advocate the study of English, because the most enlightened and best papers are published in English, the reading of which would be of great help to us all in our efforts to progress.

I, like many English women, take a great and deep interest in our Indian Sisters, but owing to the language can converse only with those who know English. I know Hindustani, but that is not of much value in these parts; here, where you have some 5 different languages, it seems to me that there should be one common language, to enable us to exchange views and to make that progress we are striving for.

My second suggestion is not to expand into too many branches, but perfect what you have already in hand.

Finally, I wish you and your society all success, and hope that you will allow me to join as a monthly subscriber at Rs. 10. I will go to the current expenses, and the remainder to your building fund.



News and Notes.

WOMEN WORKERS.

In Germany, says *Engineering*, female labour is being utilised in many industries hitherto considered unsuitable for it, and among these is ironfounding. The managers were met at the outset with the problem of instructing the new recruits in their work, the old plan of putting a woman to work with a skilled man, or under a foreman, was naturally tried first; but it was not found to be satisfactory. Apart from any possible disinclination of the man to pass on the fruits of years of experience to the new comer, was the fact that he might have no skill in teaching. He entered the foundry young and had imbibed the elements of his knowledge quite unconsciously, so that he did not realise where it was necessary to begin. His very terms and expressions were an unknown language to his pupil, and he failed to make himself intelligible, however zealous he might be. After many failures had been experienced, a new method was tried; the more intelligent and successful of the early recruits were appointed as teachers and as they understood the difficulties which they had encountered, they were able to explain, by word and demonstration, to the later comers what it was that was expected of them and how it was to be attained. In some cases women of higher social standing and intelligence were enlisted and after being carefully trained were deputed to instruct the others, and this plan was followed by greatly improved results. The moulding of light articles should be easily done by

women on account of their delicacy of touch and general deftness of manipulation, but heavy moulding is another matter and German experience shows that women cannot equal the output of men, even when they adopt men's attire, and good arrangements are made for their comfort. Still, women can be employed at almost all descriptions of work except the heaviest and at some job in connection with the cupolas and pouring the metal. In the production of green cores on machines, women soon surpass in output the younger male hands, from 17 years to 18 years, formerly employed at this work. It has been found very advantageous to put women into gangs; their anxiety to do equally well or better than the others increases their output; the task of learning becomes simplified, and it is easier to single out and remove those less efficient. In the foundries, women have also been employed for fettling at the emery wheel and for sand blasting, but it is not always easy to find women physically suitable for these purposes. As regards the wages of the female hands, the German practice in engineering or mechanical work is to fix the female piece tariff about one-third lower than the male tariff. This has not been found satisfactory in the foundry, where women have the same tariff as the men.

NEW WOMAN PASTOR.

Another woman has been appointed as a minister, the Rev. Margaret Crook, B.A., of Oxford, having accepted a unanimous invitation from the congregation of the Norwich Unitarian

Church to become the pastor. Miss Crook, in an interview, expressed herself as "very keen to see women enter upon the work of the ministry," and she declared that Miss Maude Royden's appointment as co-pastor at the City Temple had given the cause a great fillip. The new minister has had a distinguished scholastic career. She took the London B.A., in Philosophy with first-class honours in October, 1913. In October, 1914, she entered a College in Oxford, for the three years' theological course in preparation for the ministry, and took the annual examinations there in the first class each year. Last June, she received the formal welcome into the ministry at the usual valedictory service in the college chapel. Since then, she has been preaching in many parts of the country. Miss Crook has spent two separate periods in France among the refugees in the Somme valley, working in connection with the Society of Friends, and she also did considerable propaganda work for the same object during a recent visit to America.

THE LATE MRS. TENNANT.

A VICTORIAN GRAND DAME.

As the cable has told us, the death occurred on the 27th April, in her 99th year, of Mrs. Gertrude Tennant, of 2, Richmond-Terrace, Whitehall, eldest sister of Colonel Clarence Collier, Bombay Staff Corps, and Colonel Herbert Collier, Hussars.

A writer in the *Times* describes this lady as a notable survivor of the *grandes dames* of the 19th century and adds:—

She was the eldest daughter of Vice-Admiral Henry Theodosius Browne Collier (1791—1872) fourth son of Sir George Collier (1732—1795), M. P. for Honiton, 1784, Vice-Admiral of the Blue, Commander-in-Chief at the North—who distinguished himself at Penobscot Bay, July, 1779, in the American War of Independence—and brother of Sir Francis Augustus Collier, C.B., K.C.S., K. L. H., Rear-Admiral of the White, who died as Commander-in-Chief in the East Indies, in 1849.

Mrs. Tennant's mother was Harriet, first cousin of Admirals William Bowles, Edward Augustus and Charles Colville Frankland, and daughter of Mr. Robert Nicholas, of Ashton Keynes, Wilts, M. P. for Cricklade, F.S.A. Chairman of the Board of Excise for upward of 32 years, by his wife Charlotte, daughter of Admiral Sir Thomas Frankland, fifth baronet, who descended from Frances, fourth daughter of Oliver Cromwell. Mrs. Tennant was thus seventh in direct descent from the Protector. Gertrude Barbara Rich Collier was born on the 4th November, 1819, at Newcastle Lodge Galway, her father, the Admiral being at that time stationed in the vicinity. She was baptised on the 18th April, 1820, in the Parish Church of Stoke Damerel, near Plymouth, one of her god-mothers being her mother's friend, Lady Rich. In 1823, when about four years old, she went with her parents and her eldest brother, afterwards Captain George Baring Browne Collier, R. N., to Honfleur, where she began her education at a convent. Removing to Paris in the following year, she remained there with the family until she returned at the age of

24 to London. There, three years later, she was married to Mr. Charles Tennant (1796—1873), M.P. for St. Albans, D.L. County Glamorgan of 2, Richmond Terrace, Whitehall, and Cadoxton Lodge, near Neath, Glamorgan, whom she had first met in Paris, when only five years old, at the house of the celebrated Cuvier. Charles Tennant was a great philanthropist, interested in all that tended to the real improvement of the people, and, as the titles of some of his books indicate, an authority on finance, statistics, and economics. He completed the construction of the Tennant Canal—which opens up a navigable line through about 20 miles eastward of Swansea up to the Brecon hills, and terminates at Port Tennant, at Swansea Harbour—begun by his father, Mr. George Tennant (1765—1832) J. P., D.L., of Cadoxton Lodge, in 1817, and finished by June, 1824.

Possessed to a marked degree of intellectual curiosity and a wonderful memory. Mrs. Tennant was deeply versed in French and English literature; and she inherited her mother's pronounced talent for painting derived in turn from both the Nicholas and the Frankland ancestry.

The house in Whitehall was long famous as the meeting place of political, literary, artistic celebrities, and John Bright and William Ewart Gladstone were constant visitors. In these frequent social entertainments, Mrs. Tennant after her husband's death in 1873, was often assisted by her favourite cousin, the late Hamilton Aide (1826—1906), son of the Greek Minister, George Aide, by Georgina, sister of Admiral Collier. Retaining her re-

markable memory for details until the last, Mrs. Tennant could recall, in the present year, her father and mother frequently dinning with Louis Philip, when he was living quietly in the Bois de Boulogne, and having himself, as a child, danced at the Court of Charles X (who reigned from 1821 to 1830.)

Soon after the marriage in Westminster Abbey, on the 12th July, 1890, of her daughter, Dorothy Tennant, already distinguished as an artist, to Sir H. M. Stanley, the explorer, Mrs. Tennant accompanied them on a highly successful lecturing tour through the United States and Canada. In the following October, undeterred by the fatigues of such an experience, she again accompanied them in the second lecturing tour through Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania.

In 1865 Mrs. Tennant edited "France on the Eve of the Great Revolution: France, Holland, the Netherlands, a Century Ago," by her grandfather, Admiral Sir George Collier, being notes of his visit to the Continent in 1773.

Mrs. Tennant's surviving children are an only son, Mr. Charles Coombe Tennant, J. P., of Coxton Lodge, whose eldest son, George Christopher Sero-cold Tennant, second Lieutenant, Welsh Guards, a brilliant Greek scholar at Winchester, was killed by shell fire at the third battle of Ypres on the 4th September, 1917; and three daughters, Alice, Lady Stanley and Evelyn widow of F.W.H. Myers, the writer and poet and one of the three founders of the Psychical Research Society.

ROYAL SILVER WEDDING. A GIFT FROM THE WOMEN OF INDIA.

The following appeal is issued by H. E. Lady Willingdon in connection with the Royal Silver Wedding Fund for promoting the education of children of Indian Soldiers who have fallen in the war:—

Upon the occasion of the Silver Wedding of Their Majesties, the King-Emperor, and Queen-Empress, Her Imperial Majesty has graciously signified her willingness to receive a Silver Wedding present from the Women of India which is to take the form of a fund for promoting the education of children of Indian soldiers who have fallen in the war.

H. E. Lady Chelmsford has asked for the help and co-operation of the Women of Bombay Presidency which, I feel sure, will be forthcoming in the same liberal manner which this Presidency has invariably shown.

It is hardly necessary for me to point out that, apart from forming a gift to Her Imperial Majesty, any contribution from you will be some small return to the Indian soldiers who have been fighting for us in various theatres of the war and, at the same time, your money will be spent in advancing the education of many hundreds of Indian boys and girls. May I ask you, therefore, to give as much as you can?

Perhaps in the place of money you may be able to spare a piece of jewellery or have some shares or scrip which you are prepared to part with, if so, they will be most welcome.

All donations in cash, jewellery, etc., should be sent to Mr. J. E. Jackson, C. I. E. Silver Wedding Fund, Women's Branch Depot, Mayo Road, Bombay, who has most kindly undertaken to receive and acknowledge them and keep me advised of what has been received. Scrip should also be endorsed in his name.

In conclusion, may I ask you all to make the fund known to every woman throughout the Bombay Presidency and to make the result worthy both of the occasion and object.

MARIE WILLINGDON.

Government House Poona,
July, 1918.

IN MEMORY OF MISS CAVELL. A HOME FOR NURSES.

The first contingent of sisters, nurses, and probationers moved on the 10th June into the pleasant looking house to be called the Edith Cavell Home, built in memory of that very gallant woman, within the grounds of the London Hospital where she was trained.

It is a charming five-storey house, and already has the atmosphere of a home. Each girl and woman in the building, sister, nurse, probationer, or servant, has her own room with her name framed on the door. There is accommodation for 12 sisters, 110 nurses, 12 servants, and one porter. At the opening Lord Knutsford, Chairman of the hospital, called attention to some of the special features in the fitting of the bedrooms—the fixed oak furniture, linen bins, ward robe locks,

dressing table, writing table and long dressing mirror.

The nurses sitting-room has no "institution" taint, it is like the drawing room of a country house, filled with pleasant chintz-covered seats and settees. Here is Sir George Frampton's bust of Edith Cavell, with her habitual look of resolution and kindness. At the other end of the room is a laurel wreath, framing a memorial medallion recording Mr. Asquith's speech in praise of her. Around the walls are little etchings of old London.

The servants too have their sitting-room, pleasantly furnished; upstairs is a "safe deposit" of great lockers for private belongings and luggage. All meals are taken in the nurses' dining hall; but there are facilities for tea-making and for those picnic meals so dear to the nurse's heart.

WOMEN IN WAR-TIME.

One of the effects of the constant growing and strengthening of the Alliance must inevitably be the further speeding up of the general enfranchisement of women, to use the word in its wider application, apart from the purely technical sense in which almost all women are now enfranchised. This is a certain and inevitable consequence of the Alliance, because the closer knit the Allies are, the more their various internal conditions reflect one upon the other. Each of the Allied nations feels that the peace and good of each of the others is in some measure its concern; they take a closer, more personal and more intelligent interest than ever before in one another's doings, and the result-

ant tendency is for forward steps to be taken almost in common, whereas in pre-war days one nation took this step, the other that, and a few decades would pass before it struck people that there was any reason why the women of England should be admitted to some particular liberty, merely because the women of Norway were. War has shaken us out of a great deal of our complaisant nationalism. We see now that if an institution is to be of value to a nation we cannot afford to smile and say "Yes, admirable; very useful; but we have never made use of it"; men see now that a thing is either good or bad, desirable or undesirable, and if it is good they have to find some adequate justification for not adopting it forthwith. When the leading members of Cambridge University recently drew up their protest against the suggestion that women should be admitted to full membership of the University, they brought forward the cases of Harvard and Chicago in support of their alternative suggestion for an affiliated body of women with power to confer degrees; they no longer felt, as they once did, that Cambridge with its traditions and its antiquity and its prestige was a law unto itself. Women representatives will follow on women's franchise in England a great deal sooner than the most confirmed pessimist on the subject once foresaw, because they have already found a footing in America. The lady who was elected as labour candidate for Stourbridge last May may be pointed to some day as the apostle of the movement for women's representation; but in reality the lady at Washington

who found herself unable to vote far or against war and incontinently dissolved into tears will have had for more to do with accelerating English female representation in England. We have had an instance of the rapid effect of one country's moves upon the other in the rapid development of the franchise question in Canada. Things are moving fast; the needs of the day alone are enough to make radical changes among women; there are three-quarters of a million women employed now upon munition making, nine-tenths of the shells with which the British army deals death to German barbarity being the work of women, who before the war began had never handled a machine. This in itself is sufficiently impressive, but it is not all; one has but to glance at any notice advertising vacancies in the W. A. A. C. to realise with surprise what is now confided to women's hands. A casual list of the kind includes a demand for acetylene workers, cashiers, shoe-makers, chaff-cutters, general fitters able to use file, hammer, chisel, etc., tin-smiths with previous experience, electricians for electric departments—to select a few from many mentioned activities. And a list of awards of O. B. E. will show how these and many other functions are fulfilled. One record after another of the deeds which have merited decoration speaks of women's devotion to duty, courage, and high example under danger: a constantly repeated incident being the return to work, or the rallying of workers and restarting of work by those who had been seriously injured by bombs or explosions.

Now we have the question raised

and discussed in Convocation whether deaconesses should not be admitted to a part in the services of the church in view of the death of clergy, present and to come. It is a strange world to which, the exile may hope to return when war is over, one in which there will be much to admire and wonder at, side by side with much that is heart-rending, and only little short of bewildering to such of us as have seen nothing of the transition stages. Much as we admire the resource and good-will which women have brought to the doing of men's work, grateful as we are for the fact that they have kept the country going, we may still sometimes perhaps find cause for congratulation in the fact that the old familiar functions are not entirely swamped by more strenuous needs, those more gracious functions which have been peculiarly, if not exclusively, theirs—the ready graciousness and instinct to help and please which made Her Majesty Queen Mary, when the W. A. A. Corps was attacked, immediately accept the command of the corps and express her wish that they should in future be known by her own name. This was a graceful action which was particularly pleasing amid the ugly noise which foolish talkers were creating, just as it is peculiarly pleasing amidst the stern demands of the day, to find Princess Mary of England on the eve of her twenty-first birthday, distributing badges and service stripes to women agricultural workers, and next day receiving with pleasure a telegram of congratulations from the same women. A Princess's part is perhaps *par excellence*

the duty of supplying the sweetness and graciousness of life, and the English Princesses certainly carry the burden well. Hardly a day passes without some news that one or more of them has made an appearance in connection with some piece of Red Cross work, working in her way as hard and faithfully as any woman in England, feeling, as Princess Arthur of Connaught prettily put it when opening a sale of work the other day, that "there is no more important work, for those of us whose part it is to watch and pray at home for our brave armies, than the support of the Royal Red Cross." Princess Mary goes farther still and besides what may be called her professional work as a Princess holds an ambulance class herself and works regularly in a munitions workers' canteen, thus happily blending the new and old traditions of womanhood, of work and gracious service. Happy the country where womanhood from the highest to the lowest is thus in sympathetic touch, ministering one to another and both to the needs of the nation.

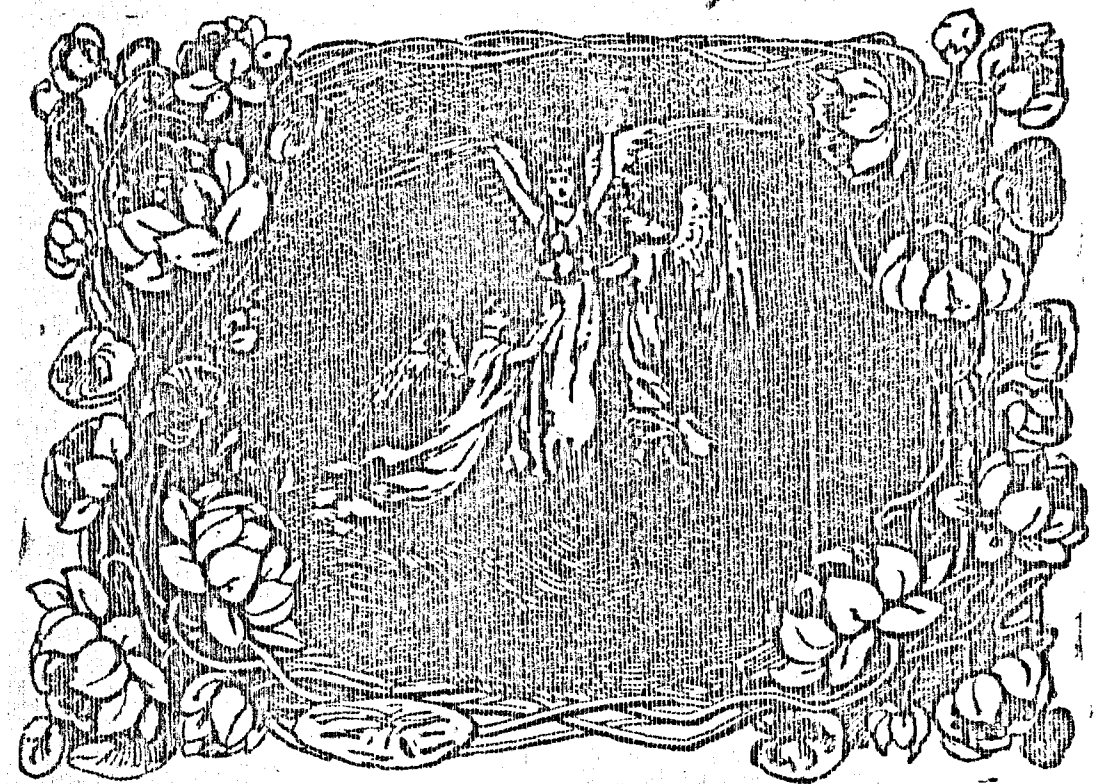
The Place of English in Indian Women's Education. Mrs. K. D. Rukmani Ammal, a graduate of the Madras University and Principal of the Government High School for Women, Bangalore, made an able and eloquent speech in the Mysore Economic Conference against a resolution to make vernacular the medium of instruction in the education of Indian Women. Speaking with all the weight of her personal and practical experience as a teacher of standing, she rebutted all the arguments urged by

the advocates of this retrograde principle. "If," she added, "the change is urged on grounds other than educational, it is but right that the new principle should be first introduced into the system of education for boys, and let it be simultaneously tried in the case of both boys and girls so that they may stand or fall together." She urged that the main hindrances to the spread of women's education arose from social customs like child marriages and not from English being the medium of instruction. On the contrary, in several girls' schools the addition of the English to the curriculum attracts more girl scholars. Going to the root of the matter, she said: "As regards the third argument that the present curricula of studies have not been framed to suit the special needs and requirements of Indian girls, it is argued that home is the centre of women's activities and as such their education should consist exclusively of the study of domestic subjects like cookery, laundry, domestic economy, etc. This is what I may term far want of a better phrase the domestic ideal of women's education, a very ancient ideal no doubt; it may satisfy men but not women educated on modern lines. As this ideal urges upon the necessity to train our girls to become 'good wives and wise mothers,' it may reasonably be asked what attempts if any are proposed to be made in our schools and colleges to train our boys to become 'good husbands and wise parents.' To be sure, higher education means something more than aiming at domestic polish on the part of both boys and girls. The fact of the matter is that Indians, even educated men, are as yet very far from appreciating the importance of women having equal rights and opportunities with themselves. At the same time, we have passed the stage at which it was fashionable to cry down women's education. So, some education is to be devised for them which will confirm them in their ancient role of 'good wife and mother!'



The opening of the Medical Missionary School for women at Yellore,
by H. E. LORD PENTLAND.

See page 366.



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

VOL. XVII.]

AUGUST 1918.

[No. 13.]

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth and ease, in waning age ;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage ;
As life for honour in fell battle's rage ;
Honour for wealth ; and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and altogether lost "

SHAKESPEARE.

Cupid and Psyche

A GRECIAN LEGEND.

Aphrodite or Venus, the goddess of Love, was a daughter of Zeus according to one story. But an older version made her the "foam-born," springing from the sea during the tumult, which reigned after the overthrow of Uranus. Venus, charming and beautiful, came to Greece in a chariot drawn by doves or swans. Her best-beloved son was Cupid, a little wanton imp, naked and winged, with a torch to set flame to hearts, and with a bow and arrows, some tipped with gold, and some with lead.

The reign of Venus was all-supreme till the fame of Psyche made Greece neglect her. Psyche was an earth-born maiden, the youngest daughter of a King and Queen, none dared to woo her, because of the wonder of her loveliness. She was indeed so beautiful that men thought she was Venus herself come to earth to shew her charms to mankind. But Venus knew she was nothing of the sort, and was very jealous of her. She called on her son to avenge her and punish her earthly rival: "Inflame her heart with love, but with hottest love for the meanest wretch alive, so that together they may come to poverty and sorrow." Cupid, who was always mischievously inclined, was not averse to play this cruel trick, and he flew off to do harm to poor Psyche. But he was so surprised by her beauty that the arrow he had meant for her dropped on his own foot and so inflamed his own heart with love that he was filled with hot passion for the mortal maiden.

"From place to place Love followed her that day,

And ever fairer to his eyes she grew,
So that at last when from her bower he flew,
And underneath his feet the moonlit sea
Went shepherding his waves disorderly,
He swore that of all gods and men no one
Should hold her in his arms, but he alone;
That she should dwell with him in glorious wise
Like to a goddess in some paradise;
Yea, he would get from Father Jove this grace
That she would never die, but her sweet face
And wonderful fair body should endure
Till the foundations of the mountains sure
Were molten in the sea; so utterly
Did he forget his mother's cruelty."

But the parents of Psyche were very sad, because their daughter could get no one to woo and wed her. So they consulted an oracle of Apollo; and the answer came that she should be dressed in bridal array and left alone on the top of a high mountain. There she would be wooed and won by a husband, of whom the very gods were afraid. Psyche's father dared not disobey the oracle, and so he carried out its dread command. Poor Psyche, left all alone on the mountain, dried her tears with her bridal veil and tried to resign herself to her fate. But her heart trembled with fear; and in pity of her a gentle wind-god softly wrapped her about and laid her on a bed of scented flowers, where she slept the whole night. The next morning, she looked around her with wonder. Close to her was a grove of trees, through which flowed a clear stream; on the banks of this stood a noble house. "The roof of costly woods was borne up by golden and ivory pillars; the floor was paved with coloured marbles, and the walls glowed with pictures intaid in gems and precious metals." As this beautiful house appeared

to be unguarded, Psyche entered and stole on tiptoe from room to room, finding wonderful treasures everywhere. "Who can it be that owns so many rich and beautiful things?" she cried out; and soft voices from invisible persons answered her: "All are thine, Psyche: And we are thy servants, appointed to wait on thee. Command us as thou wilt, and it shall be done." Psyche found this to be quite true and was delightfully attended on by invisible attendants. The day passed as in a dream; and in the night she was joined by her husband, who wished to be invisible to her and left her before dawn. "Dear Psyche," he said, "I am the husband chosen for thee by Destiny. Ask not my name, seek not to see my face; only believe in my love, and all will be well with us."

But Psyche had all a mortal's curiosity and, though she was very happy in her husband's love, pined in her daily solitude. At last she begged her husband to let her see her sisters. Her husband tried to dissuade her; but at last gave in to her, and her two sisters were brought to her house, by the same wind-god, who had carried her there. They became jealous of her good fortune; and gradually wormed out of her the secret of her invisible husband. Then they worked on her fears, and went away, leaving her behind, anxious and terrified. When night came and her husband had gone to sleep, Psyche rose from her bed and lighting a lamp, bent to look at him. What was her delighted surprise, when she saw the sweetest of sights, "Cupid himself in the bloom of youth

and beauty, with ambrosial locks curling about his rosy cheeks, and snow-white shoulders on which his wings were softly folded like flowers!" Beside him were his bow and quiver, from which she drew out a golden-tipped arrow, which pricked her finger and filled her heart with more and more love for her beautiful husband. But a drop of hot oil from her lamp fell on him and woke him up; and understanding everything, he told her that they must part for ever. She besought his forgiveness, but he flew away from her and with him vanished the palace and all its treasures. And Psyche found herself alone in the cold darkness, listening to the last words of her lost love:

"Farewell! though I, a god, can never know
How thou canst ease thy pain, yet time will go
Over thine head, and thou mayst mingle yet
The bitter and the sweet, nor quite forget,
Nor quite remember, till these things shall seem
The wavering memory of a lovely dream."

Cupid went to his mother's house, and there lay ill of love and the wound in his shoulder caused by Psyche's drop of hot oil. Venus discovered how he had deigned to love a mortal maid, and her heart was filled with bitter anger and resentful jealousy. She sent a proclamation through the world that whoever dared to shelter Psyche, would be punished as an enemy of the gods. The poor wandering girl heard of this, and knew that her only hope of salvation was to throw herself on the mercy of the enraged goddess. She did so, and was received by Venus with mocking laughter. The next morning, she was set an impossible task, being bidden to sift apart the different grains from a heap of wheat, barley, peas, beans

and other seeds. But the little ants took pity on her despair, and did this task for her. The next day another impossible task was set Psyche; this also was done with the help of a kind nymph. Again a task was set her; and again she did it with the help of the eagle of Zeus. Thus was Psyche plagued by Venus, till at last Cupid heard of his mother's cruelty. Escaping from his sick-chamber, he flew up to Olympus and begged Zeus to help him to marry a daughter of men.

"Art thou one to ask indulgence at my hands?" asked the aged god. "On which of us, pray, hast thou not played those tricks of thine? But we cherish thee kindly as the spoilt child of Olympus, for all thy faults; and if I grant thy prayer, be mindful of the grace thou hast ill deserved."

Then an assembly of the gods was called, to which Venus had to come. Psyche also was allowed to be present and saw again her radiant lover. Then Zeus spoke about the matter to the gods:

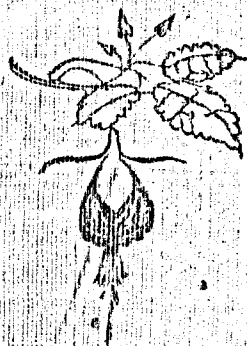
"Gods and goddesses, ye all know this tricky boy, who has grown up amongst us, and whose wild pranks I have often had to chastise. Now he is of an age to settle down. He has chosen a bride among the daughters of men. What is done, is done, and so be it! Thou, mother of love," he turned to Venus, "do not grudge this alliance with a mortal. To make her the equal of her spouse, I raise her among the gods: henceforth let none despise a child of heaven; and thou, Psyche, take from me the gift of im-

mortality, in reward for thy faithful love."

Psyche was given to drink of the nectar of the gods which made her immortal. She was then wedded to Cupid, and even Venus lost her wrath when she saw her son's happy face. We are told that the wedding feast was held in the home of the gods, with the gods themselves as cooks and attendants. "The seasons wreathed their guests with blooming flowers; the graces scattered perfumes; the Muses sang sweetly to Apollo's lyre; and proud Venus herself led the dance." Thus Cupid and Psyche were made happy; and in time to come a daughter was born to them, named Joy, herself later praised and famed in poetry.

In this manner is symbolised in Greek mythology the union of the soul with Love, the outcome of which is joy.

AN INDIAN LADY.



SUN-SET

The violet clouds were black with gloom
Behind a livid light,
As I kept my pensive vigil,
While day gave way to night;

The shallow sky below the clouds
Was green with icy breath,
And nature seem'd like one forlorn,
Who palely droops to death.

When lo! there shot through the rifted mists,
In glancing amber beams,
A sudden radiance from the west
O'erset with ruby gleams;

And the clouds, awaken'd to its kiss
In rosy fold on fold,
And the crystal blue of the kindly sky
Was brave with deep-spread gold;

And with glint of flower and hint of green
Again the land was gay,
As the sun his setting glory left
In trust for the break of day.

Amateur Fishers

My dear Rukmini,

Have you ever gone a fishing? You once told me you could enjoy it, but I doubt your statement very much after the experience I've had lately. So, muster up sufficient courage to wade through the description of my first piscatorial expedition.

We started early one sunshiny morning; the hill-side was dew-pearled, but no lark was on the wing. He had soared into the high blue vault of heaven, hours before the most energetic member of our party had ever thought of bestirring himself. Our fishing tackle consisted of one brand new rod of the latest model, which looked too good to be true, a dozen ordinary really serviceable bamboo rods, a plethora of flies, meat and bread, and least but not last, two and a half experts. The latter was a flapper and so counts for a half only. The rest of the party were raw recruits.

The scene of the drama was laid near the lake about three miles from our starting place. After we had done two miles at a smart swinging trot, we saw a cavalier, gay and *debonnair*, coming up towards us, raising more dust than speed. Some of the party gave him a right royal welcome, more for the sake of his gallant mount than for himself, I fancied, and correctly too. The person who was most vociferous in his welcome, after a little parleying, mounted the gallant steed and away he flew like Lamond of old. On his return the second Bayard mounted and before he had finished

with the charger, the latter seemed ready to shuffle off its mortal coil, such a breath of relief did it heave after depositing the second substantial weight. More horrors yet to come; in a rash moment the owner had promised two more rides, so with a little arrangement of skirts, up went an ex-flapper, who was one of the party, off went her shoe for it would not fit into the long stirrup and the noble steed made straight for the Lake! The rider tugged hard at the reins till she had no hands left, but no! the horse refused to yield. At last she coaxed it to turn, and off it went in the opposite direction at full gallop, the wind-god taking possession of its rider's hat. Somehow with a little *Camouflage*, Pegasus slowed down, and down came the equestrienne in a trice, saying she had had a lovely donkey ride, all the while looking like G. K. Chesterton's professor in "Man Alive." The little flapper then did a gentle walk beside the rippling lake, and a slender reward in the shape of a mango was offered to the war-charger, when without a moment's hesitation, the owner held out his hand and clapped it into his own pocket, while the poor, deserving horse sent a most appealing look after the mango.

We then started business, everyone with an air *au grand sérieux*. The fishing tackle was all unpacked, floats made ready and the bait hooked on in the midst of a great deal of lecturing by one of the rawest of the raw recruits (the others were unaware of his skill in both directions.) The two whole experts briskly marched away up-stream with a sack large enough to

catch a shark, and would have nothing to do with the others, who were left gasping with wonder—

"Oh I wad the gods some giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ither see us".

The half-expert flapper, unlike the two whole ones, without the least bit of fuss, cast her line into the water, began to strike and most unconsciously drew out quite a nice fish, the first catch of the party. The others gazed with the admiration and awe, while the wee fisher was most unconcerned. Then fell a bomb; the grandiose lecturer after all bombast about the "Art of Angling," said he could never collect enough patience to sit still and fish; so, under cover of the Varsity Results, camouflaged to the Post Office, where some of the party knew he was awaiting something more interesting than long, brown covers.

A few feet away sat two people at one hook, arranging *inter alia* that one should experiment for five minutes and then quickly pass the hook on to the other for the next five and so on; but they were to have an equal share of the profits. When it came to the man's turn, he calmly took out his pipe and with gay *insouciance* began to light up, but she instantly objected and the debate went on to the great merriment of the little fish who made hay with the tempting bait while the sun of discussion shone. Voices of dissent arose from several directions; soft though stern tones proceeded from one of the ladies, a very monument of patience, but keen as mustard. As often as she was helped to a new bait, so often did a hungry little fish run off with it without giving her an ink-

ling of its approach, while she looked exactly like a Watteau picture.

Near by was another of a different ilk, who absolutely refused to handle a hook but was satisfied in playing a watching game. She persisted in enjoining silence on the quarrelsome duet, all the while carrying on a most animated conversation with her immediate neighbour, which enthused the others not a little.

The two connoisseurs on the other side pretended to be "combing out" the fish in great numbers and at last there was dead silence—when all of a sudden, wail after wail, shriek after shriek arose, "a cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars", and lo and behold, a lady, instead of fishing out a dainty fish, was tugging at something more solid. Her slender hook was bent in two, she pulled with might and main and what do you think was at the other end? Why, a big, stout, black tortoise, who knew perfectly well that he was *invitee ou non*. He would not let go, and she would not let go and thus the tug of war went on, till Mr. Tortoise in sheer disgust at woman's perversity, suddenly without a moment's notice, dropped flop into the water with a great splash, while with the action and reaction, up flew the hook and perched on a tall tree behind.

In the meantime, Miss Flapper had caught fish after fish with the greatest nonchalance, while next to her stood a round young man, a devotee of Darwin's, who had just learnt about the survival of the fittest. Thinking he was unseen by the others, he took little fish off the hook and

was observing the final death-throes. But our maiden had spied his cruel action and was waiting to punish him. One little struggle, one moment full of life and the next gone beyond recall;—It reminded her of Tennyson's clock that beat out the little lives of men. Quietly she went behind the boy and as he unhooked the next fish, she gently slid the others into the water, unknown to him.

Suddenly, without a note of warning, we saw too great dogs, come swimming right across the lake. Of course this sounded a death-knell to all angling and with short swallow-flights of song, we wended our way homewards.

Our road lay past the German encampment and we met the officer in charge who greeted us with the news that some of the prisoners were ill. "Hurrah", we shouted in deafening chorus and the hills resounded with the echo. The results of our action were fraught with momentous issues, which I shall describe later after hearing from you.

One more incident and I'm done. By the roadside, we saw a man who was crooning,

"Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the bough,
A Flask of wine, & Book of Verse—and thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
And Wilderness is Paradise enow—"

And can you guess who this very *recherche* "Thou" was?

Why a pretty, soft, little monkey-babe. And the Missing Link was not far off!

Eight pages—this is a latter!
Have courage, I'm going to stop.

Yours, with
FISHY REGARDS,
Zim Lazarus.

P.S. I feel a rawer recruit than ever!

Robbers in the Woods.

In the days while I was yet a child and roamed about the woods that skirted my paternal home, there lay a couple of miles south of my native town of T——, a chain of mountains wild and high. Strange to say that these same mountains have before my maturer eyes dwindled into low and rugged hills with scarce any vegetation worth the naming save shrubs and thickets of wild thorn. I had looked upon these hills as I would today on the heights of the Hymalayas or the wild barrenness of the Rockies. Scarcely a thought of wandering among those hills ever struck me. I would as soon have thought of eating the red-berries that so invitingly hung on to the tall trees, and which old N—had warned me against as deadly poison. Poor old N——, he is dead and buried these ten years and more, yet how I remember him and cherish his memory an old man turning young to please and humour me in my whims. How often have I ridden on his shoulders into the woods on sunny bright mornings and spent many a jolly hour in his lonely cottage in his fields. He lived his day and went, poor N——, as his fathers had done before him and the children of men shall do unto the end of the world.

One warm summer's day, a strong gale blew, whirling the slender tops

of the tall trees high in the air till they set up a loud moaning that was most piteous to hear. Many a noble limb of those giant trees was torn from them and hurled to the ground by the wind in its wild career. The distant bamboos creaked and roared before the raging winds. I wanted to go into the woods, but my freedom had been of late forfeited by my recklessness, as my father and mother would call an evil mischance.

I had a fortnight ago gone out with a ragged boy of the village seeking for birds' nests and eggs. On our way I had gazed on an aged tree with hollows as a likely place. To confirm my happy thought, a bird had flown out screaming from the hollow. I had clambered up the knotty old stem and gently plunged my hand in and felt a nest, for I could feel a nest in the darkest of hollows. I had passed my fingers over something slimy and soft and not liking the touch slipped down and told my comrade of what I had thought were unfledged nestlings. None the less, I had warned him of their strangeness. He was a bold lad and I had always respected him as a master-stealer of birds' nests and eggs. Besides, it was he who had initiated me into the mysteries of it. In a trice he had been on the stem and wildly plunged his arm into the hollow. The next instant with a cry of agony he had dropped to the ground. In horror, I had raised my eyes to the spot, but shrunk back in awe, for I had seen a huge cobra furiously rushing up the tree from the hollow, where I had but lately mistaken him for young birds and been providentially saved. My friend, of

course, had died. From that day my movements were closely watched. Whenever I tried to go beyond the limits of my home, I was checked.

Since I could not go alone on this day when the winds were merrily blowing through the woods, I prevailed upon old N——, who was then alive to take me with him to his cottage, a mile to the west of where my father resided. I had spent days and nights in the humble dwelling of the poor foraster. I ever longed to be there to play with his goats and see my father's bulls grazing in the fields. My parents trusted N——, and with him I could go wherever I pleased.

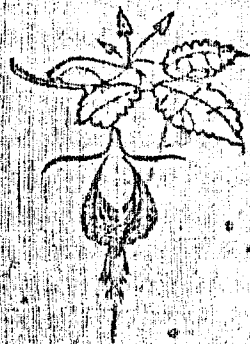
The wind was abating; the moon had risen in the skies and shed a pale light on all the woods. The honest old man and his grandson, a young lad who tended the cattle, had their frugal meal and went to sleep early. I could not sleep and restlessly rolled in my rough bed for ever so long a time. About midnight, a few rough voices whispering about the cottage door fell on my ears. I gently rose up and peeped through the low window. There stood in the open near the cottage a group of rough wild men, confirmedly not of the place, for the glitter of bright sabres in their hands augured nothing good. I had heard my father speak of a band of robbers haunting the woods around our town. But never before had I had view of them. There were full seventeen of them, evil-looking men with rough beards and murderous looks. They stood there and talked in whispers for a few minutes and advanced towards the cottage. I was overcome by fright: I would have cried out but

my voice stuck in my throat. I slipped on to my bed and cowered there under great masses of rough cloth. The ruffians did not come straight in and carry away all they could find there. Nothing could have been easier. But they were too cunning to have the neighbourhood roused by our shouts. They made a variety of queer noises as of cats and dogs. Old N—was awake and catching up his stick went out to frighten away what the poor old fellow thought was a wild cat. In an instant he was in the hands of two ruffians, struggling but feebly. He was bound and gagged. I saw the men coming in. I clambered up and hid myself in the roof. The poor boy was disposed of in the same way as N—, even before he was awake, and for aught I know might have slept none the less sound for the gagging and bonds. I could hear the men fretting and swearing, for they could find nothing worth taking. Then they went up to the cattle shed, where my father's fine pairs of bulls were staked besides old N—'s sheep and goats. I could dimly see what happened in the stalls from where I was. The men took something from the wallets over their shoulders, and applied it to the bodies of the bulls. Then they were engaged for thirty minutes in what seemed to me grooming the bulls. At the end they gathered up something while lying about the bulls and walked away in rude single file shouldering their blades. I could see them steadily plodding across into the woods. When they were out of sight, I slipped down and loosened the bonds of N— and the boy. I could not con-

tain myself at the thought of the robbers coming all the way to groom my father's bulls. I laughed and scampered away to the stalls and saw the ten bulls there apparently as usual. No goats were missing. I went back into the cottage and finding nothing lost we went to sleep.

It was late when I got up the next morning. There was a great bustle all round the cottage. Great groups of villagers were staring at something in the stalls. I ran up to them and saw the bulls lying quite calm enough, but they looked more like those in butchers' stalls than oxen at a farm. They had been flayed alive the previous night. They were red and their eyes stood out wildly gazing at the crowd. They had not raised a single cry during the process. They had been given a herb that had made them not feel the flaying!

T. G.



Street cries in Georgetown, Madras.

Georgetown has succeeded in ridding itself of the name "Blacktown" but it has not been equally fortunate in getting rid of its reputation for odours of a uniquely abominable kind and for its noises. Curiously enough there are many Europeans who live in Georgetown, but they have upstairs rooms and are on the beach where a healthy sea breeze dissipates malaria, mosquitoes, and makes cholera and such diseases rare. Be that as it may, Georgetown smells are in particular places and by ordinary cleanliness in surroundings, unless the house is situated in the street, they may be kept away. But the noises! What can be said of them? "The noiseless and inaudible foot of time" is a figment of the poet's imagination, for noise punctuates ceaselessly and frequently the passage of time. The silences have fled from Georgetown. The passing of tramcars, the tintinambulation of bicycles, the boom of motors, the sputtering of motor cycles, the "high high" of Jutka wallahs, the raucous tones of machines in gramophone shops are all bad in their way, but such is habit that the average human becomes accustomed to these distracting sounds and after a time oblivious of them—; for how is it that poor people are run over in the street so often? Near Niagra, it is said, the inhabitant who has grown accustomed to hearing the roar of the flood is able to hear the smallest whisper, while the visitor's ears are dead to all other sounds than that caused by the fall of the thou-

sands of tons of water. So in Madras the noises referred to pass more often than not, unheeded. But the same cannot be said of the street-cries. They are recurrent, but at longer intervals and differ according to the hour of the day and occasionally the day of the week. Very early in the morning, one sometimes hears the *Sastrakaran* who passes along the street—he does this very rarely—holding communion with himself and at those industrious early-rising people who may chance to hear him at 5 o'clock in the morning. Wide awake to pick and clothes later on, when the *Sastrakaran* wanders down the street rattling a small drum, he pauses in his career and hints at "good fortune news, a visitor from the East and early marriage." This naturally excites the imaginations of those credulous people who trust in the prognostications of the fortune-teller. These people believe that the *sastrakaran* at that early hour is returning from holding a vigil in the burning ground, and that in that gruesome place coming events cast their shadows before and the *sastrakaran* is primed with firsthand knowledge of things yet to be. Of course in the course of two or three days, the astute individual turns up in the day time in the idle hours of the noon, and prophesies to listening women and wondering babies the happenings that are to come to pass. His stock in trade is so well known that I need say nothing about it. After the *Sastrakaran* and quite as early, is heard the cry of *Iddiyappam-pootoo*—rice confections much in demand among Indians and Eurasians of the poorer classes. Nearly as early

is the cry of *Koi mootai* in a shrill feminine voice. Fowls' eggs are meat for most meat-eating Hindus, Mahomedans and Eurasians, and the produce from villages is hawked about at 2 for the anna. After 7 a.m. if any one wants an egg, he must go to the bazaar and probably find tainted ones at 7 or 8 pices each—duck eggs are also hawked about but in the middle of the day; *Yavathe mootai* disturbs lazy ones from their seista or causes the student to swear, so strident is the voice. Close on the heels of the *Koi mootai* follows the screech of the man who sells buttermilk and curds. No word is used, but a kind of high pitched *come* and that signifies curds and buttermilk, neither of which a European would think of adding to his diet. *Appam amma appam* signifies appers, largely used in the dieting of Indians and Eurasians, these cries it must be said are to be heard only in streets with a cosmopolitan population. In Brahmin streets and where only Hindus reside, the cries differ. But to resume—another 3 o'clock in the morning cry is *alla allai oopoo*. *Alloo*, and come shine come rain that dreadful cry reaches one's ears above all other petty sounds. It means I believe "scalded and boiled sheeps trotters"—which Indian Christians, Eurasians and Marthamas buy as stock for the preparation of a culinary dainty. I have not had the courage to examine the dirty basket and pot in which the mess is carried. The milkman does not hawk his produce. But if a resident purchases a measure of milk, he will condescend to trot his cow round and furnish milk at the door at 2 annas a measure, but a blink of

the eyelids and the milk is adulterated promptly with tap water. Hardly has the milk man departed, when the cry of *Baitvaillai, Panchai vaillai, Baitvaillai* is heard, which signifies that a Mahomedan—it always is a Mahomedan—is asking for bed work, cotton work, bed work. This artist will take a coir or cotton mattress to pieces, beat up the coir or cotton and restuff the cloth—all for 8 or 10 annas. He is a useful man for pillow and cushion cleaning and is worth his wage. A louder cry than the bed-cleaners is that of the curry-stone artist, whose cries resemble nothing so much as a calf in pain—*amai polairoa amai* he shouts at the top of his voice as he wanders along, chisel in hand and hammer on shoulder. He has to cry loudly too, for his call to permeate to the servants in the interior, who wish to get the currystone on which the curry-stuff is ground roughened a little. If too smooth, the stone will not grind the *masala* to powder. The stone on which the Hindu housewife grinds her *ooloonthu* and the poor man his *raggi* are also attended to by this man. Then there is the country vegetable seller and the plantain seller, the *pal-malai* seller, the "Sweet meat" man and the "curry puffs, punge cake ma, almond cake ma" man, who is much in demand with children. He sells curry puffs, and sponge cake and almond cake all for three pices each and the *ma* at the end of the cake, is a pseudonym for *maam* as being respectful. The man who hawks salt about uses a mysterious cry which only the initiated can syllable and recognise. *Koi a Koi* is a sign that a man with chickens in a basket

is prepared to trade. *Vatha Vatha* signifies that ducks are for sale and soon and so on. But this paper would not be complete, if it omitted the *kalai poosai taliah* of the peripatetic artizan who leads the copper dishes and utensils so much in use among Mahomedans. He goes about with a small forge and bellows and in a minute or two fixes his appliances in the street, blows his charcoal into a flame and manipulates all the kitchen paraphernalia and makes them shine like silver. The broker is to be heard at all times of the day with his cry which sounds more like a groan. He is waited for by little mites of children, who will sell bottles and old clothes and tins or old shoes or anything that is marketable for a pice or two. A new cry in these days of paper shortage is *palai paperu, palai paperu*. He is not a seller but a purchaser and is willing to trade in old newspapers etc. at as. 10 per viss. Other cries are *maliah* meaning jessamine buds for adorning the hair. A couple of decades ago the writer of this paper contributed a similar article entitled *Madras street cries* to the *Madras Mail*, but he has forgotten what he then wrote. But of one thing he is certain that during this period many of the "street cries" then used are now not known, though some may still linger.

A. P. S.



The Medical Missionary School for Women.

VELLORE, NORTH ARCOT.

(SEE FRONTISPIECE)

It was indeed a grand day in the history of the mission work at Vellore, when we had the unique pleasure of witnessing the opening ceremony of the first medical school for women in South India by His Excellency, The Right Hon'ble Lord Pentland, Governor of Madras, on the 12th of August 1918 at 8-30 in the morning. The Police Band was in attendance.

There was a spacious pandal erected in the compound of the medical school, which was beautifully decorated with gay flags, festoons, creepers. A small platform had been put up right in the centre, with a covering studded with blooming lotus flowers. The union Jack and the American flag were crossed, and were floating on the top of the pandal. There was a large gathering of Ladies and gentlemen of Vellore, both European and Indian, and a few lady Doctors from the medical centres of South India.

The Governor arrived at the medical school by motor, and was received by the Lady Principal, Dr. Ida Scudder and led to the dais.

The ceremony opened with a welcome address by Dr. Kugler, who deemed it more than an ordinary privilege to have the honour of welcoming His Excellency to open the Medical School for Women. It was in the early fifties of the 19th Century that the first Medical School for Women

to be in everyone's hand. The chloroforming of people, the kidnapping of others, especially charming young girls, appeared so easy. How glorious it would be to possess a revolver, to force people to hold up their arms, to rifle their pockets and to decamp. How easy it seemed to disguise one's self. The false moustaches, the concealing wig and beard, the coloured spectacles were all most suggestive and harmful. Such pictures aroused the imagination of the two lads and stimulated, if they did not create, their latent feeling for criminal adventure. The boys discussed the deeds done in India in the way of torchlight dacoity, secret poisoning and drugging and felt themselves capable of deeds of a similar kind. The two friends were intelligent young fellows and though they knew nothing of English they were not entirely ignorant of Tamil literature and had read many Tamil text books. But ever since the cinema—and they used to attend it at least once a week which meant an expenditure of 8 annas besides pice spent in aerated waters and cigarettes—they were growing extravagant. Altogether, the influence of the cinema was not a wholesome one.

Just at this time when the boys' minds were full of romantic deeds of daring—criminals or otherwise did not concern them—they noticed among their batch of operatives in the workshops a young girl named Yellama. She was a mill-hand under the protection of her aged father and the boys were just at that age when the pas-

sions are stirred by the opposite sex. Mill life affords more opportunities to men and women to speak to one another than they would otherwise have; and Yellama was often the subject of remarks by Armogam and Palneyandi, and without showing that she heard such remarks, Yellama thought over and considered them. Armogam and his friend meant that she should hear them. And she found the boy Armogam quite to her mind.

In the meantime Yellama was being sought in marriage by the parents of Balan, a mill-hand about 25 years of age. When this came to the ears of Armogam, he consulted Palneyandi. Yellama was only 15 years of age, but well-developed and straight as an areca nut tree and with flashing black eyes, which shyly greeted the two friends when she was conscious of their admiring glances and silent overtures for intimacy. Every Indian girl looks forward to matrimony and motherhood, and Yellama's father and female relations settled her marriage with Balan. She, though disliking Balan, was resigned to her fate, for who can resist destiny? She never dreamt of objecting, though she thought the more of the dashing and youthful appearance of Armogam.

Armogam was very indignant when he heard of the proposed wedding of Yellama to Balan, and he and his friend determined to thwart Balan and abduct the girl in accordance with cinema ethics. Armogam had a brother-in-law in the Police, who was a constable on one of the mills. The principal bazaarman in the locality was a Mahomedan and licensed to

sell opium. But he was suspected of smuggling opium, though he never gave the policeman an opportunity for detecting him. It was to his interest to keep friendly with the constable who was a privileged eater of as much *pan supari* as he could eat free of charge. Yellama's beauty had inflamed the imagination of Armogam and Palneyandi and when Armogam had coaxed his brother-in-law to put a stopper on the proposed marriage, the constable, who had had a glimpse of Yellama readily agreed to the abduction, after disposing of Balan. The disposal of Balan was a simple matter. The assistant of the Mahomedan Bazaarman was the one thing needed, that was at once secured.

Balan hated the two friends and also was suspicious of the constable, as he had noted their interest in the girl he was to marry; but he was an honest, well-intentioned man and had determined to make a good husband to Yellama. But it was not to be. Balan was absolutely unsuspecting of the Bazaarman. When therefore Balan went to enquire about clothes for the wedding, he selected some which he said he had no money to pay for immediately, but purchased a cloth for himself worth about Rs. 5. Now in the Native Bazaars no cash bill is given for a purchaser and Balan wrapping his cloth in a paper went home and hid it away from the members of his family till he could make all his purchases. This went against him when his house was searched. The fact was that the Bazaarman unblushingly charged Balan with having purloined the cloth in question when examining the others. Armogam was a witness who had seen

the theft and informed the Bazaarman, and so the news reached the police and Balan's house was searched and the alleged theft disclosed. His silence to his people was against him and the final result was three months' rigorous imprisonment. It was the turning point of his life.

During these three months, Yellama was skilfully decoyed away to Rangoon in a steamer by Armogam, who accompanied her. The police constable had been compensated for his trouble. Palneyandi was cheated and it was through him that the whole scheme was divulged, when it was too late and none would believe him. When Balan was released, he learned from Palneyandi of the abduction of his intended wife. Her father, not even suspecting that she had gone to Burma, complained to the Police with no result and became half-witted over his loss. Balan took to drink and deteriorated rapidly and having got, without deserving it, a bad name, determined to earn it by revenging himself on the bazaarman. He could not revenge himself on Armogam, but he could not forget the Mahomedan, to whose bazaar he one night set fire after feeding the roof with kerosine oil. The police soon got on his track; he was committed to the H. C. sessions, where he was tried and got 7 years for incendiarism, after a lecture from the presiding judge. After his release, the Police surveillance sent him to the Andamans for a period of ten years for burglary; and so Balan, from being a sober, hardworking, self-respecting man, drifted into crime; and Yellama? That is another story.

in the world was opened in the city of Philadelphia, U. S. A., and in 1870, the first woman physician came out from the west to the East. In 1878, England allowed women to take their Medical degrees and about the same time Madras opened its first Medical College, and from this institution came out Mrs. Scharlieb who had been very successful. Since then the Medical course for women had progressed and we find two Schools of Medicine in Ludhiana and Delhi, and now this at Vellore. The first Principal of this school was the granddaughter of the first Medical Missionary to India, and a member of a family which had given 84 of its Members to labour in the Service of India.

The next item was a Scripture reading and a heartfelt prayer offered by Rev. Dr. Ferguson. A brief statement was read by Dr. Ida Scudder, who counted it a peculiar privilege to have His Excellency to formally open the women's medical school for the training of sub-assistant surgeons. The original idea of the council was to open a medical college, but the scheme was not entirely abandoned, though it had to be postponed for the time being. There was great difficulty in securing funds during these war times and of gathering the staff of doctors. She showed the great need of opening a medical college for women, because the barbarous methods used by untrained women, and their unscientific treatment, which cause a number of deaths, urge the immediate need for the training of medical women. The buildings proposed to be erected cost nearly one lakh. She had with her there

lakhs of rupees and hoped that Government would come forward with liberal help. The plan of the proposed buildings, provides for the administration blocks, twelve large wards, and twenty private rooms, besides operating theatres, laboratories, clinical and lecture rooms, students' and nurses' hostels, Doctors' bungalows, servants' godowns, and kitchens. Friends of patients will find suitable accommodation. An ambulance is to be used for removing patients, who are seriously taken ill, from the town to the main hospital at the college site. A motor bus will convey the students to and fro daily from the dispensary to the college and will enable friends to visit the patients. The staff is intended to consist of fifteen doctors, four nursing sisters, and Indian assistants, and to train nurses, midwives and compounders as well. The upkeep of such a college and a Hospital will cost a lakh and a half Rs. yearly. She concluded by begging the Government to give them sympathetic and substantial help.

Lieutenant-Colonel R. Bryson congratulated the medical school on the excellent selection of the Principal and professors and said he could find none better and emphasized the importance of establishing a medical college for women, by alluding to the letter of a practitioner from the west coast, a former student of the Madras Medical College, who wrote to say, that in the large district where he was in charge medical attendance was practically nil, and though the women were dying in numbers, they would never for a moment think of being attended by a Scientific medical

man, and so on. He laid much stress on the importance of trained practitioners especially women, to work in large tracts of India, where medical aid is not easily secured, and so welcomed the present idea of the opening of the medical College for women, and strongly advised the Lady Students to make the best use of their opportunities by turning out to be the best first—fruits of the college, and if they obtained fame in life, it must be attributed to their Alma mater. His Excellency Lord Pentland, in reply spoke of the progress, the women of the east had made, and observed that this Presidency had also had a large share in educational work by opening several high schools for girls, and two women's colleges at Madras, and now there was the one for medical students at Vellore, for which Government had lent its assistance. Owing to the war conditions, the Government was not in a position to do much at present, but hoped to help the school, when the war circumstances ceased to exist. Finally, he congratulated the staff and the students, and wished them every success in life.

After a photograph of His Excellency the Governor, with the medical staff and students, had been taken, he went round the class rooms and seemed much pleased with them.

The National anthem was played by the Police Band, and His Excellency left the medical school, when the pleasant function came to an end.

The success of the gathering must be attributed to the untiring efforts and united undertaking of the highly

esteemed Lady Principal, Dr. Ida Scudder and of Miss. Dodd.)

GRACE N. ADISESHIAH.

How Criminals are made.

Armogam and Pulneyandi were close friends. Belonging to the same suburb of Madras, they had grown up together as boys, and were inseparable in mischief, inattendance at school and indulging in surreptitious *betels* (cigarettes). Up to the age of 15—they were more or less of the same age—their friendship was undisturbed and both managed to secure work in the local cotton mills where they earned quite sufficient for their wants. Not that they had the expenditure of their earnings. Both the lads, being orthodox Hindus, were subject to the obligation and responsibilities of an undivided Hindu family. Both the boys had mothers and both of them, dutifully, at the end of each weekly or monthly payment, handed over their money to their mothers, except for a few coppers to pay for *betels* or to attend the cinema shows. This last was a never satiating attraction. The boys usually used to go together and delighted in the serial films which continued for a month or so. To miss one week's picture was to miss a part of the story and the boys often and often discussed the probabilities of the crimes committed. In this country, no one except Europeans possessed revolvers and yet in these cinema pictures the weapon appeared

The Srinivasa Mandiram Ladies' Section.

The unveiling ceremony of the picture of the late Mrs. T. Ananda Rao-Sundaraboyamma, the President of the above section took place on Saturday, the 31st August 1918 at 5 P.M. in the Mandiram in the presence of about 200 ladies. Mrs. Mary Cross Barrett was kind enough to perform the ceremony. The function began with an invocation which was followed by the playing of the Harmonium and violin. Then Srimate Pandit Sundarammal, Headmistress of the Govt. Girls' School, read the life sketch of Mrs. T. Ananda Rao, in Kannada and Sri R. Kalyanamamma, secretary of the Sharada Stree Samajam, in English. Mrs. Cross Barrett then spoke thus:—
"Mrs. A. Gopalachari and Ladies, you have done me a great honour in asking me to unveil the portrait of the late Mrs. T. Ananda Rao. The portrait will help to keep a lively remembrance of her many good works, when those, who knew her and appreciated her value, will have passed away. I hope it will also be a means of helping us to emulate her life and good example." With these inspiring words, she performed the unveiling ceremony amidst the clapping of hands. After the garlanding of Mrs. Cross Barret, and the distribution of Flowers and sandal to the audience present, the Function was brought to a close.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MRS. T. ANANDA RAO- SUNDARABOYAMMA.

(READ AT THE UNVEILING CEREMONY.)

Sow Sundaraboyamma, the well-known daughter of Mr. Rama Rao, the noted Dewan of the Travancore State, was born on the New-moonday of Vaishakha (2nd month) in the year Sidharthi.

Mr. T. Ananda Rao, the son of Sir T. Madhava Rao, the Dewan of Travancore and other noted States, himself a Dewan in his turn, married this illustrious lady, just as Lord Vishnu, (the protector of the Universe) married Mahalakshmi (the Goddess of wealth and prosperity).

The said Sundaraboyamma had ample opportunities to study, both in her father's as well as her husband's house. It need hardly be said that she mastered the five important languages viz., Marathi, Kanarese, Tamil, Malayalam and English. In course of time, she had educated herself enough to discharge the responsible duties of an ideal Hindu housewife.

This happy pair came over to Mysore in the year 1873. There they undertook and executed several patriotic deeds, which are so well-known to the general public that they need no special mention.

Sundaraboyamma became a member of the Ladies' Section of the Srinivasa Mandiram in the year "Kee-laka". From thence forward she continued to do several meritorious acts in connection with this Section.

Mrs. S. M. Fraser, the wife of the then British Resident in Mysore, was

kind enough to preside over an Anniversary meeting of this Ladies' Section. It was on this occasion that Mrs. Ananda Rao was unanimously elected President of the said section.

When Mr. Ananda Rao was elevated to the Dewanship of Mysore, the Ladies' Section took the opportunity of showing its appreciation by presenting a suitable address to its esteemed President. It was on that occasion that Mrs. Ananda Rao promised to help with all her might in the furtherance of the objects of this Section. It need hardly be mentioned that she fulfilled her promises to the very utmost.

It was she, who had the Mandiram and Orphanage buildings fitted with electric fittings. Then again, she organized a Fancy Sale to be held in the Mandiram premises, under the presidency of H. H. THE YUVARANI in aid of the MYSORE IMPERIAL SERVICE LANCERS. It was through H. H. the Yuvarani that the net proceeds of the sale were handed over to the said War Fund.

On every Anniversary day of the opening of the Ladies' Section, a number of orphans was given a sumptuous treat in honor of this happy occasion.

This lady used to be specially kind to the deserving poor. She also used to patronise associations newly started on similar lines. In brief, her sketch is that of an embodiment of good and noble qualities.

Even Pundits came to praise the high qualities in her. Her mind was as pure and untainted as the sacred

water of the holy Ganges.

This kind and generous friend of the poor breathed her last on the 14th day in the Second half of Sravana (5th month) of the year Pingala. Though she is now no more, yet the fair name she has left behind her is sure to last for ever.

Current Comments.

It is one of the most encouraging features of the time that Indian ladies are beginning to exert themselves to ameliorate the condition of the poorer classes in this country, even when those poorer classes belong to the lowest outcaste class, the Panchamas. If Indian ladies would interest themselves in outcastes, their men would follow suit. Not that the higher castes of Hindu men have not done this; but the efforts of their women in the same direction sets the stamp of approval on masculine efforts and renders such aid assured. In every society, the women should lead in the direction of humane and merciful effort. We are led to make these remarks by Miss Chattopadhyaya's dramatic entertainment of the 29th August in aid of the Panchama Poor School, which the good lady has been running in Chin-fadripet in collaboration with her brother. Miss Chattopadhyaya is the sister of the poetess, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu. She has had a distinguished career at Newnham College, Cambridge, and she has apparently considerable knowledge of the methods of the west in relieving poverty and uplifting the poor. People, who decline to spend money in subscriptions to poor funds

and in aid of educational institutions, do not object to attend entertainments and thereby help the organisers of charities to carry out their object. It is a lead which we hope Indian Ladies will follow.

Queen-Mary's Technical School for Disabled Indian Soldiers, which was opened by the Governor of Bombay in May of last year is doing and has done, during the short period of its existence, admirable and enduring work. At the first Annual Meeting held on the 31st July under the presidency of Sir Thomas Burdett Kt., the report disclosed the fact that up to the date of the meeting no less than 257 men had been admitted and that the rate of admissions is about 20 every month. Fifty-nine men were granted diplomas, 29 of whom were found employment by the School on salaries ranging from Rs. 30 to 75 per mensem. The other diploma holders preferred returning to their village houses, where they will doubtless be able to put to a profitable use the trades and crafts for the knowledge of which they have earned diplomas. Disabled soldiers are provided with free food, clothes and accommodation and various trades are taught them, such as elementary engineering, motor-car driving, oil-engine driving, tailoring, carpentering, knitting, shoemaking etc. As soon as a disabled soldier is able to earn something, the Imperial Relief Fund pays him Rs. 6 monthly, as long as he stays in the institution. In addition to his pension. Instead therefore of disabled Indian soldiers living idle and useless lives on account of their condition, they are given an interest in life and

trained and fitted to supplement their well-deserved pensions with side earnings. It cannot be doubted that their children will probably learn something of the knowledge of their fathers and will pursue avocations which caste disabilities often prevent their following.

Dr. Chandrasekar delivered a most interesting address on the 29th August at the meeting of the Indian Presidency Sanitary Association, urging that greater interest should be felt by Indian citizens in maintaining sanitary measures both by example and precept. The *Hindu*, in a leading article published recently, commenting on the Madras Health-Officer's report and that officer's despairing cry on the non-observance of sanitation by the Indian public, said that among high caste Hindus the greatest personal cleanliness was not found to be incompatible with horrible sanitary surroundings. That is quite true. There appears to be something lacking in Hindus, who are particular in the cleanliness of the food they eat and in their clothes and bodies, and who do not pay attention to the cleanliness of their surroundings. A person who will not soil the rim of his *chembu* with his lips in quenching his thirst will still allow that *chembu* to be carried to him by a caste-man who is not particular how he holds it or soils it with dirty fingers. He will receive from the sweetmeat bazaar sweets picked up by the fingers of the bazaarman, which perhaps are none too clean. Cattle will be stabled on the *patal* of a house, regardless of smells and of cleanliness, and children will be allowed to soil the cleanest room

without remark or prevention. Sanitary bins will be permitted to stand near spotlessly clean houses without any apprehension of infection by flies, and vermin in cots and bedding are submitted to without any real effort made to exclude them. A great change in ideas in regard to sanitation is necessary before the masses can cooperate with the authorities in securing and maintaining public health. It is therefore requisite that educated Indians should be very particular in preserving public health. Every intelligent school-boy and girl can assist in this good work—and then the poor and the ignorant will learn how to co-operate with them.

The prices of piece goods have gone up to such a mark that there is really a danger of a cloth famine among the poor, who at the best of times have few changes and who are in consequence compelled to wear dirty clothes. With the high prices prevailing, dirtiness in clothing must increase and dirtiness in clothing spells disease of body. Every effort is being made by the authorities in encouraging weaving and in taking steps to see that profiteering does not cheat the public. The war has taught us many lessons, but the one outstanding fact that has been realized is that Indian industry and craftsmanship have fallen into decay and disuse by a thoughtless dependence on foreign suppliers. But it is not too late to resuscitate the cottage industries of India; more looms are required, and more reliance must be placed on local manufactures. It is a big subject, and as the *Indian Ladies Magazine* is not a political organ we

deal with the shortage of cotton stuff only in a general way.

Dr. Haridhone Dutt of Calcutta has been more than favourably impressed by the Maternity Homes recently opened in Bombay. These institutions are doing most beneficent work and are becoming centres of light and knowledge. In India, the girls are married so young that they cannot have healthy or proper ideas of pregnancy, birth and the bringing up of offspring; and the caste restrictions, the seclusion of women and the hide-bound traditions render Indian women the most casual of mothers and the worst nurses. In Western countries it is not much better. There too, especially in the large manufacturing towns, child culture is a dead letter. Drink, poverty, sexual disease, convention, stand in the way of mothers producing and rearing healthy offspring, and Maternity Homes are as much needed in the slums of great European cities as in the environs of Bombay or Madras. In Calcutta, Dr. Dutt thinks they are absolutely necessary and he is exerting himself to organise and establish Maternity Homes in that city. His ideal is that a Maternity Home to be perfect, should resemble a hospital as little as possible.

Remarkable results in women's work are seen from a report on the Furness Ship Building Co., in England. It is something of a new institution, where a ship is being turned out every fortnight. If the labour involved in such a task is considered for one moment, the magnificence of the result is at once apparent. It is as if

some fairy touched the wood with a wand and built a shop by order; and in this marvel is another, that the artificers and workpeople employed in the stupendous task are mostly women. Who will say women are only fit for playthings in future?

Book Reviews.

Second Marriage. By Miss Nola Meynell (Secker.) There is nothing that is very interesting in this book. It is one of the million novels of English life, and Miss Meynell's writing is not of the kind that grips the reader. Her characterization however is good. In this book, the dramatic personages are more or less incompatible with their environment and the state of life to which it has pleased Miss Meynell to call them. With the exception of the girl Ismay who is as literal as she is meek, Rose is the only one that appeals to us. Ismay's love for Arnold Glimour raises her to a pedestal of attractiveness and positive greatness, while he is brutal in his disregard of the spiritual side of love; she feels for him and triumphs in her humility. Mr. Glimour is rather tiresome in his meticulous holding up of the importance of good manners. Rose is a revelation of the growing convictions that present day women appear to have formed. She is materialistic, thinks love merely a "sexual irradiation" as it is termed by a clever novelist of the day, is solicitous of ingratiating herself with people she considers worth while, and is one who appreciates the valuable effects of

push. Miss Meynell never gushes and never starts our pulses to quicker movement; but she is always lady-like.

Warlike Snips and Snaps. By Babu Piche Lal B.A. The Times Press Bombay. The author of these highly amusing sketches takes refuge under the initials C.C.L., and most certainly surpasses himself in illustrating how English should not be written. We do not suppose that such geniuses as Piche Lal are common; but they undoubtedly exist and for Piche Lal's sake we shall welcome them, if only to break the monotony of the use of English undeveloped. Piche Lal is a man of infinite humour and extracts sunshine out of cucumbers. He is irrepressible; but the utterance of a few words soothes his ruffled sensibilities and places him in high good humour with himself. For instance when he communicated to sergeant Higgins his delights in finding himself in Mesopotamia and his inability "to refrain from puffing and swelling with patriotical prides," that "churlish and indignant fellow replied to such polite niceties" by saying, "if you don't see about getting off the office baggage immediately, instead of capering about and clacking like a broody hen I'll clap you in the clink." "Clink," says the Babu, is "cockney slaps" for prison. "In addition the sergeant ejaculated other words which not only are indiscoverable in dictionary and whose meanings are entirely non-suited to context." The Babu assures his readers that his account of the incident is "verbatim report and not mendacious hocus potus." In accepting the offer to deliver to the Officers of the

News and Notes.

GIRLS' EDUCATION AND THE PARDAH SYTEM.

[From a Mahomedan point of view.]

These two questions are much talked of in these days and the problems have become so thorny and complicated that a practical solution of their difficulties does not seem to be possible at an early date.

The conservative majority of the Muslim community, with its usual narrow-mindedness, discards outright the suggestions about Women's Education, and the abandonment of the Pardah System as vain and unnecessary talk, and is inclined to assert that its adoption would ultimately poison the Muslim society and undermine the honour of the women by destroying once for all their morality, sanctity, and modesty. The extremists, on the other hand, who generally live and breathe in a world of ideals, are anxious to give higher education to the women, abolish the pardah system, and recognise the status of the women on western lines. To them, the seclusion of women means the destruction of the full mental and physical growth which eventually effects the community as a whole. Thus, if one section is short sighted and suspicious, the other is idealistic and visionary, and if the problem is to be practically solved a compromise between all the divided and conflicting views is necessary, which can easily be achieved by sanity of judgment and moderation on both sides.

To us, the question of women's education is as important and as vital

Remount Depot a lecture on the Horse, Babu Piche Lal, B.A., writes, "So I have sent urgent memo accepting with fervent pride and gladness so honorable proposal, although rather oppressed with twinges of modesty before a congregation of such knowing and cavalierish equestrians. But I will work with might, and also main, and who knows but even a humble S. and T. (Supply and Transport,) Babu may not (perchance) inform to these proud Philips (Greek for "a lover of horses) some tit-bits and modicums of equine Science so far beyond their kens. For instance, the very radical fact that Horse is a quadrupedal mammal of gregarious habits and grammivorous idiosyncracies may possibly be unknown to some of them (junior ones perhaps)." In this delightful and refreshing vein and with wonderful wealth of language and imagery the Babu tells us *inter alia* of his arrival at "War Seat;" of "Individualistic goings on; the Scoop of the Epoch; Snubs and Browbeats"—to which he buoyantly rises superior; "of Indeterminate Multifariousness; Horticultural Dilemmas; Hay for the Fruit, Prepugnatory pugilistes and matrimonialities" etc. It is impossible to select for further quotation the pearls of his discourse. The reader will find great profit in perusing these "Snips and Snaps" of the courageous and irrepressible Babu. It is one of the "war books" that is gone to the line to be popular.

as of men, and with the growth of a new and enlightened India it would be too painful, too ungenerous and too prejudicial if the women were debarred from enjoying all those intellectual, physical and social pleasures which fall to the lot of men. Let them have a sound and psychological education and in course of time there will be a number of Cornelia Scipios who will breed hundreds of Gracchus. It is not necessary for us here to discuss the benefits of women's education as the subject is very vast and has been frequently discussed; the task before us is to try to find a practical solution, a starting-point round which all the parties should rally, discarding the depressing views of conservatism on the one hand, and the ideal and optimistic extremism on the other.

The objections which are brought forward by the opposing party against women's education are that it shakes the Muslim beliefs and doctrines of the girls, that it encourages immorality and vices among them, and lastly that it inspires a spirit of independence, which lightly throws off the parental authority. These objections are not far from reason, but also idiotic and can easily be refuted.

We cannot conceive how education can lead to a disregard of religious belief among Muslim girls and how their doctrines can be shaken. The more a girl knows about and studies her religion, the more tenaciously and strictly will she adhere to its principles, enter into its spirit, and have a discriminating idea of the whole thing. It is nothing but folly to suppose that education would undermine religious doctrines. The long and short of the

matter is that an educated girl most obviously and naturally rejects all those superstitions, erroneous conceptions and vain fancies, from which Indian women in general, and the Muslim in particular, suffer, and which usually haunt the Indian home life. If this emancipation from superstition means throwing off religious doctrine, then we think that the conservatives are mistaken. Granted that education ultimately shakes religious beliefs, then the best and easiest method to avoid it is to fortify the girl's beliefs by a strict religious instruction given before sending her to school. The lessons of religion and morality deeply impressed on their minds in childhood would never easily be set aside during matured years.

The other two objections can similarly be falsified. It is ignorance that brings vices and immorality in its train, not enlightenment. The less the girl is educated, the more easily will she fall a prey to temptations and enticements. The more she is educated, the keener is her sense of honour and self-respect. As for the spirit of independence, the argument is insensible and foolish. Educated women are and will always be loving wives and affectionate mothers. But they will show a bold front whenever rash and unfair treatment is meted out to them by ignorant and narrow-minded husbands, who think women exist solely to minister to their comfort. If this means a spirit of independence, then Muslim women should be weighed in the same scale with the beasts of burden.

Now, let all Muslim brothers dispel their fears and suspicions and adopt

a wise system, a system that will not only make our homes happy but will conduce to the progress of our community. The following practical suggestions may be offered for the reform of the present system. Let us give our girls religious instruction at home till they reach the age of eight years. Then send them to school where they may acquire knowledge in various subjects such as Domestic Economy, House-wifery, Music, Hygiene etc. For the adoption of this system, the abolition of the Pardah is not necessary. Girls should be sent only to those schools where the Pardah is strictly observed. But with all this some provision must also be made for their physical well-being. If they are not to walk on the roads, let the fathers and husbands take them to secluded places where they may enjoy a little stroll, or encourage them to play games at home, which will give them not only enjoyment, but also vigour.

So much for our conservative majority. As for our more advanced minority, we should like to say that to contemplate a radical and sweeping reform at the present stage of our society is to build castles in the air. Manners and customs which are traditional and long established cannot easily be set aside, and our theoretical conclusions, however sane and logical they might be, cannot be practically adopted all at once. Although the isolation of women and the Pardah system are anachronisms in the twentieth century, yet to clamour for it under the present circumstances is too radical and not prudent, as our community is still very backward in education. Our duty is to smooth the

way by preliminary education which will inevitably tend to uproot the Pardah system. But some new thing must be done to lessen its rigidity. Let the women come before and enjoy the society of some of our friends, in whose honesty, integrity of character and sincerity we have complete confidence. * *

Thus the method we have above indicated seems rather moderate and practical and will serve as a compromise between multifarious and clashing views. The preliminary female education once universally adopted, our duty is done. Let posterity in the long run go still further and adjust these questions on a level footing with the West.

M. A. RAZVI.

A LADIES GATHERING AT MANNARGUDI.—Mrs. R. Narayana Iyer, wife of Mr. R. Narayana Iyer, K. C. S., Collector of Tanjore, was entertained on Friday at Mannargudi in honour of the M. B. E. title recently conferred upon her. The entertainment was got up by Miss Parvathini Ammal, daughter of Rao Bahadur K. G. Sreenivasa Moodelliar and was largely attended by ladies of all classes. There were refreshments and then an address was presented to Mrs. Narayana Iyer, which referred to the excellent work she was doing as president of the Tanjore District Ladies' War Fund Committee. In other spheres of public activity also, Mrs. Narayana Iyer had been most enthusiastic in her work and the ladies in the Tanjore District felt much gratified at the honour done her. A short programme of vocal and instrumental music followed and Mrs. Narayana Iyer in then acknowledging

the honour done her made a felicitous speech. She enlisted the public spirit evinced by the ladies of the Tanjore District, which had manifested itself in numerous ways and hoped that in the future as in the past they would continue doing all they could to help the Allies in bringing the war to a speedy and successful close. Cheers were given for their Imperial Majesties, the King and Queen, and a very pleasant function then came to a close.

THE LONDON MISSION GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL, BANGALORE. (From a Correspondent.)

The London Mission Girls' High School is the pioneer institution in Bangalore in imparting higher education to Indian girls and Miss Butler B. A., its enthusiastic Principal, deserves to be congratulated on the proud position the school has attained. Sunday was a gala day and the parents of girls and others interested in women's education were invited to attend the distribution of prizes. A very entertaining programme was gone through, small scenes from the lives of Miss Nightingale and the Ranees of Jhansi being staged. The Principal believes that the rich heritage of Indian womanhood should not be lost to the modern girls and the daring and statesmanship of the Indian Ranees were well brought out in the little play. The function closed with a tableau of Mother India with girls of various nationalities adoring her. The results of public examinations have been satisfactory, three out of five having passed the S. S. L. C. examination this year. The former students

of the school are continuing their studies in Delhi and Madras and the spirit of the school augurs well for the future of Indian womanhood. The Government has opened high school classes this year in the Fort School, where no fees are charged and liberal scholarships are provided for all girls. The Principal fears that this may take away all her students to the rival institution and her request that similar grants may be given to this school deserves sympathetic consideration at the hands of the Government.

THE SILENCE OF LONDON.

"What is the greatest difference you notice in London?"

I asked the question of an Australian officer who was paying his first visit to England since the war. He had lunched with me two years before the war, and here we were sitting at the same table in a window overlooking Piccadilly, with a whole world of experience between then and now. Half the club waiters were women in neat blue liveries, and there was no meat to offer my guest; otherwise there was no change in our immediate surroundings. And to me there seemed not a great deal of change anywhere. You do not notice changes when they are by slow degrees, and it has taken us four years to get to the London in which we live now.

But to my friend one change was almost startling. "London has become quiet," he said in answer to my question. "It's a most restful place to come to. No noise anywhere."

I really had not noticed that particularly, but when your attention

is drawn to it you realise what a difference there is from a few years ago. The continual distraction of cab-whistles has gone, for one thing; and let us hope, gone for ever. The motor-omnibuses run silently; they used to make life hideous with their racket and clangour. My friend was staying in an hotel where scores of them passed every hour, and neither they nor the taxi-cabs worried him at all, as he had been worried in Paris, where he had spent a night or two on his way to England. A French chauffeur is not content with the noise made by his rattly one-cylindere taxi-auto, but sounds his horn all the time. In London, a motor horn is only heard now and then. There are few private cars, instead of scores of thousands.

There is actually less noise in London Street than there used to be before the days of motors, when the *click-clack* of the horses' hoofs was going on all day and till late at night, and the cab-whistles were never silent—one for a hansom and two for a four-wheeler. Or was it the other way about? One forgets these things.

"And there are so few people about," said my friend. "I walked down St. James-Street and along Pall-mall at 7-30 yesterday evening, and it might have been 7-30 on Sunday morning. Where has everybody and everything got to?"

I could only suggest that a great many of the people, who might have been seen at that time before the war were now out of the country, or somewhere preparing to go out. The change had come about slowly, but it is striking

enough to anyone who comes to it afresh. The heart of leisured London, at any rate at the time of May when it used to be at its busiest, is both silent and empty in comparison with what it was.—*Daily Mail*.

Pencil-making in Madras.

A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.

The following Press *communiqué* has been issued:—

The Government have decided that the experiments which have been made by the Department of Industries for the last three years in the manufacture of pencils have reached a stage at which the industry should be made over to private enterprise. The accounts of the factory for the year ending the 31st March, 1918, have recently been audited by a firm of chartered accountants. Arrangements for the sale of the pencils produced by the factory were completed in August, 1917, and the profit and loss statement prepared by the auditors for the period from the 1st September, 1917, to the 31st March, 1918, shows that in these seven months the factory made a profit of Rs. 5,871-10-2, which represents a return of a little over 20 per cent. on an assumed capital of Rs. 50,000. During the same period, the factory produced 7,599 gross of pencils and sold 8,209 gross. It should be remembered that the factory has deliberately been run on as small a scale as was consistent with the purpose in view, namely the demonstration on commercial lines of the prospect of the industry. An enterprising private firm would not

doubt increase the output to the maximum possible with the existing machinery, and would thereby reduce the costs and increase the profit of manufacture. The factory produces black-lead pencils lacquered in various colours, copying pencils, carpenters' pencils and diary pencils. Experiments with red and blue pencils are well advanced, while the manufacture of copy stamp ink and carbon brushes has also been begun. It has been demonstrated that in present circumstances pencils can be made in Madras at a cost which leaves a fair margin of profit. Whether the industry will survive when normal conditions are restored, will depend mainly on the enterprise of the proprietors. The Government have done enough to give the industry a fair start. The difficulties of making satisfactory pencil leads have been solved, labour has been trained, and the resources of the Presidency in respect of suitable woods have been explored. The Government now believe that they can safely retire from the field and leave private enterprise to carry on. Tenders are, therefore, invited from private firms and individuals resident in the Madras Presidency for the Pencil Factory as a going concern. The audited accounts will be open to inspection by *bona fide* enquirers at the office of the Director of Industries, No. 44 Poonamalle High Road up to the 15th September, and that officer will give information to such enquirers as to the terms on which the Government are prepared to make over the factory and regarding the working of the factory. Sealed tenders should be submitted to the Director of Industries before the 20th September,

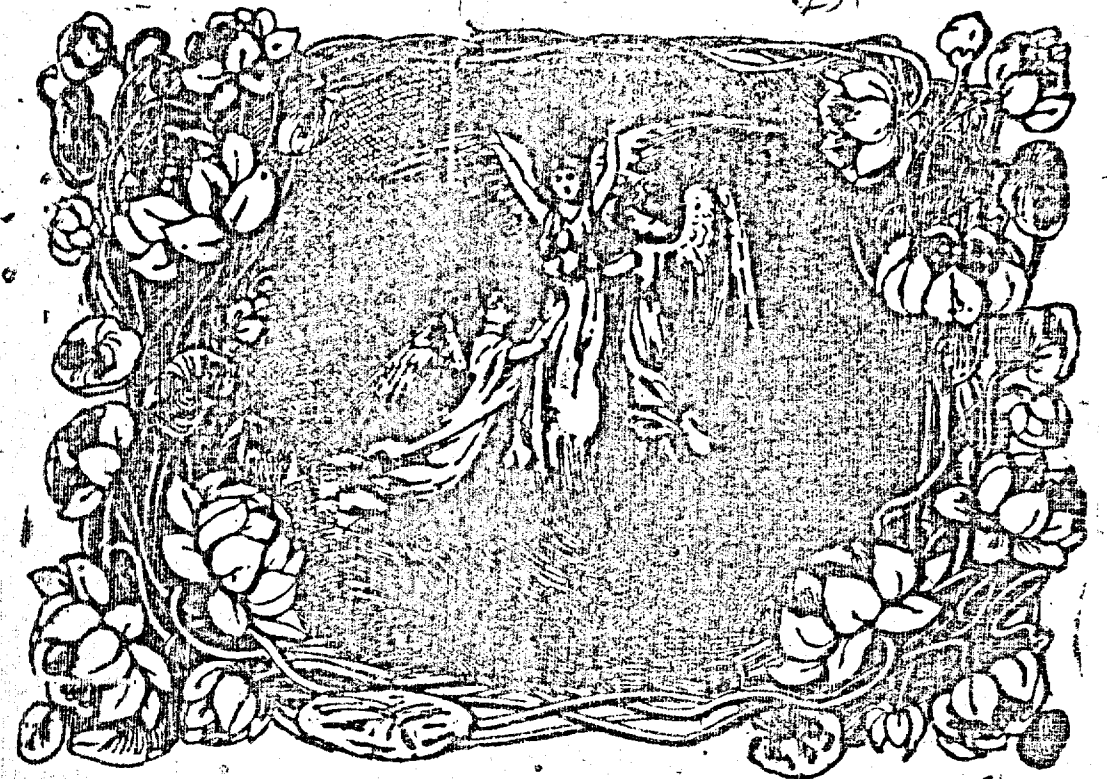
1918. The Government do not bind themselves to accept the highest tender; they reserve full liberty of deciding to whom the factory should be handed over.

Acknowledgments from May to September 1918.

	RS.	A.
1 Lady Benson, Ireland	15	0
2 Mrs. Isaac, Madras	4	0
3 Sri Rani Jeya Lakshmi Ammal, Masulipatnam	4	0
4 Miss Govindarajulu, Bangalore	4	0
5 Headmaster's Gift, Girls' High School, Bangalore	4	0
6 Zamindar of Kuzhikulam	4	0
7 The Librarian S. V. Sabha, Dharapuram	4	0
8 Lady Supt. Ladies' Debating Society, Mysore	4	0
9 Dr. Nanjunda Rao, Madras	4	0
10 K. Madhavi Ammal, Panoo	4	0
11 T. K. Nayanar Esq. Vaniyambadi	4	0
12 Zamindar of Periyakulam	4	0
13 Mrs. Paul, Ceylon	4	0
14 J. F. Philips Esq. Ceylon	4	0
15 Elya Rani, Kollangode	4	0
16 Mrs. S. Rai, Madura	4	0
17 P. A. Ramaswami Iyer Esq. Ernakulam	4	0
18 Miss A. E. Smith, Madras	4	0
19 S. P. Subramania Iyer Esq. Cochin	4	0
20 Secy. Barton Library, Bhavagar	4	0
21 Mrs. G. H. Smith, Madras	4	0
22 Secy. Ladies' Association, Bangalore	4	0
23 Hon. Secy. B. C. and H. S. Reading Room, Baroda	4	0
24 Mrs. Swaminathan, Madras	4	0
25 Subramaniam Vepa Esq. Guntur	4	0
26 Secy. Punjab Text-Book Committee, Lahore	4	0
27 Secy. Ladies' Club, Ahmedabad	4	0
28 Miss D. J. Stephen, Bangalore	4	0
29 Mrs. N. Subba Rao, Mangalore	4	0
30 B. Somasundara Rao Esq. Madras	4	0
31 Miss Shunmugam, Madras	4	0
32 Mrs. Tanpoe, Madnapalle	4	0
33 M. Tiruvankatuchari, Madras	4	0
34 Lady Ratan Tata, Bombay	4	0
35 A. Valu Menon Esq. Cochin	4	0
36 Mrs. Williams, Coonoor	4	0
37 Mrs. Banker, Bombay	4	0
38 Chief Secy. to Govt. Travancore	4	0
39 M. Kesava Esq. Hyderabad	4	0
40 Miss Rathnavelu, Ceylon	4	0



THE LATE MRS. NUMBERUMAL CHETTY.
(See Page 398.)



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

VOL. XVIII.] SEPTEMBER 1918. [No. 14.

Regret.

"When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste,
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since cancelled woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight;
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay, as if not paid before."

SHAKESPEARE.

The Enchanted Lake.

(A LEGEND FROM THE MAHABHARATA.)

(The quotations are from Sir Edwin Arnold's Indian Idylls.)

The Pandu princes had been ousted from their kingdom by their jealous cousins, the Dhritarashtra princes, and banished to the forest. The five of them, Yuddhistira the just, Bhima the strong, Arjuna the valiant, and Nakula and Sahadeva, were together and found comfort in each other's beloved companionship. There came a time, when they were greatly distressed for want of water. Then Yuddhistira asked Nakula to climb a tree and see if water could anywhere be seen. Nakula did so and espied a pool at a distance, and his brother asked him to go and get water from there.

"Then sped Nakula,
Obeying Yuddhistira with swift feet,
And found a crystal pool brimmed to the bank:
The great red-crested cranes stalked on its marge.
And down he flung to drink; but a voice cried,
'Beware to drink, rash youth! ere thou hast made
Answers to such things as I ask of thee;
The law of this fair water standeth thus:
Arise and hear, and speak; afterwards drink,
And fill they quiver.'"

But Nakula was too thirsty to listen to the voice, which came from the Yaksha or guardian spirit of the place. He drank and fell down dead.

Then Yuddhistira sent Sahadeva to the pool, who behaved in the same way as Nakula and also fell down dead. The same fate befell Arjuna. He was sent by his brother and heard the voice; then in wrath

"Shot he shafts this way and that; and spoke
Those spells which make a feathered barb fly;
And darts he flung, of magic might, which find
Th' escaping foe, tracking his winding feet;
Karnis, Narachas, Nalikas, he threw
That angry prince, covering the sky and wood
With searching steel."

But it was all of no avail. Then Bhima came and fell into the same mistake of not obeying the Yaksha, and so died. Then

"Uprose—great Yuddhistira—sorrowful,
Perplexed in thought; and strode into the wood:
A leafy depth, where never foot was heard
Of man, but shy deer reamed, and shaggy bears
Rustled, and jungle-hens clucked in the shade;
With tall trees crowded, in whose crown, the bees
Swarmed buzzing, and strange birds builded their nests.
Through this green darkness wending, Yuddhistir
Passed to the pool, and marked its silver face
Shine in the light, rimmed round with golden cups
Of lotus blossom, all as if 'twere made
By Visvakarma, architect divine;
And all its gleaming shallows and bright bays
With water-plants were broken, lillies, reeds;
And framed about with ketuk-groves, and clumps
Of sweet rose-laurel and the sacred fig."

In the midst of all this beauty, he saw his dead brothers and began to sorrow and lament over them, recalling their great deeds and all the glorious promise of their mighty strength and wisdom. Then he wondered how they had come to die. They showed no wound of mortal weapons; no stain of poison and yet they were dead. This must be surely the work of some "spirit of the waste," and he would enquire into the dread marvel. But first he stopped to drink some water. Then he also heard the voice of the Yaksha, bidding him not drink on pain of death, till he answered his questions.

"When Yuddhistira heard these scornful words,
And saw that form, backward he draw a space,
Gazing upon the shape with eyes of flame,
Bulked like a crag, with fowering head which topped
The fan-palms waving near; shining as shines
The glory of the sun, not to be borne
For splendour; coloured like an evening cloud,
And like a cloud still shifting."

Yuddhistira was as brave as his brothers; but he was also wise and just; so he said;

"I would not break thy rule,
The wise have said, 'keep everywhere the law ;'
And, Yaksha ! wherein thou wilt question me
None can speak better than he understands ;
So, what I know, that will I answer. Ask !"

So, the following questions were asked and answered.

Yaksha.

"What teacheth division' twixt spirit and frame ?
And which, is the practice assisteth the same !
What finally freeth the spirit ? And how
Doth it find a new being ? Resolve me these now."

King.

"The Veds division plainly show ;
By worship rightly man doth go ;
Dharma the soul will surely free ;
In Truth its final rest shall be."

Yaksha.

"How cometh a man in the Veds to be wise ?
What bringeth the knowledge of God to this eyes ?
What learning shall teach him the uttermost lore ?
And whence will he win it ? Reply to these four."

King.

"By hearing Scripture man acquires ;
By doing it his soul aspries ;
The utmost lore is conquering sense,
Which cometh of obedience."

Yaksha.

"How wendeth a Brahman to heavenly rest ?
And what is the work that befiteth him best ?
And which are the sins that disgrace him ? and why
Doth he know himself humble and mortal ? Reply."

King.

"Reading the Veds leads to rest ;
Pure meditation fits him best ;

Slander and cruelty defame ;
And Death marks him and all the same."

Yaksha.

"Who is it that gifted with senses to see,
To hear, taste, smell, handle ; and seeming to be
Sagacious, strong, fortunate, able and fair ;
Hath never once lived, though he breatheth the air ?"

King.

"The man who, having, doth not give
Out of his treasure to these five—
Gods, guests, and Pitris, kin and friend ;
Breathes breath, but lives not to life's end."

Yaksha.

"What thing in the world weigheth more than the world ?
What thing goeth higher than white clouds are curled ?
What thing flieth quicker than winds o'er the main ?
And what groweth thicker than grass on the plain ?"

King.

"A mother's heart outweighs the earth ;
A father's fondness goeth forth
Beyond the sky ; thought can outpass
The winds, and woes grow more than grass."

Yaksha.

"Whose eyes are unclosed, though he slumbers all day ?
And what's born alive without motion ? and, say,
What moveth, yet lives not ? and what as it goes,
Wastes not, but still waxes ? Resolve me now those."

King.

"With paclosed eyes a fish doth sleep ;
And new-laid eggs their place will keep ;
Stones roll ; and streams, that seek the sea,
The more they flow the wider be."

Yaksha.

"What help is the best help to virtue? and then,
What way is the best way to fame among men?
What road is the best road to heaven? and how
Shall a man live most happy? Resolve me these now."

King.

"Capacity doth virtue gain;
Gift-giving will renown obtain;
Truth is to heaven the best of ways;
And a kind heart wins happy days."

Yaksha.

"What soul hath a man's which is his, yet another's?
What friend do the gods grant, the best of all others?
What joy in existence is greatest? and how
May poor men be rich and abundant? say thou."

King.

"Sons are the second souls of man,
And wives the heaven-sent friends; nor can
Among all joys health be surpassed;
Contentment answereth thy last."

Yaksha.

"Which Virtue of virtues is first? and which bears
Most fruit? and which causeth the ceasing of tears?"

King.

"To bear no malice is the best?
And Reverence is fruitfulness?
Subduing self sets grief at rest."

Yaksha.

"Still tell me what foeman is worst to subdue?
And what is the sickness lasts lifetime all through?
Of men that are upright, say which is the best,
And of those that are wicked, who passeth the rest?"

King.

"Anger is man's unconquered foe;
The ache of greed doth never go;
Who loveth most, of saints is first;
Of bad man, cruel men are worst."

Yaksha.

"Good Prince; tell me true, is a Brahmana made
By birthright! or shall it be rightfully said,
If he reads all the Veds, and the Śruti doth know,
He is this? or doth conduct of life make him so?"

King.

"O Yaksha I listen to the truth:
Not if a man do dwell from youth
Beneath a Brahman's roof, nor when
The Śrutis known to holy men
Are learned, and read the Vedas through,
Doth this make any Brahman true.
Conduct alone that name can give;
A Brahman must steadfast live,
Devoid of sin and free from wrong;
For he who walks low paths along,
Still keeping to the way, shall come
Sooner and safer to his home
Than the proud wanderer on the hill:
And reading, learning, praying still
Are outward deeds which oftimes leave
Barren of fruit minds that believe.
Who practices what good he knows
Himself a Brahmana he shows;
And if an evil nature knew
The sacred Vedas through and through,
With all the Śrutis; still must he,
Lower than honest Sudra be,
To know and do the right, and pay
The sacrifice, in peace alway,
This maketh one a Brahmana."

Yaksha.

"Right skilfully hast thou my questionings met,
Most pious of princes and learned I but yet
Resolve me who liveth, death him befall?
And what man is richest and greatest of all."

King.

"Dead though he be, that mortal lives
Whose virtuous memory survives;
And richest, greatest, that one is
Whose soul—indifferent to bliss
Or misery, to joy or pain,
To past or future, loss or gain—
Sees with calm eyes all fates befall,
And, needing nought, possesseth all."

The Yaksha was very pleased and gave the king permission to drink of the water. Then he bade him choose which of his brothers he would have live again. Yuddhistira, instead of choosing his own full-brothers Bhima and Arjuna, chose Nakula one of his half-brothers. The Yaksha wondered and said:

"But see where Bhima lies
Dead, dearest unto thee;
And where Arjuna sleeps, thy guard and guide!
Why dost thou crave the life of Nakula—
Not thine own Mother's son?"

But Yuddhistira was always just. He would not be partial,

"Faith and right,
Being preserved, save all, and being lost
Leave nought to save: for faithful and right it is
To choose by justice, putting self aside.
Let Nakula live, O Yaksha, for men call
King Yuddhistira just; nor will he lose
Even for love, that name; make Nakula live;
Kunti and Madri were my father's wives;
Shall one be childless, and the other see
Her sons returning?"

Then the voice of the Yaksha sighed as it slowly faded away:

"Thou noblest Prince!
Thou best of Bharata's line! as thou art just,
Lo! all thy brethren here shall live again."

PADMINI.

Drinks of many Lands.

"Till taught by pain,
Men really know not what good water's worth:
If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,
Or with a famish'd boat's crew had your berth,
Or in the desert heard the camel's bell,
You'd wish yourself where truth is—in a well!"
(Byron).

Charles Kingsley, the celebrated Divine and the social writer, who had unusual opportunities for close observation, once remarked that if dissipation and liquors were banished from society, there would be comparatively little crime, and there is undoubtedly a large measure of truth in that statement. A quaint old writer, referred to the European craving for alcoholic drink indeed, and said: "There is no sin which doth more deface God's image than drunkenness; it disguiseth a person, and doth even unman him. Drunkenness makes him have the throat of a fish, the belly of a swine, and the head of an ass. Drunkenness is the shame of nature, the extinguisher of reason, the shipwreck of chastity, and the murderer of conscience."

And yet, strange to say, the Christian Church in many ages has not only not used her power against this great evil, but actually supported it. For instance, in England in olden times Church-Ales were celebrated, of which the principal was undoubtedly the Whitsun-Ale. It was customary for all who attended this observance to agree to be good friends for once in the year, and spend the day in sober joy. The squire and his lady came with their piper and taborer; the young danced or played at bowls; and the aged parishioners looked on, sipping their

ale from time to time. Considerable sums appear to have been raised by these means. The parish books of Kingston-on-Thames show that in the year 1526 the proceeds of the Church-Ale amounted to £7.15 and an ancient church book of St. Marlow contains the entry: "1592—Received of the torchmen, for the profitte of the Whitsun Ale—£5." It seems that in 1527 a certain Puritanic minister of Redbourne inveighed against those Ales in the following manner: "These are in their origin bad; they are shamefully abused, having in them piping and dancing and Maid Marian giving into the Church at the time of prayer, to move laughter with kissing in the Church, and they justly deserve to be called profane, riotous and disorderly".

Among the Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and Athenians, beer was manufactured in ages long bygone, from barley, while wheat was used for malting in Spain and Britain. Tacitus, in the first century, said that beer was the usual drink of the Romans, and into Britain the soldiers of Caesar introduced it. A more aristocratic drink is wine, the use of which is as old as civilisation. Its origin is ascribed to the gods. The culture of the vine began in Armenia and Pontus and was soon very widespread. The most famous Asiatic wine was that of Chalyb, which furnished the tables of the Persian kings. Wine was not used by the most ancient Romans. Ale is a heavier liquor than beer, and contains a small proportion of hops. It was a favourite drink of the Anglo-Saxons and Danes.

Tea, which rivals coffee in flavour, is a native of China, where it has been grown for over one thousand years. Pepys mentions having drunk it in 1660, showing that it was then a novelty in Gt. Britain. Much as the English are addicted to "a cup of tea", the Chinese love it still more. Nothing whatever is drunk during the Celestial's meal, but sometimes at its end about a tablespoonful of hot rice-whiskey will be taken. Tea, without milk or sugar, and very weak withal, however, is drunk at frequent intervals throughout the day, and everyone who comes to the house is asked to take a cup of it as soon as he arrives. For this purpose, the kettle is always boiling. Shops appropriated to tea-drinking, too, are regularly authorised, and placed under the surveillance of the police. Here friends meet to chat, smoke and drink tea, often listening to the eloquence of some scholar, who is invited by the proprietor to amuse and attract his customers.

The Chinese have a pretty legend telling of how tea first came to be used. They say that 4000 years ago the daughter of a King of China fell in love with a courtier whose rank was not sufficiently high to permit their marriage. Glances were exchanged, however, and he sometimes gathered a few blossoms which he managed to have conveyed to her. At last the lovers met in the Palace garden and the young man attempted to give her flowers. Nevertheless, so keen was the watchfulness of her attendants that all she managed to grasp was a little twig with green leaves. She carefully took this to her room and in the evening she drank

the water in which it had stood. So agreeable was the taste that she even ate the leaves and stalks. Every day afterwards she had more leaves of the tea tree brought to her, which she treated in the same way. Then some of the Court began to imitate her and they as well acquired the taste. In a few years, runs the legend, the custom had spread throughout China, and marked the beginning of the great Chinese tea industry of to-day.

Tea is generally taken by the wandering herdsmen of Tibet with butter. Indeed, the teapot contains not only tea, but butter, a little barley meal, and salt or soda. When drinking this compound, a chunk of butter is taken with the fingers, and allowed to melt in the bowl or teacup. The final operation consists in deftly working up the remains of tea leaves, etc. with more butter into a very large round pill and swallowing it whole.

Although dessert is not provided in Russia unless requested, tea is taken as a matter of course. This delicious beverage, known as "Chi", is flavoured with a slice of lemon in lieu of milk. It is astonishing how easy it is to grow quite fond of these tumblers of Russian tea, with the thin slices of lemon floating on it, and, although the taste is somewhat curious at first, many eventually vow that they will abandon be-milked concoctions forever. The Russian, it is also interesting to observe, often prefers to drink tea while holding the sugar in his mouth. What additional satisfaction this affords him, it is difficult to imagine.

Before the announcement of dinner or supper, the Moor has always on

Important occasions a preliminary round of tea—his favourite beverage. This is usually ushered in by the passing round of an incense burner, upon the glowing coals of which the host has thrown a few chips of aromatic wood or gum. It is customary for the smoke resulting therefrom to be fanned by each of the guests beneath the hood and folds of his garment. Then a welcome coolness is produced by means of a long-necked vessel with a fine hole or holes at the top, containing rose or orange flower water, which is directed over the face, neck and hands, and under the turban, by a quick jerk of the wrist. After this a large brass tray, on which are arranged innumerable tiny glasses and cups, is placed before the host or his deputy, together with a pear-shaped metal tea-pot, one long-handled spoon, and a tumbler larger than the rest, which at first contains a bundle of mint or lemon thyme, but eventually serves as a slop-bowl. Then a steaming samovar of brass and a basin of chunks of loaf sugar are produced. The host, after tasting a little in a glass, with graceful manner proceeds to fill the glasses and cups, three of which are *de rigour* if no excuse be offered. Coffee is but little used in these parts and when it is, it is badly made with much sugar and perhaps toasted chick peas.

Coffee is used by the Boers in South Africa and made on the Pampas and cattle ranches of Uruguay and Argentine. Both unique and original is the mode of drinking "Paraguay tea", as practised by the ladies of Chiloe, in south America. According to the late Dr. Von Tschuda, they

partake of this beverage at all hours of the day. A portion of the herb is put into a sort of cup made from a gourd, and boiling water is poured over it. The mistress of the house then takes a reed or pipe, to one end of which a strainer is affixed, and putting it into the decoction, she sucks up a mouthful of the liquid. She then hands the apparatus to the person next her, who partakes of it in the same manner, and so it goes round. The mistress of the house and all her guests suck the aromatic liquid through the same pipe or "lombilla".

Among the Teutonic race, beer is naturally drunk very liberally. The old German thirst, of which Tacitus speaks, is still honoured. Most German beers, however, seem to have been brewed on a more or less non-intoxicating principle. Indeed, it would appear that quite a prodigious quantity had necessarily to be consumed in pre-War days before unseemly effects ensued.

The Dutch have a special liquor for festive occasions. It is called "juf-fertje in't groen," or "young lady in green", and consists of a liquid of this hopeful colour in which float small particles of gold leaf although its taste is not improved by reason of this fact.

One of the favourite beverages of the Japs is "saki", an alcoholic drink made from rice. Tea and lemonade are also drunk. Guests are supposed to "take wine" with each other, but the etiquette of the proceeding is peculiar. Having emptied your cup, you rinse it in the bowl of water that has been placed beside you, and hand

the claims of the College for a teaching grant will in this and future years be considered in the ordinary course. Several payments were also made upon the grants for the new building and for Science equipment, which were sanctioned the previous year, and a new grant for the Library and further Science equipment was sanctioned.

The Council met twice during the year, once in September and again in February. The Executive and Building Committees met at frequent intervals.

Two numbers of the College magazine, the Sunflower, were published.

The various student societies were very active throughout the year. The Literary and Debating Societies arranged several interesting programmes. The Games club succeeded rather in arousing enthusiasm for games among all the students than in winning great success in matches with outside teams. Miss Dibell arranged a very lively exhibition of inter-class sports which included the games of Badminton, Tennis, Rounders, as well as Running Broad Jumps, 50 yards and 30 yards obstacle and relay races. Great interest was shown and steady practice made for the events. The second year students were successful and to them was awarded the shield presented the previous year by Miss Stevens and Miss Wyckoff. The dramatic society had several private performances and gave a few entertainments to the entire College. Scenes from both Indian and English plays were acted, as well as one original play written by members of the society. The Musical Society aided the Dra-

matic in a very delightful manner in entertaining the College on several occasions. One new society, a Star Club, was organized, and met regularly after the monsoon. A combination of a portable telescope was given to the College by Miss Gray of the St. Paul's Girls' High School London, and perfect Indian skies are a strong incentive to star-gazing. Under the guidance of the Excursions Committee several places of interest in Madras were visited by groups of students.

The students in the B.A. Class who were elected members of the College Committee proved worthy to bear responsibility, and were very useful in settling minor matters of discipline. They dealt wisely and effectively with many matters, which the Principal put before them.

The religious life of the College did not flag. The Wednesday voluntary service of intercession for the War was well attended. Much interest was displayed in the study of social problems conducted under the Y.W.C.A. in small study groups. The number of students teaching in Sunday Schools increased, for three Tamil Sunday Schools were managed by our students, and three Telugu students, taught in a Sunday School connected with the American Baptist Mission. Interest in the National Missionary Society was maintained, and is a hopeful sign.

The health of the College was excellent. One chicken-pox suspect was kept in the isolation room for a few days, but released when it was clear that she did not have the disease.

The continued generosity of the friends of the College is a cause for great thankfulness, particular in these times of extraordinary demands on individual resources.

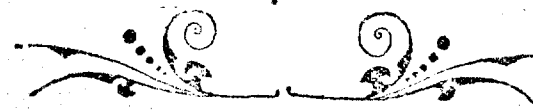
From England and America, came very generous responses to our statement of needs, more than was asked for being given by each, but unfortunately as we find, less than we need. The Council desires to express its grateful thanks for the following gifts from individuals in England; £15 from the pupils of the Lincoln High School with which a new harmonium for the chapel was purchased, and a beautiful Medici print in memory of Mrs. Pittendrigh from her fellow students of Bedford College.

Many of the Colleges in the Presidency were inspected in December by a Commission appointed by the

University. Their visit to us was made and lasted for the greater part of a day. Their report has not yet been published, but they manifested much interest in us and made many helpful suggestions. Another visit, of a less official character, was made on January 31, by the members of the Calcutta University Commission and included Dr. Michael Sadler and Professor Ramsay Muir among others.

This Report upon the third year of the life of our College strengthens our conviction that God has indeed been with us, and that He has entrusted to us a work of great importance for the bringing in of His kingdom in India. In spite of difficulties and anxieties, we look trustfully into the future, believing that

'Before us, even as behind,
Is God, and all is well.'



it to your neighbour. He holds the cup to a servant to be refilled, drinks, and returns the cup to you. Politeness demands that you should evince your appreciation of the entertainment by smacking your lips repeatedly, a practice to which foreigners find it hard to adapt themselves. 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.

Women's Christian College, Madras.

REPORT OF THE COLLEGE COUNCIL FOR THE YEAR 1917-1918.

THE College opened for its third year on July 5, 1917. Sufficient residential accommodation was available, as the increase in the number of resident students was slight. Conditions were not so happy, however, for the Staff. In October, after considerable rearrangement and crowding in the student quarters, to which all submitted most cheerfully, rooms were procured on the compound for two lecturers, but it was impossible to find accommodation for the other two.

In July, nothing but the foundations of our new hostel were visible. In fact, at that time, the only signs of a building were trenches below the surface of the ground. The walls slowly mounted upward, and steady progress was made except for the rains

until December, but during that month and the next, the work practically stopped in consequence of a teak famine. Work was again resumed and continued with good speed until April, but while the College was closed for the long vacation little was accomplished. Among the many reasons for this annoying delay were the impossibility of securing lime for many weeks and the difficulty in the transport of tiles from the West Coast. It was a most disheartening sight that met our eyes when we returned to Madras towards the end of June. However, we decided to use half of the ground floor, although the unplastered rooms may be described as picturesque rather than comfortable. The electric lights and fans were immediately installed on the ground floor, and the electric current was available on the very day that it was promised. The work of the sanitary engineers was only just begun, and their delay further hindered our occupation of the building.

The students of the year were divided among the various classes and groups as follows:

Class I			
Group	1	3	
"	2	4	
"	3	25	
			32
Class II			
Group	2	1	
"	3	22	
English only		2	
Optional subject			
only		3	
			82

Class III			
Group	3	2	
"	5	2	
			4
Class IV			
Group	4	1	
"	5	5	
English only		6	
			12
		Total	76

The division by language was as follows: Tamil 30, Malayalam 28, Telugu 6, Canarese 2, European 10. Out of our whole number of students, there were seven Hindus.

It was with much satisfaction that the Staff attended the University Convocation in November and saw our first seven graduates presented with their degrees by H. E. Lord Pentland. At one corner of the throng of over thirteen hundred men graduates was a little group of twenty women, the leaders of India's educated womanhood. Our seven were the only candidates whose work had been done in a woman's residential college, and for that inspiring fact we must thank our friends in India and in the home-lands who have made this College possible.

In addition to those who graduated, many students left the college at the end of their Senior Intermediate year, and a few even earlier. During the year there were twenty-one members of the Old Students' Association. A budget, in which all were greatly interested, traveled about from one to the other. All who were near enough to Madras returned to the College on February 23 for a day's visit. Their

increasing loyalty and devotion to the College is very gratifying. They have begun a fund, by which they hope at some future date to contribute to the expenses of some needy student at the College.

The results of the University examinations held in April were most encouraging. Of the eleven B. A. students from our college, six took the complete examination, and five only the English part, as they had passed in History the previous year. All the candidates passed in English, the only Philosophy candidate was successful, as were four of the five History candidates. Thus the College had ten successes, and one partial failure.

The Intermediate results while not so good as the B. A. were far better than those of the previous year. Nine students were completely successful, seven passed in one part of the examination, and six failed in both parts. The five who had passed in half their work last year were successful in completing the examination this time. As a consequence many more students applied for admission to the Junior B. A. class for 1918-1919. This is encouraging in many ways, particularly as it means that our students are more and more coming to realize that the passing of the Intermediate Examination should not be their goal.

Another cause for rejoicing is the changed attitude of Government. An application for a teaching grant for the current year was made to the Director of Public Instruction. A grant was not allowed for technical reasons, but a gift of Rs 5,000 was sanctioned and the promise given that

The Himalayas in Autumn.

The rains are over, and the skies afire.
 With crystal blue. Autumn, in her desire
 For sweet expression of her love for earth,
 Unconsciously hath given splendid birth
 To luscious fruits that hang on every bough
 Impulped with autumn's secret purple; now
 The skies are bluest, and no trace of cloud
 Dare mar their fleckless ecstasy of proud,
 Large stars that bloom from out some great God's mind
 Like twinkling dreams.
 Earth wakes again to find
 Her quiet cool-green mood of trees and plants...
 The sky, with her blue-distant touch, enchants
 The earth-heart into ripened flame of bliss,
 While earth and sky meet in a green-blue kiss!
 The babbling rains have gone. . . A million springs
 Bubble and break in flowering foam that flings
 Its troubled white across Himalayan hills. .
 The rainbow in its glorious hour distils
 Its myriad colours through the sunlit spray...
 Who knows what ancient longings wake and play
 In strong Himalaya's heart? How many wings
 Of passing birds...how many gorgeous springs
 With burning flowers for thought...and humming bees
 For most inward passions. . flowering trees
 For bright articulation, have gone by
 Touching his heart. . How many moods of sky
 His still, dark eyes have seen. . God-kindled lights
 Have broke across the darkness on his heights,
 That lonely yogis climbed in Godly thirst...
 How many storms have menaced him, and burst
 Across his aged forehead...Yet, he stands
 Holding the ancient silence in his hands

H. CHATTOPADHYAYA.

The Late Mrs. T. Numberumal Chetty.

(See frontispiece for picture.)

(An appreciation by one who knew her intimately for 35 years.)

She was born in Nellore in the year 1872, of comparatively poor, but very respectable, parents. Even in her elementary school, she exhibited more than average abilities. After coming to Madras, she received her education from the National Indian Association's Home education classes; and while still young, of age, she won the first prize for writing an essay in Telugu on 'The Home life of Indian ladies.' In later years, she acquired considerable knowledge in Telugu Literature, of which she possessed a large collection of books.

As a wife and a mother she was a perfect model for imitation. Her gentle conversation and manners were inimitable. Added to these, she possessed a charming appearance and a genial temper, which made her altogether a favourite in her wide circle of lady friends. She possessed a very generous and a sympathetic heart and was a friend of the poor.

For a good many years, she took a prominent part in the social life of Madras. She was secretary to the Hindu Ladies' Club, Egmore, Treasurer of the Ladies Recreation Club, Mylapore, Secretary to the Bharat Mahila Parishad (a social conference held in the year 1908 under the presidency of that enlightened Raneé Lady Gajapathy

Rao) and lastly she was Secretary to the Ladies' Farewell Committees, formed when Ladies Lawley and Carmichael retired from this Presidency.

One European lady sympathiser writes that "she was so wise and charming and good that I personally much regret her loss to Madras; her broad ideas and help generally have had much to do with furthering the aims of the National Indian Association."

She was no less zealous in attending the religious discourses and Kalakshetrams frequently organised by Srimathi Lakshmi Ammal of Triplicane.

It is a great pity that a lady who led such an exemplary life should have been taken away from our midst, while she was still in the prime of her life.

A Dream.

Just at the golden hour of dawn, on the beach of a vast ocean-stretch, a little child's eye was caught by the sparkle of the delicate pink shells that were being washed up by the incoming tide and lay there under the sun's rays. He toddled down and took them into his hands, wishing to gather as many as he could hold. But each time he opened his little fist to catch more, they flowed back again on the sand, while those he did manage to hold he could not see sparkle any more; and the sparkling ones were lying on the sands and no more within his hold. So he took what he had to his mother, and she, perceiving his trouble, laid out his little hoard on the sand in the shape of a heart, and told

him to look at them so. He watched them for a little; they were his own and yet not his own; he could not touch nor clasp them, because out of the sun's rays the glory of their many colours was gone; and if he looked too close some were even cracked and some had sea-mud clinging to them. And worst of all, soon the sun went away from his beautiful heart, and now he hardly could see even its outline.

Again he took them to his mother, and she, perceiving his trouble, had a box with a glass-cover fashioned, so that the sun could shine within. And she took the prettiest of his yesterday's shells and arranged them again in the shape of a heart more beautifully than before, laying them on the bottom of the box. And she said "Take this box carefully into your hands, my son; Though you touch the box, your shells will not lose the sun, and so shall you watch the play of their glorious colours." For a long time he was happy, but at last he longed once again to handle his treasures, and so he opened the box; as his fingers closed over the shells the fascinating scintillation was gone. And again the sun went down. The moon rose and the glass-covered box was but a tiny spot of silver on that mighty beach.

He took his troubled thoughts to sleep with him, and the box lay neglected that night on a shelf in his mother's cottage. On another day, just at another golden hour of dawn, watching on tip-toe, he saw along the limit of his horizon some shells much larger and more wonderfully mottled than his little pink ones. They did

not only sparkle; they gave out lines of light as the red golden sun touched their moist shapes, while the tumbling waves bathed and left them only to come up and bathe them once again. As fast as his little legs would carry him, he ran; by the time he had reached the place, the tide had receded completely; the sun had dried those wonderful shells and they did not seem to shine quite so much; As his hand covered one, he recognised the shape, but the glory of colour had again vanished and he could not hold more than one anyhow in each hand.

So he took them to his mother, and she, perceiving his trouble, well understood that even if she were to pour water on the shells all day long under the burning sun she could deceive him no longer by sunset. She could not invent another glass-topped box. She loved him, but had to watch while he grew up, and he was not happy.

Then one day again he took his troubles to his mother, and she perceiving them listened with a trembling heart.

"These sparkling things all round this beach, whose beauty draws me all day,—from where do they get their beauty? Is it only from the sun's reflection? And why is it that everything that lives and shines by that sun's warmth and light can yet live only for a little while?"

And she, perceiving his trouble, in anxiety for his mind, in peace, prayed long to the Dream god. Then, seated on their beach, she laid his head on her lap and put her mother's hands on his forehead and heart, and so she stayed, not moving while he fell into a deep sleep; and as he was about to

close his eyes, he saw the setting sun being quenched in the Ocean's ancient folds.

But a sun far greater and more mysteriously beautiful slowly rises from the light of his own setting sun; gradually he distinguishes a Hand from amid the mysterious ever-growing light. He looks in the direction of the pointing finger and sees as far as his eye can reach an endless winding path disappearing and reappearing along a rock-strewn shore. The mysterious light fills and embraces the path through all its windings; it is ever changing; at every turning and on each further stretch it shows a different character. Along this great distance, a dense procession of humanity moves onward and ever onward, always obeying the direction in which the Hand points; yet they move freely about; they are not driven; they select their own side of the path; many, yea many, disappear down side paths and into caverns in the rocks; many stop, tired or stricken; many question others for a space, but in the end move on once more. Others pore over books; they come to the end of them all, and rub their tired eyes; get up and find themselves just where they stopped, and a weary distance behind those who were quietly moving at their side not long ago; they look up at the pointing Hand and taking up their burdens once more they also move on.

Then the boy looks up himself to the Hand and his heart asks "Who is this Force which compels all humanity to obey?" and as by instinct he looks up to his mother for an answer.

In that dim marvellous light, he sees her very heart; like a jewelled shrine it receives and gives again in shining beams, that great light which enfolds the Hand, and on the boy falls instant understanding; he learns that his mother's love for him is but a reflection of that greater love whose glory is the light that covers the Hand; that the light of that love, though ever seeming to change, never sets and never fails in its embrace of all humanity; that it is always over all and above all, and that as his comprehension of his mother's love falls short of its depth and light, so his understanding of that greater love must ever remain imperfect and in part: he hears his mother whisper as she reads his thoughts: "This light is of no Sun which sets. It changes not. It is of Him who is. Gaze on it, for it will not blind you; draw near to it and ever nearer. Touch it continually with your thoughts and your troubled questions will be answered." And he gazes long and earnestly.

With eyes thus strengthened, he again follows that endless path along the rocky shore. The further it goes, the straighter and narrower it gets and its end merges in the greater glory of light shed on it. No more do the voyagers waver nor turn aside; there is no more stopping by the way, nor profitless turnings and dailings; and so he sees a quiet steady stream approach and pass in peace into that greater light under the benison of the pointing Hand. His sight slowly travels back to the beginning of the rocky shore, where it starts from his own beach. The Hand still points; he gives one long look at the shrine

Domestic Bits.*(By a discontented man)*

That daughters are a greater charge on parents than sons in this country is a huge myth. There may be scandals of extortions by sons-in-law, but taking normal conditions the parents of a girl have a very easy burden in this country. From an early age, the daughter assists in the kitchen. Her education depends on accident and often comes to nothing under the least unfavourable conditions. At ten or twelve she is given away in marriage and the father feels considerably relieved in her interest. Two or three years later she joins her husband and the father hardly concerns himself about her later.

The son is comparatively a tyrant in the family. His education is carefully looked to from the beginning. He is never brought to contribute to domestic service in the same way as the daughter. He is kept at school and college at a great monthly expenditure and this continues till he passes all the examinations and enters a profession. In all decent families, the young man draws on his parent's resources up to his twenty-fifth year. The son enjoys deferential treatment in dependence, even when he is a husband and father of children.

In the average Hindu family, there is no "provision" for the daughter. That she is given clothes off and on and jewels is no provision. The father does not ordinarily provide a sum of money according to his capacity to help his daughters in starting in life.

There is a craze in this country for girls and women to keep in their father's home as often as possible, even after marriage. The craze is not of the girls themselves, it is a craze on their behalf. If a married girl can go to her parents' home, there is no question made of her comforts and conveniences. The husband's home may have a higher standard of comfort and there may be insanitary crowding in the parents' home; but still Hindu Social sentiment requires that a girl or woman should spend an appreciable period every season in her father's house.

Crowding is a popular vice in the Hindu home. If a person falls ill, sentiment requires that his close relations should come and be by him. These relations are not necessarily in proportion to their usefulness in the service of the patient. On the other hand, they crowd in such numbers as to cause annoyance and harm to the patient. They also endanger the sanitation of the house. Persistent crowding takes place on occasions of marriage, death etc.

If anybody tells me that the Hindu woman is all in all in the home instead of occupying an inferior position, I am reminded of the immortal scene in Jane Austen's *Sense and Sensibility*, occurring in the second chapter, where Mr. John Dashwood is completely led by the judgement of Mrs. John Dashwood. Mrs. Dashwood will appropriately typify the average uneducated wife who is incapable of rising to the higher and wider vision posses-

sed by the husband and who in her meanness and pettiness succeeds in corrupting her husband's moral sense of fair-dealing and generosity to others into utter degradation. There is something morally despicable in the domestic counsels of many a Hindu home, as a consequence of the darkness in which the wife is plunged and the degradation to which the educated husband is so easily prone to. It is a boast that the ideal of the Hindu home is one of utter unselfishness and is evidenced in the very fact of large numbers of related people sharing the same house. To this seeming unselfishness there is a hidden picture. The insults, the discomforts, and the injuries that "dependents" receive in many a home are unspeakable. One who has known these common happenings will take a deep breath and exclaim that even the selfish ideal of an earning man and his wife having an exclusive home as in the West is a more commendable ideal, if it will not nourish the daily selfishness and ill-will of the hosts of Hindu houses, who are obliged to be hosts to conform to a social convention.

The moral degradation of the Hindu husband lies in his powerlessness to carry out his unprejudiced original ideas of fair-play and generosity. He abstains from doing many a thing which he would have performed with zeal as a bachelor, simply because it will not please his wife. The ignorant narrow-minded woman corrupts him and it gratifies his selfish instincts profoundly to reflect on his conversion by his wife. And then comes the phenomenon of the Hindu husband going about to say that

his uneducated wife is his unique possession and that he would positively refuse to exchange the present type for a more educated one! The ignorant and petty wife dominating the home simply because she is a woman, has led to a lowering of the standard of domestic ideals. The husband and wife often do not worry themselves in their counsels about what is right and what is wrong from an absolute standard, but only from what is profitable to them.

K.

The Mahila Seva Samaja.

The fourth annual meeting of the Mahila Seva Samaja was held on Saturday afternoon the 21st September 1918 in the hall of the Sri Chamara-jendra Sanskrit College, Bangalore, under the presidency of Mrs. Srinivasacharya Cadambi (wife of the Chief Engineer of Mysore). The approaches to the building were lined with flags and bunting, while the inside was tastefully decorated with flowers, ferns and leaves. There was a large audience of over 400 ladies, and the hall was filled to overflowing.

The president of the meeting arrived at 4 p.m., and was received by the Honorary Secretary, and conducted to her seat on the dais. The pupils of the Samaja headed by Sou: Lakshmi-devamma sang a welcome song; two girls (Sou: Indira and Sou: Susila) recited a short prayer; and Sou: Jivaratnamma played a few pieces of beautiful music on the *Vina*. The programme also comprised a couple of

of his mother's heart and makes ready to rise for the path.

And so he moved. His mother gently released her hands and rising entered her cottage. The rising sun kissed the boy's brow and he awakened fully to the splendour of a newborn day; long he gazed at the shining sands and the sparkling shells and then his happy eyes were raised far beyond them.

Ponmudi.

(A Hill Station in Travancore.)

Ponmudi is an important sanitarium in Travancore, lying about 37 miles to the North-East of Trivandram. The place is called Ponmudi or gold-head, because, people say there are several gold mines in the locality. In the good olden days there might have been gold mines in these hills, but now no gold mine is traced in any of these places. The people of the locality still believe that there are gold mines, but no one seems to make any attempt to find out this.

The place is now chiefly known as a seat of tea and rubber cultivation. A handful of Europeans have been for many years past doing very flourishing business in the cultivation of tea and rubber. Except for the presence of these hospitable Europeans in the place, I don't know whether anybody would care to go there for a change. The place has a very delightful cool climate. Opinions may vary as to which is the best season at Ponmudi. Some say January and February; but at that time the weather in the plains

—I speak of the Malabar Coast—is not very bad. The worst part of the year in the plains is March, April and May.

It is during these months that one living in the sweltering plains longs for a milder climate. A stay at the Ponmudi Hills during these three months is most enjoyable. Apart from the climate excellence of the locality, the picturesque character of the place will appeal to the most inartistic mind.

From Trivandram to Kallar, a place 9 miles below Ponmudi, there is cartable road. At Trivandram, one can get several kinds of carriages and motor cars for hire which can be made use of for the journey as far as Kallar. At Kallar, he must get down and either take a horse (if he can ride) or make use of a tonjon or a kind of canvas chair borne by four coolies, as the only road from Kallar to Ponmudi is very rough and rugged with rocks everywhere. On either side of this road there is thick forest, in which occasionally bears, tigers and other wild animals are said to attack solitary passengers. In spite of the bad condition of this road, there is a good deal of bullock-cart traffic going on through it. The produce of the plantations has to be transported outside the state through this road and this is generally done in bullock-carts.

The Ponmudi proper, despite its most inviting scenery and salubrious climate, is almost a deserted place. Apart from the plantations which are situated farther down the high ground, there are only three buildings up there.

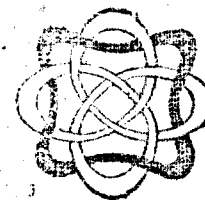
These belong to the Travancore Government. Two of them, called upper and lower sanitariums are let out to some of the European residents and the third is the Palace where His Highness, the Maha Raja of Travancore, and other members of the Royal family stay, when once in a way they go to the place. In several parts of the Hill, there are fine springs which produce charming limpid ice-cold water. All round the place are beautiful hills rising high in the air with their tops often shrouded in mist. Here and there are found narrow rapid streams with winding courses and it is quite a pretty view to see some of them from a distance ploughing down the high hills. Everywhere, the prospect is so enchanting that one gets confused as to which part would be the most eligible one to give a stranger an idea of the beauty of the place.

This important Hill station has huge

possibilities before it. It can be converted into a small town, which would be a very attractive health-resort during the hot months. The first thing to be done is the repair of the road from Kallar to Ponmudi. The road has to be widened and made passable for spring carts, motor cars &c. Though as a sanitarium, the place has established its name, yet the miserable condition of the road and the dearth of habitations attract few people up here.

His Highness, the Maha Raja of Travancore, made a short stay at Ponmudi during the hot months of last year, and this year Her Highness the Senior Ranee spent a few weeks up there. The Royal personages are much pleased with the place and it is hoped that they will visit the place often. In that case we are sure the road from Kallar to Ponmudi will be made all right in course of time.

A VISITOR



lively action songs (illustrative respectively of the details of household duties and the gathering of flowers in the garden), and dialogues in English and Kannada. The report of the working of the Samaja for the year 1917-18 was then read by the Honorary Secretary, Mrs. Aravamudiengar.

Mrs. S. Cadambi, after acknowledging the honour done to her by being asked to preside on the occasion, observed that the report that was just read furnished a detailed and inspiring account of the various activities undertaken by the Samaja during the past year. They were all aware, from the Itihasas and Puranas, of the high standard of household life in India in the olden days, contributed to by the education given to women, and of the observance of family duties as well as of the state of civilisation, prosperity and good government that obtained in consequence. The ideal of womanly duties and capacities had declined since then from various causes; and an important means for reviving and re-establishing it with due regard to present day requirements was afforded by the Mahila Seva Samaja. She therefore considered it incumbent upon all ladies to support so serviceable an institution. It was the duty of everyone of them to help to make suitable arrangements for imparting instruction to the girls in the principles of religion, sanitation, hygiene, household work etc., and for encouraging the strict observance of those principles in the practical conduct of life. It was also their duty to assist women in distressed circumstances and to improve their condition as far as it lay in their power. In

order to accomplish these things, workers and money were required, and that was why she urged that the Mahila Seva Samaja should be strengthened in membership and the spirit of friendliness and helpfulness encouraged. After a reference to the distress prevailing among the poorer classes in Bengal and elsewhere on account of the war, the speaker concluded by saying that they all prayed to God for the victorious and speedy termination of the war in favour of the Allies; for the prosperity of the Maharajah and the Royal Family of Mysore; and for health, happiness, freedom and prosperity to every one.

Mrs. Chandrasekhara expressed the thanks of the meeting to Mrs. Cadambi for having consented to preside, and garlanded her amidst applause.

A number of girls rendered a song in chorus, and the singing of the National and State anthems and of the Mangalam brought the function to a close. The proceedings, it may be added, were throughout conducted in Kannada.



News and Notes.

H. E. Lady Willingdon has received the following telegram from the Secretary of State for India:—Hearty congratulations to you and all concerned on the success of the Bombay Women's War Loan Day. The great result is in itself a reward for the work involved.

THE MYSORE GOVERNMENT HAVE DONE well to publish a list of those ladies and gentlemen who have done meritorious work in connection with the educational and other activities connected with the Economic Conference in the State during the last official year and to direct that their appreciation be conveyed to these co-operators. The list comprises no less than 150 persons and the help that they have given is in most cases substantial. It varies from active work on general and local Committees and the establishing of industrial concerns to donations of handsome sums for scholarships and the building and maintenance of schools, students' hostels, etc. In the districts the building of school houses was the most common and most useful form of assistance given. As the Dewan pointed out in a recent address to the Representative Assembly, the work of the Economic Conference is that in which Government and people can best co-operate for the welfare of the State, and the Mysore Government is indeed fortunate in getting such a vast amount of assistance from its people. In money only the value of the assistance given is over Rs. 2 lakhs, and

this does not take into account the value of personal services or the help given in founding industrial concerns.

Woman is asserting herself everywhere and it is only to be expected that the women of India will follow the example of their sisters the wide world over. The reason is the war, and after all who have more interest in the war than the women? As a matter of fact, throughout nature, it is always the female who is the of the most value. And the next most valuable thing is the male and the women consider him their most valuable possession. As the war is being fought for humanity, woman—as she always will when anything is going—is having her share in it. While she is making the greatest sacrifice of all, for she is giving her sons, she is also shouldering all the burdens, that she can take up, short of the actual fighting. In every department of life, woman is doing her bit. Recently there was a meeting of women in Calcutta and a distinguished Indian lady, the Maharanee of Cooch Behar, presided and delivered a very beautiful little speech to a large gathering of Hindu ladies, in which she showed that she, at any rate, knew what the war was about, and her womanly pleading of the cause of the orphans and the widows and the need of prevention of the recurrence of all the terrible havoc and misery of the last four years was full of eloquence. The Maharanee said the world was a mother enveloping humanity in a vast cloak of love and they were the daughters of that mother, and though prices had gone up—what a true

womanly touch that—and living was dear, there were those who were worse off than her audience, and they should therefore help in every way possible those who were not so happily placed. The Mahārānee attributed the fact, that Indians in India were living as if in the halcyon days of good king Rama of hallowed memory, to the long and strong arm of British soldiers.

There is an old wheeze that woman came after man and that she has been after him ever since. In these latter days, she is not only after him but she is after what he has hitherto regarded as strictly his personal perquisites. One does not see so much of what woman is doing out here in the East, although yesterday we were told that a lady had become Personal Assistant to the British Resident at Bangalore. It is in Europe and America where one begins to realise the great part in the world that women are playing. There is hardly a male occupation which woman has not taken up and in which she is not shewing that she can perform quite as well as the "lords of Creation." It is true that they have not done much in the administrative or creative line, but then women have not had the opportunity in these particular departments. If they get the chance, there is little doubt as to the result. At one time it was believed that they would stop short of actual fighting—we had forgotten the Russian Women's Battalion of Death—but yesterday we were told that the Germans are using women in their machine-gun teams and that an American airman had fought an aerial duel with a German

plane "manned" by a woman! It is to be hoped that Germany is not going to send women warriors into the field! That would indeed be heaping a Pelion of horror on the Ossa of the World's present agony. But in other respects there are dozens of vocations, clerical and artisan, which men, with great advantage to the race might leave in the hands of women, while they follow more manly pursuits. What those careers are men will have to discover, for woman is not likely to give up her new-found spheres of activity, unless she can be provided with what she prizes more dearly than anything else, a realm of her own where she can reign supreme and bring up her children.

The readers of the Indian Ladies' Magazine will be much interested to know that for the first time in the history of the C. M. S. Noble College, Masulipatam, which has been rightly called "The Cambridge of Southern India," by no less a person than Sir Charles Trevelyan, a young Brahmin widow of respectable parentage has joined the college. This cultured young lady is the daughter of M. R. Ry Y. Subbarao Pantulugaru B. A., the Tahsildar of the place, and is reading in the Senior Intermediate class of the College. We heartily congratulate her on her wisdom in taking such a bold step and in setting an excellent example to many of her Indian sisters, who haven't had the nerve to throw to the winds some of their silly caste restrictions and derive the full benefits of Female education, which shape, in its own way, the destinies of our mother country.

We hope that ere long many more of our Christian and Hindu girls will follow this splendid example and make the establishment of a First grade college for women, in the Northern circars, quit a desideratum.

BH. BH. RAO.

CHILD-WELFARE IN MADRAS.

We published recently in our columns an interesting contribution regarding the Corporation's scheme for child-welfare work in this city, originated in 1917, and which has, therefore, been in working for about a year, thus giving ample time to judge of the success, or otherwise, of the experiment. Work of this kind has been a feature of municipal administration for a good many years in most of the more advanced Western countries and particularly in the United States, where a regular supply of pure milk, a municipal service of midwives, public creches, etc., are a feature of municipal work. In India, where municipal government is still, comparatively speaking, in its infancy, work of the kind is almost unknown, though a modest scheme of child-welfare work has been in existence in Calcutta for some years, which has not accomplished, however, any very striking results so far. The Madras scheme was started in 1917 with four nurses working in the 16th and 17th, 18th and 19th divisions, respectively, directly under the Health Officer. They conducted those cases of labour that applied to them in preference to the

barber midwife. The infants, and mothers were visited for ten days after labour if everything was normal and they generally supplied all that was necessary in the way of medical aid. Miss Veera Singh, the lady doctor who reviewed the working of the scheme, in the contribution referred to, was, under the Health Officer, in charge of the work, and her impressions are not very encouraging. The two main difficulties in the way of successful child-welfare work in Madras, she thinks, are the difficulty of obtaining pure milk, and the difficulty of finding efficient nurses to take the place of the unscientific *dai* or native midwife, to which might be added the preference of the great proportion of uneducated people for the latter, in spite of the excessive mortality caused by her crude and uncleanly methods. In this connection it may be mentioned that the obvious solution of the latter problem, the training of the *dai* on modern lines, has been tried in several Indian cities and has proved a failure, these Indian counterparts of Mr. Gamp clinging tenaciously to their own unscientific methods.

In spite, however, of these initial difficulties much good work has been accomplished in Madras under the child-welfare scheme. A dispensary has been established at which sick children and their mothers are attended to, and people, having lost their first suspicions, are now resorting to it in increasing numbers. A scheme of Health Visitors, which it is contemplated considerably to extend, has also been established, to follow up the good work of the dispensary, and these two agencies have

within the limits imposed by their scope, done much to improve conditions of infant health and mortality in Madras. Miss Veera Singh also thinks a special children's hospital is needed in Madras, where children may be admitted without the restrictions of the ordinary hospital, and where the little sick ones may be placed in an environment better suited to the regaining of health lost in home conditions, which are incapable of improvement as long as bad sanitation, harmful social conditions, ignorance, etc., remain as they do now. The achievements of the Madras scheme, as summed up above, may seem insignificant when contrasted with the elaborate machinery of child-welfare work, as it exists in the more advanced countries of Europe and in the United States; but the most important thing is that the initiation of the scheme indicates the awakening of the civic conscience in a direction in which it was hitherto dormant, while the work of the dispensary, the Health Visitors and the trained midwives and nurses, will gradually bring home to the people the advantages of expert medical attendance. Much more, of course, remains to be done, but Rome proverbially, was not built in a day, and we must await with patience the gradual development and expansion of the modest scheme initiated last year. The Municipality might profitably consider whether, not only as a part of this scheme, but for the public convenience generally, some scheme cannot be devised for the securing of a reasonably cheap supply of pure milk. The filthy and adulterated

product furnished by the Madras milkman is undoubtedly responsible for much of the diseases in Madras, and if the Corporation could find a way to remedy these conditions, it would do much, not only to promote child-welfare, but to decrease the general mortality rate.

SREE SARADA SAMAJAM.

[From our Correspondent.]

Mrs. K. P. Parvathamma and Sreemati R. Kalyanamma, the two enthusiastic workers in the cause of the elevation of Indian women are to be congratulated on the useful work the Sree Sarada Samajam of Bangalore City is doing for the benefit of Hindu Women. The institution celebrated its fifth anniversary some time last week under the Presidency of Mrs. Cross-Barrat, wife of the General Officer, commanding Secunderabad Division and I have before me the interesting report which Sreemati Kalyanamma, the Hon. Secretary, presented at the meeting. During the year from May 1917 to April 1918, there were 67 members on the roll. The Samaj held 42 meetings, including a meeting to communicate congratulation of the Samaj to Srimati K. D. Rukmaniamma, B.A., Lady Superintendent of the Maharani's College on her election as a member of the Mysore University Council. The subjects of address at some of the meetings are of extreme interest and of domestic utility. The Samaj had also arrangements for occasional readings from the Ramayana, and other books for the benefit of members. As in the past year Mrs. Paravathamma the pre-

sident and some of the members attended St. John's Ambulance association fortnightly meetings at the Presidency and took part in the work. The members also contributed to the Soldiers' comforts. The finances of the Samaj seem to be improving, but in view of increase of activities public help is needed. Among visitors to the Samaj during the year was Mrs. Sarojini Naidu who expressed appreciation of the work of the Samaj and at the enthusiasm of those connected with it. The Samaj has Home industries classes where 26 girls, and 20 adult women learn tailoring, knitting and rattan making and it gives English tuition to 9 adult women and 9 girls. It has a well-kept library and runs a bright little ladies' journal in Kanarese. Those who have a sincere desire for the progress of Indian women would wish the Samaj every success in its work. Mrs. Cross-Barrat in her speech gave some excellent advice and spoke of the valuable work the Samaj was doing in the best interests of Indian womanhood. She said "Women have played a most important part in the history of the world and their influence is recognised by the quotation 'the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.' We were influenced by our mothers and our children will similarly be influenced by us so that the higher ideals we set ourselves the higher will be the standard of progress which our children will attain. 'Stewards' in trust for those who follow us and therefore our motto should be 'progress.' Your Samajam is doing most excellent work and I congratulate you heartily on your success. There are two points however on which I would

like to offer you my opinion. First, may I earnestly advocate the study of English, because the most enlightened and best papers are published in English, the reading of which would be of great help to us all in our efforts of progress. Second, I, like many Englishwomen, take a great and deep interest in our Indian sisters; but owing to the language difficulty, can converse only with those who know English. I know Hindustani, but that is not of much value in these parts. Here where you have some five different languages it seems to me that there should be one common language to enable us to exchange views and to make that progress we are striving for. My suggestion is not to expand the work of the Samaj into too many branches but perfect what you have already in hand." Mrs. Barrat then announced her intention to be a monthly subscriber of Rs. 10 towards the Samaj.

THE FUTURE OF THE WOMAN ENGINEER.

"Had it not been for the work done by women, the Germans would have won the war by now." So said Mr. Kellaway, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary of the Ministry of Munitions nearly a year ago, when speaking of the value of women's work in connection with engineering. Since then, writes Alice M. Clowes in the *Daily Chronicle*, hundreds more have taken up work requiring some amount of technical skill, and their efficiency has naturally increased with practice.

In the laboratory and factory, women, many of them holding univer-

sity degrees, are doing a great deal of useful work, and it is certain that in the future women will figure largely in the science and engineering courses at our Universities. Already Miss Rowbotham, (Girton College, Maths. Tripos) has brought about the establishment of an automobile and munition factory for educated women workers. At the present time the output of the works is centred in supplying the demand for high-powered aeroplane engine parts, and Miss Rowbotham herself is acting as machine shop superintendent. After the war, this ideally situated factory, built on up-to-date and scientific lines, and fitted with the most modern hydro-electric power plant, is to be a workshop where gentlewomen may serve a congenial three years' apprenticeship to automobile engineering. Here, surely, is the beginning of the definite entrance by women, as professional, apart from industrial workers, into the engineering world! The self-styled consulting engineer, running her own garage, giving advice on the buying and selling of cars and teaching driving has been among us for some time past, but though these women have invariably spent some time in a factory, they have not served any definite apprenticeship.

Will there be room for the woman engineer when the commercial world again assumes its normal aspect? Without a doubt there will be, for the cessation during the war of many engineering products necessary to every-day life will have caused the accumulation of huge demands, and the machinery and plant will have so extended in many automobile factories

that they will probably be turning out ten cars a week for each one of pre-war days.

It is significant, too, that the Committee, appointed by the Minister of Reconstruction to consider the provision of new industries for the engineering trades after the war, have included woman's work in their scheme, and are allowing them to be specially represented on the advisory panel, which is to assist the Committee.

COLLEGE GIRLS FOR FLAX-PICKING.

There was great enthusiasm at Waterloo station on the 8th July when a party of about 200 girls, one contingent from the 3,000 who have been recruited by the Women's National Land Service Corps to harvest the flax in the Somerset area around Yeovil and in the Fen District near Peterborough, started on their journey. Mothers and fathers, khaki-clad brothers, and little sisters crowded round the laughing girls, some of them already in farm breeches and smocks, and wearing the armlet of their corps, to say good-bye. Last cups of tea were pressed into closely packed carriages to quench the thirst of the long journey. The big girls in charge of the tea-trolleys, and the little girls with their trays of magazines, had the only doleful-looking faces on the platform; they so obviously wished they were going too.

The contingent consisted of girls recruited from the universities and training colleges of England, from Somerville (Oxford), King's College,

MIXED BABIES.

A "mixed baby" problem that might have puzzled Solomon, recently came before the Magistrate in the Essex Market Court, states a New York report. The two babies in question have been exchanged. Blanche Leoniff has become Annie Felner and Annie Felner is Blanche Leoniff. Mrs. Felner and Mrs. Leoniff have kissed and made up.

Each became the mother of a girl baby in Gouverneur Hospital on the 12th September. Mrs. Felner maintained for the past seven months that when it was time to nurse the babies she was given Mrs. Leoniff's and Mrs. Leoniff was handed hers. When she went home, her sister said to her:—"Gussie, that shouldn't be your baby." That settled it so far as Mrs. Felner was concerned. Out she set on Mrs. Leoniff's trail. Up and down the east side she went, hunting the woman who had her child.

The other day she found her in Grand street. Mrs. Leoniff had the baby with her. Mrs. Felner raised the veil that was covering the baby's face, took one look, and promptly fainted. "The baby I have is your baby," insisted Mrs. Felner, when she returned to consciousness. "The baby I have looks like no one in my family," That's no proof, replied Mrs. Leoniff.

Seeing that Mrs. Leoniff had no intention of relinquishing the baby she had been attending for seven months, Mrs. Felner appealed to the Magistrate, Mr. Healy. He listened to the women's story, and admitted

Holloway College, Furzedown, Goldsmiths' College and Southlands Training College. The onus of selection rested with the authorities of the colleges, and they naturally chose the physically strong, as flax-picking is very arduous work, and nine hours a day of pulling up the crop for six weeks is not work for delicate girls. There was an age limit of 18 to 35, but the fine groups that went off yesterday under their leaders were mostly in the early twenties and were hale and bonny-looking young women.

With their usual complete attention to detail, the authorities of the corps, of which Mrs. Roland Wilkings (Chairman of the Executive Committee) is chief, sent an advanced guard into Somerset for training, and these will act as gang leaders and show the others what to do. The girls will be under semi-military discipline, and will live under canvas in six camps, in each of which there will be a commandant and a booking clerk, officers of the W. N. L. S. C. The War Office are supplying the tents, in each of which seven girls will be accommodated. This fact accounts for the very reasonable luggage the girls took with them—only what could be carried by hand, which compared very favorably with that of other young women; holiday bent, on the platforms, who were finding portage a big difficulty for their surplus packages.

that he was puzzled. "There's the King Solomon test and the O'Brien test," he said. "The King Solomon test won't go here. The O'Brien test consisted in Mrs. O'Brien placing her finger in Mike's mouth, and if he bit it she knew it was Pat. We can't do that either." So the Magistrate adjourned the hearing.

Mrs. Leoniff, at the resumed hearing, was in doubt whose baby she had. "I can't swear to it," she said, "and I can't swear that the baby Mrs. Felner has is mine either." Then the two

fathers were summoned to court. Mr. Felner said he was sure his wife was right. Mr. Leoniff said he was inclined to believe Mrs. Leoniff. If she doubted, he also doubted.

The Magistrate finally said: "There are so many characteristic resemblances between Mrs. Felner, her husband, and the baby that I think I am justified in asking each woman to exchange." After a riotous discussion among the relatives and friends of the Leoniffs and the Felners, the exchange was effected.



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